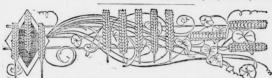
No daffodils should me entice, Nor hyacinths with their breath of spice The tulip with her painted hood For me should wither where she stood.

Under an arch of wild, wild cloud, Below an opal mountain bowed, All in a humid world and cool, With winds and waters beautiful.



## A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE.



UMMER had come and the garden was and the garden was and white with blossoms, but the old stone house at the end of the straight path that led from the gate looked some and with the gate looked some and even went so far, under rooms, and even went so far, under extreme provocation from the upper rooms, and even went so far, under rowings between the ramshackle slats.

Dr. Eaton, who walked up the straight path through the sunshine, could not restrain a sigh of pleasure at the beauty of the scene. Young and strong and healthy, life to him was good and delightful though at that very moment he might be hurrying into the presence of death.

A pale young woman opened the door in response to his knock, and without any form of greeting ushered him into the chilly hall and went before him up the stairs to the floor above.

"He is very Ill, my poor little boy,"

theore.
"He is very ill, my poor little boy," he said as she opened the door of a sedelamber. "Very, very ill, I fenr."
The doctor stepped into the room. The stopped for an instant until he ould accustom himself to the general linness. The woman caught his arm. "Here," she whispered and drew dim toward the bed.
The young man took the child's tiny trist between his fingers. Then he canned over and laid his ear against

"Doctor!"
Then he issued some hasty directions not the two began to work silently ver the little creature, who lay motonless and impassive under their ands. After an hour the doctor cased

l. s. Grafton, you must send for husband." is no better?" she asked, a look

for an instant, and then sate quiet tone; "I am a stranger in Ellisville, and have no friend or acquaintance here. When Mr. Grafton went away this morning the baby did not seem so very ill, but he said he would ask you to call. I have no one to send for him

to call. I have no one to send for him now."

"Where is he?" asked the doctor.

"He has an office on Front street. He is trying to establish an insurance agency here."

"I will go for him," said the doctor, and turned away.

Late that afternoon the tiny spark of life that flickered in the child's breast went out. Afterward there were weeks of illness in the old stone house, and when the garden had discarded its blossoms and become p very hower of green Marlon Grafton, a shadowy creature, with the saddest of dark eyes, walked down the straight path beside her husband, and the gate of the old garden closed upon them forever.

of the old garden closed upon them forever.
Years sped away. The dector, who had never married, still lived on the same street and his housekeeper was fretting and fuming, partly because there was a lady waiting to see him, and partly—and more particularly—because his dinner was growing crisp and dry in the oven. She went to the front door and peeped in at the delicate looking little woman who had sat patienty waiting for the last half hour. "The doctor's late," she said, "but p'raps you don't mind waitin'. How far did you say you'd come?"
"From Grimby," replied the woman. "Did you say Dr. Eaton was quite a middle-aged man?" she added anxiously.

Idleages, sly, and and, but I s'pose I didn't say, ma'am, but I s'pose I didn't say, ma'am, but I s'pose I'd call him so in p'int of age. Ah, re he is now."

From the window the lady could see I start's gird draw up at the curb and

Though white and purple babes be be When dafodil his flaming horn O'er quiet hills and vales shall sound And stir the sleepers underground.

STON STONE

# and a darkened room with the scent of apple blossoms wafted through closed blinds, but the impression was vague and transitory, and was gone before he could attach any meaning to it.

before he could attach any meaning to it.

"You were not looking for me, then?" he asked. "If you will tell me tife name of the man you want to find perhaps I can help you."

"I—don't know his name—I—don't remember it," she said, with a flush and a little deprecatory smile. "I've been to a great many dectors in Ellisville and have not found him—I'm afraid he must have gone away—or be dead."

Dr. Eaton looked pazzled and sat for a moment, his eyes narrowed in thought and his fingers beating a noiseless tattoo on his knee. The woman watched him silently, the color coming and going in her pale face.
"You—you don't remember a Mrs. Grafton?" she asked at last with some eagerness.
"Mrs. Grafton—Mrs. Grafton" he

"Mrs. Grafton—Mrs. Grafton," he repeated, shaking his head. "She is not a patient of mine."
"Not now, but—somehow, I feel as if you must be the man I am looking for. -Is there any way you can find out whether you had a patient named Grafton twenty years ago? Oh, it is very important that I should know, she concluded earnestly.
"I will consult my books of that time," he said kindly, and arose.
As he walked across to the closet where he kept these records of his early struggles the woman's eyes followed him with enger intentuess, Suddenly she got up and ran to his side.
"Ah, I know it is you! The moment you walked away I knew beyond a doubt. It was just as I' I were back again in the room where my baby died and saw you leave me to go for my lutsband! Oh, you must remember me! You tried hard to save my dear little boy. I lived in an old stone house that stood in a big garden. I was ill after my baby died and you attended me—so kindly—so well? and then we went away and did not pay your bill. It is twenty years ago, and you are changed, but I know you now!"
Dr. Eaton had turned and was looking thoughtfully down into her eager face. At last he said slowly:
"I think I do remember you—yes, I know I do. Is there anything I can do to serve you, Mrs. Grafton?"
"Yes," she answered. "When we went away from here we were very poor. We could not pay you, nor pay for the burial of the baby"—her eyes dropped and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. "But oh, how I wanted to, For a time my husband was very fortunate, and made a great deal of money, but the debts I speak of, while the thought of them drove me almost wild, did not seen to trouble him. When I urged their payment her always grew impatient, and said they belonged to a time he could not bear to think of. He thought I was heartless to remind him of them, You see," she added hastily, "the loss of our little boy preyed upon his mind and had he him depressed and morbid. So at last I ceased altogether to speak of the matter, and made up my mind that somehow—some ti

dertaker?"

The doctor sat thoughtfully for a moment. Then he glanced up and flashed a smile at his visitor—a smile of such surpassing sweetness that she felt herself smiling, too, half tearfully, in sympathy.

"Twenty years is a long time to remember a little bill like mine," he said. "It cannot be a little bill."

"Yoa came here from—"
"Grimby," she replied.
"And you have dined?"
"No—o."
"Then you must be my guest, and as

"No-o."
"Then you must oe my guest, and af-terward I will help you find that man to whom you owe-the other bill. I think I remember who it was. Are you and Mr. Grafton living in Grim-

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years," she said. "I am teaching school there."

It was well on in the afterhoon when the doctor and Mrs. Grafton returned from their interview with the undertaker.

"I cannot tell you how much I thank you for helping me," she said. "And now please tell me how much yours was."

"I assure you I never gave the matter a thought after the first. Let it rest," he said earnestly, "and some time—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, "it must be to-day; indeed, it must. I shall always remember you with the greatest gratitude, but don't you understand how I feel about this?"

"Very well, as it is a matter of conscience with you," he replied.

In one of the old edgers he found the name of Grafton, and making a quick calculation, announced that the indebtedness amounted to \$15, which she handed over to him, with a look in the sale along a dozen elephants, newly arrived from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly saletated frame of mind she kenter for fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter from the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter form the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter for the rain that began to fall. In utter misery and in a greatly shelter for the rain that began to fall. In utt





tips, and moisten with French dressing.

Chocolate Biscuits—Mix bitter chocolate powder with the beaten whites of eggs, and sufficient powdered loaf sugar to make a paste. Mould this junto small, round biscuits and bake them at a gentle heat on a sheet of white paper.

Lettuce Soup—Shred fine the hearts of two small heads of lettuce and put them into one and one-half quarts of hot stock; senson with pepper and salt and cook gently for thirty minutes; beat the yolks of two eggs until light, add to them one-half cupful of cream and stir the mixture into the boiling soup; remove from the fire and serve at once.

Cocoanut Biscuits—Break up the