

A FLOWER FOR THE DEAD.

You place this flower in her hand, you say?
This pure, pale rose in her hand of clay?
Methinks could she lift her sealed eyes
They would meet your own with a grateful
surprise!

She has been your wife for many a year,
When clouds hung low and when skies were
clear.
At your feet she laid her glad spring,
And her summer's glorious blossoming.

Her whole heart went with the hand you
wore,
If it warm love warmed as the years went on
If it chilled in the grasp of an icy spell,
What was the reason? I pray you tell.

You cannot! I can! And beside her tier
My soul must speak, and your soul must
hear,
If she was not all that she might have been,
Hers was the sorrow—yours the sin!

Who was the fault? I do not know!
Like a rose in the summer? Do you know?
Does it grow in the garden of an ivy wall,
Does it bloom when the sun is winter killed?

For a little while, when you first were wed,
Your love was like sunshine round her head;
Then something crept between you two,
You laid where she would not follow you.

With a man's firm tread you went and came:
You lived for wealth, for power, for fame;
Shut into her woman's heart, you said,
She heard the Nation chant your praise.

But! You had dropped her hand the
while,
What time had you for a kiss, a smile?
You two, with the same roof overhead,
Were as far apart as the sundered dead.

You, in your manhood's strength and prime;
She, worn and faded before her time,
Tis a common story, you say, you say,
You laid in her pallid hand to-day?

When did you give her a flower before?
Ah, well! What matter, when all is over?
Yet stay a moment! Will you be true?
I mean no reproach; 'tis the way of men.

But I pray you think, when some fairer
flower
Shines in a star from her wanted place,
That love will starve if it is not fed,
That true hearts pray for their daily bread.

A SHOWER OF RAIN.

Down came the rain in a pelting
merciless shower.
At one crossing a miniature lake had
formed; several feet in length and
breadth, and three or four inches deep;
its shores on every side were mud—
black, slippery mud.

It was amusing to see the hurrying
people drenched, chilled, uncomfortable
and impatient to be home, come to a
dead stop at this one crossing and hesi-
tate, with faces expressive of disgust
and dismay.

What chance had Ethel Thornton's
poor little weary feet, so small, so
miserably clad, in such a slouch as
this?

She glanced around despairingly.
And the next moment she found her
self lifted in a pair of strong arms car-
ried high and dived over the mud and
mire, and set down on the other side
while her rescuer, raising his dripping
hat, with a pleasant "and smile,"
passed quickly on his way.

She stood where he had placed her,
as if turned to stone, following his fast
disappearing figure with her dark eyes,
her hands were clasped convulsively,
the color was flaming in her cheeks
under her wet black veil.

"It was Frank!" she gasped. "It
was Frank himself, and he held me in
his arms and never knew me!"
A quick sob burst from her lips. O
hard, hard fate, to meet thus—so close
—and part without a word!

Her lover—her promised husband o
one year ago.
Just then her foot struck against
something hard.

She stopped and picked it up—a
large pocket book.

"Frank's!" she said, quietly and
hopelessly; then she wiped it tenderly
with her handkerchief, preserving it to
her lips, and slipped it into her bosom.

As she did this she threw her veil
aside, for the tears and rain nearly
blinded her.

I don't if Frank would have recog-
nized her, even if he had seen her face
—it was not so worn and weary-look-
ing, and stained by the wet black veil.

Not much resemblance there to the
pretty, pliant, blooming girl whose
love he had sought so eagerly a year
ago; not much in her appearance, just
now to attempt any man to woo her.

So thought Mrs. Benton, the land-
lady, as she let her in, and stared at
her utterly bewildered. "What a sight!"
she exclaimed. "What a sight!"

Glad indeed was Ethel to reach the
quiet of her own room—glad of the
cup of tea her mother gave her—glad
to lie down and rest. She groped
blindly to her little desk and put the
pocket book away.

"To-morrow," whispered to her-
self—"this address will be inside—I'll
send it back to-morrow."

Then sinking wearily on her bed,
she murmured:
"Mother, I feel so strangely. I wish
—now that I had taken—your advice,
and stayed at home to-day—"

The words came faintly, in low,
broken gasps, from her parched lips.
She lay with her head on her hand for
some time, and then articulated.

"I failed again—no work—no hope—
no—"

Her eyes closed, her voice ceased, she
fell back, burning and shivering. The
poor child had contracted a serious ill-
ness in that merciless shower of rain.

Meantime Frank Merrifield was an-
ticipating his ill luck in losing a
valuable p. cketbook with bills, receipts,
money—all sorts of important matters
in it.

"It must have been when I carried
that girl over the muddy crossing. I
had it the minute before, and missed it
shortly afterwards. Confound my
quixotic folly! Why couldn't I mind
my own business and let her alone?
Poor little thing, she looked so wet and
miserable, and something about her
somewhat reminds me of—"

He paused and leaned his head upon
his hands in painful thought.

"Why can't I ever forget her? Poor
little frail, pale heart, why can't I let
her go? Why does her sweet face
haunt me everywhere—not bright and
sparkling as I used to know it, but
pale and reproachful looking? Re-
proaching me! Ah, Ethel, how much
I loved you! How happy we might
have been to-day had you only been
true!"

He arose with an impatient gesture,
as of one who, by an effort of will, puts
his regrets aside.

"How to recover the pocketbook? That's
the present question. There was
money in it; the finder is welcome to
that; the bills and papers are what I
want, and—her portrait. Yes—there is
no use in denying it to myself, I am
fool enough to care for that. I'll ad-
vertise in the papers. Confound that
shower of rain!"

"Three weeks, mamma? Three weeks
lying here, delicious. Why, what
could have made me so ill?" My head
is so strange. I seem to forget every-
thing."

Mrs. Thornton gazed anxiously on
the girl's wasted face—almost as white
as the pillow which lay under her head.

"You got badly drenched and chilled
in a shower of rain?"

"A shower of rain?"
The weak voice rang out clear and
strong—the dark eyes flashed excitedly,
she clasped her hands, while a
vivid crimson suddenly dyed her
cheeks.

"O, I remember it all now. Please
reach me my desk!"

"As you wish, dear," said Mrs. Thor-
nton, and she led her to the desk of
the desk Frank's pocket book.

"Three weeks ago. In all probability
he has needed it. We must open it
mamma, to find his address and send
it back to him at once."

Mrs. Thornton looked pityingly at
the flushed, eager face and trembling
hands. She shook her head doubtfully
and said:

"You love Frank still, Ethel—now
don't you?"

"No reply in words, but the poor pale
face was hidden upon the pillow with
a great sob, and a little hand stole into
the mother's pleadingly.

Mrs. Thornton caressed the hand
and put it to her lips.

"If I were worthy, dear, I should
say nothing, but he abandoned you,
Ethel. O child, where is your pride?
You are hoping against hope, my
daughter. It would be cruel in me to
encourage you. Mr. Merrifield could
have found you had he wished; our
address was left for all who might en-
quire for it. He has not even written
to you since your fortune was lost. I
remember well that his last letter ar-
rived just as we were going to your
cousin Ethel's wedding—that was just
a week before our trouble came."

Ethel made no reply.
Her face was hidden again, and sobs
shook her slender form. Mrs. Thor-
nton continued:

"Would you had never seen
Frank Merrifield! He forsook you in
poverty, and even when the far greater
sorrow of your poor father's death
came upon us, he gave us not one sym-
pathizing word. O, Ethel, think no
more of him, but rather try to reward
the pure and devoted love that has
proved so true a friend to us. Dr.
Jones has been like a son to me
through all our sickness. Surely, in
time to come you will get over the
situation for one so unworthy, and re-
ward a devoted love as it deserves."

Ethel looked up wearily.
"I don't love Dr. Jones, mamma,
though I esteem him, and am grateful;
but very grateful for all his goodness
to me. But I shall never love any
man but Frank! Some day I will tell
the doctor so, and then—if he chooses
to accept esteem and gratitude—I will
for your sake, mamma—"

She stopped, and broke down
in sobs, and sobbed and tears.

Her mother soothed her, and pres-
ently she became calmer.

"Don't let us talk of it any more,"
said she, sighing. Let us find his
address, and send him his pocket-
book."

So they opened it and examined its
contents.

Notes, bills, memoranda, receipts, a
considerable amount of money, but no
address.

At last in an inner pocket they found
a letter, and in it a photograph.
Ethel took it out; it was her own pic-
ture.

"Mamma, mamma, look here!"
and the poor girl's trembling fingers clutched
at a scrap of newspaper that was flutter-
ing to the floor.

"O, what is this?"
Bending their heads together they
read the following notice:

"Married—On June 1st, at Grace
Church, Henry Rollins, Esq., to Miss
Ethel Thornton. Immediately after the
ceremony the happy couple started on
a bridal tour."

Mrs. Thornton looked up in bewil-
derment.

"Why, what is this doing here?"
said she. "It's the announcement of
your cousin Ethel's marriage."

"Yes, yes! and Frank thought it
was his! But I shall never love any
man but Frank! He has been suffering too!
The photograph—see, what is that
written underneath it in his own
handwriting. Oh, look!"

"Went thou but constant thou wert perfect
Fills thee with faults."

"Oh, my poor Frank!" cried the
mother, weeping. "What! why were
you so? What name did he take?
And Frank never met her. Don't you
see, mamma, how the mistake has
occurred? And it might have remain-
ed unexplained forever but for that
shiny rain! I look at that letter,
mamma. I must find his address
now."

The letter was examined, and, hap-
pily for all, supplied it.

Next morning a little note came by
mail to Mrs. Thornton.

"My daughter, whom you kindly
assisted during a shower of rain
three weeks ago desires to restore your
pocketbook, which she found. Sick-
ness has prevented her attending to
this earlier. Please call at your ear-
liest convenience, and inquire for Mrs.
Thornton."

An address was given.
Mr. Merrifield stared at the name.

"An odd coincidence," thought he.
"There is a Mrs. Thornton in the
world, of course," and he set off to re-
claim his property.

A lady in deep mourning received
him; he stared violently.

"What name?" he asked, "can it
be really you?" and stopped confused
and angry.

She was perfectly self-possessed.
"If I thought you would have recog-
nized the name," she said, quietly,
"though our circumstances have made
a change of residence necessary, it
was Ethel whom you carried across
the street; she has been ill since then,
or—"

Oh, madam, have pity on me—I have
been deceived. You know our love
and our engagement. Are there two
Ethels, and can mine still be true?

A cry answered him—a cry from the
next room.

Mrs. Thornton flung open the door.
"Go to her," she whispered to Ethel.
The next instant Ethel was clasped
in her lover's arms.

Who shall describe this meeting?
Suffice it that they were as happy as
they had lately been miserable; all
misunderstandings were cleared away,
and confidence returned.

"And as soon as you are strong and
well again we will be married my dar-
ling," said Frank.

"Thank God for the storm!" cried
Ethel, earnestly. "And God bless the
dear muddy crossing! Oh, Frank, it
seems to me that—under Heaven's
mercy—we owe all our happiness to
that shower of rain!"

Gold Coinage.

The Philadelphia Mint having had
to bear the greater part of the burden
of silver coinage since the passage of
the Bland Bill, it has but little time to
spare for coining gold. No gold of the
smaller denominations has been coined
here within the last year. The Govern-
ment, however, has at command in
such coin a stock of at least \$1,000,000
in this city, and the mint is sending to
the bank daily an amount varying
from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

Chief Coiner Bosbyshell and Cashier
Cobb say it is probably that the coinage
of a considerable amount of small gold
will begin at an early date, as it is ex-
pected that the United States Treasury
will soon be able to purchase in the
West for the San Francisco Mint a
quantity of silver sufficient to relieve
the Philadelphia Mint of the "daddy."
The price of silver in the West has
been so high as to cause the San
Francisco Mint to stand practically
idle until its recent commencement to
coin small gold.

The law requires the mints to coin
\$20,000 of the new silver dollars a
month. The Philadelphia Mint has
coined nearly \$1,800,000 a month
for a considerable time. The daily
amount required from it is \$70,000, and
yet it has a capacity for only \$50,000.
Hence the inability to coin more than
the pure and devoted love that has
proved so true a friend to us. Dr.
Jones has been like a son to me
through all our sickness. Surely, in
time to come you will get over the
situation for one so unworthy, and re-
ward a devoted love as it deserves."

Ethel made no reply.
Her face was hidden again, and sobs
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view they scanned the workings of the
various systems by which the bestow-
ing of licenses has been adjusted, or re-
stricted, and among others that of
"local option" followed in some of the
United States. The latter method was
not approved by the Committee, on
grounds identical, it seems, with those
recently announced by the well-known
Liberal, Mr. W. E. Forster. During
the last session Mr. Forster declared
in the House of Commons that to give
a local majority power to prevent the
innocent use of a given article because
some had abused it, would constitute a
grave interference with the rights of
the minority, not to be tolerated ex-
cept in matters of supreme political
importance.

As such matters
would naturally fall outside the scope
of local but of imperial legislation,
it follows that Mr. Forster thinks
"local option" even less defensible
than national prohibition. It is cer-
tainly not a very happy thought, that
more short sighted than the squabbles
of small communities, or more odious
than the tyranny of a petty township
magistrate.

But while Mr. Forster and Mr.
Bright and the great majority of lead-
ing men in both political parties, are
opposed to prohibition, whether local
or national, they are all agreed that
communities should have a much
larger share of control over the liquor
trade than they at present enjoy in
England. Nor is there much difference
in opinion on the further point, viz:
that, granting the necessity of restrict-
ing the sale of drink within narrow
limits, security should be taken that
the monopoly thus occasioned should be
worked for the benefit of the whole
community, and not for any given in-
dividuals. The Committee of the
House of Lords proposes to compass
such security by recommending that
legislative facilities should be afforded
for the local adoption of the Gothen-
burg or Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, or
of some modification of them.

The Gothenburg system has already
been described in these columns, and
may be defined as the transfer of the
whole retail liquor business in a given
town to a private corporation—the
company undertaking not to derive
any profit from the traffic, but to con-
duct it solely in the interests of tem-
perance and morality, paying to the
town treasury the whole returns be-
yond the ordinary rate of interest on
invested capital. On the other
hand, Mr. Chamberlain's plan, which
has been heartily supported in Bir-
mingham, places the liquor business in
the hands, not of a private corporation,
but of the local representative authori-
ties, who are to administer the trade,
and to make the main object of their
policy the maintenance of sobriety
and the prevention of drunkenness.

There is an obvious objection to Mr.
Chamberlain's scheme, which would
have quite as much weight, moreover,
in the United States as in Great Brit-
ain. When asked to define his
phrase, local representative authorities,
he explained that he meant the town
councils of boroughs. Now, the elec-
tion of such bodies, like that of Alder-
men in our American cities, is very
largely influenced by the liquor in-
terest, and they could scarcely be trusted
to carry out a policy of rigorous super-
vision. In Sweden the success of the
Gothenburg plan is largely owing to
the fact that the citizens who con-
duct the drink trade give guarantees
for their good faith by undertaking
pecuniary responsibilities on behalf of
the community. But they were fault-
less in shape, and had the sweetest
pink nails that I ever saw on a hand."

He smiled as he again referred to their
feet. "The oldest sister," he continued,
"tried hard to induce me to put on a
pair of boots, but without success. Finally
she gave me an order to make a pair of
nines, and they really look well on her
feet. You wouldn't think they were
nines to look at them?"

"Were the girls American?" "They
are rosy-cheeked Irish girls."

"What is the smallest size of gaiters
sold?" we asked.

"Number ones," Mr. Wolf respon-
ded. "They were bought by a married
lady living in Macdougall street, and
they were actually a little large."

"Do you sell many number ones?"
"More than ten," said Mr. Wolf.
"I have been in the business
over fifteen years, and I find that the
majority of those who wear ones are
Southern and Spanish ladies."

"What is the difference between the
foot of a Southern lady and the foot of
a Yankee woman?"

"The difference is the same as the
difference between the foot of a South-
ern man and a Yankee," Mr. Wolf re-
plied. "Southern feet are narrow, and
bowed in the middle, giving them a
very high instep. The Yankee foot is
spread at the toes, and has more sur-
face. You, for instance, have a genu-
ine Yankee foot. The distance from
the joint of the big toe to the joint of
the little toe is much greater than
that of a Southern foot. There is much
grace about the foot of a Yankee lady,
but it lacks the suppleness of a South-
ern foot. Its merits are its exquisite
shape, small heel and strength. Com-
pare the walk of a Southern woman
with a Yankee woman. The Yankee
lady has a short, springy step. The lit-
tle heel first catches the sidewalk, and
the gaiters sound like the click of a tele-
graph instrument. The Southern
woman walks languidly, and makes long
steps. The feet make the difference.
Let a Yankee girl attempt the step of
a Southern lady, and she would turn
her ankle. There is only one woman
very high instep, and that is the
North wife whose foot will compare
with the Southern foot."

"Name her," said the reporter.

"The Jersey woman," said Mr. Wolf.
"The true Jersey woman has a foot on
a par with that of a Kentucky belle.
I can't imagine where she gets it, but
she has it. One would think that the
descendants of the Aquackenonek
Dutch ought to have spayed feet, but it
is not so."

"Numbers of the Aquackenonek
Dutch marriage among the French
Huguenot families of Staten Island,"
the reporter remarked, "Isn't it possi-
ble that the mixture of the blood may
have something to do with the size of
the feet?"

"That's so," replied Mr. Wolf. "I
never thought of that. One thing is cer-
tain. I never saw a prettier foot than
the foot of the blue-blooded Jersey
woman. They would go into a salt cellar.
It's worth a trip to Jersey just to look
at the feet of the women."

"How do the feet of the Jersey men
compare with them?"

"THE SKIDS ARE OUT TO-DAY."

This catching song, by Dave Abraham
and Ned Harrison, is being hummed and
whistled everywhere. For the benefit of the
hummers and whistlers we publish the
original words:

FIRST VERSE.
Brighten up your uniforms,
Put sweet oil on your hair,
Gouge out colored fellows' noses,
Go tell it everywhere,
Disgrace our gaudy nation,
De cream is cream, dey say,
March on for emancipation—
De skids are out to-day.

Chorus—Flames flying, wrenches singing,
Stop dat cart, don't you start,
Do you hear me, say?
Phew! phew! dat's de sound,
Ain't we hot? Que-hay,
Gouge out de colored niggers' noses,
De skids are out to-day.

Second Time—Many a night since last we met
Beneath the old pine tree,
Twas then I first saw you, my love,
How happy I would be.

SECOND VERSE.
Yaller boy with ice-water,
To help you to a wet,
And ready with a duster
To brush de spots off;
Fat wench like de ocean
Toll perfect on mas-say,
Keep one to de motion,
De skids are out to-day.

Chorus as before.

Second Time—In de skies de bright stars glit-
ter like
On de grass de moonlight shows,
I saw my Nelly home—saw her home.

THIRD VERSE.
Go spread de news promiscuous,
Go bid our girl to ta-ta,
Go tell dem we are coming
And please to let us pass;
Hang out de stars banner,
And let de music play,
Tell de boys and de girls,
De skids are out to-day.

Third Time—My Jane, my Jane, my dearest Jane,
My Jane, my Jane, my dearest Jane,
I never, I never, I never—look so shy—
look so shy;
But must I wait in the evening,
When the bloom is hardily ever on the
rye—
Rock and Rye.

FOURTH VERSE.
White face, white face, zealous,
Look out dar on dat flank,
Dey turn noses way up
At de white folks' scandal;
For skillful revolutions,
And tactics every way,
By de laws and de constitution,
De skids are out to-day.

Fourth Time—
"I'm sitting on the shell, Mary,
Where we sat side by side, side by side,
On a bright May morn, not long ago,
When you were my bride—were
my bride."

THE HANDSOMEST FOOT.

How the Foot of a Southern Lady
Compares with that of a Yan-
kee Lady.

New York Sun.

A Sun reporter dropped into a
Bleecker street shoe store on Friday