WHEN I'M DEAD.

I don't want no new fangled flowers piled on
 my coffin when I'm dead;
Just pick a bunch o' daffodils and lay 'em
 'round my head.
Don't make a floral emblem of a pillar broke
 in two,
Or a cross of fancy flowers set with the
 mornin' dew.
Just go out in the country, if it's summer when
 I die,
'N' gather a few wild roses 'n' a bunch o'
 "ripple" rye.
'N' lay them on my coffin just above my breast,
For if I'm worth more flowers angels 'll do the
 rest.
If it's winter when the summons comes, 'n'
 snow is on the ground,
Of course, out in the country, no flowers can
 be found.
But there's always lots o' evergreen hid under-
 neath the snow,
'Round the trunks of hemlocks with their
 branches hangin' low;
Just gather up a bunch 'n' make a wreath or
 two,
'N' lay them on my coffin, 'n' I guess that'll
 do.
Somehow too many flowers 'd look all out o'
 place
Piled upon my coffin 'n' stuck all 'round my
 face,
For I never had no beauty 'n' can't lie some
 how straight.
'N' a pile o' fancy flowers won't help me
 through the gate.
If the Lord is goin' to take me to dwell in the
 land of bliss,
He'll do it, 'n' I'll be happy 'n' the flowers
 never'll miss.
—H. L. Hines, in Springfield Homestead.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

Tom Barclay and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year. They had known each other long before the engagement, too, but, although a man seldom quite understands a woman, Tom was even more dense in this respect than most men, and Elizabeth, more difficult than most women for any man to comprehend, unconscious of the fact, wondered at Tom's many failures in this direction.

They were very good friends, however, and thought they loved each other—had even said so in strict confidence—and, as I said, were engaged to be married. In fact, Miss Murray was already at the mercy of dressmakers and milliners, for it was December—late December—and the wedding was set for the 10th of January.

One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride. He was not in the best possible humor; an ugly east wind drove the sleet into his face as he walked the few blocks from the cable cars to Miss Murray's house, for Tom thought too much of his horses to take them out on such a night; a man had failed him in an important business appointment, and it is quite possible that he was a trifle bilious; at all events, he was about as cross as he ever allowed himself to become.

Now it happened that Elizabeth was nearly worn out with the turmoil incident to the preparations for a fashionable wedding. She was nervous and irritable; probably the east wind affected her also. She needed some one to smooth her hair, talk tender, comforting words—in short, pet her until she was rested; for the woman never yet lived who did not like occasional petting.

Now, Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and petting was something out of his line. How was he to know, especially in his unamiable mood, that the young girl soon to be his wife was in no condition to meet impatience patiently.

"Thank fortune," he said graciously, kissing her as a matter of course, and dropping into a chair, "this dress making row will soon be over. I've scarcely seen you for a month. I won't have a dressmaker on the place after we are married."

Mr. Barclay did not mean anything by this speech; it was simply an ebullition of temper, and Elizabeth should have met it as such; it suited her mood, however, to retort with:

"Indeed! I mean to have a dressmaker in the house all the time."

"I wouldn't if I were you," disagreeably, "especially against my wishes."

"And I should!" she returned defiantly.

"Well ——" then common sense asserted itself, and he laughed. "Do you know, Beth, we are just ready to quarrel about nothing? My wife will probably do as she pleases."

Miss Murray did not smile. She was morbidly sensitive, and an ugly thought had lodged in her brain. She said quietly:

"Tom, I don't like that remark of yours at all. I wonder if it is possible that after our marriage you would attempt to coerce me in the least?"

Tom was obstinate. It would have been better not to have asked the question. He said:

"A woman promises to obey when she marries."

"Not always; the word is frequently left out of the marriage service. It would be better left out of ours."

"Do you mean that you will not obey?" asked he, looking at her curiously.

"Just that."

"A man is the head of the family; it is a wife's duty to obey."

"So I have heard. I never thought of marriage in this light before—a bondage. It seems to me that a woman's freedom is something not to be given up lightly. I have never been dictated to since I left school, and do not believe I should take it kindly. Tom, I don't believe I want to marry you, or anybody; why," with a sudden flash of passion, "if you laid a command upon me after our marriage I really believe I should hate you!"

It crossed Tom's mind that it might be as well for a man to curb his temper until after the wedding day. He rose, walked across the room, pushed aside the heavy curtain and looked out. The prospect was not pleasing; the sky was black, and the driving sleet pelted against the plate glass. He came back to where Miss Murray sat looking into the fire and apparently lost in thought.

"Elizabeth, I thought you loved me."

"Did you? I thought so, too, though I have been told often enough that I didn't."

"Who told you so?"

"Mamma, for one. Aunt Clara for another. You see, mamma married papa for love when he was a poor man, and Aunt Clara's husband died before the honeymoon was over. She mourns him yet. They always said I didn't know the first principles of love; perhaps they were right."

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly astonished in his twenty-eight years of life; he asked, rather stiffly:

"Will you kindly state why you engaged yourself to me?"

"Well, Tom, I always liked you. We've known each other for years. Our families are intimate. What more natural than that you, the only son, and I, the only daughter, should marry? Besides," with a little break in the clear voice, "until tonight I thought you loved me."

Tom pulled his chair close to Elizabeth's and drew her head down to his shoulder. He ought to have done that earlier in the evening. Then he said:

"My dear, what possesses you? You know I love you."

For an instant the yellow head rested where he had placed it. Then Miss Murray drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, Tom. It is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy. I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engagement."

"And all on account of this confounded speech of mine about a dressmaker!" he exclaimed, savagely.

"Not entirely that. I feel that you do not love me, and something tells me that I ought not to be your wife."

Mr. Barclay, man like, loved the woman who was slipping away from him at this moment better than ever before, and he had loved her always, in his way; he had made a mistake in not showing his affection more plainly.

"Beth," he said, "forgive me. I didn't mean it. I was a brute. As my wife you will be free as air; you must know that. Think a moment; it is not an unpardonable offense, is it?"

"I tell you it is not because of what you said," she reiterated. "It is because I know you do not love me, and that I am not at all sure that I love you."

Mr. Barclay's temper began to rise again. He remarked:

"This is a nice statement for a man to hear three weeks before his marriage."

"Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted. "The invitations are not out; no one outside of our families know that the day was set. I will take my flurry," she added with a smile, "and go to Italy. Take your ring, Tom, and say good-by," drawing off the diamond.

Mechanically Tom dropped the circlet into his pocket. Suddenly he took a step toward her, caught her in his arms, kissed her once, twice, three times, with all the passion of a man who loves, then, releasing her, turned and left the room, while Miss Murray, white and trembling, sank into her chair, hid her face and cried bitterly.

* * * * * *

Much to Elizabeth's surprise, Mr. Barclay made no attempt to see or speak to her again. She explained where it was necessary:

"Mr. Barclay and I have changed our minds."

A month later she and Aunt Clara were outward bound for Italy for their goal. The balance of the winter and the following spring and summer were spent roaming from place to place. Then one of those financial cyclones called a panic swept over the United States, and Miss Murray and her aunt were called home. Thomas Barclay, though a young man, was a large dealer in coffee, teas and spices. His was one of a dozen firms that failed that autumn. Dishonest and unfortunate creditors had cost him $100,000. But that cut no figure in settling up his own affairs. He closed his stables, sold every inch of real estate, and when his own creditors were paid dollar for dollar Mr. Barclay had a clean conscience, a stainless record and $5,000 in cash.

He went west, and Miss Murray heard no more of him. Her father, an importer of silks and foreign fabrics, curtailed expenses and, aided by a generous loan from Aunt Clara, weathered the storm.

One summer two years later Elizabeth and her mother joined a party who were going to make a tour of the northwest, penetrating even the wilds of Alaska before their return.

It was in Portland that Miss Murray met with an accident, and a treacherous banana peeling was to blame for it. She had gone out alone to make some small purchases, and, stepping on the deceitful peel, would have fallen headlong had not a gentleman just behind her caught her in his arms. Almost fainting with the pain of a badly sprained ankle, Miss Murray looked into Mr. Barclay's gray eyes.

"Tom—Mr. Barclay!" she stammered, fighting the faintness that nearly overcame her, and then rallying enough to understand that Tom was asking anxiously, "Are you hurt?" "My ankle is sprained," she said, with white lips.

A crowd was gathering. A gentleman offered his assistance, and Elizabeth was taken to the nearest store, while Tom called a carriage and then accompanied her home.

In spite of the pain Miss Murray could not help looking at the man who was to have been her husband. That individual met her eyes and said:

"Well?"

Miss Murray blushed painfully, conscious that she had been staring.

"It is so long since I have seen you and we used to be such good friends," she replied gently.

"Whose fault is it that you have not seen me for so long?" he demanded; and then, seeing her fading color and pale lips, he said: "What a brute I am to question you so when you are suffering such pain! I was never gentle enough to win your love, Beth."

"Did you ever try, Tom?"

"I thought I did."

"Didn't you take everything for granted—that you loved me and that I cared for you, and that in the course of human events it was natural and proper that we should get married?"

"Perhaps so," he answered quietly; and then the carriage stopped, the driver was at the door, and Elizabeth was carried up to her room.

It was an obstinate, ugly sprain, and held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter at the hotel, and, quite as a matter of course, Tom Barclay called often. He was wonderfully gentle toward the woman who had refused to be his wife. Elizabeth did not know that he was trying to win her love, but Mrs. Murray was well aware of that fact, and well satisfied, too. Tom was established in the old business in Portland, and again on the road to wealth. She had always liked him, and shrewdly suspected that his presence on the planet had something to do with her daughter's strange indifference to certain brilliant matrimonial chances.

As for Elizabeth, she was utterly content and happy during the period of invalidism that confined her to the house. What cared she for the beauties of Alaska, of which her friends wrote such glowing descriptions? Did she not have long talks with Tom every other evening? Though she took care that he knew nothing of her quickening heart beats and bounding pulses whenever he approached.

Elizabeth had been able to walk for a week. Her friends were due in two days on their return trip, and she and her mother were to join them and start immediately for home.

Mr. Barclay asked the convalescent to take a ride with him. He was 31, Elizabeth 23. Mrs. Murray did not think a chaperon necessary; neither did Tom; they went alone.

They were far better acquainted than in the days when they were engaged. Miss Murray admired the honest courage, the persevering independence with which her friend was rebuilding his fortune, and Tom loved her as he always had, and as he always would, and had learned to show his affection in many of the thousand ways that delight a woman's heart.

They talked of the scenery, of her accident, and then of the coming parting. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"Oh, Beth, my darling, give me a word of hope before you go! You were mistaken in the old days. I always loved you, and now that we have met again I cannot let you go out of my life forever!"

"If you always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Because I was stunned that night when I left you, realizing that by my own stupid blundering I lost you. Then I set myself to do a penance. I said, 'I will wait five years; if another wins her I shall know that she could never love me; if not, perhaps I will try again to gain her love; perhaps I shall better know her.' You know the rest. The crash came. I had to come west and begin over. I am not as rich as I was then, but there is every prospect that I shall be, and I know, Beth, that money makes no difference. I can give you everything you want, even the dressmaker, and indeed, indeed, darling, that speech of mine was only the outcome of bad temper, and"—hesitatingly—"perhaps I understand a woman's moods a little better now than then."

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict. At length Elizabeth said softly:

"Perhaps I loved you then, Tom. I could never care for any one else. I always compared other men with you, to their disadvantage. If you care to come, after some time, I will be your wife."

Out of an inner pocket Tom took a tiny morocco case, and opening it, Miss Murray saw the solitaire that had been her engagement ring.

"I have always carried it with me," he said, simply, "because you had worn it."

Somehow the tears sprang into Elizabeth's eyes when he slipped it on her finger.

Mrs. Murray was not at all surprised when her daughter announced with several blushes that she was going to marry Thomas Barclay.

"I always thought you would," that lady replied calmly.

The next winter Tom went east after his bride. They are happier than they would have been without that quarrel, a blending of comedy and high tragedy, but it does not follow that any one should go and do likewise.—St. Paul Globe.

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CURRENT TIME TABLE, MARCH 15, 1891.

East Bound Trains.		No. 1. Atlantic Mail.	No. 4. Atlantic Express
Lv.	Ogden	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Grand Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Glenwood Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Leadville	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Pueblo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Colo. Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Denver	[illegible]	[illegible]

West Bound Trains.		No. 1. Pacific Mail.	No. 3 Pacific Express
Lv.	Denver	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Colo. Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Pueblo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Leadville	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Glenwood Springs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Grand Junction	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Green River	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Provo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lv.	Salt Lake	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ar.	Ogden	[illegible]	[illegible]

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