DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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EVENTIDE.

At eventide, at eventide,
The day draws nearer to its end,
The far horizon, crimson dyed,
Shows to a cloud upon its breast,
With silvery shine of trembling tints
The rolls come slowly rippling home,
Bear deep their wealth, through every mile,
Their dripping drivings flecked with foam.

At eventide, at eventide,
The stars come across his silver horn,
The sickness leaves the fevered brow,
Above the fields of ripening corn,
The owl begins his round to sing,
And flits abroad with muffled wing,
While from the cots where shadows creep
The whippoorwill's soft numbers ring.

At eventide, at eventide,
The aching bosom, sore by day,
Bring our sorrows to our side,
The tired heart, by day oppressed,
The days weary for worry are,
The tangled troubled tasks be sent,
While angel voices here whisper
And echo the every world to rest.
—Hon. Whitney Clark before Homecoming.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said, when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers, she was instinct to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently, Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and it was dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting, she looked so young that one might almost have called her a child, in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion. And the fact Mrs. Johnnie's most stubborn fact that her whole frame covered with rags.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, saying aside vaguely to herself meanwhile.

"It's really the most ridiculous sight I ever saw. The child must be crazy. If it were only an old woman of my age (Mrs. Johnnie was rather fond of calling herself an old woman, although she only owned to being twenty-eight—if it were only an old woman of my age now, there might be some excuse. But for a child like that, with the completion of a peach, why—why—it's perfectly preposterous."

Mrs. Johnnie settled herself comfortably in the seat, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young girl at her leisure. She would do so without ceremony, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is peaked, it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her abominably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been in the city before, she said. Indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hopper—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. She never seen to be any better