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LUNCH IN THE FIELDS.

Bite sly and business and sociable,
And rest from the toil-jaded,
And fill in the wheat rare the month while
Its fragrance exquisite

White is the bread that the mother
Spread here for the tableau
Cheese is the loaf that their hearts hunger
Finds event in the breakfast.

Golden the ears and the figure
Hence which begotten
Rose to the cup for their drinking
The fruit for their fillings.

He is the seed and the shadow,
The seed and the gardener;
Twenty is the flower-seed of labor,
The least and the garden.

Yet while the great sky gives blessing,
The wide summer weather,
So while of labor they reaping—
They are together!

—Harriet P. Spofford in Harper's Bazar.

HIS FIRST'S ASHES.

When the wife of Durande, captain in the One Hundred and Twelfth cuirassiers of the line, died, he was nearly stricken with sorrow, and would not be comforted. In fact, he had hardly had time to enjoy his happiness or appreciate his treasure, for they had been married only a month, when she was taken from him in the midst of their wedding tour in Italy.

Just about returning to Paris, she fell ill in Rome and died of fever, in spite of the many physicians called to attend her and the devoted care of her husband, who never left her side till she breathed her last.

Conscious to the end, she bravely sought to console him.

"It was not given to mortals," she said, "to be happy for long. Our lot has been too great; it could not be. Do not weep, dearest," she cried, "for me you must live on, without the memory of your distressed face. Smile, do not look so cold!" and she raised her trembling hand and caressing it laid it on his cheek.

"Be a soldier," pursued she, "death should have no terrors for you. I have loved you only; do me, then, one last little favor. I wish to be near you always, even in death. I beseech you, cremate me, then; reduce me to a little heap of ashes that you can carry always with you. I shall never disturb you. How strange it seems to call a heap of ashes I—you see it will be. You will sometimes glance at me thus, and never entirely forget me!"

Nevertheless when Durande returned to Paris he was a changed man. He was thin and haggard; his eyes had lost their luster, his step its elastic spring and confidence.

"Courage, courage, my boy!" his colonel would say to him.

"Be brave, my friend!" repeated his brother officers.

But joy and brightness had gone out of Durande's life. The once brilliant soldier was a broken man.

No one—not even a wife was allowed to touch his luggage, and he himself, with eyes shut weeping, drew from his satchel an artistic little vase that he solemnly charged his browser never on any account to lay hands upon.

"A vase of ashes—madness!" the man ventured to ask.

"Yes, a tomb," Durande responded; before which, she was human nor that hold all that was left of Jacqueline with remains, he knelt with tears, which he never alone again. At night it stood in full view upon a cushion beside his bed, that his eyes might rest upon it when not closed in sleep and by day. When he leave had expired and he had returned to duty, he was distrait, a stranger to his comrades, joining in none of their pleasures or amusements, seeming to live only in the memory of his lost wife and that urn—which might be touched over.

He had placed her portrait in every room in his house, and by a strange perversion of sentiment it was here, among all these tender recollections, that he passed his least miserable hours.

By degrees, through steady contemplation, perhaps, the sight of the Roman urn produced a less painful effect upon the unmistakable widower, and no longer caused him the cruel heart pangs of the first days of bereavement.

He was now able to picture his darling as she had been in the month of strength and beauty, gay, smiling charming. Again and again he recalled and lived over the moments of that honeymoon journey, and grew happy himself in this sweet, posthumous revival of radiant hours.

When at work the urn stood on his writing table, and he thought how in life and in that hygiene time he had written and pondered and she had sat quietly beside him reading or sewing tranquilly, silently, without disturbing him.

Six months passed. Implacable a year, and now and then it happened that Durande forgot the urn and left it on his table at night instead of carrying it to his bedroom. Finally he contented it for good on his office table. Not that the memory of his wife was less dear, at first, but because in time it was seen in upon him that a removed deport like this was unnecessary, unbearable in a sleeping room.

Nevertheless every day it was surrounded, as usual, with lilies and roses, his wife's favorite flowers.

The one year lengthened to two, and Durande had returned to his bachelor life.

"'Tis wrong to bury yourself alive thus," said his friends and his wife's relations; "begin, go into the world again."

Durande yielded, once more mounted, frequented the quarters of his brother officers, joined in their jollifying, and actually one evening carried them all home with him to a banquet in his own apartments. The wine was good, the champagne sparkling, laughter, songs, uproar the order of the night; when the supper ended they all adjourned to the private office, where the mortuary shrine stood alone upon the table, severe and mournful.

Reeling in the air, in the midst of which Durande suddenly recalled the "presence of the dead," as he was wont to call the urn, caught it up hurriedly, darted from the room and deposited it in an upper chamber, piled with a bachelor's litter of old books, boots and trousers.

Next morning, determined that profanation like that of the previous night should not happen again, he contrived to turn this lumber room, where he had temporarily deposited the precious urn, into a mortuary chapel, and gave instant orders for a cathedral window and a niche and altar to be placed beneath it.

There the urn was again enthroned, but the lilies and roses had given place to immortelles, some days later, perceiving that these had lost color from lack of air and light, Durande had them changed for garlands of berries and leaves of the coldest evergreens, and thus the urn stood peacefully in this calm retreat.

Two years of widowhood lengthened to three, and Durande took unto himself a second wife. Why, he couldn't have told you. Certainly it was not a case of ungrateful love, though the new Mme. Durande was a remarkable creature.

No, he had but one excuse for refilling the empty niche in his life—Hela. Durande the second was emphatically the Mme. Durande the first, with one exception—she was prosaic. A jealousy that caused her to look with suspicion on every man, woman or person, and the knowledge that he only conjured tender memories of the dead would have cured her temperament angry.

Durande no longer dared to keep the urn in a conspicuous place. It was quietly and secretly a third time removed from its quarters and reverently stored in a spare room in the mansard. Matters grew better as time wore on. Peace and happiness reigned with the young couple, and more than once Durande, in this atmosphere of renewed content, was on the verge of unbosoming himself and confiding to his wife the mystery of the urn. Also! his courage always failed him.

In due time a son was born to the house of Durande, and Mme. Durande found it necessary to clear out and use the room where the urn for Jacqueline. As for Durande himself, the joy of a new made father dissipated all remorse in his breast, and he celebrated the christening with due pomp and splendor to vanities were sent far and wide for a magnificent dinner.

"But, my dear," said his wife as he came in from the festivities the day of the great event, "don't you be so good-looking soon till you have seen the table, the flowers, arranged with my own hands."

Arranged! A great hopping cluster of blood red roses—in mourning, strangely familiar flowers—in the urn, which had the place of honor on the sideboard.

Durande, hard, sheer. His wife saw him start.

"Yes," said she complacently, "'tis pretty, you dear old simpet, in these away as you have seen the handsomest thing collected in your trip to Italy! It was up in the garret filled with dust. Heaven knows how long it has been there!"

"Wi-with dust!" stammered Durande, white as death, "—and what did you do with it, the—the dust?"

"Threw it on the rose pots, dearest—that is, what the wind didn't scatter. But the effect—isn't it lovely?"

"Very, very lovely," murmured the soldier, with a strangled sigh. And in the fresh, fragrant flowers, whose petals parted softly, like the lips of a young girl to the first kiss of love, Durande believed that he saw the tender smile and blushes of his dear, dead wife.—Inter Ocean.

Been Pumped Up.

C. D. Brooks, who lives a half a mile or so east of this park, has a fine trout stream running through his bank. A couple of days ago he pump threw out a trout several inches long, and Mr. Brooks thinks he could have lots of fun looking for trout if he had an open well reaching down to the trout stream that flows beneath that bank.

There can be no doubt that a subterranean river of considerable volume runs through that gravel section, for a few years ago W. L. Willis, who lived in the same neighborhood that Mr. Brooks does, pumped up a number of mountain trout. This stream seems to run down toward the Commons, as most of good size have been taken from pumps at Stockton, many miles south of here.

This stream probably comes from Lake Tahoe, that being the nearest mountain lake of sufficient capacity to keep up the supply that is known to exist beneath the surface in this vicinity. Scientists have long been of the belief that there is a subterranean outlet to Lake Tahoe, and at some other time have discovered it is reasonable to suppose that this may be it. That it is not a mere pond, with not source or exit, is evident from the fact that the trout that have been pumped up were without the peculiarities that distinguish fishes taken from lodge ponds, and that the waters of Tahoe are ever, and evidently had and long been on the journey to this point—Sacramento to Stockton Dispatch.

Resenting Expressions.

Gentleman—About what are your running expenses?

Newsboy—Dat a dollar a month.

"Is that all?"

"Yeah. (You see, I buy 'em second hand.)"

"Buy what?"

"Shoes, in course."—Good News.

The Last Bushranger Gone.

The last of one of the last of the old Australian bushrangers is dead. Forty years ago the name of Black Douglas was renowned in New South Wales. He was a negro, and had been a prize fighter before he took to the roads. His real name was Powell, and he died in the hospital at Southport—the old Moreton, the Victoria adding town. Bushrangers already were almost as extinct as highwaymen.—N.Y. Tribune Bath.

A firm of London furriers found one fine quantity of old quilted satin linings, which were still good, but of no further use. Some young ladies, in distributing these through a city missionary society, the desirable and proper to be quilted into a coverlet for the poor.

A Milford (Del.) woman was bitten on the cheek by a mosquito a few days ago. Blood poisoning resulted and her life was saved with difficulty.

Giving Back Home.

Have you ever a place in your worldly goods quite so beautiful, so half so comfortable, one such as welcome and comfortable part as that in the plain looking house, with the dusty door stone, the dress bared sentinel, and area lying on its flat wide, and a lonely garden in the back yard paved with brick? The very dog, delighted to get home, makes a rush for his kennel, a thousand bright to the pleasure to his visitors tell. With reason, suppose to Butters here and there, increasingly characteristic of half remembered times, while now and then a crisp of indignant remembrance measures for discovery that mere, despised and commonly used cats were had the outrageous effrontery to invade his domain during his absence. In the parlor home, with much the same display, the good wife, half-idly waiting for things to come home with its food, produces the treasure of the mother. What's serious treasure to every heart on the good earth, trying with most simple implements to wile the time surround under a history of adoption of affection, unknown to their dear ones.

Everybody says, "Oh, pa, we could have had it open fifty times!" Pa could be of no more an ear to get it. When it is opened just into enough for one person to squeeze through at a time, the latter feel it make a rush for search, it does it. The second finds through the long deserted house the shining treasure, a mouthful and a half, or two morsels. Vanity does the commonsense effect endeavoring any word of command and elicits or lard, to exclude the household time. They will be a sort of disciplined garrison in a day or two, you see they are ruddier members. It is but natural desire to have the first look in every form, to make the best society investigation in every quarter.

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