

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XI.

A wounded shoulder might not, perhaps, be thought a good preparation for a period of perfect enjoyment, but to the end of his days Derwent will never have any doubt that it proved so to him. Never will he fail to look back on the fortnight at Miraflores that followed his recovery, as the one enchanted hour of his life,—that one lingering within the magic portals of fairy-land which almost all men or women know at some point on the journey of life. Generally it is not for long that any one lingers within those gates, and when once they are closed upon him who issues forth, he may wander far and wide without ever finding his way thither again. But while he is there, everything else that the world holds is forgotten,—sometimes even faith and duty,—and if there are any drawbacks to enjoyment, any pinpricks in the spell of enchantment, he has no recollection of them afterwards.

Derwent in especial would have been quite positive that there was nothing of the kind for him in those magic days,—days of literal as well as metaphorical sunshine and flowers. Whenever he recalled them, he would see the deep sapphire sky looking down, he would hear the musical plash of fountains and inhale the fragrance of opening blossoms; pictures would rise before his eyes, now of cool, shadowy rooms with shining floors and arabesque walls, now of the courts with their pillared arches and the Oriental-looking servants who glided back and forth, of the shadowy vistas of the gardens, and of the rich splendor of the chapel, and amid all these varied scenes one central figure always visible,—a graceful, gracious figure, with noble, princelike ways, and a hand ever open to help and to give.

For this may be said for him, that if, despite his valiant resolutions, he was soon hopelessly in love with Dona Zarifa, it was less with the enchantment of her beauty—though this grew upon him day by day, as only real beauty does—than with the deeper charm of character which was revealed to him in her life, like the open page of a book full of noble thoughts and poetic words. He had never imagined anything at once so simple and so elevated as this character appeared. The contaminating influence of the world seemed hardly to have breathed upon it, and the lowering standards of the world had no place in a mind which had been trained in the highest school of thought and feeling. Indeed, somewhat to his surprise, he found the whole atmosphere of the house unworlly in the extreme. It was evident that to Don Maurizio his great wealth was chiefly valuable for the power it gave him of doing much good,—how much, it was only through chance references of Padre Francisco that Derwent learned; while Dona Zarifa seemed to give no thought whatever to her brilliant social position, with regard to the opportunities which it offered for pleasure and adulation. The pride, almost verging on *hauteur*, which had struck him as expressed by her face when he saw it first, was, he found, not that ignoble pride which is allied to vanity, but the higher pride that, dwelling in elevated regions of sentiment, can stoop to nothing lowering or even frivolous.

And yet how simple and charming she was! Trained chiefly by her father, and accustomed, therefore, to more liberty than falls to the lot of most Spanish-bred girls, she was frankly and entirely at ease with one whom she regarded as a stranger with a special claim upon their kindness from the fact of his having come to harm at their gates. It was a kindness that not even a man of duller perception than Derwent could for a moment have misunderstood. And he had no desire to misunderstand it. "I am a fool," he confessed to himself, ruefully, when the conviction of how it was with him dawned fully upon him, "but no one save myself shall know of my folly. I will simply enjoy this ideal life as long as I may, and when I go I will at least have the memory of one perfect woman to carry with me through life. A man should be grateful to have known such a creature, even though he can only worship her from afar."

Meanwhile, with a happy faculty of living in the present and forgetting all possibilities or certainties of pain that the future might bring, he enjoyed her presence and the sunshine of kindness which every one at Miraflores showered upon him. When he grew stronger, Don Maurizio placed a horse at his disposal, and then his dream of riding with Dona Zarifa found such realization as not many of our dreams do. It was true that they did not ride alone. Don Maurizio always accompanied them,—or, to speak more correctly, they accompanied him,—together with a *mozo*, or groom. But there was nothing in this companionship to detract from Derwent's enjoyment. More and more every day he liked and admired his general host; and while listening to his graphic accounts of the country and its people, he could look at Dona Zarifa, as she sat erect and square in her saddle, her habit correct enough for Hyde Park, but wearing a broad, sombrero-like hat to shield her face from the rays of the tropical sun. Never, he thought, did she look so beautiful as on these rides, when, after a long, stretching gallop across the *mesa*, she would turn and say, with a laugh like a child, "Was not that delightful?" while a pomegranate flush came into her cheek, and her eyes shone like dark diamonds under their silken lashes.

Then there were times when Don Maurizio would leave them, when he would bid them ride on while he paused with a group of laborers in the vast fields, or stopped to discuss the condition of his colts with their tall, dark-browed trainer; although when it was a question of anything so fascinating as the horses neither Dona Zarifa nor Derwent was always willing to be dismissed. Miles of pasture on the green hill-slopes of Miraflores were devoted to the stock which was its owner's chief pride, and nothing interested him more than improving the breed of his horses. Derwent, with the passionate fondness for horses which was part of his life-long training, soon knew the beautiful, gentle creatures as well as Don Maurizio himself. The races were, therefore, full of interest as well as pleasure; and a part of every day was spent in the saddle.

One morning, as they were about to start, and while Derwent loitered under the arcade waiting for his companions, he observed that the *mozo* brought out two large bags, of a grass-like fibre, and hung them over the high pommel of his saddle. They were evidently well filled, and while Der-

went wondered idly what they might contain, he heard a step, and, turning, found Dona Zarifa by his side.

"Have you come," he said, "to gratify my curiosity? I have just been wondering what those bags contain that Juan has placed so carefully over his saddle."

"I hope you will not be sorry to hear that they contain our lunch," she answered. "We are going this morning to a ranch on the lake; and since the distance is considerable, and my father has business there, we cannot return until the middle of the afternoon. Therefore I thought it well to provide against the pangs of hunger; for, though papa and myself could take some *tortillas* and milk at the house of the *ranchero*, you know that you do not like *tortillas*."

"No," he answered, with a slight grimace, "I confess that I do not. It is the only Mexican thing I don't like."

"Then you shall not be forced to eat them," she said, smiling. "We will take our lunch in a pretty place on the border of the lake. But papa lingers. You may put me up, Mr. Derwent, and we will ride slowly forward."

It was not often that Derwent had this privilege, for Don Maurizio generally lifted his daughter into the saddle as lightly as if she had been an infant. It was an unexpected pleasure, therefore, to hold out his hand, to have the slender, arched foot placed within it, to aid her practised spring into the saddle, and then to arrange her stirrup and habit. As, having done this, he glanced up to see if there was no other service he could render, he caught the gleam of something like the handle of a pistol among the scant folds of her dress at the side of her short basque.

"What!" he said, involuntarily, "do Mexican ladies carry arms also?"

She laughed, as she drew out from a pocket at her waist the smallest and daintiest weapon he thought he had ever seen,—a silver-mounted pistol which lay in his hand like a toy, but which, he saw at once, was capable of doing deadly work.

"It is very beautiful," he said. "But may I ask why you carry it? If there is any danger, surely Don Maurizio and Juan are sufficiently armed to protect you,—not to speak of myself."

"There is no danger," she answered, a little haughtily. "How could there be on our own hacienda? If papa puts on his pistol when he rides out, it is more from habit than anything else; for there have been times in Mexico when it was not safe to be without arms. But when I wear a pistol it is only for amusement. I am very fond of shooting, and I have not tried my hand lately. I thought that there might be an opportunity to do so to-day."

"We will make an opportunity by setting up a target on the lake," he said, as he returned the pistol and mounted his own horse, as Don Maurizio came out, and, with an apology for delay, swung himself on his powerful chestnut.

Their place of destination was, it appeared, sixteen miles distant,—a short ride over the level plain for horses fresh and spirited as theirs. It was a part of the hacienda which Derwent had never visited before, and when they drew near the lake they found themselves in a more broken country, since one side of the beautiful sheet of water was enclosed by forest-clad hills rising abruptly from its edge.

There is nothing more charming than these lakes which are scattered over a wide region of the plateau of Mexico. Blue as Como or Maggiore, only their own great elevation prevents their being surrounded by mountain-scenery as grand. If the heights that enclose them are not relatively as imposing as the Alps, they are none the less noble and majestic in outline, and absolutely enchanting in color. So it was with this lake on the beach of which the party from Miraflores presently drew rein. They were at its head, and so commanded a magnificent view of the shimmering azure water spreading for miles, bordered on one side by abrupt green heights that, with the haze of distance over them, were draped in robes of softest blue and purple, while on the other side of the liquid expanse the great plain stretched to meet the horizon.

"This is the most beautiful picture that I have ever seen in Mexico," said Derwent, as they paused to admire it. "What a paradise of color!"

"You will be glad to hear that we make the rest of our journey by water," said Don Maurizio. "Here is our boat."

A large, well-built row-boat, manned by four Indian oarsmen, swept around a headland as he spoke, and came toward them.

"Everything at Miraflores reminds one more or less of the Arabian Nights," observed Derwent, "but really this suggests positive enchantment. We ride up to the shore of a wild and lonely lake, not a human being is in sight, and you do not even clap your hands as a signal of arrival, yet here comes a boat, ready to convey you where you will."

"It looks mysterious, I admit," said Don Maurizio, with a laugh, "but a message sent yesterday is the cause of the boat being ready, while our approach was not so unobserved as you thought. The house of the man who looks after the boat is near by, and we will leave our horses here."

They dismounted, and Juan led the horses away, while the boat was brought up to a rocky point, from which they could step into it. Clean and well painted, with crimson-cushioned seats, the little craft lay lightly on the water as Dona Zarifa, with a smiling salutation to the men, took her seat at the rudder. "I like to steer," she said, in answer to Derwent's glance, as she gathered the cords into her slender hands. There was a moment's pause, Juan came running lightly over the rocks, the luncheon-bags were safely shipped, and then they glided out over the shimmering water.

It was a day, a scene, an hour, of which to dream! Derwent was absolutely silent, as he sat drinking it all in, steeping his spirit, as it were, in the golden charm which he knew would be so fleeting. Every element of the beautiful picture added to his enjoyment; while, let his glance wander as he would, over exquisite heights and broad stretches of gleaming water, it constantly returned to dwell on Zarifa, as she leaned back on the low seat, with the steering-cords in her hands, and her wide hat shading her face,—the "tressy forehead," with its delicate tendrils of dark

hair, soft and silky as floss, the dusky splendor of her eyes, with their golden lights, set under perfect brows, the fine straight nose with its arched nostrils, and the curving lips, forming, in Solomon's words, "a thread of scarlet" on the creamy softness of her skin.

They rowed three or four miles down the lake, keeping sometimes near enough shore to be almost within the show of the hills, and at last entered a lovely miniature bay, where an opening in the heights gave a glimpse of cultivated fields and the group of buildings belonging to a ranch. Here they disembarked, and while Don Maurizio went to transact his business with the *ranchero*, Derwent found a shady nook, arranged the boat-cushions in a seat for Zarifa, and placed himself at her feet, while Juan kindled a fire at a little distance, where he proceeded to make coffee, to warm chicken (by holding it on a pointed stick to the fire), and to toast bread in a very deft manner.

"And what do you think of our lake, Señor Derwent?" asked Zarifa at last; for the spell of silence seemed still to hang over Derwent.

He roused himself with a start at the sound of her voice.

"I think," he replied, "that it is like everything else at Miraflores,—simply perfect. Do not laugh; do not believe that I am speaking in exaggerated compliment. I mean just what I say. Whether the place is enchanted or whether I am, I don't know, but certainly there seems to me no flaw or blemish anywhere. I have never before known anything half so charming, and it makes me almost sad to feel that I must soon go back to the commonplace world, where all this—this—made me seem as distant and unreal as a vision in sleep."

"I am glad that you think so well of Miraflores," she said, smiling. "As for going—well, I suppose that after a while you will have duties to call you away. But you can surely return again! Our gates are always open to our friends."

"It is good of you to include me in that class," he said, flushing a little. "I feel it deeply; for what do you know of me? I may be the merest adventurer, a man unworthy of your notice or acquaintance, for aught you can tell. Why, your father has not even once asked me who I am, since I have been in his house! Such hospitality is fairly Arabian."

"Oh, no," she said, "it is only Mexican. And why should he ask you such a question? In the first place, you were in need of help; that was reason enough for opening his doors to you. And in the second place, do you think that he does not know a gentleman when he sees him? My father has not always lived at Miraflores, señor."

"Your father is the truest and the finest gentleman I have ever seen," said Derwent, quickly. "I think that with one glance he could judge a man. But such is his courtesy that if the judgment were unfavorable the subject of it would never be made aware that it was so."

"Not without need; but with need no man can be more frank than my father."

"I am sure of that, too. And frankness is a virtue I so much admire that I can do no less than practise it. Don Maurizio has asked me nothing, as I said; but I hope that he will feel interest enough to listen to an account of how and why I chance to be in Mexico."

"I am certain that he will listen with interest to whatever you care to tell him," said Zarifa; "but you must not suppose that there is any need for you to explain. Did you not say,—or imply,—when speaking to Padre Francisco and myself, that there was something in the nature of an affair of honor in what brought you here? In that case, no one would even wish you to speak of it."

"I said that I desired to make money, and make it quickly, in order to pay a debt of honor," he answered. "But I must not leave you under a mistaken impression. It is a debt of honor inasmuch as honor is deeply involved in it, but it is also a debt that will ruin my mother and myself if we must make it good out of our fortune. So that I have to consider the happiness of one parent, and the honor of—"

He paused abruptly. Had he spoken the two words trembling on his lips? He hardly knew. He only knew that he met a look of what seemed to him divine sympathy and comprehension in the eyes that rested on his own for an instant and then gazed away over the broad, dazzling surface of the lake.

"I see,—I understand," said the soft voice, very quietly. "There is a double necessity,—to save both fortune and honor. Well, señor, I hope that Mexico may give you the means to do both. And it may be well that you should speak openly to my father of your wishes. He may be able to direct your attention to something as good as the Buena Esperanza."

"I could neither ask nor expect that," said Derwent, quickly. "It would seem like speculating on his kindness."

The dark eyes met his now with a glance of reproach. "Do you know a greater pleasure than that of helping another over some obstacle or trouble?" she asked. "Can any one know a greater pleasure? Why, then, should you wish to deny it to my father? If he can help you, he will. I am sure of that."

Derwent did not reply for a minute. Then he said, dreamily, "I find it strange to remember what a strong instinct, approaching to an inspiration, led me to Mexico. It seemed a wild thing. I had no knowledge of the country. I did not understand the language. I had not a friend among the people. But something bade me come; and here I am. It was the El Dorado of all my boy-dreams, this wonderful, mysterious land of the Aztec and the Spaniard, and I have found—and, what have I not found in it?" He broke off again abruptly. He felt that this would not do; his emotion was passing beyond his control. He seized it suddenly, as it were, and bade it lie down and be still. Then he added with a smile,—

"That does not sound very much like an answer to your speech. Yet the point of application is this: that in a land of strangers I have found kindness, friendship, and, it may be, help. Is not my instinct justified?" "So far," she answered, smiling also. "I think you should not have found a bullet in the shoulder. But something more may come,—*si Dios quiere*, as we say."

"You don't know!" he said impulsively. "It is worth a dozen bullets in the shoulder to be sitting here now! Everything is so perfect,—like your Mexican days,—it makes one feel for the first time what it is to live! But there comes Don Maurizio. And by the love, we have forgotten about the target practice. Shall we not try it? Yonder

is a water-fowl on the beach. Let me see you knock it over."

"No," she answered, as she drew out her pretty toy-like weapon, "I have never yet killed a living creature, and I could not bear to do it. There is something terrible in the thought of extinguishing the spark of life,—the very breath of God,—which all the powers of earth cannot restore. But just beyond the bird is a scarlet cactus-bloom. I will strike that."

She raised the pistol, and without seeming to aim, fired. The hills gave back the sharp report in multiplied echoes; and as the startled bird flew away, Derwent saw the blossom hanging broken. The bullet had cut its stem.

"Dona Zarifa is a wonderful shot," he said, showing the flower to Don Maurizio when the latter came up. "I am glad that she was not the person who aimed at me. I am afraid I should not have got off so easily."

"She has an unerring eye, and a hand that never varies," her father answered. "Many a time she has beaten me at target-practice. Her training has been in some respects more that of a boy than a girl. But I am certain that every woman should understand the use of fire-arms."

"There can be no doubt of it," said Derwent, as he fastened the crimson cactus-blossom on his coat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DREAMS AND DREAMERS.

Some Singular Things Reported From Slumberland.

It is a well-attested fact that our dreams are sometimes caused by our sensations. It is related of an English soldier that, so susceptible was he to audible impressions while asleep, his companions could make him dream what they pleased. They amused themselves by leading him in his dreams into some frightful difficulty, and watching his efforts to extricate himself—sometimes inducing him to believe that a shark was in close pursuit of him; at others, that he was suspended only by a thread from the projecting cliffs of a fearful precipice; and again that he had given offence to some person and must fight a duel. Thus, on one occasion they caused him to go through the whole of a duel from the preliminary arrangements to the firing of the pistol, which they put into his hands, and the report of which awoke him.

There are two matters in respect to which I am sure I shall never be able to cease from dreaming while I live. The one which most disturbs me is that of printing; and now, for over half a century since I quit that business, I may say, without exaggeration, that hardly a month has passed in which I have not dreamed about it. It usually occurs when I am over-fatigued, or when from other cause I am not feeling well. I should premise that during about eight years of my boyhood, having commenced business before I was 19, I was the publisher, and for six years of the time the editor, of a weekly newspaper. My labor the larger part of this time was not only severe, but I encountered violent opposition from a section of my own political party, which sought by most unfair means to crush me. In spite of all this my paper was regularly issued, never once failing to appear on the promised day of publication. Now, what is also singular about this dream is that, although not always the same in its details, it is invariably attended with more or less of trouble and failure. Oftener than otherwise my editorials are not ready in time; I am behind in getting the types set; in making up the forms they are thrown into pi, or there is some other vexatious thing that comes to disturb me, and I do not remember to have succeeded more than once or twice in getting my paper off. Generally I am so much harassed that I awake, glad to find it "all a dream."

The other matter related to my life in the Postoffice Department. These dreams are generally not quite so unpleasant; but they have likewise pursued me at frequent intervals ever since, and in fact before, I left that department. They usually take shape in fear that when absent on leave I had overstaid my time, or that in some other way I might have fallen short of my whole official duty.

Carlyle relates that, when "a very little thing," anxious to learn, Jane Welch, who afterwards became his wife, would sit up half the night over her lessons. One day she had been greatly perplexed by a problem in Euclid which she could not solve. At last she went to bed; and in a dream got up and did it and went to bed again. In the meantime she had no consciousness of her dream; but on looking at her slate, there was the problem solved.

A Common Delusion.

When diarrhoea occurs during the period of dentition it is quite generally attributed to that process; and it is a popular belief that the affection within certain limits is beneficial in teething children, for the reason that, in consequence of the circulation of the blood, being more active in the bowels, it is less so in the brain, and diseases of the latter are, therefore, not so likely to occur.

There is no good reason for believing that diarrhoea is ever caused by teething; nor can it be accepted as salutary during the period of dentition. Believing to the contrary, many mothers have allowed the trouble to run on in their children and so wasted the chances of recovery.

A Big Discount.

Eisenstein—"Vy are you in bleck, Apey?" Dinkheimer—"Yakey is det. He vas plown up nit dynamite." Eisenstein—"Ach! das ist horrible!" Dinkheimer—"Yez; bud der most horriblest pard vas det ve only recovered dirty-vive per shent of der remains."

On Business Bent.

Distinguished Prince (at foreign watering place)—"My dear mees, you are looking so vigorous—so charmeeng! Surely you do not need to drink ze wataire." American Heiress—"No, Prince. This is my fifth season in Europe. I am not here for my health this time."

She Thought He Needed It.

"What was the trouble between you and your beau, Mamie?" "Oh! he was altogether too cold in his manner." "I see. And you fired him."

A GHASTLY AWAKENING.

Horrible Discovery of a Hotel Guest.
The other morning about three o'clock J. W. Waggoner, a guest of a Hotel, was awakened from his slumbers by something that seemed like a tapping at his window. He got up in bed and peered out in the night, and was thrilled with horror to find the white face of a corpse. The body was hanging from the window of an adjoining room and the wind swaying it about made the noise as it brought the body over to Waggoner's window.

A HORRIBLE SIGHT

The eyes were open and the hands were closed together. As soon as Waggoner could recover from the great shock he alarmed the household. The body proved to be that of John Smith, an old driller. He had retired for the night and on reaching his room had taken the chair used as a fire escape, wrapped it twice around his neck and swung out of the window, where he hung until he was strangled to death. He was a man of powerful build, being six feet four inches in height.

MURDERING JOHN SMITH.

He has a number of acquaintances in this city who know his history. About thirteen years ago, when the oil excitement was high about Clarion County, Smith was living at Edensburg. A murder was committed, in which Smith was implicated with a man named Bowls and another named Brooks. Bowls fled and Brooks was killed. Then Smith turned State's evidence and got clear but he was from that time on known in the oil country as "Murdering John Smith." To be called by this name preyed upon his mind and led to his suicide.

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.—Little love can perform great actions—but it requires great love to present like little children small offerings—and to devote every moment and task of our life to God. A largeness of heart which thus attends to the smallest details of piety—to the little things in which love most powerfully shows itself, which recognizes God habitually and seeks constant opportunity to please Him will never be oppressed with listlessness and ennui. Every hour will be filled with incident; every object will possess a secret charm and life will be a continual feast. A heap of sand becomes a heap of jewels.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

Tuesday—

We can not see the way we tread;
Our faith is small; we fear the night—
The clouds that darkly hang overhead—
O Christ, our Savior, give us light!
We blindly walk; when all seems wrong,
When evil triumphs over right,
When truth is weak and error strong,
O Christ, our Savior, give us light!
We know Thy hand is o'er us still;
That Thou wilt put our fears to flight;
We bend submissive to Thy will—
O Christ, our Savior, give us light!

Our hearts are bowed beneath their load;
Until our faith is lost in sight,
Thou son of Mary—Son of God—
O Christ, our Savior, give us light!

—E. A. Reed, Jr.

Wednesday.—What elements of power we wield! Truth unmix'd with error, flashing as God's own lightning in its brightness, resistless if properly wielded, as that living flame! Oh, what agencies! The Holy Ghost, standing and pleading with us to so work that He may help us, the very earth coming to the help of the Lord Jesus Christ. And yet I am painfully impressed that we are not wielding the elements of Christian achievement nearly up to their maximum.—*T. M. Eddy.*

Thursday—

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
Even in cow-slip time, when hedger sprout;
It makes me sigh to think on it—but yet
My days will not be better days, should I forget,
When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser was no more see
In countries that accord with mortal yew—
When I remember this, I mourn—but yet
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

—Jean Ingelow.

Friday.—To the great question, What is happiness? Jesus is the embodied answer—at once the teacher and the lesson. The question had been asked for ages, and some hundred solutions had been proposed. And in the outset of His ministry the Savior took it up and gave the final answer. What is happiness? Happy are the contrite. Happy are the meek. Happy are they who hunger after righteousness. Happy are the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the men persecuted for righteousness. In other words, He declared that happiness is goodness. A holy nature is a happy one.—*John Palloch.*

Saturday—

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind, arrest and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as if by wind;
Rush over it like rivers over seeds
Which quiver in the current; turn as cold
And pale and voiceless, leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing; glorious but
Momentary; madness, might it last,
And close the soul with heaven, as with a seal.

—Bailey.

'Tis Time We Two Were Maying.

Oh, let us go a-Maying;
The warm south wind is blowing, and the wood
Is fresh and green,
And whispering leaves are saying
We are losing all by staying,
When sweet the grass is growing, and the cow-slips in between.

'Tis time that we were Maying;
The birds will sing the sweeter when they know
That there are two
In forest pathways straying
Who can tell what they are saying,
And cloud-ships sail the fletcher through the
tender melting blue.

'Tis time we two were Maying;
For summer days are flying and grim Winter
comes apace,
And pleasure seems delaying
Nor will tarry for our praying;
Then why should we be sighing, when the days
are full of grace!

'Tis joy to go a-Maying,
When hawthorn boughs are filling with sweet
odors field and grove,
And blushes are betraying—
What the lips dare not in saying—
And two young hearts are thrilling to the magic
touch of love!

How shall we go a-Maying,
When Winter winds are blowing, and the sky
is no more fair?
With love forever staying,
We shall always go a-Maying,
And find sweet flowers growing 'en when fields
are bleak and bare.

ZITELLA COCKE.