

UNDER THE LILAC TREE.

CHAPTER II.

The old proverb states that the course of true love never runs smooth. Ours ran smoothly enough. The doctor laughed when Mark told him of our engagement. My mother was delighted; she had liked Mark from the first. The one great drawback was that he was compelled to go to India for four years. He was a civil engineer by profession, and a lucrative appointment had been offered to him on a railway which was being extended. The advantages that would accrue to him were great. He would gain immensely in experience and knowledge, and he would make money.

But during the first few happy weeks we did not think much of the parting. It was a dark cloud ahead of us, a cloud that had silver lining; for when the four years were ended Mark was to return home and we were to be married. I should, he promised me, always have a home in the country. He could never ask me to live in the town. It was in the month of May that we met, and in July we parted, but during the interval we spent the greater part of the time together. Other summer days have dawned for me, but none like those on which my young lover came in the early morning, while the dew sparkled on the grass, when we walked through the woods and down by the river, nothing with loving eyes all that was so fair and beautiful around us, returning from our long rambles, our hands filled with wild flowers, to find my mother waiting breakfast for us, the table set out on the lawn. Then Mark would linger and pass the morning with me. He came back in the afternoon, and stayed with us until the moon rose.

How I loved him! Then I saw only the beauty of a great passion; now I see its pain and its pathos; now I know that the mighty power of love has not been given to us to be centered in any creature. Then I had one idol, and alas, I worshipped it! I had no life apart from my young lover's. I never tired of looking at the dark beauty of his face, of listening to his voice, and when he was absent from me, of recalling every word he had spoken. I had no life, no love, no care so thought apart from him. I read the love stories of others, written in poetry and prose; but no love was like mine. Surely wise people, while they laughed, would have wept over it! If he had asked for my life, I should have given it to him, as I had given my love freely and with a smile. I felt something like pity for those who did not love; I felt that every girl living must envy me.

Mark Upton cared for me quite as much as I loved him. We spent those weeks in a land into which no care, no sorrow came—the fairyland of love and hope. Every hour brought us closer together, bound us by newer and sweeter ties, while the summer flowers bloomed, the corn grew up in the fields, and the lilies withered. I do not know what comes into other lives; but I hope that Heaven give such a glimpse of happiness as mine to all.

On one occasion I heard the doctor laughing as he talked to my mother. He asked her if she knew that in some parts of England the beautiful fragrant shrub known as southernwood was called "lad's love." My mother replied that she had never heard it so called, and asked why he named "lad's love." I listened half curiously for the answer. "Because," he said, "it dies in a year, as lad's love often does." He looked at me as he spoke, and I knew that he was thinking of Mark's love, which, after all, was a lad's love, and might live for a year or die in a day. But he did not know. He was old and immersed in the cares of a grave profession. How could he understand our love, loyalty, and constancy?

One evening Mark had gone home; but the stars were as bright as if I remained out of doors watching the night sky. The dark blue vault was a mass of shining, twinkling gold. They were so bright and clear, and the faint mystical light they threw upon the earth was so dreamily beautiful, that I was entranced.

"Nellie," cried my mother, "do come in!"

"Mamma," I answered, "you come out!"

Almost to my surprise she came, and we stood together watching the far-off bright ones of the hill.

"How bright they are, those beautiful stars!" said my mother. "Ah, Nellie, how many thousand years have they been shining? What have they seen? And, my darling, how soon they will be shining on our graves!"

But I, with my warm deep love—I felt no fear of death. Not even the stars in heaven shone so brightly or were so true as my love. I said to her that filled my whole soul never could. She looked at me with sad sweet eyes. When the stars shine in the night-sky her look and her words come back to me.

"Nellie," she said, "you should never give to a creature the love that is due to the creator. I have often thought, dear child, 'that you love Mark too much. It is not safe to center all your happiness in one person. If anything happens to that one, your whole life is shipwrecked.'"

"There can be no shipwreck where Mark is," I answered, strong in my faith and love.

My mother sighed.

"Nothing gives me more pleasure, Nellie, than to know how happy you are with Mark. I believe he is true as a man can be."

"True as a man can be, mamma, means infinitely true," I interrupted.

"Ah, no, my dear Nellie! Men are but mortal; their power of loving is not infinite. I do not wish to sadden you, to cloud your faith, to dim your love

or lessen your trust; but I should like to warn you. Love with caution."

"There need be no caution where Mark is concerned, mother," I rejoined.

"I am old," she continued, "I have seen a great deal of life. I do not say—Heaven forbid—that all men are false, or all women; I do not say that one sex is more false than the other; but I have seen love betrayed, misplaced, misplaced. I have known the honest heart of a man broken because a woman deserted him, and I have known a loving and tender-hearted girl die because her lover left her."

I raised my face to the stars shining in their calm eternal beauty. Strong in my youth, ignorance, and faith, I said lightly:

"Nothing of that kind can ever happen between Mark and me."

"Some loves," said my mother, "last forever, come for a day; and oh, my dear Nellie, it seems to me that this last is, in these prosaic times, the commonest form of love."

"Love for a day!" I echoed. "Ah, thank Heaven that is not Mark's love!"

My mother looked at me anxiously. I wonder how many mothers have given to their daughters just the same sensible advice, and just as much in vain?

"Do you quite understand, Nellie," I asked my gentle loving mother, "what I mean, what I want you to do? Mark is to be absent four years. I do not say that the love will change or grow less; but I beg of you to leave yourself one chance. Do not give him your entire love, that if he should die or forget you, or any circumstances should part you, your whole life would be ruined. Love with caution, Nellie."

"There is no need for caution with Mark!" cried my happy heart. To Mark my handsome lover, I might give in superabundance the lavish love that filled my heart; and the words of my mother's warning fell on heedless ears.

I can remember a warm day in June, when Mark and I sought the shade of the tall trees that grew by the river. A refreshing breeze came over the water, and the birds were silent in the great heat. We were talking of our marriage, of that bright future, which, like the June sunshine, had no shadow. Suddenly Mark asked me:

"Have you any relatives, Nellie? You and your mother seem quite alone in the world."

I told him that my father was an only child, my mother also, and that I was the same. The only relatives I had ever heard of were some distant ones in America; but I had none in England.

"It must have been lonely for you, my darling, before I came," he said.

I told him how my home-duties and my love of nature, of flowers, trees, and birds had filled my life. I had lived then in the gray of the twilight; I lived now in the light of the glorious sun.

"How little I dreamed that morning that fair May morning, I was to meet my fate!" said Mark. "Nellie, I shall never forget how your hair gleamed in the sunshine."

I looked up at him with happy eyes; his gaze was so sweet to me.

"We were talking about relatives," Mark said. "Have you any?"

"Ours is a very peculiar family," he said laughing. "We have some relatives on my mother's side who are very poor; they live in London. On my father's side we have some distant relatives who are very rich; but we do not correspond with either. These rich people have a title too; but I shall never trouble them. If ever I have a title it shall be through winning it; if ever I have a fortune I shall have made it."

My noble Mark! My whole heart bowed down before him; he was so brave, so gallant, so independent, as all true men are.

I never recalled that conversation, those few words, until I knew who Mark Upton's relatives were.

CHAPTER III.

When the corn was cut down, and the ripe fruit gathered in from the orchards; when the "free and happy barley" lay under the scythes, Mark had gone.

When the hour of parting came, I believe Mark would have given up the appointment, with all its advantages, rather than leave me. Twenty times he kissed me with despairing passion and love, left me, and returned. He could not leave me; I could not let him go. My mother said it was useless to prolong the agony of parting.

Mark looked at her with a white set face.

"I cannot go," he said hoarsely.

He had to leave Graecidieu by the last train that evening, and sail from London on the morrow. He had spent the whole of the previous day with us, and he was at the cottage early on this morning of the last day. Outside the very glory of summer lay over the land. We stood watching the golden sunshine of the hill, and the wind, every now and then, blowing a chill more bitter than the chill of death. Mark had loosened his hair, and had cut off a long shining tress.

"That shall be next my heart, Nell, even when I am dead," he said. "Promise me that no hand but mine shall touch those golden curls of yours while I am away. You are very beautiful, Nell, although you do not seem to know anything about it; and men will admire you; but you must not listen to them. You are mine, all mine—mine only."

I told him—truthfully—that all other men were to me like shadows.

"Promise me, Nell," he said as he kissed my lips again and again, "that no one shall kiss you while I am away."

"Dear heart, what fear!" I cried. Then in my turn I began to exact a promise. "You will love and think of me too, Mark?"

"I shall think of no one else, Nell."

"And you will not call any one else beautiful, or—"

He interrupted me with a laugh.

"Perhaps I should be happier if I could think less of you, Nellie," he said. "My life will be one unceasing longing for you."

"My dear Mark," said my mother, "if you are to catch the six o'clock train, it is time you went."

His face grew white and a dark shadow came into his eyes.

"Nellie, just come a little way with

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REMOVED THE STOMACH.

REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION IN ST. LOUIS.

Dr. Bernays Performed a Complete Excision of the Stomach of Conrad Beck, Who Suffered from Cancer—Beck Recovered from the Operation, but Was Too Debilitated to Live.

What was regarded at St. Louis, as the greatest surgical operation of the age was performed at the Rebekah Hospital last Wednesday morning, and the fact that it gave promise of complete success was responsible for the disclosure of the details. It was the excision of the entire stomach of Conrad Beck, a machinist, 46 years old, of St. Louis.

In several ways the operation was more arduous and complicated than the similar and successful undertaking at Zurich, Switzerland, on Sept. 6, 1897, of Dr. Carl Schlatler, who removed the whole stomach of Anna Landis, a working woman, 65 years old. Each operation was impelled by cancerous growth that menaced the patient's life.

Beck was the first man in the world to submit to such an undertaking. Dr. A. C. Bernays, who performed the operation, is one of the most eminent surgeons in the West. He was assisted by Drs. Robert E. Wilson, Frank M. Floyd, and Spencer Graves. Dr. Bernays gave out a carefully prepared statement of the case as follows:

"The patient was sent me for operation by Dr. Summa, who had diagnosed the case as an incurable

CANCER OF THE STOMACH.

By severe hemorrhages and pain, and by inadequate digestion, all caused by the cancerous tumors, the patient was much reduced in strength, and had lost about 27 pounds in weight. Dr. Summa thought that as the tumor had not given rise to obstruction, a removal of the growth could be attempted. It was thought that only a portion of the stomach was involved.

"On Wednesday morning I opened the abdomen in the usual way, and upon examination of the stomach it was found that the major curvature was not involved at all, that the disease was located along the minor curvature, and that it extended the whole length from the esophagus to within an inch of the pylorus. This latter outlet of the stomach was entirely free from disease. It was found that all of the organs excepting this small portion of about one inch would have to be removed in order to give the patient a chance to get well. This operation was done, and the lower end of the esophagus was united to the pyloric end or outlet of the stomach.

"I have three or four times in past years operated on cases in which the removal of the entire stomach might have resulted in a cure, but never have had the knowledge necessary to warrant me in the operation and have also lacked in courage. The recent successful operation by Dr. Schlatler in Zurich gave me some encouragement and furnished a precedent, but the operation, in my opinion, based upon the experience of Wednesday morning, will never become a common one. It is exceedingly difficult of performance and requires great resourcefulness and endurance on the part of the surgeon and his assistants.

"The operation lasted two hours and six minutes. It was somewhat different from Schlatler's. The patient is

DOING FAIRLY WELL.

in fact, the danger of shock and hemorrhage is now over, and if he does not get well it will be from the impossibility of properly nourishing him."

The difference between the St. Louis operation and Dr. Schlatler's is in the fact that the Swiss physician removed the pylorus and effected a suture between the upper end of the jejunum and the lower extremity of the esophagus. Dr. Floyd explains that Dr. Schlatler must have experienced less difficulty in concluding his operation than did Dr. Bernays in finishing his. "It was much easier," he says, "to join the ends of the jejunum and esophagus because the orifices of them fitted with much more nicely. But the upper orifice of the pylorus being of greater dimensions than the lower end of the esophagus, the junction in the operation on Beck was necessarily a task of greater difficulty."

Though the continuity of the patient's alimentary canal was restored by the suture between the pylorus and

WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

"Well, of course, the first thing we did was to set a man to march alongside of him with a tent pole with a crutch in the end of it to lift the branches for him. Most of the time, almost all the time, in fact, we could steer him clear of overhanging branches, and of course lots of the way there was long stretches where there wasn't any trees at all; and then we'd come to places where the man would have to lift a branch to let the big giraffe go under; and a great pity it was, too, to see him compelled to go about in that manner."

"He went that way for about ten days. Ordinarily we used to put his feed for him on top of an animal cage so that he wouldn't have to bend down more than eight or ten feet, but he couldn't do that now. So we set a ring in the centre pole sixteen feet from the ground, and we used to reverse a rope through that and make one end fast to the bucket with his food or drink in it, and hoist it up and let him eat there. On the road we used to throw that rope over the crook of a tree at a suitable height. For his entry into the great tent at show time we had to cut a great slit in the canvas; but we didn't regret that, because it was a mighty impressive thing to see him march in that way. It made him look thirty-six feet tall instead of sixteen."

"Twice a day a man used to go up on a ladder and put a strap around his head, and we'd hook on a fall with a boy's chair, and a man would ride down his neck and rub in liniment. He used to like that very much, and it helped him greatly, too; and one morning when the man went out to give him the usual rub they were delighted to see the old chap with his head down pretty near to the roof of the grizzly bear cage, which stood next to him which showed that his neck was coming around all right, and also indicated that he'd take his breakfast this morning in the old way, if you please."

SUPPLY LIMITED.

Mrs. Hashly—Gentlemen, what part of the turkey do you prefer?

Two Boarders, in chorus—The breast.

Mrs. Hashly—I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is not a double-breasted bird.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WINTER WRINKLES.

"Speaking of the somnambulist," said the Cheerful Idiot, "he at least is no idle dreamer."

The Post—"Which of my poems do you think is the best?" She—"I haven't read that one yet."

She—"Mr. Footlight doesn't look like an actor does he?" He—"No; and he doesn't act like one, either."

He—"My heart is on fire with love for you!" She, coldly—"Well, as there is no insurance you had better put out the fire."

Judge—"Why did you steal the complainant's turkeys?" Colored Prisoner—"He had no chickens, your Honor."

Miss Ethel—"I wonder if that gentleman can hear me when I sing?" Maid—"Of course he can. He is closing the window already."

"Those new neighbors seem to be great lorrowers." "Borrowed" One night when they gave a dinner they borrowed our family album."

Patience—"What is the cheapest-looking thing you ever saw about a bargain counter?" Patriotic—"A husband waiting for his wife."

He Wouldn't Do—Friend—"Wouldn't you like to have me sit here and shoot at the poets when they come in?" Editor—"No. You are too poor a shot."

Willie—"Mamma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?" "No; don't be ridiculous!" "Well, Uncle Tom said he was going to South Africa for his lungs."

Brown—"Do you know that the majority of physicians are comparatively poor men?" Jones—"No, I wasn't aware of that. I know some of them are fully poor doctors."

Author—"What do you think of my new book?" Friend—"It certainly contains much food for thought." Author—"Do you really think so?" Friend—"Yes; but it seems to have been wretchedly cooked."

"Want a situation as errand-boy, do you? Well, can you tell me how far the moon is from the earth, eh?" Boy—"Well, guv'nor, I don't know, but I reckon it ain't near enough to interfere with me running errands." He got the job.

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mistaking her glasses.

A boy being asked to describe a kitten said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there." It must have been the same boy who thus defined scandal: "It is when nobody ain't done nothing and somebody goes and tells."

Among the Reasons—"You enjoy coaching, do you? I never could see where the fun comes in. One looks so like a darned fool, sitting up on a three-story coach and cavorting over the highway to the tooting of a horn." "I know it, but it isn't every darned fool that can afford it."

A young colored philosopher was employed in one of our stores at a salary of \$350 a week. He told his employer one morning that he was about to leave, having got a better place. "A better place?" echoed his employer; "what wages are you to get?" "Three dollars a week." "But that is not so much as you get here." "No," said the boy; "but this is better to do less and not get so much than to do more and not get enough."

Fuddy—"Talk about saving money, I suppose my wife is the most economical woman going." Duddy—"What has she been doing now?" Fuddy—"She has been wanting a new cloak, and the other day she said, 'I wish I had fifty dollars to get that cloak with!' Then she thought a moment, and added, 'No I won't be extravagant. I wish I had forty dollars. Perhaps I might be able to get it for that. Now, that's what I call economy.'"

DISEASES OF JEWELS.

Although it may seem odd it is no less true that the most precious gems are subject to various diseases, which frequently destroy their lustre and beauty.

One of the most common diseases of jewels is an inclination to change their original color. Although it is generally believed that emeralds, sapphires and rubies are not subject to this change, recent experiments have established the proof that these stones are liable to fade. Garnets are found to fade very rapidly and faded garnets and rubies assume a pale and misty appearance.

Many gems often without any apparent cause suddenly become cracked or seamed, the damage being beyond repair. Opals, known as the unlovely stones, are so sensitive that their beauty is frequently destroyed by their wearers' proximity to an open fire. The lustre of this stone is caused by the presence of myriads of little fissures which deflect the light into the characteristic prismatic colors of the gem. The tiniest of these fissures is likely at any moment to destroy the stone.

Pearls are subject to countless diseases. A moderate heat is sufficient to transform them to a heap of ashes and if they are accidentally brought into the proximity of an acid they become irretrievably ruined. They are easily broken, and, when frequently worn, some lose their lustre.

TRUE LOVE.

Henry Yallery—A fish we's married we'll hab chicken for dinner every day, Hopsy.

Melinda Johnson—Oh, yo' deary! But I wouldn't ask yo' to run no such risks for mah sake.