

letters. Her heart beat faster. She unlocked the case, and there, nestling in folds of pale blue silk, was a tiny volume, perhaps three and a half inches long by two and a half wide. It was the most exquisite booklet eye had ever seen. The binding was made entirely of silver, bearing a chaste design, in the center of which was Marion's monogram.

She took it up with trembling fingers, and opening it, her eyes fell upon a card inclosed. One glance at the name, and all the passion of her heart—that old love that was her life—broke its chains and overpowered her. That name was Derringforth.

The leaves of the booklet were of heavy parchment, and on them was printed one of the beautiful songs of Tennyson's "Princess." There were no illustrations; nothing to mar the sweetness of the poem itself.

It was some time before Marion could

calm herself sufficiently to open the covers again. When she did so, she read these lines:

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail  
That brings our friends up from the under world;

Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns

The earliest pipe of half awoken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;

So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O, Death in Life, the days that are no more!"

*(To be continued.)*

#### NATURE'S NOTES.

MUSICIANS rare are wind and wave,  
The seasons passing by;  
To neither pride nor wealth a slave,  
Nor to position high;

Such thrilling strains have nature's songs—  
The moaning in the oak,  
The whispers in brown maple throngs,  
As if the fairies spoke.

With thy sweet voice, O spring, awake  
The rigid form of death,  
And set the grasses all ashake  
With thy warm, fragrant breath;

Come, golden footed summer time,  
With roses pink and flush,  
And set the sunny skies in rhyme  
With all earth's bloom and blush.

Come like a sigh within a dream  
Of bliss, O autumn days;  
Tinge gay the green of lake and stream,  
And shroud the hills in haze;

Like surges roar through woodlands brown,  
Thou winter, bleak and sharp,  
And where the darkling sea waves frown,  
Sweep all thy stormy harp!

*Genesee Richardson.*

## THE TWO MRS. ELDER GREENS.

By Phillips McClure.

“OH, yes,” the judge said, as he put down his whisky and water in the Salt Lake club room, “a man who has practised law in Kentucky and Wyoming—where they have women juries—and Utah, could gather up a tale or two. You talk about ‘An Englishman in Paris’ being interesting. If some old lawyer, or some young lawyer for that matter, would go about through the West and South, where human nature hasn’t had all the juice dried out of it, and simply compile the stories that are written down on the court records, he would have a picture of this big country such as no novelist will ever write. You can’t expect to get a picture of life spun out of the brain of a man who shuts himself up in a room with pen and ink and paper. What does he know of life?”

“Yes, sir! These magazine writers take a couple of dolls—wax and wood, both out of the same box—and dress one in trousers and the other in petticoats, and wind up the little machinery inside of ‘em, and make them take their little walk, and turn their little heads, and come home again. If they don’t get in on time, the story is ‘inartistic.’ Men and women, made out of blood and bone, reddened and strengthened in God’s out o’ doors, aren’t so particular about the ‘art’ of the thing.”

“There were Elder Green’s wives. I was at that funeral. I heard the whole thing. I used to know Green away back in the seventies, long before Brigham died. He had a little place about ten miles out, and was quite a light in the church, notwithstanding his having only one wife. It was fashionable, then, to have four at the very least. I asked Brigham one night how it happened that they tolerated such an unpatriarchal example as Green’s in their midst. The president pursed up his mouth, and said

that now and then it happened that one equaled many; and he made some further remarks about Sarah and Abraham. I thought to myself that Elder Green only resembled Abraham in being henpecked.

“He was a mild, meek, white sort of man, who always looked as though he humbly imagined himself to be taking up more than his allotted allowance of room, which is a very singular attitude for a man with all out doors to turn around in, as you had in Utah in those days. But Mrs. Elder Green was an entirely different sort of person. She was large and strong from working in the fields, as she did, doing a man’s work beside her husband, and taking care of the house besides. They had no children, but a very tidy little place, which owed as much to Mrs. Green as to the elder. When she spoke you could hear her all over the place, but even in the temple, when the elder arose, you only caught half of his very mild words.

“They had come from Illinois when they were young. As Mrs. Green always loudly remarked, they hadn’t anything against polygamy for the ones that believed in it, but for their part they didn’t. She was older than he, and the distance of years was widened in appearance by the life she had led. She always said apologetically that the elder ‘wasn’t so very strong,’ and she took a great many burdens from his shoulders. She used to remind me of a strong, busy mother with an ailing child. The elder was about forty years old, I should judge, and a very good looking man, if you could stand his meekness, when all the trouble began.

“The Gentiles had found out the beauties and the value of the Territory, and had begun to come in by the hundred. As a matter of course they wanted things their own way, and looked about