

## "HER COLORS."

On a bright summer day the broad thoroughfares of a big city were filled with people, the driveway near the reviewing stand was blocked with carriages and a gentle breeze swayed the tree branches, flowers and dainty skirts of fair maidens.

It was the day of days—for "Johnny" was to come marching home from the seat of war. Every mother, wife, sister, daughter and sweetheart was there to welcome "him."

Here and there one saw a black-robed woman and a sad face, depicting recent bereavement; yet the crowd was, on the whole, a gay one, and why not? It was a day of days, for the lads went forth to do or die for the flag, and the people were determined to do their honor.

In an open carriage stood a woman, no longer young, with a hungry look in her eyes like one who had been denied the affection and love of a good man, yet with determination born of pride sufficient to hide her disappointment from the world.

Her thoughts went back to the days of '61, when her young playmate and first lover went to the call of "Uncle Sam"—went as a drummer-boy, never to return. Although his death was not reported officially, it was supposed to have taken place, and whenever the girl went south she visited Arlington, the city of the dead, and wondered if among the thousand "unknown" graves one might not hold the remains of Ernest Warren.

For years she had striven to overcome the thought that he might some day return, and when others came to woo her (for she was very beautiful) she had been sorely tempted to wed.

John Dalton, a chum of Ernest, was desperately in love with her heroine—Miriam Cleveland—and endeavored in every way to make her forget her soldier boy drummer, but in vain; so he married and passed for the nonce out of her life and almost out of her memory.

Many years passed, and Miriam was still heart and fancy free, with plenty of this world's goods (inherited from devoted parents long since passed



THE COLONEL WHEELED AND SALUTED THE FLAG.

away). This woman, who would have made an ideal wife and mother, went her way quietly, keeping ever sacred the memory of the boy of '61.

Miriam, after traveling the world over, had gone out to spend a few months with friends of her family, and was his guest on this momentous day.

"Why so sad?" asked her hostess. "Oh, no particular reason for feeling so, only I've no Johnny in the parade."

"Well," said the host, a genial man, "we may find one for you, my dear."

Miriam was patriotic in a high degree, and used often to say satirically, or sarcastically, according to her listener: "I love the American flag far better than I do some folks, and when I die it shall be my burial robe." For such utterances she was called a crank.

Be that as it may, Miriam on this beautiful morning arrayed herself in a white cloth gown and jaunty sailor hat (which, despite her two score years, was vastly becoming), and went with a jolly party to welcome the boys of '98.

The only touch of color in her costume was a large flag which she carried in her hand. It was mounted, and as she stood facing the easterly breeze its folds were carried across her heart. She seemed wholly unconscious of the effect, and little did she know what her love for that flag was going to bring into her life when the boys went marching by.

Hark! The cannon announces that the column has started, and all eyes are strained in the direction of the advance guard of small boys and mounted police.

Miriam for some reason unknown to her began to experience an exquisite feeling, as if some one near and dear was approaching, and yet there was none in the regiment in whom she was personally interested. She tried in vain to put aside the foolish thought and to recall the return of that other regiment without her playmate, when suddenly the gallant colonel wheeled and saluted the flag which fluttered across the heart of this white-robed, earnest-faced woman.

Did he note that her hair was a bit gray; that she was more serious than any young woman in that crowd? No, but something about the girl and the gracious picture she made held his attention, and when the boys broke ranks he sought an introduction. She was the only woman in all that crowd to impress him deeply, or even at all.

Being a personal friend of the

Grants, whom our heroine was visiting, he found the way paved for his purpose.

"Miriam, my dear," said her hostess, "Col. Warren desires to be presented to the fair color-bearer. Are you not the one he means?"

Strange, but Mrs. Grant in the excitement of the moment failed to give her guest's surname. Miriam's heart began to beat faster and faster, and their eyes met. "Pardon me," said the colonel, "but I once had a little playmate whose name before she married was Miriam. If you are from New England you may know the family—Cleveland by name," whereupon he told the story of his being left for dead at Bull Run, of awakening months later in a hospital, of forgetting his own name for some years, and of finally recovering his reason in the home of a kind physician, who was interested in his recovery.

Miriam by this time was in an excited state of mind inwardly, but managed, woman-like, to ask two questions (after saying that she knew the family very well): "Why did you not return to your little sweetheart?"

"Because," said he, "I took up a paper, the first one I was allowed to read, and there read of her marriage and sailing away to a foreign country. I then wrote to John Dalton, my old chum, and he said she very soon forgot me."

"By the way, 'Jack' was killed at Santiago, and now I recall it, he seemed anxious to tell me something, and he died with her name upon his lips."

"Why, what is the matter? My thoughts seem to go back to the old days. Tell me, Miriam—I beg pardon, Mrs. Chester—but are you my little sweetheart who did not remain true?"

"Answer me one more question, Col. Warren," said Miriam, with steady nerve but whitening lips, "are you married?"

"No; I have not yet found the woman to trust and love. I have given my life to the service of my country, and shall probably go back to the Indian reservation, where I buried myself before the call to arms came in '98."

"Ernest, dear, it is not I who wedded, but Cousin Miriam of New York. 'Jack,' poor fellow, deceived you, and in dying he wanted your forgiveness. Let us both forgive him and face the future together. I have never found the man yet to make me happy until to-day."

"God bless you for those words, dear heart, and the renewed life and hope this has brought into both our lives. That you held my memory dear was proved by your colors, which drew my attention, admiration, and, finally, your own dear self."

So Miriam found her "Johnny" and captured the colonel, the hero of two wars.—Boston Post.

### THEIR FIRST APPEARANCES.

Sir Henry Irving first acted on the stage when he was 19. He got \$2.50 a week for a minor part in "Richard III" and made a failure of it. Fifteen years later he did Mathias in "The Bells" and gained fame.

Terry made her debut at the age of 8 as the boy in the "Winter's Tale." She was spoken of as a youngster of great promise at the time.

John Hare, who is noted for his impersonations of old men on the stage, is 56 years old. He made his first appearance at the age of 22, had stage fright, was hissed and generally discouraged. A year later he made a great hit.

Olga Nethersole, when 15, frequently took part in amateur dramatics, but her first professional appearance was in 1887. She says she was not at all afraid.

Mr. Kendal was so scared the first time he had lines to speak—it was in 1861, when he was 18—that he could not utter his part. Mr. Kendal went on the stage when he was a toddling youngster.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who is noted in England, came from the ranks of the amateurs. Her great success came from the character of Paula in "The Second Mrs. Hanqueray."

### The Chief Justice's Mate.

The following story may not be true, but if not it ought to be. Lord Russell of Killowen, the chief justice of England, was up in London for a few days last long vacation, and, having nothing to do after the morning, accepted a friend's invitation to lunch at his club. After luncheon a scratch rubber was with difficulty got together, very few members being in the town. The fourth man, a young subaltern in the guards, only joined after mentioning that he played a very poor rubber. Unfortunately the chief cut him as partner several times in succession. At first he only fidgeted a little and made one or two mild inquiries. But after something extra diabolical his lordship broke out with: "I really think, sir, you are playing badly on purpose to annoy me." "Oh, shut up!" said the soldier, "how can any fellow play when you keep jawing at him?" Lord Russell, with quiet dignity, observed: "I don't think you know to whom you are speaking, sir." "Oh, yes I do," said the warrior. "You are the lord chief justice, but you're not in your blooming police court now."—Tablau.

### Friendly Relations Established.

George—"How is your suit with Miss De Pink progressing?" Jack—"Finely. When I call now her dog wags its tail."—Stray Stories.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Mrs. Edgumbe the Heroine of a Pretty Little Story.

The Hon. Mrs. George Edgumbe, who has just died at Florence, was the daughter of Sir John Shelley of Maresfield Park, and nearly related to those other Sussex Shelleys of whom the poet was one, says the Westminster Gazette. She was the heroine of that touching little scene commemorated by Sir Walter himself in his "Diary" for May, 1828: The London season was at its height, and Sir Walter was enjoying his full share of what he calls its "busy idleness." He had breakfasted—early, as was his wont—with that "good fellow" Richardson, had given Chantry another sitting for his bust, and had gone to a second breakfast in Chester square, as the guest of Lady Shelley. In the brilliant company assembled to meet him a young lady, the daughter of his hostess, asked him if she might have a lock of his hair. "Too good-natured to refuse," he allowed Miss Shelley to possess herself of the "thin white" keesake, and gave her the kiss for which he had previously stipulated. Mrs. Edgumbe would on occasions recall a visit she paid with her father, Sir John Shelley, in the '20s at Abbotsford. One morning when, after breakfast, Sir Walter had retired to his desk to add a chapter or two to "The Talisman," Sir John appeared, radiant, from the Tweed, whence he had landed a magnificent salmon. At once Sir Walter rose, "The Talisman" quite forgotten in what seemed the far more important task of weighing the salmon, for which the whole party (Miss Shelley being one) descended to the kitchen—Sir Walter adjusting the scales and noting the weight with a dignified solemnity the young lady never forgot. Equally characteristic and memorable were her recollections of the delightful evenings at Abbotsford, when the great poet and romancer would unbind in the simplest fashion, illustrating shrewd remark with apt, picturesque anecdote.

On the morning of the departure of the Shelleys, Sir Walter conducted his young friend into the library, and, after some invaluable hints as to reading, in which history and romance had each their proper part assigned them, he took down a translation of "Ivanhoe" into Italian, and having inscribed her name in the book, presented it to her. This she always kept, as a remembrance of the conversation that led up to the gift, and it was her pleasure and delight in after years to watch the influence of the mighty author on contemporary literature.

## WOMAN'S STATUS IN LOUISIANA.

### A Curious Anomaly That Has Just Come to Light.

Ethel C. Avery calls attention to the present unique status of Louisiana women, says the Woman's Tribune, as follows: "A curious anomaly has just come to light in Louisiana. The late constitutional convention gave tax-paying women the right to vote upon all questions submitted to taxpayers. It added a clause, unique in the suffrage laws of the country, that any woman who did not wish to go to the polls herself might give a proxy to some one else to cast her vote for her. This was done out of chivalrous regard for the women, who, it was thought, might shrink from contact with the polls: New Orleans is preparing to hold its first election under the new law, to decide upon a tax levy for sewerage and drainage. An examination of the assessors' books reveals that there are more than 10,000 tax-paying women in New Orleans, and the mayor, the city council, the president of the city board of health and other civic dignitaries have been eloquently urging women to vote in favor of better sanitation for their homes. Some of the women thought they would rather vote by proxy; and this has brought to light the anomaly in question. If a woman gives a certificate to a proxy to vote for her the certificate must be signed by two competent witnesses. Many New Orleans women are now finding out for the first time that by Louisiana law, which is based on the old law of France, a woman is not a competent witness to a legal document. In Louisiana tax-paying women may vote on the expenditure of their taxes, and in this way are in advance of all the northern and eastern states. But while a woman may be a voter in her own right or may cast a vote as proxy for another woman she is not legally competent to witness the signing of the certificate."

### Fancies in Shirt Waists.

The really swell thing is the pure white silk or satin shirt waist, made in the greatest simplicity of style, says Woman's Home Companion, and is worn with a black skirt of net. White shirt waists in cotton goods have the preference, many being of fine lawn, tucked all over in bias or straight-up-and-down or round-and-round tucks. The severe linen waist of white, with cuffs and collar, is worn with the tailor gown having a cut-away jacket in bolero style. Some of the new waists show a cut-away at the neck, having a fancy collar and revers, with which are worn fancy-colored or white chemisettes.

### An Opinion.

"A trust," remarked the very prosperous-looking man, is a public blessing. "Maybe it is," answered the unassuming friend, "but I can't help thinking it is one of the kind that would brighten so it took its flight."—Washington Star.

## FOR GIGANTIC FISH.

### CONTEST OF THE CALIFORNIA TUNA CLUB.

Object Is to Foster Sportsmanlike Methods of Fishing—It Will Be a Great Tournament—Will Last Through the Summer.

Lovers of rod and reel are to have a mighty all-summer session of sport at the fishing grounds of the Tuna Club, Santa Catalina Island, California, about three and a half hours from Los Angeles. A tournament has just opened which will continue until September, the object being to beat the high records already established by the club, which include a 327-pound black sea bass and a 183-pound leaping tuna. Sportsmen from all parts of America and Great Britain have been invited to participate. There is no entry fee, merely an observance of the Tuna Club rules regarding light tackle being required; that is, all fishing is to be done with light rods not less than seven feet long and lines not over twenty-four strand or thread. All records are to be determined by the weight of the fish at the weighing, no allowances being made, the competing catches being reported to the weighing committee on the day of the catch, and all weights being posted at once. Thirty or more prizes in eleven classes are to be awarded. For exceeding the club record of the 183-pound leaping tuna, class A, which weigh from 70 to 200 pounds, the prize will be a \$100 silver-mounted tuna rod and reel. If the record is beaten by several anglers, the heaviest fish will be considered the prize winner. If the record is not beaten the largest tuna or black sea bass of the season will take the second prize, the second largest the third prize, and for the third largest a silver medal will be given. For the largest tuna of the season the prizes are a silver champagne cooler, the Tuna Club gold medal and the Tuna Club silver cup, the last two, however, to remain the property of the club, to be contested for each season, with the name of the winners engraved thereon. For the next largest tuna a reel is the prize, and for taking the first leaping tuna of the season a handsome silver-mounted rod is offered. Black sea bass, which weigh from 75 to 500 pounds, constitute class B. For exceeding the club rod record of 327 pounds the prize is a silver-mounted black sea bass rod valued at \$100. For the largest black sea bass of the season the prizes are a gold medal, a silver cup and a handsome angling suit. The next largest black sea bass wins a green heart silver-mounted black sea bass rod valued at \$16. The first catch of black bass of the season will be rewarded by a 600-foot cuttyhunk line, 21 strand, and a set of hooks. Class C includes white sea bass weighing from 20 to 80 pounds, and the prize for the largest fish in this class is a silver-mounted sea bass rod, to win which the angler will have to pass the club record of 65 pounds. Class D comprises the yellow-tail, 15 to 60 pounds. For exceeding the club record of 41 pounds a cup or trophy is offered; for the largest fish of the season a gold medal; next largest, a rock bass reel. Class E consists of rock bass, 3 to 12 pounds, the rods to be 8 to 10 ounces. For the largest fish, a silver-mounted green-heart rock bass rod is offered. Class F includes bonito, 8 to 12 pounds. For the largest fish taken an automatic prize reel is offered. The longest contest waged by a tuna, as shown by the club records, was seven hours. The Tuna Club hopes through this tournament to foster and encourage rod and reel fishing, and to prevent the excessive waste of game fishes that result from unsportsmanlike methods.

### MARY ANDERSON'S WAY.

How She Settled a Stage Masher in Short Order.

Mary Anderson Navarro had probably a more persistent fight against the wealthy stage masher than any woman in the profession who confined herself to the "strictly legitimate," says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Early in her career she was playing in Hartford and was entertained by a number of the literary people there, headed by Charles Dudley Warner, all of whom had the greatest admiration for her genius. At one of these "afternoons" she met a howling swell of the city and behaved graciously to him. On the strength of this the young fellow ordered a big supper at a leading restaurant and asked a number of his friends to meet Miss Anderson, whom she certainly would not have met under any other circumstances. Then, during the last act of the performance, a messenger was sent to bid the fair actress to the feast. To the mortification of her host and amusement of his guests the messenger came back with only a verbal message that "Miss Anderson was not on a foraging expedition."

### A City Built of Zinc.

In the Transvaal, on the eastern border of Africa, is the queerest village in the world—Beira, a town built of zinc. The dwellings and outhouses, the public buildings, the residence of the governor, the barracks, the stores, hotels, saloons, the music halls, are all of zinc. The fever of speculation and the greed for gold was so great and the influx of immigrants so rapid that the town was built in six months.

### She Knew Her Lesson.

He kissed the maid upon the cheek, and when the deed was done, The good Book's teaching she obeyed, And turned the other one.

## WOMAN DENTIST FOR SULTAN.

In Search of Her Brother Who Mysteriously Disappeared.

A Philadelphia female dentist is to play an important role in the harem of the Turkish sultan within the next few days, says the New York Mail and Express. Mme. Annette Kowler is a Bulgarian by birth and studied dentistry in Paris for two years prior to the post-graduate course she has taken in Philadelphia. An interesting history attaches to her choice of a profession. Several years ago her brother left his home in Vienna for a trip to the east. The last letter received from the traveler was mailed at Constantinople. That was the last heard of him, and while the detectives of Europe were put on the case nothing came of it. If he had dropped off the earth he could not have disappeared in a more mysterious manner. Mme. Kowler, in speaking of this time, said: "There were months of terrible anxiety. I devoted myself to literature for a time to distract myself, contributing to the well known periodicals of Vienna and Berlin. But I felt that I needed something more tangible, a profession as it were, in which I could do good to others as well as to myself. I selected dentistry. In Paris I made the acquaintance of Baroness de Hirsch, who, after hearing my story, decided to assist me in coming to this country. She paid me a certain sum each month and it was decided that I should spend two years in America. But my progress was so rapid that I finished in one, and I have just had paid over to me the whole sum which would have come to me in monthly installments had I remained. It will be due in a great measure to the kindness of Mr. Oscar Strauss, the American ambassador to the court at Constantinople, that I take up the work among the Turkish women. I understand that there is great need of dentists there, but so long as no man is permitted to enter the presence of Moslem women it becomes necessary for a woman to take up the work. While I go ostensibly to practice dentistry, my true object is to search for my brother, and every available minute of my time will be so engaged."

### SUMMER COLORS.

Violet Retired in Favor of Bluets and Yellow.

Within the last month some modifications have been made in the order assigned to colors, says the Millinery Trade Review. Violet has retired quite into the background, with the exception of a reddish violet, one of the clematis shades. And deep blue has come forward, new tints bordering on lavender, but more especially bluet, but not the most brilliant dye. But the most important change is the great favor shown for beige, almond, brown, maize, blue and golden yellow, evidenced chiefly in the choice of straws and tulles of these shades. Light blues and hydrangea tints maintain their old position, and the same may be said of rose pinks and reds, showing particularly in floral trimmings, though pink and red straws are still in fair demand. A deal of green appears in the decoration, mostly in the shape of leaves, and green straws are looking up. Light gray is still in favor, both for morning and dressy hats, trimming and straw being often of the same shade. If a color is chosen for the decoration, blue is considered most applicable. There is certainly a larger demand for black straws than there was earlier in the season, and black enters into the ornamentation of much of the very newest millinery—black lace, black velvet bows, and also flowers with black velvet or black gauze petals and natural-colored stamens.

### POET'S SECOND WOOING.

Ardent Widower Wrote "Hyperion" to Win a Girl's Heart.

The following romantic account of the inspiration of Hyperion is clipped from a recent issue of the Detroit Free Press: About the year 1837 Longfellow, in making a tour of Europe, selected Heidelberg for a winter residence. There his wife died. Some time afterwards there came to Heidelberg a young lady of considerable attractions. In the course of time the poet became attached to the beautiful girl of 16, but his advances met with no response and he returned to America. The girl, who was also an American, returned home shortly after. Their residences, it happened, were contiguous, and the poet availed himself of this in prosecuting his attentions, which he did with no better success. Unlike Petrarch, who laid siege to the heart of his sweetheart through the medium of sonnets, Longfellow resolved to write a book which would achieve the double object of gaining fame and at the same time her affections. "Hyperion" was the result. His labor and his constancy were not without their reward; the girl gave him her heart as well as her hand and afterward they resided in Cambridge, in the house which Washington made his headquarters while in command of the armies.

### His Experience.

Miss Wailes—"What's the longest time you ever got along without food?" The Professor—"I once lived three days on my wife's cooking."—Leslie's Weekly.

### The Doctor's Wit.

"What are you doing, doctor?" asked a man who entered as the physician was vaccinating a patient. "Scraping an acquaintance," was the reply.—Harlem Life.

## A QUEER LETTER.

It Was Written on Thin Slabs of White Stone.

"The queerest letter I ever saw in my life," said Washington newspaper man to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "was shown me at the home of an army officer who is now on duty in the war department. It is written on a couple of thin slabs of grayish-white stone, each about six inches long and two inches broad, and its story is rather romantic. When Gen. Crook was chasing the Apache chief, Geronimo, across southern Arizona in 1885, the officer to whom I refer commanded a company of infantry, and while the main command pushed west, along the Gila river, he took a couple of troops and struck out southward on a reconnoiter. They had been gone about two weeks, suffering all manner of hardships and living exactly like the Indians themselves, when the captain decided to send one of his men back with a verbal report. He was anxious to embrace the opportunity to also dispatch a letter to his sweetheart, who was then a young belle in Washington society, but there was not a scrap of paper of any kind in the party, nor as much as a morsel of pencil. Knowing she was eagerly waiting news from the front he racked his brain and finally noticed some smooth fragments of limestone that had chipped off from a nearby ledge. That solved the problem. He selected two flat pieces, drew a pistol cartridge from his belt and scrawled his letter with the point of the bullet. Laying the stones face to face, so that the writing would not be rubbed off by abrasion, he tied them firmly together with strips of a handkerchief and inscribed the address on the outside. Nothing remained but to affix the stamps, which the trooper promised to do as soon as he struck camp. He put the parcel in his blouse, got through in safety, and mailed it at Maricopa. It required eighteen cents postage, and the date mark is quite legible. I need hardly say that the lady prizes this strange epistle above all the souvenirs which now fill her beautiful Washington home."

### AN ICEBERG STRANDS.

It is not unusual at the proper season of the year for vessels to sight icebergs while making the transatlantic passage, especially if the vessels happen to be taking a northerly course, but it is seldom that an iceberg grounds, so that it can be seen by those on shore, says the Scientific American. This was recently the case at St. John's, N. F., where an enormous iceberg, 150 feet high and nearly a quarter of a mile long, grounded off the south side entrance to the harbor, where it was, of course, seen by many thousands of spectators.

Most icebergs are produced from glaciers which move down from elevated heights in the interior of some land in the arctic regions. The glaciers move slowly onward into the deep waters of the sea, and from time to time fragments break off from the advance border and float away, forming icebergs. Occasionally whole masses of ice break off at once, really forming floating islands. Ice islands are also made by the breaking up of the great fields of ice of the arctic region. In the Atlantic ocean most of the icebergs come from Greenland and Iceland, the greatest number being produced on the west side of Greenland. From Labrador the ice is floated with the current past Newfoundland, and keeping near the great bank the warming influence of the Gulf stream causes it to disappear. Usually the limit of travel of icebergs is 40 degrees north latitude, but in the South Atlantic ocean they have been found as near as 37 degrees south latitude.

Nothing is more imposing than the sight of one of these immense icebergs, which might send the finest ocean steamship to the bottom in a few moments. The iceberg is apt to be an intense bluish white; they are real floating mountains of ice. The sun melts them unevenly, causing rugged and picturesque peaks to jut into the air, and in northern latitudes, where whole fields of icebergs are seen, they look like fairy castles. Dr. Kane in his first cruise counted 280 icebergs in sight at one time and most of these were 250 feet high. It is, of course, a well-known fact that about one-eighth or one-ninth of the berg projects above water. As might be imagined, the iceberg, containing, as it does, at its base many pieces of rock carried down by the glacier from some northern country, scores the bottom of the sea, acting really like a gigantic file.

### Good Reason.

Storekeepers at times resort to ingenious methods to attract trade. The following is said to be an exact copy of a placard displayed in front of a store in a southern town: "Step inside and get the greatest bargain you'll ever get again." Here is an announcement posted by a Russian shopkeeper in front of his place of business: "The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate."