

## Fredericksburg

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,  
And on the churchyard by the road, I know  
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow  
'Twas such a night two weary summers fled;  
The stars, as now, were waning overhead,  
Listen! Again the shrill-bipped bugles blow  
Where the swift currents of the river flow  
Past Fredericksburg; far off the heavens are red  
With sudden conflagration; on yon height  
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath:  
A signal rocket pierces the dense night,  
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:  
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right,  
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to death!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

# A BOTANICAL DEDUCTION

BY RILEY MANATES

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Allene was not a debutante, but this was the eve of her coming-out party. After she had graduated from the fashionable finishing school she had spent two years abroad with her aunt and cousins as traveling companions. So she had mingled but little in the society of her home city since she was a school girl.

During these last four years, her heart had fluttered in many ways but flown in none, and she was still heart whole, though not exactly fancy free, and she was looking forward with some curiosity as to the men she would meet to-night.

Among the many offerings of flowers she had received in honor of the coming event, three boxes had particularly attracted her interest. One held the conventional, glorious American beauties, longstemmed and full blossomed. The box was accompanied by the visiting card, correct in every detail, of Mr. Schuyler Elton Van Rensler, whom she had first met while at school in New York. He had joined her aunt's party once or twice in their travels, and by invitation he was to be present at her home-coming party.

"The flowers and card are like him," she thought—"the very best to be had—faultlessly faultless. American beauties are, of course, beyond criticism, but dead perfection bores me—some times."

The next box held her favorite flower, violets. Instead of a card, a note met her eye as she lifted the cover. She recognized the boyish scrawl with a little thrill of pleasure. Ned Holmes, four years her senior, had been her attendant back in the high school days. How proud she had been to receive letters from a student, and a junior at that. She had been to his college town to see him play football, and had in consequence been the envy of her classmates.

"You see I have not forgotten your favorite flower," he wrote. "I trust that you are still loyal to your choice; also that you have not forgotten your friend of school days."

It gave her pleasure now to recall those days, and of course, it was flattering to have her tastes so well remembered. The third box! what a blissful day was recalled by the delicate odor of the large bunch of wake robins reposing on their bed of moss! It was like the donor, she reflected, to enclose, neither note nor card—simply a message from the woods—the reminder of one perfect, never-to-be-forgotten day.

It had been during a brief visit home in the spring of her last year at the city school when she was but eighteen, and her head was filled with dreams of ideals. All her favorite heroes she likened unto Kenneth Allen, the son of their family physician. She had been called home on account of the illness of her mother. Dr. Allen, senior, was away from home, and his son, Kenneth, who had been practicing with his father for the past two years, was called in. His treatment of the case and her mother's speedy recovery had shown that he was a competent and skillful doctor.

Hitherto Allene had seen but little of Kenneth. He had been away at college, a year in a hospital in New York and a year in Berlin. He avoided all social functions and seemed shy with women. In her mother's sickroom, however, there had sprung up one of

had said wistfully, as they were parting.

His eyes grew darker, but he had only bidden her a conventional goodbye.

"I hope Kenneth isn't in love with Allene," she had overheard her mother say to her father that night.

"Allene is a child," had been the reassuring reply, and Kenneth is too proud to tell a rich man's daughter of his love."

Her heart had only been touched, not stirred. Many times during her prolonged absence she had thought of him, but now the flowers had smote



His flowers.

the chord of memory sharply and she vividly recalled that summer afternoon.

"Which flowers shall I carry to-night?" she debated, "the roses are really the most appropriate, but I don't want to encourage Schuyler yet. I love violets, but if I carry them it will be a rebuff to Schuyler and—the wild flowers, well! They are out of the question. They would wilt instantly, and it would be cruel to kill their loveliness in a ballroom."

When Kenneth Allen was wending his unwonted way to the party, all his thoughts were of Allene.

"I almost dread to see her," he mused. "Will she be as lovely and unspooled as she was then, and will she have remembered me? I am in a position now where it would not be so presuming to win her love as it would have been then. I wonder whose flowers she will carry to-night?"

He had been at the express office when Van Rensler had called to see if his roses had arrived, and he had also chanced in at the florist's when Ned was ordering the violets.

"Any way, she wouldn't carry those wild flowers, and I did not mean she should. I wonder if she will know who sent them?"

He came into the reception room, and again the fairest face in the world was raised to his. She gave him a cordial greeting, but his jealous eyes could detect no difference in her manner of meeting others present. She carried no flowers. He saw the roses in a vase and the violets in a bowl, but no wake robins were in sight, nor did she refer to them in any way. He carried a dance with her, but not a word was spoken. Then followed a moment or two in the conservatory, but she did not allude to the flowers nor former days, and he was too proud to do anything but follow her lead.

She was surrounded by a little knot of friends throughout the evening and he did not see her again until he went to bid her good night. She drew him one side.

"I found a little picture in one of the studios in Paris that I know you will like," she said. "At what hour to-morrow can you come and see it?"

"Any hour—the earliest you can receive me."

"Eleven o'clock, then," she said.

He went home with his heart torn with the conflict of hope and doubt.

When he called the next morning, he found her in her own special morning room. She was fair and dainty in a white linen gown. In a blue bowl on the table were his flowers. His heart gave a wild leap.

"They are not just the fashionable flowers for a ballroom," he said with a smile.

"That was not the reason I did not carry them," she replied.

"What was the reason?" he demanded.

"I will tell you—some time."

"That time came quicker than she expected. In fact, an hour later when she had promised to be his wife."

"Won't you tell me why you did not carry the flowers?" he persisted.

"They were too lovely to carry into a heated room, but in any event I would not have carried your flowers until I knew that the thought I had of you was merely a young girl's fancy, or a deeper feeling. As soon as I saw you come into the room last night my heart told me what I had told you, and I was glad I had kept my flowers and their message for to-day."

A "pedagog" will never sound as well or be as sweet as a "teacher."

## NO REAL REASON FOR WORRY.

Philosopher Was Making Deductions Without the Facts.

Dancing school was out and as the flashing lights of glittering equipages blinked down one of the principal thoroughfares, homeward bound, the amateur philosopher, standing on a corner, remarked to a friend:

"After all, sometimes I'm glad my brood is being reared in moderate circumstances. Those little ones, snuggled in those luxurious carriages behind the proud, cold, aristocratic coachmen, look very comfortable. They're expensively and beautifully dressed, but—"

"If there are going to be many chapters of this I hope they'll end pleasantly," interrupted the friend. "I've just read a book in which the heroine, after page on page of poignant, restless life, took chloral, and I'm nervous."

"I was going to say," continued the philosopher, undisturbed, "that one night last winter I was watching this procession of varnished vehicles. It was a wild, tempestuous night; the snow was caught up in gusts and hurled against defenseless pedestrians. Ahead of me was a boy, poorly clad, his hand in his father's, beating against the blast. At first the contrast between him and those sheltered children pained me. Then I reflected that they missed much in life that he enjoyed. He could play in the dirt and sand and romp with all kinds of boys and girls, while they had to mind their manners and their governesses and could never soil their clothes."

"You'd make me snuffle if you were right," again broke in the matter-of-fact friend. "Those rich children can have everything they want. If they ask for ponies and automobiles they get them; and if they cry for mud pies they get mud pies. They're as happy as larks. It's well enough to have emotions; but when you let go of them you should chart out your course properly and not drift around aimlessly. You've been mouthing and taking on over nothing."—Providence Journal.

## CHECK HAD NOT REACHED HIM.

And for That Reason, Possibly, It Was Still Traveling.

Ex-Senator Lake Jones, of Wayne county, Ohio, who is known all over Ohio as the "hound pup statesman," from his passionate love of fox-hunting, was talking with a party of old-time friends in the lobby of a Columbus hotel recently.

"I have an aunt," said Jones, "who has most pronounced ideas of right and wrong, and a rather exaggerated sense of justice. Nearly thirty years ago she bought a piece of property from her brother in St. Louis."

"In a dozen years the property had quadrupled in value. To-day it is worth ten or fifteen times what she paid for it. As the value advanced her worry increased. Finally she mailed him a check for \$15,000, explaining that she felt that she had not paid him what the property was really worth."

"He promptly returned it, saying she had paid him all he asked for it, and all it was worth at the time of the sale. But she wouldn't take no for an answer, and sent it back to him."

"Now, don't you know," laughed Jones, "that check has been passing back and forth through the mails between our families for the past fifteen years."

"Did it ever fall into your hands, Lake?" asked Major Robert Eddy, Jones' friend of a lifetime, smiling meaningly.

"No," admitted Jones, half sadly, "not yet."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## His Compliment.

A New York publisher has a reputation for employing the homeliest stenographers and typewriters in the city. Efficiency rather than beauty is what he wants, and he knows the prettiest ones are not the most efficient. Just the same, it is said of him, that he doesn't know a pretty woman when he sees one. Still his wife is an unusually handsome woman.

Not long ago she came into his office, where she appears only at rare intervals, and only when it is absolutely necessary. She was met by an office boy, a bright Irish lad, who had never seen her. She asked for Mr. Blank.

"Who shall I say wants to see him, mem?" he inquired.

"His wife," she replied.

"He looked at her in open-eyed surprise and genuine admiration."

"Sure, mem, and I'll tell him," he said, starting off, "and bad cess to him that says he has no taste in ladies, mum."

## To Start a Balking Horse.

The account of a driver's brutality to a balking horse in a recent issue leads me to write you the following:

Some years ago in Cincinnati, during the noon hour in one of the busiest streets, a horse attached to an express wagon became balky. Many remedies were tried without effect. Presently one of Cincinnati's best known horsemen came along. When he saw the trouble he smilingly asked for a stone, which was given to him. Then he asked the driver to lift up one foot of the horse and with the stone he struck the shoe a number of times.

"Now," he said to the driver, "get up on your seat and drive off."

This the driver did, amid cheers of the bystanders. The horseman said he had no idea why this made a balking horse go, but he had found it an unfailing remedy.—Letter in New York Times.

## "Mike's" Ability Questioned.

When "Jim" Bresnahan was boss on that section of the Boston and Maine railroad between Peabody and Salem he had in his employ his nephew "Mike," a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle. One morning on joining his men he remarked the absence of "Mike," and, after inquiry, was told that "Mike" has gone to oil the hand-car.

"What-a! Gone to oil the hand-car!" exclaimed Bresnahan, in astonishment. "You go right after him, an' take that oil can right away from him! Sure what do he know about oilin' machinery?"

## Woman Designs Windows.

Miss Mary Tillinghast, of New York, is one of the most successful designers of stained glass windows in America.

## Not Inexorable.

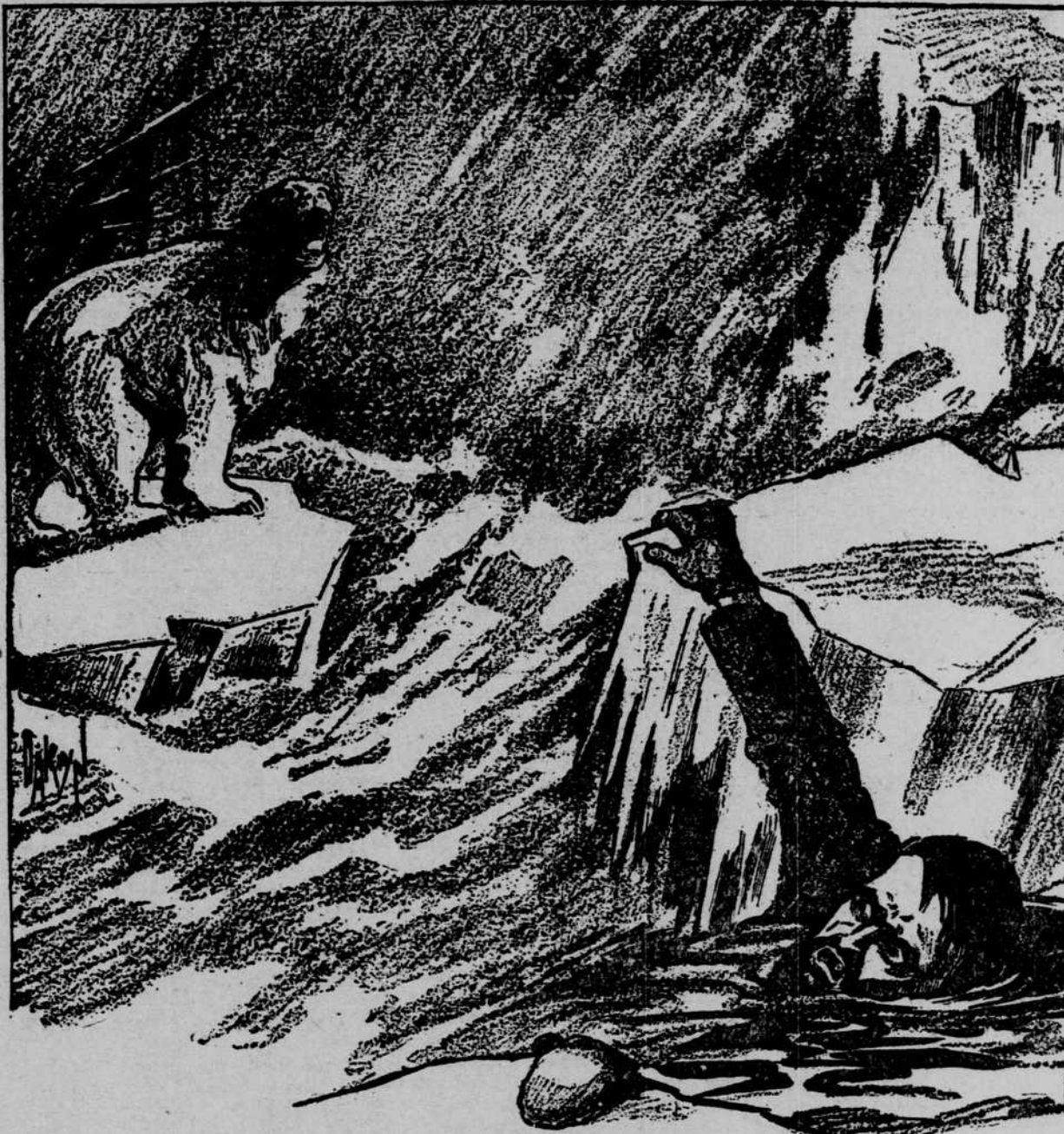
"Figures won't lie," remarked the man who is never original.

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# BACK FROM THE FROZEN NORTH

Long Given Up for Dead, Massachusetts Man Return with Stories of Marvelous Adventures.



Out of the grim ice world, back from a living grave in the land of the midnight sun, after six years of incredible adventures, has come a man from the little island of Martha's Vineyard into civilization again.

"George Cleveland?" old residents of Martha's Vineyard say wonderingly as they try to place him, "George Cleveland? Why, I thought he was dead." In the more than half a decade since he sailed away they have almost forgotten him. So many men have got away from the little settlement in Buzzard's Bay in the whaling ships not to return that when one more drops out he is spoken of for a day and then forgotten.

But none who has returned to thrill his old-time companions has had the tale to relate which George Cleveland will be able to tell when he reaches his home port again.

At present Cleveland is in Dundee, Scotland, the first port he was able to make after being rescued from his life among the fur-clad little people of the northland.

It is seven years ago now that Cleveland left his home by the blue waters of Buzzard's Bay and went to New Bedford to join a northern-bound whaler.

The schooner was the Francis Allyn, and Cleveland had been selected by her owners to establish a fishing and whaling station on the shore of Hudson Bay.

Left Alone by Companions. The voyage to the bay was made without especial incident, and the hardy sailor landed at the point at Wager river with a year's supplies. A comfortable tent was erected for his use by the ship's crew, and when everything was done that could be done for his comfort, his companions bade him good-by and left him alone.

Made Friends With Natives. For weeks he kept close to his base of supplies and never ventured forth without his rifle. By degrees, however, he managed to make friends with the natives, and before the long winter was half over the sign language had given away to some understanding of their tongue.

With the first days of spring Cleveland set about to do his duty by his company. Seals were caught, skinned and dressed, and now and then a huge bear venturing out after its long sleep fell before his trusty rifle.

By the time the ice had broken up a little and it was time for the arrival of the Francis Allyn he had secured quite a store and could look forward to having a good sum to his credit with the owners of the vessel.

Was He Forgotten. It was a long wait. Cleveland had watched the calendar closely and he knew that she was long overdue. Had they forgotten him?

Sometimes he thought so and then set the harder to work that he might not brood over his dread situation.

But at last came the long expected sail. He watched it draw nearer and nearer and made it out to be the Allyn, carrying his friends and with a big stock of provisions for him should he care to remain another year. And provisions by this time Cleveland sorely needed. He had been

Wandered With His Friends. It was a change which few men have ever experienced. All the food he had known all his life had been consumed, and he was forced to live upon what a year before he would have looked upon with the greatest repulsion.

The tribe which he joined was nomadic, lifting their few belongings upon a few dog sleds at a few hours' notice and going scampering over the snow in search of a new home.

In the summer, with moss and heath, and occasional drift wood, the meat could usually be cooked, but in the winter the flesh, oftentimes rancid, had to be eaten raw.

In frequently they came upon and were able to slay a reindeer. Then was a feast! That was the daintiest of food in that frozen region, and until the last bone had been gnawed no one pretended to look for more.

Yankee Wit at Work. Soon Cleveland became an adept in the erection of the snow houses, introducing many ingenious Yankee ideas into their construction, and this caused him to be regarded as a benefactor.

Finally Cleveland had an attack of fever, and the Esquimaux medicine man was summoned to cure him with his strange chants. The American grew steadily worse, however, and implored them to go for his medicine chest.

Cured Himself. This they finally did, and a few doses of simple medicine restored him to himself in what seemed to his friends a miraculous manner.

That was the end of the medicine man. He was dethroned and Cleveland made medicine man in his stead. The years rolled on with dull monotony. One day while Cleveland and his friends were out hunting the huge ice foe on which they were broke away and carried them out to sea.

Driven by a fierce wind, the foe drifted farther and farther out, and to make matters worse a blizzard came on and raged for days. They had neither food nor water, and according to a pocket thermometer Cleveland carried it was 45 degrees below zero. On the fifth day, when all were nearly dead, the foe grounded on a point where they found fragments of a dead whale, which was eagerly devoured by the starving men.

Found Trading Post. But this was really the means of Cleveland ever escaping from the region. In their wandering to regain the tribe the party stumbled upon a trading post containing the first white men Cleveland had seen for five years, and there he arranged for his transportation to Dundee on a Scotch whaler.

While waiting for the vessel to arrive Cleveland made many valuable catches of seals, and with the aid of the friendly Esquimaux gathered about \$2,000 worth of furs, which he sold to the company, so that when the vessel at last came he was in funds, and when he finally does see Martha's Vineyard again he may be able to buy that little fishing smack he coveted, after all.—Boston Post.

## GOT MUSIC THAT HE ENJOYED.

Farmer Called for Popular Airs, and Leader Obeyed.

Uncle Joe Rich of Guildhall, Vt., was a character. He was a well-to-do farmer, and kept open house to his friends. Rotund and jovial, and dressed in his Sunday suit, blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, buff vest and black silk hat, he was a noticeable figure. He attended all the dances, could cut a pigeon wing to "beat the band," and was a great favorite with the boys.

One fall after the crops were stored they invited him to take a week's trip to Boston to see the sights with them. One night after supper, which was washed down with a liberal supply of champagne, "Uncle Joe" was taken to the theatre, the party occupying a box.

The old man was at his best. As he sat down and looked the audience over the orchestra struck up an operatic selection. He wanted to know "what kind of a cussed tune" that was, anyway. This selection was followed by another. He wiped his beaming face and bald head with a red silk handkerchief which he pulled out of his silk tile, and walked around uneasily.

Finally he could stand it no longer. Leaning over the box, he shouted, waving his hat: "Say, Mr. Fiddlers, if you've got those fiddles tuned give us 'Fisher's Hornpipe' or 'Devil's Dream.'" This brought down the house, and the band struck up the music the old man wanted.

## SONNETS OF THE JAPANESE.

They Are In Appreciation of Vernal Loveliness of That Land.

Japan's feeling for beauty sets the wild cherry blossoms above the richly scented crimson rose, and finds in the white bloom of the plum, slight, frail, with only the faintest perfume, a symbol of moral purity and attractiveness, says Harper's Weekly. The same delicate, hardly worldly appreciation for fine, remote touches of vernal loveliness has created a school of verse in Japan, the like of which it would be hard to find throughout the writings of the world in all time. This dainty delicate school of verse has endured a thousand years now and has from the beginning made for itself a form of verse, as delicate, as frail, as full of dainty charm as the finest Satsuma porcelain, or those wonderful transparent sketches which, with three strokes of a soft brush, show the beautiful outline of Fujiyama. The most popular of these verse forms contains only five lines of five or seven syllables—thirty-one syllables in all, and does, indeed, bear to our most ponderous western sonnets somewhat the proportion of the cherry-blossom to the rose. It has no rhyme but possesses exceeding musical charm from the delicacy of its vowel combination, Japanese coming close to Italian in the quality of verbal melody.

## Our State.

The Southland boasts its teeming cane, the prairie West its heavy grain. And sunset's radiant gates unfold. On rising marts and sands of gold!

Rough, bleak and hard, our little State is scant of soil, of limits strict; Her yellow sands are sands alone; Her only mines are ice and stones!

From Autumn frost to April rain, Too long her winter woods contain; From budding flower to falling leaf, Her summertime is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands, And wintry hills, the schoolhouse stands; And what her rugged soil denies, The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the commonwealth Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health; And more her than gold or grain The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock, The stubborn strength of Pilgrim blood; And still maintains, with milder laws, And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

Nor needs the skeptic's puny hands, While near her school the church spire stands; Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule, While in her church spire stands the school!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## Upset Clerical Dignity.

The minister who had the reputation of never relaxing from his dignity was trying to prove to a few congenial friends that the reputation was not deserved. "Why, one day I laughed right out in the pulpit," he said, "and I did not get over the disgrace of it for several weeks. But it was one of those times when my sense of humor got the better of my ministerial calm."

"It was one hot summer day, and my church was very close to a house. The windows of the church were open, and we could hear distinctly the murmur of voices next door. I had just offered prayer, and there was the intense silence which always follows an invocation. In the solemn silence a woman's harsh voice screamed:

"John, where are the nails? And a gruff voice answered: "In the coffee pot, you fool. You put them there yourself."

## Bad Company.

A Glasgow holiday-maker was brought up on a charge of drunk and disorderly.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" said the magistrate. "You look respectable and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I'm verra sorry, sir, but I came up in bad company from Glesca," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers," was the startling response.

"What, sir!" cried the bailie (a teetotaler) in rage, "do you mean to say that abstainers are bad company? I think they are the best of company for such as you, sir."

"Beggin' your pardon," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrang, for I had a hale mitchkin of whusky an' I had to drink it 'a' miscal."—Birmingham Post.

## A Twentieth Century Sermon.

Don't hurry so. There's time, my friend, To get the work all done; Before the world comes to its end, Just take some time for fun. What's all our living worth, unless We've time enough for happiness?

Don't hurry so. Just wait, keep cool! Your plans are all a upset! Ah, well, the world whirls on by rule, And things will straighten yet. Your hurry and your fret and fuss Just make things hard for all of us.

Don't worry so. It's sad, of course, But you and I and all Must with the better take the worse, And jump up when we fall— On never mind what's going to be, 'No day's enough for you and me!"

—Baltimore American.



Three boxes.

those swift, strong friendships and perception of each other's thoughts that so rarely comes to one.

When Mrs. Witherton was quite convalescent, Allene had followed the young doctor out onto the porch one day as he was departing.

"My father returns to-day," he said abruptly, "and I am going to give myself a holiday."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"In the woods? Will you go with me? You need some outdoor life, too."

That afternoon in the beautiful woods where they had gathered huge handfuls of wake robins always stood out as the threshold of her maidenhood. His eyes had spoken though his lips had been silent.

"I return to school to-morrow," she