

HIS FLOWER GIRL

By Georgia Custis

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When Mr. Ferris Archer was ushered by an obsequious butler into the luxuriant library of Judge Van Nostrand on a certain cold evening late in November, and sank into a comfortable easy-chair before a bright fire of soft coal, it was with a feeling of complete and entire satisfaction.

He had, in short, for months been living in a sort of Fool's Paradise, and he was at this moment awaiting the coming of the woman he loved. A bold and skillful painter of brilliant landscapes Archer was, and, with hosts of friends among the loveliest and most brilliant women in the town, he chose to lay the tribute of his love at the feet of the quietest and least dazzling of them all.

Helen Van Nostrand was not "a man's woman," she had many friends, but they were chiefly among those of her own sex; and in spite of her wealth and position and the charming and gracious hospitality which she dispensed as head of her father's household (for her mother had died when she was a very young girl), in spite also of a certain quiet charm of manner which even birth and breeding do not always bestow, Miss Van Nostrand had the reputation of being rather cold and reserved, and there were even those who rather feared to meet the severe directness of her honest gray eyes. Yet there were others, and Archer was one of those, who knew that under the rather cold exterior there beat a warm, impulsive, woman's heart.

Absolutely free from coquetry, Miss Van Nostrand had never betrayed for Archer the slightest feeling beyond the frankest confidence and good will; they were the best of friends, which was just what rendered the situation most hopeless.

Moreover, Archer was proud. Far too proud to ask the daughter of Judge Van Nostrand to cast in her lot with a vagabond artist like himself. And so he drifted on, trying to be content with the half sovereignty of a kingdom upon whose throne he could never hope to sit; and at least his secret was his own.

He was kept waiting for her coming rather longer than usual on this particular evening, and he had fallen into a reverie from which he was aroused by a little ripple of a laugh which made him spring to his feet. It was good to hear Helen Van Nostrand's laugh.

"Ah," she said, "I was wording an apology for keeping you waiting while I was finishing the copying of father's speech for the great meeting to-morrow night—and here I come upon you so absorbed in thoughts of somebody else that you do not even hear me enter the room."

She was tall for a woman, yet she was obliged to throw back her head a little to reach the higher level of his eyes.

She dropped her own presently, blushing a little at the expression in his, which had in it something more than his usual attentiveness, and she gently disengaged the hand which he had held while she was speaking. With the other hand she lightly touched a bunch of double violets, the only spot of color about her dress of soft gray. "You see," she said, "I have your violets, and you must be prepared for a little lecture on extravagance; flowers are not to be had at this season just for the plucking, nor should my selfish passion for them be indulged in so often."

"But," said Archer, smiling as he drew up a chair for her beside his own, "what if I could prove, that aside from the quite immeasurable pleasure which I receive in sending you the flowers, you are also indirectly helping somebody who could perhaps be helped in no other way?"

Helen raised questioning eyes. "I fear I do not understand," she said, shaking her head. "If you mean the florist or the person who grows the violets—"

"Right as usual," cried Archer; "but how did you guess the secret of my pretty flower maiden?" Another question in the gray eyes. "I have wanted to tell you about her before," Archer went on, and he paused a moment and smiled thoughtfully, as though he were conjuring up a pleasant vision, Helen thought.

"You see," he went on, "I have always known your fondness for violets, and I always procured those I sent you at one particular place. One day, a few months ago, I went in and found the proprietor (a very good sort of a fellow, by the way) talking to a pretty young woman, whom I recognized at once as the daughter of an old friend of my father's whom I had not seen for years; she remembered me, strangely enough, and I walked home with her, talking over all that had happened since we parted. Hers was a sad story, poor child; her father had embezzled and then died, leaving his wife (a chronic invalid) and his young daughter to struggle on as best they could. They had a small house, the only thing left from the wreck, with a large, old-fashioned garden in the rear. I remember as a boy how fond Amy was of digging and planting there; she could always make anything grow, and it occurred to her that she might raise flowers for the

market. She had arranged with Mather & Grau, it seems, to send all her violets to them, and they send them directly to you; she does not suspect me, of course, and so you see we are really rendering her the assistance which she so much needs, without in any way wounding her pride."

Helen had been watching Archer attentively as he talked, biting off little pieces from a violet with her white teeth. "Is she pretty?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, and more than that," said Archer. "She has the most unusual and delicate coloring, and a pretty trick of drooping her head, which always reminds me of a flower."

"I should like to see this dainty beauty," said Helen, but somehow her voice lacked its usual cordiality. Archer did not notice it.

"Would you, really?" he said eagerly. "Do you mean that you would go and see the poor little thing? She has no friends, you know; that is, no women-friends, and ever since I have discovered how sad and lonely her life is I have wished that she could know you."

Helen paused a moment before replying.

"Certainly I will go and see your friend," she said, speaking in spite of herself a little coldly. "I do not quite see, however, how I could help her, since of course she would not accept—"

"Oh, no! not that," said Archer quickly. "But you see I have told her about you, so that you would not be quite strangers, and your interest,



"Certainly I Will Go and See Your Friend," She Said.

your sympathy would do for her"—he would have added, "what they have done for me," but something in her manner made him pause, and then they drifted on to talk of other things, but there was a subtle change in her manner which Archer's quick sensitiveness did not fail to note, and much earlier than usual he rose to go. She held out her hand with her usual graciousness at parting, and when Archer had reached the hall he remembered that after all he had failed to give her the address of the young grower of violets.

As he reentered the room, he stood for a moment in the doorway waiting for Helen to turn her head, and thinking to surprise her as she had done earlier in the evening. And then Miss Van Nostrand did a strange thing; she was standing where he had left her before the mantel, and presently she un-planned the violets from her dress, held them for a moment in her hand as though irresolute, and then, stooping, she laid the flowers deliberately on the glowing coals. And then she turned and saw Archer watching her in astonished silence; with a little cry she instinctively clasped her hands over the place where the flowers had been fastened on her dress. A great wave of color had swept all over her face, but Archer was very pale as his quick glance traveled from the little clasped hands to the flowers smoldering in the fire. Presently she came close to her and tried to read her eyes, veiled beneath impenetrable lids.

"Helen," he said hoarsely, "you do not care for the violets—is it because I sent them that you scorn them thus?" And then, as she did not reply, he went on, "I knew you did not care for me," he said, "but oh, Helen! it is cruel to lead it in this way!"

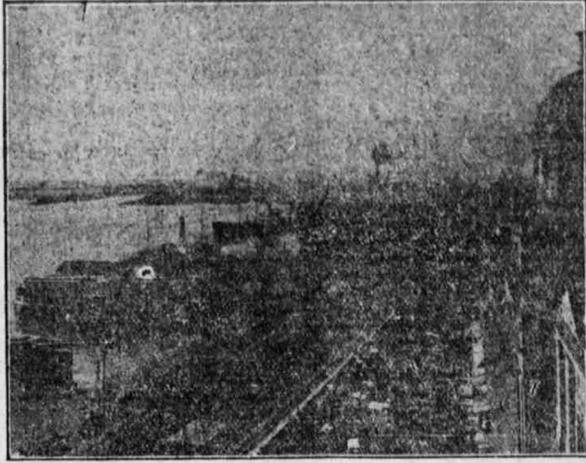
She could not endure the agonized entreaty of his voice, and she raised her eyes, full of a penitence, whose full meaning he did not dare to understand.

"Oh, Ferris," she faltered, "Can you not see? I thought you loved her—your flower girl—and so—"

But she did not finish her sentence. Archer had seized both her hands and was laughing in a perfect delirium of joy. "You thought I loved Amy!" he cried. "Oh, Helen, how could you be so blind! And besides, I forgot to tell you she is going to be married to Mr. Grau, the rich florist, in the spring. But, Helen!"—he had drawn her so close that he could whisper the words in her ear—"she shall force her choicest violets to bloom for our wedding, shall she not?"

And Helen threw back her head with a happy little laugh. "Violets are the only flowers I shall ever wear," she said.

HARBOR FRONT, MONTREAL, QUEBEC



Montreal is the second city in Lower Canada; it was built by the French about the year 1642.

A SKELETON MYSTERY.

BONES OF INDIAN CHIEF UN-EARTHED IN TEXAS.

Is Clothed in Uniform of a Brigadier General of United States Army—Remains in Almost Perfect State of Preservation.

Brownwood, Tex.—The skeleton of what was probably once a famous Indian chief has been taken from a lonely and unmarked grave at the top of one of the Twin mountains, ten miles east of the spot where once stood the historic old fort of Camp Colorado.

"Jim" Byrd, a farmer, who discovered the skeleton, has lived near the Twin mountains for nearly 50 years, and has no recollection of any human body ever having been buried there. His 12-year-old son was on a hunting expedition recently and strolled to the

top of the West Twin mountain when he suddenly came upon two big brass rings lying half embedded in the yellow clay of the hillside. The rings had a most antiquated appearance and at once excited the curiosity of the youthful Nimrod and he took them to his father, who decided to make a further investigation.

With pick and shovel the father and son began digging at the spot where the rings had been found, and had hardly scratched the surface of the earth when they uncovered the bones of a human being. By careful work the clay was removed from all sides of the bones and the sight that greeted the eyes of the explorers was most strange and fascinating. Tattered remnants of what was once a United States army uniform clung in moulded dampness to the frame of a stalwart Indian chief. The bones of the savage

were in a state of almost perfect preservation, and the long black hair still clung to the scalp in sinuous plaits.

But the strangest and most peculiar feature of the find is the fact that the coat of the uniform bore epaulets which have been pronounced by army men who have examined them to designate the rank of a brigadier general of the United States army.

In the grave were also found steel bridle bits, saddle buckles and the old-fashioned small steel spur which was once in vogue in the United States cavalry. A small dirk and a big butcher knife were also among the many articles which filled the grave.

Old army men here are highly interested in the find and declare that the savage had at some time killed a brigadier general and took his uniform, which, in true Indian style, was buried with the aborigine when he started on his journey for the happy hunting grounds.

The Twin mountains, where the skeleton was exhumed, stand ten miles east to north of the old Camp Colorado, which once formed the only protection for the pioneers of this section, and where was once stationed the afterward famous southern general, Robert E. Lee, then a young lieutenant. The fort was abandoned more than 30 years ago, and the oldest settlers have no memory of anyone having been buried on this mountain. The grave was nearly at the top of the mountain and on the east side, facing the sun.

The good state of preservation in which the bones and the uniform were found is accounted for by the fact that the impervious qualities of the clay in which they were buried excluded all moisture from the grave.

New Island Is Discovered.

Washington.—Anti-expansionists will grieve to hear that the domain of the United States has been increased by a new island popping up out of Alaskan waters in the Bogaston group of islands of the Alaskan peninsula. The new island is 400 feet high and over 1,700 feet in diameter at the base. A year ago it was not in existence. It was discovered by the crew of the revenue cutter McCullough and has been named in honor of the McCullough.

GEORGIA GETS HONOR

FIRST TO NAME CITY AFTER FATHER OF COUNTRY.

Town of Washington Christened in 1779—History Proving Contention of Resident Brought to Light and Fixed by Records.

Washington, Ga.—After much and long protracted discussion it has been settled when, where and how this town was named in honor of George Washington. These are the facts as they have been ascertained:

The name Washington was chosen by the people of Wilkes county for their new town in the year 1779, and confirmed by the general assembly in January, 1780.

Historians have been prone to doubt and question these dates, claiming that in 1780 was the "dark year" in Georgia and that no session of the general assembly was held in that year. Augusta had fallen, Savannah had fallen and the whole state was in the hands of the enemy. This is very nearly true, but not quite so.

The "ceded lands," which seven years previous had been bought from the Indians and called Wilkes, for John Wilkes, our friend in the British parliament, was one spot in the state not under British rule. This was due to our victory at the battle of Kettle Creek.

Stephen Heard, president of the assembly, was acting governor, because George Walton, the governor, was in Philadelphia attending the council there. And Wilkes county being the only spot free from British rule, Stephen Heard moved the state papers and records to the courthouse at Heard's Fort. Heard's Fort, therefore, became the capital of Georgia for the time being. And it was here that the only session of the state legislature or assembly was held in the year 1780. It was at this session that the act was passed confirming the name Washington chosen for the little town to be laid out around the site of Heard's Fort.

In Watkin's Digest, the oldest compilation of the legislative acts of Georgia, will be found the proofs of this statement, as follows:

"Section 19. And whereas it is essentially necessary for the convenience of suitors and ministers of public justice that the building of a small town in the county of Wilkes should be encouraged, be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that five commissioners be appointed by this house, and said commissioners so to be appointed, or any three of them, be empowered to lay out 100 acres of land circumscribed to the said place into a town and common, and the same be sold and granted in the manner pointed out in this act—and be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid that William Downs, Barnard Heard, John Gorham, Daniel Coleman and John Dooley, Esquires, be a board of commissioners for acting under this act, representing the town at the courthouse, in Wilkes county, which shall be called Washington."

There you have the proof that the general assembly confirmed the name in the year 1780, for "Watkin's Digest," printed in 1880, is indisputable authority.

HUNTING FOR MOOSE



A camp on the Montreal river in the Canadian forest where the game abounds.

Now for the proof that the people of Wilkes had selected the name for their town in the year 1779. John Dooley, one of the commissioners mentioned in the act, was killed soon after the battle of Kettle Creek, in 1779; therefore the act appointing him commissioner and naming the

town must of necessity have been determined upon before his death, February, 1779.

The original plot of the 100 acres as laid out by the commissioners is still in existence, and is among the treasures of the Mary Willis library, in Washington.

Capital in Meat is Immense.

\$10,625,000,000 Engaged in Industry, Says Government Report.

Washington.—A capital of \$10,625,000,000 is directly concerned in the raising of meat animals and their slaughtering and packing, according to a report on meat supply issued by the department of agriculture.

This amount is five-sixths as large as all capital invested in manufacturing in 1904. Seven-eighths of the meat and meat products was consumed within this country. The stock of meat animals has increased since 1840, but has not kept pace with the increase in the population. The report asserts that the welfare of the raisers of meat animals and of the slaughterers and packers is dependent upon finding foreign markets for the surplus of the production of meat above the home consumption.

There was a total of 93,502,000 meat animals slaughtered and exported in 1900, of which the exported live animals numbered 276,000.

The dressed weight of the 93,502,000 meat animals constituting the meat supply of 1900 was 16,549,921,000 pounds, of which 14,116,886,000 pounds entered into domestic consumption, and being included with the dressed weight of pork.

The report adds: "That meat consumption per capita has declined in this country since 1840 is plainly indicated. There is some ground for believing that at that time meat constituted about one-half of the national dietary in terms of total nutritive units consumed, whereas now it constitutes about one-third."

How important meat is in the diet of different countries is shown in the following meat consumption per capi-

ta in 1904 in dressed weight: United States, 185 pounds; United Kingdom, 121; Australia, 263; New Zealand, 212; Cuba, 124; France, 75; Belgium, 70; Denmark, 76; Sweden, 62; Italy, 46.

ROOSTER MIGHTY WEAPON.

Wielded by Owner, Speedily Puts Hold-Up Men to Flight.

Cincinnati.—Avaunt blackjacks, smoke wagons and loaded canes. That most useful array of barnyard fowl, the rooster, has mounted the pedestal of superiority and to-day all the members of Cincinnati's chicken population save one are holding their heads a little higher. It happened while Warren Edwards, a conductor, was on his way home. In his right hand he held by the legs a plump rooster that was destined to grace the Edwards' dinner table.

"Halt! Hands up!" came a brusque command, and out of the darkness two highwaymen stepped and confronted Edwards.

Instead of obeying the command, Edwards swung the rooster into the faces of the robbers and put them to flight. It was fatal to the chancier.

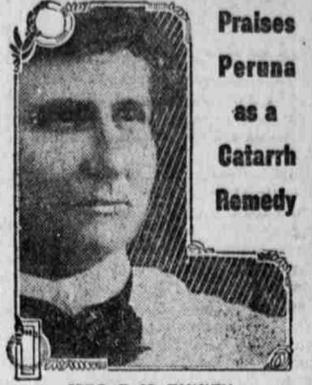
At 57 He Goes to College.

Washington, Pa.—Peter Murray, of Buena Vista, at the age of 57, has gone to college.

He is a student at Jefferson academy, Canonsburg, and the teachers say he is one of their most diligent pupils.

In his youth Murray had to work for a living and sacrifice his schooling. He has accumulated money till his large business interests, he says, demand that he be better educated.

A TALENTED WRITER



MRS. E. M. TINNEY

Mrs. E. M. Tinney, story writer, 233 E. Nueva St., San Antonio, Tex., writes: "During 1901 I suffered from nasal catarrh, which various other remedies failed to relieve. "Six bottles of Peruna, which I took, entirely cured me, the catarrh disappearing and never returning. "I therefore cheerfully recommend Peruna to all similarly afflicted."

Mrs. Ellen Nagle, 414 4th street, Green Bay, Wis., writes:

"I have often heard Peruna praised and it is more widely known here than any other medicine, but I never knew what a splendid medicine it really was until a few weeks ago when I caught a bad cold which settled all over me. "The doctor wanted to prescribe, but I told him I was going to try Peruna and sent for a bottle and tried it. "I felt much better the next morning and within five days I had not a trace of any lameness or any cough. "I consider it the finest cough remedy."

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