

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"I cannot bring you wealth," she said; "I cannot bring you fame or place; Among the noted of the race; But I can love you."

"When trials come to test you, sweet, I can be sunlight at your feet; My kiss your precious lips shall greet, Because I love you."

"When daylight dies a'ln' the west, You will come home to me for rest, And I shall sleep upon your breast, Because I love you."

"If sickness comes, beside your bed I will bend low, with quiet tread, And pray God's blessings on your head, Because I love you."

"As dew clings to the vio'et, Making the fragrant chalice wot, So my life into yours is set, Because I love you."

"Only myself, my all, I bring, But count it sweet, a precious thing To give my life an offering, Because I love you."

"I bow before no other shrine; If I go first across death's line I will return to claim you mine, Because I love you."

RED, WHITE, AND RED.

BY ILKA.


A MONG the various localities affected by the strife between the North and the South, perhaps none was more fertile in romantic incident than were the western counties of Missouri. The dissensions which had given rise to bitter animosities between "bleeding Kansas," as it was drivishly called on the one hand, and the "border ruffians," as was the obnoxious epithet bestowed upon the other, had at the outbreak of the war reached such a degree that little security was felt on either side of the rushing river. On the Missouri shore every Northern man was looked upon with suspicion, as was, in fact, every non-slaveholder, whether of Northern or of Southern origin. There was an outside appearance of civility and neighborliness, but it was the civility with which the lamb regards the fox, not knowing how soon open warfare may be declared.

Nested in among the bluffs was a little hamlet composed of settlers mainly from the older Southern States. Every shade of opinion was to be found among them; as a matter of course the pro-slavery sentiment predominated. It was expected at no distant day to see a large and thriving city occupying this bend of the river. My father, who was the leading physician in the hamlet, was among the first settlers. Born in Virginia, he had no anti-slavery prejudices; yet he felt the system to be detrimental to the white race. Before coming West he had emancipated himself by disposing of his negroes, reserving only a couple of house servants. Even this shade of disapproval in the then state of public feeling was construed into a hostile sentiment.

On a certain spring morning this remote spot was astir with the reverberation of the guns of Fort Moultrie. Now there could no longer be any doubt where my father stood. He declared unconditionally for the Union. Our house had—what many of the ruder structures had not—a commodious cellar, and here at night knots of Union men held their secret meetings. When at last Governor Jackson disclosed his true attitude, and called upon the State militia to repel the invasion of Federal troops, the pent-up feeling found expression in wild speeches from the inconsiderate of both parties. Lyon was preparing to move against Jefferson City, and recruiting officers were busy mustering troops for both sides of the conflict. Lawlessness was already rampant, born of the free frontier spirit which is always ready for reckless, daring adventure. Our household consisted, besides the servants, of only my father and myself. Among the suitors for my hand was Raymond Kenneth, a young, bold, daring Carolinian. In

forty;" and the poor creature once more besought me: "Please, honey, write jes a word."

"You must promise to show the letter to your master. You know, Maria, this might make great trouble for us."

"Sartin, honey. He may jes' read every word."

The letter was written according to old Maria's dictation, to "the chillun back in ole Virginny," and given to Maria to hand her master for the post. It was my last glimpse of Maria. The next morning the neighborhood was in a blaze of excitement. Andy, the Kenneths' coachman, and old Maria had decamped. How or when they had escaped none knew. A currant bush that stood by the wicket between our house and theirs was found to have something white fluttering among the leaves. It was the letter which I had written, and which old Maria in her haste had dropped before she reached her master's house. Then the full storm of wrath was turned upon us. Entering my father's office, Raymond Kenneth denounced our whole family for conspiring to assist runaway negroes. Enraged at my refusal of his hand, and feeling that it was through my father's influence, he was eager to provoke a quarrel. Drawing his bowie-knife—a weapon with which all Missourians were then armed—a fearful tragedy would have been enacted but for the interference of the bystanders. Thwarted in this, he muttered vengeance. The following day he was enrolled upon the list that sent so many martyrs to the lost cause.

A company of men were drilling in a lot on the outskirts of the town, without, as yet, any regularly appointed officers. When it was known that Raymond Kenneth had enlisted, a shout went up: "Our Captain! Our Captain!" He was received with demonstrations of joy, and when he counseled an immediate departure to join the forces of Price, they gave the wildest cheers. It was decided that upon the arrival of the next boat this newly organized company would embark with Raymond Kenneth as first officer. He knew the indignation with which this move would be regarded by every Union man, and he gloried in it; but he had known with what a throe of anguish this news was received by me his impetuous nature would have forgiven all the past, and he again would have been the suppliant

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Almost as he was being carried out of sight, I brought my parasol in view, and waved the Confederate colors aloft. I saw him brace himself more erect, then a wave of his hand with the military salute. By this time the boat was distinct as the smoke-stack itself, with his arms folded, taking no part in the general leave-taking. I felt that his eye was upon me, but there was no sign to reveal what emotion was passing within. The band struck up a gay march, the gang-plank was withdrawn, and the boat swung out to resume her way down the river, and still he stood there motionless.

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I grasped the paper. In the twilight I read these words:

"I go to my death, Jessie, for you. Had you but once heard my resolve had been shaken. God knows you, Jessie, that I have lost some of your fame or life itself. What is life to me without you? There is not even the soldier's hope of glory. One name to add to the list of dead, or missing, is all. For the sake of the old days, Jessie, send me some token as a charm in the hour of danger. It is all I shall ever ask at your hands."

RAYMOND.

He was his old impetuous self again, still ignoring all rebuffs and flinging his unavailing love at my feet. Ah! if he could have seen me at that moment, have seen the passionate kisses which I bestowed upon this inanimate piece of paper, he would have foreseen all hope of glory, indeed.

Not a word of this did I dare breathe to my father. As I was seated on the veranda, before retiring for the night, he referred to the departure, saying every secessionist should do likewise. If they were not satisfied with the best government on earth let them try to overthrow it. They would soon find an end to their boasting. He little knew, at that moment, that in my hand lay the little red and white rosette which I had detached from my parasol, seeking the first opportunity to send it to my hot-headed lover as the "charm" in the hour of danger.

In a few days came the news of the opening conflict on Missouri soil, in the battle of Boonville. My father was triumphant. Lyon had routed the State forces. Only those who experienced the dread suspense which those battles entailed can know the agony which I endured during the succeeding days until a message came by the hand of "little Jake." It was this:

"Your token lies over my heart. We lost Camp Jackson, but we whipped the Home Guards at Warsaw. Now we have arms and horses. Forward to glory! Your true knight will yet win his bride. RAYMOND."

In the enlistment of Southern troops in Missouri there was little of the pageantry of war to captivate the senses. There was nothing to distinguish the officer from his subordinates save a bit of red flannel or a piece of cotton cloth fastened to his shoulder.

The sultry days of July were full of foreboding to the Union men. The disaster at Bull Run had given outspoken bravado to

the secessionists, knowing that the greater part of the force under Lyon, opposed to the State forces, was composed of three months' men, whose term of service would soon expire. My father was no half-way Union man. He announced his intention of going with a squad of Union men to offer their services, if need be, to save Missouri.

It was no time for tears. We must prepare what was necessary for his departure that very day. Again the shrill whistle of the steamboat smote our expectant ears, and my father came in to say farewell.

"I am going with you, father."

"You, child? What can you do? It's no place for women."

"But I am going, father. Where there is fighting there must be nurses. I am going."

The morning which opened upon the bloody battle of Wilson's Creek found me in charge of a department of hospital supplies, while my father was commissioned as Surgeon. "Only the God of battles might fore-

tell upon that fatal Friday what should be the outcome. The desperation of despair nerveed the intrepid Lyon after Sigel's defeat, knowing as he did the unequal force at his command. My father, seeing the need of men, seized the musket of a fallen soldier, and entered the ranks, but, alas! only to be carried hither and thither as the two armies swayed from point to point, until the order came at last from the Federal side to retreat.

The dead and wounded lay where the battle had raged the fiercest. My father had not been seen since morning. I begged to be allowed to go within the enemy's lines, under a flag of truce, to discover him, if possible.

It was a strange sight at that stage of the war to see a woman going over the terrible ground, but I quailed not. My resolve was taken. If my father was no more, I would offer myself to the Confederacy to care for their suffering and wounded men. If Raymond Kenneth was living, I would place myself under his protection.

I scanned the faces as they lay festered under the August sun, but none were familiar. I was about to turn back, sick and disheartened, when a group of men passed me with a rudely constructed litter. A handkerchief was thrown over the face of its occupant to screen it from the sun, but the bit of red cloth upon the shoulder betrayed his rank as a Missouri rebel officer, while from his breast floated a red and white ribbon.

With one cry I fell upon the ground. A dozen arms were ready to assist me, but I could only point to the group that bore their fallen comrade. Divining my wish, they followed on to the nearest tree, where they halted, and their burden was laid down. The handkerchief was withdrawn, and revealed, as I had guessed, the face of Raymond Kenneth.

The pallor of death was on his features, but his eyes opened slowly and he gazed around. Kneeling beside him, I chafed his pallid hands and called his name in tones of endearment. He seemed to know I was near him, and feebly breathed my name. Then raising himself as by a last effort, his eyes fell upon the ribbons floating upon his breast. Gathering them in his cold fingers, he drew forth the rosette from its hiding place. Pressing it to his lips, he said: "Boys, it's all over with me. Take care of her who will wear this, for my sake," and he laid the gray colors on my shoulder and raised my hand to his lips. "Hold on, Captain; here comes the doctor."

The group separated to make way for the doctor. It was my father.

"Oh, Raymond, my boy!" he exclaimed, "this is dreadful, dreadful!"

All animosities and prejudices were forgotten and forgiven in that one sentence. Raymond seemed to realize his surroundings. Looking long and steadfastly at me, he said:

"You will wear the gray for my sake, Jessie. And his voice was lost forever."

Few wore the preparations for the homeward journey. "The lights of sunset and of sunrise, mixed in that brief summer night that paused among her stars," to guide the dolorous voyage.

Upon the bluff which overlooks the turbid Missouri a white slab marks the resting-place of a Confederate officer, while the lingering rays of the setting sun in calm June evenings throw in full relief against the sky the gray, Quaker-looking gab of a gray-haired woman, who still strews the red and white roses on the lonely grave, as she has done for more than twenty years.

Who Were the Skilled Builders?

One of the mysterious ruined cities of southern North America is that of San Guivera, near the western point of Texas. This was known to the early Spanish explorers, but, being at present forty miles from water, it has seldom been visited. A late surveying party found the ruins to be of gigantic and substantial stone buildings, one of which was four acres in extent. The indications point to a former existence of a dense population. To the southward is a stream of lava from one to ten miles wide and forty miles long, and the surrounding country is most arid and desolate. No inscription, no legend tells the tale of the great city or of its fate.

Cholera Inoculation.

Five years ago Pasteur endeavored to discover a means of curing cholera by inoculation, but allowed the matter to drop on the death from the disease of an assistant investigator. The subject has been followed up, however, by Dr. Gamaleia, of Odessa, who has found a method by which the cholera has been cured in animals by the inoculation of the cholera virus, and which, it is confidently believed, may be applied to man. His experiments are to be repeated before a committee of the French Academy of Sciences, which holds a prize of 100,000 francs to be awarded for a cure for cholera. —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE CELTIC LANGUAGE prevailed in England A. D. 1; the Latin was introduced about the same time; the Saxon prevailed from A. D. 450 to 1066; Latin reintroduced by missionaries, 596; the Norman-French combining with English, 1066 to 1220; early English, 1250 to 1500.

At the Stamp Window.

He was a queer-looking chap who peered in at the stamp window of the postoffice the other day and said to the man in attendance:

"Be you the postmaster?"

"What do you want?"

"I want to know what letter stamps are selling at to-day."

"Two cents."

"Anything off when a man buys two or three?"

"No."

"Could't throw in a cent stamp, could you?"

"Throw in nothing."

"Thank you. Jes' thought I'd ask. I buy a good many in the course of the year, and you could have my hull custom 'f you'd do the fair thing."

"The law doesn't permit any discount."

"There's where the law makes a mistake, for you'd sell more if you threw a little something off for cash, or give a chromo."

"Don't block up the window, please."

"If you had some stamps with the gum stickum worn off that you could take less for, I could make 'em go with a little paste."

"We have nothing of the sort here. How many?"

"P'raps you've got 'em without the pictures. My girl, Marier, can paint General Jackson's portrait so natural that any Democrat would get up and squeal."

"If you don't want to buy any stamps stand aside."

"I might have bought 'em at the Corners, but being in Austin I thought I might get 'em cheaper. No stamp scalpers in the city that sell below regular rates?"

"I reckon not."

"P'raps there's another postoffice in town where they are sellin' off their old stock below cost to make room for a new stock of fall stamps of the latest designs, just imported. Sheriff sale, mebbe, or postmaster going out of business and determined to sell the supply of stamps he has on hand at any sacrifice."

"Well, that is a novel idea. Fellow tried to run the regular postoffice out of town, eh, and had to close out?"

"Exactly. Competition in every business, you know."

"There's no competition in the post-office business of Austin, you'll find. Now order your stamps, if you want any, and vacate."

"Well, then, boss, if I can't get no discount here's two cents; give me a stamp jes' to try, and if it gives satisfaction I'll recommend you to my neighbors."

"Thank you. We aim to please. Good day."

"Good day." —*Texas Siftings.*

One Grandfather.

There is one glory of youth—another, like the sun shining in his strength, of wise maturity; still another—mild, chastened, beneficent—of old age. It is beautifully symbolized by the silver crown that refines the plainest features.

"Mamma!" asked a serious-eyed child, looking up from her favorite "Sunday-book," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Did you ever know anybody who lived in the Land of Beulah?"

"Yes, dear," dropping her voice that it might not reach the patriarch who watched the sunset from the porch, "Grandpapa does!"

From a letter written in his ninety-first year, four pages in length and transcribed in clear characters—the following extract is taken:

"As I write, a blue-bird begins to sing in the lilac bush outside of my office-window. I have always loved birds and flowers. On this bright Easter-Monday, I am thinking how unlikely it is that I shall be here when the next comes. Ah, well! if not, then, where 'everlasting spring abides.' The dark river has dwindled to a summer brook, so narrow that I fancy, sometimes, I hear the birds sing on the Other Side."

The most significant phrase in the quotation is "my office-window." This man, never especially hale in body, found, at the top of the hill of life, fertile level lands in which he dwelt and wrought until one week before he stepped over to the near and familiar Other Side. He was necessary to his household so long as he drew mortal breath. The key of his continued vitality was given (had it been needed by those who knew him) in his last message to his absent sons, uttered ten minutes before his tongue was stilled forever:

"Tell them to take good care of Jim."

"Jim," aged seventy, was a faithful colored servant who had driven or walked with his master to the "office" every day for over a quarter of a century.

It is self-absorption that carves wrinkles in the face, and streaks the hair with gray. Kindly thought and labor for others dependent and beloved—the living out of and not in the petty