

## 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 and 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 violet,  
Making the fragrant chalice wet,  
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 you mine,  
Because I love you."

## RED, WHITE, AND RED.

BY ILKA.

AMONG 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 derisively 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, and the knowledge how soon open warfare may be declared.

Nestled 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 the 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 point of 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



physique, he was the perfection of manly vigor, handsome and courteous in bearing, and a warm partisan in favor of secession. My father had deprecated the growing attachment, and I gave heed to his cooler judgment against Raymond's hot-headed rashness and violent temper. When he sought me to put my faith in him into practice, by consenting to be his wife, my father's warning withheld the wished-for answer.

Our homes were adjoining. In the garden fence was a little wicket, through which we had always exchanged neighborly courtesies of the most friendly sort. Since it was known that my father looked with disfavor upon an alliance, the feeling between the two families had become somewhat constrained; still we went in and out of the little wicket as before.

One night as I was sitting alone, my father came to visit a patient, old Maria, a house servant of the Kenneths, came hurriedly in with her baby in her arms. "Miss Jessie, please write a letter for me, honey," she said, "quick as you kin. I can't stay a minute. Jis write to my chillun back in ole Virginia. Mebbe I nebber git anodder chance."

"You must ask your mistress to write." I was fearful that my assistance should be granted, might be misconstrued.

"O, laws! Miss Jessie, ole missus can't write more'n I kin. Please hurry and do this. Miss Jessie, I'll pray for ye, honey, 'deed I will."

"What is the trouble, Maria? I must know more about it."

"Well, ye see, ole Massa John done brung a man around to dinner dis mornin', and I knows he's a trader. I done ben sold before, an' O, Miss Jessie, I can't go 'bout tellin' the chillun good-by."

"Nonsense, Maria; Mr. Kenneth would never sell you and the baby."

"O, you don't know, Miss Jessie. Dis yere man axed me, was I fifty year old, and I said more'n that; and Massa John stepped up an' said I was a lyn', I wasn't more'n

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 Virginia," 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—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 had he 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 lover.

I went about the house with eyes strained toward the hills for the first white wreath of smoke which should herald the approach of the evening steamer. Finally, upon the clear noon-day air the shrill whistle sounded. The little hamlet was alive in an instant. The levee was crowded with men, women and children, while the negroes stole surreptitious glances around the corners of fences and corn-cribs. The crowd rounded to the shore as the company went marching down the single street with its red and white silken banner, the work of fair secession hands, floating in the sunshine. Men of pronounced Union sentiments were conspicuous by their absence, and a strange quiet was over all. I stood upon a bluff which commanded a view of the whole scene, knowing that my figure would be thrown in silhouette against the clear sky, as a background. My pride came to my aid and I made no moan. I thought that Raymond would relent at the last and send me some token of reconciliation, but he did not. In anticipation of this, I had formed a rosette of red and white ribbons, which, with long, floating streamers, I had fastened to the top of my parasol. I held it closely to my side, watching the boys as they stepped on board, some laughing and jesting, others furtively brushing away the tears, and all leaning over the guards to repeat some last message. Raymond Kenneth stood in the bow of the boat, 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 went on to resume her way down the river, and still he stood there motionless.

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 fairly turning round, and he was lost to view. Not till he did my courage give way. I sank down among the reeds, and a broad sunshine and covered my face with both hands. The townspeople wended their way back to their accustomed business or pleasure, while the heavy throbs of the steamer, as she plowed through the waters, seemed like the bursting of some agonized heart. I sat there through the long summer afternoon, watching the shadows grow longer and deeper, and at last the full glow of the setting sun lay all about me, turning the waters to molten gold, and where they lay in shadow, all was dark and gray. "I see my life in this picture. There is the gold of my vanished youth; there, below, is the darkness of despair, and my heart's love has gone down in its track." I watched the golden glory fade away and the gray shadows that came creeping on, and soon the slender curve of the new moon stood over the darkened waters. The dampness of early night was all about me, and Ray, our old house-servant, came searching for me. Her first words were:

"Miss Jessie, I have ben a huntin' for ye all ober de place. Yere's a letter Massa Raymond done sent by little Jake, but I 'clar to goodness I couldn't find ye nowher."

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

"I go to my death, Jessie, for you. Had you said one word my resolve had been shaken. God knows you are more to me than 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 vanishing names, that 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."

Here was his old impetuous self again, still ignoring all restraints and flinging his unavailing love at my feet. I could not have seen me at that moment, have seen the passionate kisses which I bestowed upon this inanimate piece of paper, he would have foresworn 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, and 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 lives, 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 fateful Friday what should be the outcome. The desperation of despair nerved 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 festering 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, its all over with me. Take care of her who will wear this, for my sake," and he laid the gay 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 were the preparations for the home-ward 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 turbulent Missouri white, marks the resting-place of a Confederate officer, while the lingering rays of the setting sun on calm June evenings throws in full relief against the sky the gray, Quaker-looking garb 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. —Arkansas Traveler.

## 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 fyou'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?"

"Praps you've got 'em without the pictures. My girl, Marier, can paint General Jackson's portrait so nat'ral 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."

"Praps 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's 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 round of personal and individual interests—keep heart and energies fresh.

"I have been too busy to count the years. I suppose some have slipped by unnoticed, and so I have made a miscalculation by a dozen or so," was the explanation given by a grandmother when asked "how she had kept herself so preposterously young?"

Forget the years, or register them by blessings, and they will forget you. —Home-Maker.

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.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

The good that is done in a pleasant way accomplishes most and is most lasting.

HAPPINESS is a roadside flower growing on the highway of usefulness and prosperity.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. —Wordsworth.

A TEN-DER recollection—that X that Bill Jones borrowed last summer. —Merchant Traveler.

THE robin that has lost her mate takes a sort of bird-sigh view of the world. —Duluth Picayune.

MANY persons criticize in order not to seem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.

THIS is a funny old world, anyhow, but it is hard to realize it when you are reading the comic papers. —Somerville Journal.

THE path of life is beset with thorns, and they who are not afraid to encounter them may gather the rare flowers that grow between.

THE latest theory from a scientist is that a man has two brains. This, however, cannot possibly refer to the cigarette dude. —Baltimore American.

SMITH—What a dazzling creature your wife is. Brown—Ought to see her without her diamonds. They spoil her conversation. —Detroit Free Press.

DOCTOR (to patient)—Why, you are as red as a raspberry; what have you been drinking? Patient—Can't understand it. Only drank pale ale. —Detroit Free Press.

A MAN will dislocate his arm trying to hit a base-ball, and spend an entire day in debilitating efforts to make a home run—but he won't beat a carpet. Not much. —Merchant Traveler.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice, and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief. —Sheridan.

ELDERLY maiden lady (to druggist's boy)—I want to git some soap, young feller. Druggist's boy—(who has detected that that maiden lady has a slight suspicion of a mustache)—Yes'm; shavin' soap, I s'pose. —Epoch.

SOME people pretend that they are never surprised at anything, but even the most obstinate of them finds it difficult to conceal his amazement when he runs his nose against a door-edge in the dark. —Somerville Journal.

FIRST dame—What shall we do to-day? Let's go to the matinee. Second dame—Can't; we haven't any money. It takes money to go to the theater. "So it does. I did not think of that. Well, let's go shopping." —Philadelphia Record.

BRIDE of a month—We must not forget the Goodhearts, Alfred. If it had not been for their house party this time last year we should never have met and married. Bridegroom of ditto—Nonsense, my dear! they didn't mean any harm. —Fun.

EXTRA-VAGANT young wife—(pocketing a \$20 bill)—George, dear. I often wonder why the money you give me to spend is called pin money. Young husband—(with a slight sigh)—Because, like pins, no one knows where it all goes to. —Detroit Free Press.

"MR. DE CASH asked me to elope with him only the night before he ran away to Canada," confided Gussie. "And you refused, of course?" "Yes, my dear," she replied; "as soon as he told me his embezzlement amounted to only \$20,000." —New York Sun.

CLARA VERE DE VERE—It can never be, never. Mr. Highflyer—I was on the top side of that wheat corner, Miss Clara. Look at this bank account. Clara—I do not love you Mr. Highflyer, but I respect you; O, my darling, how deeply I respect you. I am yours. —Philadelphia Record.

A LIFE of virtue is a life of health. Self-denial leads to a self-development on higher planes. Patient battling against lower lusts ends in assured victory. To one man, and to one only, is life worth living, and that man is he who resolves on nothing less than perfection of body, mind and soul.

"Did you ever meet Miss Ruggles' father," said one traveling man to another. "Yes, once or twice." "Pretty old man, isn't he?" "Not so very; at any rate he is quite young enough to trip the light fantastic toe." "The light fantastic toe?" "Yes, with me on the end of it!" —Merchant Traveler.

RAILROAD President—Mr. Jenkins, can't you suggest some distinctive name for our road, something like the "Bee Line," or the "Nickel Plate"—something on that plan? Secretary—How would the "True Love" do for a name? "I don't see the application." "It never runs smooth." —Terre Haute Express.

MRS. BACHBEIT—It's just awful, I think, the way that Mrs. Golding lets young Hardup dangle around after her day in and day out. But it's to be expected, I suppose, when an old fool like Golding marries a giddy young girl.

Mrs. Polly Gist—You oughtn't to talk that way about her. She's awfully good to the old fellow, they say. Mrs. Bachbeit—Yes? Almost too good to be true. —Terre Haute Express.

THE BABY'S CREED.

I believe in my papa,  
Who loves me—oh, so dearly!  
I believe in Santa Claus,  
Who comes to see me yearly.

I believe the birdsie talk  
On the boughs together;  
I believe the fairies dance  
O'er the fields of heather;

I believe my dollie knows  
Every word that's spoken;  
I believe it hurts her, too,  
When her nose is broken.

Oh! I believe in lots of things—  
I can't tell all the rest—  
But I believe in you, mamma,  
First, and last and best!