

A FIELD FLOWER'S COMPLAINT.

If I had been a snowdrop, the first one of the year, Would you have thought me beautiful, being the first, my dear?

Would you have gathered in your hand each fallen rose leaf, And said a gentle word for life so beautiful and brief?

The Business Way.

Jack wanted to, but Lady Mary didn't, and that's the way it all came about. Jack swore she was the very daintiest, sweetest, loveliest girl on earth, added a great deal more of love's hyperbole, and—entre nous—

Jack came to me disconsolately. "I wish I was dead," he said. I told him how annoying it would be to me to have him lying around dead.

But as Christopher wrinkled his nose decidedly and his tail did not show the least intimation of a wag, Jack tore it up—the poetry, I mean.

"I never thought of that," he answered thoughtfully. "I wonder how it would work? By George, H., you're a trump. I'll try it."

The trouble was Jack wanted to propose and couldn't. For never did he bring up the eventual subject but Lady Mary would go off at a tangent, possibly because Jack was using round-about ways.

That evening they were both down by the spring, and I hid behind a tree. I didn't hear the first part of it, but I got there just in time to hear Jack say: "Lady Mary, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

As Jack confided to his chum (who shall be nameless for various reasons): "Do you know, H., if I speak of sunsets, she will immediately have a wild desire to discuss ethnology or irregular Greek verbs, and if I should ever mention love—not that I ever have, you know—but if I ever should, hang me if I don't believe she'd ask me how my liver was."

"With pleasure," she answered, gayly. "You silly boy, why didn't you say so before?"

By which it can readily be seen that Lady Mary and Jack were on the best of terms, and the very intimacy seemed to preclude the possibility of anything more.

"Just what I told him," said I, coming from behind the tree. "Did you? You dear boy, you may kiss me for that. Keep still, Jack." And I did.

One afternoon I was lying on the river bank industriously fishing, while Jack sprawled upon the grass alternately reading and scribbling. Then he looked up and observed complacently: "Now, I flatter myself that's rather good. Listen, H.:

SENATOR MILLS' STORY.

Abraham Lincoln's Sweeping Pardon to John L. Helm.

"The weary sun has sunk to rest, And with him fades the dying day. Come night, come hour I love the best, Fit time love's winning words to say."

Senator Mills has a new story about Lincoln. It was told to him by a son of John L. Helm of Kentucky, who lives in Corsicana:

"Pretty good, eh?" "Good? Oh, Lord! You want to change those last two lines. You should say:

"Old John L. Helm," said the senator, "was a famous character in Kentucky. He was, if I remember rightly, a governor of the state, but at any rate his position was a most prominent one. When the civil war came on Helm was a rabid secessionist. He could not praise the South too highly and could not heap enough abuse upon the North. He was too old to go into the war with his sons and remained at home, doing all he could to help the confederate cause and harass the Yankees who invaded the state. Finally he became so obstreperous that the federal general who was in command near Helm's home put him in prison. The old man's age, the high position which he occupied in the state, his wide connection and especially his inability to do any harm, were all pleaded in his extenuation, and he was released. Instead of profiting by the warning, the old man became more persistent than ever in his course. Once more he was clapped into jail. This happened two or three times, and finally, while he was still locked up, the matter was brought to the attention of the federal authorities. Even President Lincoln was appealed to and asked to commit the ardent southerner to an indefinite confinement in order that he might be cured."

"Hang it all, H., Tennyson himself would not please you." Then a long silence which he at last broke with: "Say, do you think she would have me?"

"Lincoln listened to the statement of the case with more than usual interest. Then he leaned back and began to speak with a smile upon his face. 'You are talking about old man John Helm? Well, did you know that I used to live when I was a boy in Helm's town. He was kind to me. He seemed to like me as a boy, and he never lost an opportunity to help me. He seemed to think,' said Lincoln, with another of his almost pathetic smiles, 'that I would probably make something of a man. Why, when I went out to Illinois, poor and unknown, that man gave me the money to pay my way and keep me until I got a start. John Helm? O, yes, I know him, and I know what I owe to him. I think I can fix his case.'

"Oh, take a run around the block! How do I know? There she comes now, and I give you fair warning if you two stay here and scare all my fish away I'll tell about the poetry."

"And then," said Senator Mills, "Lincoln went to his desk and wrote a few words. The bit of writing is treasured in the Helm household to this day. This is what the president wrote:

"Yes," abstractedly, "but I wish you'd row up to the store. I don't want to waste the whole afternoon drifting like this."

"I hereby pardon John L. Helm of Kentucky for all that he has ever done against the United States and all that he ever will do."

"How well we get along together in a boat," he remarked, gazing sentimentally at the cliffs.

"I wish you were sometimes," she cried, wickedly. "Then I could shut you up occasionally, couldn't I?"

"No, what could anybody do with a girl like this? The end of it was that Lady Mary took the oars and rowed to the store herself.

"There are a lot of new people coming tonight," she broke in. "Mr. Eggleston told me so."

"Did he? H'm!" Then with a brilliant idea, "Are you ever interested in other people?" he asked in his most beguiling tone.

"My wife got even with that burglar who set the burglar alarm going and woke the baby."

"Oh, yes—now, there's Christopher Columbus. I'm interested in him. I wish I had him here this very minute. I'd kiss his dear little nose."

"What did she do?"

"If I were only Christopher Columbus," insinuated Jack.

"She pulled him in by the collar and made him rock the baby to sleep again."—Detroit Free Press.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT AND EYESIGHT.

Gray and Blue Eyes Are Most Susceptible to Injurious Effect.

One effect of the advent of the X ray has been to direct closer attention to the influence of the electric light on the eyesight. It has recently been stated, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, that sailors suffer much in their eyesight from the brilliant electric lights used on shipboard. Gray and blue eyes are the most subject to injury, not being heavily charged with pigments. The men who work the searchlights already wear dark blue glasses, but it is found that these only mitigate the intensity of the light, and do not absorb the source of the trouble, the ultra-violet rays. These rays, however, can be intercepted by goggles or screens of uranium or yellow glass, and with these, it is understood, the sailors of the French navy are soon to be provided.

BILL ARP WRITES OF LEE.

Ruminates About the Gallant Confederate Chieftain.

RECALLS INCIDENTS IN LIFE

General Lee Requested on His Deathbed That No Funeral Orations Be Spoken.

I was ruminating about General Lee, whose birthday anniversary we have been commemorating all over the South. When we old men were school-boys we used to speak speeches about Washington and Patrick Henry, and I remember one from Van Wirt beginning, "Who was Blennerhassett?" that was very popular. It is time this younger generation was speaking a speech beginning, "Who was Robert E. Lee?" But if they don't speak it these annual reminders will cause them to talk it and think about it. We celebrate the Fourth of July because it was the birthday of a nation and the 22nd day of February because it was the birthday of Washington, the father of that nation—a man of whom General Lee's father said: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." What a wonderful State was the "Old Dominion?" What was in the air that caused it to produce such a galaxy of great men as Washington and the Lees and Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Patrick Henry and others in revolutionary days, and in later days such great generals as Lee, Johnston, Longstreet, Jackson, Stuart, Aahy and Thomas?

Another interesting case bearing on this subject is reported from a British warship. It seems that two stokers on the ship, having a little spare time, became engrossed in the operation of an electric drill, which was burning out holes in a hardened steel plate. Both men declared they only watched the arc for about three minutes, and at the time felt no ill effects, except that all objects appeared to be of a deep gold color. At night, however, both men were aroused by intense pain and partial blindness for the time being, but both recovered quickly after treatment. The electric drill acts by fusing a hole through the steel, and the intensity of the light is greatly increased by the rays of light thrown off by the molten metal. The fact, too, that the work is carried on chiefly in the daylight is apt to deceive the casual onlooker as to the degree of brilliancy of the light, and it is not until the after effects begin to assert themselves that he is aware of anything out of the common. Dark glasses are now used by all the men on the electric drilling shifts. A singular feature of this affection is that it is analogous to snow or desert blindness, and, as in them, the pernicious effects of the electric light are probably due to the ultra violet rays of the spectrum.

There have been many great men. There have been many more good men, but the men who have been both great and good are few. Greatness and goodness are not twins. Indeed, they are seldom of any kin. When Abner was slain David said: "A great man has this day fallen in Israel," and so might be said of David and Solomon and Constantine and Caesar and Cromwell and Napoleon and many others who were great, but not altogether good. There was some dark blot upon their name and their fame that marred its brightness. Lord Bacon was one of the greatest of men, but he was far from being good.

Candle Fish—Food, Medicine and Light in Alaska.

With the discovery of the Klondike, with all its winter privations, comes also the practical discovery of a fish found along the Alaskan shores which it is said will furnish food, light, heat and medicine to the prospectors who have gone into the new El Dorado. This fish is of the smelt variety, but larger and fatter. They are caught in nets easily, and on being caught, are found to be of a rich green color on the back variegated with blue, and with golden reflections on the belly. On being caught these fish are dried and stored. When the Alaskan is snowed in and without a light, he simply inserts the tail of one of these fish in a crack in the table and touches a match to its nose. It gives out a clear three-candle power light. The backbone is largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and heat developed. The substance of the fish, largely fat, retards the rapid burning as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fish is also valuable as food. Still another use to which it may be put is as a substitute for cod-liver oil, which, aiding the natural heat of the body, serves to protect against the severe cold. It is to be hoped that scientists will discover a way by which the skin of this fish may be made into clothing, and its backbone sharpened into miner's picks.

War is perhaps the severest test of a great man's goodness. It tries his heart as well as his mind and makes proof of all his emotions. No man in the annals of history has stood this test better than Robert E. Lee. Stonewall Jackson was no doubt as good a man, but he was not so great, so brave, so commanding. Albert Sidney Johnson was probably as good and as great as Lee, but his opportunities to prove it were suddenly arrested by his untimely death. Even Washington was not so great a general as Lee, for he had but little military training, while Lee was educated carefully in the art of war—was the ranking graduate in a class of forty-two at West Point, was for three years in charge of that institution and had large and varied experience in the war with Mexico. In addition to all these advantages, he inherited a talent for commanding men, for he was the son of Henry Lightfoot Lee (Lighthorse Harry), who was Washington's favored friend and military adviser, and whose bones have honored Georgia soil on Cumberland island. It is worthy of mention that Gen. Lee's grandmother was Lucy Grymes, the first love of General Washington. She was known as the "lowland beauty." It grieved her to reject his addresses, but he comforted himself soon afterwards by marrying the widow Custis. This widow Custis was the grandmother of General Lee's wife, Mary Randolph Custis. And so the Lees and Washingtons got as close together as they could.

Queer Milkmen.

Every one remembers how Trilby used to "bail 'milk below" in the Paris studio building, according to Du Maurier. But every one does not know just what manner of delivering milk is usual in Paris, that such a call should announce the presence of the milkman. He is very frequently a goat-man. He drives his flock to his customer's door. He blows shrilly on his reed pipe—so Arcadian is he—and then, that there may be no suspicion as to the genuineness of his wares, he milks the goats into the pails his patrons bring.

Ninety-one years ago 100,000 people were born on the same day with General Lee, but not one of them stands out in such bold and beautiful relief. He gets greater and grander as the years roll on. More biographies have been written and published of him than of any other man. Nine are already before the people and another is in press. His noble life and public services have commanded the admiration of an observing world and all the commendations that the English language could give to a man has been given to him. There are no more nouns of praise—no more comparatives or superlatives left in our vocabulary. That it does not become tributes and said of him as Virgil said of Aeneas, "Tano arma virum." It has only remained for one man to write anything that sought to sully Lee's escutcheon. I remember well the second time I ever saw him. The Seven Days' fight was over. The last shot and shell had been fired. I was sent with dispatches to General Lee, who was resting in the white house, on York river. His headquarters were in a large officers' tent, and as I approached a strange spectacle was presented, for General Lee and four or five of his staff were partaking of a sooty noonday meal that was served on two camp-delivering my dispatches I stentily awaited a reply, and when it was given I rode away, but turned in my saddle to take one more view of the impressive scene.

In Mexico the method is equally interesting. There the gentle cow is driven from door to door, and is milked before the suspicious eyes of the customers.

But this is enough. Let us not fail to commemorate the eminent virtues and noble deeds of this great man, and to commend them to our children and our children's children. Thousands of good people have same birthday and should feel proud of the coincidence and be inspired by it to a virtuous life. If I was not too modest to speak of it I would whisper that I know an unreconstructed rebel mother who is proud that on this 19th day of January she observed not only General Lee's birth-

In Brussels the honesty of the milkman seems to be assumed. The cow is not driven from door to door, but the method is equally picturesque. There are milkwomen instead of milkmen, and they drive curious little dog wagons through the streets.—New York Journal.

Steak for Breakfast.

Our ancestors ate much more meat than we do. In Queen Elizabeth's time her maids of honor were allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. Mutton was not so much used as beef, being looked upon as diet rather for a fastidious appetite than for a woman in good health.

Mountain climbers frequently find butterflies frozen on the snow, and as brittle that they break unless carefully handled. When thawed the butterflies recover and fly away.

me to add anything to these tributes. It is enough to say that after all these years since his death in 1870, the climax has been reached when a Northern man, the president of a Northern college, has at last voluntarily placed him at the head of the column and pronounced him peerless—that greatest general of modern times and the best of men. Furthermore, this Dr. Andrews, who was himself a soldier in the Northern army, makes bold to say: "His cause was not the lost cause so much as is suspected. The doctrine of States' rights, for which he fought, as now interpreted by our Supreme Court, is in exact accordance with his claims upon this point."

When Robert Emmett, the illustrious Irish Patriot, was condemned to death for treason, he made a memorable address to the judges and said: "Until Ireland is free, let no man write my epitaph." And so when General Lee was on his last bed, and realized that death was near, he requested that no funeral oration should be pronounced. His request was observed, but since then the Southern people could not be restrained from giving vent to their love and admiration. Monuments and statues have been erected, orations have been pronounced and biographies written too numerous to be recited. Notable men of all countries have joined in the day, but that of two of her children. With prophetic inspiration she did her best to honor his coming fame. What mother could do more?—Bill Arp in Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

A Level-Headed Driver.

It is reported of Artemus Ward that he once offered his flask of whiskey to the driver of the stage on top of which he was riding through a mountainous section. The driver refused the flask in no doubtful terms. Said he: "I don't drink; I won't drink; I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinion of these mountains—keep your top cool. They've got snow, and I've got brains, that's all the difference."

Temperance Reform in the Professions.

The progress of temperance reform is very notable in the professions. The doctor or lawyer who drinks to excess finds that his business is decaying. The teacher who visits saloons soon finds his occupation gone. Not many years ago there were notorious drunkards in Congress, but this notorious has been greatly abated. The Legislatures of all the States show a similar change. Public sentiment is becoming less and less tolerant to inebriety.

Social Drinking.

Sir James Hailet, member of Parliament for Belfast, speaking at a meeting recently held in London, presided over by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, gave the following important testimony, which we commend to the statesmen and public men of the United States:

"My Lord Bishop, it is with very great pleasure that I rise to propose that the best thanks of this meeting be given to you for presiding on this occasion. I think you are the right man in the right place. The church must lead if we are to have a healthy influence in society. As a stranger amongst you, I have had very great pleasure in hearing all that has been said in regard to total abstinence. I have never tasted drink. And, what possibly is not an easy matter, I have never offered it to others. The greatest difficulty we have in the social intercourse of life—to entertain publicly, as a public man, without drinking. So strong are social habits that you have raised against you all the weapons that satire and evil communication can possibly find. You are called 'mean' and 'niggardly,' and a hundred other things. I think my lord, that the change must come from the women. They must act as a lever in this matter, though I do not know very well how they are to do it. It was one of my duties, as the Mayor of Belfast, to entertain the representative of royalty, and it was a difficulty with me how I could do it without drink. Unfortunately, the Lord Lieutenant dropped upon me just the week after I was appointed. That difficulty was greater, I think, that I might have been able to withstand; but I had then my wife with me, and she said, 'Well, you had better resign your office.' We carried it through at best we could. I trust that the recollection of that may still brighten her life in the other world. But it is the difficulty of social life that you must seek to unravel. You cannot do it by legislation. I am bound to say that when I waited upon the Lord Lieutenant and told him about my difficulty, he said, 'My dear fellow, I would only spit upon you if you sacrificed your principles.' Lord Londonderry was too much of a gentleman to seek that I should in any way lower myself, and I felt, as an old Sabbath-school teacher, working amongst the young, and addressing meetings all my life, that if I had then put drink on the table I would have sacrificed all that I had ever done. My Lord Bishop, it is not an easy thing to act thus. I have passed through a recent election, and my bitterest enemies were those who sold drink. It has been said in Ireland that the readiest way to a man's intelligence is through his stomach. It is wonderful how kindly we are disposed after we get our dinner. It has unquestionably an immense influence; and there is a large class in our country of whom it may be said that the readiest way to their intelligence is through a glass of beer or spirits. You have that to fight against. During my recent contest, and during a contest ten years ago, I never had at the election committee meetings one drop of strong drink. If we cannot carry an election without it, then, in God's name let us surrender."

Temperance News and Notes.

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At a temperance celebration in a certain city, a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag on which was inscribed the following: "All's right when daddy's sober," a sentence which has been aptly described as "a volume in a line."

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