

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods! Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss! Such love of the birds in the solitudes Where the swift wings glance, and the treetops toss; Spaces of silence swept with song, Which nobody hears but the God above; Spaces where myriad creatures throng, Sunning themselves in His guarding love. Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods, Far from the city's dust and din, Where passion nor hate of man intrudes, Nor fashion nor folly has entered in. Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone, Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink; And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn To look at herself o'er the grassy brink. —Margaret E. Sangster.



It was at Colonel Trevelyan's smoker in Picadilly that O'Brien of the Royal Irish told his story about the horse he rode at Omdurman and how the beast insisted on galloping rough-shod over every heathen corpse on the plain. Crafon, who had been there, too, said such a horse was a treasure and that two of his subaltern surgeons had been knifed by the heathens at the very moment when the Christian sawbones were ready to minister to the wounded. Most of the yarns were dreary enough, for they related to the passage of the Tugela, the siege of Ladysmith and a lot of recent passages in British military history that make poor entertainment for an officer of his majesty's army. The talk was getting a bit scandalous. Dunlevy was railing at the war office and Trevelyan himself had let fall a few hot ones at the Sidar, when Blakely of the Rifles—they call him "Munster" Blakely in the army—started off on a tangent about cross-country hunting that gave the smokers a chance to forget their grievances. You can't express Blakely's way of telling a story in print because he's as full of gestures as a Frenchman and has a way of talking "horse" that nobody can remember quite as he gives it. For a roystering chap, he can get as serious as any man, and, with a laugh in between his frowns, can carry a grave tale with conviction. Anyway here's the story he told at Trevelyan's: O'Brien's Omdurman horse reminds me of the queerest thing that ever happened me, and that's saying a deal, for 'tis every one here knows I've been in many. 'Twas just before Bobs, God bless him, went down to the

sixty miles—was sitting in a window plaiting a lash and talking to his dogs. The house was full of dogs and men and not the sign of a petticoat about the place. I found me unclo at the breakfast table, red at the face, all in his corduroys and swearing away as natural as life. "Have ye a mount for me, Phelim?" says I, grabbing his hand and grinning. "I have an' I haven't," says he, looking at me kind of mysterious. "Are you bent on folleying the hounds this mawrning?" "I am," says I, suspicious like, and thinking he would put me up on a cart horse. But 'twas too late for choosing. He called old Frinzie and, says he: "Frinzie, saddle O'Shanter for Captain Blakely, and lead him 'round behind the dairy till the captain is ready." "And then he told me, 'O'Shanter may suit ye, and then he may not, but, anyhow, he's the speed of a ghost an' the spirit of fortyimps. Kape him away from the dogs, and if ye value ye's life kape him out of the timber. And whatever ye do, Munster, don't try t' lead ye'r field. If ye do mind what I tell ye—they'll be a empty commission in the Rifles." "Well, with that he left me and I got into th' buckskins and went out behind th' dairy, where, sure enough, Frinzie was walking up and down before the finest bit of thoroughbred horse-flesh I ever saw in Ireland or out of it. I didn't like the way he was bitted—curb and snaffle like a lacy's saddle-cob—and I didn't like the saddle, a deep seat with a horn like a new moon, fit only for a curate going to mission, but Frinzie swore that horse and trappings was the last in



"I WONDERED IF I COULD LIFT HIM."

Transvaal and the Rifles were on six week's waiting orders at Queenstown, that I got five days' leave and went down to Kildare for a farewell chance with the hard-riding gang that rides with Phelim Ormonde once a year. He's my uncle, you know, though he isn't any older and hasn't a haporth o' sense more. But he's a demon for hunting and keeps as many dogs as would send many a man to the poorhouse. "Well, down I goes to Ormonde house without so much as 'by your leave.' I didn't mistrust his welcome, mind ye, for 'twas I knew he was the game sportsman and a rare Irish gentleman in everything but his dislike for me. Well, sirs, niver such a howling hallooing, swearing, snarling mob of dogs and hunters ever was seen as that I saw when I got down at his front stoop. The lawn was alive with the knowingest hunters in Kildare. Old Jimmy Fair, the Calway whipper, with a pack of fifty keen imps—his come

the stable, and so there was nothing for me but to throw a leg over O'Shanter and try his mettle. "By the Rock o' Cashel, Trevelyan, 'twas like riding Aelius. He hardly touched the ground. He'd the mouth of a vestal and the manners of a lady in waiting. In two minutes I was telling him what to do, and he did it like a soldier of twenty battles. I stood him before the five-barred gate leading into the meadow, and he took it like a cat over the rung of a chair. I didn't see how big he was till I was up, for he was fine drawn, and his sixteen hands of symmetry, bone and muscle fit together like a ballet girl in silk tights. The Lord forgive me, but I swore right then that I'd win the brush or kill O'Shanter trying. The company was going when I cleared the gate, the dogs well up and all heading for Ramsey's downs, but I noticed the leer on Frinzie's face as I cantered across the lawn, and when I got to the gate his wife, who had

run down to see the start, looked up at me like a ghost and cries. "Wirra, wirra! May the Lord preserve ye, Master Blakely!"

"To make a long story short, I kept out of the melee till they found the fox, and the hounds went away in full cry toward Ballynaff with forty of the hardest riding chaps in all Ireland streaming after them. At first I was for trailing me field, for I couldn't forget Phelim's warning, but when O'Shanter struck his gait and laid away like a flash of rifle artillery me blood got up and I gave him his head. He went through the ruck as if they were standing still, but I could hear some of them shout, 'Hold him back!' and 'He'll kill ye!' as we challenged the leaders floundering across a fallow field. Here Ormonde, on the best hunter in Kildare, was leading, his horse pastern-deep in the leam, but riding easy like the cocksure winner. "His face got green as we swept by him, O'Shanter skimming the land like a swallow, 'Look out for the timber, Munster!' he shouted, and then I noticed that the dogs had vanished across the crest of the hill and were mousing away into the dark thicket before us. My horse was for following them in, but I fought him across the slope till my arms were sore, and I wondered if I could lift him at the stone walls that stopped the road to our right. He was furious, but needed no lifting, for he took both walls in his strides and was out on the moor in time to see the hounds racing south and away from the timber. "It was then a queer thing happened. I felt as if two arms were thrown around my waist and heard in my ears a woman's voice, sweet and low, say, 'Ah, O'Shanter! Ah, O'Shanter!' He pricked up his ears and trembled as if he heard the voice too, and I turned in my saddle, half afraid that some woman was riding behind me. As I turned he bolted again for the timber, but I fought him back into the open ground and gave him his first touch of the steel. Then he flew as no horse ever flew. The voice came again, but O'Shanter raced till the foremost horn died and I could feel the hot, back-blow breaths of the mouth-ing pack. "I turned to check him now, for he was dashing full tilt into the pack. The trailers fell away in terror. He went through the Calway hounds like a ghost and they quit like curs and scattered. Every dog we passed quit baying and howled as if he'd seen a banshee, and then the leaders, in full view of the racing fox, turned tail and slunk away silent or mourning in dismal, evil yelps, as if their blood had frozen with some sudden terror. I had not time to wonder at them then; the voice of the woman was in my ears; O'Shanter, his eyes on the fox, his ears a-slant, his muscles quivering and alert with the ecstasy of battle, was bearing full upon the quarry. At the top of the hill he was abreast of the game. My gorge rose as I saw his head dart down and heard his teeth click as he snapped them at the fox. As we flashed down the hill his speed increased, and in a hard peat bed at the bottom the fox, no longer hearing the dogs, tired and yet defiant, came to bay. O'Shanter leaped upon him with his steel-shod feet, and before I could dismount was shaking him aloft between his bared teeth. It was five minutes before I had the courage to take the brush. The laughter of a woman and the 'Aha, O'Shanter!' fretted me like an echo in the night, though it was early daylight. But at last Phelim and a few of his rivals came over the hill scowling, sullen and silent. Nobody spoke to me all the way home, and half of the company quit Ormonde House that night. "I told my uncle I'd leave at daylight, but I insisted on knowing more of the horse. 'I bought him from Lady Farleigh of Farleigh, or rather I bought him from her estate,' said Phelim. 'She was the best horse-woman in Kildare, but O'Shanter killed her in Ramsey's thicket last Whitsuntide. There isn't a dare-devil in the county would ride him now.' —John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

"That is classic and expressive. It rhymes well and measures well and I considered the champion spring poem. But I will venture to make a few remarks about flowers, for as Solomon saith, 'The winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time for the singing of birds is come and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in the land.' It is an old story that when God made man and gave him hearing and seeing and taste and smelling. He created birds to sing for him and please his ears and grass to grow and herbs and trees to bear him fruit, but Adam wasn't very happy and said these are all very good, but they cannot love me nor talk to me, nor comfort me when I am sick and sad. I am here alone and not even your angels visit me. And so God took pity on him and created woman and then he was happy. But woman didn't care to be digging and hoeing and planting and looking after the sheep and the cows and so the Lord created flowers especially for her enjoyment. He also taught her to sing and make music on the harp and hence came the old tradition that woman and music and flowers were God's best gifts to man. You see that neither flowers nor music is mentioned in the Mosaic account of the creation and tradition says that they were not made until woman was. It is singular that in some of the ancient languages the same word that means woman means flowers too. Among the ancient Greeks, Roman's, Persians and Egyptians there was great reverence for and even idolatry of flowers. The lotus or sacred lily was worshipped as a god in Egypt. In Japan the chrysanthemum is equally sacred and nearly all of their female children are named for some flower. In all countries every temple service, every festival or banquet or sacred day—every birth or marriage or death or funeral ceremony calls for a profusion of flowers. When soldiers went out to fight and when they returned they were crowned with wreaths and garlands; strangers were given flowers when they came to see you. Every flower had its meaning and its sentiment, as for instance a red rose meant "I love you," a white rose "I will marry you." The Chinese make the most lavish use of flowers and have a Chinese alphabet of flowers. No modern nation has such love and taste for them nor such beautiful gardens and Japan comes next. China is called the Flowery Kingdom.

Most all of the civilized nations have a national flower. Egypt, Turkey and India have the lotus. Japan the chrysanthemum, Spain the pomegranate, France the iris or fleur de lis of Louis VII. Napoleon I tried to abolish it and put the honey bee instead, but the people rebelled and it is still the iris. Scotland has the thistle, Ireland the shamrock, Wales the leek, Mexico the cactus, Germany the corn flower, England the rose, and the United States none at all. In 1889 we tried to make it the golden rod, but failed. The north voted for the trailing arbutus and the rose and some green house flowers, and there was no flower elected. That trailing arbutus don't trail in this part of the country. Well, of course, the rose is by universal suffrage the queen of all the flowers. About six hundred years ago the duke of Lancaster chose a red rose for his emblem. His brother, the duke of York, chose a white rose. The descendants of these two princes got to fighting for the crown and it was called the war of the roses. But after while the son of one married the daughter of the other and stopped the war and the two roses were united into one and called the Tudor rose. In the eleventh century the Danes made war upon Scotland, and one dark night planned an attack upon a fortress that was the key to the whole country. They took off their shoes and breeches so as to swim across a moat that surrounded the fortress, thinking that the moat was deep and full of water. But the Scotch had nearly filled the moat with thistles, and it stuck the Danes so terribly that they yelled in agony and got out quickly and the Scotch took them unawares and killed nearly all of them before they could get to their

Troubles of the Billposter. New York is the billposter's paradise, there being practically no restriction of the business. Other cities, however, throw various obstacles in the pathway of the billposter. In the home sections of Chicago billboards may not be erected without the consent of the residents. San Francisco restricts the heights of the boards, and will have no disfigurement of telegraph poles. Buffalo and Cleveland have ordered the destruction of towering bill boards. Glasgow and Liverpool forbid advertisements in street cars. London is removing signs from piers and railway stations. Berlin allows posters within certain limits only. Paris will have no advertisements on trees, and placards are rigidly censored. Even Jersey City has been drawing the line at offensive theatrical advertisements. Baltimore has forbidden big signs on housetops.—Profitable Advertising.

ARP

Bill Writes About the Flowers of Spring.

ALSO THE BIRDS THAT SING.

National Flowers of Civilized People. Entertainment Set Arp to This Line of Thought.

It is not quite time to indulge in spring poetry. I tried it some years ago and strained my mind and shall not try it again. One poem is enough to make a man famous and I have never seen mine improved upon:

"The bull frog bellers in the ditches, He's shuffled off his winter britches, The hawk for infant chickens watcheth, And fore you know it one he cotcheth, The lizard is sunnin' himself on a rail, The lamb is shaking his new born tail, King cotton has unfurled his banner And scents the air with sweet guanner. The darkey is plowing his stubborn mule And jerks the line with "Gee, you fool."

Adown the creek and round the ponds Are gentlemen and vagabonds And all our little dirty sinners Are digging bait and catching minners

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breeches. The thistle saved national flower.

Away back in the centuries, when good St. Patrick went to Ireland as a missionary, he preached to them about the Trinity and how there were three persons in one God, and the people laughed at him and said it was impossible and they didn't believe it. So the saint picked up a shamrock stem with its three leaves growing out of it and exclaimed: "Why not? Why not? Is this little plant can make three from one, why can't God do it?" So he convinced and converted all that people, and they took the clover or shamrock plant for the national flower.

In the sixth century the Normans invaded Wales, and just before a great battle one dark, cloudy evening the Welsh went through a field where the leeks or wild onions were in bloom and every man plucked one and stuck it in his hat so as to distinguish their soldiers from the enemy, and by this means they whipped the fight and saved their country. After that they took the leek for their national flower.

When Napoleon Bonaparte overran Germany and the emperor and his family had to fly from Berlin and conceal themselves, he was awfully distressed and they liked to have perished. But his old mother made garlands of a little wild flower, known as the corn flower or kaiserblume, and put them on him and cheered him up, and when Bonaparte was vanquished the emperor adopted that little wild flower as the national emblem.

When Louis VII started out on the Crusades he chose the iris as his badge, and when he returned with his army it was adopted as the nation's flower. This is enough of national flowers. I wish we had one for our nation, and we will have one when this Federation of Women's Clubs takes hold of the matter, and I hope it will be the golden rod. It grows from Maine to Mexico and bends its graceful head in field and forest.

The reason I got to ruminating about flowers was because our good ladies gave an entertainment the other night which was quite original and peculiar. It was called the enchanted garden. There were twelve pretty flowers painted on a long curtain and in front of them was an old gardener teaching a pretty little girl her first lesson. He told her their origin and how they got their names and whenever he mentioned one of the flowers that was on the curtain and pointed to it, that flower disappeared as if by enchantment and in its place there appeared the face of a pretty girl or woman, who sang a song that fitted the flower—such songs as "Only a Pansy Blossom," "The Last Rose of Summer," "Pond Lillies," "A Bunch of Daisies," etc. At intervals between the songs, the old gardener told his pupils how Clyta fell in love with Apollo, the god of the sun, and she gazed upon him so continually that he got tired of it and turned her into a heliotrope, for this Greek word means turned by the sun. And how Apollo's cup-bearer was a very handsome boy and Apollo loved him so much that another boy killed him through envy and his dead body was changed into a hyacinth.

The Greek spelling is Nacinthus and Apollo stamped the Greek letter Y on every petal, and it is there yet. And how a very vain and handsome youth spent all of his time looking at himself in a fountain of clear water and one day he fell in and was drowned and Apollo changed his body into a narcissus. And how the carnation was always a pink or flesh color for the Greek word carnos means flesh, but now it is of all colors. And how dandelion means a lion's tooth from the shape of its leaves, and the tulip means a tuban and the geranium means a crane's bill from the shape of its seed pods, and the nasturtium means a nose twister, for when you smell it or taste the seed the pungent odor and taste make you draw up your face and curl up your nose. And the old man told about many others, and it seems that we not only got the names of the days and the months and the stars from ancient mythology, but we have even kept the names of their flowers.

If flowers were as scarce as diamonds and pearls they would bring a much higher price, for they are really more beautiful. A kind Providence made the best and most beautiful things the most abundant so that the poor might have them as well as the rich. It does not take money to buy sunshine nor shower nor the green grass nor the songs of birds nor the daisies and lilies that adorn the fields and meadows.

The great poets' books are full of beautiful thoughts about flowers. Shakespeare's lament over the death of Imogen is full of tears and flowers. Horace Smith in his ode to flowers says:

"Your voiceless lips, oh flowers! are living preachers, Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book."

Mrs. Herman says: "Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear; They were born to blush in her shining hair."

And Wordsworth says: "It is my faith that every flower that blooms enjoys the air it breathes and is conscious of its own beauty."

It was a tradition among the early Christians that when Mary, the mother of Jesus, fled with her child into Egypt beautiful roses and lilies sprang up and bloomed along her pathway as she journeyed through the plains of Sharon and Jericho. Woman and flowers are always found together, both in fact and in fancy. Some men like flowers, too, especially young men who are in love, but with many men dogfennel and gimpson weed are as sweet and pretty as roses and violets.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.