

**The Thought of You.**  
In green fields where the tollers reap—  
"Neath skies of storm or cloudless  
blue;  
In light or darkness of the deep.  
"Tis evermore the thought... of you!  
In earth grown barren, or made new—  
The thought of you—the thought of  
you!

On heights where Glory sits supreme  
And Fame is fair in all men's view,  
Or in the deed, or in the dream,  
"Tis evermore the thought of you.  
The faithfulness—the sweet—the true—  
The thought of you—the thought of  
you!

Ah, never any thought save this  
In all the dreams—the deeds to do!  
The crown to trample, and to kiss  
The cross in the sweet thought of  
you!  
In life, and when death's face I view,  
The thought of you—the thought of  
you!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE WHITE JAPONICA.

By O. P.

"Are there no white japonicas, Morris?"

"No Miss Helena. I never had my greenhouse so back'ard afore at this season of the year. There's white roses enough, and a Cape jessamine as is—"

"I don't care for the roses and jessamines," sharply retorted Miss Esmayne. "I want a white japonica to wear in my hair to-night."

Morris, the gardener, shook his head. "I don't know as there's one to be had in town, miss, for love or money."

"It's always just so," pouted the spoilt beauty, "when I set my heart on anything. If I can't have a white japonica I won't go."

And Helena Esmayne bounced out of the pretty little conservatory that opened from the second drawing-room, with a spiteful frown that broke off the heads of the two carnations and knocked down a pot of pink azaleas.

And then, considering over the details of her evening toilet, she bethought herself of a piece of yellow and priceless old point lace which she had the day before sent to be mended.

"I may as well go and get that," she said to herself. "Anything to pass away the time—and I do really need it for my dress to-night. Kate Buckingham hasn't got such a piece of lace in all her wardrobe! Of course, Lucy Lee will charge enormously—at those lace-menders do. I can't see where their consciences are. But I suppose I shall have to pay it. People seem to think that because papa is rich they can impose on him all they wish."

So Miss Esmayne got, grumbling, into her carriage and drove, grumbling, off to the poor, little, shabby-genteel house where Lucy Lee starred at her needle and tried to think she was not so badly off as her neighbors. Lucy was light and fragile, with yellow hair that glimmered like pale gold in the sunshine, and two hectic spots glowed on her cheeks. But Miss Esmayne took no note of these; neither did she heed the sepulchral cough which ever and anon shook the girl's frame.

"Well," said she, ungraciously, "I suppose you've finished that lace?"

"Yes, Miss Esmayne."

"How much do you expect for it?" asked the heiress, fumbling at the clasp of her portmanteau.

"A dollar."

"A dollar!" A dollar for just tacking together two little holes. Now, that's nonsense!" cried Miss Esmayne.

"I worked four hours at it, Miss Esmayne," pleaded Lucy Lee, in her soft, deprecating voice, and my eyes still ache with the strain on them. It's a very difficult stitch to match, and I think you will be pleased with the manner in which it is done."

"I shall be ruined between you all," whimpered Helena. "Madame Mercereau charging \$40 for making up the white satin over-skirt and train, and you expecting me to pay you a whole dollar— My goodness gracious," turning round with a sudden jerk, as her eye fell on something in the window which had hitherto escaped its vision, "where did you get such a beautiful white japonica?"

It stood there in the window, with its heart of snow, rising up from among dark green, polished leaves, the fairest, most royal flower that ever reared its oriflamme to God's sun— and Lucy's cheek flushed with conscious pride as she looked at it.

"I raised it from a slip," she said, "To-morrow is my little consumptive nephew's birthday. The flower is for him."

"I want just such a flower for my hair to-night," said Miss Helena Esmayne, greedily. "I'll give you 50 cents for it, Lucy."

The lace-mender's pale cheek flushed even redder than before.

"I could not sell it, indeed, Miss Esmayne," she answered.

"A dollar, then. Come, I'll say a dollar and a half for that one flower," persisted Helena. "I don't want to be mean about it."

"Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, "I have watched that bud for weeks, and every time I have looked at it little Benny was in my thoughts. Benny never saw a japonica in bloom. He's passionately fond of flowers, and if I should miss carrying that blossom to his bedside to-morrow it would be greater disappointment than either of us could bear!"

"That's all idle nonsense," angrily retorted Helena. "Poor folks should not set their hearts on such expensive luxuries. You'll let me have it—I don't mind saying a dollar and seventy-five cents, seeing you're so offish about it."

"Money could not buy it, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy, quietly. "Yes, I know that what you say is quite true—

we are poor—but we have our natural feelings and affections just the same as you rich people. You cannot have my white japonica."

"Very well, very well," said Miss Esmayne, tossing her head. "Just as you please, Lucy Lee, but it's the last lace-mending you'll ever get from me. Give me the lace, please. I can't stand here chattering all day."

And she flung a ragged one-dollar bill upon the table as her own servant might have flung a bone to a starving dog.

As Lucy Lee stood with her back to her employer, taking the finished work out of a drawer, a sudden sparkle came into the heiress' shallow gray eyes. Leaning forward, with a scarcely perceptible movement she suddenly snapped the regal flower from its stem and slipped it into her muff.

"Here is the lace, Miss Esmayne," said Lucy. "I took a great deal of pains with it and hope you will be suited."

Miss Esmayne muttered some scarcely audible reply and swept out of the room. And Lucy, all unconscious of her loss, sat down to a ragged piece of Mechlin lace which some milliner had bought at an auction sale for a mere nominal price and intended to sell for its weight in bank bills when it was mended, washed in weak coffee and scientifically laundered.

Lucy Esmayne drew the flower out from its hiding place and surveyed it with pride as she went down the stairs.

"I was determined to have it—and I've got it," said she to herself. "The airs and graces these poor people take upon themselves, to be sure! Oh, Dr. Edelin, is it you? Who would have thought of meeting you in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Miss Esmayne blushed, half with embarrassment, half with genuine pleasure, as the handsome young doctor with the Greek features and large, dark eyes confronted her on the narrow stairway.

"I need not ask what brings you here," he said. "Doubtless a mission of charity. But your carriage waits; I will not detain you. I will see you at Miss Buckingham's to-night."

So they exchanged adieux and parted.

Lucy Lee looked up with an apprehensive air as the doctor entered.

"Is it about little Benny, sir?" she cried. "Is he worse?"

"My poor child," the doctor answered, pityingly, "you know he could not get better. I would advise you to go to him at once."

"He is dying?" she gasped.

"Not quite, that lets us hope; but in any event, he cannot be long with you."

Lucy had risen and was tying on her bonnet with trembling fingers.

"Poor Benny," she murmured. "And to-morrow was his birthday."

Mechanically she turned to the japonica-bush in the window.

"Gone!" she cried, with a gasp. "My beautiful flower is gone—the flower raised and tended for Benny! Gone—and that woman has stolen it!"

"Was it a white japonica?" asked Dr. Edelin, unconsciously sympathizing with her agony of distress. "I met Miss Esmayne on the stairs just now carrying one. Did you not give it to her?"

"She wanted to buy it of me," faltered Lucy, "but I told her I was keeping it for the door, dying child. She was angry with me, and when my back was turned she must have meanly stolen it! Oh! how could she?—how could she? She had money enough to buy a roomful of flowers, if she wished—I had only this one."

"Lucy," said the doctor, gently, "never mind the flower. It has gone now. Remember Benny."

"True, sir," said the poor lace-mender, with tears in her eyes. "I must hasten to Benny. It is a long walk and he may be calling for me."

"My carriage is at the door," said Dr. Edelin. "I will take you there before I go on to my other patients. Don't sob and cry so pitifully, Lucy; it was a mean and cruel thing for that rich girl to do, but she will reap her reward in Heaven's good time. Do not fear."

"Is it Aunt Lucy? Has she brought the pretty white flowers she promised me?"

Lucy Lee's lips quivered as the dim eyes of the dying child turned toward her.

"No, Benny, I have not brought it, but—"

"It has not opened yet? Never mind, aunty; I am going where there are many, many flowers. Only I would have liked to see that one. I dreamed of it last night. Mother, kiss me, and you, too, Aunt Lucy, for I think I'm going to sleep."

And so he gave His beloved sleep."

Miss Esmayne wore the white japonica in her hair at Miss Buckingham's ball, but Dr. Edelin was not there to mark its effects. He was at the bedside of Lucy Lee, who had broken down at last.

"It's very strange," soliloquized Dr. Edelin to himself. "I didn't think I cared so much about the fragile little thing. But if Lucy Lee dies I shall have lost a sunbeam out of my life."

Lucy Lee did not die. She recovered and Dr. Edelin married her.

And Helena Esmayne is just as generally disgusted with the world as ever.

### Her Two Views.

An old Scotch woman was walking to church with her family. The Auld Kirk minister rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Sleecan a wey to be ridin', and this the Sabbath day. Awel, awel, a gude man is marfu' to his beast!" Shortly afterward her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the worthy old wife cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, puir man! His heart's in his wark, an' he's eager to be at it."

### HOMESICKNESS IN THE ARMY.

#### The Volunteer's Malady That It Is Hardest to Treat Successfully.

It is the weariness of heart which is to-day most feared by the surgeons of the American army in the Philippines; the hope failure for innumerable men of the army in Cuba after whose names eventually appear the entries: "Died, malarial fever."

Physicians use the technical name "nostalgia" in describing the disease, but rarely care to attribute a death to it because of its many still unknown phases and unstudied symptoms. The dictionary definition of this word is:

"Morbid longing to return to one's home or native country; homesickness especially in its severe forms, producing derangement of mental and physical functions."

Writers for medical journals say that the German army is more subject to nostalgia than any other in existence; that the German race possesses the strongest tendency to melancholia when long separated from familiar scenes.

That a man can die from homesickness seems incredible, perhaps. Yet a surgeon of the regular army whose experience in Cuba was a varied one told me that after the volunteers were once in Cuba and in action the gravest danger which confronted the men was the "funk" resulting from the irresistible longing for the sight of old home and the glimpse of faces near and dear. My friend of the Thirteenth Minnesota confirms this in the lines:

"The heat bothers some and the roads are not blooming fine, but we could not have a finer set of officers nor be treated better for men who came out here to fight and not to play marbles. What is troubling many of the boys (and we are not able to get at) is that they know spring has come in the home country, and every man of them wants to hear a bluebird whistle and hear the call of the meadow lark. The result of this is that the fellows get a tugging at their hearts that feels like a big lump, and they go down in a heap. They don't seem sick, but they just talk and think all the time of home, and a lapping wouldn't do them a bit of good."

One was determined to have it—and I've got it," said she to herself. "The airs and graces these poor people take upon themselves, to be sure! Oh, Dr. Edelin, is it you? Who would have thought of meeting you in such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

Miss Esmayne blushed, half with embarrassment, half with genuine pleasure, as the handsome young doctor with the Greek features and large, dark eyes confronted her on the narrow stairway.

"I need not ask what brings you here," he said. "Doubtless a mission of charity. But your carriage waits; I will not detain you. I will see you at Miss Buckingham's to-night."

So they exchanged adieux and parted.

Lucy Lee looked up with an apprehensive air as the doctor entered.

"Is it about little Benny, sir?" she cried. "Is he worse?"

"My poor child," the doctor answered, pityingly, "you know he could not get better. I would advise you to go to him at once."

"He is dying?" she gasped.

"Not quite, that lets us hope; but in any event, he cannot be long with you."

Lucy had risen and was tying on her bonnet with trembling fingers.

"Poor Benny," she murmured. "And to-morrow was his birthday."

Mechanically she turned to the japonica-bush in the window.

"Gone!" she cried, with a gasp. "My beautiful flower is gone—the flower raised and tended for Benny! Gone—and that woman has stolen it!"

"Was it a white japonica?" asked Dr. Edelin, unconsciously sympathizing with her agony of distress. "I met Miss Esmayne on the stairs just now carrying one. Did you not give it to her?"

"She wanted to buy it of me," faltered Lucy, "but I told her I was keeping it for the door, dying child. She was angry with me, and when my back was turned she must have meanly stolen it! Oh! how could she?—how could she? She had money enough to buy a roomful of flowers, if she wished—I had only this one."

"Lucy," said the doctor, gently, "never mind the flower. It has gone now. Remember Benny."

"True, sir," said the poor lace-mender, with tears in her eyes. "I must hasten to Benny. It is a long walk and he may be calling for me."

"My carriage is at the door," said Dr. Edelin. "I will take you there before I go on to my other patients. Don't sob and cry so pitifully, Lucy; it was a mean and cruel thing for that rich girl to do, but she will reap her reward in Heaven's good time. Do not fear."

"Is it Aunt Lucy? Has she brought the pretty white flowers she promised me?"

Lucy Lee's lips quivered as the dim eyes of the dying child turned toward her.

"No, Benny, I have not brought it, but—"

"It has not opened yet? Never mind, aunty; I am going where there are many, many flowers. Only I would have liked to see that one. I dreamed of it last night. Mother, kiss me, and you, too, Aunt Lucy, for I think I'm going to sleep."

And so he gave His beloved sleep."

Miss Esmayne wore the white japonica in her hair at Miss Buckingham's ball, but Dr. Edelin was not there to mark its effects. He was at the bedside of Lucy Lee, who had broken down at last.

"It's very strange," soliloquized Dr. Edelin to himself. "I didn't think I cared so much about the fragile little thing. But if Lucy Lee dies I shall have lost a sunbeam out of my life."

Lucy Lee did not die. She recovered and Dr. Edelin married her.

And Helena Esmayne is just as generally disgusted with the world as ever.

### Weight of the Big Gun Projectiles.

Although the people of the world are better informed upon the offensive and defensive qualities of the armies and navies than they were before the war between the United States and Spain, it is very probable that many do not remember all that the newspapers have told them about the errands of death. The projectile for the 13-inch gun, the largest gun mounted on the warships of the United States Navy, is 3½ feet long and weighs 1,100 pounds. The projectile travels 30 feet before it leaves the muzzle of the gun, and in that distance is set revolving at the speed of 75 revolutions per second. The rifling inside of the gun consists of fifty-two spiral grooves, cut one-twentieth of an inch deep at the bore.

### Run Away to Fight.

John E. Ingoldsby, of the Utah battery, in the Philippines, in a letter to his mother thus describes his escape from the hospital in order to go to the front and fight:

"When I sneaked out of the hospital, I wasn't missed for a long time, in fact, until just the other day, and when they did find it out they raised

the Dickens with me. They fined me \$12, because they lost that much by my not drawing my rations, and the captain said he was sorry to say that I would get no credit on my discharge for fighting battles when I was supposed to be in the hospital. He said he'd try to fix it up so I would get the credit, but it was doubtful if he could. He said that if I had a leg shot off I could never have a pension. He is a good man, but the doctor—

"Over the Range" to Death.

#### Origin of One of the Commonest Expressions in the Great West.

"Over the Range" has become an accepted synonym for death throughout the West. In fact, it is now familiarly understood as meaning death in almost every part of the United States, but there are few indeed who know the sad origin of the expression. The few surviving early pioneers of Colorado—the