MISS ANNA'S ROSE VINE.

A Southern Romance Which Had Its Beginning Many Years Ago and in Which a Grizzled Confederate Veteran and His Little Neighbor Bore Conspicuous Parts.

LAVINIA H. EGAN IN PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

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begin

"The roses and things would have

'And so they have," he went on

briskly by and by when she did not an-

swer. "Look at that lavender now and

the lilacs and the pinks and those

roses. Did you ever see anything so

wild. A fellow hardly knows where to

Miss Anna waited a little longer, then

she went back to her vegetables. The

captain stood a long time looking over

"God!" he said, "if it isn't almost

enough to make a fellow desert. No.

no; let her be free till I have something

more than this to offer her." And he,

Almost the one thing that the captain

had known something about in the old

days was law. He did not know very

much about it, it is true, but he got out

his dusty books and carried them out

on the front perch behind the vines to

read, holding them pretty far off from

his blue eyes that should not have been

old for many years yet. By and by he

went to town and stood his examina-

"Better stay home, Josh," said the

old judge who examined him, and who

had been a friend of his father's

"There's nothing for you to do down

there, and I need young eyes and a

And the captain's heart had given

great leap, then, he remembered. It

was not easy for blind people to accus-

tom themselves to a strange place, and

his mother could find her way about

the little house as well as if she could

see, almost. No, it would not do. so the captain came home and brought a

little painted lawyer's shingle, which

he swung on from the front gallery post, among the rose vines. It swung

there year after year, growing dingy

and creaky, now and then attracting

the notice of someone who wanted :

deed drawn or a will written. But that

was not often. There were pitifully few deeds to be drawn or wills to be

made in those days. It was along

about this time that the captain began

to "work the plantation," as he called

it. He got some of the old acgrees to

go back and work it for him for "s

fourth." and Jim Benton agreed to

Benton and the captain had been

choolmates and were about the same

ige, but he had gone into service in

the commissary department the same

year the captain had begun soldiering,

So Jim came back fat and comfortuale

and the village gosslps sald be would

worthies further said that Jim was the

best "catch" in the country and that

Miss Anna would be a fool to throw

him over because of the boy and girl

affair between herself and the captain

the matter nobody knew, and least

of all Jim himself. He asked her one

day, however, and, when he left the

house, the captain, who was sitting or

his own little gallery with his chair

tilted back under his rusty creaking

lawyer's sign, saw Jim jump into his

ously away that he ran quite over the

only stump left standing in the square

The little wicket gate opened a few

through and took a seat on the broad

steps. She was flushed and excited

and was tearing to pieces a sprig of

lavender which she had plucked in

passing. The captain went down the

By and by he reached out and took

"He said he wanted me to marry

her eyes fell before the captain's gaze. The captain's eyes hardened. Turn-

ing them away he looked fixedly at his

rusty sign for a moment and then said

"Jim is a prosperous fellow, I dare

say he would make you a good hus-

do," he was gong to say, but he set his

Miss Anna did not answer, and by

and by she went away with a hard,

tired look in her eyes. Women have

grown tired and hard for less cause

It was not long after this that che

decided there should be a fence as well

as well as a hedge between her lot and

the captain's. She was going to culti-

vate more flowers, she said, and the

chickens scratching through the hedge

was a nuisance. The captain helped

the man Miss Anna hired to put up the

fence, and spent a great deal of time

It hurt him somehow to see her teat

eaning and planting her new garden.

ing up the trim beds and the prim

walks and uprooting the old flowers.

"That's all an idea," she said, dig-

ging fiercely. "What is the use of

clinging to old customs when the times

have changed? I want new things,

things that look thriving and prosper-

ous. There is no use in keeping in the

That was the first time the captain

ver heard the little note of sharpness

in her voice. It hurt him, too, and he

sighed, and went back to his own gal-

"Has Anna a visitor?" asked his

mother, turning her blind eyes toward

The unseeing are quick to detect

Anna's rose vine now, for it was about

The captain had watched her set it

him when he went up the steps.

same miserable old rut forever.

teeth hard, and he didn't.

than Miss Anna had had.

and he told her so.

changes.

her own porch.

the bit of lavender from her nervous

steps and gat beside her.

looking down at her.

quite calmly:

fingers.

moments later and Miss Anna came

brand new buggy and drive so furi-

What Miss Anna herself felt about

rusty, you know, my boy."

tion and got his license to practice.

too, went to pulling grass.

grown lots," the captain finished.

HAD not meant to be a vine at | captain cleared his throat and shifted all. Everybody who knew anything about roses could tell that by its heavy woody stalk and its straggling limbs. That is everyoody except just Miss Anna her-Yet instead of trailing, as

all well-conducted vines should, it fairly sprawled against Miss Anna's front trellis, throwing out long succulent green shoots that nodded and bent and twisted among the slats, but would not cling. A climbing Devoniensis Miss Anna called it, and could always produce the little wooden florists' tag with the name written on it to prove the truth of her assertion.

In the sense that climbing means ascending, the rose was most assuredly and undisputably a climber. were not more than six inches of feeble stalk showing above ground when Miss Anna first got it from the green house, but by the next fall the rose had sent out long shoots that reached half way up the trellis.

'It is a pervert," the captain had said, even at that time. And a very serious time it was for the captain, as

Now you must know, Miss Anna's garden and the captain's adjoined. They had always done so, once more intimately even than they did now, for then only a trim privet hedge had separated them. Splitting the hedge midway, a wicket gate had swung, opening either way upon neat little gravel walks that led to both houses. In those days both the captain's mother and father and Miss Anna's mother and father had been alive, and sage and lavender and thyme and sweet marjoram had hampered the gravel walks, and honeysuckle and virgin's hower and Ranksia and Grenelle roses had trailed on both porches. In those days, too, Miss Anna's gray hair had been brown and the captain's bronzed and beared face had been smooth and

The very end of those day had come, perhaps, that night when the captain stood on his side of the gate in the moon light and told Miss Anna good-bye. He had looked very tall and straight in his gray uniform with brass buttons, and his plain, honest face shone almost handsome in the moon-

"Well, good-bye, Anna," he had said quite simply.

"Good-bye, Josh," she said, a little tremulously. Then she walted with her heart beating very fast.

"If I ever come back-" he began, Then he stopped and cleared his threat and shifted his weight to his other foot. Again Miss Anna walted, and perhaps her heart beat faster,
"If I ever come back," he went on

slowly, "I recken these flowers will have grown lots." Again Miss Anna walted and her

heart almost ceased to beat this time, but by and by she said quite calmly. "I reckon so, Josh."

'Look after mother, won't you, Anna?" he asked.

"All right."

good-bye. Anna."

"Good-bye, Josh," and he was gone. Afterwards on the long march this parting came back to him, and he would have given worlds just then : turn back and have it over again. But when he lay almost dying in the trenches, when the battle raged about his head as his comrades fell before the fee like grain before the storm, ne thanked God that things were as they were. Better by far his own sorrow than to have brought suffering upon her. He had left her free, with all the world before her where to choose.

But this was long ago. It was not until after he came back that they called him captain. Not because he was one, but because he wasn't. There were so pitifully few who came back anyway, that perhaps it did not matter just to give an extra title now and

Cartain or no captain, he was but a poor pitiful shadow of his former self when he came back. Gray had already begun to show in his sandy hair and beard, his cheeks were thin and sallow, there were no shoes on his feet and no coat upon his stooped shoulders. But Miss Anna had known him. She had seen him afar off as he came limping band," "Better than I can ever hope to down the narrow village street and stood behind the hedge and waited. It was she, too, who went through the little wicket gate and helped him up his own steps, and told his old blind She was the only one left. The captain's father and Miss Anna's father and Miss Anna's father and mother

It was a dreary time before the captain was well and strong again. In fact, the year was well underway and planting time was over. Of course there were no hands at the plantation, so the crop would have to go by for that year, if not indeed forever, for what did the captain know about farming to be sure?

In the meantime, on Miss Anna's side of the hedge radishes were up, lettuce was ready to transplant and peas were in need of sticking. She was out in the sweet of the morning pulling the first sprigs of grass from among them when she heard a mighty snipping of shears, and looked up to see the captain trimming some stray shoots from the pri-He was standing very near to the gate, and she went up and leaned upon it to ask how he felt. Her face was flushed with stooping and moist with the warmth. One little brown curl had broken from her coil and fell down across her forehead. Her sun-bonnet hung loose by the strings framing her aweet face.

The captain stopped his clipping when she came up, and leaned on the other side of the gate to talk to her. Perhaps the captain was not as strong as he fancled, for by and by he forgot what he had meant to say to her and maid quite gently;
"Do you remember when we stood

here that night in the moonlight?" "Yes," she said calmly, but her eyes

"And I said if I came back-" the

captain began. Again Miss Anna waited. Again the was a vine; the stem was too stiff.

"I reckon it will run," she said curtly. lowers usually do what are expected

The captain was puzzled. By and by he said, gently: "Annie"-he sometimes called her so-"Annie, you are not well, are you?" "I? As well as can be," she said

quickly "Then you work too hard."

"Work never hurt anybody, and never will," she said quite emphatically. She had buried the rose, and now she gave it a very firm pressure with the toe of her small boot "I hope I have done nothing to offend

you," the captain went on." "Oh, nothing." It is a wonder Miss Anna did not tread the rose to death. "Well, you see," the captain began, I didn't know but that you'd misunderstood me about Jim Benton, Annie, you've seemed so different and-hard since. I didn't mean to say anything

about

"Thought you ought to? "Why?" This was not helping him out much and the captain needed help if he ever

thought maybe you thought I ought

it, ever again-but-but-I

needed it in his life. "I thought maybe you cared for r e-just a little bit, you know, Annie-and that you might think I ought not to have said what I did, that I ought -Miss Anna stooped down now to straighten the leaves which she had

not see her face. "Though I cared for you" she said quite slowly and deliberately. "I don't what could have made you think

disarranged with her foot, and he could

so, I am sure, Josh." And the captain wondered himself what had made him such a fool, and devoutly wished he had never been born. But he had been, and there he was and he must keep on being there and seeing Miss Anna every day of the world and loving her more and more each day, and knowing that she never had any never would care a snap for him.

Early in the spring, before there were any other roses on the place or in the whole village, Miss Anna's new vine threw up three long green shoots that were fairly studded with pinky-white buds.

"It's too early, Anna," the captain young head in my office. I'm getting said. "The frost will catch them." And sure enough it did, but there were plenty of others that came later, and Miss Anna bent and twisted the stiff stalks into shape, trying to make

them cling to the trellis. But somehow the captain was not ulte pleased with the rose even when the pin buds burst, and gradually faded into big creamy-white blossoms. It didn't seem natural, he said. It seemed to him that Miss Anna was training it, and forcing it out of its true nature Miss Anna said that for her part she thought flowers needed training just as much as folks did. If their first intentions were wrong it was well enough to train them right. Folks could train themselves, if they would, but flowers had to be coaxed.

But the captain was not satisfied He did not like going against nature, and it seemed to him that Miss Anna was using the same process with her-self as she exercised over the rose. The whole thing hurt him.

"It is a pervert, Annie," he said one morning, seeing her fill her big baske from the long shoots that sprawle I quite up to the house top now, "and " don't like perverts, either flowers of They ought to be what God meant them to be."

with the rank of colonel, and set up business for himself in the village at There was a suspicion of a twinkle in the captain's blue eyes. He had come his father's old stand. He was a to understand things better. Miss Anshrewder man than his father, though, na, flashing a quick glance at him, aught the twinkle on the rebound, as a rich man so.u . day. These same t were, and answered quite sharply: "Pervert or no pervert, I am satis-

> "Do you think you will be always?" he asked. The twinkle had left his eyes, and instead there was an eager, longing look in their faded depths. Are you never going to-to-cut that ose back and let it be a bush?"

"Never," she said, and the captain was left standing with his shirt-sleeved arms folded atop of the fence where the little gate used to swing.

But the captain did not give up. Having once understood there was no backing out, so the question grew to e a habit with him, growing from month by month to week by week and

"Aren't you ready to trim that rox ine, yet, Annie?" came to be his orning greeting to her. But "No" ontinued to be her response. Otherwise things were changed and changing around them. The captain : plantation had gone along with many others in the community to satisfy Jim Benton's "What did Jim want?" he asked, tain's garden roses and honeysuckle nimble dime had been appropriately ran riot, and grass tangled amid the thyme and lavender. The captain's nim," Miss Anna answered slowly, and knee was growing so stiff from the Yankee bullet that he brought home in it that he could scarce'y atoop even to weed his garden. On Miss Anna's ide of the fence things prospered. Her cheme for enlarging and improving her garden had been a good one. The train which by and by came to pass the sleepy little village carried into town daily hamner after hamper of flowers from Miss Anna's yard. They brought a good price, too, and the busihess was steady. From March to Christmas there was never a day that the flowers failed her. The climbing Devoniensis, as the would call it, was nuch sought after, her dealer wrote

her, and always brought a fancy price. It chanced that the rose was in full loom in March, when the captain's old mother died, and Miss Anna fairty overed the coffin with the creamywhite blossoms. After that the rese semed sweeter, dearer to the captain. Very sweet indeed it seemed to him that summer day a few months later. when he bade good-bye for a little while to the little village. The poor left knee, stiff these many years with its Yankee bullet, had grown more and more painful, and the captum was going to town to see what could be done There followed long days of painful waiting in the old hospital, but the captain's heart was not east down. He knew where had grown the roses that came to him every morning on the little puffing, smoking village train. It was November before the doctors thought the captain might go home, and then the villagers heard for the first time that when he came he would

leave his left leg behind him. Miss Anna was in the garden whee thought I heard a strange voice in the time, and the shears were in her hand. but when her neighbor had passed, leaving her budget of news behind her, Miss Anna sat for a long time on the We are getting very close to Miss steps, her manis idle and her eyes this time that she planted it. She had thoughtful, and with a tender look in seen a climbing Devoniensis at Jim them than they had worn for many a Benton's when she went to call on his Year. A long, flower-studded spray bride, and wanted one just like it for from the Devomensis brushed check now and then. Was it that that brought the tears from her eyes, the out, and told her he did not think it | tears that had not flown in so long

The Secret Girl's

Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, formerly Governor of South Dakota, but now a resident of Salem, Ore., says: "For over two years my daughter had been declining from a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked girl to a pale, weak and helpless invalid. She was afflicted with terrible headaches, and gradually grew weaker, and more languid, apparently without cause. I tried several doctors, but all without avail. Finally, to please a friend, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to our surprise, before it was used up her headaches ceased, the color began to return to her cheeks and lips and her strength began to assert itself. I bought five boxes

> tired and sickly one." -From the Oregon Independent, Salem, Ore.

more, and by the time she had

finished them she was completely

restored, and to-day she is a robust

rosy, healthy girl instead of a pale,

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The tears were not quite dry when ears that were deaf to persuasion, the she got up, but her hands were very steady and the shears were busier than perhaps there was any need for. The next day the captain came home. The rattle of the carriage that brought him from the station and by and by the thumping of his crutch on the pavement made quite a stir in the quiet street, but when the driver helped him out and carried his vallee into the house for him the captain looked in dignity maintained, vain, hoping to catch a glimpse of Miss Anna beyond the fence among the flowers. What he did see, though, sent the blood stirring through his veins, and made him feel young, despite his departed youth, his gray hairs and the lost leg, for Miss Anna's rose vine had been cut and pruned of all Ha climbing branches till now it stood stiff and straight and solld, bare and desolate, it is true, but a bush neverthe-

The captain limped up to the little break in the hedge where the gate had been, and stood leaning on his crutches looking over. "Anna," he said very gently, and

then Miss Anna came out from behind the lilac bush and held out her hand "I didn't know you were there. Anna," he said. "I only wanted to see If

you had-if you had-" "If I had changed my mind, do you mean, Josh?" she finished sweetly. "I and faster if permitted to sing. As a think I have—about the rose vine, you matter of fact, singing among them is know."

But the spring of youth was in the captain's heart, and he caught Miss Anna's hand again and drew it up to

that the rose had to take things in its own hands for awhite, and when March shoots ran quite up to the top of the captain says Miss Anna obtained nossession of him under false pretenses. However, the rose vine flourishes. Evidently the captain does, too, for court now the people cail him judge.

WAS A DRAWN BATTLE.

Some Other Shopper Will Get the Bargain, However.

rom the Figliadelpt in Times. The massive doors of the big bon hinges at 8 cclock the other morning when the perspiring crowd of work shoppers, early birds, in pursuit of the bargain worm, crashed into the avenue leading to the counter where and seductively advertised. storming of Schastapol wasn't a patch on the enthusiasm with which this besieging brigade of determined we men made their assault upon the devoted heads of the salespeople keeping watch and ward over the fabrica piled high upon the bargain counter in alluring invitation

At the very forefront of the invading host that swarmed so floreely toward the coveted goal were two fair mutrons before whose energetic rushes their weaker sisters had been fain to Confronting each other with the light of set purpose glancing In their bright eyes the twain laid hands upon the leveliest of bargain suits, and in a trice the others in the throng were treated to an altereation that began this wise: "It's mine."

""Paint" came the arswer very hotly. "I had this first and from deliberately snatched the skirt from me."
"Why, I did not. The saleslady told me this was mine, and she had no sconer turned away than you took

the waist." Hard as it may be to believe it, the fact remains fixed that these two daughters of Eve. notwithstanding the remonstrances of their sisters and the pacific efforts of clerks and floorwalkers, kept up a sharp fusilinds that only ended when the two Amazons calmly took seats in adjoining chairs before the bargain counter, and while the business of the great mercantile establishment pursued wonted course they glared at each other with a portion of the coveted suit in her tightly elenched hand.

Hours waxed and waned, and with the approach of the nountide the pangs of hunger lent their subtle influence to the persuasions of the salespeople that one or the other should yield, "No surrender" was depicted upon the lineaments of the contending matcons And what they said they meant, When the sun becan to east slanting eaver through the windows of the store the would-be nurchasers of the biggest bargain of the bunch steadfastly maintained the positions assumed in

the early hours of the fray. Then when the shades of evening began to fall upon the scene of this unique conflict of woman's will and woman's won't, and the salespeople found their arguments still falling on Bros. and H. C. Sanderson, druggists.

head floorwalker effectually intervened by ordering both contestants to sur-render their spoil of the bargain counter, declaring that the firm could not afford to keep the store open all night pending the settlement of this remarkable and irreconcilable dispute. It was a drawn battle, but each of

the women wended her way bome in the consciousness of victory won and

The bargain is still there.

MUSIC WARDS OFF FATIGUE.

A Philadelphia contractor, who has recutly returned from the Soudan, tells of interesting fact connected with the ary railroad in that region. With every tang of forty or lifty men are assigned we harpers and a flute player. Music is urnished almost continuously, ng as the musicians play the workmen nearly all negroes—do not seem to feel the fatigue, and their movements are co rmed as nearly as possible to the time the music. As a general thing the of the music. clayers get tired before the workmen o. To a white man the melody pro-uced by these cheerers of labor would obt be inspiring, for it is peculiarly plain-tive. The Africans, however, flud the isic a great inspiration, and work with cheerfulness and dispatch. The Phila-delphian declares that the idea is one well worth considering, for it is well known that colored laborers and stovedores along the river front will work harder

SPARROWS WHIPPED A CAT.

That setiled the matter, and after rows worsted a cat, was witned lower and of Hudson street, Hoboken, to day. The sparrows had built a nest is a tree, and one of the young sparrows swung around again the long, fresh with which the next was afterward shoots ran quite up to the top of the equipped fell fluttering to the sidewalk trellis and the foliage and flowers were. The parent birds followed it, but an more glorious than ever. So that the alert cat was already after the your,

Nothing daunted by the size of their opoment, the parent birds made a rush for he cat. They fluttered about the cats lead and pocked at its eyes, and kept it o generally busy that it had no time to ook after its intended prey.

While this was going on a bevy of sparows flow down, and in some way sup-ported and uphore the young sparrow until they carried it to a fence, whence it to a short flight on its own accoun-succeeded in reaching the tree from which it fell.

By that time the cat had been put to ight, and the parent birds flew back t be tree, where they and the other spar marche had swung back on their rows twittered and chirped for half as hour, as if they were holding a jubile convention.—New York Mail and Express

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