

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.

IT HAD not meant to be a vine at all. Everybody who knew anything about roses could tell that by its heavy woody stalk and its straggling limbs, that in every body except just Miss Anna herself. Yet instead of trailing, as all well-conducted vines should, it fairly sprang against Miss Anna's front...

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

"Well, good-bye, Anna," he had said quite simply. "Good-bye, Josh," she said, a little tremulously. Then she waited with her heart beating very fast. "If I ever come back—" he began. Then he stopped and cleared his throat, and shifted his weight to his other foot.

Again Miss Anna waited, and perhaps her heart beat faster. "If I ever come back," he went on slowly. "I reckon these flowers will have grown lots."

captain cleared his throat and shifted his pose. "The roses and things would have grown lots," the captain finished. "And so they have," he went on briskly by and by when she did not answer. "Look at that lavender now and the lilacs and the sinks and those roses. Did you ever see anything so wild. A fellow hardly knows where to begin."

Miss Anna waited a little longer, then she went back to her vegetables. The captain stood a long time looking over at her. "God!" he said. "If it isn't almost enough to make a fellow desert. No, no, her feet are all I have something more than her feet to offer her." And he, too, went to pulling grass.

"What did Jim want?" he asked, looking down at her. "He said he wanted me to marry him," Miss Anna answered slowly, and her eyes fell before the captain's gaze. "The captain's eyes hardened. Turning them away he looked fixedly at his rusty sign for a moment and then said quite calmly: "Jim is a prosperous fellow. I dare say he would make you a good husband. "Better than I can ever hope to do," he was going to say, but he set his teeth hard, and he didn't.

It was not long after that she decided there should be a fence as well as a hedge between her lot and the captain's. She was going to cultivate 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 looking and planning her new garden.

"I reckon it will run," she said curtly. "Flowers usually do what are expected of them." The captain was puzzled. By and by he said, gently: "Annie!—the something called her 'Annie, you are not well, are you?" "I? As well as can be," she said quickly. "Then you work too hard."

He did not know what to say to her. "I didn't mean to say anything about it," she said, but she thought maybe you thought I ought to. "Thought you ought to? "Why?" "This was not helping him out much, and the captain needed help if he ever needed it in his life.

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The Secret of a Girl's Beauty. Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, former 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."

The tears were not quite dry when she got up, but her hands were 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 clumping of his crutch on the sidewalk made quite a stir in the quiet street, but when the driver helped him out and carried his valise into the house for him the captain looked in vain, hoping to catch a glimpse of Miss Anna beyond the gate...

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