

A CURFEW SONG

Peace, weary wind! Thou hast grown tired of roaming
Over the far moorland and the sighing sea,
Through the gray dusk the angel of the gloaming
Comes with its message and its peace for thee.

AN EPISODE OF '63.

Night had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga and the fight was over. It had been hot and fierce while it lasted, and the battered remnant of southern troops, though at last they had been forced to fight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned the numbers of their conquerors. Though the smallest of the episodes of a war whose issue settled the future of the American continent and affected the history of all mankind, the battle had brought the peace of death to many a valiant heart, its bitterness to many a woman and child, who, yet unaware, were praying, safe in distant cities, for the husbands and fathers whose lips would never meet theirs.

much for a man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying goodby to her." "You must look sharp then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few minutes." He took an old letter from his pocket, and with numb fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side. "My darling Rose," he began. Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed. "Jim Vickers!" said Roland. "Roland Pearse!" cried the other, and for a moment there was silence between them. "Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland slowly, "I swore to put a bullet into you on sight."

better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And besides you can't save him. He'd take months to heal up in hospital, with every care and attention." "Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland vaguely, but tenaciously. "The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick, gray cloud. "That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then—hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose that you're going to get leave of absence to nurse a Johnny Reb?" "I might take it," said Roland. "And be shot for desertion?" "That's as may be. The chances are I shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name and then see if I can't drop behind."

The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics, which are rarer but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower, which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals. For this reason, if for no other, it deserves encouragement, and would appropriately take the place of some of the ugly tulips and other imported flowers now so popular.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Dalles Chronicle THE LEADING PAPER

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