Rosamond's

During a summer vacation in Riverport a certain important business affair took me frequently to the railway station, where I sent and received numerous telegraphic messages. At every one of my visits I saw an old man whose sole business in life seemed to be included in sitting on a bench on the railway platform. The man never amused himself with newspaper or book, but sat idly with his sunbrowned hands in his lap staring into vacancy. The expression of the face was weak; the face of one who had fought in the battle of life and been defeated. Irresolution was in the pale blue eyes; irresolution and the shadow of a wonder or surprise, such as is found in the eyes of those who have ence looked on some great horror which they cannot banish from memory; there was irresolution in the mouth, with its weak, tremulous lips; irresolution in the hands, the long, thick-jointed fingers of which were nervously contracting and relaxing as if undecided between activity and quiescence. A small bouquet of freshly plucked flowers was always on the seat beside the man; and the only change in his attitude was when he turned to stare down at the flowers break." and relax the rigid lines of his face in a pale, fleeting smile.

The silent, rigid figure soon became tamiliar to me; it amused and pained me at the same time. In the first place there was an air of loneliness about the man, and loneliness is always pathetic in a human being. So far as I could see no one spoke to him, no one seemed to know him. Trains arrived and departed without bringing a change of expression to his placid, patient face, without bringing the clasp of a friendly hand or the stimulus of a friendly word. The air of utter loneliness was sad enough; but it was sadder to notice dullness and oruel." entire absence of hope or expectation in his face and attitude. He sat there passively in sunshine or storm, a useless encumbrance on the platform of the station.

One day I covertly pointed him out to the station agent and asked:

"Who is he?"

"A crank!" was the unsmpathetic answer. "Gone in his upper story." "Does he remain here all day?"

"He comes here before the first train arrives and does not go away until the last train has passed. His dinner is in that tin can under the

"Does he live here? He cannot be a poor man to waste time in this fishness. But how could I know the

way." "He owns a nice little house, but it is all falling into ruins through ne- But I opposed it, God forgive me, and glect; all but the flower garden; that he keeps in good order." "What is he doing here?"

"I don't know." "Has he no friends?"

"He doesn't seek for any, and doesn't win any. Life is too busy for most people to worry about a crank." "Does he live all alone?"

"Yes; and enjoys life as you see. There is some legend or other that in the past he was cheated and abused by those he cared for. Somebody was telling me about it the other day; but as I wasn't interested I didn't pay much attention. There is something about somebody running away from him; going off with lots of money and jewels. They say the shock of being deceived by the persons he loved most turned him crazy. He doesn't look though as if any one could love him. I look on him as a trunk that is wanting for an owner, and in my opinion the trunk is so valueless that it will rot before it is claimed."

My interest was deepened by these fragments of a possible history: may be that I was more curious than sympathetic; but I determined to probe into the heart of the lonely old

On my next visit to the station wished him a "good-morning" in passing by.

A fleeting expression of surprise came to his face, but he courteously

returned my salutation.

For several days "good-morning" given and returned was the sum of our conversation. Having advanced so far, I determined to advance further, and so one morning after the usual salutation I seated myself on the bench beside him and offered him a

Thank you, I don't smoke !" he said quietly, carefully removing the bouquet from the bench to his lap.

"You object to the habit?" He stared at me for a moment with a perplexed frown on his face, as if it took time and labor to extract the meaning from my words; then said placidly and slowly: "No, I do not object to the habit. I used to smoke once, but-"

His voice sunk into silence and he into impassivity again. I tried exploration in a new direc-

"Those are very handsome flowers; the white roses are magnificent."

at the flowers in his lap. "Yes; the white roses are pretty. very pretty!" He touched them lightly with a rough finger; as lightly as a mother would touch her loved sleep-Ing child. The slight action was won-

derfully eloquent. "Excuse my curiosity, but do these erty even worse than I hate my hus-

escaped my prying eyes."

He sighed; then lost all interest in

me. He leaned his head against the wall of the station, pulled his hat over his eyes and stared toward the line of the distant ocean. "Are you waiting for a train?" I

egan again. "Yes." This word he uttered in a

whispered voice. "So am I," I said, uttering a falsehood that pains me more now than it

did when I first spoke it. "Whom are you waiting for?" he asked with a sudden interest and excitement.

"For my sister," I answered in desperation; then with sudden inspiration I added: "I have not seen her for many years. She also is very fond of flowers."

"Give her that," he said, plucking face. with tremulous hands a white rose from the bouquet and handing it to me. "Give her that and remember," he said with a sudden dropping of the voice, "that all women are as tender as white roses; a rough touch and their hearts break!"

This happened years ago, but I have carefully pressed and preserved the old man's gift. It lies before me as I write, it's sweet perfume outlasting its life; and as I look at it I again hear the hushed, tear-stained voice of visited the old man and was half painthe old man repeating:

roses, a rough touch and their hearts still resolutely watched on the plat- Morrow. As for familiar things in With swift passing emotions he ask-

ed, curiously: "How old is your sister?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she married?"

"Not yet." her heart is let her hand go. Sister and did what time was powerless to or daughter," his voice trembled here. do, make him regard me as a friend, "they are tender things. To oppose which I hope and believe I was. pulled at his collar as if to loosen larger share of my time. I know that it. "They cannot read your heart, and he was grateful, though he never said you cannot read theirs. And life is a word on the subject. I watched droop, dainty eyes are filled with old story, to the old hopes, to the tears. Ah me! but I have been old expectations, and I have always

Shame and remorse held me silent, ly lonely when the end came. I would have given anything to recall | One morning in early autumn I paid my cruel curiosity; but brutal pro- my usual visit to the station and phet that I was, my wand had touch- found the old man in his usual place. ed the old man's heart, and the bitter But he had cast aside, the old worn Like those of names borne by animals

said with a meaningless laugh, that able thirty or forty years ago. A white

"I am certain she could not do wiser thing," I said to break the painful silence.

"She was eighteen five years ago when she went away, and she is twenty-three now," continued the old man with a childish delight in these trivial details. "Five years ago, five long years ago, and all through my seltender heart of a young girl, filled with love. Blue eyes and golden hair, how could any one help but love her! she left me! It was a father's vanity, claiming all, giving nothing. As if she had no rights! I was cruel; but in my loneliness I thought it out; thought it all out clearly, and so I learned my duty. I wrote to her asking her to forgive me, and she is coming back, she is coming back." He again tenderly touched the white rose. "I suppose she will find me changed " he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, in painful contrast to the emotion expressed in his eyes and manner. "Five years of loneliness and remorse are good breeding grounds for wrinkles. But she is coming back, as you will |

He had drawn a letter from the breast pocket of his coat, and after gazing at it with hungry, affectionate eyes, handed it to me. I hesitated to take it, but the eager, anxious proud manner of the old man conquered my not over-strong scruples.

'Look first at the beautiful handwriting; she was the best scholar in her class, and always won the prizes But read it? You will see then that she is coming back."

I opened the letter; the handwriting was faultless; every i dotted, every

properly crossed. I read:-"Father,-As the climate here is rather wearing on the nerves I will pay you a visit about which you are so unnecessarily excited. We have agreed to let by-gones, be by-gones, but as in letter after letter you express the hope that I am happy in my marriage, let me settle the matter once for all by telling you that I am not happy. It is true that you opposed it and that I eloped and married against your will, but your opposition only aggravated me. I did not know my own mind, and had you calmly reasoned with me in place of acting like a hysterical, pleading woman you might have prevented me from making this one and hopeless mistake of my life. I do not blame you; I have long since agreed to forget the past; but when will fathers learn that they must govern their daughters through reason and not

"But enough of this: I have grown ly. weary of my husband, and he has grown weary of me, and so I am able | See, there it is now." to gratify your desire to see me. If I can live in comfort with you my Thank God, it is coming at last. Tell visit will be prolonged indefinitely; me when it arrives; a cloud is before ly qualify me for so great a responsi- in South Africa who cried "Shame!" but you know I always had a prac- my eyes and I cannot see. It has not He glanced first at me, then down | tical mind; we must understand each | stopped?" other plainly. I do not come to you to do drudgery; as I reckon up you must have quite a nice little sum of money in the bank, supposing you have not squandered it. If you have this money we shall get on very lovingly and comfortably together. I hate pov-

through tyranny?

flowers grow here; if so, they have band, and I do not mean to suffer was a tall, handsome young woman from it. Charley Yartins once loved with blue eyes and golden hair. She "They grew in here-in my gar- me, and Iwas a fool not to take him. stepped daintily to the platform and den!" he answered, staring meaning- Is he still rich and unmarried? I hate shook out the creases in the skirt of the publicity of a divorce, but I do her rich travelling gown. Glancing "I am very fond of flowers," I con- not intend to waste my life for the calmly about her eyes rested on the

wretched thing I now call husband. "I do not know exactly when I can come, but expect me at any time after the receipt of this letter, and be prepared for me. My old room will be satisfactory if it is rehung. I hate upright for a moment, the light of blue and I love pink. I am glad mamma is not alive to see my misery; it his body swayed and fell back heavily would have broken her heart. I cannot write any more now as the carriage is waiting to take me to the opera, where I hope to temporarily forget my troubles, and so I sign my-

"Your ever affectionate daughter, "ROSAMOND." The old man watched me with pain-

ful eagerness while I was reading this brutal letter, and in consequence I carefully refrained from allowing my feelings to find expression in my

"She says she will come, does she not?" he asked, in breathless suspense.

"Yes; she says she will come."

years is a long time."

"But she will come!" I said to banish the clouds from his face. "Yes, she will come," he answered with a smile, "she will surely come!" the names like those of the smaller

form station from morning to night but each day touched him with addihis weary soul. He found a pleasure in my company, even when we sat in silence side by side, staring out at

"I am waiting for my daughter," he ments that might have been fashionlarge. He received me with a smile that was in strange contrast with his

melancholy, sunken eyes. come true. I dreamed of her and of my dear wife, and I waked up as happy as a lark. And cold weather is coming. Look at the crowds of swallows yonder; they are gathering together before they migrate. Rosamond was always fond of watching them. Ah! belong to a weaker race. We old fellows are immortal. But," he added, while you wait for your sister."

Despite his gaiety I noticed that he had the new habit of dozing momen- Next take military titles, Marshall, tarily while speaking and then sud- Major and Sergeant; and peoples, Engdenly waking up with a start. The lish, French, Welsh, Norman and pleasant morning turned into a chill, cloudy afternoon and I hinted to him the advisability of sheltering himself from the biting wind.

"To-morrow; not to-day. She is coning, and if she did not find me here she would be terribly disappointed. Is it raining?" he asked anxiously. "No, a few unseasonable flakes of

snow are falling; it will not last." "I hope she brought a cloak with her. I hope---" The doze was longer this time, and the breathing more labored.

"It is almost too exciting," he said suddenly, "But listen," he added with increasing excitement. "She is coming. Listen; what do you hear?" "The sound of an approaching train. But remember, she may not be

"I tell you she is coming," he added, all a tremble. "Help, help me to get up. Where is the bouquet. You will golden hair; you cannot take Rosamond for anybody else. Where is the

bouquet ?" I placed it in his shaking hand. "Sit down and wait. Do not expect

too much." "She is coming!" he said with conher. But if you please I will hold edge of the platform, glancing in the direction of the approaching train, every muscle in his body quivering with excitement. It was with difficulty that | many of them are borne by men conthe track.

recall the grey, sad sky, the grey auflakes of falling snow as the fitting background to the picture of this little tragedy. "Is it coming?" he asked impatient-

"Yes, it will be here in a minute!

"I see nothing; but I hear the bell

"No, but for Rosamond's sake control yourself. What will she say to see you so excited?" "For Rosamond's sake! For Rosa-

mond's sake!" The train now dashed up to and. stopped before the station. Among the last of the travellers to leave the car: | mit it.

old man, and with a smile she placidly advanced toward us.

"Father!" The hand resting on my arm grew heavy, then relaxed; the old man stood happiness shining on his face; then into my outstretched arms. " Father !"

A smile came to the pale lips, one last glow to the cold, sightless eyes, and the shadow of death passed over the patient face, and chilled the lines of pain and sorrow into peace and rest.

For Rosamond's sake!

FAMILY NAMES.

It is curious how many family names are substantially like those of familiar things. Take, for instance, the seasons: There is Spring, also Winter, and if "It is very painful waiting, and five there is no Summer there is Summers, and though there may be no Fall there are Falls. Those that follow the months are: Jan., March, May. As to The summer, however, passed away subdivisions of calendar time. Day is and still she did not come. I daily well known, also Weeks: while, ed, half glad to note that his life was though there may be no such name "All women are as tender as white fading with the summer weather. He as To-morrow, there is a family name nature, take for instance, Dew, Frost, was once a "soldier of the Queen?" tional pallor, each day kindly helped Snow, Cloud, Storm and Gales, Raines to efface the sorrow and pain from and Hale. To family names like those of minerals it is easy to think of Flint, Cole, Rock, Stone, Garnett, Diamond "Don't oppose her!" said the old the sunlight. My waiting for an im- and Jewell; and of metals, Gold and man, in an awe-stricken voice. "Where aginary sister aroused his sympathy Silver and Steele. Ayer and Waters suggest the elements and Mould and Clay are not alike earth. As to things them is to break their hearts and know my heart bled for him, and that in the heavens, there is Moon and your own." With a restless finger he I neglected my work to give him the Starr, and of the compass, West as well as North.

There is a considerable number of so short," he added reflectively, "and with him through the waning sum- family names like those of colors, as it is so weary waiting. Dainty heads mer, listening again and again to the White, Black, Green, Blue, Violet, Scarlett, Brown and Gray. Like been grateful that he was not utter- names of various members or features of the body are Hand, Armes, Legg, Foote, Bone, Chinn, Haire, Beard, and there is also a family name Man. waters of memory were not to be re- every-day suit of clothes, and was now are: Bull, Bullock, Lamb, Kidd, Colt, Southern Russia have stood him in Badger, Hogg, Hare and Wolf. There excellent stead many a time in dealare many family names that are exended in a sigh. "She has forgiven rose was in his button-hole and the actly like or similar to things in plant me at last and she is coming back to bouquet beside him was unusually life, or their productions, as, for example, the name Plant, Rose and Flower, Budd, Rice, Wheat, Oates, Cotton, "She is coming!" he said gayly; "I Berry, Bean, Plum and Cherry; Oakes, dreamed it, and my dreams always Ashe, Pine and Maple. A familiar family name is that of Root, and others are Branch, Stem and Twiggs.

Bird, Wing, Herron and Wrenn suggest themselves; also Crane, Crow and Larke. Fish is a family name, and I feel like a new man to-day. Not a others that might be mentioned here touch of rheumatism. You younsters are Haddock, Pike, Roach, Bass and Crabb. Family names suggestive of with sudden sympathy, "we will not titles or rank are: King, Queen, desert you; we'll keep you company Prince, Duke, Marquis, Lord, Baron and Knight, besides Pope and Deacon. Next take military titles, Marshall, Dutch; while among family names like those of countries there are England, Ireland, France and Wales. The ones that resemble buildings are: Church, Temple, Abbey and Tower. given him by the Sultan for his brav-Another family name is House; anoth- ery and goodness to the wounded: er is Mills, and the name of Barnes how the Khedive conferred upon him is familiar. There is a family name | the Egyptian "Star"; and as to medof Shedd, and others are Post, Wall, als for all sorts of service, both ac-Room, Roof, Rafter, Frame, Sills and tual fighting and aiding the wound-Hall, with Locke, Boldt, if not Bolt; ed and dying amidst the worst posand Key, also Yard, is familiar, and sible dangers, Bishop Brindle could so is Garden, Gates and Pickett. Names | lend any one a few and not miss like those of traveled ways are Street. | them. Lane, Alley, Way, Rhodes.

also is Olds, Long, Short, Sharp, Blunt, got the V. C., and the other of Dull, Strong, Straight, Small, Stout, whom ought to have had it, if ever Little, Rich and Poor, Bliss and Paine any man on a battlefield deserved it and Hurry and Waite.

implements, or of household or other articles of use, as Sickles, Mallet, Scales and Lampe, Wickes, Couch, wounded Lancers and rescuing them know her at a glance; blue eyes and Broome, Needles and Shears, and Bell, Button and Buckle, Of names like those of articles of apparel there are Coates, Vest, Cuff, and like distances are Furlong and Miles.

Pertaining to military things are names, many as Camp, Drum, Fife, Horn, Swords, Spears, Cannon, Gunn, viction. "I must be the first to greet | Flagg and Banner; also, like those of natural features, as Lake, Forrest, your arm. I'm excited, very excited!" Pond, Field, Marsh, Glen, Dale, Pool He held my arm and stood near the Brooks, Rivers, Banks, Meadow, Cliff,

Many of the names here enumerated are those of men famous in history, I could prevent him from leaping on temporaneously widely known. They are not hunted up, but set down as When I think of it now I always they occurred to me. I don't doubt that many more could easily be retumn landscape and the unseasonable | called by anybody who should give his mind to it.

CRITICISM IS EASY.

We have come, they said to the great war critic, to offer you the command of the army.

Why, really, he expostulated, I have not had the experience to exactbility. 1--

For months, they urged, you have been explaining just what the various Generals ought to do and pointing out the errors they have made. Yes, yes, of course, he admitted, but

that's different, you know. Of course, they knew, but the astonshing feature was that he should ad-

ONE MINISTER WON THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR GALLANTRY.

everal Famous Bishops Have Been Soldiers of the Queen-The Brave and Noble Father Brindle.

There are few callings so utterly opposed in the common idea of the work peculiarly belonging to each as those of a soldier and a clergyman. It is, therefore, astonishing to learn that there are living to-day not one or two, or three, eminent clergymen of the various churches, but many of them, who have actually, before they became pastors, served their sovereign "with the colours." says Pearson's Weekly.

The most important of such at the present day is, doubtless, the Archbishop of York, who has done duty with his old regiment as a lieutenant in India, and knows well what "roughing it" is. And it is to his credit that, even when his tastes lay in a military direction, it was prophesied of him by those who knew him, that, in that line his career would not be undistinguished. But the Indian army and his old regiment did not keep him; his leanings turned to more peaceful work, and he resigned his commission to become a clergyman. How many people know that the

Bishop of Liverpool, the highly-es-

teemed and venerable Doctor Ryle. Yelt it is a fact that he was. Before the famous scholar and prelate had made up his mind to become a parson, he took a fancy to military things, and joined the Cheshire Yeomanry, with a commission as a captain. He kept steadily at his duties in that department for a year or two; then milder counsels of friends and changed inclinations of his own prevailed, and what the army lost the Church of England evidently gained. Dr. Harry Frank Johnson, the Suffragan Bishop of Colchester, is another old army man, now risen to high honours and preferment in the church. This distinguished prelate can say even more about his military experiences than can either of his contemporaries above alluded to, for he has actually done duty on active service. Dr. Johnson can claim

to be an old Crimean veton, and

the lessons he learnt during that cel-

ing with various classes of men,

trying and tried, who have come under his notice in church work. His regiment was the 1st Royal Dragoons, in which he held a cornetcy. It has often happened that army chaplains on the field of battle have had, from force of circumstances, to become actual soldiers of the Queen, and to undertake duties of a stronger nature, from a military point of view. than those that they agreed to perform when they signed on for their work. Bishop Brindle, the eminent Roman Catholic assistant-prelate to Cardinal Vaughan, is doubtless the most celebrated of these chaplains

who have actually helped the British

army on more fields than one. No man in any church is more highly esteemed by all classes of soldiers to-day than is the brave and noble Father Brindle, for soldiers do not forget his grand help to them on the battlefield in more instances than one. They will tell you how his work there has won for him the D. S. O. from the Queen herself; how he wears the Order of the Medjidieh,

And every soldier in the army is Young is a familiar name, and so proud of two clergymon, one of whom for bravery. It was at Killa Khazi, There are many family names like near Cabul, that the Rev. J. W. Adams won the Victoria Cross for gallantry in going to the aid of two from certain death, when under heavy fire. The grand army chaplain had just before saved another Lancer, who would almost certainly have been killed, but the terrible danger staring him in the face did not hinder him going out again to fetch in the other two. Adams yet lives to enjoy the Cross, the only clergyman who ever won it, or rather, who was ever "gazetted" to it.

For there was, and is, another parson who performed miracles of gallantry and courage at Rorke's Drift. Amidst the terrible fighting and slaughter of that fearful day; amidst the burning rooms of the hospital: tending the sick and dying, and occasionally lending a help himself in driving back the hordes of Zulus, through it all there moved the thin figure of "Parson" Smith, with his red beard shining and stiff, with his water-bottle for the wounded and dying, his instruments for the surgeon, his hands ready for doing anything, offensive or defensive, that the officers and men might need.

There were soldiers who had been and shed tears when they read in the papers that "Parson" Smith's name was not amongst those of the brave men who, for that day's work. had been awarded the Victoria Cross. But, as one of them said to the

writer; "Never you mind, mister. We know whether he gained it or not, even if he has not got it. God bless bim!"