For Rosamond's Sake.

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 once 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 and relax the rigid lines of his face in a pale, fleeting smile.

The silent, rigid figure soon became familiar 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 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 seat."

"Does he live here? He cannot be a poor man to waste time in this way."

"He owns a nice little house, but it is all falling into ruins through neglect; 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; it may be that I was more curious than sympathetic; but I determined to probe into the heart of the lonely old man.

On my next visit to the station I 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 cigar.

"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 direction.

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

He glanced first at me, then down 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 sleeping child. The slight action was wonderfully eloquent.

"Excuse my curiosity, but do these flowers grow here; if so, they have escaped my prying eyes."

"They grew in here—in my garden!" he answered, staring meaningless at me.

"I am very fond of flowers," I continued.

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 began 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 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 the old man repeating:

"All women are as tender as white roses, a rough touch and their hearts break."

With swift passing emotions he asked, curiously:

"How old is your sister?"

"Eighteen."

"Is she married?"

"Not yet."

"Don't oppose her!" said the old man, in an awe-stricken voice. "Where her heart is let her hand go. Sister or daughter," his voice trembled here. "they are tender things. To oppose them is to break their hearts and your own." With a restless finger he pulled at his collar as if to loosen it. "They cannot read your heart, and you cannot read theirs. And life is so short," he added reflectively, "and it is so weary waiting. Dainty heads droop, dainty eyes are filled with tears. Ah me! but I have been cruel."

Shame and remorse held me silent. I would have given anything to recall my cruel curiosity; but brutal prophet that I was, my wand had touched the old man's heart, and the bitter waters of memory were not to be restrained.

"I am waiting for my daughter," he said with a meaningless laugh, that ended in a sigh. "She has forgiven me at last and she is coming back to me."

"I am certain she could not do a 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 selfishness. But how could I know the tender heart of a young girl, filled with love. Blue eyes and golden hair, how could any one help but love her! But I opposed it, God forgive me, and 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 see."

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 t 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 through tyranny?

"But enough of this: I have grown weary of my husband, and he has grown weary of me, and so I am able to gratify your desire to see me. If I can live in comfort with you my visit will be prolonged indefinitely; but you know I always had a practical mind; we must understand each 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 poverty even worse than I hate my husband, and I do not mean to suffer from it. Charley Yartins once loved me, and I was a fool not to take him. Is he still rich and unmarried? I hate the publicity of a divorce, but I do not intend to waste my life for 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 blue and I love pink. I am glad mamma is not alive to see my misery; it 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 myself.

"Your ever affectionate daughter,
"ROSAMOND."

The old man watched me with painful eagerness while I was reading this brutal letter, and in consequence I carefully refrained from allowing my feelings to find expression in my face.

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

"Yes; she says she will come."

"It is very painful waiting, and five 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 summer, however, passed away and still she did not come. I daily visited the old man and was half pained, half glad to note that his life was fading with the summer weather. He still resolutely watched on the platform station from morning to night, but each day touched him with additional pallor, each day kindly helped to efface the sorrow and pain from his weary soul. He found a pleasure in my company, even when we sat in silence side by side, staring out at the sunlight. My waiting for an imaginary sister aroused his sympathy and did what time was powerless to do, make him regard me as a friend, which I hope and believe I was. I know my heart bled for him, and that I neglected my work to give him the larger share of my time. I know that he was grateful, though he never said a word on the subject. I watched with him through the waning summer, listening again and again to the old story, to the old hopes, to the old expectations, and I have always been grateful that he was not utterly lonely when the end came.

One morning in early autumn I paid my usual visit to the station and found the old man in his usual place. But he had cast aside, the old worn every-day suit of clothes, and was now attired in carefully preserved garments that might have been fashionable thirty or forty years ago. A white rose was in his button-hole and the bouquet beside him was unusually large. He received me with a smile that was in strange contrast with his melancholy, sunken eyes.

"She is coming!" he said gayly; "I dreamed it, and my dreams always 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! I feel like a new man to-day. Not a touch of rheumatism. You younsters belong to a weaker race. We old fellows are immortal. But," he added, with sudden sympathy, "we will not desert you; we'll keep you company while you wait for your sister."

Despite his gaiety I noticed that he had the new habit of dozing momentarily while speaking and then suddenly waking up with a start. The 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 coming, 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 in it!"

"I tell you she is coming," he added, all a tremble. "Help, help me to get up. Where is the bouquet. You will know her at a glance; blue eyes and 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 conviction. "I must be the first to greet her. But if you please I will hold your arm. I'm excited, very excited!" He held my arm and stood near the 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 I could prevent him from leaping on the track.

When I think of it now I always recall the grey, sad sky, the grey autumn landscape and the unseasonable flakes of falling snow as the fitting background to the picture of this little tragedy.

"Is it coming?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes, it will be here in a minute! See, there it is now."

"I see nothing; but I hear the bell. Thank God, it is coming at last. Tell me when it arrives; a cloud is before my eyes and I cannot see. It has not stopped?"

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

"For Rosamond's sake! For Rosamond's sake!"

The train now dashed up to and stopped before the station. Among the last of the travellers to leave the cars was a tall, handsome young woman with blue eyes and golden hair. She stepped daintily to the platform and shook out the creases in the skirt of her rich travelling gown. Glancing calmly about her eyes rested on the 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 upright for a moment, the light of happiness shining on his face; then his body swayed and fell back heavily 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 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 names like those of the smaller subdivisions of calendar time. Day is well known, also Weeks: while, though there may be no such name as To-morrow, there is a family name Morrow. As for familiar things in nature, take for instance, Dew, Frost, Snow, Cloud, Storm and Gales, Raines and Hale. To family names like those of minerals it is easy to think of Flint, Cole, Rock, Stone, Garnett, Diamond and Jewell; and of metals, Gold and Silver and Steele. Ayer and Waters suggest the elements and Mould and Clay are not alike earth. As to things in the heavens, there is Moon and Starr, and of the compass, West as well as North.

There is a considerable number of family names like those of colors, as White, Black, Green, Blue, Violet, Scarlett, Brown and Gray. Like 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. Like those of names borne by animals are: Bull, Bullock, Lamb, Kidd, Colt, Badger, Hogg, Hare and Wolf. There are many family names that are exactly like or similar to things in plant life, or their productions, as, for example, the name Plant, Rose and Flower, Budd, Rice, Wheat, Oates, Cotton, Berry, Bean, Plum and Cherry; Oakes, 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 others that might be mentioned here are Haddock, Pike, Roach, Bass and Crabb. Family names suggestive of titles or rank are: King, Queen, Prince, Duke, Marquis, Lord, Baron and Knight, besides Pope and Deacon. Next take military titles, Marshall, Major and Sergeant; and peoples, English, French, Welsh, Norman and 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. Another family name is House; another is Mills, and the name of Barnes is familiar. There is a family name of Shedd, and others are Post, Wall, Room, Roof, Rafter, Frame, Sills and Hall, with Locke, Boldt, if not Bolt; and Key, also Yard, is familiar, and so is Garden, Gates and Pickett. Names like those of traveled ways are Street, Lane, Alley, Way, Rhodes.

Young is a familiar name, and so also is Olds, Long, Short, Sharp, Blunt, Dull, Strong, Straight, Small, Stout, Little, Rich and Poor, Bliss and Paine and Hurry and Waite.

There are many family names like implements, or of household or other articles of use, as Sickles, Mallet, Scales and Lampe, Wickes, Couch, 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, Flagg and Banner; also, like those of natural features, as Lake, Forrest, Pond, Field, Marsh, Glen, Dale, Pool, Brooks, Rivers, Banks, Meadow, Cliff, Ridge.

Many of the names here enumerated are those of men famous in history, many of them are borne by men contemporaneously widely known. They are not hunted up, but set down as they occurred to me. I don't doubt that many more could easily be recalled 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 exactly qualify me for so great a responsibility. I——

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 astonishing feature was that he should admit it.

CLERGYMEN IN BATTLE.

ONE MINISTER WON THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR GALLANTRY.

Several 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-esteemed and venerable Doctor Ryle, was once a "soldier of the Queen!" Yet 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 veteran, and the lessons he learnt during that celebrated war in the cold winter of Southern Russia have stood him in excellent stead many a time in dealing 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 corneteу.

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, given him by the Sultan for his bravery and goodness to the wounded; how the Khedive conferred upon him the Egyptian "Star"; and as to medals for all sorts of service, both actual fighting and aiding the wounded and dying amidst the worst possible dangers, Bishop Brindle could lend any one a few and not miss them.

And every soldier in the army is proud of two clergymen, one of whom got the V. C., and the other of whom ought to have had it, if ever any man on a battlefield deserved it for bravery. It was at Killa Khazi, near Cabul, that the Rev. J. W. Adams won the Victoria Cross for gallantry in going to the aid of two wounded Lancers and rescuing them 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 in South Africa who cried "Shame!" 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 him!"