

# The Acton Free Press.

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**The Acton Free Press**  
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That will please us.

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**G. A. Pannabecker,**  
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**Poetry.**  
**WHEN THE REGIMENT CAME BACK**  
All the uniforms were blue, all the swords and  
rifles new.  
When the regiment was marching down the  
street  
All the men were hale and strong, as they  
proudly moved along  
Through the cheers that drowned the music  
of their feet.  
Oh, the music of their feet, keeping time to  
drums that beat!  
Oh, the glitter and the splendor of the sight!  
As with swords and rifles new, and in uniforms  
of blue,  
The regiment went marching to the fight!  
When the regiment came back all the guses and  
swords were black,  
And the uniforms had faded to gray;  
And the faces of the men who marched into  
glory,  
Seemed like faces of the dead who lose their  
way.

For the dead who lose their way cannot look  
more gaunt or gray—  
Oh, the sorrow and the anguish of the sight,  
Oh, the weary, sad, soft, and step with  
drums that beat,  
When the regiment came marching from the  
fight—  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

**Select Family Reading.**  
**A Yellow Rose.**  
MARIONETTA H. HOLLEY.

"Have you seen the mountain yet?"  
asked an old resident of a boy of pretty  
girl, as they stood on the veranda of the  
Hotel Tacoma.  
Each pretty girl answered with a groan.  
"No, indeed," exclaimed one of them.  
"We have been imprisoned in Tacoma  
since day two, yet not an inch of the moun-  
tain have we seen. There seems to be  
some fatality about it, for no sooner does  
a Raymond and Whitcomb party strike the  
town than all lookhammers, as a Poyall  
soldier has dubbed it, seem to be hide his  
head."

"I have begun to question whether  
there really is any mountain there,"  
observed a tall girl with wistful blue eyes,  
and whether you imaginative people have  
not mistaken a cloud for a mountain at  
some early period, and lived in the delusive  
glory of it ever since?" At Seattle, they  
say, there is a Mount Rainier, but no  
Tacoma; while at Tacoma they never  
heard of Mount Rainier. What is one to  
think?

"Now we have been stilled here  
almost two weeks by the floods and dis-  
abled railways, as the girls have just said  
and although the sun has shown often  
during that time, that gray curtain in the  
south has never lifted. It is very odd!"  
All eyes were fixed on the distant cloud-  
bank, and the girl with the wistful eyes  
continued, dreamily: "It resembles our  
ambition, our dearest hopes; and these  
—always there—yet the intervening  
clouds are so dense that at times—!" She  
stopped abruptly, confused by the earnest-  
ness of her own voice. With an embar-  
rassed laugh she changed the subject, and  
explaining that she was going to feed the  
pet bear, strode to the end of the piazza.

"Who is that girl?" demanded the old  
resident, turning, with some curiosity to  
watch the slender figure that descended  
to the greasy brain. "Did not catch her  
name as we were introduced. Is she one of  
your party?"  
"Yes, she is a Raymond. She and her  
father went through the Yosemite valley  
and also to Alaska with our excursion;  
so you see, we are well acquainted," replied  
one of the pretty girls. "Her name is  
Rose—Rose Monroe, and she is ever so  
nice."

"You have a pleasant party?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed, perfectly lovely! And  
we don't mind being detained here one bit,  
for Raymond and Whitcomb pay all our  
expenses during the detention and we have  
not a cent of fun. Only, of course, it would  
be more exciting if there were some young  
men."

"Of course," agreed the old resident,  
with a smile. "Now there is rather a look-  
ing man now—sitting by the window.  
Is he not of your party?"  
"When?" Oh, yes, I see whom you  
mean!" enthusiastically, "That is Mr.  
Emerson Dwight; he is from Boston, and  
is perfectly dear!" Did you ever see  
such a handsome profile?" Look at his  
hands—see they are not dreary, of symme-  
try, and such hair—just soft, brown waves  
in it is absolutely perfect!"  
The old inhabitant was beaming amused.  
"I am so glad you like your travelling  
companion so well," he remarked; and  
was then puzzled by a disconcerting shake  
of the head from the very girl who had  
been praising the young man's profile.

"Like him? We don't like him. She  
explained. "We don't know him—his  
from Boston?"  
"Oh!"

"Yes, he is awfully exclusive—no  
not exactly, but well—different. His  
manners are perfect, so he is always sur-  
prisingly polite to us, only he doesn't care  
a pin about us. See? The only girl he  
has anything to do with is Rose Monroe.  
In his cold and formal fashion, he is very  
nice to her."

"Do you know, I think he is much taken  
with her?" he continued, the youngest of  
the group, who at once became the target  
of many scornful glances. "I do, indeed! He  
talked with her for hours at a time  
when up in Alaska, and triumphantly  
he is now holding the rosette to his lips  
when he put in his buttonhole this  
afternoon."

In spite of their jeers and disbelief,  
several pairs of bright eyes were turned  
upon the flower in question.  
"Isn't the same rose?" their owners  
asked, in chorus.  
"Yes, it is. I recognize the peculiar  
shade of yellow."  
The unconscious subject of their remarks  
was sitting at a small table under the win-  
dow, absentely twirling by his long, slender  
stem a beautiful yellow rose. From time  
to time he inhaled its delicate perfume, or  
as the sunbeams made interpreted the  
action, pressed the flower to his lips.  
Presently he commanded a bell-boy to  
bring him a glass of water. He drank of  
it, and then to the honor of his little au-  
dience, laid the drooping rosette across the  
piece of crystal glass that almost filled  
the glass, holding a cigar, prepared him-  
self to read.

"There is sentiment on ice for you,  
warranted not to melt!" cried the pretty  
girl, mockingly, and the little romance  
felt utterly crushed.  
"Just caught in over the sound. The  
gray-crested cloud which concealed

the mountain turned to black, and one by  
one the tourists disappeared.

Rose Monroe was the last to leave the  
piazza. Her companions had passed her  
unnoticed, as she stood in the shadow of  
the house, and she made no effort to  
detain them, for her heart was heavy and  
she longed to be alone with that  
black curtain that separated her from  
success.

"Was it there? Was heart's desire, like  
that cold white mountain, really there?  
Time was fleeting—any moment a telegram  
might come announcing the ship again  
open for travel; then the happy party  
would break up, and the tourists would  
depart to the four corners of the earth,  
never to meet again. Her thoughts were  
very sad.

Strolling to the window to see if her  
fate was still in the office, she glanced  
at a table standing near, and the musical  
clink of the ice against the glass  
attracted her attention. She smiled bit-  
tely, as she perceived the fragile yellow roset-  
te on the ice tray, and then throwing  
herself in the chair Emerson Dwight had  
occupied a short time before, she took the  
yellow petals with a trembling hand. He  
had left his book, a handsome volume of  
Poe's Poems, open on the table with a  
pen and a sheet of paper folded between  
its leaves. Her restless fingers sought  
them out, and presently she began to  
write:

Sweet yellow rose, that in thy chalice  
fold'st a dear secret all too lightly trod,  
Lest, but constant, thy delicious taste  
That may read the message none have read.  
Let this warm air, and warmer still, caress  
That on thy petals now with me I press,  
Open them wide, until the truth be free,  
Of which I know have felt a bitter need.  
May the soft wind, that foreverly breathe  
From the mountains, till the truth be free,  
A gentle warmth, suffice to break the spell  
Which holds you fast, where love can never  
The vein I paid could petals like a shield  
Close over your heart, and keep its secret  
Then having read her hastily written  
verses, she twirled them around, with a  
swift smile of decision, and scrawled across  
the full length of the sheet:

Alas, sweet rose, how can you  
You are a yellow rose on ice!  
Pushing the book away, with a gesture  
of impatience, she bowed her head upon  
it, and wept from what she had written,  
she was only startled by voices in the office.  
Realizing all at once that the hour was  
late, she arose hurriedly from her chair;  
and the impromptu verses never occurred  
to her mind until she was brushing out her  
long yellow hair before the mirror in her  
room at home. As she went, she  
flushed upon her, her heart stood still; like  
one turned to stone, she paused, with her  
breath in mid-air, powerless to move a muscle.

There was no doubt that when Em-  
erson Dwight recovered his book he would  
find the lines, and it was equally certain  
that, finding them, he would at once recog-  
nize the author by the handwriting, and—  
She waited no longer to pursue this horrid  
possibility, but, twisting her long hair into  
a heavy coil, prepared to go down stairs.  
The verses which she had written at that  
moment were quietly in her pocket, and she  
was about to reach the door when she  
was filled with consternation to find two figures  
standing over the fatal table. One was Mr.  
C., the conductor of the excursion; the  
other, Emerson Dwight.

There was no mistaking the handsome  
profile and finely turned head silhouetted  
against the lighted window. The girl's  
heart gave a bound. How long had Mr.  
C.—been with her father? Was this the  
momentous question which confronted her.  
While they were together Emerson Dwight  
was not likely to open his book, so there  
were no chances to one that he had not  
discovered her paper.

"Night had deepened on the Sound. A  
few faint stars twinkled in the sky, but  
the dark curtain in the south remained  
still unbroken.  
"Fardon me, Mr. Dwight, but I care-  
lessly left a paper in your 'Poe' while I was  
looking over it; may I trouble you to  
return it to me? You wonder at the cool-  
ness of my tone, as you see I was not  
troubled by the reply. Mr. C.—  
glanced at her in some surprise, and  
offered her a chair as he exclaimed:  
"What! Is it you, Miss Rose? Well,  
you are one of the lucky few who can  
afford to lose your beauty sleep."  
"That pretty compliment applies to you  
and Mr. Dwight as well, does it not?"  
replied Rose, with forced gaiety.

In the meantime, Emerson Dwight had  
been searching his book for the desired  
paper, and, as she passed, he ex-  
tended it to her with a low, "Emerson  
Dwight frequently made gesture take the  
place of words, and as his notes invari-  
ably displayed dignity, as well as grace, they  
were often eloquent.  
Looked once more in her own apartment,  
Rose Monroe threw herself in a chair with  
many unspoken exclamations of relief.

"May I never be tempted to write poetry  
again!" she ejaculated fervently. "If all the  
would-be rhymesters were punished as  
severely as I have been during the suspense  
of the last half hour, the reading public  
would be delivered of much trash. Oh,  
then, yellow rose, why was that not born  
a thistle!"  
She unfolded the paper with a tremor, and  
was about to re-read her lines, when the  
mocking smile on her lips gave place to  
a look of blank amazement.  
Instead of her address to the rose, the  
paper contained some lines in Emerson  
Dwight's well-known writing. She read:

"The secret, lady fair,  
That my poor petals hold  
I'll give to thee with love,  
It may be so bold.  
Thy warm and sweet caress  
Gives joy and hope to life;  
When I am laid to rest  
My withered leaves are life.  
Ah, hold me to your lips!  
My perfume lives again;  
When I am laid to rest  
Forget me not, my dear!  
The secret's all; I'm sure  
Your eyes have read it true.  
My perfume lives on again—  
That, lady fair, is you."  
"It could not be of me, I think."  
The heart's memories she not die."  
The L'Envol was scrawled across the  
page just as hers had been, and the whole  
paper resembled hers so closely that it was  
small wonder she had been deceived in it  
as first sight.

So Mr. C.—had not been with Em-  
erson Dwight during that fatal interval, and  
he had time to open his book! What

must he think of what he found there?  
Rose lost herself in a maze of doubt, and  
fell to sleep murmuring:  
"Forgotten is all gain."  
The next morning Emerson Dwight ap-  
peared at breakfast with a yellow rose in  
his buttonhole.

"It happens that rose is artificial," sang  
out Mr. C.—from an adjoining table, "for  
it seems as though you had worn it a week.  
The florists out here can't understand  
their business, to put such everlasting  
roses on the market."  
"I have a method, all my own, for keep-  
ing 'em fresh," answered Dwight, with a  
grave inclination of the head toward his  
vis-a-vis. "Miss Monroe is in the secret,  
and can divulge it if she likes." Rose  
blushed furiously.

After breakfast, Dwight asked her to  
walk with him on the piazza. She ac-  
quiesced, and they lingered a long time at  
that farther end where the pet bear is  
bathed.

They were finally interrupted by one of  
their travelling companions who came to  
announce the good news that the last  
mail had been received, and that they  
were no longer prisoners. The pretty girl  
arrived just in time to hear Emerson  
Dwight say:

"Yes, I found it, and as I believed there  
was no hope of seeing you before this  
morning I killed time by writing a reply.  
C.—joined me just as you stopped upon  
the piazza, and, as that ended all prospect  
of our having a tea-tea, I could not  
realize giving you the wrong paper. I  
would not part with the rose, not even  
to you. By the way, Rose, we must  
change the L'Envol to something like  
this:

Most precious rose, you're in a van.  
You're doomed to bridal woe and pain."  
"Oh, Emerson, that is really shocking!"  
retorted his companion merrily. "Let us  
agree, from this time forth and forever-  
more, to resist all temptation to indulge  
ourselves in composing poetry."  
"Agreed!" They shook hands on it, at  
least the pretty girl thought they did, for  
Rose Monroe withdrew her fingers from  
Dwight's grasp just as the former  
announced her presence. They received  
her information very calmly, considering  
how long they had awaited this same news,  
and then all three strode back to the  
office together.

Just as they were about to enter the  
door, Rose uttered an abrupt cry of dis-  
belief. "The mountain!" she exclaimed.  
"The mountain! The mountain!"  
Rose enough, the clouds had blown  
away, and high and proud as the success  
she dreamed of, Mount Tacoma rose  
before them. While and glistening against  
a deep blue sky, pure and still, and almost  
appalling in its perfect majesty, it burst  
forth upon their sight.

"Have you heard the telegram?"  
cried a chorus of girlish voices. "The  
roads are open; and we leave to-night."  
"I am ready," answered Rose, with a  
happy smile. "I am ready at last for I  
have seen Mount Tacoma."

Emerson Dwight looked down at the  
yellow rose in his buttonhole and said  
nothing, for he, too, had seen Mount  
Tacoma.

**ARE WE PATRIOTIC?**  
Charles Lewis Shaw, writing of the  
machine in the October Canadian Magazine,  
closes his article with the following inter-  
esting remarks:  
"Exactly," said Jack, "and as it is  
in that way it is not to be supposed that it  
runs on wind. A business, such as the  
management of a great political party,  
requires capital. The most moral, prudent  
management in the world would require  
some, and that is where the goodly-goodies  
who subscribe to it ease their consciences.  
The capital subscribed is in time, influence,  
and money, and the stock-books always  
open. The machine with the largest  
capital runs the best. The men who sub-  
scribe their time are abroad, and the men  
of wealth, contractors and corporation  
managers who contribute the influence and  
money are not long. Yes, you are right,  
the machine is a great political party,  
and it is a business-like, practical  
management in the world would require  
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