

Meeting of Blue and Gray

There was still the freshness of the dawn in the air, and in the grass and fern that fringed the woodland road along the ridge was studded with globes of dew that flashed and sparkled in rainbow tints as the sunlight fell upon them through the trees. A little to one side of the road a girl with brown hair was plucking scarlet and black lilies and throwing them into a basket and a young man with black hair was watching her graceful movements with obvious admiration as he leaned against the rough barked trunk of a hickory tree. They were both well looking, she in a placid, gentle way and he after the fashion of the southern man of the best type.

The girl looked up. "I should think you might help me, now that you are here," she said, reproachfully.

"I'd rather look at you," he replied, "and I couldn't do that if I were picking flowers. Besides, I want to talk to you."

She colored under his ardent gaze, but her eyes met his bravely. "That sounds selfish," she said, "as if you would rather do what you wish than help me."

"There may be a double meaning in that," he returned, "but I'm not going to take it to myself. I'll put you in the wrong—and pick flowers." He knelt in the patch of lilies and began to gather them and she smiled at him gratefully.

"And you'll be reasonable in everything else?" she asked.

"It depends upon what you call reasonable," he replied. "If I thought that you didn't care for me I'd be as reasonable as you please. I wouldn't get up at an unholy hour in the morning in spite of orders and wait for you to come out, and then follow you and inflict my detested presence—"

"Oh, Dick!" said the girl, "and you know how glad I was to see you. But you mustn't. You must be patient."

"I think I am," he said, "but why you won't let me go squarely to your father and ask for you I can't think. The war is over now and it oughtn't to take a man more than thirty years to realize it. I know that my dear dad made up his mind to that long ago. You'll see him at the decoration services today—with a bunch of flags and a basket of flowers and he'll be there because he feels like it!"

"It's different with him," said the girl. "You don't understand, Dick. They were all secession people where we used to live and it seemed as if they couldn't be unkind enough to him, when they found that he was for the union. All his friends deserted him and when he left they destroyed all his property, and all through the war he suffered so much, and he came out of it broken and crippled and altered so much. They think that he is sour, and I heard someone say once that he couldn't talk about anything but the war and abuse the South and the Democrats. It wasn't true."

"Of course it wasn't," said the young man, and he added, rather lamely, "He's all right. That's what I say. He's too sensible at heart to have prejudices. You just let me talk to him." He tossed the flowers that he was holding into the basket and took her hands in his. She made no effort to release them, but shook her head sorrowfully. "It would kill him," she said.

He dropped one hand and his arm stole around her waist and she turned her face to his and their lips met in a long kiss.

Suddenly she broke away from him. "Oh, you shouldn't have done that," she cried. "It can't be and you must never—we must not meet again, Dick. No," as he moved a step toward her, "if you do I shall hate you. You should understand. I am all he has and it would be the greatest unhappiness of his sad life if he thought that I cared for one of his enemies."

"Why, good Lord!" ejaculated the young man, "I'm no Johnny Reb. I never fought against the union. I wasn't thought of when the unpleasantness began."

"But you know that your father was," she said, "and you know you are a democrat."

He laughed. "I'll vote the republican ticket from this time forth if that's all the objection," he declared.

"Then I wouldn't respect you," she said promptly, and with a touch of present disdain in her voice.

"You're hard to suit, Rachel," he said, his brows drawing together in a frown. "It seems to me as if there was something behind this. It's too absurd that you should throw me over for such a foolish idea."

There was nothing placid in the expression of the girl's face now. "You have said enough now," she said, with cold anger. "I'm going home, and I wish to go alone." She picked

up her basket and walked hurriedly away, her head high and her whole carriage expressive of uncompromising determination. Her lover stood looking after her for a moment with the frown intensified and then turned angrily on his heel and took four or five quick paces in the opposite direction.

The Decoration day services in the hall were over and the procession started for the cemetery on the top of the Big Knoll east of town. A long, winding, irregular line of buggies, farm wagons and vehicles of every description and age preceded by a graybearded veteran in the uniform of the Grand Army. In one of the buggies, a very shabby one, sat Rachel, driving a colt whose fiery spirit chafed against the foot pace to which her firm, strong hands on the reins compelled him, and by her side, holding the furled post flag, was her father, a bent and withered little man.

"I see that copperhead Pendleton and his boy were at the exercises," he observed to his daughter suddenly. "I think it would look better if they stayed away, but I guess the young fellow wants to make himself solid with the boys until after election. What's the matter with you, Rachel?"

"Nothing at all, father, dear," she said faintly. "Unless I got up too early this morning."

"From the cold ashes of fratricidal strife, of hatred, anger and all uncharitableness to a glorious, new birth of love divine, a new country, united and undivided forever more," he quoted from Barker. "I don't feel any call for glorious love for the men who tried to kill their country. I say that if they let us alone we are doing well to let them alone, without loving them. Yes, they're united and they had better stay united, too. I'd have been a man today and not a wreck if it hadn't been for them."

"Do you take their part?" he asked in a sudden gust of passion.

"No, no," she cried. "I'll hate them; too, for your sake and the sake of your wrongs."

"Not hate them, Rachel," said the old man, more gently, "but—"

The fence of whitewashed pickets that surrounded the little cemetery was reached and people were already tying their horses to it and flocking towards the gates, bearing their baskets and armfuls of flowers with them. As Rachel got out young Pendleton approached her, but her look was so cold and repelling that he drew back with a sinking heart. The veterans of the Grand Army, pathetically infirm and crippled, many of them, were forming into line and Rachel turned to her father and was surprised to see that he seemed oblivious of his surroundings. His gaze was bent thoughtfully afar and his lips were moving. Rachel drew closer to him and caught the words "hatred, anger and all uncharitableness," and again, "of love divine." Then one of his comrades called to him and he limped painfully to his place and unfurled the flag.

The address at the soldiers' monument concluded, the people dispersed to lay their flowers on the graves. It had been another of those addresses that Rachel's father had always styled "mushy"—full of the "forgiveness, concord, one country and one flag" talk, but somehow the veteran, leaning on his daughter's arm and moving from one grassy mound to another with the flowers that she carried, did not feel so genuinely indignant as usual because of this, and presently turning aside, he took from the basket a wreath of white field lilies and, leaving Rachel, walked over to a grave beside which an old man was kneeling with bent head, and laid it beside another wreath that lay there below the headstone that bore the name of Jared Roberts—th Virginia cavalry, C.S.A. The man looked up. It was "the copperhead Pendleton."

"Thanks, comrade," said the ex-Confederate, simply, holding out his hand. And the irreconcilable Union veteran took the hand and clasped it warmly. At the same moment Rachel felt a touch on her shoulder and, turning, met Dick's triumphant smile.

It was a long time before the two old men finished their talk; in fact, they were still talking when Rachel came and silently stood beside them. Dick stood a little aloof.

"Father," said Rachel. He smiled at her a little shamefacedly and then at his new friend. "It's as I was saying, Rachel," he said. "There's no call to hate. Hate is a bad thing after all, and Barker was right. 'Love divine,' that's it. Love divine."

And its divinity Dick and Rachel knew as they looked into each other's eyes at that parting.

Ireland Improving

It is gratifying intelligence that John D. Crimmins, of New York, himself one of the leading Irishmen of the United States, brings back from a visit to Ireland news as to the prosperity which prevails all over that country. People have so long been regarding Ireland as a land of poverty that such news comes as a genuine surprise. Mr. Crimmins made an extensive visit throughout the Green Isle and found the people generally in a prosperous condition. The farms of the peasants, he reports, "are the prettiest and present a better appearance than any I have seen anywhere." Moreover he found the average small farmer so industrious that he apparently did not have the time, even if he had the inclination, to show any hostile feeling toward England.

The people of Ireland are showing a preference for postal savings banks of the country, which Mr. Crimmins regards as a sign of a modification of the hostility toward the English government. The bank statistics bear out his impression of the reasonable prosperity of the people. The deposits in the joint stock banks have increased from \$156,500,000 in 1886 to \$242,110,000 in 1901, while the capital in the postoffice savings banks has increased from \$12,290,860 in 1885 to \$40,290,775 in 1900, and that in the trustees' savings banks, during the same period, has risen from \$10,091,935 to \$11,665,415.

The growth of Irish commerce, which has expanded from \$48,000,000 in 1896 to nearly \$67,000,000 in 1900, is another indication of the increasing prosperity of Ireland.—Ex.

Will Bore Nome Earth

Seattle, July 28.—J. W. Kelly, the West Virginia oil operator and banker, upon his arrival recently at Nome, announced that he expected to begin boring and drilling on a bench fraction adjoining No. 2 below discovery on the left limit of Anvil creek. His machinery is now at Nome. Kelly claims it will penetrate frozen ground, rock or other hard substances, and is capable of sinking 100 feet a day. The ease and facility with which ground can be prospected will, therefore, be evident. The machines can be easily moved, being placed on wooden trucks with wide tires. Crude petroleum is used for fuel.

Accompanied by L. S. Burrell and others, Kelly made an inspection of Dexter, Newton, Dry, Bourbon and other creeks adjacent to Nome, and he stated that there would be no difficulty in pumping water from Nome river to Dexter and other streams mentioned. His pumps have a lifting capacity of sixty miners' inches of water to a height of 1,800 feet.

The greatest elevation from Nome river to the stretch of country which only needs water to make it very productive is 700 feet. Mr. Kelly proposes to install at least two pumps. These are now in Seattle and will be forwarded to Nome as soon as possible. It is hardly probable that they can be put in operation this season, but they will be set up next winter and will be ready for work early in the spring.

How a Marksman Was Made

Several men stepped into a shooting gallery in the downtown section of the city a few days ago. One of them a man of 45, wearing doubleless spectacles, picked up a rifle and began shooting. At every discharge there was an answering ring from the target. This was kept up for 20 minutes, and not a miss was made, whether at the stationary, revolving or swinging target. His friends were surprised. Said one of them:

"Why, Smith, I had no idea you were such a marksman!"

"Neither had I," said Smith, "until recently. I was always fond of shooting," he continued, "and practiced all my life without acquiring extraordinary skill. In fact, I was regarded as at the bottom of the list

of third-class marksmen. A year ago failing eyesight compelled me to begin the use of glasses. Some time afterward I happened into a shooting gallery, and as usual began trying the guns. To my surprise I found I could not miss. I took my rifle and tried it at long range, and I hit the bull's-eye every time. I have shot a great deal since that, and I scarcely ever miss. In fact, I think I can now class myself as a first class marksman. It is due to the glasses, for I shoot as poorly as ever without them."

"I consulted my oculist about the matter, and he gave me a long-winded statement which I could not comprehend. I was never near-sighted, far-sighted, or cross-eyed. In fact, my eyes had always been normal until age compelled me to wear glasses. I only know that before that I was a poor shot, and since then I have been a good one."

Pumped Church Organ 37 Years

To pump an organ in a church for thirty-seven years without missing a Sunday is the record of Joshua Savall, the blind colored organ pumper at Plymouth Church Sunday school, Brooklyn. In appreciation of his services the women of the church recently held a fair, and the proceeds of the sales all went to Joshua, who is not in a very prosperous condition financially.

Joshua was born with defective eyes, and the doctors experimenting on them when he was a child, he became "stone blind." He has no recollection of ever seeing. He was born in Philadelphia seventy-two years ago, and has lived in Brooklyn sixty-five years.

In his younger days he was a sort of "Blind Tom" in the musical line. He played the violin, violoncello and piano. He always played by note, having the notes read to him and committing them to memory.

Thirty-seven years ago he was engaged as organ pumper in Plymouth Church Sunday school by Dr. Henry Ward Beecher, and since then he has not missed being behind the organ on a Sunday. He has known personally all the prominent men and women who at present and in the past have been connected with Plymouth church Sunday school. In the old days he would frequently pump the organ in the church. In Dr. Beecher's time he got \$25 as a Christmas present. Now he gets \$10.

Joshua has for twenty years pumped the organ in the chapel at Packer Institute. He is a great favorite with the young women there, and on his birthdays they always fill his larder with good things to eat. One of the young women at Packer painted his portrait in oil and had it framed in gilt and gave it to the old man. This is one of his dearest possessions.

Joshua has pumped the organ in fifty-six churches in Brooklyn. Although connected with churches so many years Joshua is not a church member. He attended a theater once and has visited circuses many times. He has smoked since he was 5 years old. When small he used to pick up the butts of cigars left by his father. He also chews tobacco.

Joshua is hale and hearty and walks to Plymouth Church and Packer Institute alone. He has lived, with a housekeeper, at No. 88 Fulton street since his daughter's death two years ago. He allows no one in his own bedroom, because it was fixed up by his daughter.—Ex.

Was Weak in Mathematics

The Atlanta Constitution the other day received the following letter: "Sur an Friend—Do the Carnegie library lend Books techn Mathematics to Outside your citie? I want Onlie Books on Mathematiccs, as I am all right on spellin an am a purty good Grammatician, if I do say it Miself. I kin Spel an Grammarize, but Mathematiccs is one too much for Me."

Job Printing at Nugget office.

To Educate Filipinos

Manila, July 27.—Commissioner Bernard Moses, head of the department of public instruction for the Philippine islands, is perfecting plans for the organization of a college in Manila for the training of Filipino teachers. His plans provide for the instruction of the children in the

morning by Filipino teachers, and in the afternoon by Americans. Commissioner Moses' object is to fit Filipinos for the task Americans are now performing, it being considered inadvisable to continue to import and maintain American teachers. The plans will later be extended to other parts of the island.

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