

STILLMAN GOTT

moss rose. It was a flower that had always grown in his mother's garden during her lifetime, and he looked upon it as the typical flower of that section of the country in which he had always lived, for he said the moss on the rose always reminded him of the gray ledges and the trunks of the spruce and pine trees to which the moss clung.

There let him lie, with the grass and flowers of summer growing over his grave and the weeping rains and sheltering snows of winter falling upon it, until the great day when all the world shall come before the Almighty to be judged according to their respective deeds upon earth.

Let his plea to the great question be the epitaph on his gravestone, chosen by himself,

" HE DID THE BEST HE COULD."