

LOVE.

Love is the queerest paradox; It begets and it deduces; But it stands on its own sweet merits. Though these sometimes surprise. Why do you love your baby? The dear, little dimpled elf; Because it is your duty? Say, because it is yourself. What makes you dote on your daughter? The girl with the languid eyes; "Because she's a winsome woman." "Ah! here's where love deludes. Have you seen them roused to their fullest— These curls so tenderly true? Have you seen them flash, and melt and glow With a light not meant for you? "No!" Then watch, for a hero is coming, Who carries a mystic charm; He may not be half the man you are, But he'll do you a deadly harm. You placed a ring on her finger, A jewel rich and rare; But the little forget-me-not by its side Will receive her choicest care. Ah! well, but life is a drama, And love can't have a happy ending; And besides, you know, you started it once In this very same old play. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

A Story of Memorial Day.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"You are not doing it just for my sake, Hugh?" said the sweet incisive voice. "God forbid! There is no question of that, Marion." "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more." I am one of 'Marion's men,' as the boys call me now, by birth and breeding, for my great-grandfather was sworn aide and ally of the Swamp Fox, Hugh Heriot of that day, and his leader's right hand all through that long hiding and skirmishing that so harassed the British from swamp and morass. Many a tale has my grandfather told me by the big fireplace at Heriot of those old days, till my heart and head were full of patriotism. I was fed on love for my country from my first remembrance; do you think it will fail me now? Marion Lancaster's dark eyes flashed back the look of her lover's. "No! but then— Will it seem patriotism to them, Hugh—to your people at home?" "I don't know. I have a horrid doubt sometimes. But it is my country; I have no other—my own grand, magnificent country—east, west, or south. I fight for its unity, against its separation, for no latitude or longitude. If my own people have lived so long in Georgia that their good Scotch blood runs thin with the languor of luxury, I have been here in these hills long enough to get back the iron into mine that lay only in abeyance. I must go, Marion; and I must go on the side of right. You could not keep me, dear, and I know you would not." A spasm of anguish quivered over her beautiful proud face, but her voice was true and clear. "I dare not keep you, Hugh. Women have a sense of honor, too—a love of country." "Some of them," said Hugh, bitterly. He was thinking of his classmate and chum; whose weak lovely little fiancée, was doing her utmost to keep him out of the army, day after day. Hugh looked at Marion with love and admiration. "You are the right sort," he said, as he drew her more closely to his shoulder. "I wish I knew how things were with Sandy." "He went on," Mother had no one else on the plantation but Cornelia's cousins. I know have joined the army of the South. Georgians born and bred, though Aunt Carr was a Connecticut woman, like mother, they are typical Southerners; they have neither my Scotch blood nor my Northern education. I know well which way is theirs. I can't blame them, though I heartily disagree with them." Marion looked up at her lover with something higher than emotion in her eyes; his justice and candor amazed her. In the scolding passages of the past she had never heard one just word uttered for those whose honest convictions arrayed them on the other side. "It is well now for your mother that Sandy did not see your strength," she said, thinking with a woman's instinct how lonely Mrs. Heriot would be without either son. Hugh laughed. "Perhaps it is just as well for me Marion. Had we both been strong and well we should both have come North—mother is a fanatic about New England education and the same about both have fallen in love with you, sweetheart. What a dilemma for you?" "How do you know?" said Marion, half smiling. "Oh, Sandy and I are twins all through, except for his delicate organization. He and I liked the same things, dreamed the same dreams, read the same books, are so alike, we could be mistaken for twins, puzzled by to tell 'em apart. Old Dr. Severance used to say that we were, after all, only one child, with two bodies, and I always felt ashamed, in a dull sort of way, to be so robust when Sandy could not keep up with me; but he is far the sweeter-natured of the two, and I always could have loved him the better, Marion." "Never!" was the swift, indignant answer. "So Hugh Heriot enlisted with a Northern regiment, parted with his sweetheart bravely, and left her to wait, as hundreds like her were left in those dreadful days. Did we know then, shall we ever know now, we who stand here in silence, that those women suffered who, tied hand and foot, maddened by the poor recurrent routine of daily life, filled with vague imaginative terrors, had yet to live and do their petty duties under the edge of a sword worse than the fabled blade of Damocles? Honor forever to that noble army of martyrs! To them no less than to those who lost their lives on the actual battlefield should monuments arise and wreaths be offered. They were the beating heart that sent strength into the battling ranks, oh! how often perished with it! not in the pallor and decay of physical death, not in the rest and shelter of the flower-strewn grave, but in the loneliness of the joyless life, the desperation of memory, the "dying, yet behold we live," that death in life that is the greatest if not the last enemy! If there were other women who suffered more than Marion Lancaster in this dire suspense, she did not know it; it seemed to her no heart could be more torn with anxiety, more tortured by the silence that thrilled with dreadful possibilities, than hers. She did not consider that her love for Hugh Heriot was a young passion steadily cooled in her breast; that she was bound to him by none of the strong ties of those who had sent their husbands out to war, and crunched on desolate hearthstones, clinging to children about them who, at the next hour, were wailing orphans; thought she suffered all she could, and was weak after weak grew into months, and months, and the second year came on as she grew thin, pale and list-

less; the few times Marion had heard from him he had spoken of his intention to apply for one at the year's end, but he had enlisted for the war, and felt that while his strength lasted he must fight. He was more needed on the field that even Marion needed him. Yet after the first year began there were no more letters, and after the battle of Lookout Mountain the lists of killed and wounded came in so fast that it was a long week before the "very last" showed among the list of missing, "Hugh Heriot, Major C, Tenth Infantry." "Missing!" Can words expound what that one word meant in those days? Not the sharp blow of "Wounded," which implied possible life, and even a hope of immediate repair to the sufferer, and all the gentle ministrations to relieve one and console the other, blessed in giving or taking. Not the stun and desolation of "Dead," that left no worse to fear, nor tantalized with the ignis fatuus of hope; but that one word that tortured but did not slay; that bound the victim to the stake and piled the fagots, but delayed to light the fire till the waiting grew to madness. Marion was a warm-hearted, imaginative girl, and "Missing" meant to her a long chapter of surmised agonies. In her waking hours she figured so many and such dreadful possibilities that her sleep renewed and exaggerated, she painted such sufferings for her lost lover, such terrible and harassing situations, that it would have been a positive relief to her to know of his death; yet she would not admit it to herself. She lost all that held her to life when, just as the war ceased, her sweet mother died suddenly and without one farewell word. It would have been better for Marion had necessity forced her to exertion, but she had money enough to live on comfortably, and so she shut herself in her tiny house with her old servant, and made herself a solitary mourner. Her beautiful and abundant growth, which shone as snow, and her eyes lost their sparkle; but her health gradually asserted itself anew, her constitution was strong and she almost lived out-of-doors, either in her garden, which was her amusement and pleasure, or walking over the breezy hills of the country about. She had never been half so beautiful when Hugh Heriot knew her as she was, eight years after, when one exquisite morning in May, she stood by her door clipping boughs of hawthorn from her one cherished tree, and placing them beside the apple blossoms she had already gathered in a large basket. There too were sheaves of pale narcissus, trails of heaven blue myrtle, bunches of the ever snow-drop and gagea tulips, for it was Memorial day, and never since its first observance had Marion failed to carry whatever blossoms she could find to the cemetery, and add her share to the honors of the few dead soldiers who slept in that small and shaded place of rest. It smote her every year to think of that unhonored place where her lover's body rested, for long ago she had given up hope for his life. Who covered his grave with flowers or foliage? Who prayed over his last sleep? The thought stung her again as she took from the doerstep a smaller basket of wild flowers, with which she always dressed the low mound above her mother, and taking the larger one on her arm, went over to the schoolhouse, where the young village girls were making wreaths and bouquets. From there she went to her mother's grave, and began to adorn it with all the blossoms she had; and field her mother had loved so much in her life; she heard the distant music of the band begin to send its wailing requiem from the church steps, where the procession was just entering; she heard the slow toll of the bell that always rung a knell in Alton on Decoration day; she knelt by the headstone of her mother's resting-place, and leaning her head against it sobbed bitterly, and spoke aloud in her re-awakened sorrow, knowing there was no ear to hear: "O Hugh! my Hugh! if I could but see you again, I would tell you how I could only see your grave, it would be a help! But you have gone out into darkness, and the place of your sepulchre no man knoweth unto this day. Why, why cannot I go too?" "Marion," said a voice. She lifted her quivering lids. Hugh stood before her. With a low cry she fell across her mother's grave and lay at his feet. "She knew no more till she came back to life on her own sofa, with Hugh kneeling beside her, and the village doctor dropping some pungent fluid down into her lips. She looked at her dead-alive lover, with anxious, asking eyes. "I am not Hugh; I am Sandy," he said sadly but distinctly. Yet he was Hugh to her heart and her ears, and she answered to line in the strong fine face, except that it was older, darker, more worn, as it well might be after the stress of war; the smile was sadder and sweeter than ever Hugh's had been; but it was Hugh's voice in tone and accent. There was a long story to tell when Marion could listen; but through it all she felt a strange and keen sense that she was listening to a tale from another world, was following a sound in the dark. Alexander Heriot was indeed the truest and bravest of men, but he had been pale and delicate in his youth; but when the war broke out, and he openly avowed his opposition to the course of the South, his intense bitterness and his devotion to the cause of the Union, he could find a way to join the army of the North, as he knew Hugh had done. The out-door life and enforced exercise restored him to perfect health, and in six months he had found the Union army, but not Hugh; and volunteering into the ranks, had fought and bravely till peace came; then he went back to his native place, only to find his mother dead, and his sister the bride of a day, widowed and alone, but bitter against him with intense bitterness, and the only exist- ing bond between those who are kindred and have been dear to each other. There, too, he found the report of Hugh "missing," and having no home—no friends, had gone to her husband's friends in Savannah—and no means to make the plantation remunerative, he sold it for a small sum, and dividing the proceeds with Cornelia, devoted himself to tracing Hugh. At last, by one of those accidents we ought to call "providents" he discovered his brother's knapsack in the hut of a poor man not far from the battlefield, and by dint of rewards offered, learned that the man from whom that knapsack was taken had crept away, mortally wounded to the shelter of a few bushes during the fight, and had been found there by the "cracker," who took possession of his arms and his accoutrements. "But he made a grave for our poor Hugh, Marion," Alexander said, with a trembling voice—"a grave where decorations never fail. The fellow showed me where he buried him, between two pine trees. On one of them climbs a Cherokee rose that drops its thick white petals on the sod, and wild blossoms have trailed all over the mound, till it is fair as you mother's grave to-day. I could but think when I saw it that the God of the brave and the loyal had not forgotten Hugh's lonely pillow in the wilderness." After leaving his brother's place of rest, Alexander had opened his knapsack and found in it Marion's letters and her picture. As Hugh had said, the twin brothers were alike in every fiber, and Alexander's heart opened at once to enshrine the lovely woman Hugh had adored and left for his country. But what had he to offer her? Before he dared venture to fill his brother's place he must have a home to which he could ask Marion; he could not honorably ask

her to share his poverty, for it was utter. Before long, however, he found a place in some of the new enterprises of the South; worked there as manfully as he had fought, and just as soon as his position was assured, and he could ask an absence from the work, he came to the North, and arriving at Alton on Memorial day, was directed where to find Marion at her mother's grave. Her whole heart went out to him as soon as she spoke; for to her he was Hugh, and no other—the aspect, the voice, the manner, even the very thoughts he shared with her, were all Hugh's, and the man's nobility forbade him to feel one jealous pang when, without even knowing it, over and over she gave him his brother's name. Nor did she delay her marriage, as he feared might be her wish. "We have been engaged so long," she answered him, when he asked her, "that I do not feel that it is haste. Dear Sandy, Hugh told me I should love you, if I knew you, better than I loved him. Perhaps I shall; yet always I shall think that Decoration day was also resurrection day to me." —Harper's Bazar.

Mark Twain on Interview.

In a letter to the Boston Journal William J. Bok, of New York, writes as follows: "Not long ago I was permitted the pleasure of a talk on literary and other matters with Mark Twain, with a view to publication. Desiring that my report of the interview should be accurate, I sent the manuscript to the humorist for his approval. The following highly interesting letter was the answer. What a man! I have perfect faith in the value of the expressed interview as written, Mr. Clemens's desire will, of course suppress its publication. The letter printed below is, however, an ample substitute for the intended "talk."

My Dear Mr. Bok: No, no—it is like most interviews, pure twaddle and valueless.

For several quite plain and simple reasons an "interview" must, as a rule, be an absurdity. And chiefly for this reason: It is an attempt to use a heat on land, or a wagon on water, to speak figuratively. Spoken speech is one thing; written speech is quite another. Print is a proper vehicle for the latter, but it isn't for the former. The moment "talk" is put into print you recognize that it is not what it was when you heard it; you perceive that an immense something has disappeared from it. That is its soul. You have nothing but a dead carcass left on your hands. Color, play of feature, the varying modulations of voice, the laugh, the smile, the informing, interesting, captivating, that gave that body warmth, grace, friendliness and charm, and commended it to your affection, or at least to your tolerance, is gone, and nothing is left but a pallid, stiff and repulsive cadaver.

Such is "talk" almost invariably, as you see it lying in state in an "interview." The interviewer seldom tries to tell one how a thing was said; he merely puts in the naked remark and stops there. When one writes for print his methods are very different. He follows forms which have but little resemblance to conversation, but they make the reader understand what the writer is trying to convey. And when the writer is making a story and finds it necessary to report some of the talk of his characters, observe how cautiously and anxiously he goes at that risky and difficult thing.

"If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said Alfred, taking a mock heroic attitude, and casting an arch glance upon the company, "blood would have flowed."

"If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said Hawkwood, with that in his eye which caused more than one heart in that guilty assemblage to quake, "blood would have flowed."

"If he had dared to say that thing in my presence," said the paltry blusterer, with valor on his tongue and pallor on his lips, "blood would have flowed."

So painfully aware is the novelist that naked talk in print conveys no meaning, that he loads, and often overloads, almost every utterance of his characters with explanations and interpretations. It is a loud confession that print is a poor vehicle for "talk"; it is a recognition that in confusion to the reason to the reader.

Now, in your interview you have certainly been most accurate; you have said down the sentences I uttered as I said them. But you have not a word of explanation; what my manner was at several points is not indicated. Therefore, no reader can possibly know where I was in earnest and where I was joking; or whether I was joking altogether, or in earnest altogether. Such a report of a conversation has no value. It can convey only meanings to the reader, but never the right one. To add interpretations which would convey the right meaning is a something which would require—what? An art so high and fine and difficult that no possessor of it would ever be allowed to waste it on interviews.

No; spare the reader and spare me; leave the whole interview out; it is rubbish. I wouldn't take my sleep if I couldn't talk better than that.

If you wish to print anything, print this letter; it may have some value, for it may explain to a reader here and there why it is that in interviews, as a rule, men seem to talk like anybody but themselves. Sincerely yours,

MARK TWAIN.

Two Theories.

From the New York Weekly.

Fond Mother (in passenger car with her children)—"It just scared me when I read—Johnny! Stop pulling flowers off the lady's bonnet—when I read in the papers Richard! You must keep your head in—the paper the other day that—George! If you put your stick in the water, just from the discomforts of the Johnny! Stop punching that gentleman—the of the journey in a railroad train. I wonder if she had children with her?"

Lady (in reply)—"Perhaps some other woman had."

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