

GATHERED EPITAPHS.

Here lies our joy and hope,
Little Willie Zellars,
He climbed the heavenly stairs
By falling down the cellar's.

Sleep love, at rest from storm and strife,
Your face no more I'll see,
I could not mourn a second wife
As now I mourn for thee.

A loving father, a husband dear,
In peace is sweetly sleeping here;
He leaves a mourning family
And an insurance policy.

Beneath th' stone lies Mike O'Farrel,
He blew into a shotgun barrel,
When on a sudden it exploded—
He did not know that it was loaded,
And he went off with it.

Dearest Susan thou hast left me,
Though you went off in a fit;
You are now among the angels,
And 'tis sweet to think of it.

Here lies a man of great renown,
The greatest liar in the town;
To fish he greatly was inclined,
And had a most expensive mind.

Cucumbers three did not agree
With little Johnny Hickle,
They filled him up with aches and pains
And got him in this pickle.

My dear fond wife, sleep on,
I would not call thee back;
I miss thee since thine's gone—
Indeed this is a fact.

Beneath this slab lies Miser Strong,
Not very much he took along;
But then we're sure that Uncle Jase
Took just as much as one could take.

Under this monument behold
A man whose heart was set on gold
To grind the poor he always tried,
And from a stroke of conscience died!

WEDDED IN DEATH.

Across the level tongue of land from which the battle-scarred, earthquake shaken city of Charleston looks Eastward stretch the grass-covered mounds which are all that is left of the mighty fortifications that Lee and Beauregard built and armed nearly a quarter of a century ago. Approaching the bank lapped by the lazy wavelets of the Ashley, these traces of the defensive works of that era run Northward of a peaceful burial-ground in which the drooping branches of the magnolia and palmetto trees sweep the tops of the stones that record the names of men and women who have found rest beneath that sod in the generations that have passed since the stalwart and splendid Huguenot pilgrims who had escaped Carrier's massacre established the city and the state. A perpetual peace dwells upon the spot; the fragrance of roses and magnolias perfumes the atmosphere; the remnants of the forts have been smoothed by the indomitable hand of time into fitting semblance with the scene; it is difficult even to find upon the veterans of the arboreal growth the scars of the shot and shell that once whistled and screamed from the great guns of Dahlgren's monitors and Gilmore's batteries over this lovely God's Acre of the Southern land; and between the leafage of the sturdy trees the visitor catches glimpses of famous old St. Michael's spire and all the broad and beautiful vista of river, city and sea that extends to the horizon of the Atlantic.

It is the ancient and venerable cemetery of Christ Church Parish, around which Beauregard drew his military lines of circumvallation and so brought the rude and noisy bustle of war into intrusion upon the everlasting sleep of South Carolinians who had preached multification and talked state's rights five lustrums before speech became powder and shot and bloodshed.

The westering sun bathes in golden glory one of the most prominent monuments in this city of the dead—a slender and graceful marble shaft crowning a turfed hillock that from time to time blooms with the profligate beauty of flowers that bespeak assiduous and indefatigable care for the memory of the tenant of the tomb. On the face that is turned toward the sunset is the inscription:

MARGARET PICKENS DE ROCHELLE
DEC 24TH, 1864.

When South Carolina seceded from the Union and lit the fires of civil war her governor was Francis W. Pickens, a member of the slave-holding aristocracy that boasted of its blue blood, and, like the feudal system of which it was a modern simulacrum, occasionally developed noble and admirable types of men and women. To that rank Governor Pickens was entitled and of all the fair and lovable women to whom his distinguished family had given birth no one was sweeter or more beautiful than the daughter, who, when Major Anderson lowered the flag on Sumter, was budding into a charming womanhood. It has been truly said that the war was prolonged by the courage and persistency with which the women of the South imbued the men. No history has ever adequately told the sacrifices that they made, the sufferings that they patiently endured to cheer and prompt the soldiers and sailors who served under the banner of the lost cause. Nowhere between the Potomac and the Mexican Gulf was their spirit of unswerving devotion more manifest and active than

in the capital of the Keystone State of the Southern Confederacy; and there was no patriotic project mooted in which women could share to which Margaret Pickens did not contribute.

A TYPE OF SOUTHERN BEAUTY.

Turning back to the Charleston newspapers of the war epoch, her name is found a hundred times upon their worn and fading pages. In 1862 the women of the city turned their jewelry, their diamonds—gems that had come down to them from their Huguenot and English ancestors—their silver plate and innumerable articles of bric-a-brac into the money that paid for the ironclad ship-of-war Palmetto State that on January 31, 1863, sunk the United States gunboat Mercedita in a battle in Charleston Harbor. In the enterprise of raising the construction fund Margaret Pickens was proficient and untiring. She stripped herself of her jewelry, and she figured in a leading capacity at the fair or bazaar at which the women sold their treasures that "The Ladies Gunboat" might be built. A bright young Englishman, who had come into Charleston as an officer of one of the blockade runners, saw her on that occasion and worshipped her through the medium of a letter to a friend in Liverpool that found its way into the columns of the Liverpool Mercury. He wrote:

"I have seen to-night the loveliest girl that my eyes ever gazed upon and the sight of her was worth the guinea of a sailor's wages that I paid for the queer little flower I received from her hand and that is lying before me as I write. The picture of her face which I hold in memory would make me willing at any time to take the chances of being caught or shot to pieces by the Yankees in dodging the blockade. She is rather tall, clean built as a Shanghai clipper, her eyes and hair are nut-brown and her voice as soft as that of any of the Minorca girls."

For nineteen months, beginning with June, 1863, Charleston suffered the most prolonged and tremendous bombardment ever inflicted upon an American city. All the lower part of the town was swept by day and night by Gilmore's 300-pound shells and forsaken by its population. The roar of the artillery fire upon Fort Sumter and the other defensive works was well nigh incessant, while the battles upon Morris Island for the possession of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, the frequent skirmishes between the reconnoitering boat parties, the engagements of the fleets and such torpedo expeditions as that which blew up the Federal gunboat Housatonic left few uneventful days in the history of the long and bloody siege. The hospitals of the city overflowed with wounded men, the care of whom was largely entrusted to an organization of volunteer nurses, of which Miss Pickens was a member.

LOVE IN A HOSPITAL.

To her charge fell in the Autumn of 1864 Lieutenant Andre de Rochelle, of the first South Carolina Regiment of Artillery, a command of which Beauregard said that it had not its superior in any army in the world. It had held Fort Sumter during the terrific fire that crumbled the great stone walls into fragments and a piece of bursting shell had struck de Rochelle down with what was seemingly a mortal wound. He was removed to a hospital under the direction of Surgeon Jeffery, of the Confederate service, and for the many days in which he lay there nearer death than conscious life Miss Pickens was his devoted attendant. There had been no previous acquaintanceship between the beautiful nurse and her gallant patient and she had merely gone to his bedside in the first instance as she might have gone to that of any other suffering soldier; but he owed his life to her unflinching care, and when he had passed the point of danger gratitude was mingled with a warmer sentiment. The by-play of love ran on unchecked in the fierce theatre of war, and they became pledged to marry. They were of equal social rank, Lieutenant de Rochelle having a lineage that reached the Huguenot settlement of the state.

The marriage was appointed for the Christmas eve of 1864, in the gloom that then overshadowed the beleaguered town. It was a sombre holiday season for the people driven from their shattered homes by the steady rain of shot and shell, nearly exhausted of the commonest necessities of life and shrouded in mourning for lost members of every household.

The Pickens family mansion was within the line of fire from the Federal batteries, and months previously had been abandoned. Miss Pickens had been received into the residence of her relative, General Rhett, which was supposed to be beyond the range of their guns, and had so far escaped being hit by any of the monstrous projectiles that flew into the city. On Christmas eve the wedding party were assembled in the parlor of the Rhett mansion, one of the large and handsome houses so common on all the river frontage of old Charleston. Divested of its costly and elaborate decorations that had gone to swell this or that Confederate fund, the great room looked barren, chilly and forbidding. Candles were almost an unattainable luxury then—the city gas works had long been wrecked by exploding shells—and some home-made device of illumination only lit up the little space occupied by the lover and bride and clergyman.

Save for the brilliant uniform of the soldier and the white robes of the priest of the Episcopal Church, there seemed no color or warmth in the apartment.

Finery appropriate to the wedding ceremonies of distinguished people was not to be found in the Confederacy, and while the dozen of guests were men and women who had known the opulent and luxurious life of good society in the ante-bellum day of Charleston they were now reduced to homespuns and coarse cottons. With the harsh discordance of the bombardment filling their ears, and with the knowledge that the bridegroom must at once quit his wife's side for service with his command, a sense of apprehension and sorrow brooded over the assemblage. The most serene and self-possessed of all present, the newspaper reports said, was Miss Pickens, whose stately beauty was heightened by contrast with the surroundings.

WHEN THE SHELL BURST.

The clergyman's voice broke the silence of the group with the reading of the marriage form, and he had just reached the interrogatories when the horrible roar of a shell vastly louder than those flying over the distant sections of the city drowned every other sound. It came from an advanced battery that General Foster had recently opened well up on the inner side of Morris Island and within a four-mile range of the Rhett residence. The 200 pounds of iron loaded with incendiary material described a trajectory that ended upon the roof of the house, from whence it crashed through the intermediate floors and burst in the midst of the wedding party.

When the stifling smoke had cleared away and men could breathe free from the suffocating fumes of the powder, the apartment—its walls and ceiling partly blown out, its furniture knocked into chips, blood spattered everywhere, fragments of human forms strewn the floors—was a scene of indescribable terror. Three of the wedding guests had been instantly killed, and not a person in the room had escaped injury of some sort. Lieutenant de Rochelle and the clergyman were only slightly hurt, but Miss Pickens was prostrate and saturated with the blood that streamed from where her shoulder had been cruelly torn by a fragment of the shell. A surgeon pronounced her dead, but when she was laid upon a couch she slightly revived and endeavored to speak, each heave of her breast causing the blood to flow in an increasing current.

De Rochelle approached her side and placed his ear close to the lips that were painfully struggling to utter intelligible words. Her eyes sought the clergyman with a look that begged him to draw nigh. He did so, and de Rochelle, catching as by inspiration her meaning, asked her if she would have of the remainder of the ceremony performed before she died. Again she made the effort to speak and failed, and the surgeon warned them that her life was ebbing fast; but the consent which she could not voice found expression in an inflection of the head.

Then the clergyman, with his robe stained from the wound he had received, stood over the couch of the dying woman, whose hand had sought that of her lover, and proceeded with the reading of the holy ritual in the apartment from which the slain had not yet been removed and where the blood was still fresh and reeking. When he put the question whether she would have the man beside her for her wedded husband her attempt to answer brought on the paroxysms of mortal dissolution. Foam flecked her lips and her face became ashen gray, but with a final and supreme exertion she murmured, "I will." Christmas came in at midnight with the thundering diapason of the never silent cannonade, and the morning sun broke upon the dead face of Margaret Pickens de Rochelle. And this is the story told by the marble in the Christ Church home of the silent majority and remembered by Charlestonians unforgetful of the beauty and grace of the daughter of South Carolina's first war Governor.

Properly Served.

A celebrated man not long since received a just rebuke. A lecturer stated that the aforesaid celebrated man knew how to make a most excellent cup of coffee. A respectable minister wrote to him asking for the receipt. His request was granted, but at the bottom of the letter was the following manifestation of stupendous conceit: "I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph." To which the minister replied: "Accept my thanks for the receipt for making coffee; I wrote in good faith, and in order to convince you of that fact allow me to return what you obviously infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me, your autograph."

Domestic Life in Georgia.

Georgia man—I want ter borrow some more money on my farm.
Omaha financier—What did you do with the last.
"Used it up digging a cyclone pit."
"Ah, I see. What improvements do you want to make next?"
"Wall, yer see, I want ter put a lot of hanging beds out in the orchard."
"Hanging beds? What under the canopy are they for?"
"Them is for earthquakes."

The man who jumps overboard is supposed to be over-bored with life.

Woman as Rent Collector.

In evidence recently given before the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes Mr. Boodle, agent of the Marquis of Northampton, stated that the middlemen employed hitherto to collect the rents on his London property had turned out so badly that it was his Lordship's intention in future, as leases fall in, to collect them directly through a lady visitor. In the course of his examination another witness, Lord William Compton, expressed his opinion that it was practically impossible for the ground landlord to see that the conditions of his leases are kept, except by such active supervision as is exercised by Miss Octavia Hill. These two remarkable statements point to the wider employment of ladies in a most useful and interesting work; and though no one should adopt a calling requiring so much judgment as well as sympathy only to make a livelihood, we trust there are many who may do so in full harmony with the dictates of their hearts and powers as well as of their inclinations.—*Work and Leisure.*

Gen'l Samuel I. Given, Ex-Chief of Police, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Years ago I was permanently cured by St. Jacobs Oil. I have had no occasion to use it since. My family keep it on hand. Its healing qualities are wonderful." Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wise Small People.

Small Jamie was at his devotions one royal winter's morning. Now it happened that a great hill sloped just past the window near which our little worshipper was kneeling, and honesty compels me to acknowledge that one of Jamie's eyes was intent on temporal things, while the other was piously given up to those of spiritual import. Midway in the petition Jamie's temporal eye spied a prostrate figure coming jubilantly down hill. It was too much for the small man's piety. The spiritual eye flew open wide, and Jamie darted to the window, and with an excited "Who-oo-p!" then dropped upon his knees and ended his prayer.—*EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

"Good deeds," once said the celebrated Richter, "ring clear through Heaven like a bell." One of the best deeds is to alleviate human sufferings. "Last fall my daughter was in decline," says Mrs. Mary Hinson, of Montrose, Kansas, "and everybody thought she was going into consumption. I got her a bottle of Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription,' and it cured her." Such facts as the above need no comment.

Could not Read the Ritual.

Lawyer L. W. Wilcox, the grizzled veteran of Titusville who was injured by stepping from a moving train at Corry the other day, is the leading character in this serio-comic incident which has never before been printed. Ministers were a trifle scarce in a Grand Army of the Republic post up the creek of which Wilcox was a member, and he was elected chaplain. His chief duty was to open the meetings with prayer, and never having set himself up as a praying man the prayer was printed on a card so he could get through with it with less mental effort. Wilcox carried the card around in his pocket with his tobacco and things, and when he came to use it for the first time the printing was considerably obscured. After the meeting had been called to order Capt. Wilcox stepped to the front, took out his card, and began to scrutinize it closely. He regarded it carefully for a

moment and then began to read, deciphering the printing with much difficulty. "O Lord," he began, so as to get the best possible light on it, "O Lord, we"—(then stopping to spell out a dim word)—"we thank Thee for Thy"—(another halt)—"for Thy"—dammit, boys, can't read it."—*Old City Derrick.*

A New Work for Women.

It has been found that the sense of delicacy which naturally causes women to shrink from the ordeal of a medical examination by a strange physician has served to deter many of the sex from applying for life-insurance. Accordingly, an enterprising Philadelphia company has just appointed as lady medical examiners at its home office Dr. Anna Bromall and Dr. Clara Marshall of the Philadelphia Women's Medical College. Similar appointments will no doubt be made in all the large centres where it does business, and the example thus set is quite sure to be imitated by the company's business rivals. Thus has another avenue been opened for the employment of women in a pleasant as well as in a profitable way.

This is the Season

In which to purify and enrich the blood, to restore the lost appetite, and to build up the system, as the body is now especially susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar medicinal merit of, and the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it the most popular spring medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, and all humors, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh, and all affections caused by impure blood.

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"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it the best medicine for the blood I ever tried. Large quantities of it are sold in this vicinity. As a blood medicine and spring tonic it stands ahead of all others." E. N. PHILLIPS, Editor Sentinel-Advertiser, Hope Valley, R. I.

Spring Medicine

My little boy, three years old, has been a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. I was advised to a friend to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we have all taken it. The result is that all have been cured of the scrofula, my little boy being entirely free from sores, and all four of my children are now looking as bright and healthy as can be." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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