

# Rose of Christmas.



It was the eve of Christmas. The air was frosty—men's boots made the snow crack under them as they passed with the quick tread of those who had not a few hours left to anticipate the coming of the Christmas saint and the advent of Christ-myth in their homes.

Christmas greetings mingled with the orders of the shopkeepers to hasten the delivery of the wife brushed against the faded, threadbare shawl of the shivering woman from the city's darkest holiday had stolen a brief and hopeless holiday from the joy that in this one hour of the world's joy she might breathe the incense of an unknown existence of happiness, of a vision that floated before her and started eyes in dimmer unreality than the storied tales of pagan magnificence.

A flood of brilliant light poured out from the shops. She was the luxury of the holiday season that not only the signs of winter were evident, but the garnered treasures of all lands. There were fruits from Persia and Arabia, gems from every nation that the sun shines on, luxuries from polar regions, where only intrepid explorers have trod, silks from lands where the sun pours a fiery flood the year round, the choicest and dearest bits from Egypt, India, Siam, a bewildering array from the islands of the sea and from the capitals of the European and Asiatic countries whose history told of the Christ-myth so far in the dim light of history that its origin is lost, piled their wares side by side with the unequalled productions of the new world, rivaling in costliness and beauty all that appeared to tempt the hearts and purses of men.

Amid this Christmas joy Philip Morrow walked with an acid and indefinable grin at his heart. A gray, leaden mood had settled over him like a fog. He made a strenuous effort to forget. He had told himself that the coming of this anniversary should not overwhelm him with that agony of recollection which he knew down in his innermost soul he could not endure. For days the approaching holiday had

rows down the room in pitilessly quiet array. On one cot lay a woman, who was a mystery to the hospital officials. She had been brought in late in the afternoon of the day before insensible. She was young and beautiful; her clothing was that of a gentlewoman; she had all the marks of refinement, albeit with certain signs of toil, but every mark that could identify her had been carefully clipped from her garments. For hours the watchers thought the angel of death would stop at her before he took the one next her. Yet he passed her by, and in the early hours of the morning she revived and murmured words they could but indistinctly understand. Toward noon she revived so that her conversation became intelligible. But with the return of consciousness she seemed to guard her secret more closely. She refused to answer the questions of the hospital physicians, and insisted that she would soon be strong and well and would leave the hospital.

The Christmas flowers had come in and the nurse selected the finest bunch of American beauty roses in the lot and took them to her patient. She lay limp and silent, in her cot. It was her first experience in a hospital. She reflected vaguely, that it would be her last. She had fainted on her way to the river, it is true, but that was no reason why she should not carry out her design. It was only a question of time. The nurse approached her. She bore a large box.

"Here is something for you," she said. "It was a large white box; around it were wide, pale blue ribbons. A spray of holly lay on the top. She looked at it listlessly. "Shall I open it for you?" said the nurse pleasantly. "It was sent especially for you by a friend."

The pale patient almost smiled. The nurse's kindness was almost pathetic.

"There is no one to send me flowers," she said, "but you may open it for me."

The nurse did so. A rush of fragrance filled the air. The roses burst upon the vision of the pale woman with the glory of midsummer, dazzling in their brightness. They lay in their satin-padded home like fragrant jewels.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried. "Let me have them."

As she took them a card fell out. She looked at it as one might look at a dear face that had been hidden for years. Her eyes dilated. She was silent for one moment, then she cried out in a voice that



"IT IS HE!" SHE CRIED.

thrilled the nurse and caused every head in the ward to be turned from its pillow. "It is he!" she cried. "It is he. I must go at once."

They remonstrated with her, but the sick woman was well. She arose from that pale couch with sudden vigor—her eyes were bright—every trace of illness left her. "I must go to him," she repeated, time and again. The doctors came and looked at her and then conferred in a low tone with the nurse. "She may go," they said.

So she took her roses and walked down the street. It was a beautiful morning—the sun shone brightly and the air was crisp—one could not have guessed that the angel of death had hovered near her during the night. She walked some distance and then she neared a church. On its steps, just stepping out to go down the avenue, was a man. His restless agony had driven him forth in the early morning to try to exorcise the demon that would not let him rest. He had passed the church, and drawn by an impulse he could neither define nor resist, he had entered. With the strains of the "Gloria in Excelsis" ringing in his ears he went out. As he stood on the steps of the cathedral and looked casually down the street he saw what made his heart stand still. A mist swam before his eyes—his knees shook under him. He hastened toward her. "Mirabel!" he gasped.

She looked up at him with a smile. "I was going to see you," she said simply.

The morning sunshine made a halo about her head. Her eyes were filled with a dewy sweetness. The purple shadows of the aftermath of pain were slipping away on the horizon before the glory of dawning day. He felt dazzled. His heart leaped, then burned within him. He drew her arm within his own and they turned down a quiet side street. She smiled at him.

"I knew you would find me some time," she said, with an infinitely gentle air. "When they brought me your roses in the hospital this morning and I saw your dear name once more I knew that our trouble and separation were over forever. Sweet heart, how good it is to see you once more."

He understood how fate had played with those Christmas roses, and in the sudden illumination of his mind and heart he felt as if he had narrowly escaped falling over a precipice.

As they walked down the street together the bells rang "Gloria in Excelsis in the Highest," and white pigeons circled around the steeple.

**Italy's Tax on Bicycles.**

The Italian Government has imposed a tax of 10 lire on bicycles, and in future all machines will have to carry a mark showing that the yearly tax has been paid.

What the chrysanthemum needs to make it a handsome flower, is a box of hair pins.

Atchison Globe Sights.

The druggist and the doctor are cousins.

People are tired of seeing smart children do smart things.

Some people act all the time as though they were at a sale.

Every man who starves his wife is said by the neighbors to be rich.

The woman who never marries never finds out what a poor cook she is.

A good many cooks make a good quality of hard tack and don't know it.

It is never safe to accept an amateur singer's verdict of an opera company.

A woman's idea of getting real reckless is to cut loose, and tell all she knows.

Crosis of the liver is hard to spell; think how much harder it must be to have it.

Atchison has a man who refuses to go to places because his wife won't go with him.

Every girl who has never known a grief in her life tries particularly hard to look pensive.

A woman never becomes so rich that she can resist the temptation to wear calico shirt waists.

After a woman passes 35, if she marries at all, the chances are that she will marry a man younger than herself.

As a rule, those who talk most about longing for a higher life do least to improve the life they are compelled to live.

You can occasionally meet all kinds of people; even the man who means it when he asks you to come and visit him.

About half the time a man feels like a cat which has just eaten the canary; he is getting a lot of abuse for eating a mighty poor bird.

The man whose hair has come out can make himself very interesting to any woman by announcing that it came out through a fever.

There isn't any one so good that it doesn't make him mad to go home to dinner, and find some one sitting in his chair at the table.

Whenever we see a man having a "good time," we are glad that we have quit. There is nothing so dismal as having a "good time."

It should be as much the duty of the "committee of safety" to get loafers out of town as it should be to bring desirable men to town.

Whenever you see a girl with her hair neatly braided in two braids you can make a pretty good guess that her mother is a neat housekeeper.

A man went into a store to-day, and said: "I want enough rope to rope my bed." Are you old-fashioned enough to remember a bed that was roped?

Young people are apt to stuff their pocket books with paper, to appear rich. Older people, however, have found it wise to appear poorer than they are.

It is well to remember that if your friends think you are a charming conversationalist, your enemies regard you as a great gossip, and that they may be right.

**Corean Geomancers.**

The influence of the geomancers extends from the King to his humblest subjects, and illustrates the cunning and simplicity which are combined in the Corean character. These professional oracles are consulted on all occasions by all sorts of people. The King never thinks of doing anything without first asking their opinion. They are more important to him than legal advisers are to railroads and other corporations that employ them, and they are attached to all the departments of the government. At the same time they are notoriously corrupt, and their advice is always influenced by the payment of money.

If any one desires to obtain a favor from the King he usually endeavors to secure the good offices of the geomancer who is likely to be consulted, and the amount of the bribe corresponds to the importance of the matter. While the geomancer pretends to consult the spirits and observe the movements of the stars, his client knows that it is the money that governs his action. Nevertheless, when the client is required to perform some official act, he consults the same old humbug, who has been bribed by some one else to influence his decision, and it is perfectly aware of the fact.—Chautauquan.

**Perfectly Practical.**

An odd and convenient custom exists in Genoa. Many of the well-to-do people as well as those in moderate circumstances do not own either horses or coaches; they own only an interest in them. Four or five or a half-dozen great families club together and buy a coach and horses, and they arrange among themselves the days the different families will use it. Thus one family use the coach on Mondays, another on Tuesdays and a third on Wednesdays, so that an establishment that would be impossible for one family becomes perfectly practical when the cost is divided among five or six. Each family has a set of doors for the coach with their own coat-of-arms on the panels, which are changed according to the family which is going to use the coach. The builders of these vehicles seldom think of building a coach without five or six sets of doors, and arrangements are made so that they are very easily changed.

**Where Does Papa Come In?**

The Leipzig Tageblatt devotes a column to the marriage market. An advertisement published lately was as follows: "A son, elderly, solid and serious, is seeking for his father in a strict and solid man in a quiet business, an alone-standing widow and maiden with some ready money. Offers, with full statement of particulars, to be addressed to the son can be interviewed by appointment between the hours of 9 and 11."

**Remedy for Burns.**

A Frenchman has discovered a remedy instantaneous in its effects for the horrible burns caused by the use of oil of vitriol. It is a soft paste of calcined magnesia and water, with which the parts burned are covered to the thickness of an inch. It alleviates the pain almost immediately, and when the paste is removed no scar remains.

Ungrammatically speaking the plural of baby must be twins.

## SAVING OF CAPTAIN TURNER.

Ald-de-Camp Minnie Morrow's Experience in Storm Work in Chicago.

Many earnest workers in the name of charity are numbered in the ranks of the Volunteers of America, and not the least of these is Ald-de-Camp Minnie Morrow, now stationed at the Chicago post. Miss Morrow has had a wide experience in storm work, having seen active service in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. Through her efforts, it is said, many notable conversions have been brought about, and as she is a slender, pretty girl, with an earnest address, her influence can be readily understood.

Although Miss Morrow is very modest in speaking of herself, she tells with enthusiasm one recent experience. The Volunteers were holding a meeting in front of a saloon on South Clark street. The evening was damp and murky, and a few loiterers were the only spectators. One of them the aid-de-camp noticed especially, leaning against the green doors of the saloon. He was an intelligent-looking man, and the girl was about to speak to him, when a dirty-looking fellow shuffled up, and slapping him on the shoulder, mumbled a few words. After a short argument the first man shrugged his shoulders and followed his friend into the dive.

A small boy who had been following the man was attracted by the incident, and as the second man disappeared into the saloon, the recipient of another friendly slap on the back, the gamine yelled:

"Striking him for a drink!"

Miss Morrow's attention was diverted by the boy, and she did not lose sight of him during the meeting. Even the words of the leader—something about Moses and his rod—did not properly impress her. The boy's next effort, however, drew the attention of all:

"Moses he strikes the rock for water, and de sport he strikes his friend for a drink."

Slipping quietly out of the circle, the girl called to the young gentlemen. They soon became good friends, Miss Morrow winning the boy's undying admiration by her imperturbability when he impudently drew from his pocket a bottle of diluted alcohol and asked her to have a drink.

The boy proved to be what is called a "white-liver," having been addicted to the use of alcohol as a beverage since 8 years of age. With infinite tact, Miss Morrow, after learning the boy's story, drew from him a promise to call on her at the training fort, and it is with pardonable pride she now speaks of her protégé, Captain Charles Turner, one of the youngest and most efficient workers in the ranks of the Volunteers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**WORKS FOR DAILY BREAD.**

Thepian Tramp Has to Spout Hard for a Little State Pie.

Mrs. Smith was sitting by an open window, directly over the kitchen, and was deeply buried in a novel, when she was startled by Hannah's shrill voice below, crying:

"What do you want?"

A gruff voice with a comical note in it replied: "More than is dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio."

"But my name ain't Horatio," answered Hannah.

"Nor yet, again, I fancy, is it Trilby, nor even Sweet Marie?"

"I said, 'What do you want?'"

"And I said," replied Mr. Weary Willie, "More than is dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio," but what I really want is something to eat."

"How would a cake of soap strike you?" said Hannah, with fine scorn.

"Inasmuch as you are a woman and you threw it at me it would not strike me at all."

"Poor man! I suppose you are almost starved?" was Hannah's unfeeling and sarcastic reply.

"Well, I would be if all women were as cold and cruel as you."

"Well, I suppose you expect escalloped oysters and champagne."

"Softly, girl; this is not heaven."

Mrs. Smith's curiosity was aroused by this time, and, leaning out of the window, she described a long-haired actor, with a "lean and hungry look."

"Hannah, Hannah," she called, "give that man a piece of that apple pie left over from Sunday."

Accepting the pastry with a profuse bow, he held it up to heaven and apostrophized: "And yet they say we do not work for our daily bread."

**The First American Patent.**

It is claimed that Joseph Jinks, of Lynn, Mass., was the first recorded inventor in America. In 1655 he was granted a patent for an improved scythe. He also made the first castings in this country, and, in 1652, made the first for the famous "Pine Tree" shillings. In 1654 Mr. Jinks made for the city of Boston the first fire engine in America, and his name is also associated with other inventions of that time. But history records the fact that in 1641 the General Court of Massachusetts granted a ten years' patent to Samuel Winslow for a process in England. Patents were granted in England before that under the common law, but it was in 1790 the first United States patent law was passed.

A gun which can fire thirty thousand bullets a minute has been invented in England.

Gypsies are supposed to have come originally from India and not from Egypt as their name implies.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of emperors who lived two thousand years ago.

There is a method of destroying the life of trees by boring a hole into the trunk in a downward direction and filling with sulphuric acid.

In every mile of railway there are seven feet and four inches that are not covered by the rails—the space left between them for expansion.

Seymour Keyser, postmaster at Manhattan, N. Y., has an apple tree which was brought from Holland in the seventeenth century. It still bears fruit.

**Told a Secret of the Kitchen.**

An eating house proprietor in Tacoma, Wash., arrested for selling game out of season, escaped on evidence satisfactory to the jury that his wife could prepare nutton to make it taste like venison.

Somehow it is easier to sympathize with a girl who gets a burn in cooking than with one who is burned in curling her hair.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

Humorous Paragraphs from the Comic Papers.

**Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Every Body Will Enjoy.**

**Truly Patriotic.**

"You wife seems intensely patriotic."

"Patriotic! If eagle was good to eat you would never see a turkey on our table Thanksgiving day."

**No Ear for Music.**

"Isabel, won't you stop singing a little while? I want to take a nap."

"Certainly, papa; but I wasn't singing. I was practicing my college yell."

**Merely a Theory.**

"What is your theory about elevating the stage?"

"I would begin with the audience."

**Last Resort.**

"Did you get the baby's picture?"

"Yes, but the photographer couldn't take him; we had to go to a kinetoscope."

**Self-vident.**

"When we elected him we thought he was a statesman, but we find now that he is a mere politician."

"Oh! Then he has gone over to the other party, has he?"

**Wanted the Real Thing.**

Maid to the virtuous!—If you could play a rale jig now, I'm thinkin' that I could show yez some shteps!—Judy.

**The Fro'ogue.**

Smith—You are superstitious, are you?

Jones—I should say not. But why do you ask?

Smith—Because I wanted you to lend me \$13 until next week.—Washington Star.

**It Depended.**

"What a noble act it was for that Vassar girl to rescue three men from drowning?"

"Oh, I didn't know. Were the men unmarried?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Vivid Description.**

Mrs. Pitt—Has Mrs. Oakland any children?

Mrs. Penn—She has two—a boy and a girl. The boy is a '95 model and the girl a '97.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Regular.**

"Little boy, do you attend church regularly?"

"Yes, sir; every Christmas, sir."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Badly Drawn.**

Magazine Editor—No, sir; this picture will not do. We can't accept it.

Artist—What's the matter with it?

Editor—Not one of the girls appears to be more than six feet tall.

**Mistaken Identity.**

She—Dear me, he doesn't look as if he could play foot-ball. He is so thin and pale.

He—Hush! That isn't a foot-ball player. That's Schnetzackwitzski, the celebrated pianist.

**Sympathy.**

Mrs. Hemlish—Oh,shaw; that's too bad!

Mrs. Hemlish—What's happened?

Mrs. Hemlish—Mrs. Wimbly fell yesterday and broke her arm and she told me the other day that she was going to paint a lovely vase for our china wedding present.

**Life's Thorny Path.**

Parson Jones—Brederin, you must remember dere am two roads through life. One am de broad an straight road dat leads to perdition; de odder am de straight an wide road dat leads to sho' destruction.

One of the Flock—In dat case dis yer pusson takes to de woods!—New York News.

**One of Many.**

Giles—There goes a man that is perfection itself. He was never known to do anything wrong.

Miles—Is it possible! How did he ever manage to reach that ideal state?

Giles—Oh, it was easy enough. He never tried to do anything!

**A Gentle Reminder.**

Father (calling from the head of the stairs at 120 a. m.)—Fannie!

Fannie—Yes, papa; what is it?

Father—I wish you would ask that young man where he would like to have his trunk put when it comes.

**The Light that Failed.**

Visitor—And so Maud is going to get a divorce from her husband? Why, the last time I saw her she told me he was the light of her life.

Hostess—Well, the trouble was he went out too often.—New Orleans Picayune.

Suppose we smile.

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Suspicious.

Miss Flashleigh—Mamma, I believe the baron is an impostor.

Mrs. Flashleigh—Why, dearest? Miss Flashleigh—Didn't you notice him at dinner yesterday? He took his napkin and wiped off his plate just like people who are used to living in cheap boarding houses do.

Heroic Measures.

"I understand that your daughter has begun taking lessons on the piano."

"Yes; the folks who live next door to us are very obnoxious people. We want to have them quit the neighborhood."

Cold Comfort.

Terrified Passenger—Will you ever get the boat to land?

Boatman—Not likely! But it don't much matter. The old tub wouldn't stand another trip anyhow!—Judy.

Barred Out.

"And so that insurance company declined to give you a policy? What's the matter? Aren't your lungs all right, or is your heart affected, or—"

"Oh, I passed a good examination, but the agent found out in some way that we have our flat equipped with folding beds."

The Washington Postoffice March.

"What's the matter with that post-office clock?" asked the visitor. "It seems to go by fits and starts."

"I suppose," said the weary-looking man, "that it must have caught the musical spirit of the age, so that it can't tell anything but ragtime."—Washington Star.

Easily Explained.

"I'd like to know why it is," growled old Bullyun, "that I'm bothered almost to death by commercial agency reporters investigating my financial standing. I invariably pay cash and have never asked for credit."

"That's all very true," replied his friend, "but you seem to have overlooked the fact that your only daughter recently celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of her debut into the world."

The Inevitable P. S.

Mrs. Smith—Is your wife out of town? I haven't seen her for some time.

Jones—Yes, she's staying in the country for the benefit of her health. I just received a ten-page letter from her this morning.

Mrs. Smith—And is her health improving?

Jones—I don't know. You see, I have not got to the postscript yet.

Fleeing Courage.

Brer Bear—So you're the measly critter that's been makin' such a fuss after me. Why don't you begin to eat me up?

Brer Dog—I ain't so hungry as I was.—Exchange.

Limited.

"Willie, how many times did that Mr. Huggins kiss your sister?"

"I don't know, sir; I can only count up to 100."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Impressionist.

The Old Friend—I don't believe you realize the dignity of your position.

The New Millionaire—Don't have to. I've a butler hired for that.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Did Part Himself.

"Then it is not true, Mr. Gotrox, that you are a self-educated man?"

"No; I have had the advantages of a good common school training. But I used to write my own excuses when I played hockey."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"It's an Ill Wind," Etc.

"Samuel," said the minister's wife, "if you want me to repair your trousers you'll have to go downtown and get some buttons."

"Never mind, dear," replied the good man, "let them go until next week. I'm going to take up a collection Sunday morning for the benefit of the heathen."

The Reason.

Amateur Scientist—Can you explain to me the reason why so many people become insane?

Guyler—The answer ought to suggest itself. They have no reason.—Boston Traveler.

Fairly Caught.

Listeners, it is said, hear no good of themselves, and there is another form of eavesdropping to which a similar remark might apply.

A young man who had been sent by a newspaper to report the proceedings of a political meeting in a neighboring town was occupying his time while on the journey by writing a letter in shorthand to a brother reporter at home. Having finished the body of the letter, he proceeded to add a postscript as follows:

"P. S.—A rather pretty young woman, by the way, is sitting on the seat directly behind me. She seems considerably interested in what I am doing, and I believe she is a stenographer herself, and has read every word I have written."

"Sir!" exclaimed the young woman, interrupting him indignantly. Then she turned a fiery red and looked the other way.

Women are naturally given unto self-denial. No one ever heard of "Jennie the Kisser."

It hurts a person less to be lied about than it does to lie about others.

