

THE ROSE.

I, the rose, am glad today. Slumbering in the summer heat. I heard my lady joyous say. "I'll wear this rose of fragrance sweet. When I my guests invited meet."

-Lida M. Davis.

LOCATING THE TRAITOR.

One bitterly cold winter's evening five men were seated together in a small room in a house situated in the Jewish quarter of a busy and largely populated Russian city. The appearance of the room was as wretched as the external aspect of the house itself.

Professor V— was a nihilist, a reputed Colossus of craft in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in advocating with fiery eloquence the assassination of a certain colonel who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police.

There was a murmur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the scene took his seat in silence, and resting his elbows upon the table slowly scrutinized the faces of his comrades.

"My dear professor," he said at length, "we cannot possibly proceed at present with this business."

"Why not?" was unanimously asked. "Because," replied the latest comer as he quietly snuffed the candle, "because one of us is a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the men, starting to their feet. "Yes, comrades, we are betrayed; and as no one knows of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant."

"You are mad to say so!" hoarsely exclaimed the professor; "but in heaven's name what has happened? Come, tell us quickly. This is no jesting matter."

"Listen, then. On my way hither, comrades, I entered a Cafe de Paris to sip a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit down beside two officers of the secret police, and, as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could distinctly hear his conversation. I found it rather interesting. He told his companion that he was under orders to surround this old deserted house at midnight—it is near 11 now—and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added with a maudlin laugh that a certain person, to whom the administration is eternally indebted, would be found in our midst playing the part of conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?"

The men looked at each other in dismay. A dead silence filled the room, for the mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solemnly dedicated their lives to the sacred cause of liberty seemed to hold them dumb. Such villainy in their very midst—among men banded together in sacred brotherhood—was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despot and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor, in a voice of suppressed rage, "then I will no longer believe in human fidelity or the future of our cause. But—death! if the story is true. Which of us is the informer?" added the speaker, staring fiercely at the pale faces of his companions.

"Bah! it is useless to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Ivan—such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence—as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it and placed the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence, of course. But, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find him out? Let us search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least, the experiment is worth trying. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the nihilists, as with one accord they sprang conclusively to their feet. One of the students, a tall, lank youth, with a some-

what foppish appearance, objected, however, to the proposal.

"But why?" hotly demanded the professor, who seemed all eagerness to begin the investigation.

"Because," was the hesitating rejoinder, "because it is unnecessary. Our word of honor ought to be enough. Besides, there is something degrading in the idea of searching one another, as if indeed, we were a lot of pickpockets. So let us break up the meeting. This excitement is absurd, and renders the discussion of our plot impossible. As for the story told by the drunken soldier in the cafe I don't believe a word of it."

These words produced an angry murmur among the excited conspirators. The protest seemed so ridiculous, and as the clamor increased Ivan turned to the speaker and warmly exclaimed: "Very well; we shall abstain from searching you, since you wish it, but remember this, that if we fail to find a clue to the informant among those who willingly submit to the examination we shall then know upon whom to fix our suspicions. Now, comrades, search me first; I am ready."

In a moment the speaker's pockets were emptied of their contents, and even the linings of his clothes were carefully searched; but beyond a few old love letters, some political pamphlets and an English newspaper with a paragraph obliterated with lampblack, nothing of an incriminating character was found. A second student readily submitted to the test—if test it were—with similar results. Then a third stepped forward and placed himself in the hands of his companions. But at that moment a curious incident occurred. An invisible hand suddenly extinguished the light of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in utter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had quenched the light? For a moment the nihilists remained motionless, as if rooted to the spot. As they listened in alarm, they heard a strange creaking sound in the direction of the curtained window.

Suddenly the voice of Ivan exclaimed in the darkness: "Comrades, this is a trick! Listen! Some one is endeavoring to escape by the window! It is the traitor at last. His attempt to escape betrays his guilt. Stand back! I know how to deal with him!"

In an instant the report of three revolver shots rang through the room, and was followed by an agonizing yell as some one fell heavily upon the floor.

A profound silence then ensued. It was an awful situation.

At length Ivan spoke to his terrified companions. "Strike a light now," he said in a trembling voice, "and let us look upon the face of a traitor. Will no one move? Are you all afraid to gaze upon the dead body of a miscreant who has betrayed us to our enemies? Come, professor, where are the matches? You had them last. But hush! What sound is that? Listen! By heavens, comrades, the police are upon us already. The house is surrounded! Quick! Here is a trap door, known only to myself. It leads to the main sewer, and is our only hope of escape. Follow me!"

Groping hand in hand in the dark, the affrighted men followed the speaker's direction, and after some momentary confusion, disappeared into a noisome abyss. None too soon. In another instant the door of the room was battered to pieces and a company of gendarmes entered. Lights were now flashed in every direction, but it was obvious to all that the conspirators had escaped. The officer in charge swore long and deep, and ordered the men to search the house from top to bottom. Then, advancing toward the window, he stumbled over a human body.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, examining the dead man's features with a lantern. "Ha! so they have caught you at last, my friend, have they? Well, you played the spy long and well, but it always comes to this in the end."

And tearing down the window curtain the officer threw it over the rigid body of—the professor.—A. McDougall in Pell Mell Budget.

Photographic Developing Frame. A new developing frame has been designed to aid photographers in the field. It consists of two parts, the frame and changing bag. The frame is constructed of wood, lined with vulcanite or other substance, having two colored glasses, one fixed and the other movable, and fastened by four springs. There is a slot through the top of the frame through which to pass the plates; this is made light and waterproof by a spring lid of metal, vulcanite, etc. Partly in and projecting from the slot is a metal case to place the mouth of the changing bag over and pass the plate.

The chemicals are passed in through an aperture, which is made lightproof by a shield. The changing bag is made of macintosh or lightproof material, funnel shaped, with an open top through which to insert the slide containing the exposed plate; it has an elastic hand hole, and the mouth is partly protected by a metal case, and fits over the slot in the frame. It is claimed that this apparatus will be of especial service where it is desired to develop a picture on the spot, instead of waiting the operator's return to his house or studio.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

All Explained. It is propinquity that explains why handsome men are so apt to marry ugly women and vice versa. Beauty is only the bait, its use being merely to draw the prey within reach. Contiguity once established, by accidental or other means, the rest naturally follows. I know it all, you see—because I am a bachelor.—Cor. Washington Star.

It Was a Bear. George Hillyer, a Pennsylvania farmer, had a hog in his pen weighing 230 pounds. A black bear climbed into the pen, killed the hog and had carried the body eighty rods and over two rail fences when shot. It was a lucky thing for Mr. Hillyer, as he was about to bet that no bear could lift half its own weight.—Detroit Free Press.

Marked Progress. Ignoramus—How is the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa progressing? Cultivated Friend—Very nicely. The European powers have finally succeeded in dividing the land among them without a war.—New York Weekly.

THE SUPERSENSITIVE.

MEN WHO THINK THEY ARE CARICATURED BY AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

Sothorn's Experience with Count Joannes—A Duel with Cannons Proposed. People Who Were Unconsciously Offended by Wilkie Collins.

One of the most popular entertainers the world has seen suffered greatly, owing to the persistence with which people would see likenesses to themselves in the creations of his fancy. If he chose the name of Brown, Jones or Robinson for one of his characters, some real cognomen wrote to him, complaining bitterly against his "satirizing a class," and then pointed out certain of their distinctive peculiarities which were, they alleged, burlesqued.

On the other hand, if he invented, as he thought, an uncommon name, somebody wanted to know how it was selected him for ridicule. Why, asked the indignant writer, did not the entertainer choose some common name, such as Brown, Jones or Robinson, and not that borne by him? It was useless to point out to such people that the entertainer had never heard of their existence even. Each of them firmly believed that he was the original of a certain character.

Sothorn again; what a curious experience was his! The actor, when playing in America as Fitzaltamont in "The Crushed Tragedian," one morning was called upon by an "interviewer," who told him that a Count Joannes, once an actor of the old school of which Sothorn made fun, had brought a suit to stop the performance of the piece on the ground that the comedian's makeup maligned him and burlesqued his identity. Sothorn thought the affair was a joke, but when the reporter assured him it was serious he said:

"If I have to go down to that court to show cause, by George! I pity the man that brings me. I won't let him rest while his worried life clings to him. He shall get telegrams and postcards from this time on forever. Do about it? Why, I shall appear, of course."

Presently another reporter was announced. Sothorn again professed never to have heard of the suit brought against him.

"How would you fight it if the count should challenge you?" asked the press man.

"I should prefer the date to be the 1st of April, and although I haven't very fully considered the question, I think the weapons should be cannon. Yes, on reflection, I am sure I should insist on those cannon that discharge 170 shots a minute. He should sit upon one of those engines and I upon another, and we should continue to discharge them until there should be no remnant of either count or Sothorn."

All this and much more was published under startling headlines on the following morning. Count Joannes, however, was terribly in earnest, though, of course, nothing came of his suit except a capital advertisement, of which full advantage was taken.

ANGERED BY WILKIE COLLINS. Of modern authors Wilkie Collins decidedly had the most remarkable series of encounters with the class of people who identify themselves with purely imaginary personages. "A bourgeoisie of Paris," he himself has told us, "reading 'The Woman in White' in a French translation, wrote to say that he had flung the book to the other end of the room on discovering that Fosco was an absolutely perfect likeness of himself. He naturally insisted on receiving satisfaction for this insult, leaving the choice of swords or pistols to me, as the challenged person. Information on which he could rely had assured him that I meditated a journey to Paris early in the ensuing week. A hostile meeting might, in such circumstances, be easily arranged." Arrived in Paris, Wilkie Collins looked for his honorable opponent in vain.

Again Mr. Collins invested a character who was so careful about the quantity of his food that he weighed it in little scales at table. Shortly after the publication of the novel a gentleman called upon the author.

"You have no right, sir, to caricature me!" exclaimed the caller to the astonished novelist; "I weigh my food in little scales, sir. Here they are, sir. I always carry them about with me by the advice of my physician; but is that any reason why I should be held up to ridicule, sir?"

And the gentleman refused to be pacified, though Mr. Collins protested that he had never before heard of such a habit. On another occasion a reader of "Arncliffe" called upon him and upbraided him for putting his house into print. The description, it is said, was exact, although the popular writer had never seen the place.—Casell's Saturday Journal.

The Tale of Bluebeard. The tale of Bluebeard is familiar to every child, but many have speculated on the original of this bogey, merciless tyrant. Some say it was a satire on Henry VIII, of wife killing notoriety. Dr. C. Taylor thinks it is a type of the castle lords in the days of knight errantry. According, however, to a popular belief, Charles Perrault, the French author of this fascinating story, founded it on the history of a certain Gilles de Retz, lord of Laval, who during his lifetime was known by the name of "Barbe Bleu," or "Bluebeard," on account of the peculiar bluish black hue of his beard. This lord had a mania for sorcery and magic, and was accused of murdering six wives. He was ultimately strangled and burned in 1440.—New York Ledger.

Marked Progress. Ignoramus—How is the work of civilizing and Christianizing Africa progressing? Cultivated Friend—Very nicely. The European powers have finally succeeded in dividing the land among them without a war.—New York Weekly.

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