THE ROSE.

My narrow courtyard never knows
The queenly presence of the rose;
But every soft breeze tells me when
She, crimson mantled, comes again;
And, wafted from I know not where,
The sweetness of her bloom I share.

O blossom of the fragrant heart,
'Tis life's best joy to joy impart;
With love's unconscious overflow
To gladden those we never know,
And give, and give, and give like thee,
In self forgetful ministry.

—Marian Douglas in Harper's Bazar.

CHIQUITA.

"Ned" Herries, or, as his card read, "Edward T. Herries, C. E.," stood in the doorway of the Rough Diamond and looked gloomily forth at the rain as it fell aslant the cactus growth and chapparal on the red soil of the mesa.

From the saloon within came the rattle of dice, the chink of glass, the rattle of coin and the murmur of deep, hoarse male voices. The Rough Diamond was a most lucrative and flourishing institution in the little railroad town of Picture Canyon, on the line of the Union Pacific. It was one of those places which, at that time, sprang up in a night and are deserted in a day along the line of the great road. Indeed, they followed the track, and wherever track laying ended temporarily there a town was certain to spring up—almost as if by magic.

There were thousands of laborers, railroad men, engineers and speculators. With them came peddlers, storekeepers, and last, but not least, the great army of gamblers and saloon men. Some of these towns were located in advantageous situations, and finally took on a solid growth and prospered. Others, having nothing to justify their existence save the presence of the army of railroad employees, vanished utterly when that army advanced farther and farther on its mission of conquering space and time and binding east and west together with bands of steel.

Herries was attached to the engineer corps of the road, and had been for some time stationed at Picture Canyon, a city of some 5,000 inhabitants, mostly males, and which was nearly a month old, so antique, indeed, that an election for mayor and common council was being agitated by the more enterprising members of the community.

Harvard bred, delicately nurtured, accustomed to all the refinements of life which wealth guided by correct taste may give in an old and settled community, the rude surroundings of his present life had at first disheartened Herries, but being, at bottom, a man of good sense and pluck and possessing a splendid constitution, a magnificent biceps, standing six feet and over in his boots, the man who had been Yale's especial terror as "right tackle," and who had filled his seat in the 'varsity eight with more than credit when the blue crossed the line ahead of the crimson, on Lake Quinsigamond, would hardly flinch at hardships which other men bore without complaint, even if at times his soul grew weary of oaths and liquor, maddened men and brawls, and bacon and muddy coffee and hardtack. Indeed, he grew at last to like the wild freedom of his life, as all men will do in time, and he was fast taking on the exterior of a genuine frontiersman when he—

When he met Chiquita!

Chiquita was a sprite. She was the true daughter of rocky canyon and desert mesa—a genuine child of the Sierras—and a woman withal.

Her reputed father was an evil eyed old Mexican named Ramon; ostensibly a herder of other men's sheep; really a gatherer of other men's coins.

Chiquita kept house for him in a tumbled together "shack," on the outskirts of the town, and here entertained her father's guests.

Poor little Chiquita.

She was brilliantly pretty, with the rich rose red flushing her olive cheeks, her white teeth flashing between ripe, dewy, crimson lips, with glorious brown eyes, under heavy arching brows, and shaded by such long, curling lashes as would make one's heart ache, especially the heart of a frontiersman, in whose life female beauty is a rich and rare event.

Many a dollar had Chiquita's eyes and lips brought to old Ramon's sheepskin pouch—and still he was athirst for more gold.

It was of this Herries was thinking, for he knew Chiquita, and it was this which, thinking of it, drove him out of the warm and cozy barroom (the only place where he could possibly stay, save in his cold and cheerless tent), and forced him to cool his heated brow in the cool, wet wind which blew from the mouth of Picture canyon.

He was roused by a voice, a deep, slow plainsman's voice, addressing him:

"Parduer, you are a good one for a tenderfoot, leastways I've sorter tackled to you sence I seen the way you whupped that 'ere cowboy chump, and belted him with his own gun. Some tenderfoots ain't got no sand, but you have, en I'll not see you double teamed on if I kin help it, sho's I'm fum Texas—which I'm known as Black Waxy Jim."

"Why, what's the matter?" broke in Herries on Black Waxy's harangue, as the turned and regarded closely the tall, athletic figure of the man beside him.

The Texan jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the barroom. "In thar," he said in a low tone, "I heern somethin—about—about you—en—en"—

"Chiquita?"

"That's it, pard. You've called the deal. It's just about thet there little greaser gal, en you ain't the fust, nor you won't be the larst, I reckon, thets got his hide bored 'long o' her."

"What's up, then?"

"Keep yer eye skinned—and don't go nigh old Ramon's shack. I've warned you. So long, pard."

And Black Waxy lounged away into the gathering gloom and mist.

"Hold on," cried Herries, rushing after him. "Tell me, at least, who my enemy is."

Black Waxy turned and scanned the young engineer closely in the twilight.

"Pete—from Denver!" he jerked out, and strode rapidly off.

Herries was a brave man, but his blood chilled at the mention of that name. It was the synonym of all that was most fierce, bloodthirsty and wicked even in that wicked and bloodthirsty little community.

"Denver Pete!" he mused. "So he is going to do me up because I'm trying to win that poor child from her horrible life and save her for something better. I fear me, Edward, you're in no end of a bad scrape."

But the blood which had rushed so hotly through his veins when Yale's shouts rang triumphant over the football field as the goal was almost won, and which nerved him to dare any odds, take any risk, so long as he could save that game, now flowed again warmly through his heart.

"I'll not be bullied," he said, and he frowned and shut close his mouth and clinched his hands. These were ominous signs in Mr. Herries, and even Denver Pete, redoubtable knight of the green cloth as he was, would have done well to have heeded them, had he known young Herries better he might have done so.

For Herries had stalked back to the brilliantly lighted barroom, and had called for a glass of whisky, the while he regarded a knot of men near by who were conversing in a low tone. Among these men was the gambler against whom Herries had been warned—a handsome, pale faced, tall, slender man, dressed with great neatness in black, and without a single ornament visible—not even the belt which nearly every man wore. He had a small, keen, hungry looking gray eye, and as he looked at Herries he met the latter's gloomy glance, smiled and turned to his friends with the remark:

"The kid seems worried about something. I wonder if by any chance he has overheard us!"

"Guess not—he jest come in a minute ago."

"Perhaps—perhaps," muttered Peter, "but we will soon know."

Events move quickly in frontier towns. As Herries finished his whisky and banged the door behind him, Peter arose from his seat.

His friends also sprang up, but he made a gesture of dissent.

"No, boys. Leave this to me. If I can't deal with one tenderfoot I certainly won't call in aid."

"But he might git the drap on ye," persisted one.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and deigned no reply. He walked to the bar, called for and swallowed a large glassful of brandy, which draft did not even bring a flush to his pale cheek, opened the door and was lost in the darkness of the night.

* * * * * *

About two hours later the inmates of the Rough Diamond were startled by hearing shots, cries, oaths, the heavy thundering of a horse's hoofs on the rocky soil of the mesa, and then a long, loud "hurra-a-h."

Then all was silent.

As one man they sprang to their feet and rushed for the door, but ere the foremost man among them could reach it, it was burst violently open and old Ramon rushed in, followed by Pete, from Denver, who, swaying and staggering like a drunken man, called for brandy, and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the windows.

A babel of voices prevented an explanation for a long time, and when Peter had somewhat revived he told them what had happened.

"Where's Chiquita?" some one asked.

A spasm of wrath convulsed the features of the dying man.

"Gone," he gasped; "gone with that cursed tenderfoot."

"How did it all happen, Pete?"

"He was there when I got there. Chiquita was all dressed and ready to go off with him—womanlike, curse her! He saw me coming. His horse was there. He waited for me. Oh, the fellow was game enough. I said nothing, but opened on him. The girl being there must have made me nervous, for I missed my man for the first time."

"And then?"

"Why, he pumped me full of lead before I could pull trigger. Hit me five times. Then he mounted and swung the girl up in front of him. Old Ramon came up and opened on him. I got up and followed suit. He got back at us once—his last cartridge—and caught Ramon, for I heard him groan. Then the tenderfoot yelled and rode off. Boys, give me a big drink. I'm done for."

And when they brought the drink a fast chilling corpse was all that was left of Peter from Denver to drink it.

And Chiquita?

Chiquita went to a convent in St. Louis, and left there four years later a cultured and magnificently beautiful woman. She will be pleased to receive any of Mr. Herries' friends at her lovely home in the Back bay district in Boston, and if you succeed in pleasing her she will tell you of that awful night at Picture Canyon when a "tenderfoot" from Boston showed how "tenderfeet" can fight when a sweetheart is at stake.

And old Ramon?

When they looked for him he was gone. Nor was he or Edward Herries ever seen again in Picture Canyon.—C. J. in Atlanta Constitution.

Where Sealskin Caps Are Made.

The fur cap trade is centered in the French quarter. Sealskin caps are less popular than they once were, but some thousands of them are annually made in this city. They are made from portions of skin too small to be used in the best sacques. The trade is highly subdivided. It requires a knowledge of furs, and many of those engaged in the business are foreigners. Much of the trade is carried on in comparatively small shops such as are usual in the French quarter. Often the costliest and most beautiful goods are produced in shabby little shops where one would expect to find no more important industry than that of the cobbler.—New York World.

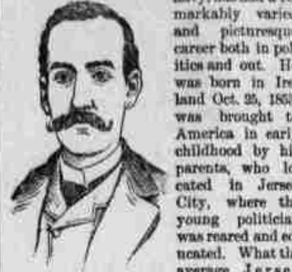
The Value of Knowing French.

French is now taught in all the schools of Greece, a regulation made a short time ago. I have found that French is used wherever I go, and that it is as near to being universal as any living language is likely to be. The person who speaks French can get along anywhere in Europe, although he will not meet persons in all large towns who speak English.—Athens Cor. Pittsburg Leader.

SECRETARY HERBERT'S ASSISTANT.

Active and Versatile Career of Ex-Congressman William McAdoo.

Ex-Congressman William McAdoo, recently appointed assistant secretary of the navy, has had a remarkably varied and picturesque career both in politics and out. He was born in Ireland Oct. 25, 1853, was brought to America in early childhood by his parents, who located in Jersey City, where the young politician was reared and educated. What the average Jersey City politician does not know about practical politics is scarcely worth considering, and success in that field is proof of no common talents.



WILLIAM M'ADOO.

In 1870 he entered the law office of J. W. Scudder, an eminent railroad attorney, and in the intervals of study and office work contributed to the local press. In 1874 he was admitted to the bar and soon acquired a good practice. His liberal treatment of poor clients made him popular, and he soon became a power in local politics. In 1881 he was elected assemblyman. In 1882 he was elected to congress and was three times reelected, but in 1890 there was a bad break in his political arrangements.

He had married a Virginia lady and fallen into the habit of passing much of his vacation time in that state. He had invested largely there and had talked of making his home at Lynchburg. The cry was raised that he was practically a citizen of Virginia, and this, with other causes, led to his being set aside by the convention. Edward Francis McDonald was nominated by the Democrats, and the district gave him its usual majority of 5,000 or so. Mr. McAdoo had received a plurality somewhat higher.

It is a fine tribute to his personal qualities that the Jersey City boys who went to school with him have been his warmest supporters. He is of medium height, rather spare, with dark hair and mustaches. Without any pretense to oratory, he is nevertheless a very effective speaker, talking in a very plain and familiar style. A high compliment to his style of speaking is conveyed in the statement of an admiring constituent that "any man can learn something from it and any common sense boy can understand it."

He is affectionately known about home as plain "Billy" and "Honest Billy." It was claimed at the time of his election that he was the youngest man to hold a seat in congress since the days of Hayne and Clay, but two or three others have proved a little better claim to that honor. He enters on his responsible post in the naval department at the age of 39 and amply equipped for it with legal and legislative experience.

Beating Time by Cable.

How he once "beat time," or rather, apparent time, in a remarkable fashion is told by Mr. Archibald Forbes. It is a story of a telegraphic dispatch from the battlefield. In the early morning of the 22d of November, 1878, a British division under General Sir Samuel Browne occupied the Afghan fortress of Ali Musjid, up in the Khyber Pass. Mr. Forbes rode back ten miles to Jamrood, where the field telegraph was, and sent the news to England in a short message bearing date 10 a. m.

There is five hours' difference of time between India and England in favor of the latter, and the London papers containing this telegram dated 10 a. m. were selling in Fleet street at 9 a. m., one hour of apparent time before it was dispatched. Its anticipation of time, however, did not end here. Owing to the five hours' difference between the clocks of London and New York the message was in time for the regular editions of the New York papers that same morning.

It was then immediately wired across the American continent, and owing again to the difference in time between the Atlantic coast and the Pacific slope the early rising citizen of San Francisco, purchasing his morning paper at 6 a. m., was able to read the announcement of an event which actually occurred over two hours later in apparent time some 13,000 miles away on the other side of the globe.

Puck, as Mr. Forbes says, professed himself able to put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes, but this telegram sped half around the globe in two hours less than no time at all.—London News.

The Influence of Mind on Mind.

That the influence of mind on mind is ordinarily imperceptible does not prove that it can not be universal. These are well ascertained material influences which are of universal operation, yet too feeble to be felt; and in some cases these, even if more powerful, would still be ordinarily unfelt because they act in many directions at once and tend, therefore, to neutralize one another.

That matter has weight has always been known, but never till within the last few centuries could it have been suspected that, gravitation being universal, every human body must exert an influence upon—for it has an attraction for—every other human body, however distant—an influence which would in certain cases be felt if the mass of the earth and the inertia of matter were very greatly less than they are.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Marriage as a Life Preserver.

A certain set of philosophers, incapable of feeling affection for any one but themselves, has delighted in sneering at love and marriage, and has argued that bachelorhood is the only conservative state. But their theory is not borne out by the statistics of married and single life in modern times, so far at least as the masculine gender is concerned. If longevity is desirable, then it is better that we should marry than remain bachelors; for it appears that at every age, from twenty to eighty-five, the death rate of the Benedicts is very much smaller than that of their unmated brethren.

Gentlemen who prefer a short life and a merry one to a prolonged lease of matrimonial placidity will probably agree in opinion with the cynical philosophers.—New York Ledger.

Clerical Positions.

Rightly or wrongly, it seems to be assumed that the Germans, partly because of their plodding habits, partly on account of their linguistic accomplishments, are more fitted for clerical positions than the average Englishmen. Well, why not accept that fact? If the Germans want to be clerks then by all means let them be clerks, and leave the Englishman under the pressure of necessity to carve out some nobler career for himself. For what is clerkdom, what are its prospects and its influences? I speak from experience, and I assert that it is a wretched leveling down, ambition crushing existence. Sooner than be a clerk I would say to any young man beginning life, be an artisan—whose honest toil offers a future of happiness wholly denied to the down at heel clerk. Yet it is not difficult to understand why young men become clerks.

It is supposed to be a gentlemanly profession, but the black coat, the top hat and the incipient mustache may all be taken as the signs of shabby gentility. The veneer of respectability is very thin. I remember once being sadly taken down by a vender of razors who stood with his stock in trade outside the bankers' clearing house in a passage off Lombard street. I asked him for a strop. Said he gruffly: "It will cost you 2 shillings. A steak would do you more good." And the man was right. I did not forget the lesson, and I ceased to be a clerk as soon as I could, but it was a trial to my feelings to be deprived of the genteel air of the city and to earn my bread amid less pretentious surroundings.—Cor. London Telegraph.

A Black Cat Farm.

"I had heard of skunk farms, rattlesnake farms and other novelties in the farming line," said Nick Hansen yesterday to a party of friends who were congregated about the stove in the court of the Exchange building, "but I never heard of a black cat farm until I went out to Washington. The year that I went out there Jim Wardner, an old timer who used to stage it with Fred Evans in the early days, and who is quite well known to many Sioux Cityans, conceived the idea of raising black cats for their fur, and proceeded to organize a stock company to push the enterprise.

"A company was organized with a capital stock of $200,000, and an island of about 1,000 acres in extent located in Bellingham bay in the upper part of Puget sound was obtained to carry on the farming. Then a grand skirmish was made to get black cats. The Pacific coast states were ransacked, and nearly every incoming train was loaded with black cats, which were immediately taken to the island or 'cat factory,' as we called it. They were in charge of a number of men, who furnished them with food by seine fishing in the bay, and a certain number were killed during the year to pay the current expenses. When I left, a good black cat's pelt was worth $3, and the company was making a mint of money. Cats' fur makes up elegantly into muffs and capes."—Sioux City Journal.

Renting Ball Dresses.

There are stores in the city where evening dresses are rented. They are made up handsomely, with the skirt all finished except the waistband, and with the waist itself basted together instead of stitched. The woman who desires to rent the costume can have the waist fitted. It is fitted and prepared for her in a way that does not preclude the possibility of its becoming refitted for others for other occasions. She rents it for the evening, paying $10 or $15, returns it in the morning with the consciousness that she looked at the ball just as well as her millionaire neighbor.

It is rather a severe thing to assert, but these trades people do not hesitate to say that men are responsible for the starting in of this custom of renting finery. They say that wives caught the idea from their husbands, who make a practice of renting dress suits instead of owning them. Everybody knows that it is quite a common thing for a man to hire a dress suit for the one or two times a year when some occasion demands of him this respect to conventionality, yet I suppose this same man would be the first to condemn this folly in his wife—if he knew it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Lemon Juice For Rheumatism.

A little girl up on the west side was to give a splendid birthday party one day last month, but the day and the presents arrived and found her in bed, paralyzed with rheumatism. She is only 7, and her parents and even the family doctor thought it a remarkable and uncalled for malady. But the carefully guarded only child suffered as terribly as the most neglected little mortal who had spent cold nights in the streets and had invited the awful disease in every way. Finally a doctor was called in, who, among other things, knows a thing or two about inflammatory rheumatism. He sniffed at the array of liniments, pronounced them "harmless" and prescribed lemon juice—lemon juice, pure and simple—a wineglassful every morning. The little girl is now well. Here is another bit of medical advice. If you are subject to rheumatism, don't eat eggs.—Washington News.

A Silver Lining.

Mrs. Kindlie—I presume you have rather a hard time of it.

Tramp—Yes, mum; but every cloud has a silver lining, mum. I'm not worried to death by autograph hunters, mum.—New York Weekly.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Evolution of the "Harvester" from Away Back to the Present Time.

The original cave dweller—dear child of the working scientist—harvested his wheat crop by going out to his field and gnawing off the heads of the grain with his active jaws. The plan had its advantages and also its disadvantages—on the whole, our able projenitor longed for something better. Then there arose a thoughtful paleozoic inventor who pointed out that the grain could be pulled up by the roots and the heads thrashed out in the palm of the hand. This satisfied our esteemed ancestor, and matters ran along thus for a few hundred years, indeed, I claim the working scientist's privilege to be vague as to years. Let us throw overboard the cave dweller, for that matter, and come along down to modern times. Let us begin with the sickle, for instance.

You may still find old men who will tell you that they can remember when farmers in this country had nothing but the sickle with which to harvest their wheat and rye. A dozen men worked in single file, and cut the grain with one hand and gathered it on the other arm, stopping every "round" to drink earnestly out of a big jug of New England rum or Pennsylvania whisky. Then came the cradle—a scythe with "fingers" on it—which made the grain lie straight. Many farmers have a cradle yet for corners and odd nooks. With it one man cut down the grain and another bound it into sheaves. Then arose a direct descendant of the paleozoic genius, and invented a reaper drawn by horses. This was in the '30's, say.

A man drove and a small boy sat on a low seat and raked off the grain in gavels. He was practically the same small boy who used to pull the strings that worked the cutoff valve in the first steam engine. He soon lost his occupation in both instances—in the case of the reaper they invented a mechanical rake. It took five men to follow on foot and bind up what the reaper cut down. Still the farmer wasn't satisfied. So they made him the harvester. Two men besides the driver rode on this, and bound the grain as it was brought up on an endless apron to where they stood. They had an awning over them, and were very comfortably situated. This was in the 70's. Still the agriculturist fretted. Then he got the self binder, which he has yet—though he is beginning to find fault with it and talks about electricity.

At first they tried to tie up the grain with wire, but it did not work very well, and the machines were abandoned, and others using manilla or hemp twine were tried with better results. The twine or cord is very strong, and is a little larger than a round shoestring. It seldom breaks, and the sheaves are tied up firmer and better than by hand. The self binder is somewhat complicated, but it seems simple when we consider what it does. It is the most intelligent machine used on the farm, if I may so express it. It would make the paleozoic man dizzy to watch it. All it asks is that the hired man shall keep his fingers out of it and furnish it plenty of grain to bind up. It does not tie a square or "hard" knot, nor yet a bowknot. Bring the two ends of a string together for two or three inches from their ends; then, considering the two strings as one, tie one single plain schoolboy knot in it, and you have the knot made by a self binder.

It is the hardest knot in the world to untie, and it never "gives" a particle. In the machine it is made by a funny, crafty little thingumbob which turns around half way, opens its mouth and seizes the cord, turns on around and lets go suddenly, as if it had half a mind not to. A knife cuts the cord, another thingumbob holds the ends, two arms sweep the sheaf off onto the ground, and the binder waits for enough grain to accumulate for another sheaf, when it starts itself and repeats the operation. It works with the precision of a fine steam engine, if the hired man will only let it alone.—Harper's Weekly.

Language of the Barnyard Fowls.

That birds use sounds as an interchange of ideas is well known, a visit to the barnyard will soon demonstrate this. Long before the sun is up, while the shadows cling about the hills, the shrill cry of the cock is heard announcing the coming of the day, the loud challenge passing from yard to yard, until every cock in the town has responded. When the sun rises and the door of the henhouse is opened, mark the notes of the birds. The hens are singing, "cur-cur-cur-r-r," as they run or hurry out into the pasture, but suddenly the gallant cock spies a grasshopper, and with tail close to the ground and many sidewise glances and pretended pecks he utters "cluck, cluck, cluck!" rapidly repeated, at which the hens stop singing and run in his direction.

Now a dark object appears in the sky. Nearer it comes, and the watchful cock recognizes an enemy. A hen hawk. Does he utter the "urk-a-dordle-doo!" or "cut-cut-cut?" Not at all. The "cur-cur-cur-r-r" of the hen ceases, and from the long, swelling throat of the cock comes "karre karre," with a rising inflection, or something very like it, which says as plainly as possible, "Here's a hawk; run to cover," and the hens do run, understanding the warning immediately.

Now listen to the mother hen that is leading her flock about. Note the "cluck, cluck, cluck," which she utters at near intervals. It is a motherly song with no especial significance, and the little ones do not heed it. But suddenly the hen finds a worm and calls out, "cut-cut-cut," in quick succession, which the little fuzzy chicks understand so well that they fairly tumble over one another in their endeavors to respond. They know it is a call to dinner. Even the little chicks just out of the shell do not mistake these calls, and pay not the slightest attention to the "cut-cut-ca-da-cut" that comes from the henhouse, where a pullet is proudly announcing that she has laid an egg.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Where Carlyle's Clothes Were Made.

Carlyle's own mode of life for London was frugal. He fared mainly on oatmeal and hams, which he would have only out of native Annandale, the London article, in his judgment, partaking of the specious, quack character of its environment. His clothes, too, he would have only from an honest Dumfries tailor, who made them up in lots to last several years and in forms that put them beyond the mutability of fashion.—E. C. Martin in Scribner's.