

A WHITE ROSE.

It was a beautiful garden—a garden in which one might almost lose one's self among the heavy sweetness of the blooming syringa bushes and the avenues of pink wyezia that wound irregularly here and there.

It was a July day. A girl lay idly in a wide luxurious hammock, her bright head on the soft tinted cushions, her deep brown eyes upraised to the whispering leaves above.

She looked the ideal of happy content as she lay there in pretty laziness, one slim hand drooping over the hammock's edge. A great Newfoundland dog lay on the grass beside her as she swayed gently to and fro, toying affectionately with the dog's great, noble head.

Sometimes he would open his almost human eyes and look up at her silently, with a happy content that matched her own.

It was very pleasant there. The book she had been reading had dropped upon the grass and lay with crumpled leaves. A rosebud marked the place.

Wilma Pierce, whose summers were spent at her grandmother's quaint old country home, had come here a few days since, tired out in body and brain as only a young, hard working teacher can be.

Already the soothing quiet of the lovely place had done her good, and the brightness of complexion and the liteness of form, which had been impaired by the year's hard work, were returning to her.

A silvery haired, sweet faced old lady came out of the wide hall door with a light wrap in her hand. She approached the hammock with anxious solicitude in her kind, old face.

"Child, it is cool for thee here; thee must be more prudent with thyself."

She wrapped the soft, gray shawl about the girl's shoulders with loving, motherly hands. Wilma looked up and smiled protestingly.

"It isn't chilly, grandamma, dear—but I submit."

She took the wrinkled old hand in hers and held it gently against her warm cheek.

The old Quakeress bent her stately form and left a soft, white kiss upon the girl's forehead.

"I must go in, dear heart; thee had best fall asleep for a little if thee can."

The soft gray gown swept away across the grass, and the wearer stopped beside the door to pull a sweet, white rose that stretched temptingly toward her.

She went in, and the girl and her dumb companion were again alone.

By and by she fell asleep. The roses at her bare, white throat rose and fell with gentle regularity as her breath came and went. It was a pretty picture. Ronald Mitchell, coming quietly across the garden, thought so as he caught sight of it, and paused involuntarily.

The dog raised his great, shaggy head and looked a silent welcome from his brown eyes. They were old friends—Ronald, the young farmer, and Rebecca Northfield's dog Don.

The young man stood breathless a moment looking at the sleeper, then with a softer light in his blue eyes and a warmer tinge on his smooth shaven cheek he went on toward the house.

He entered with the familiarity of a well known and welcome friend, and sat down easily in a big, antiquated rocking chair.

Rebecca Northfield came into the room, her old face alight with welcome.

She came and laid her small hand on his shoulder. "Ronald," she said, "my grandchild, Wilma Pierce, is come. Perhaps it is not news to thee? She is a good child, Wilma is, but I fear she loves the world too well. There is little of the Quaker about her, Ronald."

He smiled. "I saw her when I came through the garden just now. She is unlike you in her dress, but her face has a likeness to yours."

They sat together in the quiet room and talked a little while. All at once a shadow fell across the bare, white floor, and they both looked up. Wilma stood in the wide doorway, her face a little flushed with sleep, her eyes dewy like a child's after a refreshing slumber. She held a yellow rose in her hand.

"Grandamma," she said, all unconscious of a stranger's presence, as she looked half sleepily at the flower; "grandamma, what a lovely rose! Just see how—"

"Wilma," the calm, sweet voice interrupted her, "come here. This is Ronald Mitchell, the son of my old friend and schoolmate, Eunice Sand."

Wilma advanced a little and held out her hand frankly, but when she met the intense gaze of the clear blue eyes above her a shy look came into her own and she withdrew her hand.

Ronald, watching her, wondered if her grandmother's remark about her had implied that she was a bit of a coquette.

She leaned over the old lady's high backed chair and fastened the rich rose in the silvery white waves of her beautiful hair. And then she went away, with a murmured word of excuse, leaving behind her a scent of roses and a remembrance of a fair, fresh young face rising flowerlike above her pale blue gown.

That was their first meeting. All summer the young farmer came and went at his own will and helped to make the old place pleasant.

They sang together in the garden.

There was no musical instrument in the primitive Quaker household, but Wilma had brought her guitar with her. They read together in the old summer house through long, lovely afternoons, while grandamma sat near with her homely knitting work.

They walked together in the great old fashioned garden and along the murmuring creek, and sat idly on the little rustic bridge, watching the rhythmic flow of the waters and the minnows darting in the cool, dark depths below. It was an idyllic summer. Both were happy. One knew why it was; the other only half guessed it.

Ronald Mitchell at 30 years had for the first time felt his inmost heart stirred and thrilled by a woman's presence. He loved her with all the unwasted strength of his perfect manhood, with all the tenderness of a true man's first love.

One evening he told her. They were sitting together on a mossy log beside the creek.

Wilma had thrown off her wide garden hat, and the late rose in her dark hair gleamed whitely like a soft star in the dusk.

What caprice seized the girl?

She listened to his eager words with averted face turned toward the dying sunset light.

When he had finished she did not answer.

"He takes too much for granted," she thought; "he is too masterful; he asks as though my heart was some light thing to which he had a right. I will teach him it is not."

She rose and turned to go. He caught her hands and detained her.

"Wilma, are you not going to say a word? Are you then the coquette I almost thought you that first day?"

His words stung her. She tried to free herself, and the rose fell from her hair. He picked it up.

"If you won't say anything, Wilma, give me this rose. Let it be a symbol of hope to me."

She snatched it from his hand.

"When I am ready to answer you," she said, "I will send it to you," and then she slipped away and hurried toward the house. A spice of romance had always been part of her nature. Now as she flitted away she touched the senseless flower with lips that trembled.

"I do love him—I do love him," she whispered as she sped along the shadowy path through the garden.

But the girl's willful heart was slow to yield. A week passed.

Ronald Mitchell came not once to the farmhouse. Rebecca Northfield wondered at his absence, and looked searchingly at the quiet faced girl. One evening she came into the quaint old room with its sloping roof and lattice window where Wilma sat reading.

"I thought I'd tell thee, Wilma, that Ronald is going away to-morrow. He is tired, he said when I met him today, and needs a change. He does look worn. I wonder why he keeps away from us."

She looked keenly through her gold rimmed glasses at the girl.

"I don't know, grandamma. I'm sure. He does act strangely of late. Will he stay away long, do you think?"

"A month," he said, she answered. "A month," she thought. "In a month I shall be back in school."

Her heart beat quickly. After a while she took a little box from her bureau, and went down stairs and out into the garden.

She called to Don and wandered down to the mossy log beside the creek. She had been here every day since that time a week ago.

She sat down on the log, and Don sat down beside her, looking gravely at the running stream.

She drew a little folded note from the box in her hand and opened it.

"Come to me," it said, and then in delicate tracery her name, "Wilma."

That was all.

The girl's eyes shone half mischievously as she fastened the tiny box to Don's silver collar with a bit of ribbon, and a bright color glowed in her cheeks.

Then she folded her small hands together and looked seriously into the dog's great, noble eyes.

"Good old Don," she said, "take it to Ronald—to Ronald—do you understand?"

He looked up intelligently into her face and trotted off sedately.

Ronald Mitchell was in his room alone. One by one such articles as were necessary were being packed into his traveling bag.

A sudden pattering on the stairs arrested his attention, and the next moment a familiar black head was thrust through the half opened doorway.

"Why, Don, old fellow! Come to say good-by? What's this?"

He unfastened the little box and opened it. When he had unfolded the slip of paper and found the withered white rose he sprang to his feet. Then, to Don's amazement, he bounded down the stairs and out into the summer twilight, the grave dog following at his heels.

He found her on the mossy log beside the creek, looking expectantly toward him with the shy, sweet glow of love in her dark eyes and on her face.

Only Don was the witness of that meeting, but when a little later the happy lovers wandered up the sweetly scented garden, cool and shadowy in the glowing grandamma came

to meet them with a glad surprise and a light of calm contentment in her serene face, all thoughts of the projected visit were banished, and the half packed traveling bag lay forgotten on the floor at home.—Harriet Francene Crocker in New York Ledger.

Exciting Chicken Stealing.

Chicken thieves raided the henroost of a farmer near Belleville, N. Y., early the other morning. Just after the thieves got to work a heavy log in front of the coops dropped and exploded a big torpedo. The farmer was up and after the two thieves in a few seconds. He chased them to the Second river. They jumped in and started to swim across, and he followed. In the middle of the stream he caught one of the men. The other swam back and hit him in the face. Stunned for a moment he released his man and sank. When he came to the surface he had recovered from the blow, but the fugitives were beyond reach.

Chewing Gum Seized.

Several months ago a chewing gum factory at Cleveland, O., conceived the idea of making a new brand of gum, wrapping it in imitation \$5 greenbacks and calling it "Greenback Chewing Gum." It was put on the market and made a hit, large lots being sold. A government detective who chews gum bought a stick of the brand, and he at once saw in the imitation \$5 bill a violation of the statutes of the United States. He notified the treasury department at Washington of his discovery, and this telegram was sent out to all the district secret service officers: "Greenback Chewing Gum" has a wrapper that is a violation of section 5,430. Suppress it." Large seizures of the article were made and the sale stopped.

Changes in the "Big Dipper."

One of the most notable examples of the constant and yet almost imperceptible changes taking place in the heavens is to be found in the motion of the seven bright stars collectively known as the big dipper. Huggins, the noted astronomer, is now engaged in proving that five of these stars are moving in the same direction, while the other two are moving in a direction directly opposite. Prof. Flammarion has reduced Huggins' calculations to a system, arranging them upon charts. These ingeniously constructed heavenly outlines show that 100,000 years ago the "dipper" stars were arranged in the outline of a large and irregular shaped cross; and that 100,000 years hence they will have assumed the form of an elongated diamond, stretching over three or four times the extent of sky now occupied.—St. Louis Republic.

A Dry Goods Clerk Doctor.

The big medical men of Vienna have just been thrown into a panic by the discovery that for sixteen months they have been allowing a young dry goods clerk to treat patients in the large city hospital. The clerk's name is Patroner. He got his position in the hospital by means of forged diplomas. During the day he sold thread and ribbons, and at night he made the rounds of his ward. He had never studied medicine, and is therefore supposed to be responsible for any number of deaths. The swindle was discovered in consequence of his arrest for forgery and embezzlement in his dry goods business. He is in jail.—Paris Letter.

Circus Men Smoke Good Cigars.

I shall probably sell a box of imported cigars the day Forpaugh's circus strikes Lewiston. Forpaugh's and Barnum's men always smoke the best imported cigar they can get when in this city. Two for sixty cents always hits 'em. In the winter, when there are plenty of theatres and operas in the city, we always have a big trade on imported goods with star actors and singers. The Key West trade has been picking up very fast lately. The local trade in these goods is way ahead of the imported business. Key West goods run all the way from \$60 to \$100 a thousand.—Interview in Lewiston Journal.

Of Course She Regretted It.

On one of our suburban streets resides a lady who has a passionate fondness for plants and flowers, and many of these can be seen in the windows, which almost overhang the sidewalk. Sunday evening I happened to be strolling along the street in question, and noticed that the gentleman preceding me wore an almost supernatural brilliant tile. As he passed Mrs. F.'s house one of the windows happened to be up and a present plate was displayed. The flower pot was attracted by the shiny tile, and lit on it with a resounding thump, that sounds so funny when it's some other fellow's hat and so sad when it's your own. The gentleman under the crushed stovepipe ejaculated some words certainly not from the book under his arm, and passed on. Soon Mrs. F.—rushed out and said: "It's too bad—the only double geranium I had."—Bangor News.

Kindly Courtesy.

Somerville Journal: "Ted—'May I borrow your umbrella this afternoon, Ned?'"

Ned—"Yes; unless it is going to rain."

WAS IT A SACRIFICE.

John Griffith, a rich English manufacturer, sat in a room in his elegant mansion one day in autumn. To judge by his face, his reflections were of an agreeable nature.

"The prospect is," he said to himself, "that my income for the present year will reach fifteen thousand pounds. That is a tidy sum for one who started as a poor boy. And I am not so old, either. Just turned sixty! There is more than one nobleman in the kingdom that would be glad of John Griffith's income. My Katy will have a rich dowry."

He was interrupted here by the entrance of a servant.

"Mr. Griffith," he said, "there are three men below who would like to see you."

"Three men?"

"Yes, sir. They are not gentlemen," said the servant, who understood the question. "They are men from the mill, I'm thinking."

"Very well; show them up."

It was a holiday and the works were not in operation, so that the operatives were off work.

Then was heard the tramp of heavy boots on the staircase and presently entered three men, whose dress and appearance indicated clearly that they belonged to the class who are doomed to earn their daily bread by hard and unremitting labor.

"What is your business with me, my men?" asked Mr. Griffith, rising and surveying them with interest. "Are you employed in the mill?"

"Yes, sir," said the foremost, Hugh Roberts; "yes, Mr. Griffith, sir, we are employed in the mill, and it's about that we've come to see you."

"Very well," said John Griffith, resuming his seat. "Speak on, whatever you have to say to me."

"It's this, Mr. Griffith, sir, and I hope you won't be offended at what I say. We came here to humbly beg that you would be pleased to raise our wages."

"To raise your wages?" exclaimed Mr. Griffith in a displeased tone.

"Yes, sir. I hope you won't be offended."

"Don't I give as high wages as are paid in other mills?"

"Mayhap you do, sir; but it's very hard to get along on three shillings a day."

"But if I should pay higher wages than others they could undersell me in the market."

"I don't know, sir, but I think we should work more cheerful and do more in a day if we felt that we had a little more to live on, so that the wife and children needn't have to pinch and go hungry."

These words were uttered in a manly and straightforward tone, and there was not a little pathos in them, but it seemed lost upon Mr. Griffith.

"It's only sixpence more a day we ask, sir," said Hugh Roberts pleadingly.

Mr. Griffith made a mental calculation. He had three hundred men in his employ. He found that sixpence a day additional would make a sum total during the year of over two thousand pounds. This reflection hardened his heart against the applicants.

"No," he said, "your request is unreasonable; I cannot accede to it."

"But, sir," said Hugh Roberts, "think what it is to support a family on three shillings a day."

"It is hard, no doubt," said Mr. Griffith; "but I cannot afford to make the advance you desire."

"Then you refuse, sir?"

"I do. If you can do any better of course I won't prevent your bettering yourselves."

"We can't do better, sir," said Hugh, bitterly, crushing his hat between his toil hardened fingers. "We have no other way to live, except to work for you and take what you are pleased to pay."

"Think it over, my men," said Mr. Griffith more good humoredly, for he had carried his point, "and you will see that I can't pay more than other manufacturers. I've no doubt your wives and children will earn something to help you along."

The three men departed with sad faces, looking as if life were a weary struggle, with little to cheer it.

Scarcely had they left the room when Katy Griffith entered.

Born when her father was comparatively late in life, she was his darling and the light of his existence. It was for her that he wished to become very rich, that he might make her a match for the highest, as he was wont to express it.

"They will overlook old John Griffith's pedigree," he said to himself, "if his daughter has a good hundred thousand pounds to her dowry."

Katy entered, a bright eyed, attractive girl of 15, of whom her father might well be proud.

"How are you, my darling?" said her father, smiling fondly upon her.

"I'm always well," she said lightly; "but, papa, who were those poor men that I met on the stairs? Had you been scolding them?"

"What makes you ask, Katy?"

"Because they looked so sad and discouraged."

"Did they?" asked Mr. Griffith, with momentary compunction.

"Yes, papa; and I heard one of them sigh, as if he were tired of living."

Why Should a Woman Pretty Hands Come to Them Up.

Mrs. Cleveland is said to have inaugurated a custom in receiving guests at her afternoon reception of unglowed hands, although an evening costume.

It may be that there is some conviction and purpose in this, may not. But why should the be? asks the N. Y. Sun. Why women wear gloves with dress? Mark the inconsistency neck and shoulders and upper bare, and the lower arms from to wrist closely cased in sleek woman's arm is beautiful, it is full right down to the tapering tips. And why should she cover lower half of it into a cover several sizes too small, and that forms the delicate, shapely hands into the semblance of stuffed pin-cushion?"

Some women's hands, like some men's faces, are not fair to look to. These, no doubt, gloves are a fiction. But if a woman's hands are pretty, and she knows it—as of she will—why shouldn't she be candid to confess to that fact by leaving her hands unglowed?

The writer once knew a young girl whose hands and were most exquisite in curve and who never gloved them on the street, save in severe cases. When asked once for the reason, she replied with fearless frankness: "cause my hands are pretty. If were not I suppose I should wear them into gloves as other women do, but as they are, I keep them just because I like to look at them, because I really do feel that I no more right to mar the beauty of my hands by putting gloves on than would have to mar the Venus of Willendorf by putting a skirt upon her."

A Very Old Newspaper.

The oldest paper published in English language, except The London Gazette, is the Lloyd's List, which its first appearance in a dingy London coffee house in 1692. The paper more generally read by merchants and seamen than any other, and yet few of its know its remarkable history, or of the great commercial business the grown up with it.

About 1675 there was a coffee house in Tower street, London, kept by Edward Lloyd, where a knot of merchants gathered at noon to discuss business and gossip over the three shillings of Romanism of James II. From this small beginning has grown up one of the greatest and most powerful of the great commercial business in the world, the least important feature of which is an intelligence department, for wideness of range and efficiency working has no parallel in the history of private enterprise.

As early as 1698 The London Gazette contained a flattering notice of Lloyd's shop, and four years later proprietor, who seemed to have no rousing good business man, now establishment to Lombard street, the center of London's wealthy influential merchant population, a stately coffee house proprietor, whose taste began the publication of Lloyd's List, a weekly paper filled with commercial and shipping information, it became very popular with seamen and other men of trade subsequently changed its name to Lloyd's List, and ever since that has enjoyed an uninterrupted position.

Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century Lloyd's List was the most popular place known to merchants and underwriters; himself probably died in the last of the century, but his name and paper had ineffaceably marked business of that time, as it marked of the present day. London's business of marine insurance had existence to the printed form issued by the Lloyd Association Underwriters, an association which never been known by any other name than that of the poor but popular house proprietor and editor. The superstructure of marine insurance rests upon The List, which for 150 years has embraced the collection, dissemination and diffusion of every form of intelligence with respect to shipping. New York Times.

Distinction Without Diligence. Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly Magazine on the beach at Coney Island two Irishmen who were in an observatory, which, after doing the centennial, was removed to Philadelphia and set up on the beach. "Oh, Jemmy," said one, "what's the high thing?" "Niver mind the height, Pat, it's onto the length at it!"

Heard on the Boulevard.

"Is necessity the mother of invention?"

"Yes, it is said to be."

"Well, then, I would like to see necessity."

"Why?"

"Because I would not have a penny in-law. Necessity knows no law."

"—Mummy's Weekly."

The man who has a high opinion of himself don't know himself.