



# ROSE

O Rose of all the roses,  
Who dwell those flowers among,  
In pleasant pastoral clove,  
Where birds their carols sing;  
They sing to thee, now sleeping,  
Bright dews thy rest begem.  
Dear Rose of all the roses,  
Plucked early from thy stem.

O flower that knew no fading,  
Transplanted at a touch,  
Ere sorrow could come shading,  
That face we loved so much,  
A few fair years of sunshine,  
That scarce knew pain or toil,  
Then, Rose of all the roses,  
Safe, safe in God's own soil.

O flower of all the flowers,  
To see thee was to love,  
And in the heavenly bowers,  
Thou bloomest yet above,  
White memory, like faint perfume,  
That breathes thy tender grace,  
O Rose of all the roses,  
Makes sweet thy vacant place.

O Rose of all the roses,  
Why should we weep for you,  
The Gardener plucks His posies,  
To bloom again anew,  
Not carelessly, but gently,  
He culls His flowers below,  
Dear Rose of all the roses,  
Because He loves them so.

—Lillian Claxton.

## Her Ideal.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

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She had often spoken to him of her various ideals, so it was not surprising that she should begin to enlarge upon one of them as soon as they were comfortably seated.

"My ideal river is dim and deep and silent," she said. "I have small love for gurgling, splashy streams."  
"Why, I don't know," he objected with wide tolerance, "the little fellows may not accomplish much, but they work hard."

"That is why I object to them. They create such an atmosphere of wasted energies. As long as they are in sight one has to keep thinking of every foolish fad she ever followed."

"Good Lord!" he commented. "You ought not to take nature so seriously. Rest assured she will never return the compliment."

"No, that is true. She makes a joke of us from the cradle to the grave."  
"I've often wondered," he said lazily, "what your ideal man is like. He must be a bird."

"I believe it was Plato who declared that the only difference between men and fowls lay in the cut of their clothes," she remarked loftily.

"Yes, Plato," he assented. "Rum old chap, that. No end of sand. Wasn't it Thoreau who made the other distinction—about the way the knees bent?"

"No, not Thoreau. Some friend of his made the distinction and he chronicled it," she corrected.

"That so? I do remember something about it now. How do you like Thoreau?"

"Why, well enough. He understood nature better than most men. It was a love affair that drove him to that wild-animal life in the woods."

"I know. Always struck me as rather pitiful the way he tries all through his Walden to convince himself and everybody else that he was perfectly happy and contented."

"I wonder," thoughtfully, "why that sort of thing generally happens to gifted men."

"Need it to bring out the best that is in them."  
"But Ruskin says it doesn't do it. That only appreciation and happiness can bring out the best in any human being."

"He had been through the fire and ought to have known. It was his wife that went back on him, wasn't it?"



"My ideal river is dim and deep."  
"Yes; well, she fell in love with one of his friends, and he allowed her to get a divorce."  
"Should think a thing like that would knock a pretty big hole in a man's life." He turned on his side and looked at her. "Queer thing, love, isn't it? All sorts of fashions, but the same thing."  
She nodded assent and quoted absently:  
"As he is the whole world over, was this Cupid in the clover."

Then coming back to earth with a rush:  
"I've a picture of a river over my desk that this one reminds me of. It is a girl drifting out to sea in an old boat; the river is dim and deep with sedgy banks and the way the moon looks down on the desolate girl and the forsaken river is wonderfully suggestive. All dead things together."  
"Oh, I say," he exclaimed, sitting up, "don't say things like that. You make me wretched."  
"How absurd," she commented. "I dare say," he agreed, getting up and brushing off the clinging straws.



"Did you mean it?"  
"If this strikes you as so lugubrious, let's go elsewhere."  
"Not at all. I find this delightful."  
"A lot of dead things together?"  
"Oh, well, you will find that everywhere. Among the haunts of men it is dead hopes, impulses and energies, and in the by-ways of nature—"  
"It's dead bugs and beetles. I wish you wouldn't talk that way. I tell you it troubles me. People do not see death with their eyes unless there is sorrow in their hearts. It would hurt me more than I can tell you to think that you were unhappy."

She looked at him for a moment with clear eyes.  
"Don't trouble yourself," she said, and smiled.  
"I'm not a stricken deer, yet."  
He sat down beside her. "I hope you never will be," he said after a long pause, "but you are bound to fall in love some day. You wouldn't have been given such glorious eyes unless it was intended that they should be lighted up."  
"Now, I wonder," she murmured thoughtfully, "if that could be called a compliment."  
"I object to ideals," he said; "they narrow one."  
"I wager you have lots of them," she ventured shrewdly.  
"Well, and if I have?"  
"You at least don't bore other people with them, and I do."  
"You never bore me."  
"Now that is a compliment. Do you know it is the first you have paid me in ten years?"  
"Would your ideal man pay compliments?"  
"Yes, I think so. A few, when he happened to think about it."  
"What else would he do?"  
"Well, really I don't know. You see my ideal would be a man that I could not possibly hope to understand."  
"An enigmatical sort of a fellow."  
"No, but broader than I am, so that I couldn't trot around and put my finger on all the points of his compass."  
"And you expect to marry your ideal? Don't you think you ought to tell me a little more about him so that I will be able to recognize him and know when my time has come to take a back seat."

The girl raised her eyebrows at this, but said nothing. When a man has been making love to a girl ever since she was in pinafores it is a rather annoying to hear him speaking cheerfully of taking a back seat.  
"Go on," he insisted; "this conundrum of yours is to be handsome and gallant."  
"He isn't at all gallant," she interposed rather warmly.  
"Isn't? Oh, then, you have met him?"  
The girl seemed absorbed in the slow flowing river and made no response, but when he turned to look at her he saw that the tips of her ears were glowing.  
"See here," he said quietly, "if you have, I want you to tell me. When you rejected me last winter I passed it over because I thought you were too young to know a good thing when you saw it."  
"Not at all concealed."  
"Conceited enough to believe that my love is deserving of careful consideration. I assure you that it has never been carelessly bestowed. I may not be an ideal man, but my life has been clean and honest, and I have never neglected anything entrusted to my care. As my wife you would be protected and petted, but I don't want you to marry me unless you love me."  
"I should say not."  
"But I want you to learn to do that. Go to work earnestly and learn to love me every bit as much as I love you. It will not be an easy task but I want you to put aside all this ideal nonsense and go honestly to work at it."  
"Anything else?"  
"Yes; when you have done that, I expect you to marry me and live for the rest of your life a happy, contented woman."  
"And suppose I fail to fulfill your expectations?"  
He sat so still for a moment that her resentment began to die away.  
"Suppose I have already fallen in love with my ideal, how could I put all that 'nonsense' aside?"  
"Have you?" he questioned gently.  
She nodded slowly.  
"I hope you will be very happy," he said presently, then after waiting a moment for her to speak, arose and walked away to the bank.

The girl watched him wistfully as he stood with his hands in his pockets staring down at the dim, deep water. Her lips parted once or twice but closed again in silence.  
"Well," he said, turning around with a smile, "we must not keep the ideal waiting. I had better take you home. Someday," he continued, extending a hand for her assistance, "someday you will introduce him to me, will you not?"  
The girl put her hand into his and arose deliberately.  
"I think," she said carefully, "that you know him."  
"Do I?"  
"I think so. You are such a grave man I could scarcely believe that you would neglect the excellent advice that Cicero gives. Wasn't it Cicero who enlarged so upon the desirability of knowing one's self?"  
"Do you know what you are saying?"  
The flush leaped from the tips of her ears to spread over face and neck. She turned back and made an uncertain step toward the river only to find him in front of her.  
"Did you mean it?"  
"I wanted to have another look at the river," she explained with engaging frankness.  
"Perhaps you did. But you are going to tell me something first—"  
"No; I'm not. Not a thing. I have told you too much already."  
"Very well, we will have a look at the river; but first—"  
"Please," she pleaded, drawing back against his detaining arm.  
He paused with his eyes close to hers.  
"Can't you understand how badly I need it,—even if I am not at all gallant?"  
"Later on they stopped and stared down at the river but neither of them saw it."

**Richard Has a Fall.**  
Charles Belmont Davis, brother of Richard Harding Davis, is the manager of Weber & Field's music hall. The resemblance between the two brothers is remarkable. At a recent performance Richard, conversing with friends in the lobby, was a main object of attention from the young women and their escorts. A short distance away was his brother, the center of another group of gossipers. The likeness in figure, voice and face was much commented upon. "For heaven's sake," exclaimed one young woman, "my idol has feet of clay." "How's that?" asked her escort. "Well," replied the girl admirer of the author, "I always thought there was no one in the world like Richard Harding Davis, and now he's but common clay, for there stands his double."  
—New York Times.

**The "Keystone State."**  
Pennsylvania is called the "Keystone State." Two explanations have been given of this name. According to the first, the Declaration of Independence was trembling in the balance, six colonies having voted for and six against it, the vote of Pennsylvania was cast in favor of the declaration, and thus a majority was secured. According to the other explanation the name was purely an accident. When the Rock creek bridge was constructed, near Washington, the stones of the great arch were inscribed with the names of the states, and when it was finished the discovery was made that the name of Pennsylvania was on the keystone of the arch, and thus was applied afterward to the state.

When it comes to drawing conveyances, lawyers are almost as good as satdonkeys.  
Dr. James V. Mitchell recently completed a quarter of a century as pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Lancaster, Pa.

# The Diamond Bracelet

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
Author of East Lynne, Etc.

(CHAPTER IV.—Continued.)

"It cannot be lost," returned Lady Sarah. "You are sure you put it out, Alice?"

"I am quite sure of that. It was lying first in the case, and—"

"Yes, it was," interrupted Hughes. "That was its place."

"And consequently the first that I took out," continued Alice. "I put it on the table; and the others around it, near to me. Why, as a proof that it lay there—"

What was Alice going to add? Was she going to adduce as a proof that Gerard Hope had taken it up, and it had been a subject of conversation between them? If so, recollection came to her in time, and she faltered and abruptly broke off. But a faint, horrible dread, to which she would not give shape, came stealing over her, and her face turned white, and she sank on a chair trembling visibly.

"Now look at Alice!" uttered Frances Chenevix; "she is going into one of her agitation fits."

"Don't allow yourself to be agitated, Alice," cried Lady Sarah; "that will do no good. Besides, I feel sure the bracelet is all safe in the case; where else can it be? Fetch the case, Hughes, and I will look for it myself."

Hughes whisked out of the room, inwardly resenting the doubt cast upon her eyesight.

"It is so strange," mused Alice, "that you did not see the bracelet when you came up."

"It was certainly not there," resumed Lady Sarah.

"Perhaps you will look for yourself now, my lady," cried Hughes, returning with the jewel box in her hands.

The box was well searched. The bracelet was not there.

"This is very strange, Hughes," uttered Lady Sarah.

"It's very ugly, as well, my lady," answered Hughes, in a lofty tone, "and I'm thankful to the presiding genuses which rule such things that I was not in charge when it never would have taken place, for I can give a guess how it was."

"Then you had better," said her ladyship, curtly.

"If I do," returned Hughes, "I shall offend Miss Seaton."

"No you will not, Hughes," cried Alice. "Say what you please; I have need to wish this cleared up."

"Then, miss, if I may speak my thoughts, I think you must have left the key about. And there are strange servants in the house, you know, my lady; there's that kitchen maid only came in it when we did, and there's the new under butler."

"Hughes, you are wrong," interrupted Alice. "The servants could not have touched the box, for the key never was out of my possession, and you know the lock is a Bramah. I locked the box last night in Lady Sarah's presence, and the key was not out of my pocket afterwards until you took it from thence this morning."

"The key seems to have had nothing to do with it," interposed Frances Chenevix. "Alice says she put the diamond bracelet on the table with the rest; Lady Sarah says when she went to the table after dinner it was not there; so it must have been in the intervening period that the—the disappearance took place."

"And only a few minutes to do it in!" ejaculated Lady Sarah. "What a mystery!"

"It beats conjuring, my lady," said Hughes. "Could any visitor have come upstairs?"

"I did hear a visitor's knock while we were at dinner," said Lady Sarah. "Don't you remember, Fanny? You looked up as if you noticed it."

"Did I?" answered Lady Frances, in a careless tone.

And that moment Thomas happened to enter with a letter, and the question was put to him, "Who knocked?"

His answer was ready.  
"Sir George Danvers, my lady. When I said the Colonel was at dinner, Sir George began to apologize for calling, but I explained that you were dining earlier than usual because of the opera."

"Nobody else called?"  
"Nobody knocked but Sir George, my lady."

"A covert answer," thought Alice; "but I am glad he is true to Gerard."

"What an untruth!" thought Lady Frances, as she remembered the visit of Alice's sister. Thomas' memory must be short."

All the talk—and it was much prolonged—did not tend to throw any light upon the matter, and Alice, unhappy and ill, retired to her own room.

The agitation had brought on a nervous and violent headache, and she sat down in a low chair and bent her forehead on to her hands. One belief alone possessed her; that the unfortunate Gerard Hope had stolen the bracelet. Do as she would she could not put it from her; she kept repeating that he was a gentleman, that he was honorable, that he would never place her in so painful a position. Common sense repelled that the temptation was laid before him, and he had confessed his pecuniary difficulties to be great; nay, had he not wished for this very bracelet—that he might make money—

intruder enter. It was Lady Frances Chenevix.

"I came to—Alice how wretched you look? You will torment yourself into a fever."

"Can you wonder at my looking wretched?" returned Alice. "Place yourself in my position, Frances; it must appear to Lady Sarah as if I had made away with the bracelet. I am sure Hughes thinks so."

"Don't say unorthodox things, Alice. They would rather think that I had done it, of the two, for I have more use for diamond bracelets than you."

"It is kind of you to try and cheer me," sighed Alice.

"Just the thing I came to do. And to have a bit of a chat with you as well, if you will let me."

"Of course, I will let you."

"I wish to tell you I will not mention that your sister was here last evening. I promise you I will not."

Alice did not immediately reply. The words and their hushed tone caused a new trouble to arise within her—one which she had not glanced at. Was it possible that Lady Frances could imagine her sister to be the—

"Lady Frances Chenevix!" burst forth Alice, "you cannot think it! She! My sister—guilty of a despicable theft! Have you forgotten that she moves in your own position in the world? that our family is scarcely inferior to yours?"

"Alice, I forgive you so misjudging me, because you are not yourself just now. Of course, your sister cannot be suspected; I know that. But as you did not mention her when they were talking of who had been here, I supposed you did not wish her name dragged into so unpleasant an affair, and I hastened to say there was no danger from me that it would be."

"Believe me, she is not the guilty party," returned Alice, "and I have more cause to say so than you think for."

"What do you mean by that?" briskly cried Lady Frances. "You surely have no clue?"

Alice shook her head, and her companion's eagerness was lulled again.

"It is well that Thomas was forgetful," remarked Lady Frances. "Was it really forgetfulness, Alice, or did you contrive to telegraph him to be silent?"

"Thomas only spoke the truth. At least, as regards my sister," she hastily added, "for he did not let her in."

"Then it is all quite easy, and you and I can keep our own counsel."

Quite easy, possibly, to the mind of Frances Chenevix, but anything but easy to Alice, for the words of Lady Frances had introduced an idea more repulsive and terrifying even than the one which cast the guilt to the door of Gerard Hope. Her sister acknowledged that she was in need of money, "a hundred pounds or so," and Alice had seen her coming from the back room where the jewels lay. Still—she take a bracelet! It was preposterous.

Preposterous or not, Alice's torment was doubled. Which of the two had been the black sheep? One of them it must have been. Instinct, sisterly relationship, reason and common sense, all combined to turn the scale against Gerard. But that there should be a doubt at all was not pleasant, and Alice started up impulsively and put her bonnet on.

"Where now?" cried Lady Frances.

"I will go to my sister's and ask her—and ask her—if she saw any stranger here—any suspicious person in the hall, or on the stairs," stammered Alice, making the best excuse she could.

"But you know you were in the drawing rooms all the time, and no one came into them, suspicious or unsuspecting; how will that aid you?"

"True," murmured Alice, "but it will be a relief to go somewhere or do something."

Alice found her sister at home. The latter instantly detected that something was wrong, for her suspense, illness and agitation had taken every vestige of color from her cheeks and lips.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" was her greeting, "you look just like a walking ghost."

"I felt that I did," breathed poor Alice, "and I kept my veil down in the street, lest I might be taken for one and scare the people. A great misfortune has befallen upon me. You saw those bracelets last night spread out on the table?"

"Yes."

"They were in my charge, and one of them has been abstracted. It was of great value, gold links holding diamonds."

"Abstracted!" uttered the eldest sister in both concern and surprise, but certainly without the smallest indications of a guilty knowledge.

"How?"

"It is a mystery. I only left the room when I met you on the staircase, and when I went upstairs to fetch the letter for you. Directly after you left Lady Sarah came up from dinner, and the bracelet was not there."

"It is incredible, Alice. And no one else entered the room at all, you say? No servants? no—"

"Not any one," interrupted Alice, determined not to speak of Gerard Hope.

"Then, child, it is simply impossible," was the calm rejoinder. "It must have fallen on the ground or been mislaid in some way."

CHAPTER V.

A knock at the door. Alice lifted her sticky countenance and bade the

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"It is hopelessly gone. Do you remember seeing it?"

"I do remember seeing amidst the rest a bracelet set with diamonds; but only on the clasp, I think. It—"

"That was another; that is all safe. This was of fine gold links, interspersed with brilliants. Did you see it?"

"Not that I remember. I was there scarcely a minute, for I had only strolled into the back room just before you came down. To tell you the truth, Alice, my mind was too fully occupied with other things to take much notice even of jewels. Do not look so perplexed; it will be all right. Only you and I were in the room, you say, and we could not take it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands and lifting her white, beseeching face to her sister's, "did you take it? In—sport; or in—oh, surely you were not tempted to take it for anything else? You said you had need of money."

"Alice, are we going to have one of your old scenes of excitement? Strive for calmness. I am sure you do not know what you are implying. My poor child, I would rather help you to jewels than take them from you."

"But look at the mystery."  
"It does appear to be a mystery, but it will no doubt be cleared up. Alice, what could you have been dreaming of to suspect me? Have we not grown up together in our honorable home? You ought to know me if any one does."

"And you really know nothing of it?" moaned Alice, with a sobbing catching of the breath.

"Indeed I do not. In truth I do not. If I could help you out of your perplexity I would thankfully do it. Shall I return with you and assist you to search for the bracelet?"

"No thank you. Every search has been made."

Not only was the denial of her sister fervent and calm but her manner and countenance conveyed the impression of truth. Alice left her inexpressibly relieved, but the conviction that it must have been Gerard returned to her in full force.

"I wish I could see him!" was her mental exclamation.

And for once fortune favored her wish. As she was dragging her weary limbs along he came right upon her at the corner of a street. In her eagerness she clasped his arms with both her hands.

"I am so thankful," she uttered. "I wanted to see you."

"I think you most wanted to see a doctor, Alice. How ill you look!"

"I have cause," she returned. "That bracelet, the diamond that you were admiring last evening—it has been stolen; it was taken from the room."

"Taken when?" echoed Mr. Hope, looking her full in the face—as a guilty man would scarcely dare to look.

"Then, or within a few minutes. When Lady Sarah came up from dinner it was not there."

"Who took it?" he repeated, not yet recovering his surprise.