

HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

She came to her in the early dawn,
And lived in her arms one day,
The little baby soul was tired,
It had come such a long, long way.

What a whisper grew at the lips of the world,
The sun rode, hush'd and high,
She look'd, and caught the eye of God
As the sorrowing winds went by;

Mad her heart lay close to the Heart of All,
While the morning held its breath,
Ah, me! the messenger stole so near,
And the name on his wings was Death!

And the child, when the summons came

at dusk,
Look'd up with his eyes of blue
Straight into the vision, as though to say,
"How long I have watch'd for you!"

Then fell back cold on his mother's breast—
And she knew, though her eyes were dim,
While this meant torturing grief to her,
It was endless peace to him.

And the flowers they sent to the mother's room
Wither'd beside her bed,
But her little immortal flower was safe—
She smiled when they call'd it dead!
—Zion Herald.

IN THE SUGAR BUSH

It had been understood by the Dixon and the Taylor families, and by most of the people for five miles around, for that matter, that Tom Dixon and Bessie Taylor become engaged as they were riding home together from the county fair in October. The exact date and exact circumstances of such things are always of vital interest in an agricultural community.

It was a match that pleased both families, as Tom was a fine young farmer and Bessie a smart girl of 19, who could have had the pick of half a dozen.

The marriage was not to take place for a year, and the course of true love ran smooth until December. Then Bessie Taylor suddenly exercised the prerogative of her sex.

Tom was too sure of her, and he must be made to understand that his bird was not yet caged. He had never been told that no girl surrenders her liberty without a last flirtation, and he was totally unprepared for the blow that fell.

There was to be a spelling bee at the red school house. He and Bessie would go, of course. As both of them were accounted among the best spellers in the community, it was probable that they might be asked to choose sides.

It was unfortunate for Tom that he forgot to say that he would drive up to Taylor's at a certain hour for Bessie. He meant to, and had no doubt that she would be ready, but the matter slipped his mind, and when the evening finally arrived he got out of his cutter at the door, only to be told that Bessie had been gone half an hour.

More than that, she had gone with a windmill man who was canvassing the neighborhood and stopping at her father's house.

Tom Dixon was stunned. Here was coquetry, deceit, treachery. It didn't occur to him that Bessie felt piqued over his neglect and wanted to "get even" in the only way open to her. Neither could he know that she had told the windmill man that her old bean would probably escort her home.

He gasped—he muttered—he swore. Then he got into his cutter and put the whip to his horse and sent the animal over the two miles of smooth road on a dead run.

His first idea was to kill that windmill man on sight, his second was to kill the pair of deceivers, his third was to blow his own brains out and die the death of a martyr. Then he happened to get a fourth idea, and he adopted it and stuck to it.

He entered the school house with his jaw set and the firm resolve to make a certain person repent in sackcloth and ashes, Bessie Taylor was there, but he saw her not. The windmill man was there, but he was too insignificant for a second glance.

The homeliest girl for six miles around was there, having hired her mother to bring her, and Tom walked straight up to her, and began to laugh and giggle and fatter.

Worse was soon to come. It happened that he was chosen to lead one side, while Bessie was not. Everyone looked to see him call her name as first on his side, but he overlooked her entirely. It was the homeliest girl who was called, although it was known that she would go down and out on the first three-syllabled word.

When only he and Bessie remained on their feet the climax of his meanness came. When they got among the hard words he stood and glared across at her as if he had never seen her before, and, in her confusion, she blundered and left him victor.

Next day it was known far and wide that Tom Dixon and Bessie Taylor were "out," and, though several parties volunteered their services as peace-makers, the gulf could not be bridged.

Bessie felt injured because Tom had not understood her, and Tom felt mad that she had tried to play with his honor and love. There was no more courtship that winter.

The couple were brought together again early in the spring, and a general spelling school, but they held aloof from each other and resorted to silent treatment. The old folks on both sides tried their hands, but the result was the same, and it finally came to be understood that the match was off for good.

They were on and the month of March came in. Mr. Dixon had 200 acres of woods, and there he had been making every spring.

ary, and, as the farmer had met with an accident, the month of March saw Tom at work alone in the sugar bush and having his hands full.

On the night of the 5th he gave a "sugar-off" party to half a dozen young fellows and their girls, and, of course, Bessie heard of it.

Tom heard that she heard of it, and also that she said that she never could see any romance in tramping about the wet woods and eating maple wax off a chip, and so he repeated the performance a week later. This time she had no remarks to make, and he felicitated himself that he had made her feet real bad.

Three or four days after his second party Mrs. Taylor said to her daughter:

"Bessie, I've got a great yearning for a taste of new maple sugar, and if it wasn't for my sore heel I'd go

over to Dixon's bush and ask Tom for some."

"And what a goose you'd make of yourself," snapped Bessie.

"Well, I dunno. There's worse fellows than Tom Dixon. I've never been mad at him."

"But you ought to be. You shouldn't stand up for any one who has acted as mean as he has."

"No, maybe not, but perhaps you were a little bit to blame, I'd like some new maple sugar, as I was saying, and next to that I'd like two or three leeks to eat with bread and butter. The leeks must just be coming up in the woods now, and I can fairly taste 'em. If father wasn't so busy to-day I'd have him go down in the woods and look for some."

Bessie made no reply, but an hour later when her mother happened to look out of the kitchen window and saw her climbing the pasture fence and making for the woods she said to herself:

"Our woods and the Dixon's woods join, and if leeks and maple sugar don't get together, it won't be my fault."

Bessie reached the home woods and began to look for leeks. Here and there was one beginning to sprout, but she passed them by and went farther.

By and by she came to the line fence dividing the farms. The leeks on the other side looked bigger, and, after a long look between the rails, she climber over. Yes, the leeks were bigger.

She had pulled three or four and was still wandering along, when she passed a brush heap, and a rabbit ran out with a great rustle. Naturally, she screamed.

The rustle of the rabbit was followed by the hoot of an owl, and naturally the girl screamed again. She heard the sound of footsteps near at hand, and was about to scream for the third time, when she heard the words:

"Miss Taylor, do not be afraid."

It was Tom Dixon, with two pails of sap suspended from the neck-yoke on his shoulders. In her hunt for leeks she had wandered into Dixon's sugar bush.

"O, Tom!" she exclaimed, as she turned to face him.

"You mean the windmill man."

"I do not—I mean—I mean—well, you ought to have asked me to go to spelling school with you."

"But you had better company."

"He did you."

"Miss Taylor?"

"Mr. Dixon?"

It was just growing dusk when Tom and Bessie reached Taylor's. Tom had a handful of leeks and Bessie had a big maple chip, with a big lump of sugar wax on it.

"Why, Tom, is this you?" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, as the pair walked in.

"Yes, Aunt Sal," he replied, "and here's the leeks and maple sugar and Bessie, and—"

"Well, I never, never did see," she remarked, as she turned from her work of peeling potatoes and gave Tom a hug and Bessie a kiss.—Union Globe.

WOMEN NEED NOT APPLY.

Russian Official Was Proof Against All Blandishments.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" is true of some countries and of many periods of history. Even in Russia *cherchez la femme* contains the clue to many a sudden promotion in the hierarchy of the state, says a Russian correspondent of the London Telegraph. But in Eastern Muscovy there are still some inflexible civil servants left who fanatically place duty above all other considerations, even the dictates of gallantry itself.

Gospodyn Tarassoff is one of the most energetic of the brotherhood, and the latest display of his single-mindedness is the theme of warm discussion in the Russian press. A lady had come to see him with a view to his employing her as clerk in the railway engineering office of which he is the chief, appointed by the government. Miss Kondakoff was the bearer of a powerful letter of recommendation. But the austere misogynist, refusing to see her, read the recommendatory epistle and wrote back to say that he did not need the lady's services. She is said to be a person of good looks, prepossessing manners and considerable persuasive powers, and doubtless, for these reasons, she made a series of strenuous efforts to see the head of the department personally and plead her cause under the most favorable conditions. But he declined to see her, and she refused to desist from calling.

At last he issued the following circular: "I hereby warn the female clerk Kondakoff to desist from her visits to the cabinet of the head of the department. For communications there exist printed forms; it is fruitless for her personally to bow and scrape before me, and, what is more, it betrays a lack of feminine modesty so to obtrude herself. Moreover, I am not one of those heads of department who at sight of a petticoat drop their cherished principles. It is a matter of common knowledge that I am opposed to the employment of the female element, and that alone ought, I hold, to have sufficed to keep the female clerk out of my office. I am simply lost in amazement at her shamelessness in seeking to curry favor with a man who makes his action a matter of principle. In any case, however, it is in vain to hope that the request which has already been declined in writing will be granted as a result of oral discussion. Indeed, the mere fact that she has not already seen this has thoroughly convinced me that no such female clerk can have a place in my department. Persons like her are but a source of demoralization to the officials and are obstacles to the progress of work. Let them go back to their former patrons. They had better select some other place than the office of the head of the department for loafing about in. In my office and all along the line I need men who can work, and not the rustling of petticoats. Furies and pompous women like her I decline to tolerate in my department, and I refuse even to see them."

(Signed) G. TARASSOFF.

THRIFTY GERMAN WOMAN.

She Makes the Government Custodian of Valuable Securities.

If women are not quite such good hands at making money as men, they at least take the palm in devising extraordinary means for saving it, says the London Telegraph. A curious case in point has recently come to the knowledge of a firm of bankers in Bunzlau, who, disgusted at the cleverness with which they have been deprived of their yearly fees, have made the matter public. In that city there is a wealthy woman who is wont to improve her mind by frequent travels and as she possesses a goodly collection of debentures, shares and other kinds of scrip she was accustomed to deposit them in a well-known bank there during her absence, paying a considerable sum for their safekeeping. Last March she hit upon a most ingenious way of cutting down this expense. She put all her scrip in capacious envelopes, had them duly registered and directed to a fictitious address in Berlin, writing on the envelope her own name as the sender, and requesting that they should be returned to her in case of nondelivery. And then she set out for her journey. The packets in due time found their way to the capital, where the post left nothing undone to discover the whereabouts of the mythical addressee. After having spent days and days in fruitless research the officials gave it up in despair and returned the packet to Bunzlau to be handed back to the sender. But as she was absent and as it is against the rules of the German post to give registered letters to any one but the person whose name is on the envelope the authorities were forced to take charge of the packets until the woman's return. The saying thus affected is said to be very considerable and the post and the bank are devising some method of checkmating the scheme in the future.

If you want fame, don't write a book; invent a washing machine.

Sometimes it's the man who doesn't hesitate that gets lost.

OLD FAVORITES

The Owl,
In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour.

But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!

O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the horned owl!

And the owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;

Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!

O, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then, is the joy of the horned owl!

Sour not for the owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good;
A prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
"Trice fonder, perhaps, such a strange, dark fate
Hath rent from all beside!"

So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing ho! for the reign of the horned owl!

We know not always
Who are kings by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl!

—Barry Cornwall.

"The Hat My Father Wore."
I am Patrick Miles, an Irish lad, just come across the sea,
For singing and for dancing I think I can pry see;

I'll sing and dance with any man as in days of yore,
But on St. Patrick's day I love to wear the hat my father wore.

CHORUS:
It's old but it's beautiful, and the best you've ever seen,
It was wore for o'er ninety years in that little isle so green;

It's my father's great ancestors, it was scented with calore,
It's a relic of old decency, the hat my father wore.

I bade you all good evening, good luck to you, I say,
And when I cross the ocean for me I hope you'll pray;

I'm going back to Paddy's land to a place called Balackmore,
I'll receive a welcome there, on Emerald islands with the hat my father wore.

CHORUS:
For all the girls and all the boys will cheer me o'er and o'er,
When I return to Paddy's land with the hat my father wore.

PORTER RESENTED REBUKE.

Why Commodore Gave Up United States Naval Commission.

A half dozen of the older officers of the navy were sitting in the smoking room of one of the clubs uptown a few evenings ago, says the New York Tribune, when it was remarked by one: "Father Time has worked many changes in our personnel. We have lost on the navy register to-day a Farragut or a Decatur, a Dupont or a Poote; in fact, the old 'sea dog' seems to have given his last bark." And then story followed story and one was told of Commodore David Porter, father of Admiral David D. Porter, afterward admiral, in 1800.

Commodore Porter's naval career closed with an interesting incident. A gang of pirates had preyed upon and robbed the Americans on the island of St. Thomas and carried off their booty to Porto Rico to dispose of. Lieut. Charles T. Platt, who commanded one of the small vessels of Porter's fleet, heard the complaints of the Americans and started in chase of the pirates. He followed them to the port where they had taken the refuge and at once made a demand upon the alcalde and other authorities for the return of the stolen goods, but he was treated with indignity by the officials and put under arrest by them.

Subsequently he was released, and as he was leaving the harbor he met the flagship (the John Adams) of Commodore Porter, reported to him the treatment he had been subjected to, and this resulted in the commodore demanding an apology and reparation from the alcalde. Commodore Porter had with him three or four other vessels of his fleet, and he threatened that if his demands were not complied with in one hour he would take possession of the place. No attention being paid to his demands Porter began to land a force of about 100 armed men, and then the authorities, seeing that he was not playing with them, agreed to all that was asked.

But his own government disapproved of Porter's act of vindictive and the commodore was recalled, was put under charges and tried by court-martial and was sentenced to suspension from rank, duty and pay for six months. Commodore Porter demurred to this punishment, but the department insisted upon the order being carried

out, when Porter resigned his commission and entered the service of the Mexican navy. Subsequently, President Jackson offered to restore Porter his commission, but he declined to accept it unless the court-martial record of censure was expunged, which the government refused to do.

Mexico did not treat Porter with the dignity that he demanded; in fact, the government was unfaithful to him, and this decided him to resign his commission. A short time after his return to the United States he was appointed to the diplomatic service, and a little time later he was commissioned United States minister to Turkey, where he remained till his death, in March, 1843.

UNDER THE ICE.

Chilling Experience of a Pioneer in The Missouri River.

Capt. Joseph La Barge, one of the early pilots of the Missouri river, was noted for his courage and daring. In the winter of 1834 he experienced the following adventure, which is recorded in the "History of Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River," by H. M. Chittenden. He had occasion to cross the river, which was frozen deep. There was a path across, which ran between two large air-holes through the ice. The weather was extremely cold, and a blizzard had already begun.

Captain La Barge wrapped himself in a blanket coat, held tight to his body by a belt, and was armed with a rifle, tomahawk and knife. He left confident of crossing all right, for the distance was short, and he knew the way so well that he felt as if he could follow it blindfolded. In fact, that was practically his situation, for the wind drove the snow into his face so violently that it was impossible to look ahead. Getting his bearings as well as he could, he started on a slow run in face of the blinding storm.

It was in any case a reckless performance, considering the existence of the air-holes near the path; but La Barge was not given to fearing future dangers, and forged boldly ahead. For once his confidence deceived him. All of a sudden he plunged headlong into the river.

He instantly realized that he was in one of the air-holes, but which one? If it was the lower one, he was certainly lost, for the swift current had borne him under the ice before he came to the surface. If it was the upper hole, he might float to the lower.

He soon rose to the surface; and bumped the overlying ice. Sinking and rising again, he bumped the ice a second time. The limit of endurance was almost reached, when suddenly his head emerged into the open air. Spreading out his hands, he caught the edge of the ice. He held on until he could draw his knife, which he plunged into the ice far enough to give him something to pull against, and after much veer and perilous exertion drew himself out. He had stuck to his rifle all the time without realizing the fact, and came out as fully armed as when he went in.

But now a new peril awaited him. The storm was at its height, the cold intense, and his clothing was drenched through. The bath which he had received had not chilled him much, for the water was warmer than the air outside, and his exertions would have kept him warm anyway, but out in the wind the chances were that he would freeze if he did not quickly reach a fire. Hastily recovering his bearings, he set out anew, and had the good fortune to reach the post without further trouble.

No Escape.

Boric acid in the soup,
Wood alcohol in wine;
Catsups dyed a lurid hue
By using aniline.

The old ground hulls of cocoanuts
Served to us as spices;
I reckon crisp and frigid glass
Is dashed out with the ices.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives
Way down at Clover-side—
Is one-third milk and water, and—
And then—formaldehyde.

The syrup's bleached by using tin,
And honey's just glucose,
And what the fancy butter is,
The goodness gracious knows!

The olive oil of cotton seed,
There's alum in the bread;
It's really a surprise to me
The whole durned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things
Are buzzing fit to kill;
If the food you eat don't git you,
The goldarned microbes will.

—Ex.

The Caddy's Reply.
Unlike his nephew, Lord Salisbury was never a great golf player, although occasionally when visiting Mr. Ralfour in Haddingtonshire he "amused" himself, to quote his own expression, with a game. One day the noble lord struck too low with his iron and asked the caddy:

"What have I hit?"

The youngster, who was without reverence, gruffly made answer: "Scotland."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Hero.
Recent Arrival—Why do all the people cheer every time that man comes on the bench?
Regular Resident—He made a rescue yesterday which taxed to the limit his unselfishness and heroism.

Recent Arrival—What did he do?
Regular Resident—He swam out and rescued his mother-in-law.—Baltimore American.

The Goat Club is a new organization proposed for those who built in.

GORDON M'KAY.

Death of the Man Who Revolutionized the Shoemaking Industry.

Gordon McKay, whose death occurred recently at his cottage in fashionable Newport, was a notable figure in the social and business world. Although starting in life comparatively poor, he accumulated millions through his inventive genius. McKay was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1821, and on the death of his father

GORDON M'KAY. In 1833, began to study for the career of a civil engineer. When 21 years old he had a machine shop in his native town. He studied machinery and his opportunity came when the shoe stitching machine, invented by L. R. Blake, proved to be an utter failure. He bought the patent outright and perfected a machine which has revolutionized the shoemaking industry. This machine did away with the little cobbler shops, with their pegs and wax ends, and opened up big factories. In a few years every man, woman and child in America, who wore shoes, paid tribute to him, and McKay gained millions.

McKay's partner was Robert H. Mathes, a practical man of inventive genius. When the war broke out in 1861 they offered to the government, something unheard of, machine made shoes for the army. In less than ten years it is estimated that more than 10,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes in America had paid royalty to McKay and his companies. In 1878 he formed the McKay Sewing Machine Association, and in a series of lawsuits defeated all rivals, established his patents and became the central power in one of the greatest monopolies.

Gordon McKay married Miss Minnie Treat, of Cambridge, many years younger than himself. They lived together only a few years. There were two sons, who have always been with their mother. Mrs. McKay finally secured a divorce, and became the wife of Adolph A. von Bruening, an attaché of the German embassy at Washington, and now charge d'affaires of the German legation to the Sultan of Morocco. McKay, who had always been attached to his wife, sent her jewels and other gifts on her wedding day, and, it is said, gave her a check for \$100,000. The Kaiser became angered at such attention, and the young man was in the background for several years. Then, through family influence in Germany, he was restored to favor, after having returned to Mr. McKay the money given his wife.

Mr. McKay did much good with his money. He educated a number of young women abroad in music, gave generously to Harvard college and founded a training college in Rhode Island for negroes, which college bears the name of the McKay institute. He was a good violinist and left a large collection of musical instruments. It is understood that the greater part of his estate will go to Harvard University, including his large library. His next to kin are Mrs. Dexter and Miss Catherine Dexter, of Boston.

Boys Who Make Money.

A striking example of what energetic and hustling boys can do in a business is illustrated by Charles and Russell Anspach, of this place, who own a flourishing grocery business on Whittelsey street.

The boys, twelve and nine years of age, started with a capital of 27 cents, their first venture being the selling of candy and oranges from a small stand placed in the yard. They were patronized by their neighbors and friends, and within a month of the opening, March 19, of this year, were able to build a small shed, where they kept a stock of groceries.

They began a system of bookkeeping, bought and delivered their own groceries, and by clever advertising soon attracted the attention of the public. Their fresh goods, courteous manner, and energetic methods combined to bring plenty of customers, and, prospering, they were able to erect a little store, which is stocked with a fine of groceries complete in all details.

The boys own a little red delivery wagon, and can be seen early and late catering to their customers. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Anspach, and their ambition is to be the proprietors of the largest grocery store in Sandusky county.—Fremont Special in Columbus Press.

Daring Man.

"I'm anxious to get the names of all present," said the reporter. "Will you oblige me—"

"Oh!" said the meek little man, "you may put down 'Mrs. Henry Peck and husband.'"

"You mean 'Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peck,' don't you?"

"I would prefer that," he replied, with a furtive glance over his shoulder, "but, for goodness' sake, don't say I gave it to you that way."—Philadelphia Press.

Prepared for Coming Pleasure.

"You know I promised to buy you a wheel if you brought a good report from school, and here you have one worse than last month. What were you doing?"

"Learning to ride a wheel."—Pile-gende Blaetter.

We have decided that when women get together, the only subject upon which they agree is that nothing will stop their hair from coming out.

Advice to mad dogs: When a bull-dog has a bone, let him keep it.