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TO A WILD ROSE.

Wild rose at night,
When sets the sun, thy petals sink to rest,
Folded as though in prayer across thy breast
In sweet delight.

Then shadows creep
Across the moss grown moor, and with a sigh
The wind comes dreaming from a cloudless sky
Upon thy sleep.

To me thou art
The perfect model of transient joy,
The first fair love that charms the growing boy
And stirs his heart.

I would forget
The long ago when first I saw thy face,
Upturned and lovely with a perfumed grace
That haunts me yet.

It mirrored then
A thousand thoughts, each from a placid calm
Which threw its image with a throbbing charm
That glowed again.

Those hopes are dead,
As in their last embrace thy red leaves close—
It is the hidden, not the perfect rose
That bares its head.

And in the past
The dreams that were are wrapt within the cloud
Of riper thought, and that to which we bowed
Is gone at last.

—Percy Louis Shaw in Harvard Advocate.

HER MISTAKE.

She was plump, but dainty, with a neat figure and a round, rosy face. She wore a black cape over a gray skirt, and carried a queer little dog's eared volume entitled "Hymnody." Her eyes were big and soft. She had an Irish mouth and a Welsh chin, with a dimple in it.

We met, for the first and last time, on the towing path between Windsor and Staines. I noticed her when she was quite a hundred yards away, and admired her grace of movement. The towing path was narrow and rugged just at that point, so that we touched elbows as we passed and our eyes met. Immediately she uttered a little cry and fixed a pair of pince nez across her nose.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried. "How are you, Jack? Where have you been all these years? And what have you been doing?"

My name is Arthur, but her hand was too small and soft to relinquish with unnecessary suddenness.

"I knew you at once," she affirmed. "I can't say I think the mustache an improvement."

"No!" I murmured doubtfully.

"No. It has taken all the character out of your face."

I felt quite sorry for her. She would be so confused. I still held her hand.

"Well," she said, screwing her eyebrows, "and what have you done since I saw you last—acquired modesty?"

It would be very awkward.

"N-not exactly," I stammered.

She laughed.

"I'll walk with you as far as Windsor," she said. "I suppose you are going to Windsor? Or will you walk with me to Staines? Just as you like. I am living at Staines now, you know—in a little room overlooking the river—at a pound sterling per week inclusive—occasional use of the parlor.

"Oh, look at the sky!" she cried suddenly. "All those sprawling gray dragons in bas relief against the blue. Isn't it wonderful? Yet they say my skies are impossible. Nothing is impossible, Jack, is it?"

"Nothing, except to contradict you."

Even that was not impossible in the old days."

There was another silence. It lasted till we reached Staines. I was grateful for the pause. We stopped outside a white, flat fronted house facing the river. I held forth my hand.

"Oh, nonsense, Jack," she said, "you must come in and see the parlor!"

We went into the house. The street door was not locked. The parlor was a small, ugly, comfortable room, with a big bowl of flowers in the window, athwart which fell a band of yellow sunshine.

"I want to show you some of my poor little pictures."

We went into her room, a large apartment, lighted from above. A modest little bed was in the corner, squeezed away into the mirk as if rest had but a small part in the life of its owner. At the head of the bed was a small mirror and other toilet accessories on a white draped dressing table. At its foot stood a deal washstand. In the center of the room sprawled a great yellow easel bearing a canvas. There were other easels and canvases distributed throughout the room, and plaster casts and clay figures, all the usual paraphernalia of the painter's craft added.

The little lady snatched down the large canvas from the great yellow easel and stood it with its face to the wall.

"Not that," she said. "That is a study in failures. I will show you something more modest." She went to a stack of pictures in the corner. "See here," she said, holding up a tiny sketch before me, "'Light on the Bar,' more modest still. And here, throwing me an odd glance, compounded of coquetry and laughing doubt, "is a picture the subject of which is not modest."

She put her hand on my arm and led me to the center of the room. Then she gave the picture into my hands. It was the portrait of a man, strangely resembling myself, drawn in the style of the Dutch school, with the light concentrated on the eyes and brow.

"Do you like it?" she asked me.

"It is wonderful," I whispered.

"I did it just—just after that night," she said.

"I was troubled at heart, for there was a note other than the mocking note of light comedy in her voice. I feared the trend of the situation was toward perhaps tragedy.

"It seems so strange that we should meet again like this," she said, "and yet not strange. For our corner of the world is a very little place, after all. You have grown very old and manly and grave, Jack. I am just beginning to realize that now. I didn't at first. You mustn't think that I mean to be rude to you, Jack. Perhaps I hardly ought to call you Jack."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "call me Jack."

"Thank you, Jack," she murmured, beaming. "You are a dear old boy. The same old Jack! I was sure you wouldn't mind, Jack."

"Yes."

"Did—did it—did I hurt you much, Jack, that night? You know, I hadn't thought of you in that way at all. It came on me so suddenly. And my art was so much to me. To marry meant to give it up, you see. And, then, I didn't understand myself, and you were so fierce and foolish and wild. I have wondered ever since that I had the courage to refuse you, Jack, you were such a splendid subject of a boy."

I was filled with confusion and shame. "Say, girl, don't [illegible] it," I said. "It isn't fair to yourself. I have no right to listen."

"I care not how unfair she be if only she be fair to—herself! Eh? And you have every right to listen, Jack. I give you right, full right. Besides I have to talk about it. It is so long ago, too, and we are so much older. Surely, it does not matter. It was such a tender time, a time of dancing blood, Jack. We shall never live it again, never more foot it to the same giddy measure. We are half burned out now, like bloated candles in the cold dawn. We have tainted our atmosphere with the consuming of our own fires."

The flush in her cheeks died, leaving them pallid. Her head drooped and her hands fell listlessly.

"You forgive me, Jack, don't you?" she said presently.

I could not speak. Silence were best. I was wrung with vain regret. The poor little lady!

"When you went away that night," she said, "you took more with you than you knew. Had you come back it might have been all different. I cried many nights thinking of you. It was the thought of your loneliness that made me cry. We had been such good chums. And I was lonely too."

She paused. Half unconsciously I took her hand in mine.

"They tell me you are married, Jack," said she presently. "It is quite true, I suppose. Why shouldn't it be? And do you love your wife very, very dearly, Jack?"

She was turned half from me, her hands busy with the folds of her dress. I had no words to answer her. Suddenly she uttered a great cry, and sank down in a chair, covering her face with her hands.

"Listen, listen," she said hoarsely, tapping my hand with her fingers. "Listen. This is the truth. I hope you do love your wife, Jack. I hope you do love her very dearly. I hope you take her in your arms to your heart and kiss her—kiss her always when you meet. I hope you are proud of her and set her above all women—above me. No, no, listen, Jack, listen! Don't try to stop me. You must not go away thinking me worse than I am.

"This is the truth—this is the truth. Let me confess—or have I confessed already?—I love you, Jack. I loved you then. I always loved you—always shall love you. I hungered for you all of these years. I can't keep silent. But we shall not see each other again. It does not matter. And it will be something to remember. The years are very long—very long—and my art is sometimes stale to me, and the life has gone out of my brain, and the cunning from my hand. I am doing her no wrong. Surely I may have my little moment. She has all her life for her very own. I have been meek, Jack. I have been ever cheerful. I would not have spoken now if—if—It's a hard price to pay for a little mistake. I was very young too. And everything was so possible. Oh, my God!"

She bowed her head on her arm against the wall.

"Leave me alone, Jack," she said. "Leave me alone just for a minute. I've cried against this wall before. I shall be better presently. It always does me good. And I had meant to be so strong if we should meet!"

It tore my heart to see her. I went up to her and put my hand on her shoulder. She caught it in her disengaged hand and pressed it.

The twilight descended on us standing thus.

* * * * * * *

"Goodby, Jack!" she said, with her hand on the latch.

"Goodby!" I answered.

She put up her lips. I would have kissed them lightly, but she drew my head down and wound her arms about my neck.

"This once," she pleaded. "It's such a little sin!"

"Goodby!" she said again, the glory of her eyes shining through her tears.

"Goodby!" I answered as before.

She opened the door, and I passed into the little lopsided street.

There were gray ghosts rising from the river.—Chapman's Magazine.

A Suggestion For Entertainers.

A worthy Parisian tradesman who invited his friends some time ago to a soiree dansante has had a bad experience of the class of entertainers whom Mr. George Grossmith calls society clowns. One of his friends recommended him to secure the services of a certain young man to amuse the guests. The tradesman took the advice, and the young man was among those who attended the soiree. First, the young man gave an imitation of Paulus, then began an imitation of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. So far all went well. The performer then said, "I shall now give you my celebrated sketch of the gentleman who takes the piano to pieces to find a halfpenny he has dropped inside it." First he took off the wooden case, then he proceeded to unscrew the instrument, piece by piece, and to pile up the pieces on the floor. There was much laughter when, after all this, the young man said, "I have it," and exhibited a halfpenny. When it came to putting the piano together again, however, he declared it must be sent to the maker's, and there was therefore no dancing that night. A hundred francs damages were awarded by a court of law to the outraged tradesman, who very naturally pleaded that when he invited an entertainer to make his guests laugh, it was not in order that they should be made to laugh at his expense.—London News.

Dogwood's Many Uses.

Dogwood wands make excellent whipstocks, and are used in some of the best whips. They are cut sometimes by coachmen in the suburbs and sent to town to be dressed and made up into whips. The stocks made of this wood are notable for their ornamental knobs at regular intervals, being the truncated and rounded branches. These are imitated in some other whipstocks, but the imitation is a cause of weakness. The dogwood stocks are extremely tough and elastic, being comparable in elasticity with whalebone. The wood is used also for butchers' skewers, and some philologists conjecture that the first syllable of the name is a corruption of "dag," meaning a spine or dagger. Dogwood, as being peculiarly free from silex, is used by watchmakers and opticians in cleaning watches and lenses. The bitter bark of the dogwood is used also as a substitute for the bark of the Peruvian quinine tree. Dogwood is notably of slow growth, and in all thickly peopled regions the tree is recklessly despoiled for the sake of its blossoms, so that the supply of the wood for commercial purposes is not large.—New York Sun.

Considerate.

Creditor—Can't you pay me something on account of that bill you owe me?

Debtor—How much do you want?

Creditor—I'd like enough to hire the son of a lawyer to sue you for the balance.—Strand Magazine.

CLEVELAND'S CHURCH

DR. ROSSITER SAYS HE IS "NEITHER CHRISTIAN NOR PRESBYTERIAN."

The Presbytery Dissents. The President Will Therefore Preside at a Meeting of the Home Missions Organization—About Unfermented Wine.

"Grover Cleveland does not stand as as Christian or a Presbyterian. We can't afford to introduce him as the leader at the big home mission meeting. He would attract a crowd, a rabble."

These were the words used by the Rev. Dr. Stealy B. Rossiter at the meeting of the presbytery of New York, held the other afternoon at the corner of Twentieth street and Fifth avenue, New York. The meeting had been harmonious up to that time. There had been considerable discussion over the admission to the presbytery of certain men whose work was not wholly confined to New York city. It was finally decided to admit those who received mail there.

Then Dr. Thompson made a report from the home missionary department.

The committee proposed, first, that special services be held at the chapel of the Presbyterian house on March 3, at which the elders and ministers of the church would be present and over which William E. Dodge would preside.

They also proposed that on the following day the Presbyterian ministers in the city should exchange pulpits and preach on home missionary work. Finally, on March 3, was to come a grand home missionary rally in Carnegie hall. At this Dr. John Hall was to act as temporary chairman and introduce President Grover Cleveland as the presiding officer. Addresses were to be made by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, B. T. Washington and T. De Witt Talmage.

As Cleveland's name was pronounced a murmur ran around the room. All the ministers and elders present assumed an air of interest.

Dr. Rossiter rose hurriedly to his feet and exclaimed: "Is he in earnest? Have we got to the condition where we have to depend on men's names to do the work of God?"

Dr. Thompson explained the work that Jackson had done in the west and Washington in the south and spoke highly of Dr. Talmage's eloquence and fervent spirit in the home missionary field.

"As for the national head of our country," he continued, "all I can say is that he"—

Applause interrupted his remarks, at the conclusion of which Dr. Smith got the floor and said he approved of the plans of the committee entirely. He knew that Mr. Cleveland was a good Presbyterian.

"I am sorry," said Dr. Ramsey, "that this has not been a secret session. I hate to have it go out to the world that we have made reflections on the head of the government. He has shown his sympathy with us, and we should accept it cordially. He has been a good Presbyterian. I have heard him in a public speech loud the Westminster catechism and praise the confession of faith. If he presides over our meeting, it will show people that the Presbyterians mean business, that they are acting on common sense lines.

"I am not opposing the plans of the committee," said Dr. Rossiter, earnestly and slowly. "God forbid that I should do that, but I want to enter a slight word of dissent. At the foreign missions meeting they had a former president as presiding officer. At the home missions meeting we propose to have an acting president as chairman. It looks as if we were trying to go them one better in public feeling. This fact will bring out certain political preferences that will tell upon the audience. I don't like it. Grover Cleveland does not stand as a Christian or a Presbyterian. We can't afford to introduce him as the leader at the big home missions meeting. He would attract a crowd, a rabble. We want earnest men, thoughtful men. We should hesitate before asking the president to be our leader."

Dr. Patterson said he thought the last remarks were sensible. He did not believe that it was proper to try to "go the foreign missions one better."

Dr. Shiland—I think that President Cleveland—

Dr. Wiley—I object. I don't think we should indulge in uncomplimentary remarks about the head of our nation.

"I didn't intend to make uncomplimentary remarks," replied Dr. Shiland. "I only wanted to say that I had heard him make good religious speeches."

After some further discussion the report of the committee was adopted, with five dissenting votes.

D. Stuart Dodge of the temperance committee made a report, which contained the following words: "That sessions allow the use of unfermented wines only at the communion table. It is lamentable that many, who sorely need the sustaining comfort of the Lord's supper, are debarred because of alcohol in the sacramental cup. The adulterated compounds of modern commerce should be banished from the distance and their fumes no longer desecrate the house of God."

This created considerable discussion, in which Dr. Mullally said he liked a good glass of wine himself and drank it. He thought it certainly should be used at the communion table. It was finally decided that the report should go out only as a recommendation.—New York Herald.

No, Nor Firing Them, Either.

An iron bed for an engine weighing 90 tons was cast in one piece in Baltimore last week. There will be no difficulty about casting big guns when the necessity arises.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Kentucky Hospitality.

A dog fight was recently given at Swampdale in honor of a young lady visitor there.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CLEVELAND'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Trolley Company at Caldwell, N. J., Wants to Demolish It.

For the past two years the trustees of the First Presbyterian church at Caldwell, N. J., have been fighting the North Jersey Traction company, which is trying to get a franchise for a trolley road through the town, which, if granted, would necessitate the destruction of the birthplace of the president of the United States, Grover Cleveland. Other residents of Caldwell want the trolley, but as the trustees hold the right to a part of the principal thoroughfare and do not wish the road on account of the destruction of this memorable spot, matters in that usually quiet little borough are at present somewhat mixed.

The house where President Cleveland was born is the parsonage of the First Presbyterian church, over which his father presided at the time of Grover's birth.

It is a pretty wooden structure, two stories in height, and built after plans which at that time were considered the most approved. It sets back a little way from the road on Bloomfield avenue, one of the prettiest roads in New Jersey, and in a direct line, according to surveyors, with the tracks of the "deadly" trolley. As long ago as July, 1894, the fight was begun, and it is just now about to be settled.

The trolley people say that although they will not harm the church in any way, the road will have to run very close to it and directly over the spot which the parsonage occupies. They are determined to build the road, and have already an appraisal of the church parsonage, which is given as $100,000.

The directors of the Caldwell railway have now joined in the fight, and, strange to say, are endeavoring to secure the trolley company their franchise.—New York Journal.

A NOVEL TRIP.

Two Men Plan to Circle the Globe by Dog Power.

F. D. Kennedy of Grand Forks, N. D., is getting ready for a trip around the world, and expects to start within 30 days. On the trip he will be accompanied by a friend, W. H. Whitnall.

The journey will be made in a neat and serviceable bicycle wagon, drawn by four pairs of big Newfoundland dogs, each weighing from 100 to 200 pounds. The start will be made from Grand Forks in a light sleigh, which will be used as far as possible, and after that the bicycle wagon, with an aluminium box, will be brought into service.

Then the route will be direct to New York, where steamer will be taken for Liverpool and the principal points in the British isles visited. From there the trip will be made to the principal cities of the continent, then on to the orient and the shores of the Pacific.—Minneapolis Journal.

SPORT UP TO DATE.

Catcher Dick Buckley of the Philadelphias has begun his task of coaching the Pennsylvania university baseball candidates.

Before Tom O'Rourke left for the south he promised to give Charley Smith of England a chance to meet some good lightweight. Smith was a great favorite of the late Squire Abingdon. Smith says he is anxious to box anybody and will not refuse any reasonable offer.

F. C. Ives' contract with the billiard academy at Madrid, made several months ago, has expired, and news comes that he and Albert Garnier, the Frenchman whose fancy strokes all admire, have joined hands to make a joint tour of Belgium and Holland. Ives may again return to America, but the date is uncertain.

The Amherst Athletic association has been invited to send a relay team to compete in an intercollegiate tournament of relay teams which the University of Pennsylvania is arranging, and which is to be held on April 30. As the Amherst team of this year is a very fast one, it is probable that the invitation will be accepted.

A new running circuit, composed of Indianapolis, Terre Haute and Elkhart, was formed at a meeting held at Indianapolis the other night. Columbus had been expected to join, but failed to send a representative. Toledo, Saginaw and Bay City may be taken in later. The first meeting will be at Terre Haute, beginning May 10.

Entries for the summer meeting of the Detroit Jockey club, Aug. 4 to 22, have been sent out in book form by Secretary Campbell. The list of nominations in each stake is large and contains the best horses in training in their classes in the west. Ramiro, Ben Brush and Prince Lief and Strathroy are prominent in the 3 year-old events. Ben Brush is in the International Derby, guaranteed to be worth $5,000, and the Campau stakes, worth $2,500. The International Derby for 1897 has 109 and the Campau stakes 110 nominations.

The American College association, consisting of Dartmouth, Williams and Amherst, held a meeting at Boston the other day and elected the following officers: R. R. Rollins of Amherst, president; R. W. Root of Williams, vice president; B. W. Couch of Dartmouth, second vice president; R. H. James of Dartmouth, secretary and treasurer. J. J. Brady of Hartford was selected as the umpire. The following schedule was arranged: May 6, Williams versus Amherst, at Williamstown; 15 and 16, Dartmouth versus Amherst, at Hanover; 20, Amherst versus Williams, at Amherst; 30, Williams versus Amherst, at Williamstown; June 5 and 6, Dartmouth versus Williams, at Hanover; 12 and 13, Dartmouth versus Amherst, at Hanover; 20 and 25, Amherst versus Williams, at Amherst.

GOTHAM'S 25,000 CROOKS.

Charles Dudley Warner Says That Numbers of Men Live Only For Crime.

Charles Dudley Warner of the Prison Association of New York spoke to the League For Political Education on the subject "Relation of Citizen to Criminal" the other afternoon. In part he said:

"We find most of the men of the country more anxious to make money than to preserve the safety of the state. It is a race between the thief and the burglar and the business man to see who will get there first. We have a plenitude of professional thieves, who rob by violence. Here in New York it is calculated that there are from 20,000 to 25,000 professional men, so called, whose purpose in life is to commit crime for money. They do nothing else but commit crime. They go in and out of prison with more regularity than anything else.

"It would be better for New York to apprehend all its criminals and to shut them up in the Waldorf hotel at $8 per day. The citizens would be then saving money. With all our outlay we are obliged to barricade our houses and live in absolute fortresses."

The speaker said he believed in unlimited sentences in reform schools where the criminals are turned out only when they are cured and taught trades or professions to earn honest livelihoods. He said most criminals were morally and physically diseased and should be doctored.

FOR HER CHILD.

A Little Incident About Mrs. Hoke Smith at a Cabinet Dinner.

I heard a little story about Mrs. Hoke Smith at the last cabinet dinner given by Secretary and Mrs. Lamont to the president, Mrs. Cleveland and members of the cabinet. Mrs. Smith was able to be present. It was the first time that she had been able to attend a cabinet dinner since her first season here. The little daughter, who has been so ill with diphtheria, had recovered, as the mother thought, sufficiently to be left alone that evening, but while the dinner was in progress a message was brought saying that the little one was suffering from prostration brought on by fainting fits, to which she has been subject since her illness. Mrs. Smith arose immediately and made her apology, and President Cleveland, who, with the rest of the guests, was greatly concerned, inquired:

"Is your carriage near, Mrs. Smith?"

To which she replied, "No, Mr. President, but I have two feet, and I can walk."

A carriage was provided.—Capital.

A FORGED LAW.

Curious Anomaly Now Bothering the North Carolina Legislature.

The forgery of a law is a curious anomaly in the history of legislation, but North Carolina is at present in trouble over a law which never passed either branch of the legislature, yet was laid on the governor's table for signature, having already affixed to it the signatures of the clerks and presiding officers of both houses.

By lapse of time it had become a law, and the governor, on applying to the supreme court to have the law annulled, was informed that the court could not go behind the law itself as it appeared when presented to them.

A trial for forgery is now going on, in which the chief and enrolling clerks of the two houses are being prosecuted for forging the names of the presiding officers.

The law invalidated all conditional or preferential securities for debt and forbade the giving of such securities in the future. A more futile and daring form of fraud would be difficult to imagine.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Brothers Strangely Met.

Jesse M. Brown of Franklin, Pa., and Manson Brown of Titusville, Pa., were called to Akron, O., Saturday by a telegram announcing the dangerous illness of their father. The two brothers had not met in 20 years. They traveled in the same train and sat opposite each other. Neither knew who the other was. Leaving the train they walked to the business portion of the city together. They met again on South Main street and in a joking manner one of them stated that they were following each other. This led to a conversation in which it developed that they were brothers.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Life Saved by His Watch Charm.

George W. Houze's life was saved by a Knights of Pythias watch charm at Muncie, Ind., the other night. Houze was held up in a lonely spot by a footpad, and in the struggle that followed three shots were fired. One ball would have penetrated Houze's stomach, but it struck his watch charm, glancing off. He finally secured the revolver and nearly beat the life out of his assailant with it.

For Whispering In Church.

Ina Crabtree, aged 14, was brought the other night from Morgan township to serve out a fine of $5 and costs and ten days' imprisonment for whispering in church. Magistrate Cooper imposed the sentence. Sheriff Rickey refused to lock her in the jail, and has taken her into his family. The commissioners will probably release her.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Heir to Half a Town.

Captain Henry Fisher has just fallen heir to the undivided half interest of the town of Otis, Rush county, Kan. The tract of platted land contains 240 acres. It is on the Missouri Pacific railroad. A vein of coal underlies the town, which has 150 inhabitants.

What We Must Endure.

A thousand people have seen the St. Paul aground, and for years they will all be telling us tales about their delightful trips abroad.—Capital.