

THE TWO ROSES.

It was a moonlit night in Texas. A rose garden and Ninett Fantine, the fairest rose of them all.

For two weeks she had been trying her hand at driving John de Mun mad with love and Carlos Carancho mad with jealousy.

John de Mun, the descendant of Puritan ancestors, only and well beloved son of a widowed mother, betrothed to Edith Vanarsdale, why was he here? Life has strange compensations. John was sowing the seed.

Not one moment of peace knew either of these young men, their whole life bound up in the bundle of her caprices, their hearts at the mercy of the witchery of her endless spells.

Tonight she was alone in the rose garden with John. He felt the wild blood of some far remote, half civilized ancestor in his veins.

"Ninett, Ninett," he pleaded, "one word. You know I love you—or place your dear hand in mine." He stretched out his hand; she put hers behind her, dancing away from him with a ripple of musical laughter, saying, "Not so easy, Americano."

Crack! Snap! A bolt of fire. The outstretched arm fell shattered at his side. "She is mine," said Carlos Carancho. "I meddled not with your fair white rose. I brought you not here to steal my red rose from me."

"Yours, indeed!" said Ninett. "You shoot well, Carlos, but you have made me his nurse against my will. Carry him in."

"You walk not that way," said Carlos. "Ninett, you shall see his face never again." And with a fierce oath he lifted John and threw him across his shoulders and carried him from the garden, struggling but helpless.

A light laugh rang after him as he disappeared. "See you kill him not. I know not which of you I love best, but if he die I shall know. 'Twill be the dead."

He did not die, but a homesick longing came over him. He was half sick of sowing the wild. How gladly his mother welcomed him, how tenderly cared for him, how wistfully held her peace, and how very far away from it all stood Edith!

One day John received a letter. He read it, tossed it up and sent a bullet through it, let it lie where it fell and went in and told his mother the whole wild story. Ninett was married to Carlos and sent him a mocking invitation to the festivities.

"The wild dream is over," said his mother. "He will be better presently."

Better presently? Perhaps so, but as he stood looking at the mocking letter he was far from better.

He had never stopped yet to ask himself a question, but followed the wild dream. He surely intended to go back to Texas.

No pain, no shame, nothing but wild passion and bitter regret had touched him as yet. There was but one thought in his chaotic brain—"Ninett." A brown thrush with a garnet head danced to its mate on the lawn, prouetting with drooping wings—so like her, the wild, bright bird—Ninett, Ninett. The sun fell warm and bright on the grass. Warm and bright like her—Ninett, Ninett. The poppies slept and nodded in its light, and one great Jacquemint rose. Ah, the rose garden in Texas. Oh, Ninett, Ninett! Well, was she lost? He could go and get her as soon as she was tired of Carlos, and now he asked himself the first question, Did he want her? Incongruous as it was with his surroundings, he did want her. Not yet could he forget. But he had commenced to ask himself questions. The happy, innocent home life had begun its cleansing work. "Another man's wife?" Had he come to that?

Edith came up the walk. She lifted the heads of the poppies and of the Jacquemint rose, finally plucking a half blown white rose, pressed it against her cheek, inhaled its perfume, touched it softly with her fingers and lips. "So," said John, "some folks like white roses." She picked up the letter, gave it a twist in her fingers.

"Here," said she, "light your cigar with it. Burn it up and have done with it. I wish you were done with all the folly that is ruining you and spoiling your home and breaking your mother's heart. You are a bad son, John."

A fire like the Jacquemint blazed in her cheek. She was a red rose for once. She looked at him then a little scornfully and passed on. Something sharp penetrated his heart. He began to live again. Another man's wife? No, he did not want her. The smell of the roses made him sick. Oh, it is abhorrent to want another man's wife!

A soft, yet penetrating, voice was reading aloud in the room beyond: "To less the high ideals of our youth and become quite worldly and wicked, to put the things that should be under our feet over our heads—this is the worst calamity that can befall a human soul."

John de Mun bowed his head in his hands. The voice and the words had found the vital spot.

The wild dream was over. Always white roses for a bride.—New York Press.

TRAVELING CAPACITY OF A JOKE.

William D. Ellwanger and Charles Mulford Robinson tell the history of the great German comic weekly in The Century. It often happens, they declare, that jokes are sent which have already been published in Fliegende Blätter, or which indeed may have originated in the office.

The work of revision, therefore, requires constant and careful study of the files, though in spite of this many a "shop-worn" item must needs be found pictured as a novelty.

An old German joke might be cited as a good commentary on all jokes: To a man whirling his thumbs his companion remarks, "Do you always do that?" "No," is the answer, while the twirl is reversed. "Sometimes I do this." And many a joke is similarly reversed, revised or rejuvenated till the father thereof would hardly know his offspring.

A curious circumstance that could be noticed only in such an office, but is there not infrequently remarked, is the traveling capacity of a joke. A joke may come first from Berlin. After a few days it is sent in from Dresden. In the course of two or three weeks—a month perhaps—it comes from some quiet village on the Rhine, and some have even been known to go around the world in an incredibly short period.

After each batch of jokes has been carefully read by several men, and the old ones, the poor ones, and those ruled out because they treat of politics or religion, have been cast aside, the fairly good jokes that remain are sent to Julius Schneider to be finally passed upon. Some of these may be rewritten, some must be thrown away, some must be illustrated, and some may stand alone upon their merits, and this final judgment requires the discretion and the indefatigable industry which the editor of Fliegende Blätter possesses.

Very Curious. "Walk up," shouted a showman, "and inspect this curious phenomenon—a real live woman fish, the only one in existence!" The place was crammed. The curtain rose, and a young woman, dressed all in black, appeared on the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am the woman fish. There's my marriage certificate. My husband's name was Fish. He was killed last summer through a fall off a scaffold, and as he has left me with four children unprovided for I will take the liberty to go round and make a collection on their behalf."—Tie-Bits.

BAPTISM FOR THE DEAD.

One of the Curious Customs Peculiar to the Mormon Church.

"The people of the east who imagine that the members of the Mormon church have given up a single iota of the tenets and practices of their belief are wide of the mark," said Robert E. Yowell of Ogden. "While polygamy is not indulged in as openly as heretofore, it nevertheless flourishes all over the territory, and the priesthood of the Mormon church has just as tenacious a hold upon the people. There are 20,000 men enrolled in the priesthood of Utah, and each one of them has definite duties to perform. Old President Woodruff, who is nearly 70 years old and nearing his end despite his rugged appearance, is a religious enthusiast, who is implicit in his faith and devotes himself to its spiritual advancement, but under the lead of his undoubted successor, George Q. Cannon, who was for many years the delegate from Utah in congress and who is easily the ablest man in the Mormon church, you will find that the followers of Joseph Smith will resume as autocratic a sway as they ever enjoyed in the days of Brigham Young. Cannon knows every detail of the church and will use his knowledge to advance its interests and his own ambition in every direction. During the past few years President Woodruff has devoted most of his time to being baptized. You see one of the most curious customs of the Mormon church is baptism for the dead.

"The Mormons believe that if one of their saints assumes the name and goes through the ceremony of immersion for a dead relative who passed away before the Angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith and gave the world an opportunity to enjoy the blessings of the new dispensation the soul of the deceased in question will be made epochs in its spiritual abode and relieved from any blench that might have hitherto interfered with enjoyment of heavenly happiness." President Woodruff has been baptized for no less than 3,000 of these dead relatives, and in his own person has been immersed as a proxy for every president of the United States who died before Smith had his alleged interview with the angel that I mentioned just now. There are 200,000 Mormons in Utah now, and while the saints bought large tracts of land in Mexico several years ago, to which their followers might flee in the evil days to come, they have no more idea of giving up their grasp on Utah than I have of jumping off the Washington monument."—Washington Star.

WOMEN DO HAVE QUEER WAYS.

A Shopper Who Came Near Being a Buyer but Managed to Escape.

Over the ribbon counter of a big store hung one festoon bright enough in color to attract the roving eye of one of New York's luxurious matrons. The morning was sultry, and the busy clerks were too tired and cross to leisurely answer questions with their usual suavity, but the matron was interested and not to be put off by snappy replies.

After a prolonged gaze at the bright hue of ribbon she drew in a most provokingly unhurried way: "Name of that?" "Name? Mean name of the color?" "Yes."

"Phlox." Another prolonged gaze, during which the energetic young women behind the counter waited upon one or two more decided customers, deftly measuring off yards of ribbon. Then came again the provoking drawl: "Think that is wide enough for a collar and belt?" "Crush collar and belt?" "Yes, crush collar."

"That is about the width." A long pause, devoted to contemplation. "Three-quarters enough?" "Yes, if you have a rosette."

"More for ends?" "Takes a yard if you have ends." Period of silent cogitation. "What's the price?"

The black eyed clerk, who was not divinely tall, strained her arm in a vain effort to catch the roll which hung just beyond her reach, and a friendly voice from the next counter cried, "Forty-five cents."

"Forty-five cents, madam," repeated the saleswoman in a tone calculated to suppress further inquiry.

Madam was unconscious of offense and took more time for consideration. "Think a narrower width would do?" An expressive shrug, followed by "Yes, if you like it narrower."

"Well, give me a yard of that." "Sold at the center of the counter, farther down, madam. Nothing but narrow fancy ribbons sold here."

This was too good a chance to be lost by the shopper. She cheerfully walked the other way in search of more information. —New York Times.

Bismarck's Last Waltz.

Mme. Carotte, once the companion of the Empress Eugenie, tells in her memoirs this new story of Prince Bismarck. "It was at a great ball in the Tuilleries in 1867 during the international exhibition. Count Bismarck stood in a corner watching the dancers. In the cotillon the thought came to me that I might offer him a bouquet of roses and thus compel him to dance with me. Herr von Bismarck was at that time the subject of universal interest. He accepted my bouquet and without hesitation. Responding to the invitation that went with it, he danced a waltz with me in a manner quite beyond criticism. This incident, which seemed to harmonize so little with Count Bismarck's seriousness and the important part which he was already playing in state affairs, amused immensely the kings and princes who were present. As he escorted me to my seat after the waltz he took a rosebud from the buttonhole of his coat and gave it to me with the remark: "Madame, please keep this bud as a memento of the last waltz that I shall ever dance. I shall never forget it."

The First Sugar Cane. Arrian, in his "Circuit of the Red Sea," alludes to the sap which flows from reeds, thickens like honey and is sweet to the taste. "Seneca, who Chambers' Encyclopedia says was "born at Corduba a few years B. C.," writes concerning the use of "burned sugar" among the people of India and concludes by adding, "In my opinion, the use of sugar spoils the teeth." Nearchus says that sugar cane was first made known to the western countries by the conquests of Alexander the Great. The first of the sugar canes were brought from the east to Sicily in the year 1148 and two years later were introduced in Spain. In 1508 the Spaniards brought some of the seeds or plants to the West Indies, and from these the present industry has grown. According to the London Economist, 5,107,000 tons of sugar were consumed by the inhabitants of the world in 1893.—St. Louis Republic.

Misfortune. The humor of turning every misfortune into a judgment proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good will toward men and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion.—Addison.

Cocoanuts and the nuts of the malagany tree are often cast ashore on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Norway, seemingly unimpaird by their long voyage.

PRETTY PEARLINA'S PASSION OR THE MOST LOVELIEST CASH GIRL IN HOBOKEN.

A THRILLING TALE OF PROUD PRIDE.

BY MRS. GASOLINE PHELOMNY, Author of "Tutti-frutti's Ten Lovers," "Why She Slapped Him," "Only a Cook Lady," etc., etc.

(This Story will not be Published in Book Form.)

CHAPTER I.

"I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was seen, but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hairpin." Pretty Pearlina was walking along the road which extended from the city to the little village where she lived with her widowed mother and father and 16 little orphans. The sky was blue, with here and there a piece of white cloud and several very nice rolled gold streaks from the sun, which was going down real fast in the east. Green grass covered the fields like a carpet of velvet, and upon the forelimbs of the stately oaks sweet songsters poured out great streams of fluid melody.

Lightly tripping herself up through this nice scene of Mamma Nature, Pretty Pearlina, the most loveliest cash lady in Hoboken, made a delicious picture. In fact, it would be real mean to call her less than a mermaid. She was as beautiful as a dream after the ball. Her threadbare garments—which she wore very short in the skirt and sleeves and low in the neck, after the manner of cash lady heroines—did not conceal the exquisite wondrousness of her sylvanlike form. But there was a tiny frown upon her lovely face, and her rosebud lips wore quite a good sized pout.

"I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was seen," she murmured, stamping her dainty foot, "but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hairpin."

She did not see the footsteps of her foot-walker behind her, and she jumped 'way up when he hissed between his front teeth: "Aha, aha, pretty Pearlina! So I have discovered why you have refused my heart and both of my hands every Saturday night for two years! You hope to capture some Hoboken swell! But it shall not be! Never-r-r! I swear!"

Before he could swear a tall, handsome young man, with a curled mustache and crossed pants, sprang forward and threw him upward out of sight.

"Oh, what a lovely man!" screamed Pearlina to herself. "I wonder if he would fall in love with me at first sight if I was rich!"

She raised her hinged eyelids, fringe and all, to his, and a double edged pain of delight hit both their hearts at once. In a moment he had wound his new overcoat leaves several times around her slender waist, and as she leaned her back hair against his chrysanthemum their mouths met in one long, wide kiss.

"Pretty Pearlina," he cried, instinctively moving her name and address, "be mine, and you shall have a silver hairpin and never do anything but breathe."

At that moment a cold, haughty beauty, with the usual quantity of curling lip, disdainful eye and cruel sneer, confronted the lovers.

"Aha, Reginald Smythe-Smith, so this is the lowness with which you keep your promise to me. Aha! And you, you nasty, horrid thing! You think to win him from me, but in one instant and a half you die!"

A flash of steel, and a silver hairpin lay interred in Pearlina's cream puff sleeve. With remarkable presence of mind our hero extracted it without pain and presented it to our heroine as a betrothal gift.

"Ain't it nice!" cried Pretty Pearlina, using her flutellike tones.

Hearing a sharp click, Reginald let up on the shower of assorted kisses that he was raining upon the lovely turned up face near his ascot and groaned, "All is lost!" For the haughty beauty covered them with an army musket that she had concealed in the folds of her dress.

Pretty Pearlina pressed his collar button into the stern of Reginald's neck and remarked, "E-e-ee!"

Hearing a rush of air above them our hero looked up.

"Saved!" he yelled, and even as he spoke down came the floor walker on top of the villainess. Our hero had thrown him so high that he had just returned to earth. A loud explosion followed, and the continuation of Mrs. Gasoline Phelemony's brilliant romance, entitled "Pretty Pearlina's Passion," will be found in No. 1,111 of the Suicide Companion, now ready and for sale by all nosedealers.—Life.

Literally True. Mrs. Squire—James, the doctor says the milk you've been selling me has microbes in it and is unfit to drink.

The Milkman (hotly)—It ain't a bit worse than the lake water you drink every day.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hero and His Wife. To the practices of heroes brave his life had been conformable.

There were no deeds which they performed which he found unprofitable. And all the aims which they pursued he said he'd found practicable.

And all the feats which they had done he found were quickly doable.

For any act of bravery he said he was reliable. And all achievements he would try, he promised, that were tryable.

And any mountain he would climb, if its ascent was possible. And any ocean he would cross that any man found crossable.

For killing grizzly bears and such he said he was invincible. They could not make him dodge or wince, because he wasn't winceable.

He'd killed with perfect ease, he said, all brutes and beasts discoverable. One slash from his almighty hand, and they were irrecoverable.

His strength was most ineffable, was wondrous and inscrutable. For killing sharks and elephants peculiarly 'twas suitable.

He'd made the roaring catamount no longer recognizable. And pulverized the ramping bull and found him pulverizable.

In savage islands of the sea he'd fought the bloody cannibal. He'd killed and tamed fierce dragons wild and found them very tameable.

He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable. No less constructor could escape, for he was unescapeable.

He'd fought with hippopotami with ferocious incenseability. In ways he'd ask you to believe, were they not unbelievable.

No word of fear escaped his lips, no word, aye! not a syllable. When howled the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

His wife here entered in the store; her look was was most indomitable; He witted in her scorching gaze, her fierceness so formidable. "Come home and tend the twins," she said. "I wish to make you usable." And, a! the way she yanked him home was really inescapable. —New York World.

Took Her Part. Edith—What a quick turn for repartee Harry Prince has! Mabel—But he never says anything to wound one's feelings. Edith—And then he's so gallant! You should think the world of him. He was so prompt in your defense the other day! Somebody remarked, "There are no frills on Mabel Stone," and Harry replied, "On the contrary, she is distinctly plain."—Boston Transcript.

All rugs when shaken should be handled by the middle and not by the ends.

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