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A Dark Red Rose

By MADELINE BRIDGES

AUSTEN WARDE was suffering from a very recent heart wound at the hands of his beautiful betrothed, Katherine Eldridge, who had broken their engagement as ruthlessly as one breaks and throws aside a nut with a worthless kernel—not knowing she had "cast away a pearl worth all her tribe." Austen, being young, and proud, and very firm of will, had taken the blow with unflinching courage, and, immediately thereafter, the train across the continent to San Francisco. There he put up at the Hotel Cavendish and wandered lonely about the strange streets, looking at his future with unseeing eyes. With these same eyes he glanced at Marguerite Darlington when she first passed him, in the hotel corridor. The second time they met, he saw that she was very pretty. Her brunette beauty, with its glowing color of cheeks and lips, reminded him of a dark red rose. He called her so to himself, as she went by. The third time he discovered that she was modest and gracious. On this occasion her eyes had met his own, with a shy, momentary glance of exceeding sweetness. Katherine's brilliant eyes of changeless blue had never given him a look so womanly in its unconscious kindness. That night Austen whistled as he moved about his room—softly and pensively, it is true—but he had not whistled since the day he came down the steps of a certain stately residence with an engagement ring in his vest pocket.

After this, it was easy to locate Miss Darlington in the dining-room, in a specially quiet corner, where she sat with her married sister (there was no mistaking the resemblance between the two) and a pretty boy of ten. Austen chose a table within range of their gaze. He was progressing to the point of feeling that he would like to know their names, when a most unlooked-for episode shocked him to a standstill.

As he came in from his street wandering, one early twilight, he saw the slender figure that now so often flitted before his mental vision, moving lightly, but with set purpose, down the long, wide hallway (never had he encountered the dark red rose in this part of the hotel before!) and turning into the little passage way that led to his own apartments. He hesitated, bewildered—then stood motionless, in amazement. Looking down the passage way, he plainly saw her, standing at his door and tying a great red rose, with long, green-leafed stem on the handle of his bell! Having received this indelible impression on his inmost consciousness, he retreated with speed that suggested a wild escape from threatening danger, and took refuge in a cloakroom near by, where he waited, breathless, to hear her pass. Then he sped to his room, to find the rose, breathing fragrance at him, fastened to his door with a knot of thin, white ribbon. He unfastened it, frowning perplexedly, and took it into his [illegible]—and there discovered that the [illegible]on was passed through a small white card on which he read "Miss Darlington" in regulation script. In the corner was a pencil scribble, "Room 61." He sat down to face his thoughts.

They were very disappointed thoughts, almost contemptuous, when the shock of the surprise was over, and he could contemplate the act in its reality. Why had she done this thing? How was it possible for a woman whose whole bearing suggested gentle dignity and maidenly reserve to take up the brazen methods of a reckless, audacious flirt? None but a girl of coarse fiber and most deplorably deficient training could be guilty of such a bold maneuver. He had noticed, as he watched from the cloakroom door, that she walked rapidly, with a half-mischievous smile on her charming face. . . . "A dark red rose." Pshaw! A flaunting peony! . . . Were these the manners of western girls?—or was she, indeed, one for whom other women must blush and be sorry? And why should he feel this sense of personal aggrievement because a stranger had fallen below his ideal standard! . . . Dark hair, a damask cheek, long, dark eyelashes, . . . a friendly glance or two, . . . was there anything more to prize, or remember? He had never even heard the sound of her voice! Why should he sit, glaring angrily at the fresh, innocent go-between, in its dewey blooming, gnawing his mustache, and longing to vent his scorn in stinging words? At last he spoke aloud, and the quotation relieved his mind, though his own ears alone were listening.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?"

He smiled determinedly, as one who makes an end of vexatious thought, and rang the bell that summoned the hall porter. Their conference concluded with a reiteration of explicit directions, in this form:

"Very well, be sure to leave it at the right door—tie it on the handle, mind, and manage it so no one will see you. Do you understand? And then come back to me. I am going away to-morrow morning."

He passed over the rose, with its wisp of white ribbon and dangling card, to the ready black hand, and walked to the window. The lights were beginning to spring up along the streets which he had paced so vainly in search of peace.

"Oh, did you stay at the Hotel Cavendish, in San Francisco?"

Austen found himself called on to answer this question, a month later, when he was back in New York, chatting with his sister, who had missed and mourned him—rather she was chatting to him—at the late breakfast hour.

He nodded acquiescence.

"Well, yesterday, I met Susie Crawford's friend, Miss Darlington—and she and her sister, Mrs. Keppler, were at the Cavendish for two months. Perhaps they were there when you were?"

"I left on the seventh of March for Los Angeles," Austen said, after a long pause.

"Then they were! Oh, I'm sure you must have noticed her. They are both lovely brunettes, two sisters, but Marguerite is slender, with such wonderful coloring, and such a dear, winsome face."

"Like a dark red rose, just newly budded, and not very anxious to be looked at—seemingly?"

"Yes, indeed—just!"

"Well—I noticed her."

"Any one would! Oh, I like her immensely. It just happened that we had a long talk by ourselves, and she told me one such funny experience they had at the Cavendish; your speaking of the hotel brought it to mind. It was really her experience, and it did not strike her as being so very amusing, but I thought it exceedingly amusing."

"You often find things exceedingly amusing."

"Oh, but this was! You'll say so, too. It seems a lady, an old friend of hers—they had been estranged some little time through a misunderstanding—came to the Cavendish, not knowing they were there, but Mrs. Keppler had seen her arrival, and glanced at the register to find the number of the room assigned to her—139. Meeting in this way, in a strange city, and far from home, the sisters felt they ought to make some little overture of friendliness, so they talked the matter over. Miss Darlington did not feel exactly free to call, informally, and welcome her friend, but toward evening she concluded, as they would probably meet later in the dining-room, to take her card down with a rose—"

"What?" Austen sat back and looked fixedly at his sister. "Why?—why—Millicent! . . . Oh, go on—do—do!"

"Austen!" She returned his look, with mirthful eyes. "Well, I wonder? Could it be possible?"

"Millie, let me hear the rest. Yes! Anything is possible in this ridiculous world! Go on."

"Well—Marguerite took the rose; but meantime, Austen—and this is the funny part—there was a nice, melancholy young man staying at the hotel, who looked like a doctor, and who seemed to be, Marguerite said—a foreigner—he was fair, with a fair beard."

"Exactly," said Austen.

"Both the sisters had noticed him, because he seemed so solitary and—sad. Marguerite, I would say, had especially borne him in mind. However, she took the rose and the card downstairs, and explored until she found 139, and tied them to the doorknob, and was not caught in the act, and came up, triumphant. Now, when they were ready to go down to dinner, and opened the door into the hall, what do you suppose, Austen?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Millicent."

"Why, there was the rose she had tied on her friend's doorhandle tied on her own, the card with it. There it hung! You can just picture how they felt."

"Yes, oh, yes—I can picture it."

"Ah, but wait! They were dreadfully wounded, and did not go down to dinner at all, and when the waiter brought them up something to eat they learned that there had been a mistake about the number of the room—that the new arrival was in 137, and he also told them that the occupant of 139 was a gentleman from New York, a tall man with a light beard, who sat near them in the dining-room, and, of course, he was the nice man they had noticed and liked! He had found the rose at his door and carried it back to theirs. What a thing to do!"

"It was wrong, I suppose, but I had seen her tying it on the door—my door—the poor child!"

"You were the nice, melancholy man! Of course, you were! Oh, this is fine, Austen, and so funny! Now you can't say it isn't funny! Of course, the ladies encountered their friend later, and all was explained in that direction, but poor Marguerite was overwhelmed with shame. Why in the world did you take the rose back to her door, if you thought it was meant for you?"

"Because I concluded a girl like that needed a lesson, Millicent."

"Oh-h-h, but, if she were a girl like that, she would not take a lesson, so where was the use? Never mind! She is coming to us to dinner on Tuesday. You must be here—remember, now! Tuesday."

"I'll be here, Millicent, and there will also be some dark red roses; when I used to meet her in the hotel corridors I called her 'a dark red rose!' . . . Millicent, I feel as if I ought to meet her on my knees."

"That may be in order, later," said Millicent.—Brooklyn Life.

THE THIEVES AND THE COCK.

Find Owner of House.

Some Thieves once broke into a house, but found nothing in it worth carrying off but a Cock. The poor Cock said as much for himself as a Cock could say, urging them to remember his services in calling people up to their work when it was time to rise. "Nay," said one of the Robbers, "you had better say nothing about that. You alarm people and keep them waking; so that it is impossible for us to rob in comfort."

Moral—The same thing which recommends us to the esteem of good people will make those that are bad have but an ill opinion of us.

WHEN HE STOPPED.

He sang a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Also of Johnnie Horner—
In the corner with his pie;
He yelled the Mother Hubbard tale
And rocked her as he bawled,
And still, the louder that he sang
The kicking baby squalled!

He sang the rhymes of Mother Goose
And of the giants slain;
He sang them low, he sang them high,
He sang them o'er again!
He sang of Mary's little lamb,
And as he sang he growled!
But louder far than he could sing
The baby howled and howled!

He yelled "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!"
And all the nursery rhymes;
He yelled until he grew quite hoarse,
A score or more of times
He sang the "babies in the wood"
And of the death they died;
And still the baby in his arms
Just cried, and cried, and cried!

His spindle shanks grew weary and
He tottered to and fro,
And still he sang the hours away,
He sang both high and low!
And still the baby screamed and screamed!
He sang till he could keep
The pace no more, then stopped his noise,
And baby went to sleep.

—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

OLD BABYLONIAN SCHOOL.

Recently Unearthed by a German Priest While Excavating—Letters Made on Bricks.

Rev. Vincent Scheil, a German priest making excavations in an ancient Babylonian city, has unearthed a school just as it was 4,000 years ago in the time of King Hammurabi.

It is a small house of sunburnt brick and stands in the midst of the most populous district of the city of Seapur, just opposite the great temple. It has many inscribed brick, from the cuneiform inscriptions on which Father Scheil has reconstructed the life of the ancient Babylonian school. One brick says: "He who learns to write well i.. the school will shine as the sun."

There were seven small rooms in the school, each with its various kinds of brick. In one room were found bricks with grammatical exercises. The scholars evidently sat on the ground in rows with soft clay bricks in their hands, painfully forming the hard cuneiform letters. Father Scheil says the thumbmarks of the teacher are to be detected where he smudged over the scholars' mistakes. There was a room where advanced scholars learned to write the elaborate and highly poetical forms of adulation often seen on Babylonian monuments. Much importance was attached to learning weights and measures, to arithmetic and geometry, but the chief branches were grammar, writing and the expression of adulatory forms.

There is evidence that girls got pretty much the same education as boys and Father Scheil found contracts in which the language and law had been revised by a learned woman named Amat Baon. There is evidence that a pupil was occupied with learning to write from seven to fourteen years.

OUR WONDERFUL AGE.

Steam and Electricity Have Combined to Turn Us Into a Race of Globe-Trotters.

The human race, they tell us, has been on earth at least 300,000 years. Until within the last 100 practically no gain was made as to the ease or rapidity with which one might journey from one place to another. Abraham could travel as fast as Arthur Young. Indeed, the modernness of our present methods comes over me with great impressiveness when I recall the fact that I can remember the days of the "Pony Express."

But steam and electricity have revolutionized the world. Combined with human curiosity and the love of adventure, they have turned us into a race of globe-trotters. It is interesting to notice how soon the most startling changes and the most wonderful inventions become commonplace to us. The son of the man who contentedly took a week to get from Boston to Washington now finds himself perhaps profanely impatient if a train is an hour late, or he has to wait five minutes to get the use of a telephone.—From "The Influence of Travel," by Minot J. Savage, in Four-Track News for November.

Wine Vs. Beer.

Statistics assure us that the average Englishman consumes, in a year, two bottles of wine, 178 bottles of beer and six bottles of spirits. A Frenchman disposes of 141 bottles of wine, 20 of beer and 11 of spirits. If these figures are at all dependable, says the Boston Home Journal, an interesting question arises as to whether this large consumption of wine is the cause or the effect of the fiery Gaelic or Celtic temperament. If stolid John Bull would let up on beer for awhile, interesting historical developments might follow.

The latest suicide in St. Louis was a member of the city council. The St. Louis papers can discover no other cause for the rash act, says the Denver Post.

CURIOUS PREDICTIONS.

Astounding Prophecies Concerning Twentieth Century Made in Curious London Book.

In London there is much talk at present about a curious book entitled "The Reign of George VI., 1900-1925," which was published in 1763, and a copy of which was recently discovered.

The author makes some astounding prophecies about the twentieth century. Russia, he says, will conquer not only Finland and the Crimea, but also the Scandinavian peninsula, and will become the steadfast ally of France, which will be governed by the Bourbons. In Germany, he predicts, the Hapsburgs will be displaced by the Hohenzollerns, and "in 1903 the ruler will be Frederick IX., a very weak monarch, who will be controlled in all things by his wife." The whole of Italy, he maintains, will be ruled by one king, and "the patrimony of St. Peter will long since have been taken away from the church."

England, according to him, will be wonderfully powerful at the beginning of the twentieth century, and as a proof thereof he says that "in 1920 the British colonies of North America will have no less than 11,000,000 inhabitants," a curious statement in view of the fact that there are now more than 75,000,000 persons in the United States and Canada.

Of the two great revolutions—the French and the American—the author says not a word, and hence as a prophet he does not hold a very high rank. Still, there are a few notable predictions in his book in regard to certain striking events of the last century, and therefore those who like this kind of literature are glad that the old work has been brought to light again.

Told of Gladstone.

Gladstone's biography tells of a royal party at Windsor in Queen Victoria's reign which, after dining, instantly took to cards. The sums involved were not, however, enormous. "I found," writes Gladstone, for once a gambler, "I had won two shillings twopence at the end, of which eight pence was paid me by the prince. I mean to keep the twopenny piece (the sixpence I cannot identify) accordingly." This unique souvenir of his gambling prowess one would scarcely expect to be prized by a serious statesman.

Not a Member of the Union.

Papa—What in time is that young one yelling about?

Mamma—Oh, you heartless thing, you! Baby is cutting a tooth.

Papa—Why doesn't he do his cutting in regular hours, then? He ought to be boycotted for working overtime.—Boston Transcript.

Not on Speaking Terms.

Sometimes a woman has a speaking acquaintance with the woman across the street and sometimes they know each other so well that they don't speak at all.—Chicago Daily News.

Successful Enough.

Kent—So you really went to that mental healer? Was her treatment successful?

Carness—Eminently; she made twenty-five dollars out of it.—Boston Transcript.

His Wife's Influence.

A man has less confidence in the assertions he makes when his wife is present than he has when she happens to be absent.—Chicago Daily News.

Cure for Melancholy.

Employment and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

MICHIGAN'S NAVAL VESSEL.

Took Part in the Civil War, Carried Arctic Relief Expeditions and Still Floats.

The United States steamship Yantic, the training ship of the Michigan naval brigade, is one of the most noted of Uncle Sam's war vessels, and has an interesting history, says the Toledo News-Bee. She stormed Fort Fisher during the civil war, has been dismantled in a tornado and half wrecked several times, but is still the "good ship Yantic." With Admiral Schley (then a commander), she carried an arctic relief expedition close to the north pole, and has sailed over the oceans and seas of the world. The commander of the Yantic is Capt. F. D. Standish, and her crew served on board the Yosemite during the Spanish war.

The Yantic was built by day labor by the government in 1863 and 1864, and as nothing but live oak and copper fastenings were used, she is as stanch and strong to-day as when she was launched just in time to take part in the closing excitement of the civil war. Her last engagement was the storming of Fort Fisher, where she was considerably battered and lost a number of men.

In 1897 she was turned over to the Michigan naval militia at Montreal by President Roosevelt, then assistant secretary of the navy. The Michigan men took her, cut her in two, put pontoons under her, and brought her up the canals of the St. Lawrence with tugs, and finally after a struggle of 30 days landed her in Detroit. There she was rebuilt, and new boilers, new engines, electric lights, etc., made her a modern craft, and each year she takes the Michigan naval militia, 200 strong, on an official cruise lasting eight or ten days. She is manned entirely by naval militia from the captain down through the engine room. Prof. Cooley, the noted engineering expert from the University of Michigan, is in charge of the engine room, and has as assistants (oilers, etc.), graduates and pupils, all enlisted in the state service.

Capt. Standish, who commands the Yantic, is a charter member of the Michigan naval militia, and holds the envious record of "continuous service," never since the first organization of the militia ten years ago having been absent from a drill, parade, or roll call.

Handed Down.

The great libraries which are an interesting feature of Peking contain volumes of books numbered by the hundreds of thousands. In the archives of the government are still to be found the ancient predictions of eclipses, made with great accuracy, together with works on astronomy, which show a fair knowledge of that interesting science.

Ancient Dolls.

The doll is probably the most antique toy. It has been found inside the graves of children of ancient Rome.

Sheets in Oyster Beds.

Yes, Cordelia, there are sheets on oyster beds—sheets of water.—Chicago Daily News.

Weighing Your Friends.

Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends.—Plutarch.

A Whale's Deepest Dive.

Because of the pressure, a whale can not dive to a greater depth than 300 feet.

Convictions.

Convictions are only keen as they are crystallized into conduct.—Ram's Horn.

BRICK LAYING IN WINTER.

Method Has Been Devised by Which Obstacles to the Work Are Done Away With.

Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Nottingham, England, reports to the department of commerce and labor of a new method of overcoming the obstacle of building operations in winter due to frost, states the Brooklyn Eagle. He says: "It is averred that in Sweden brick laying is now carried on without interruption through the long and severe winters. It is probable that the method that makes this possible may be an old story in the United States, but I submit a description of it for what it may be worth.

"It has been demonstrated that brick laying can be carried on in a temperature as low as 16 degrees Fahrenheit. For lower temperatures it is necessary to heat the sand and water used in making the mortar. The heating of the water is easily accomplished, and for the sand the common arrangement consists of a circular iron tube 18 to 24 inches in diameter and from six to eight feet long. This is closed at one end with bricks or an iron plate. On the top of this end there is a chimney eight to ten feet high and five to six inches in diameter.

"The fuel, which is generally refuse wood from the building under erection, is fed in at the open or partly open end of the cylinder. This cylinder is often formed of an old boiler tube or of a piece of an old iron chimney. For burning coal special grate and chimney arrangements would be necessary, but in no case need they be elaborate or expensive.

"After placing this cylinder on the ground the sand is heaped on and around it to a depth of 18 to 24 inches and allowed to remain till it gets hot, when it is taken away from where it is heated and replaced by fresh sand. The mortar should be made in a room where the temperature is kept well above freezing point and regulated according to the frost to be counteracted. Generally this room is made by roughly boarding a part of the scaffold, simplicity and cheapness being desirable.

In laying the bricks care should be taken to avoid shifting them after once being set in the mortar, and old or stale mortar should never be used. Fifteen or twenty years ago, where this process is now employed, almost all building was broken off for four or five months during the winter. To-day it is an exception to find it hindered more than a few days or a few weeks annually."

MISTAKEN GOLD HUNTERS.

Those Who Are So Intent Upon the Quest That They Lose Much of Life's Beauty.

A few years ago there died in San Francisco a man who, after a lifetime of toil and danger, finally made his fortune in the Alaska gold fields. His story is told by Mr. Jack London in the Atlantic Monthly.

Born in Maine, he was only 15 when he began his wanderings, to Montana first, then to the Alaskan Panhandle, then—the north still calling him—over the terrible Chilkoot and down into the "Mysterious Silent Land." That autumn he returned over the pass in a blizzard, "with a rag of a shirt and a handful of raw flour." But the next spring he went back over the pass, and the next; and the third he went to stay. He was not going to return again until he brought his gold with him.

For eleven years, through almost incredible hardships, he toiled on. Then his long quest was ended; with the gold for which he had spent his life he went down to San Francisco. To live? But he never learned how to live with gold. To die, planning to the very last a return to the old trail.

A strange, wild, sad story it seems, read by the fireside. Yet are there not other gold-hunters all about us? Men who toil through years to "lay by" enough to enable them to enjoy themselves at last, only to find when the task is accomplished that the wanned power of joy has atrophied; women who deny themselves everything to gain their children some special advantage, only to realize in anguish that in the crowded years they have lost the children themselves; young people who, in the eager following of their ambitions, neglect the small gifts of the quiet ways—are not these all, in their different ways, gold-hunters?

But the gold of life does not lie hidden in any mines—it sparkles in tiny sands all along the common path of every day. He only who gathers it bit by bit from daily duties and pleasures and opportunities and friendships will find himself the possessor of the real treasure at last.

To Study New Guinea.

One of the noteworthy features of modern scientific progress is the study, by means of elaborately fitted out expeditions, of the few remaining savage peoples of the earth, as they live in their native environment. The latest is the Daniels' ethnographical expedition, which has started from England for British New Guinea. Although the land whose people this expedition is to study is one of the largest remaining areas in which a primitive state of human society still exists, it is urged that haste is needed, because "even there the remorseless activity of the white man is rapidly making itself felt."