

## THE ROSE SHE GAVE.

This—the rose she gave to me,  
With its crimson tips;  
Red—as any rose should be,  
Having touched her lips.  
And with something of her grace,  
And the beauty of her face.

This—the rose she gave to me,  
Bloomed where south winds stir;  
Hid its honey from the bee  
For the lips of her!

Through long days disputed  
For those lips to kiss it red!

This—the rose she gave to me;  
Never rose so sweet!  
Hear the heart of springtime see—  
Lean, and hear it beat!  
Life, and all its melody  
In the rose she gave to me!

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## A Novel in a Nutshell.

### THE CAUSE.

It was Fair Day in Antheen, in County Cork, and the town, for the nonce, was given over to pigs, geese and peacocks. The market square was a medley of grunting, noisy animals and rickety carts with nondescript horses, their owners the while quietly smoking their pipes, or gathered in loud argument outside the little taverns. Women with bare feet and heads covered with shawls, together with dirty little blue-eyed urchins, completed a picture which is about as quaint and old-world as any that the British Isles can show. Andy O'Shea was there in the thick of the crowd, towering above his shorter countrymen by a head and shoulders, with the dark hair and blue eyes that proclaimed him a true Irishman. "King of Antheen" they called him, and in truth that was much about the position he occupied; for his personality swayed public opinion to a great extent, while his shrewdness and superior education caused him to be resorted to for advice by all the country side. Although a farmer in a large way, he was well connected, and claimed to be descended from one of the oldest Irish families.

In the midst of the clamor and bustle, a rattle of wheels is heard, and the peasants crane their necks to have a look at their new landlord. The gentleman in question drove up in a smart cart, with a grand little Irish mare in the shafts, and as he jumped off a slight murmur ran through the ranks, which, however, was still at once.

Val Hastings had come into the property unexpectedly a few months ago by the death of an uncle, and, being energetic by nature, and having heard that the sport on the estate was good, he came over to relieve his agent and take up the reins of government himself.

So far he had not been unsuccessful, for he had obtained the good will of Andy O'Shea, and the result was that his "rint" was paid far more regularly than that of his brother landlords.

There were not people wanting to say this came more of Hastings' friendship for Andy's sister, Winifred, than of Andy himself, but this was only a surmise.

Val Hastings was rather an uncommon type of a man; independent and with no profession, he amused himself with travel and sport, and wherever he went acquired a reputation as a dead shot and a brave though reckless man, which he undoubtedly was. He had been left an orphan early, and his training had been one of the best; the result was that his watchword was "Pour s'amuser," and he carried out this maxim to the letter. His face was clean shaven, dark and resolute, with that indescribable look on it of a man who has looked death in the face and braved it. He might have been 30, but the absence of hair on his face and his lithe build made him look younger, while his well-made figure was set off to its best advantage by the trim tweed riding suit he wore.

Suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking round, his eyes met those of Andy O'Shea, with a look in them he had never seen before.

"Mr. Hastings, a word with you," he said, with hardly a trace of the Irish accent.

"At your disposal. What can I do for you? Anything in the farm line?"

"I am not going to speak about farms or cattle to-day. Mr. Hastings," he replied; "but about something I love better—my sister Winifred."

"Go on; I am listening," said Val, with a curious tightening of his mouth.

"I don't know whether you are aware that my sister and yourself are the common talk of Antheen, and, as her only relative, in her interest I demand to know what your intentions are toward her. When a man in your state of life takes undue notice of a girl in my sister's position I have a right to ask."

Something in Andy's tone jarred on Hastings, for he turned a trifle paler, and answered sternly:

"Whatever there is between Miss O'Shea and myself is between us two, not between you and me."

"Answer me," replied Andy, livid with passion, in a low voice; "answer me or I'll thrash you here—here before every man, you creeping Saxon—you who have sneaked into my house and—"

Here his outburst was cut short, for Val's crop descended on his face, and O'Shea reeled on the ground.

For a moment dead silence reigned supreme in the market place, and all gazed in astonishment on Hastings standing with uplifted whip above the writhing O'Shea. Then the spell was broken, and, with shrill cries of "Down with the landlord! Down with the Saxon!" a score of men rushed at Val, and the fight began. Val stood with his back to a wall, and resolutely defended himself, but strong as he was they beat him down on to one knee. Just as he was giving up hope there was a shout of "Police!" a wild rush, and Val found himself, without knowing how, in the center of a compact knot of about ten constabulary, slowly moving to-

ward one end of the square, where the rest of the force had placed two carts across one of the only two entrances into it, and were keeping the mob at bay. The fight now became general; shillelahs waved wildly everywhere, while amid the hubbub rose the squeals of the pigs, which, getting loose, rushed in all directions, and rendered the confusion too hideous to be described. Amid the thick cloud of dust Val could see the mass that intervened between them and the barrier, and wondered, in his half-stunned condition, if they would reach it. Ah! they are moving; slowly at first, then faster, as their splendid discipline tells, and the mob surge aside before them. One last struggle, and he is lifted over the barrier, and a long howl of rage goes up from the crowd balked of their prey.

"For God's sake, get out of this," shouted the subaltern in command as he helped him on to the car. "Drive your hardest."

A flick at the mare, a spring, and the low stone walls began to slip past the car rapidly. The cool air at the same time revived the half-stunned man. But when he came to himself the roar of the mob had died down in the distance, and they held their way unchecked to Antheen Hall.

### THE EFFECT.

The moon was rising slowly, throwing a long, rippling shadow on the black river, which eddied along under the bank where a clump of dwarf willows formed a sort of bower. Further down, a few lights flickered from a long, low building marked the position of O'Shea's farm. From out of the gloom a figure wrapped in a long cloak glided down to the edge of the river, and stood shivering from time to time at the cries of the night foul and the chill damp of the stream. Suddenly, amid the sounds of the woods, her listening ear caught the faintest plash of oars, and the hood slipped from her head as she came down to the brink of the river and peeped intently into its dancing shadows.

It is a sweet face which the moon shines upon; large, gray eyes fringed with long, black eyelashes, small, shapely nose, little mouth, and red lips quivering with expectation; the pale face, ringed with an aureole of golden-brown hair, which nestles over the high, white forehead in a hundred little ringlets. Such is Winifred O'Shea, as she stands there waiting a long black streak glided round the point, and with a few strokes of the paddle a Canadian canoe came under the shadow of the bank. A moment more and another dark figure stood beside her, and she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him again and again.

"I am so glad you have come, dearest," she said, at last; "I have been so alarmed for you."

"Why have you troubled your dear little heart about me, child; am I not able to take care of myself?"

"Yes; I know you are strong and brave, but that is no good when you are taken unawares, when a bullet sings from behind a stone wall—"

"Ah? what are you saying—a bullet, a stone wall? Have you heard any threats against me. You must have, or you would not speak so. Who is it? Your brother?"

There was no answer, but the proud head sank on his shoulder, and he could feel the form in his arms quivering with ill-suppressed sobs. He stooped and kissed her.

"Promise you will not betray him," she answered at last, "for he is very dear to me, my brother, but you are dearer still. That is why I am here now to warn you. On that dreadful night he came home with his head bandaged, and, eyeing me grimly, he pointed to his wound and said, 'This is your lover's handwork. Will you take him in your arms after this?' Then Mike Dennis and John O'Hara stepped forward and said, 'The Saxon blackguard will never do it again to ye; he is marked.' Oh, love of mine, take care!—if you were to die and leave me my heart would break!"

These men are weak chatters, brave in words alone. Why have they not tried to do their work before? This morning I was riding alone, this afternoon I was driving. "Hush, Val! don't speak so loud; this is precious. Let me tell you all I know. The Garrison ball, to-morrow night; you will be returning late on foot—"

"How in the name of God do my foes know that?" burst out Val.

"Never mind, they know it, and will ambush themselves in Perrin Woods. There can be no mistake—your felt hat and ulster are well known, and besides, no one else will come back that way. There will be no one to help you, and you will fall in the middle of the white road. Oh, No, Val should not die like this; she would save him.

She would slip into the cloak-room and take his hat and coat, put them on, and, trusting to her height and the step, would walk down the road. She shivered; she was very young to die. But what had she left to live for?

The twilight deepened in the old oak-paneled room at O'Shea's farmstead, but still she sat there motionless, with her head on her hand, gazing with strained set eyes into eternity.

THE SACRIFICE.

How you, Winifred; but I love my honor better, and I will show your brother or anyone else who molests me to-morrow night how I can vindicate it."

Winifred withdrew herself from his arms, and the tears dried on her face, which had grown set and white as she listened. At last, with a sob, she answered:

"There is something inconsistent in what you say, Mr. Hastings; in one breath you vow you love me, and in the next you refuse to save our family from disgrace and me from despair and wretchedness. Don't you think I am worthy of a little love, a little consideration?"

"I fancy, Miss O'Shea, our conversation had better cease for to-night. I will find means of letting your brother know that I shall not avoid him. I should advise you to try an Irish lover now, Miss O'Shea; a Saxon one has too much self-respect to please you. Good night."

"Val, my love, for God's sake come back!"

But his canoe grates on the pibbles and he is gone. If he had turned back, if he had seen those outstretched hands and heard that pitiful "Come back!" all might have been well.

But he never turned and so signed her death warrant.

### THE RESOLVE.

The next day hung slowly on Val Hastings' hands. He wandered about the grounds of Antheen Hall in an aimless way, meditating on the situation, and his blood flamed whenever he thought of O'Shea and the coming struggle. Hastings was no braggart or Don Quixote, but his honor was very sensitive, and never a doubt crossed his mind as to the course he should take that night. He would be armed, too, and meet this man, this coward, and dare him to fight him to his face, and then—if he were killed—life was not worth much, and if he conquered—anyway, Winifred O'Shea was lost to him, and he would try to be a man, and live his life without her. He once thought of sending a challenge to O'Shea, but, remembering that he had informed the head groom, a shifty-faced, suspicious-looking man, of his plans for that night, he went to him and carelessly reiterated them, feeling certain that O'Shea would get the latest intelligence through this medium. And in this he was right; the man was in O'Shea's pay to spy on his master.

Dinner was an entire failure, and, pushing the untouched food from him, he went out into the dim hall, and took a green leather case from a chest of old oak. Then he drew out two revolvers, and, after loading them and examining them carefully, put them into the case, and the case into his long fawn coat. He returned into the dining room, and, throwing himself into a lounge chair, tried to divert his thoughts with a cigarette. But, do what he would, Winifred would rise before his eyes—Winifred as she was when he saw her for the first time. He had gone down to O'Shea's farm to look at a shed that wanted repair, and on his way back he had suddenly come upon her round a shrubbery corner, and oh, how sweet she had looked in her blue blouse and the sort of sunbonnet, against which her bright hair had gleamed under the sun! What a pretty expression, half frightened, half amusement, she wore, and how queenly she seemed as she faced him! Could not things be altered? Was there not time?

"The dog cart is at the door, sir," said a trim manservant.

He rose and went out.

That morning, too, found Winifred in a mental state which might be described as a fog. Thoughts, plans, doubts, hopes, fears—all chased each other through her head like swallows at play.

She knew her brother well—his vindictive nature, which would brood and brood until it would drive him to desperation, and that he would kill her as well if she attempted to interfere.

She knew her lover—his hasty

soul, his absolute contempt for danger, and his determination—and a shudder passed over her; but that he remembered how they had parted. If he loved her, things would have been different; he would have saved her from this pain, this shame. But he loved her no longer—that was evident.

Suddenly a picture rose before her eyes; she saw the Perrin Woods, and the moon falling in strange white patches on the long road; she saw Val walking unconcerned along with his winged step; then a flush, a report, and he throws up his arms with a moan, and rolls over and over in the dust, and with an agonizing cry she buried her face in her hands. No, Val should not die like this; she would save him.

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### THE SACRIFICE.

How the dial on the south side of the courthouse was blown out by the late storm, workmen engaged in repairing the damage have made the discovery that the large ball just above the dome and beneath the eagle is inhabited by bees, and that their storage of honey is immense.

For several years past it has been claimed that bees occupied that ornamental portion of Alachua's capitol, but it was generally regarded as an unfounded claim; late investigation, however, leaves no room to doubt that both the bees and honey are there. It is calculated by those who are presumed to be competent to judge that the ball contains not less than 100 pounds of honey. The bees have selected a home where they are not likely to be seriously disturbed—certainly not to the extent of being robbed. There is probably not another hive of bees in the State provided with a home 250 feet above the level of the sea. —[Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.]

## SAVED BY A GLOVE.

### How a United States Trooper Killed Chief Crazy Horse.

"It is difficult to believe any thrilling story of wild western life after reading the lurid accounts of bravery and coolness in face of danger, especially when dealing with Indians, that are served to the sensational-loving public in cheap novels," said an army officer. "One is led to look upon western adventure as mere fiction, and the dangers that beset the early settler as myths, the fancies of powerful imaginations attuned to the public's taste. Yet, I can say that I have seen deeds of heroism quite as astonishing as anything of which I have ever read, even if the hero did not slay from ten to twenty savages single-handed.

"There is one incident which occurred in the past at which I was stationed nearly twenty years ago for which I have never seen credit given to a most courageous fellow, who, single-handed, by his acuteness, saved a whole garrison from massacre, and his only weapon, or, rather, instrument, was a white glove. It happened in this way: We were located in the midst of hostile Cheyennes, who had been giving the government no end of trouble by their fearlessness. Crazy Horse was their most obstreperous chief, and after many vain attempts to persuade him to surrender by force of arms, we had about given up hope, when we learned that the chief was willing to receive officers to arrange the terms of surrender. As it was, we would have long before fallen prey to the merciless devils who were about us on all sides had it not been that at that time the Sioux were in hostile relations to the Cheyennes, and in working out their spite they guarded us as if we were of their own tribe.

"A detail was sent to confer with Crazy Horse, and resulted in bringing him to the agency, willing to surrender. It was necessary to take him to the main post—Fort Robinson—to arrange more fully the conditions, so, while awaiting a convenient time to conduct him to the commander, old Crazy Horse was placed in the guardhouse, according to custom. Although his friends had practically free access to him then, they could not understand the meaning of his imprisonment, and were constantly suspicious of treachery. After a while they began to bring little files and saws for the chief to use to gain his freedom. One day a fellow named Bole was assigned the duty of guarding the prisoner, and as he walked to and fro he was surprised to find that Crazy Horse had sawed his way through the bars and was in a fair way to join his comrades on the outside. Quick action was necessary, for there were several Cheyennes in the guardhouse, but luckily were not looking in the direction of the cell at the time. Bole was equal to the emergency. Like a flash his gun was thrust through the bars and his bayonet was run clean through Crazy Horse's body. He fell back with a groan in such a natural position that the person would not have noticed him particularly. Bole was quick to apprehend the danger in which his act had placed him. If it were known that he had slain the favorite chief of the Cheyennes, it would not only mean sure death to him, but it would provoke a general massacre in the garrison. So, without a moment's delay, he pulled off his white glove, and, with a rapid motion, wiped every trace of blood from the bayonet. Then, quickly digging a hole in the earth floor, he buried the blood-stained glove, and in a moment he had taken another glove from his pocket, had it on his hand and was doing his guard duty as if nothing had happened.

"How he happened to have that extra glove in his pocket I cannot tell. It was most unusual, as any army man knows. This was done so quickly that the Cheyennes who were in the guard house at the time never noticed what had happened. Crazy Horse lay for some little while, his life blood ebbing away, before his friends discovered anything had happened. But finally they knew something was wrong and they rushed in to their chief. His life was too far gone to allow him to tell how he came by his death. He died without giving the slightest clue. At first his braves thought he had committed suicide, but then their naturally suspicious natures began to suspect treachery, and as Bole was the only man near him they fastened the crime upon the guardsman.

"Imagine Bole's feelings when they accused him. Discovery meant sure death, but Bole braved the storm and stood unmoved by their angry accusations and blood-thirsty threats. Finally, the Captain had to accede to their demands and permit the braves to search Bole for blood stains. I remember they stripped the poor fellow by an inch and a half broad. One advantage of this process is that the work of repairing does not, as in the case of a kite, require to wait for a favorable wind, but can be begun at any time, and the preliminary operations thus over, it is simply a matter of climbing a ladder. —[Westminster Gazette.]

### BEEHIVE IN A COURTHOUSE DOME.

### Spiked Against a Smokestack and Reaches 456 Feet.

A short distance from Glasgow Cathedral, northward through Castle street, the Monkland canal is crossed and the grimness of manufacturing regions is reached. On the left hand are the well-known St. Rollox works, on which Sir Charles Tennant is the head, and which are easily distinguished by the great chimney stack designed by the late Professor Macquorn Rankine. The stack is 456 feet high from the base to the capstone—32 feet less than the Townend stack in the same locality, but Tennant's stack stands on a more elevated part of the city and so the onlooker appears taller than its neighbor. Some interesting operations were recently carried out in connection with the repairing of Tennant's stack.

A local steeplejack of note, who has kept the two chimneys in repair for the past twenty-five years mounted to the top of the stack, adopting a different method from that used by him about two years ago, when he climbed the stack at Port Dundas. On that occasion he mounted by means of kite-flying, which enabled the necessary ropes for the ascent being thrown over the top of the chimney.

On the present occasion he adopted a handier, and, on the whole, a simpler plan. This is known as the ladder process, and is much in vogue among contractors for chimney repairing. The occasion was the first time the method has been used for a chimney of so great a height, and when fully erected the ladder was the highest in the world. The first section was planted against the chimney and nailed securely by hooked iron pins eighteen inches long and an inch thick. Section after section each eighteen feet long was then hoisted up, and after being lashed together, was fastened in the same manner to the chimney—the difficult work, as will be readily understood, requiring great care and attention. The ladders used were of yellow pine, and of the lightest possible make, with flat steps an inch by an inch and a half broad.

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