

MY ROSE.

A wave that rolled up on the wind-swept beach
Left a pure white rose on the shining sand;
I stooped for the flower that had found my reach
And sheltered its leaves in my trembling hand.
Though it long had tossed on the ocean wide,
Mid the storm and roar of the angry sea;
The wind and the waves and the ebbing tide
Had borne it at last to its peace with me.
The waves and the rocks and the winds that passed
Had torn at its heart ere they set it free,
But a tender hand found the flower at last,
And no storm shall live in its life with me.

The wind and the waves were the storm of life.
The past that is dead is the angry sea,
And my pure white rose is my precious wife,
And her joy and peace is her low for me.
—San Francisco Town Talk.

An Unconscious Hero.

By MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"No," Eleanor Landsberg said as she crushed the cluster of fresh American beauty roses she held in her clasped hands with painful intensity, as though she were somehow to blame, "I cannot marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."

"Heroes do not exist out of novels," answered Morris Holmes, with that perfect inflection that good breeding gives to its possessor: "I cannot fight for my lady love as the mediaeval knights did, nor fly to the wars, in these degenerate days."

"Then be a soldier of peace; there are daily wars to be waged that need disciplined soldiers. Be anything but a dawdler on the silkies skirts of society. You believe that because you have inherited a fortune that other men earned for you by the sweat of their brows, that you are to be idle in the lap of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes! When I marry I will choose my husband from among the ranks of the people; my hero must do great deeds, not dream them, all day long."

"My dear Socialist," said Morris, with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "if you will listen to reason a moment you will see that with money you can remedy a great many evils, without it you are practically helpless."

"How many evils have you remedied, Morris? Answer me that."

"Few as yet, I admit. But, Eleanor, is it my fault that my father left me a fortune? Listen, dearest, I may call you this once. Why not help me to become his almoner? At least I am not a profiteer."

"Pardon me," returned the young woman, tearing the heart from a rose—a performance which made the sensitive Morris wince—"I think you are profligate with time and influence, and all other good things which you waste by lavishing on yourself. How will you account for wasted opportunities, and talents folded in a napkin, when the day of reckoning comes?"

She was very handsome, very attractive in her strong young womanhood, and as a reformer, the fad of the hour. She belonged to clubs and societies for the advancement of women, and was not often progressive in her views and the expression of them, but she had been brought into contact with strong natures, full of the sap and wine of life, and had learned to disdain the wearer of purple and fine linen. The society weakling had lost place in her world, just as social functions had become inane and intolerably stupid, after the seamy side of life had shown her its rugged attractions.

"What would you have me do to prove myself a hero?" asked Morris Holmes, with a gentle patronizing air, as if he had been speaking to a child, and which infuriated Eleanor.

"Do?" she repeated with withering scorn, "do anything to show the world that you are a man, and at least capable of managing your own affairs! Life is full of instruction, but you have never learned one of its lessons. You have not even been a profitable dreamer."

She was intense and angry, and at last he was aroused. He rose without his usual dawdling elegance of manner, and said:

"You have taught me one lesson, Eleanor, that I shall not forget. I hope when you find your hero he will love you as truly as I have done—as I will continue to do, if you do not forbid me. And now good-bye. We part, friends, do we not?"

Before she answered him, Eleanor rose, and in so doing dropped the flowers she had been holding. Morris sprang to pick them up, when instantly she placed her small, imperious foot upon them, crushing them to the floor. He looked at her shocked and wounded.

"You see how hopeless it is that you should ever understand me," she said bitterly. "You have more consideration for these hot-house weeds than for the souls of those around you. You hurt and wound me by your indifference to vital questions, but you are sorry for the roses? Good-bye, Morris!"

"No berths left in the sleeper, sir."
"But I tell you I must have a berth—I can't sit up all night," and Morris Holmes shivered at the thought of such a hardship.

"A great many good people do, sir," said the conductor. "There's old Judge Skinner and his wife; they're both going to sit up to-night."

"But my man telegraphed for a section."

"They were all taken then, sir."
It was strange that at the first moment that Morris Holmes started out to become a hero, and learn the seamyside of life, he should be reduced to actual suffering like this. If he had been dressed in his usual fashionable and elegant traveling attire the conductor would have suspected that he had unlimited wealth, and would have bought out some less important traveler, or sold him a berth already negotiated for, as the all-powerful car magnate has the privilege of doing.

But Morris Holmes had donned the plain dress of the ordinary business man and wore a hideous gray ulster that concealed his elegant personality, and was on his way to the mining district where a mine was located of which he was part owner; not a gold mine, but one that brought in gold—a bituminous coal mine known as the "Little Summit."

Morris had taken little or no notice of this branch of his wealth, the management and details being left to his agent, but when he left Eleanor Landsberg on the occasion of her second and final refusal of his offer of marriage, he suddenly determined to take a trip to the mining coun-

try and try his hand at heroism, in the way of improving the condition of the men who worked in underground chambers, a work to him the embodiment of hardship and privation. He was going incognito, with the feeling of one who is about to perform a long-neglected duty.

The beginning was not auspicious. Morris hated contact with the unwashed stranger, and the day car turned into a rendezvous for the night seemed full of him.

"I would not make a good soldier, and I certainly am not a good hero," he said to himself, and then he thought of Eleanor, and fancied her soothng the troublesome, crying child in the further end of the car, and gaining the confidence of the mean-looking parents, who were poor and tired.

At the next stopping place he went out to catch a breath of fresh air, and bought a bag of cakes for the baby, an act of generosity that the tired mother appreciated with a smile.

He talked with the father and learned their story. Two children left behind with relatives because they were too poor to take them along, but they had the promise of work where they were going and then they would send for them. If Morris helped them he did not let his left hand know what his right was doing, but I do know that the children followed their parents a few weeks later.

Morris prepared for a night of vigils, then fell into a sound sleep curled up in a corner of the car seat, and when he awoke it was early morning.

It is an awesome thing to awaken in a car after a night of that sort. The first feeling is one of thankfulness that one is alive; the next an overpowering sense of dirt and discomfort. Morris thought at first that his limbs were paralysed, but after a vigorous stretch he felt better, and looked out with some interest on a world that was new to him, from the luxuries of the metropolis. He saw the "goodmorning" of nature, with man a chimerical speck in his plan. Mere cabins were perched in commanding positions on hillsides, and sleeping looking children, bare-headed and barefooted, were saluting the flying train from the open door. He could not understand how anyone could live in such a place. He felt no thrill of fellowship with these goatherds in the by-ways of life, and again he wondered how Eleanor would handle such a problem. He felt a sense of loneliness without her as if she had once belonged to him but had gone.

A longer stop was made at a rude station, and Morris came near to the great tragedy that is enacted in the lowest as well as in the grandest home. But how different the methods! It was not yet sunrise, but the door of a cabin had been flung open, and a woman with an apron thrown over her head rushed out into the morning, followed by two weeping children. Then a man ran out hastily, and going to a building close by, tore a board from its rough roof, and hurried back into the house, followed by the women and children. The train moved on, and Morris wondered over what he had just seen. Probably every man and woman in that car read the story aghast, but Morris asked a shaggy old man, who sat back of him in a time-worn plaid, what it meant.

"Weel, mon, I misdoubt it were somebody slipped awa, and they needed the board to streek it him," said the old Scotchman.

It was gruesome when Morris understood, and he wondered if Eleanor would have known. You see she was in all his thoughts.

A more desolate place than that in which the "Little Summit" mine was located would be hard to describe. The mine that poured wealth into the coffers of its owners was conducted by ill-paid, sodden men, scrubby boys and half blind mules. The foreman was brutalized by a long course of low wages, heavy expenses and sordid surroundings. It was a word and a blow with him, or an oath more demoralizing than blows. When a stranger appeared he was received with sullen and suspicious silence, being more than half suspected of wanting the bread out of some other mouth. Morris was shocked almost out of recognition of himself by this unexpected state of things, for he felt himself passively to blame. He could not stop at that. When the surgeons examined his knee he astonished them by saying it had been well until a few days before. They thought it strange and cross-examined him. He was firm.

That made all the difference in the world. Had he told them that the limb had been affected for three years, they would have treated it in the ordinary way.

But heroic measures were necessary if he told them it was true, for then it seemed that the case was one of cancerous growth and that amputation at the hip joint was necessary. The operation is often fatal.

The patient heard with firmness their decision to amputate. The date for the amputation was set. On the day before it was to be performed the kind-hearted clerk went into the ward to ask how the patient was getting along.

"My operation is set down for tomorrow," the man said.

"Operation!" said the clerk in surprise, "what kind of an operation?"

"Amputation at the hip. I may live through it. It's better to have it over anyway."

"Goodness, man!" exclaimed the clerk, "you don't mean to tell me you stuck to that story about your leg only having been affected for a few days? You told them the truth after you found you had been admitted?"

The m'ners, dirty, black and complaining, had gathered around the foreman, and although they hated him, they were bound to him by a common grudge.

"Tell them to come and get filled with warm lead—we'd heat it for the 'casion,'" said a burly miner known as "Old George."

The clerk ran to the house surgeon in mad haste and confessed that he had "inspired" the false history of the case. There was a consultation of surgeons. The operation has not taken place yet.

Better still, the patient walks on two good legs to-day. The clerk is superintendent. But when he thinks of what would have happened if he had postponed for a day his friendly call upon the man with the bad leg, he shudders.

"They d'essn't come nigh their own property," said another, "they're white-livered cowards, and not worth the powder to blow 'em to thunder!"

"Go back to your master and tell him what his lov'n' workers says," said the foreman contemptuously, "an' get a photograff of some of the hungry children and dyin' mothers, for the hungry album. My missus will give you hers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbuckling his heavy ulster, and throwing it open, "have you ever heard of Morris Holmes?"

"Aye, an' of his father afore him. It's that he might lie soft and eat fine food, that we gets lost in the choke an' damp. If he sent you, go back an' tell him to come out here himself. We hev a long account to settle, an' the figgers is waitin'." It was "Old George!" who spoke.

"If there is any quality that the rough and lawless of creation recognize, and admire, it is courage, and after the first start of surprise, which in that sodden crowd was genuine and dramatic, the men felt an instant respect for this weakling of wealth, who was not afraid of them, and something like a cheer broke from their hoarse throats.

"I am here to right the wrongs," continued Morris in a voice that sounded like a commander on a battlefield, "but I demand protection at your hands. I demand your confidence, and that of your wives and children. I have the right to ask this. For the present that is all I have to say."

A few cheered him, other remained silent and discontented, good news being received with caution and suspicion.

Eleanor Landsberg had no word from Morris for six months. Then she received a paper marked in red ink, which had a paragraph that interested her. It gave a plain statement of the great improvement that had taken place in the "Little Summit" mine, and went on to describe the comfortable homes of the miners, the new machinery which had been put into the mines to take the place of child labor, the comfortable stables above ground that had been built for the mules, the improved social conditions of the men's families, and ended with a glowing tribute to the "no-energy of the young and athletic mine owner, Morris Holmes."

Athletic! Eleanor repeated the word with much satisfaction. It was of moral athletes she was thinking, and it pleased her mightily that this word could be thus applied to Morris.

In a few months she received a second newspaper, published like the first, in a town adjoining the mines, and giving the news of that section of country. It also contained a marked paragraph, but the marking was irregular black lines, of jagged pencil, and on the border was drawn a rude hand, pointing to the notice, and the badly written but legible name "Old Geordie."

Eleanor read in a few intense words the news that had been sent to her. There had been an accident in the mine. The roof of an entire chamber had fallen and buried twenty miners beneath it. The men were rescued with great difficulty, and some of them were badly injured. When all were supposed to have been saved, there was a wailing cry, and the wife of "Old Geordie" struggled from the hands of friends and tried to throw herself into the mine. Morris Holmes, pale and out of breath, called for men to go down with him to rescue Geordie. No one responded. The men owed their lives to their families, and they knew the danger of a failing roof. So Morris, with one look at the blue sky above him, swung into the cage and was lowered alone amid an awe-stricken silence, into the bosom of death. There was not much more to tell. When the signal was given there was willing hands to help deliver the two men from the wreckage, but only one came up alive. The other had succumbed to the fatal damp. A long panegyric followed, but it meant little to Eleanor. Her eyes rested on four oft-quoted, hockneyed lines, bat closed the story; they would never have her.

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again to lose him. He had returned on his shield.

1 DANGEROUS TIP.

It Nearly Cost a Limb, and Perhaps a Life.

There is a hospital superintendent in New York to-day who, when he was a hospital clerk, advised an applicant to lie about the history of his case, and so got him admitted. When he thinks of his kindness and what followed it he shudders at the recollection.

The would-be patient was suffering from a tubercular knee. He had been disabled for three years. The clerk knew that a case of three years standing would be denied admission. He pitied the sufferer.

"They won't examine you at first," he said. "Tell them your knee was all right until a few days ago. Then they'll accept you. Once in you'll be all right."

The patient followed this advice and was admitted. But he didn't stop at that. When the surgeons examined his knee he astonished them by saying it had been well until a few days before. They thought it strange and cross-examined him. He was firm.

That made all the difference in the world. Had he told them that the limb had been affected for three years, they would have treated it in the ordinary way.

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The Hay Bicillus.

One of the latest discoveries in the bacilli kingdom is the "hay bacillus," found guilty of what has hitherto been called the "spontaneous combustion" of improperly cured hay. A scientist—who says that the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick-like" being, always and everywhere found on grass and hay. When hay is not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue to live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these mischievous atoms generate heat, and as there are billions of them the heat rises until it reaches 100 degrees C. and more. Then the poor things die. But the mischief goes on. The blades of grass are turned into threads of coal; the coal, condensing the gases developed, increases the heat. Finally, when this transformation has progressed to the surface, a slight draught fans the smouldering mass into flame. In like manner, bacilli of all sorts are easily exterminated. Long before

A BUFFALO FARM.

RAISING THE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED ANIMAL FOR PROFIT.

Montana Contains the Only Domesticated Herd in the Country—Cross-Bred Buffaloes.

Montana is the home of many strange geological and agricultural wonders, but none more so than that of the only herd of domesticated buffaloes in this country. Ravalli is located upon the edge of the old Flathead Indian Reservation, and can be reached by the Northern Pacific, from Helena, in half a day's ride. It is a thriving and enterprising place in a most picturesque part of the country, and in the summer time many tourists get off there to inspect the herd of buffaloes owned by Mr. Chas. Allard and Marchiel Pablo. Scientists and representatives of museums frequently drop off here and try to buy buffaloes to ship east, and one day the leader of a traveling circus tried to bargain for the whole herd. As there are nearly 200 in the herd, and the price for buffaloes is advancing rapidly every year, this enterprising showman did not realize the sum of money he would have required for the purchase. A good buffalo hide is worth \$100 to day, and a mounted head all the way from \$200 to \$500; but what a whole buffalo would cost it is difficult to say. The owners of the herd are not selling to-day; they are breeding for the future. Letters pour in upon them from all parts of the country asking them their price for from one to a dozen buffaloes.

"But we are not selling any buffaloes," says Charles Allard, "for the reason that we need them all at present. They will not be put upon the market for several years yet."

Museums, parks and shows are constantly making efforts to get them in quantities, and though we might dispose of one or two singly we have no pairs to sell. We will have altogether about 200 by this fall."

Two years ago this herd consisted of 32 animals, and was then located at Omaha, and was known as the Jones herd. Allard paid \$18,000 for them, and removed them to Montana, where they are kept on a large range. Later Marchiel Pablo, a well known cattle merchant, went into partnership with Allard, and the two have conducted the buffalo farm between them ever since. During the present summer a party of scientists and travelers visited the herd, and they enjoyed something rarely tasted in these days, a steak of buffalo. An accident had made it possible for them to try this tempting morsel, and everyone pronounced it more delicious than any steak ever put upon the market, and buffalo meat in time may become a rare product of our markets. When the animals are bred in sufficient numbers they will be killed gradually for their hides and heads, and the meat alone will bring a good sum to the owners.

Buffaloes