The spreading rose is fair to view, And view the molest vio et a hue, or queenly than all ed with dew. And sweet the filly's fragmance: Fair there's a flow of n ora 'dear to me. That rows not on a branch of tree, but he view pays merrily. And of its leaves there are but three. "Tis he and 's native shamroot."

. THE SHAMROCK

My country's flower, Hove it well, For every leaf a tale can tell, And teach the minarre's neart to swell In presso of Ireland's shamrock; The emblem of our faith devine, Which is s. St. Patries made to shine, To teach eternai truth sublime, And which shall have as long as time, And long as become the shamrock.

Oh, twine a wreath of shamrock leavest They useded the banners of our chiefs Ann almed the frish exists griefs. Our country's marished shamrock: The must inspired with words of praise Tak poets of our early days. To write in many a glowing phrase, ann sing, in powerful, thri ling lay? The virtues of the shance.cs. . .

He who has left his island home He want has left his island home Beneath a torving say to roum, and hi a fore g. clime unknown, how dear he loves the sharrock. Whin on the feast of s. Patrica's Day He kneels within the church to pray for holy fro and far away he foris again, youth's gonial ray, White gaining on the sharrock.

The brightest gams of the rarest flowers That ever base much in Kastern covers Proseets for the not half the powers That owen within the stammock ; Sweet menories, the statified of The past with an its charms renew, the entry, the spot where wild flowers grow, The failure ries at, the horizoned fow He set to can the shathrock.

Land of the West, my native Isle, May heat on slove upon new shile, And haden toes that may begain the novers of the snamroon; May God or vie causa these In pe ce and ove and harmon; And fank these proad this mations free, inas pray thy constraint tory, hill, For areashed and the sn.mrock, -Occur

-O/car Wilde

SENTIMENTAL DRAGON.

There was nothing about the outside of the Dragon to indicate so large a percentage of sendment. It was a mere everyday dragon, with the usual squamous hide, glittering like silver armor, a commonplace crested head with a forked tongue, a tall like a barbed arrow, a pair of fan-shaped w.ngs and four indifferently feroclous chaws, one per foot. How it came to be so susceptible you shall hear, and then, perhaps, you will be less sur-prised at its unprocedented and undragon'ike behavior.

Once upon a time, as the good old chronicler, Richard Johnson, relateth, Egypt was opposed by a dragon who made a plaguy to-do unless given a virgin daily for dinner. For twenty-four years the menu was practicable; then the supply gave out. There was absolutely no virgin left in the realm save Sabra, the King's daughter, and poor Ptolemy was reduced to parting with the Princess.

Now, many centuries after these events did not happen, a certain worthy citizen, an illiterate fellow, but none the worse for that, made them into a pantomime-to wit, "St. George and the Dragon; or. Harlequin Tom Thumb." And the same was duly played at a provincial theatre, with a lightly clad chorus of Egyptian lasses, in glaring contradiction of the dearth of such in the fable, and a Sabra who sang to them a topical song about the County Council.

Curlously enough, in private life, Sabra, although her name was Miss on the posters, was really a Miss. She was quite as young and pretty as she looked, too, and only rouged herself for the sake of stage perspective. Everybody about the theatre liked Sabra, from the actor-manager (who played St. George) to the stage doorkeeper (who played St. Peter). Even her understudy did not wish her ill.

"Y-c-s," said Jimmy. "But thought you did it at random. "Thocht I did it at random!" cried Davie, holding up his hands in hor-ror. "And mobbe also ye thocht ony-body could do't!" I'mmy's chamed a lance gave con-

Jimmy's shamed silence gave consent also to this unflinching interpre-

tation of his thought. But Davie ramained doggedly robust and so Jimmy still walked in darkness. He often argued the matter out with his superior, maintaining that they ought to toss for the position-head or tail. Failing to convince Davie, he offered him fourpence a night for the accommodation, but Davie saw in his extravagance evidence of a determined design to supplant him. In despair Jimmy watched for a chance of slip-ping into the wire framework before Davie, but the conscientious artist was always at his post first. They held dialogues on the subject while with pantomimic license the chorus of Egyptian lasses was dancing around the Dragon as if it were a Maypole. Their angry messages to each other vibrated along the wires of their prison house, ending the Dragon with intest'nal war.

The silent, hopeless longing, th chivalrous devotion yearning dumbly within Jimmy, did not stop his beer; he drank more to drown his thoughts. Every night he entered into his part gladly, knowing himself elevated in the zoological scale, not degraded, by assumption that made him only half a beast. Only Davie knew that in that Dra-

gon there were the ruins of a man and the making of a great actor!

"Why are ye sae anxious to stand in my shoon?" he would ask, when the hind legs became too obstreperous. "I don't want to be in your shoes;

I only want to see the stage for once. But Davie would shake his head incredulously, making the Dragon's mask wobble at the wrong cues. At last, once when Sabra was singing, poor Jimmy, dr.ven to extremities, confessed the truth, and had the mortification of feeling the wires vibrate with the Scotchman's silent laughter. He blushed unseen.

But it transpired that Davie's amuse ment was not so much scornful as skeptical. He still suspected the tail of a sinister intention to wag the Dragon.

"Nae, nae," he said, "ye shallna get me to swallow that. Ye're an unco pu'r creature, but ye're not sa daft as to want the moon. She's a bonnie lassle, and I willna be surprised if she catches a coronet in the end, when she makes a name in Lunnon; for the swells here, though I see a wheen fool-ish faces nicht after the nicht in the stalls, are but a puir lot. Eh, but it's a gey grand tocher is a pretty face. In the meanwhiles, like a canny girl, she's settin' her cap at the chief." "Hold your tongue!" hissed the hind

legs. "She's as pure as an angel." "Hoot-too!" answered the head. "Dinna leebel the angels. It's no an angel that lets her manager give her sly squeezes and saft kisses that are nae in the stage directions."

"Then she can't know he is a married man," said the hind legs hoarse-

"Dinna fash yourself-she kens that full weel and a thocht or two more. Dod! Ye should just see how she and St. George carry on after the death scene, when he's supposit to ha' rescued her and they fall a-cuddlin'."

"You're a Ear!" said the hind legs. Davie roared and breathed burning squibs and capered about and Jömmy had to prance after him in involuntary pursuit. He felt choking in his stuffy hot black rollicking dungeon. The thought of this bloated sexagenarian, faked up as a jeune promier, pawing at the sweet little girl sickened him.

THE COLUMBIAN, BLOOMSBURG, PA.

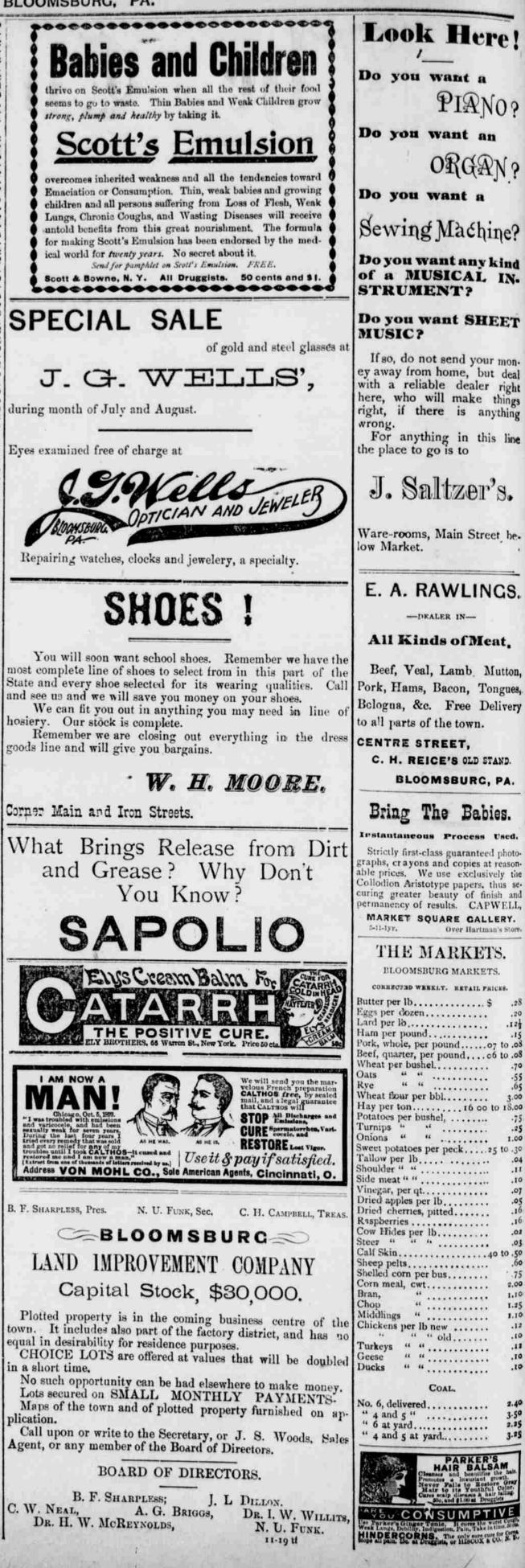
Davie's blood ran co'd. Too inte he remembered that it was not the Dra-gon's cue, and that he was making havoe with his own professional reputation. Through the canvas he felt the stern gaze of the actor-manager. He thought of pricking Jimmy only a the howling cues, but then the howl thus produced was so superior to his own, that if Jimmy chose to claim it, he might be at once engaged to re-place him in the part. What a dilemma! Far different emotions were felt at

the Dragon's head, where Jimmy's joy faded gradually away, replaced by a passion of indignation, as with lovesharpened eyes he ascertained for himself the true relations of the actor-manager with his "principal girl." He saw from his coign of vantage the poor, modest, little thing shrinking be-fore the cowardly advances of her employer, who took every possible advaniage of the stage potentialities, in ways the audience could not discrim-inate from the acting. Alas! What could the gentle little bread-winner do? But Jimmy's blood was bolling Davie's great scene arrived; the battle royal between St. George and the Dragon. Sabra, bewitchingly radiant in white Arabian silk, stood under the orange tree where the pendent fruit was labelled three a penny. Here St. George, in knightly armor clad, retired between the rounds, to be sponged by, the fair Sabra, from whose Lps he took the opportunity of drinking en-couragement. When the umpire cried "Time!" Jimmy uttered inarticulate cries of real rage and malediction, vomiting his squibs straight at the champion's eyes with intent to do him grevious bodily injury. But squibs have their own way of jumping, and the actor-manager's face was protected by his glittering burgonet.

At last Jimmy and Davie were duly despatched by St. George's trusty sword, Ascalon, which passed right between them and stuck out on the other side amid the frantic applause of the house. The Dragon reeled sideways and bit the dust, of which there was plenty. Then Sabra rushed forward from under the orange-tree and encircled her hero's hauberk with a stage embrace, while St. George, lifting up his visor, rained kiss after kiss on Sabra's scarlet face, and the "goda" went hoarse with joy. "Oh, sir!" Jimmy heard the still

small voice of the bread-winner protest feebly again and again amid the thunder, as she tried to withdraw herself from her omployer's grasp. This was the last straw. Anger and the foul air of his prison wrought up Jimmy to asphyxiation point. What wonder if the Dragon lost his head complete-

Davie will never forget the horror of that moment when he felt himself dragged upward as by an irresistible tornado, and knew himself for a ruln-ed actor. Mechanically he essayed to cling to the ground, but in vain. The dead dragon was on its feet in a mo-ment; in another, Jimmy had thrown off the mask, showing a shock of hair and a blotched crimson face, spotted with great beads of perspiration. Unconscious of this culminating outrage, Davie made desperate prods with his pin, but Jimmy was equally uncon-scious of the pricks. The thunder died abruptly. A dead silence fell upon the whole house-you could have heard Davie's pin drop. St. George, in amazed consternation, released his hold on Sabra and cowered back before the wild glare of the bloodshot eyes. "How dare you?" rang out in hoarse screaming accents from the protruding head, and with one terrific blow of its right fore-leg the hybrid monster felled Sabra's insulter to the



Davie was the head man of the Dragon. He played the anterior parts, waggled the head and flapped the wings and sent grewsome grunts and penny squibs through the "fre-breathing" jaws. He was a dour, middleaged. but stagestruck Scot, very proud in his rapid rise in the profes-sion, for he had begun as a dramatist. The tear of the Dragon was simply,

known as Jimmy.

Jhmmy was a wreck. His past was a mystery. His face was a brief record of baleful experiences, and he had the aspirates of a gentleman. He had gone on the stage to be out of the snow and the rain. Not knowing this, the actor-manager paid him ninepence a night. His wages just kept him in beer money. The original Sabra tamed two lions, but perhaps it was a greater feat to tame this half of a Dragon. Jimmy's tenderness for Sabra began

at reheatsal, when he saw a good deal of her, and felicitated himself on the fact that they were on in the same scenes. After a while, however, he perceived this to be a doteful draw-back, for whereas at rehearsal he could jump out of his skin and breathe himself and feast his eyes on Sabra when the Dragon was disengaged, on the stage he was forced to remain cramp-d in darkness while Ptolemy was clowning or St. George executing a step dance. Sabra was invisible, except for an odd moment or so between the scenes when he caught sight of her alding to her dressing room like a streak of discreet sunshine. Still he had his companion; her dulcet notes reached his darkness (mellowed by the painted canvas and the tin scales sewn over 1t), as the chant of the unseen cuckoo reaches the woodland wanderer. Sometimes, when she sang that song about the County Council he forgot to wag his tall.

Thus was Love blind, while Indir-ference in the person of David Brigg looked its full through the mask that stood for the monster's head. After bit Jimmy conceived a mad envy of his superior's privileges; he longed to see Sabra through the Dragon's mouth. He was so weary of the little strip of stage under the Dragon's belly which, even if he peered through the breathing holes in the patch of paint-disguised gauge left into its paunch, was the most he could see. One night he asked Davie to change places with him. Davie's look of surprise and consternation was beautiful to see.

"Do I hear aricht?" he asked. "Just for a night," said Jimmy, abashed.

"But d'ye no ken this is a speakin'

part?" "I did-not-know-that," faltered Timmy

"Where's your ears, mon?" inquired Davie sternly. "Dinna ye hear me growiin' and grizzin' and squalin' and skirlin'?

"Dom'd lecar yersel?" resumed Davie coming to a standstill. "I meann beleve my own eyes, what they tell me nicht after nicht."

"Then let me see for myself, and I'll believe you."

"Ye dinna catch me like that," said Davie, chuckling. After that poor Jimmy's anxiety to

see the stage became feverish. He even meditated maingering and going in front of the house, but could only have got a distant view, and at the r sk of losing his place in an over-crowded profession. His opportunity came at length, but not till the pantomime was half run out and the actormanager sought to galvanize it by a "second edition," which in sum meant a new lot of the variety entertainers who came on and played copophones before Ptolemy, did card tricks in the desert, and exhibited trained poodles to the palmtres. But David, deter-mined to rise to the occasion, thought out a fresh conception of his part, involving three new grunts, and was so busy rehearsing them at home that he forgot the flight of the hours and arrived at the theatre only in time to take second place in the Dragon that was just walting, half manned, at the dragging the unhappy David in his

train "I'll tell the chief," groaned the hind

legs. "All right, let him know you were inte," answered the head cheerfully. "Eh, but it's pitanirk, here. I canna

see onything." "You see I'm no Har. Shall I send a squib your way?"

"Nay, nay, nae larking. Mind the business or you'll ruin my reputation.

"Mind my business, I'll mind yours," replied Jimmy joyously, for the lovely Sabra was smiling right in his eyes. A Dragon divided against itself cannot stand, so Davie had to wait till the beast came off. To his horror Jimmy refused to budge from his shell. He begged for just one "keek" at the stage, but Jimmy replied "You don't catch me like that." Davie safe little more, but he matured a crafty plan, and in the next scene he whispered:

"Jimmy!"

"Shut up, Davie; I'm busy." "I've got a pin, and if ye shalina promise to restore the my richts after the next exit, ye shall feel the tasta

"You'll just stay where you are," came back the peremptory reply. Deep went the pin in Jimmy's rear, and the Dragon gave such a howl that

ground. The astonished St. George lay on his back staring vacantly at the flies. "I'll teach you how to behave to a

lady!" roared the Dragon. Then Davie tugged him frantically backward, but Jimmy cavorted obstinately in the centre of the stage, which the actor-manager had taken even in his fall, so that the Dragon's hind legs trampled blindly on Davie's prostrate chief, amld the hysterical convuisions of the house.

Next morning the local papers were lond in their praises of the "second edition" of "St. George and the Dragon," especially of the "genuinely burlesque and topsy-turvy episode in which the Dragon rises from the dead, to read St. George a lesson in chivalry; a really side-splitting conception, made funnier by the grotesque revelation of the constituents of the Dragon just before it retires for the night.' The actor-manager had no option but to adopt this reading, so had to be hoofed and publicly reprimanded every evening during the rest of the season, glad enough to get off so

cheaply.

Of course, Jimmy was dismissed, but St. George was painfully polite to Sabra ever after, not knowing but what Jimmy was in the gallery with a brickbat, and perhaps not unim-pressed by the lesson in chivalry he was receiving every evening.

Perhaps you think the Dragon deserved to marry Sabra, but that would be really too topsy-turvy, and the sentimental beast himself was quite satisfied to have resued her from St. leorge.

But the person who profited most by Jimmy's sacrifice was Davie, who stepped into a real speaking part, emerged from the obscurity of his surroundings, burst his swaddling clothes and made his appearance on the stage -a thing he could searcely be said to have done in the Dragon's inside. And so the world wags .- I Zangwill.

Large Landholders.

Mr. anderblit owns 2,000,000 acres of land in the United States, Mr. Disston, of Pennsylvania, boasts of his 4,000,000 broad acres. The Schlenley estate owns 2,000 acres within the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny. The California millionaire, Murphy, owns an area of land bigger than the whole state of Massachusetts. Foreign no-blemen, who owe no allegiance to the country, are permanent absentee landcountry, are permanent absence hand-lords and spend all their money abroad own 21,000,000 acres of land in this country, or more than the entire area of Ireland. Lord Scully, of Ireland, owns 90,000 acres of farming land in Illinois, which he rents out in small parcels to tenant farmers and pockets his annual \$200,000 in rents to spend abroad - Chicago Hera'd.