

SWEET ROSE ADAIR.

The pallid night falls like a cloud,
The pallid night falls like a cloud,
Between my hands my head is bowed,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, sad'ning tears fall salt and slow;
Oh, sad'ning tears confess my woe!
Deep in the grave they laid the low,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

But once thy trembling hand I pre-see,
But once I held thee to my breast;
But now thou art among the blest,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

From love's sweet trance too soon I woke,
I reeled beneath that cruel stroke;
But hope still clings the ruined oak,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Two stars gaze sadly through the skies,
Two stars that seem thy earnest eyes;
Thine eyes beseeching me to rise,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

Oh, swift thy glancing light must be!
But swifter than it comes to me,
My joy-winged soul shall sweep to thee,
Sweet Rose, sweet Rose Adair.

AN UN-COMMON SENSE MATCH.

The weather had been very cold even for January. For days nobody had stirred up unless compelled by necessity, and I've no doubt our dear mother had longed many times for a change which would allow her noisy children to exercise their lungs and muscles out of doors.

At last the change came. During the forenoon the thermometer indicated a rising temperature, and about midday "the old woman up in the sky began emptying feather-beds."

Thick and fast the downy snowflakes fell, wrapping every tree and shrub in a garment of pure white and making even the "stake and rider" fences, the log barns and corn-cribs, things of beauty which were too truly "joys not to last forever."

Hastily the children were clad in coats, cloaks, scarfs, mittens, and all that paraphernalia of outer garments which loving mothers provide and insist on being worn, despite the protests of the wearers.

At last we were free and out upon the hill near by, where there was grand sport, sliding, snowballing, and making snow men.

The afternoon slipped quickly by, the snow ceased falling, and the evening was setting down clear and cold, when upon the opposite hilltop there came in sight a farmer's box sleigh, drawn by a span of bay horses. Hastily we drove our sleds to the foot of our hill and reached it just in time for a "hitch."

The driver of this establishment was in no wise visible.

The hand which guided the team seemed not a hand but a huge wall of buckskin and yam, and it proceeded from a sort of tower of bed quilts, blankets, buffalo robes, comforters, surmounted by a head-piece enveloped in a green and red "Bay State" shawl. There was a little crack undoubtedly left for the eyes, but no eyes could be seen by us.

Edging around a very little, but probably as much as circumstances would allow, the roll of dry goods and furs inquired if "You house was 'Squire Black's?'"

We replied affirmatively, and settled down to the enjoyment of a ride to our own door, during which we exchanged whispered speculations as to whom the stranger might be.

When the sled stopped a committee of us reported the arrival at the house while the remainder watched the tying and blanketing of the horses and then formed a voluntary escort.

In answer to a muffled wrap father opened the door.

"Squire Black, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; come in. Getting quite cold outside," said my father, eyeing his guest curiously.

"Well, yes, we've had a fearful spell o' weather, and I've been on the road for the last two days of it. I see you don't know me, Squire, and I swan, my eyes were so full o' frost I hardly knew you; but I reckon you'll see who I am when I get this toggery off."

From the moment our visitor had stepped inside he had been engaged in unwrapping one garment after another, a process for all the world like peeling an onion.

At last there stood revealed a young man of four or five and twenty years, a six-footer, with broad shoulders, face bronzed by exposure to the weather, but a goodly face to look upon, with its ruddy lips, brown hair curling over a broad forehead, and blue eyes, which answered my father's questioning look by a merry twinkle.

In a moment father extended both hands and grasped the stranger's most cordially.

"You are one of Aunt Anna's boys," a hearty laugh preceded the reply. "I wasn't afeared but you'd git it right, Squire, give you time enough. I'm the little Joe Tolon you taught long division to."

We knew Aunt Anna was a former landlady of father's when he was a pedagogue; that she lived forty or fifty miles away from us—a great distance in those days—and our interest began to flag after mother came in from the kitchen, and the conversation was continued about old neighbors of whose existence we had been ignorant. We betook ourselves to the kitchen, when mother soon followed.

Presently, while Joe was caring for his team father came in, and all un-mindful of the adage about "little pitchers" said, with an air of one who must circumspect lest his risibilities would betray him, "Ma, what do you suppose Joe has come for?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied mother, composedly stirring another handful of meal into the boiling mush which was to be the *piece de resistance* of our evening meal.

"He has come for a wife."

"A wife! I did not know he was acquainted around here."

"He isn't. He wants me to recommend him to some girl who is strong, able, and willing to work, knows how to run a house and [hesitating a little as he saw the contemptuous curve of my mother's nose and mouth] and I've spoken-about-Jane."

"Squire Black!" exclaimed mother,

emphasizing her words still further by a dash of the pudding stick which sent the mush flying all over the stove.

Jane was a farmer's daughter, who worked for us summers and went home winters to help do up the spinning, weaving, and the like.

A mutually satisfactory arrangement, as Jane's services were more needed at home in winter than the summer, and mother thereby saved the board and wages of a girl during the winter when the work was not so heavy. Moreover, the mother often said that Jane put the work ahead so when she was there that she should not keep her busy the year round.

Ab, help was help in those days. But to return to our kitchen. Father had changed his position, getting a little out of the way of another charge from the mush-pot, where the beating was going on vigorously.

After a pause he began again.

"Well, ma, Jane is not bound to marry Joe unless she wants to. But perhaps she'll never get another chance as good. You know yourself that any one of Aunt Anna's boys is bound to make a good man and a smart one."

"None too smart if he thinks to get a wife this way," snapped the mother.

"Let him try, ma, if he wants to; let him try. It won't hurt him to have the conceit taken out of him."

No reply, but the mush was stirred as never mush was before. Another pause.

"You know, ma, Jane has been keeping company with that trifling Dan Marcy."

"Why doesn't he marry a girl who knows him if he wants to get married?" sourly inquired mother; but the pudding-stick relaxed its vigor slightly and father ventured a little nearer the speaker.

"He says the girls up there are all squaws, and down by his mother's they have too high notions."

"Well, it's a heathenish, Frenchified way of courting a wife," replied the mother, "and if he were to come about me that way, if I were Jane, I'd empty a bucket of water over him."

"Maybe she will, maybe she will," chuckled father, who would probably have enjoyed that termination of the affair as well as any.

"But, ma, you know Jane is terribly homely, and—"

What mother would have said was cut short by the entrance of Joe bearing a jar and package.

"Mother sent these to you with her compliments, Mrs. Black."

Mother, who knew the flavor of Aunt Anna's cheese and honey of old, was somewhat mollified by these presents, but she remained rather sulky all the evening, even when Joe filled her wood-box, mending the sticks as evenly as lath in a bundle, filled the water-pails, cut the kindling and did the milking, bringing the pail in as clean, she condescended to tell him, as she would herself or—but she checked herself and did not say "or Jane."

She would be no party to that iniquity.

He nearly won her when he repeated his text promptly and correctly and knelt reverently at prayers, and she told father "he was a likely young man, but"—her lips shut close, and she shook her head when she thought of his mission.

But before morning the sky cleared, and things were hurried around for an early start to Jane's.

During the ride it was arranged that father was to introduce Joe's errand to the elders, and if they were willing Joe might thereafter proceed as he liked.

So upon reaching the farm father and Mr. Holton left Joe and the boys to put out the team, and they came up to the house and held a conference with Mrs. Holton while Jane was busy building a fire in the best room.

The "best room" of an old-fashioned farm house was dreary enough. This one had a bright yarn carpet, several split-bottomed and wooden chairs with patch-work cushions, a low-backed rocking-chair, a wooden "settee," a table with the Bible, Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," an almanac, and a file of the *Christian Era*. A few silhouettes and prints from magazines were on the walls; but after all, its only ornament was its scrupulous cleanliness and its big fireplace.

Jane bustled in and out on household and hospital cares intent, being given by general consent some opportunity for acquaintance and a chance to be seen before being told our errand.

You already know what she saw. What did Joe see?

Jane was, as father had said, undeniably homely.

She was tall and angular. Her feet and hands were large. Her hair was a trifle too red for Auburn and not yellow enough for gold. "Carrotty" is the proper description.

Her light complexion was freckled, but her cheeks would have shamed the roses. Her eyes were grey; her nose had grown very long and then, as if wishing to make amends for that mishap, had shaped itself into a decided pug. Her mouth was large and always smiling, and smiling showed what was Jane's only beauty—a set of as regular and white teeth as ever came from a dentist's hands.

Her dress was of blue flannel, every thread spun and woven by herself.

The hour or two before dinner was spent in viewing and discussing the stock, in telling the scanty news, and in talking over "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was then appearing as a serial, in all of which Joe took his part sensibly and modestly.

At noon we were summoned to an excellent and bountiful farm dinner. It was quite evident that by this time Jane had been informed of our errand, for from perfect unconsciousness she became suddenly preoccupied, nervous and blushing. Joe enjoyed his dinner and did ample justice to it.

After we were all done, suddenly there came a break and an awkward pause in the conversation. Joe cleared his throat, but without other sign of embarrassment began:

"Miss Holton, I see somebody has already told you what I've come for, and it's right I should tell you something about myself. The Squire here will tell you something about my folks.

"I am 25 years old, have never been

sick in my life, I don't drink whiskey, or swear, or chew tobacco. I am a member of the Baptist Church when I'm where there is one.

"I've been raised to work and can hold up my end with any man. I have a hundred and sixty acres of land about half cleared. There's the paper to show for it, and Squire Black will tell you they're all right.

"I've a good log house, log stable, and sere on. I own the horses I drove down here and a yoke of oxen besides. I don't owe any man a cent. I shall have cows and chickens when I've a wife to take care of 'em. Now, if you think you can make up your mind to marry me I'd like to ask you a few questions."

Jane said nothing, and Joe, evidently taking silence for consent, proceeded:

"Did you cook this dinner?"

Still Jane was silent, but her mother answered "yes" for her.

Joe smiled. "Well, the Squire told me you were a good cook or I wouldn't have come out here."

"Can you make good bread?"

A faint but rather indignant "yes" was heard from Jane, as if he had asked if she could wash her face or comb her hair.

"Can you milk and tend to milk, butter, and cheese?"

"Yes," a little louder.

"Can you run a house and do all kinds of housework?"

The cat seemed to have gotten Jane's tongue again, and my mother, pitying her embarrassment, replied with an exhaustive catalogue of Jane's virtues as a housewife. Then suddenly checking herself as one who had said too much or said in a wrong cause she became silent, but the questioning went on.

"Can you sew?"

"Yes."

"Can you knit?"

"Yes."

"Can you spin?"

"Yes."

"Can you weave?"

"Yes."

"As you've got to saying 'yes' I'd like to go right on and ask you to have me; but I'll go out and feed my horses, and you can talk with your folks and the Squire and his wife, and give me the answer to that question when I come in."

"I want to say first that if you agree to marry me I'll try and do the fair thing by you, and expect you to do the same by me.

"You can always have what you can make from the butter and eggs and half the wool for your own spending. It will be very lonesome, for there won't be another white woman nearer than five miles for a while yet, and I don't want to be hard, but maybe not harder than you're used to. If you go we'll have to go day after to-morrow. The roads are very rough, and it will take two—maybe three—days to travel the sixty odd miles."

It took Joe a long time to feed his team, and during his absence a great deal of talking was done. When he returned Mr. Holton stood by the table looking very sober, and there were tears in the eyes of all the women when he said: "Joe, Jane has concluded she'll chance it with you. She's been a good girl always, and we hope you'll use her well."

"I will, Mr. Holton, so help me God," solemnly answered Joe, and he walked over to where Jane stood and put his arm around her and kissed her.

Then there was a general handshaking, and arrangements were made for the wedding next afternoon, after which, Joe and his wife were to come back as far as our house and the following morning start for home.

The wedding was an old-fashioned country one, and not long after the ceremony Joe's sleigh was packed with a cargo of feather beds, quilts, blankets, and housekeeping goods of various kinds, and a nice cow (the pick of the herd) tied behind, for Mr. Holton would not let his daughter go empty-handed.

Every second year after that for many years Jane came home for a visit. The intervening year she could not come because "the baby was too little to bring," and the numerous little Tolons grew up in regular succession, their heads mounting one above the other like the rounds of a ladder.

Father regularly asked Jane when she made these visits if she had come for her divorce.

Jane always replied: "Not this time. I don't see but Joe and I get along as well as those who take more time for their courting."

And Joe, who was always holding the baby while Jane "undid" the bigger ones at the time this question was asked, would say approvingly: "That's so, Jane."

"Dear me," said Jane, as, leaning on Dr. Joe Tolon's arm, she threw back her widow's veil, (she has worn that nearly ten years now) and wiped her glasses before "The Heart of the Wilderness" in the art gallery last fall—"dear me, Joe, that looks just like the piece of woods opposite the door of the old house when your father brought me home. I've seen the deer browsing there many a time. I didn't think then it would ever be a city, but your father said it would, and now the cars run over that very spot. It's been a long, long time, Joe, but the last ten years have been longer than all the rest."

Area of the United States.

The total area of the United States and the Territories, not including Alaska, is, according to the last census, two million, nine hundred and seventy thousand square miles. Of the States Texas has the largest area and Rhode Island the smallest, the former, however, is more than two hundred and forty-one times as large as the latter. Dakota is the largest territory and Washington the smallest, although it is sixty-one times the size of Rhode Island. Rhode Island in proportion to its size has the largest population, two hundred and fifty-four persons to the square mile.

A former fire in British Columbia exploded a powder-mill. Every pane of glass in a village near by was broken, and everybody exclaimed: "Why, have the schools opened again?"

That Invaluable Dog.

When we hired the house at Painted Post Short Corners we did not know that there was a dog permanently attached to the establishment, but we found it out next day when he stepped in unexpectedly just before dinner time and ate up our beef. This was a serious matter at Painted Post Short Corners, for it was a journey of half a day to the nearest butcher's, and the inhabitants subsisting chiefly on salt pork, beef was not always to be had even then. And after having had it explained to us that whoever lived in the house Jibbers always lived there also, we interviewed the agent.

The agent was bland, and smiled upon us when he heard our tale.

"So Jibbers stole your dinner did he?" he replied. "Well, you see, you must cut a little switch and whip him."

We explained that our desire was to have Jibbers banished from our domain forever, and that we could not undertake the charge of his education, especially as it had been so neglected heretofore.

But upon this the agent uttered ejaculations expressive of his astonishment, and ended with:

"Send Jibbers away! Why, you don't know what a comfort that dog will be to you, Mr. Summers. He's hungry now. The last family we had in neglected him and starved him, and he's famished. When he gets filled up again, he'll be inestimable. The greatest protector the ladies can have. Go into the woods with them and attack man or brute who interferes with 'em; and your place wouldn't be safe without that dog. The moment it was known that Jibbers was gone, you'd have tramps all day and burglars all night. Jibbers is what makes the place so safe. Then, you are near the water. If one of your children falls in, that dog will save its life."

"We must keep him, Mr. Summers," said my wife resolutely. "I've no doubt we will find him a treasure, after we've fed him up, poor fellow."

Then we went home and tried to feed up Jibbers.

An anacoda can be gorged. Jibbers could not. He could eat all day and all night, and moan with starvation between the bites. He ate everything. We found him in the pantry once opening jelly jars with his tongue, which he thrust through the paper and swallowed the contents at one gulp. He was so large that shelves were nothing to him; so heavy that no one could drag him where he did not want to go, and so obstinate that he would not stir unless he desired to do so. But we fancied that he must be a wonderful watch-dog; for when our friend from the city, Miss Silimmens, came down to see us, none of us being at the gate on the moment of her entrance, he attacked her with vigor, and had despoiled her of all her outward apparel as well as her back curls—not as well pinned on as they might have been—before she was rescued.

"What would he not have done to a burglar?" said my wife.

But, of course, it was not natural that poor Miss Silimmens should forgive Jibbers, or that she should cease to fear him. One of his agreeable habits was that of insisting on being with us at meal times. On these occasions he moaned dismally, and regarded every mouthful we swallowed with horrible envy. Sometimes his feelings overcame him, and he helped himself to something off of somebody's plate. Upon which the afflicted one cried out hereby:

"Jibbers, go away!"

But Jibbers never went. However, as we read in the regular chapter of horrors in our daily papers of people being murdered by tramps for five dollars a head, we still felt that Jibbers might be a treasure on emergency.

The time came when I was glad we had Jibbers. I was obliged to leave home and go to the city on business.

My wife, Miss Silimmens and the children certainly would have the protection of the hired man, but Jibbers' bark would warn them of any danger. Just before my departure it occurred to us that there might be some.

Jibbers, for the first time in his life, entered the room with his tail between his legs and hid himself under the sofa. Then we heard a voice at the door, and turning, saw an undeniable tramp, who explained to us that he was an honest workman who wanted something to eat.

Of course, we gave him something. I always feel that hungry people need something to eat, whatever they may be. And after the man had gone Miss Silimmens was discovered perched on a chair with her feet tucked under her.

"I know he was crouching for a spring as tigers do," said she, "and I thought he might make a mistake and come at me."

"He was hiding," said I. "He was afraid of the man."

But Jibbers, as though denying the assertion, at this moment arose to his feet and began not only to bark, but to howl with terrific energy, and rushed out of the door at full speed.

"He suspects the tramp of dishonest purposes," he has been watching him, this intelligent creature!" cried my wife.

At that moment shrieks were heard, and rushing out en masse, we found Jibbers endeavoring to swallow a little boy who had come to sell a pint of blackberries, and who was quite too small for him to bite.

To comfort the infant we bought his fruit at an exorbitant price, and having presenting him with cake, guarded him on his outward way, Jibbers howling horribly all the while.

Then I bade my family adieu, and though I had begun to understand that Jibbers was a coward, I fancied that like many another, he might frighten people by the noise he made.

After I had gone, Miss Silimmens and my wife took a walk with the children, Jibbers accompanying them, with his mouth wide open and his tongue hanging out—his way of perspiring, but unpleasant to Miss Silimmens, who believed such conduct indicative of approaching madness. After this they had tea, and retired early.

About midnight my wife awoke, and, after listening a moment, poked Miss

Silimmens, who slept with her, between the shoulders.

"What's the matter?" shrieked that lady.

"Hush, Amy!" said my wife, "Listen!"

They listened. Not a word was needed. A heavy and horrible snoring was heard to proceed from beneath the bed—undeniable snoring—and, at intervals, a heavy person was heard to turn himself uneasily.

"It is the tramp!" whispered my wife.

"Yes," gasped Miss Silimmens.

"While he is asleep is our only time," said my wife.

Thereupon, shaking and trembling, the poor soul crept into the nursery, and bolted the connecting door.

"We must think before we wakes," said my wife. "One of us must call the man; he has a pistol."

"We'll wake the burglar, and he'll murder us!" said Miss Silimmens.

"We must do it softly," said my wife. "Will you stay with the children?"

"I'm afraid," said Miss Silimmens.

"Then call Peter."

"And be murdered on the way?" said Miss Silimmens.

However, she went and returned with Peter, who carried a revolver in his hand.

"A thafe, is it, undtther yer bed, mum?" said Peter. "Aisy now, we'll have him out. Sure and he is snoring as peaceful as a saint. He's drunk, no doubt. Come out of that wid ye!"

There was no answer.

Peter thrust his hand under the bed and drew it back with a yell.

"I'm stabbed!" shouted he; "and I'll take that from no man. Come out, or I'll shoot!"

There was no answer. Peter fired. There was a horrible howl, and then silence.

"I've killed him," said Peter. "It's the first man I ever killed, but I've reasons to show for it. Here's where he stabbed me—the blood drippin' from it."

"That's a bite, Peter," said my wife. "A bite! Faith it is," said Peter. "The villain, wuat a mouth he had!"

Then he dived under the bed, and as the horrified women retreated, shrieking, came out again faster than he went, with something heavy and black flying after him.

It was Jibbers. The snoring of a large dog is exactly like that of a man; and it was Jibbers—not a burglar—who had been asleep under the bed. There was a trifling graze on his hind leg, but otherwise he was uninjured.

Peter took him to the village when he went to the doctor's with his hand, and he said it was to buy him some dog's meat. When he returned he did not speak of Jibbers, and we asked no questions.

I think Peter knows what became of him; but whoever hires that house another season will not find a dog to let with the place.

Railway Car Wheels.

A railway car wheel of a new pattern is exhibited in Cleveland, Ohio. It is claimed that with this wheel accidents by reason of breakage, are impossible. The body differs from the ordinary wheel. It has a rim to which the tire, which is of steel and entirely separate, is attached. The tire is secured by bolts so arranged that it is impossible for them to come loose. Should the tire from any cause break, the bolts would still hold it to the body of the wheel and no accident could result. "I prefer to make a further examination before I express an opinion on its merits," said a prominent practical railroad man, when asked his opinion of the wheel by a reporter.

American railroads have 10,000,000 car wheels in use at present. It takes about 525 pounds of pig iron to make one wheel. About 1,250,000 wheels are used every year, and the old ones are recast. Eight years was the former estimate of life of a car wheel, but the general adoption of the standard gauge and the increased facilities for loading and unloading have materially increased the service a wheel may be called on to perform.

The foregoing figures are on freight car wheels. On parlor cars and the best passenger coaches paper wheels are used. They give entire satisfaction according to the statements of officials. It is claimed for them that they are light yet stronger and less liable to break than the iron wheels and are not affected by the weather. Then again they are almost noiseless, which is a special advantage in having them on passenger coaches.

AGES ACO.

A cinery urn has been discovered on the farm of Cuttyhill, Longside, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. The shape of the urn is globular, fifteen inches in diameter and eleven inches in depth. The bones which filled it were receptacles crumbled into dust on being touched.

Between the town of Marino, on the Alban Hills, near Rome, and the farm of the Frattochia several statues, busts and other works of sculpture have been found. They are 18 in number, and include statues of Marsyas, of an athlete, a faun, a Silvanus, and a copy of the Laocoon smaller than the original. The Marsyas measures three metres in height.

Many very old and rare silver coins in excellent preservation were lately found on a rock in a burn near Fortree, Scotland. Antiquarians consider the "find" a very interesting one. The authorities have come into possession of about 53 of these relics. Some of the coins are of the reigns of Elizabeth and James VI, and bare dates ranging from 1573 to 1602.

Among the graffiti which Professor Sayce has found scrawled on the ruins of the temple of Seti at Abydos, Egypt, is one that may not disclose important historical facts, but cannot be denied the touch that makes the whole world kin. It is Greek, and reads: "I Nikanor, am come with Herakleia—drunk." But a fierce polemic might be