

Thou Art Not Near.

Thou art not near me, but I see thine eyes
Shine through the gloom like stars in winter
skies.
Painting the way my longing steps would go,
To come to thee because I love thee so.

Thou art not near me, but I feel thine arm
Soft folded round me, shielding me from harm,
Guiding me on, as in the days of old,
When life was dark and all the ways were cold.

Thou art not near me, but I hear thee speak,
Sweet as a breath of June upon my cheek,
And as thou speakest, I forget my fears,
And all the darkness of the lonely years.

O love, my love, whate'er my fate may be
Close to thy side, or in the distance,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and fillest thou my heart.

THE STORY OF A ROSE.

"Come in here, you little rascal!" cried Dr. Packard fiercely, seizing by the collar a boy who was peering through the picket fence at the doctor's brilliant garden. The boy was dropping trembling upon the office steps, while the big, burly doctor went about among his flowers, cutting a huge bouquet. These he gave the culprit, exclaiming, with equal sternness: "There, take that home and put it into water! Quick! Start your heels!" Then he stood upon the steps, chucking to himself to see the bare legs of the frightened urchin fly up the street.

This garden was Dr. Packard's latest plaything and pride. "No fun in cultivating good ground; nothing to doctor!" he had said when he blasted out the scraggy, worthless limestone ledge, cropping out in his office doorway, filled in rich soil, and made the ledge gay with vigorous, blooming flowers. Roses and lilies, pansies and fuchsias, feverfews and hollyhocks, geraniums and heliotropes, phloxes and sweet-williams, verbenas, and carnations, morning-glories climbing over the door of his office, and sweet peas and nasturtiums winding in and out the low fence—all responded to his care and blossomed with a perfection and an abundance rarely seen. Nature was in her most grateful mood.

Here it was his delight to startle and to reward the children who were drawn to the spot by their love of flowers. He would rise up unexpectedly from behind the hedge of vines and demand, in awful tones: "Does your mother like plants? Well, take her that, you scamp," giving the boy a pink or geranium or fuchsia, and adding, in still sharper, gruffer tones, "and see to it that you bring back the pot!" If the boy was not too frightened and did not run away, leaving the pot on the doorstep, his courage was rewarded with yet another plant.

One day in June the doctor was out, walking up and down his garden paths, pulling up a weed here, picking off a faded blossom there and looking with keen pleasure at many a lovely flower. Glancing up suddenly from his bed of perpetual roses, he saw a young girl looking wistfully over the fence.

"What flowers do you like best, my child?" he asked, with a curious change from his usual brusque tone.

"Oh, roses, sir," she answered. "They are the loveliest of all. I think we have a yellow rose that climbs up to the eaves of our house, and another white one that comes up to my window, and many pink ones out in the garden. But they live out all winter, and are not like those," she said, nodding towards the doctor's roses.

"Come in and see them," said the doctor; "and go around all you like."

The young girl thanked him and went quietly around, touching some of the flowers gently, daintily smelling the perfume of many and noticing each. But she stood longest by the rose bed. The delicate color came and went in her cheeks, and her pretty blue eyes shone with excitement and delight.

Dr. Packard watched her silently while he went from bed to bed, cutting many blossoms. "These he gave to her. Her eyes opened wide with surprise. She thanked him gravely but shyly, while her happy face spoke yet more eloquently. As she turned to pass out the gate, the doctor called to her:

"Wait a moment. Here, take this rose. I grew it from a seed. It won't blossom for me, perhaps it will for you. Give it a good chance. Let me see the flower when it comes. And here's a book," he continued, "that will tell you how to feed it."

Turning to go again, the girl saw a gray haired, bent man on the other side of the street, walking slowly.

"Oh, father!" she called, "see what beautiful flowers I have, and a new rose, too! The doctor gave them all to me."

Mr. Carter's grave face lighted up as he stepped across the street.

"Indeed they are beauties, my child. The doctor knew what would please you best. Let me carry the rose for you. It will get good care, sir," he added, turning to Dr. Packard.

"This is your girl, Joe?" asked the doctor.

"Yes; this is my Lucy, the last of the six," he answered, a tender, sad smile crossing his worn features.

"Better set her out in the garden. Quite too pale and thin, man. Throw away her books! Let her dig; let her make mud pies again! Keep her out of doors! Let her come in only to eat and sleep!" said Dr. Packard with a threatening scowl, quickly followed by a nod and a laugh toward Lucy.

"This will be a nice place for my rose," said Lucy to her father that evening. "I've made a little hollow right here in my own bed, so that the

wind can't blow the pot over; and then, too, I won't forget to water it when close beside my magnonette and heliotrope. Three sweet flowers all in a row! Won't it be lovely when the rose blossoms, for I am sure it will; and, mother, see I can see it the first thing in the morning right out of my own window."

Mrs. Carter sat on the porch knitting, but her eyes followed fondly the slight figure of her child as Lucy ran around from bed to bush, and the mother answered with gentle smiles the girl's enthusiastic outbursts of delight in her newest treasure. Mr. Carter drove a long stake into the ground beside the new rose and tied it securely, while Lucy eagerly watched every movement.

"Oh! I am sure of a blossom soon, dear father; and what color do you suppose it will be? Pink or red, I hope. Red with a dark, velvety heart! We all like that color best, don't we?" she asked, turning affectionately to each parent, while the pale face shone with innocent delight and anticipation.

Then she picked a large bunch of the hardy roses which the modest garden grew, and, sitting down beside her mother, began to arrange them.

"When I am a little larger and stronger—I am a good deal stronger than I was, am I not, dear mother?" she interposed, sitting up very erect for the moment. Not waiting for an answer, she went on breathlessly: "When I am older I am going to spend all my time growing flowers. You'll give me more beds, father, and then in the winter I'll have the tea and hybrid roses Dr. Packard's book tells about in the house. I can grow many of them from a few roots which I can buy for the first start, you know."

"Then I'll sell them and their blossoms. I have heard ever so many people say that they wished there was some place in the village where flowers could be bought, and Mrs. Browne, you know, sent to Boston for roses for the party. I could sell roses for such things, and make up lovely bouquets. Then I'll give all the money to you, father, and help you pay Mr. Browne the money you owe him. When I had earned enough, perhaps, I could have a little glass house here, and then I could grow more flowers, and we three would live together always in this little house and be so happy, and my roses would help you both. I am sure my rose will blossom, and with it I am going to begin helping you."

Lucy smiled to herself over the rose embowered castle in Spain, and burying her face in the cluster of roses said, with sigh of childish ecstasy: "They are like a glimpse of heaven!"

The few hundred dollars, which Lucy's father had as yet been unable to pay on their cottage, was a source of constant worry and trouble to both her father and mother. Industrious and saving, they had always been burdened too heavily to succeed. Narrow means had always been their lot, and illness and grief their frequent guests. From a little toddling child Lucy had shown a sweet thoughtfulness for them, and had been companion and comforter in a measure far beyond her years. She was full of childish delights and games, yet the visions of caring for her parents in the coming years were often before her and made her sad and grave.

The summer days passed by quickly, and Lucy's rose grew luxuriantly. The tall stalks were covered with abundant leafage, but there were no blossoms. But Lucy's faith and care did not waver, and when the frosty nights of late October came her father transplanted the rose into a larger pot and brought it into the house. Lucy daily watched and tended it, and the rose tree spread its green leaves and drank in the sunshine and the warmth all through the snowy weather, but gave no grateful response of bud or flower.

Its gentle caretaker did not thrive so. A slight cold taken in early winter could not be shaken off. The sorrowful father and mother watched her daily failing and slipping from their loving grasp. The delicate flush on the cheek deepened into a crimson, the white skin grew yet whiter, and the slender figure dropped like a faded flower. Dr. Packard visited the house daily and sadly shook his head.

"Lack of vitality, Joe. Nothing to build on. Too much soul, too little body. I—I cannot save her."

But with Lucy Dr. Packard was always jolly, and made her bedside merry with jests and bright with flowers. She confided to him her hopes, her faith in her rose and her visions and plans, which grew brighter as her own sweet life ebbed away. To please her, the doctor drew a rough plan of a little greenhouse and made out a list of plants and flowers for her to begin with.

The rose tree stood in Lucy's room, and she spent hours gazing at its fresh green boughs. With the doctor's help she cut off many slips and pleased herself trying to root in boxes of sand, calling them her rose's little children.

Slowly but surely the end came. It was a warm May morning. The chamber was filled with the song of birds and the perfume of the apple-blossoms floating in at the window. A light breeze fluttered the leaves of the rose tree. Suddenly Lucy rose up in bed, exclaiming: "Oh, father! Oh, mother! See the roses! Red blossoms on my own rose! My beautiful rose!" A slight gasp followed, and the sobbing

parents knew that the soul of their child had blossomed into immortal beauty.

After Lucy's death life in the cottage was outwardly the same. Wearily the father went to his work, more bent and grave in aspect. Silently the mother performed her household tasks, and together they spent the summer evenings in their garden. The flowers their child had loved were remembered one by one; but the barren rose received the tenderest care. It was as luxuriant as ever, but had ceased growing almost entirely, while the rose's children, the cuttings Lucy had planted, took vigorous root, and grew so rapidly that they bade fair to outstrip the mother-plant.

The autumn came at last and the roses were again sheltered in the house. No promise of buds was given, but the lonely father and mother could not part with their child's rose.

One evening in the early summer of the next year the father said with trembling lips: "Look! there are buds on our Lucy's rose!" Slowly the buds grew, and when at length the perfect rose unfolded what a glorious one it was! Deep, dark red, with leaves of richest velvet, and magnificent in size and fragrance. Bud after bud perfected, until the rose tree was covered in radiant beauty, as if all the love and care that had been bestowed on it had turned into a garland.

Mr. Carter joyously cut some of the largest flowers to carry to Dr. Packard. As he went with them a hard featured man stopped him.

"Oh, I say, Carter," said Mr. Browne, "you'll have to pay the rest of that mortgage soon. I think I've been pretty patient; it must be seven years or more that's its been running. Business is business, you know, and I want the money to use."

The sight of the bunch of roses was now like a stab to the father's heart. How to raise the money he knew not. Blinded and benumbed, he stumbled into Dr. Packard's door.

"Lucy's roses," he said brokenly, and sank into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

"These roses grow here?" demanded a hearty voice. "They are magnificent! Such color! Such form! Got any more like 'em?"

"Yes," absently answered Mr. Carter; "bush is covered with them."

"Good! I must see them," and before the amazed father knew it he was leading the way home with Dr. Packard, and the stranger following.

"This is truly wonderful," said the stranger, who was a friend of Dr. Packard and a city florist. "I want to buy it. How much will you take for it?"

"I cannot sell my child's rose," answered the father.

"If our child were here and could speak she would be eager to sell it," said the mother who stood silently by. "You know her dearest wish was that her rose should help us. We love the rose for the blessed memories it brings us, but those are always ours."

"You have several young plants of this same rose?" asked the florist.

"Yes, about twenty," replied Mr. Carter.

"Well, I'll give you \$1,500 for those, and you send me all the cuttings that you can make grow, and you may keep this bush. But, understand, you are not to give away or sell a single cutting. My right is exclusive."

So it was settled. Mr. and Mrs. Carter still live in "Rose cottage," as it is called. Lucy's roses bloom everywhere in the neat door-yard. The dark-red flowers are freely given away, although not a cutting can be parted with; and never a sick room in the village but has its bouquet, carried there by Lucy's gentle mother.

Dr. Packard's garden still flourishes, and he still frightens the ever-increasing number of small boys with his old energy; while on the florist's counters are seen large, glowing heaps of the Lucy rose, the favorite of the world of fashion and wealth.

Boys Who Do Not Play.

An Englishman traveling in Germany writes: "German boys never play. They have no games, no sports. Life is to them a serious business. During a year's residence in a German town—where was a university, a gymnasium, a real school, people's schools and various private schools, and where, having two boys of my own in school, I had good opportunity to learn of boy's life—I never saw or heard, with the exception of one game of hide and seek, a single game. Once, in crossing a large court, I saw a company of boys choosing sides for a game of ball. I watched with interest a spectacle so unusual, wishing to see how a German boy would look when actually engaged in a game; but I was disappointed, as the company soon broke up in a fight. I was not in anger or hot blood, but easily and naturally, is the amusement of the German boy. Not that he is more pugnacious than other boys; but the military discipline that curbs him in school and the sight of soldiers whenever he steps into the street keep constantly before him the idea and almost the necessity of fighting. This lack of healthy sport seriously affects the boy, depriving him of much enjoyment and making him old before he is mature."

WEALTHY BOOTBLACKS.

One Who Owns a Seat in the New York Stock Exchange.

The idea of a bootblack owning a seat on the New York Stock Exchange may seem at first absurd, yet there is a member of that leading exchange whose fortune has been made on the "shining of gent's boots," and who is to-day the proprietor of two shops. One of these is down town, near the Produce Exchange building, while the other is in the basement of a building near Madison square. The proprietor, who has made so much money on shoe-blacking, is known as "Tony," being of Italian parentage, and was recently married in fine style in a Catholic church on Mott street. He can probably draw his check for a bigger sum than half the men who drop in to have their shoes blacked. The fact that he has recently bought a seat in the Produce Exchange speaks well for his habits of economy and his thrift.

The shining of boots is, in fact, quite a profitable sort of employment here. In most of the big office buildings down town there are comfortable chairs, presided over usually by two Italians. The stands at which there are two men in attendance have an advantage over the others, from the fact that men will go where they will lose the least amount of time. Nine brokers in ten will go to the stand where there are two men, in order to save a few seconds of valuable time. Down town the street corners are dotted with these chairs, but the "artists" who get rich at this sort of thing are those who open up places inside. I asked one of these to-day what his daily receipts were. He was evasive, but replied that it was a cold day that the fees and the tips together didn't strike the \$3 mark. Some curious individual fond of statistics has recently made a table showing that \$5,000 a day is spent here for shoe-blacking and the application of it. He goes on to show the receipts of three stands in the Equitable building to be equal to the receipts of a first-class bar-room. He takes into consideration the number of places where ten cents is the charge, then estimates that one-fifth of the male population get a shine a day, while about half the floating or hotel population patronizes the bootblacks. When we consider that \$5,000 a day is expended for shines, and that the member of the Produce Exchange, as stated, owns the best two shops in town, it will not be wondered at that he is a property owner and one of the best dressed men to be met Sunday afternoons on Broadway.

The opening of the day of a great battle is generally very prosaic. After an uncomfortable night passed in a wet or cold bivouac, where the men, wrapped in their overcoats, have been gathered shivering about the campfire, trying in vain to get warm; after the simplest of breakfasts, of which the draught of pure cold water was the only palatable constituent, the soldier goes forth to battle. Then he may never even see the enemy; indeed, unusually long halts, uncomfortable standing still under shrapnel fire, or apparently useless camping in mud and under small arm fire await him. The feeling of being exposed to the invisible missiles of the enemy, mingled with the uncertainty as to what is going on to the right and left, often produce in the best of troops great depression and a consequent falling off in offensive strength, even when the battle in general is making splendid progress. In such moments tactics are exhausted and it is only a question of grit and sense of duty.

A Successful Young Writer's Advice.

I often hear aspiring young writers say: "If I could only get a start, I feel positive I would make a success as an author." A "start" in literature is best made by the individual efforts of the writer. It is a mistaken idea that influence necessary to a foothold in the literary world. If a young writer has a manuscript finished, let her send it, with a brief, simple note to the editor of the magazine to which she believes it best suited, but just here is where hundreds of writers fail. They cannot adapt that more failures in authorship are due to this inability on the part of authors than to any other, except worthless and careless writing. I have known women—and men, too for that matter—who repeatedly sent poems to the *Forum* and stories and serial novels to the *North American Review*, then express the utmost surprise at their declination. I believe that every manuscript which has merit in it finds its market somewhere and at some time; that it does not always find it at the outset is as often due to the lack of judgment in the author as to the manuscript itself. Each magazine has its distinct policy and constituency, and the character of these is reflected in the text. It is the duty of an ambitious author to study these before she begins to send her manuscripts around. Her chances will be increased by doing so and her reputation among editors better than those who throw their productions around indiscriminately.

The Phonograph.

A machine has been patented in Great Britain and will shortly be made known to the public that promises to make ducks and drakes of type-writers, phonographs, graphophones and all previous inventions. The inventor of this mechanical prodigy has just brought it over from America and its existence for the present is practically a secret.

The new invention, which is named the "phonograph," is about the size of a large cigar box and weighs five and one-half pounds. There are two immense advantages possessed by the "phonograph." First, it will reproduce sound with perfect accuracy upon a flat surface, and, second, it can be produced and sold for \$5. The Edison phonograph has this disadvantage as a means of conducting correspondence. In Edison's invention the impression of the words spoken into it, is made upon a cylinder, which is inconvenient to send through the post. In the "phonograph" the impression is made upon a flat sheet of paper, which can be doubled up and sent through the post like an ordinary letter in an ordinary envelope—the paper, of course,

having to be specially prepared for the purpose.

The very highest hopes are entertained as to the universal success of the "phonograph," full descriptions of which will, no doubt, shortly appear in the technical journals. Its prospects may, in fact, be gauged when it is remembered that in the United States no less than \$30,000,000 are invested in the present phonograph and graphophone. One hundred thousand of these machines are already in use and they are rented out for an annual payment of \$40 each.

WHAT A REAL BATTLE IS.

A little opportunity for display of heroic or poetic glory.

A battle does not consist, as many imagine, in a grand advance of victorious lines of attack, sweeping everything before them or the helter-skelter flight of the unfortunate defeated. The historian must so present it in his descriptions, the artist in his paintings. Even the writer of an official account must limit himself to the presentation of such moments as demand special treatment, or to such episodes as important and instructive tactical movements.

All those events which are less striking, which pass more quietly, but which, nevertheless, contribute to the final result, cannot be reproduced without too much expansion. Those incidents, which no account of the battle, official or unofficial, takes any note of—the thousand and one events observed only by the participants, the innumerable cases in which the direction and control of affairs glide out of the hands of the officers—these are the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean of battle and determine victory or defeat.

The opening of the day of a great battle is generally very prosaic. After an uncomfortable night passed in a wet or cold bivouac, where the men, wrapped in their overcoats, have been gathered shivering about the campfire, trying in vain to get warm; after the simplest of breakfasts, of which the draught of pure cold water was the only palatable constituent, the soldier goes forth to battle. Then he may never even see the enemy; indeed, unusually long halts, uncomfortable standing still under shrapnel fire, or apparently useless camping in mud and under small arm fire await him. The feeling of being exposed to the invisible missiles of the enemy, mingled with the uncertainty as to what is going on to the right and left, often produce in the best of troops great depression and a consequent falling off in offensive strength, even when the battle in general is making splendid progress. In such moments tactics are exhausted and it is only a question of grit and sense of duty.

Sheridan tells us: "Indeed the battle of Chickamauga was something like that of Stone River, victory resting with the side that had the grit to defer the longest its relinquishment from the field." Still more pressing is the appeal to the morale of the troops when an unfortunate termination of the battle force an army which has done its duty to retire. Exhausted to its last grasp, its resistance, pushed to the highest pitch, gives way and with frightful reaction the resistless mass plunges to the rear. This is to-day no longer an organized retreat from position to position, as our predecessors taught and practiced, but an uncontrollable current, like the mountain torrent, which flows with havoc and disaster, overflowing its banks. Woe to the land that can oppose no other dams to this stream than strategy tactics and the instruction of the troops. These will be washed away like sand heaps by the rushing water.

The Indians Not Dying Out.

The novelists, reporters and others who write Indian speeches, beginning with the words "I am the last of my race, the red man is vanishing before the white man as the leaves, etc.," had better look upon the facts. It now seems that any statement to the effect that the number of our Indian population is slowly decreasing is not in accord with the truth. The Indian is not dying off and vanishing from the earth any more than the Caucasian is. They have, for the most part, adopted semi-civilized habits and quiet lives. They are increasing rather than decreasing. In the quiet, orderly communities of the Indian Territory, in the reservations of Dakota and in the pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, the Indian is encamped peacefully, and his children are being educated. He is fairly prosperous, provided the Indian agents and the contractor do not try to starve him, and he is raising his family and increasing in the land.

A Coffin Peddler.

A new occupation is followed by a man named Boxem Brown, who travels around New Mexico, peddling coffins. In a wagon drawn by mules he carries about twenty cheap coffins of assorted sizes. He goes through the country after the fashion of other peddlers, calling at each house, and asking in a matter of fact way if anything in his line is wanted. It is not often that he sells a coffin for immediate use, but when a family contains an elderly person, or an invalid, or a large number of children, he generally suggests the providing against all contingencies, and the persons addressed are usually quick to see the point.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Modest men, in trying to be impudent, always get saucy. Nothing will so soon make a person hot as cool treatment.

The freshest and sweetest fish come from the saltiest sea.

In the race of life it isn't the fastest man who comes out ahead. Life on earth is short, but it determines our future.

He is a very weak man whom money can lure away from himself.

Coquette often beat up the game, while the prudish tag it.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

It is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.

There is only one excuse for impudence, and that is ignorance.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

One of the best gifts of Providence is the veil that conceals futurity.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.

As the dawn precedes the sun, so acquaintance should precede love.

Conscious innocence blushes where brazen guilt never changes color.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one—especially from serving on a jury.

It takes a pretty strong man to display his grit when he has to bite the dust.

Don't qualify your acceptance of a contract unless you mean to make a new proposition.

The flights of the human mind are not from enjoyment to enjoyment, but from hope to hope.

More helpful than wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

Everybody must care for his neighbor's opinion, whether he care for his neighbor or not.

The great secret of happiness is to throw one's self into the circumstances that surround one.

The philosopher gets wisdom from even a fool. A fool can get no wisdom even from a philosopher.

A good many people know the value of a dollar who do not realize the value of a hundred cents.

When you hear a man say he has had a bad wife, just ask him what he has done to make her a good one.

The withering rose reveals the hidden thorn. When pleasure has ceased, folly remains to be discovered.

Nature once in a while makes a fool; but, as a general thing, fools, like garments, are made to order.

Don't lay any certain plans for the future; it is like planting toads, and expecting to raise toadstools.

If mistakes were as shabby suits in front as they were behind, people would take more pains to avoid them.

The joke that is too far-fetched is liable to become stale in transit. Therefore a joke should never be carried too far.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience, above all other liberties.

The fashion of this world passeth away, and it is not the outward scene but our learning in it that is too last forever.

Man's highest happiness will not be reached till he is doing all he can for man.

Every person has a legitimate right to search untrammelled for the religion that brings rest to his spirit or soul and to enjoy it undisturbed.

God's greatest gift to man is his thought power, and to weaken it or interfere with its regular advancement is an insulting offense to the bestower of the gift.

It is no part of religion to pray to God for material accumulations, as man can obtain them for and by himself.

Those who assume to correct all the so-called errors of their friends will soon have so small a circle of friends that the task will be easy.

We have no desire for a future that is not laden with great things and developments now unthought of by man.

Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and our independence.

Love is the greatest of human affections, and friendship the noblest and most refined improvement of love.

Metaphysics, in whatever latitude the term be taken, is a science or complement of sciences exclusively occupied with mind.

False applauses renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

The art of putting the right man in the right places is first in the science of government; but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

The true manner of judging of the worth of amusements is to try them by their effects on the nerves and spirits the day after. True amusement ought to be, as the word indicates, recreation—something that refreshes, turns us out anew, rests the mind and body by change, and gives cheerfulness and alacrity to our return to duty.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this—they that will not be counseled cannot be helped.

Home is sometimes thought flat and dull and too often made so, just from the want of recognizing what it stands for. The love, the fidelity, the forbearance, the self-sacrifices that are nourished by family life are among the richest possessions of humanity.