

SONG OF A HEART.
Dear heart—I love you all the day I wonder
If skies are rich with light and blue
Or bending back with sunset and
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you I
Dear heart—I love you when pale stars are
gleaming
(Sad stars to me, and few)
I wonder if God's lovelier lights are stream-
ing
Dear heart, dear heart, o'er you I
Dear heart—life had only one bright bloom-
ing
One rose to meet the dew—
I'd kiss it, climbing to your rostral bloom—
And wear its thorns for you!
—Atlanta Constitution.

OLD ROSES ROMANCE.

It was a barren country, and Wad-
ger was generally shriveled with
heat, but he always had roses in his
garden, on his window-sill or in his
button-hole. Growing flowers under
difficulties was his recreation.
That was why he was called Old Roses. It was not other-
wise inapt, for there was something
antique about him, though he wasn't
old; a flavor, an atmosphere, a certain
self-possession. He was inspector
of tanks in this God-forsaken coun-
try.

Apart from his duties he kept most-
ly to himself, though when not travel-
ing he always went down to O'Fallen's
Hotel once a day for a cup of tea—
kept especially for him; and as he
drank this slowly he talked to Vic, the
barmaid, or to any chance visitors
whom he knew. He never drank with
any one, nor asked any one to drink,
and, strange to say, no one resorted
to this. As Vic said, "he was different."
Dicky Merrit, the solicitor, who was
half-fellow with squatter, homestead
lessee, cocoanut-farmer and shearer,
called him "a lively old buffer."
It was he, indeed, who gave him the
name of Old Roses. Dicky sometimes
went over to Long Neck Billabong,
where Old Roses lived, for a reel, as
he put it, and he always carried away
a deep impression of the Inspector's
quietude. "If I had my own place,"
said Dicky, "I'd have a room like that
in O'Fallen's sitting-room one night
"in marble halls, or in a Jack. Run
neck and neck with almighty swells
once. Might live here for a thousand
years and I'd still be the nonchance
of the back blocks. I'd patent him—
Vic's carotid for his tomorrow if I could
—bully Old Roses!"

Victoria Dowling, the barmaid, lifted
her chin slightly from her hands, as
she leaned through the opening be-
tween the bar and the sitting-room,
and said: "Old Roses, he's a
gentleman, and a gentleman is a
gentleman till he—"

"Till he humps his bliny into the
Never Never Land, Vic? But what do
you know about gentlemen, anyway?
You were born in the Never Never
of the Jumping Sandhills, my dear!"
"Oh," was the quiet reply, "a wo-
man—the commonest woman—knows
a gentleman by instinct. It isn't what
he does, it's what they don't do; and
Old Roses doesn't do any of those things."
"Right you are, Victoria; right you
are again! You do the Jumping Sand-
hills credit. Old Roses has the root
of the matter in him—and there you
have it!"

Dicky had a profound admiration
for Vic. She had brains, was perfect-
ly fearless, and every one in the
Wadger country who visited O'Fallen's
had a wholesome respect for her
opinion.
About this time news came that the
Governor, Lord Malice, would pass
through Wadger on his tour up the
back blocks. A great function was
necessary. It was arranged. Then
came the question of the address of
welcome to be delivered at the ban-
quet. Dicky Merrit and the local
doctor were proposed as composers,
but they both declared they'd only
"make rot of it," and suggested Old
Roses.

They went to lay the thing before
him. They found him in his garden.
He greeted them smiling in his enig-
matic way, and listened. While
Dicky spoke, a flush slowly passed
over him, and then immediately left
him pale; but he stood perfectly still,
his hands leaning on a sandal tree,
and the coldness of his face warmed
up again slowly. His head having
been bent attentively as he listened,
he did not seem anything unusual.
After a moment of silence and in-
stantly delivered, he addressed them
that he would do as they wished.
Dicky hinted that he would require
some information about Lord Malice's
past career and his family's history,
but he assured them that he did not
need it, and his eyes killed somewhat
intently with Dicky's face.

When the two had gone Old Roses
sat in his room, a handful of letters,
a photograph, and a couple of decora-
tions spread out before him; his fin-
gers resting on them, and his look en-
gaged with a very far horizon.
The Governor came. He was met
outside the township by the citizens
and escorted in—a dusty and nume-
rous cavalcade. They passed the in-
spection house. The garden was
blooming, and on the roof a flag was
flying. Struck by the singular char-
acter of the place Lord Malice asked
how lived there, and proposed stop-
ping for a moment to make the ac-
quaintance of its owner, adding, with
some slight sarcasm, that if the offi-
cers of the Government were too busy
to pay their respects to their Govern-
or, their Governor must pay his respects
to them.

But Old Roses was not in the garden
in the house, and they left with-
out seeing him. He was sitting un-
der a willow at the Billabong, reading
over and over to himself the address
to be delivered before the Governor in
the evening. And as he read his face
had a wintry and inhospitable look.
The night came. Old Roses entered
the dining room quietly with the
crowd, far in the Governor's wake.
According to his request, he was given
a seat in a distant corner, where he
was quite inconspicuous. Most of the
men present were in evening dress.
He wore a plain tweed suit, but car-
ried a handsome rose in his button-
hole. It was impossible to put him in
a disadvantage. He looked distin-
guished as he sat, and he appeared to be
much interested in Lord Malice. The
early proceedings were cordial, for the
Governor and his suite made them-
selves most agreeable, and talk flowed
liberally.

At a time there was a rattle of
knives and forks, and the Chairman
arose. Then, after a chorus of "hear,
hears," there was general silence. The
doctors of the rooms were filled by
the women servants of the hotel. Chis-
eling among them was Vic, who kept her
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The voice was distinct and clear, with
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that it resembled another. She soon
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Here she could see behind the paper
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The latter was looking at the lower
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that his eyes were painfully grave and
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The address was strange. It had
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The Governor, Lord Malice, was
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But I shall spare you yet awhile. If
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The Governor lifted his head wearily
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"Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice,
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Then, with acute incisiveness, he
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voice assuredly had at this point a fine
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Then he dropped the paper from be-
fore his face, and his eyes met those
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Malice let go a long, choking breath,
which sounded very much like a
measurable relief. During the rest of
the speech—delivered in a fine tem-
pered voice—he sat as in a dream, yet
his eyes intently upon the other, who
he seemed to recite rather than read.
The Governor, Lord Malice, was
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The last words of the Governor's
reply were delivered in a very con-
trolled and restrained manner, and
his eyes were fixed on the speaker's
face. "And, as I am indebted to
you, gentlemen, for the feelings of
loyalty to the throne which prompted
this reception and the address just
delivered, so am I indebted to Mr.—"
"Tom, Tom," Lord Malice said, "we
thought you were dead—"
"That is, Edward, having left me to
my fate in Burmah—you were only
half a mile away with a column of
soldiers and hillmen—you waited
until my death was reported, and
then came, and then came to England;
for two things, to take the title just
made vacant by our father's death,
and to marry my intended wife, who,
God knows, appeared to have little
to do with the matter. You got
both. I was long a prisoner. When
I got free, I knew; I waited. I was
waiting till you had a child. Twelve
years have gone; you have no child.
But I shall spare you yet awhile. If
you will still win the thing out of
me, I shall return."

The Governor lifted his head wearily
from the table where he now sat.
"Tom," he said, in a low, heavy voice,
"I was always something of a scound-
rel, but I've repented of that during
every day of my life since. I have
been knives—knives all the way. I
am glad—I can't tell you how glad—I
that you are alive."
He stretched out his hand with a
motion of great relief. "I was afraid
you were going to speak to-night to
tell all, even though I was your
brother. You spare me for the sake—"
"For the sake of our name," the
other interjected, stonily.
"For the sake of our name. But I
would have taken my punishment, be-
cause you are alive."
"Taken it like a man, your Excellency,
was the low rejoinder.
Among them was Vic, who kept her
eyes mostly on Old Roses. She knew
that he was to read the address and
peak, and she was more interested in
him and his moods than in Lord

Malice and suite. Her admiration of
him was great. He had always treated
her as a lady, and it had done her
good. He had looked earnestly and
kindly into her brown eyes, and she
felt that she was not an unlikely
thing. "And I call upon Mr. Adam Sher-
wood to speak to the health of his Ex-
cellency, Lord Malice."
In his modest corner, Old Roses
stretched to his feet. The Governor
glanced twice at him. He only saw
a figure in gray, with a rose in his
button-hole. The Chairman whispered that
it was the owner of the house and gar-
den which had interested his Excellency
that afternoon. His Excellency
glanced twice at him, but saw only
rim of iron gray hair above the paper
held before Old Roses' face.
Then a voice came from behind the
paper: "Your Excellency, Mr. Chair-
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The speaker was the Governor
started, and his eyes flashed scorching-
ly, curiously at the paper that walled
the face and at the iron gray hair.
The voice was distinct and clear, with
calculated emphasis, and had a pecu-
liarly penetrating quality. A few in-
stantly struck by something in the voice—
that it resembled another. She soon
found the trail. Her eyes also fastened
upon the speaker, who also moved and
went to another door.
Here she could see behind the paper
at an angle. Her eyes ran from the
screened face to that of the Governor.
The latter was looking at the lower
part of his face in his hand, and he
was listening intently. Vic noticed
that his eyes were painfully grave and
concerned. She also noticed other
things.

The address was strange. It had
been submitted to the committee and
though it struck them as out-of-the-
wayish, it had been approved. It
sounded different when read as Old
Roses was reading it. The words
were plain and simple, as they were
chiselled out by the speaker's voice.
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