Poetry and Miscellany.

A BRIER ROSE

Is this the boon desired so much In this the boon desired so much. The theory rose we cannot touch, But we are wounded for our pains, Yet clasp it while the thorn remains? For Love did once in Eden dwell, Ere yet among the thorns it fell, That now is but a brier rose Amid the wilderness that grows.

Amount of the state of the second state of the For Love is but a brier rose, A thing of joy, beset with woes. But ah! how rich and and red and rare Her roses are. Who would not day The wounding of her thorns to bear This fairest earthly rose to wear For there is nothing sweeter here Tho' full of thorus and costing dear And it will bloom one day, be sure

A brier rose no more, no me Marie L. Eve, in Augusta Chronicle

HER BRAGELETS.

BY WILLIAM P. BROWN.



MRS. Horshaw was un usually fond of her dia-month of the second second management of the second second management of the second second management of the second se

society's opinion, except as the husband of Mrs. Horshaw. Scarcely a year since the new lead in the "Little Ju'e" silver mine had de-veloped its Ahaldin-like qualities. Scarcely a year since the modest cabin in Red Wood Gulch had been ex-changed for the brown-stone sar-coplagues on Prairie avenue, whence Mrs. Horshaw, after a few brief pre-liminary futters, had burst upon so-ciety like a golden butterfly, a little crude and glaring perhaps, yet genuine, very genuine. "Little Jule" was dis-gorging a cool five thousand in silver builion per week. The mine had been named after Mrs. Horshaw by her hus-bard.

band. Late in the morning after the pro-phet's ball, Mrs. Horshaw was surveying the contents of her jewel-case in the privacy of her bouldor. There was a ring at the front door, and a housemaid armounced: "A man from Jaccard's,

Mum." "Jaccard's" was the well-known jewelry house. "What can he want?" she said, wonderingly. "However----send him up."

she said, winderingly. "However-send him up." Trescutly a gentlemanly young man entered, his hat in one hand and a small portunanteau in the other. "Pardon," he said, "but Mr. Hor-shaw left word that you might want to make a selection, and as we had or ly a few of this slyle left, we-at his sug-gestion-concluded to submit them to you for inspection at once." The had opened his satchel and taken out soveral sets of pearl jewery of a rather unique design. Mrs. Horshaw eemed astonished. "But I do not care for pear's," she said. "I cannot see why my husband should have left such directions. At Jaccard's they certainly know my pre-ference for diamonds." "Perhaps there is some mistake," said he, with a Chesterfieldian how, "It is no matter. And yet—these pearls are really quite the—aźgo, I as-suro you."

pearls are really quite and sure you." "Oh! they will do-for pearls, I sup-

"On they will do-dor pearls, I sup-pose." Mrs. Horshaw fingered them care-lessly, then looked foully at her really fine diamonds. The man adjusted an eye-glass and examined them critically. "I can easily see," he said, gallantly, "they Madam does not care for pearls. These are indeed perfection. But, if I mistake not these bracelets now-to be sure! That treminds me. Your husband desired us to match them with some ear-ring, But it was very good of Mr. Hor-shaw to think of that himself." Mrs. Horshaw looked at the man du-biously, whereupon, with another bow, he presented one of Messrs. Jaccard's business cards. pose. Mrs.

lege he seldom acquired in h's present position, as an appendage of a woman of fashion. "Women are too easily imposed upon," he said. "Yow, what man, Td like to know, would have entrusted such a bracelet to a rank stranger, unintro duced at that?" Mrs. Horshaw faintly reminded him of the pearls. "Park, your man." Mr. Horshaw colly lit a cigar in his wide's boudoir, a

or the pearls. "Paste, you mean." Mr. Horshaw coolly lit a cigar in his wife's boudoir, a thing he had never had the temerity to do before. "Very inferior imitations, too. What do you suppose would be-come of you without a husband to keep you straight?" Is a man you straight?" Is a man ever more odious, she thought to herself, than when so shabby a small triumph initiates him? She sought consolation by shrouding herself in a cloak of icy indifference. Yet the loss of the bracelet pricked her sorely.

On the following morning Mr. Hor-shaw was in the library writing letters, when a servant handed him this card: "J. GRUMLEY, "POLICE HEADQUARTERS."

"POLICE HEADQUARTERS." "The great Detective Grunley! Wants to see me, does het Well, show him up. Ha, Mrs. Horshaw!" he so-lidouized, "y.u 've lost your bracelet-we'll see who gets it back." Then a tall, sgrim-looking man, rather stylishly drossed in plain black, with an air something between a clergyman and a hotel clerk, entered the room. He looked at the wall, at the bocks, at the window, and finally at Mr. Horshaw. "Mr. Horshaw, I believe," he said, briskly. "My card informs you who I am. Your wife has lost a diamond bracelet. I am detailed to work up the case."

bracelet. I am detailed by work up the case."
 Mr. Horshaw offered him a chair. Mr. Grum 'ey seated himself, casting a keen glance under the library table, as if, perchance, the third might have got entangled between the legs somehow.
 'I suppose I can see the lady,' ontinued he. 'Must have full description of property and details of loss, you know."
 ''Mrs. Horshaw is ont. She says the man has a slight cast in one of his cast.

"Cast in one eye, Good!" Mr. Grumley checked that point off on one finger.

contrary?" "Julia," said Mr. Horshaw when they were back in their carriage, "as a wo-man of fashion you may be a success; as a man of business I am so so; but at present I feel as green in the ways of the world as a sucking babe. Let's pool our issues - compromise, and - snub each other no more." For an answer Julia kissed her hus-band, for the first time in six months. Then both were silent for a while. "They were such lovely diamonds," she could not help aying at last." "You shall have a finer pair," he said. "Little Jule has tonehed 280. Thieves can't carry the mine off, my dear." Mrs. Horshaw contemplated her un-brace'sted wrists for a moment and then to warded her husband with another t kiss.-[The Epoch. "And -- a -I think she said his mus

The Rubber Supply

(Bage

It will facilitate mottles

"And.-a-I think she said his mus-tache was waxed ——" "Mustache waxed —_ good!" Mr. Grunley checked off finger number two. "Let me see. I think he drawled his words-had also a slight lisp, and then his nose-his nose, now ——" Mr. Grunley exhausted his two remaining fingers with a check apiece, and then slapped his thigh. "I think I know the fellow, sir-well know crook, too. Now —for the property. Must know what the bracelet looked like, you see." "Ah—yes—to be sure." Mr. Horshaw cogitated and Detective Grunley. producing a formidable note-book, jotted down a few points ..."Now--you'd hardly think it, yet— though I've seen those bracelets a hun-dred times—I can hardly describe them, except that they are all spangle and glitter. I my wife were only here now." "I have it, sir," said the detective,

TRAIN ROBBER GERONIMO. A Fearless Bandit Who Has Made

Fortune by His Lawless Acts.

To may regard yourself as abling the permittive days of Ref.
 "To may regard yourself as abling the permittive days of Ref.
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 "To may regard yourself as abling the permittive days of Ref.
 "To may regard yourself as abling the permittive days of Ref.
 "To may regard the lady walky you regard the may days of Ref.
 "To may regard the couple as he laid somy regard the permittive days of Ref.
 "To may regard the may days of Ref.

so. "Geronimo is a dead shot, and officers "Geronimo is a dead shot, and officers or any body else are not in a hurry to try their skill against him. Some stiff rewards have been offered by the rail-read and express companies for him, and private parties have also offered bonuses for him.

Private parties have also onered control for him. "The Governors of Arizona and Sonora have offered something like \$3,000 each. There is money in his scalp if it can be got, but to get it is the trouble.—{San Francisco Examiner.

The Rubber Supply. The Rubber Supply. It is satisfactory to know that in every direction from which India rubber is brought, great care is being taken of the trees, and a check put upon the quanti-ty of sap drawn from them. Where fresh sources of supply have been dis-covered in recent years, the fabled folly the gam sho offen been practically illus-trated, for the trees have, in many in-stances, been bled to death. As it takes to the authorities has been directed to the authorities has been directed to the abuse of the trees, and active trought, years to bring them to profitable growth, this is a seri-tion of the authorities has been directed to the abuse of the trees, and active trees is the best of reasons for these precautions. It may happen that the stinute for both India rubber and gutta precha from plants familiar to all of us, but at present this is a learn of extract excellent rubber from these to the abuse of fact, quite possible to get stilly matter of fact, quite possible to get gut the store stops are weeds, such as the common milk-weed and the "sow thistle, "and to the advorter. The function these to be displaced. The function is the asmen as a swivel the due the is tho gate this the due the is mode as though the base of the sourd and the sourd fact way that he dasen-parion was an of far avay that he dasen-tion of the sourd the "sow thistle, "and to the advice the such as the common milk-weed and the "sow thistle, "and to the due to make it considerably more ex-ty without so much difficulty and the dig the his master has commanded him to. Hwas then is moster has commanded him to. A punt gun, which is mounted upon the bow <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

BOBBY'S COMPLAINT. THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Just for Trying-His Profes

ROBRY'S COMPLAINT. Bolby grew impatient at the table. He had been cautioned by his mother to eat sparingly, and to say "thank you" when anything was passed to him. The older ones demanded so much attention that Bolby got very little. "Ma," he whispered after a time, "how ean I eat sparingly and say thank you if I don't get anything ?"-[Binghamton Repub-lican. Juvenile Joy. JUST FOR TRYING.

WHAT SHE LIKED. "What do you like best?" said Mr. biffy Dent to his girl, as they stood to-

A DANFENER, A DANFENER, Mr. Bertie—Do you like the engage-ment ring, dearest? Miss Gertie—Yes, it is just splendid, and so different from what the others have given me.—[Epoch.

A MISAPPREHENSION,

A MISANPPRENENSION. Mrs. Michigan.—How kind your hus-bend must be to give you such a love of a bennet. Mrs. Prairie.—My dear, he paid the bill under the impression that it was a flower-garden.—[Chicago Journal.

SUBJECTS EXHAUSTED.

SUBJECTS EXHAUSTED. Little Alice—Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs. B'ank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma. Ain't her call most over ? Little Dick—I guesso. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, an' there is only the nurse an' the janitor left.—[New York Weekly.

HE SILENCED THE BARBER.

AN APT CHARACTERIZATION.

glanced around, ittle smack." She got it. -- [Boston Courier.

SLOW PROGRESS OF THE GAME. A young man well known in society circles, who has a billiard room in the house, was one evening teaching a young lady, in whom he was somewhat in-terested, to play. The small boy of the fam ly went up to view the game, but was evidently not greatly pleased with us progress and soon came down. Some one of the family asked him how the game was going on, and he said: "The game of the family asked him how the game on going on at all. Uncle — is not playing at all; he is just standing there helding Miss — 's hand. That's all he's doing, and I don't think there's any fan in that sort of a game. —In-dianapolis Journal.

Week.

P.

Chita

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SLOW PROGRESS OF THE GAME,

FALLING TWO MILES.

A YOUNG AERONAUT'S THRIL-LING EXPERIENCE,

Rapid Ascent and Still Mo: Rapid Descent—He Caused th Balloon to Collapse.

The performance of Professor Mai-vervidence, is considered one of the most remarkable in the whole history of halloon ascensions. He started from Providence on his serial trip in his new halloon. "What Cheek," which has a capacity of 24,000 cubic feet, at 430 in the afternoon. The crowd about the amphorage at Crawford street bridge gave rounds of cheers as the great golden balloon, with its gayly deco-rated car, rose quickly up through the damp air. Higher and higher it went, until it became a mere speck in the sky, and drifted off to the eastward. Then the afternoop, the nucle characteristic shot through the crowd of spectators. The round shape had gone. The little browney had been let out into the clouds, and in its stead was a bag, flap-ing and swinging wildly in the air. Almost at the same instant it began shoting downward, and in a twinkling it had descended through hundreds of eserves dizzy to look." The tring has bursted, 'was the cry that quickly circulated through this crowd. On the came, still falling, falling, tak-ing and swaying fierely from side to inde a place in the enclosure at the bridge, fell in a dead faint as sho heard the terribile cry, and pcope turned away from the sight with blanched faces. When they looked again the balloon had shot before their line of vision. Very quickly there was a general movement of the erowal. East Providence, where it was presumed that the occu-panagled corpse. The movement graw into a rush, and the rush into a siam-pele, such was the intense anxiety on the part of the throng to know the model or a soft-through on under the soft. W. Mellvane was in the front at the drow distributed strends in the fill of the ground. ""Thulle the cyplesion cord myself," sind the drow distributed strends this high due to graw distributed strends in the more is expanded, high faits the young mail to the ground. ""Thulle the cyplesion cord myself," sind he. "The balloon dist not burst, the could and public to cha distrey on the more is the labout of misstare in the more is the

I can not sing the old songs, As I have been requested; When last I tried to warble them

I got myself arrested.

JUVENILE JOX.

The urchin now released from school sits on the wharf all day. And with a bended pin and worm brings out

the finuy prey. He catches "flippies" by the score, enjoys the

summer air, And catches something from his pa whe

home he doth repair. Alas! how often in the life of every little boy. Duty Dent to his girl, as they stood to gether at the soda counter. "Oh, I like ginger alel" she an-swered; "and champane. Any thing that—that—that—" She didn't finish, but she blushed; and Diffy popped that night.

The bitter lesson he must learn that sorroy waits on joy! -Boston Courier.

AN ARTISTIC FAILURE. I,



Pingree (previous to having his phe tograph taken)—There's nothing lik plenty of pomade to give a brilliant shiny and strong effect to a cabinet pic ture.



But the ointment had sugar in it, and the completed photograph showed that the studio flies had found it out.— "Ah, yes; a sort of gas fixture."--Hazar. BEE GOT IT. They were sitting on the piazza that faced the sea watching the white sailed yechts as they crossed the moon's tracks, when he suddenly said: "I think it must be delightful sailing on such a lovely night." "Oth lovely, I should think." "I wish I owned a yacht for your sake. I would take you sailing every night." "What kind of a yacht would you profer -a steam yacht or a sailing one?" "I think," she murmured, as she ithe smack." She got it.--[Boston Courier.

[Judge. PROSPECTING To settle the question, "Is marriage a

Which of late is so bandied about,

lots of young folks going

For the purpose of finding it out.

Main to suit. Madame—Do up my hair, Felice, while I am down to breakfast, Felice - Ves, madame; which color? Madamo—The black, please—I am going to a funeral.—[Binghampton Re-publican.

AT THE RESTAURANT.

Guest (to restaurant table girl)---What Guest (to restaurant table girl)---What have you got for dinner? 'Table Girl---Reastbeeffricasseedchick-enstewedlambhashbakedandfried potato-esIndianpuddingmikteaandcoffec. Guest--Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth and nincteenth syllables.---[Lawrence American.

HIS PROFESSION. I make my living from my voice, The tramplet did remark,

As he requested bread and meat Just after dark.

"Well, sing a song," the cook replied, "And you shall have yout fill. "Give us a symphony in Q Or e'en a trill."

" Not so," quoth he. "My voice is not The kind you like, I fear. " It's useful on election days To howl and cheer."

-Bazar. A FOOL'S ADVICE.

A gentleman was once lamenting to a friend the conduct of his son. "You should speak to him with firm-ness, and remind him of his duties," said the other.

said the other. "In or ms duties," "He pays no attention to what I say. He listens only to the advice of fools." Then, with a sudden thought, "I wish you would speak to him !"--[San Fran-cisco Wasp.

NOT TOO MAD.

Angry Subscriber (to editor) — I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped. "Yes, sir; do you want to pay what "ONTO" HIM. End Boy Winks-Say, Mister, if you lon't call your dog off I'll drop on 'im ! -[Puck. "No; I ain't mad enough for that." ---[Phœnix Herald. THOUGHTFUL GIBL.

 FISHING QUEETLY.
 A THOUGHTYCE GULL.

 Owner of fish-pond (to man who is catching fish)--Don't you see that sign --N'O fishing Allowed ?'
 Husband --Your sister Jennie has run away and got married-eloped.

 Wife (faintly)--What was she married in /' Angler-Well, I wasn't making any noise, was I?
 Wife (faintly)--What was she married in /' Husband-Silk.

 STANDING OFFER.
 Wife (relieved)--Then she didn't disgrace the family after all. Whom did she marry !--[Bazar.

 Dolly-I had a standing offer from a WHY THE WAGON GROANED. gentleman to day. Molly--You don't say! Who was it, Clara-What a terrible noise that wagon makes! George - Yes, its dreadful, isn't it? "What makes it groan so, George?" "Why, it is filled with green apples." ---[Yonkers Statesman. to dear? Dolly-I don't know. He offered to ary stand up and give me his seat in the be skipping?"
WHAT HE NEEDED.
WHAT HE NEEDED.
WHAT HE NEEDED.
WHAT HE NEEDED.
Mr. Woodware.—That young follow you have in your office is the most con-ceited puppy I ever run across.
"State's prison...
"Pinched. eh? What was he on, "He ise harpooned a fink" (swindled a greeniorn).
"Did he try to skip?"
"Yhe ise harpooned a fink" (swindled a greeniorn).
"Did he try to skip?"
"Thoughtees Parishione. — Indedy. Composite of dough. A GILT EDGED RECOMMEND. A GILT EDGED RECOMPEND. Employer—Are you watchful and pru-dent in looking after business interests? Applicant for Position—I've carried the same umbrella over two years with-out losing it or having it stolen. Employer—Tnen you may have entire control of my extensive business and name your own salary.—[Omaha World,

The Union Pacific Road offers \$2,000 cash to any passenger on any train who will shoot a train robber, and several parties are making frequent trips in hope of getting the reward.

An imperial delice of the link of the section a filler at Feng hsien Hsien, near Shanghai. An officer and party of sol-diers belonging to the Salt Administra-tion service attempted feloniously to carry of by by force a quantity of salt lying outside the house of a salt maker. The inhabitants of the place rose apon them in a furry and humit them to death The initialitaties of the pince rose apon them in a fory and burnt them to death, fourteen lives in all being lost. The Emperer has no pity for the dead, who brought their fate upon their own heads. Nevertheless, the lawless ferosity shown by the salt makers must not be allowed to escape punishment. The authorities are therefore ordered to arrest fortwith the principal offenders. Various penal-ties are inflicted on the local authorities, civil and military, one of the latter be-ing cashiered.—[Peking (China) Ga-zette.

Marauding Soldiers Burnt to Death. An imperial decree briefly notices a

A HINT FOR THE NEXT TUNNEL

Mrs. Hunnemune (as the train emerges from a long tunnel)—Dear me, Join, did you kiss me just now in the dark ? Mr. Hunnemune (glaneing around to find the perpetrator of the chestnutty outrage)—No, indeed ! I wonder who dared to ! dared to

Mrs. Hunnemune (simply)—Nobody. But you missed a splendid chance, John, --[Puck.

Du. Surra, a Picebe (Nov.) dentist, recently het 55 that he could carry any man in that town on his shoulders and run fifty yards quicker than any runner in town could cover 109 gank. The wager was taken up. Horman Freaden-thal running singly, while the doctor carried & Freedominal—whose weight is 109 pounds—on his back. The doctor came in three feet alhead.