

LEGEND OF THE RED ROSE

One day within a garden fair
Love found a maiden sleeping,
June sunbeams tangled in her hair,
The sentry lilies keeping
With rival purity and grace
Their loving watch above her,
While o'er the happy dreamer's face
The whispering zephyrs hover.

Love tipped an arrow with a kiss
And sent it, passion laden,
With cunning hands that could not miss
To wake the sleeping maiden.
It pierced her heart; she woke and smiled
With glances sweet and tender;
It made a woman of the child;
Love's morning dawned in splendour.

She felt the arrow in her breast;
She saw Love's empty quiver;
The slender shaft she deeper pressed
And smiled upon the giver.
Love beckoned her; she rose with pride
To fly with her beloved;
He pledged her she should be his bride;
No lover would be truer.

A voice awoke the dreamer's air,
A feeble father sought her;
She turned from Love in deep despair
To prove a faithful daughter.
"Oh, come," cried the father, "thy life shall be
Encrowned with joy and beauty!"
"Take up thy cross and follow me,"
Commanded stern-eyed Duty.

She wrenched the arrow from her breast;
Her heart clung to it broken;
She laid them at his feet and blessed
Her first and last token.
A glory shone within her eyes;
She clasped the hand of Duty;
Heaven saw the noble sacrifice
And filled her soul with beauty.

Love took his silver bow and made
A grave; then, softly weeping,
In it her heart and arrow laid,
And left them in the keeping
The lilies, bending o'er the mound,
Mourning for the heart they cherished,
And when the brown leaves strewn the ground,
Upon its grave they perished.

The wind grew hoarse and ceased to shriek
Among the barren bowers.
The sunbeams faded; Nature's cheek;
Her blushes bloomed in flowers.
One morn upon the moss grown mound,
The garden air perfuming,
With tiny arrowheads set round,
They found Love's red rose blooming.

—Boston Transcript.

SANGEROT'S FICKLE MEMORY

How It Brought Joy to a Stranger and Pain to a Friend.

Mme. Vermandois and her pretty daughter Clotilde had just seated themselves before their embroidery frames in the bright, cozy little morning room overlooking the garden when M. Sangerot entered the room like a rushing wind—not unusual for Sangerot, as he was always in a hurry, though, frankly speaking, he was a gentleman of elegant leisure and had absolutely nothing to occupy him except the agreeable task of collecting his dividends. But he had a mania of creating for himself a multitude of fictitious obligations, which never left him free for a moment. He breakfasted hurriedly, he dined hurriedly, and whenever his acquaintances accosted him on the street they were invariably greeted by the stereotyped phrase, "I'm sorry, my dear friend, but I can't stop; haven't the time."

This harmless eccentricity, however, would not have caused the slightest inconvenience to any one had not this needless restlessness produced in the otherwise excellent and well meaning Sangerot frequent lapses of memory, particularly in regard to names and addresses, which he seemed to forget almost as soon as they were given and which, in his perpetual hurry, he did not take time to note in his memorandum book.

"Ah, what happy chance brings you here today, my dear Hector?" said the amiable Mme. Vermandois, as she looked up from her embroidery and greeted her brother-in-law.

"It is not chance that brings me here, my dear Hortense," exclaimed Sangerot, "but an affair of the first importance—which I shall tell you in two parts."

"Sit down, at least," said Mme. Vermandois, pushing a chair toward him.

"Haven't the time, my dear; haven't the time," said Sangerot, taking his stand near the mantelpiece. "Here it is nearly 2 o'clock," he added, glancing hurriedly at his watch, "and by half past I should be at the auction rooms, where the furniture of a certain Comtesse de Verteulle is to be sold. I understand that she has a rare collection of curios and bric-a-brac and odd little knickknacks, picked up in her many travels, and I wouldn't miss the auction for the world—not for the world, my dear Clotilde."

"Are you going to buy anything, my dear Hector?" quizzically inquired Mme. Vermandois.

"Buy? Not the slightest idea of purchasing anything," hurriedly answered Sangerot, "but I must be there for a very important reason, which it would take me too long now to explain. Ah, my little Clotilde," continued the effervescent Sangerot, addressing his niece, "is not this the hour for your water color lesson?"

"Which means, my dear uncle," said Clotilde, rising from her chair, "that I am to drop, for the mysterious affair which you have to communicate to mamma." Then, looking at M. Sangerot with her extremely pretty eyes, full of roguish witchery, she asked if the important affair were a blond or brunette with a mustache or beard, and coquettishly intimated that she preferred mustaches only, and very dark ones. And with a light, musical laugh Mlle. Clotilde hurried from the room, quite convinced that her uncle was about to propose a candidate for her hand—and not in the least frightened at the prospect of matrimony.

"The cunning little fox!" exclaimed Sangerot to Mme. Vermandois, as soon as the door had closed after his pretty niece. "She has actually defined the object of my visit! Well, I'm glad to

know that the proposition is agreeable. This saves time and avoids the necessity of a long preamble. Yes, indeed, my good Hortense," hurriedly added Sangerot, "I've found the right man for Clotilde—a marvelous opportunity! How did I find him? Purely by the merest chance, which I shall explain to you another day, when I am more at leisure. He is a charming young fellow, dignified, grave, of excellent standing; a clever lawyer with a promising future, 28 years old, with 150,000 francs in his own right and as many more to come from a good old aunt, who is paralyzed and loves him as an own son. I spoke to him of Clotilde. He found the conditions satisfactory and desired an interview, which I am here to arrange. Write him to come here and see you. Find some pretext, for I haven't the time to invent one. I know that he will respond as soon as the invitation is given. If he pleases you, I can arrange the affair very simply and very quickly. As to myself, my dear Hortense, you know that I am always at your service—that is, as far as my occupations permit."

Mme. Vermandois listened with an amused smile to her brother-in-law's proposition and took advantage of a slight pause to inquire if he really meant that she was to invite the proposed suitor to her house without even the formality of a previous introduction.

"To be sure, to be sure," hastily replied Sangerot. "It will be time gained."

"But, my dear Hector, you do not stop to reflect," protested Mme. Vermandois, a little excitedly. "Would it not be more conventional to arrange for Clotilde and myself to meet the young man at some soiree or entertainment and follow the introduction by an invitation to call?"

"But have I the time, my good woman," hotly argued Hector Sangerot, bristling with indignation, "to go gallivanting about with you and Clotilde to soirees and balls, I who am rushed, crushed and overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs, which leave me absolutely not one minute for myself?"

And with an injured air Sangerot paused for a second and looked at his sister-in-law, and as she remained silent he hurriedly continued: "Take my advice, and don't let the opportunity slip. It is the chance of a lifetime. Catch the bird while you can. Write to him! Look about you for a pretext. The whole affair is so simple, and women are geniuses where excuses are concerned. I must go now, for it is ten minutes past 2, and I shall never reach the auction rooms, Rue Drouot, by half past."

"But another question, dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois, detaching her brother-in-law by the lapel of his coat. "What are the young man's name and address?"

"Ah, to be sure!" exclaimed Sangerot. "I certainly forgot that detail, but how can I be expected to remember everything, with so many important duties to think of? His name is—ah, just let me think a moment, Hortense. Yes, I'm sure his last name is Dupen, and his first is either Georges, Charles or Jules."

"It is very important, my dear Hector," said Mme. Vermandois laughingly, "to have the first name, for there are doubtless hundreds of Dupens in Paris, and there is certainly a wide difference between Charles, Jules and Georges."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Well, let me think. Ah, yes; I have it now. His name is Jules Dupen. I am quite positive of this, and his address is 123—yes, I am positive it is 123—or—oh, I can't for the life of me think of the name of the street." And he despairingly turned to his sister-in-law. "Help me, my dear Hortense, help me!"

But Mme. Vermandois pleaded her inability to do so.

"Ah, at last I have it!" joyfully exclaimed Sangerot. "It isn't a street at all; it's a boulevard, and there's a saint's name mixed up with it. Let me think. Is it St. Martin, St. Denis, St. Marcel or St. Michel? Ah, at last!" cried Sangerot triumphantly. "It is Boulevard St. Michel, 123, and the young man's name is Jules Dupen."

Mme. Vermandois gave a sigh of relief.

"Write to him at once," urged Sangerot, "and goodbye, or I shall never reach the auction in time for the sale." And, with a frantic wave of his hand, he rushed from the room.

As soon as her brother-in-law had disappeared Mme. Vermandois, who possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, threw herself into the armchair and burst into a hearty laugh, for the counsel given her was so delightfully unconventional. A widow of many years' standing, she had led a quiet life, going out but little. Naturally she desired to marry her daughter off, and Mlle. Clotilde herself was not averse to matrimony. But her opportunities to appear at fashionable functions had been few and far between; hence Mme. Vermandois debated long whether it would be wise to allow such a desirable offer as her brother-in-law presented to slip by, for, notwithstanding Sangerot's eccentricities, she had great confidence in his judgment, particularly in the selection of an eligible husband.

So the next day the anxious widow sent by the morning post the following missive, which she addressed to "M. Jules Dupen, 123 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris."

"Mme. Vermandois would be extremely grateful to M. Jules Dupen if he would kindly call on her at 142 Bonaparte street on important business any time from 3 to 6."

Having read and reread the note, she decided that as M. Dupen was a lawyer she would talk to him about her many lawsuits with her husband's relatives. This subject at least, she thought, would afford a happy opportunity of coming to the real business.

M. Jules Dupen, the noted painter

and laureate of the School of Fine Arts, residing at 123 Boulevard St. Michel, was greatly surprised, but highly delighted, to receive the pressing invitation to call upon Mme. Vermandois at 142 Bonaparte street. "Vermandois, Vermandois?" he repeated to himself as he threw the note on his writing table. "I really do not think that I ever met any one of that name. However, I shall certainly call, for Jules Dupen was never known to miss a rendezvous with a lady! She has evidently heard of my fame as a painter and no doubt desires to give me an order for a picture."

The next day, after having dressed himself most carefully for the occasion, M. Dupen called at the hour named by Mme. Vermandois. For the time being Mlle. Clotilde had been provisionally stowed away, but this did not prevent her mother from feeling terribly embarrassed as to the proper way of opening the interview. It must also be admitted that Dupen, though a man of the world and thoroughly accustomed to society, felt equally ill at ease.

Finally Mme. Vermandois began the conversation by asking a thousand pardons of M. Dupen for her indiscretion and disregard of the conventionalities in inviting him to call and ended by assuring him that her brother-in-law, Hector Sangerot, was the real culprit, who had advised her to write the note.

For a minute the artist looked puzzled, for he had never before heard of Sangerot; but, quickly recovering his self-possession, he said gayly: "Ah, and so it was Sangerot who—And how is this dear, delightful Sangerot?"

"Very well, indeed, thanks, monsieur," replied Mme. Vermandois, with one of her most gracious smiles; "but, as usual, always in a hurry. Of course, you understand, it is a little way of his. All his friends do."

"Yes, yes, I understand perfectly, madame," answered the artist, who understood nothing at all; but, seeing his hostess smile, he burst into a loud, hearty laugh.

"Well," thought Mme. Vermandois, as she listened to Dupen's peal of laughter, "Hector told me that he was a very serious, grave young man; on the contrary, he is quite gay." Then, continuing her conversation, Mme. Vermandois ventured: "I want your advice. My brother-in-law suggested—"

"Your brother-in-law?" exclaimed Dupen, thoroughly amazed.

"To be sure," replied Mme. Vermandois, somewhat surprised at the artist's quizzical expression.

"Ah, Sangerot! Your brother-in-law! Yes, yes, I understand perfectly."

"A poor widow, M. Dupen, frequently stands in need of counsel."

"Then you are a widow, madame?"

"Why, certainly. Didn't Sangerot tell you? Perhaps he hadn't time."

"No, I must confess," said Jules Dupen, bowing profoundly, "that our friend Sangerot entirely neglected this detail—quite unimportant, however, I suppose, and in no wise connected with the business I have been called upon to treat."

"Precisely the contrary, sir," said Mme. Vermandois, "for it was only after my widowhood that my troubles began. My husband's father possessed a magnificent picture gallery."

"Ah, here we are at last!" thought the artist.

"The paintings had not yet been distributed among the heirs when my dear, darling husband died, and now his relatives are questioning my rights."

"It is positively shocking, madame," exclaimed the artist sympathetically, but thinking to himself, "Well, what in the devil does she expect me to do about it?"

"They merely consented," continued the widow, in doleful tones befitting the occasion, "to allow me to have a Greuze, a Fragonard and a series of sketches by David."

"But those are real treasures, madame!" replied Dupen enthusiastically.

"Then you really think, monsieur," inquired Mme. Vermandois.

Jules Dupen was perhaps just on the point of saying what he really did think, when Clotilde, in a crisp, pink organdie gown and looking as fresh and pretty as a spray of eglantine, entered the drawing room.

"Sapriste!" said the artist to himself. "Behold a Greuze, a living one and far more beautiful than anything the master ever painted!"

The arrival of the young girl interrupted the conversation for a few moments, but Dupen was too much at home to allow the subject to drop and adroitly brought the conversation back to art and paintings. Mme. Vermandois listened attentively, entranced by his eloquence. Sangerot was certainly right, the young man was perfect and would assuredly make his mark in the world. Clotilde appeared equally fascinated, and when she displayed her water colors the artist enthused over her "masterpieces."

"You have real talent, mademoiselle," declared Dupen, and he began to explain in technical terms the particular niceties of Clotilde's brush.

"Then you also paint, monsieur?" cooly asked Clotilde.

"A little," said Dupen, though inwardly amazed that she had not heard of his fame.

"Ah, how delightful!" exclaimed Clotilde, who understood perfectly the object of the stranger's visit and who was already captivated by his dark mustache.

The interview was now at an end, and Mme. Vermandois graciously extended her hand and invited the artist to call again. Jules Dupen had understood absolutely nothing and was still puzzled to know why he had been requested to call. One thing, however, was quite clear—he had received a second invitation, and as the visit would afford him the opportunity of studying the living Greuze, which at that moment he was devouring with his eyes,

he hastened to reply: "With the greatest pleasure, madame. But when will you permit me to come again?"

"Whenever you please," cordially replied his hostess; "for we shall always be glad to see you."

"Call again tomorrow," ventured Clotilde, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

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Fifteen days later Sangerot, during one of his flying journeys through Paris, happened to stumble over M. Jules Dupen, lawyer, who, strange to say, gave him a very cold reception, and remarked reproachfully, "Well, I'm still waiting."

"Waiting? Waiting for what?" inquired the innocent Sangerot, his honest face wreathed in smiles.

"For the letter from Mme. Vermandois," curtly answered the lawyer.

"Now, look here, my dear friend, do not joke with me, for I have heard all about your daily visits to my sister-in-law's house, that my niece is desperately in love with you, and that on Tuesday next a dinner will be given, when the engagement will be formally announced. Unfortunately, I have been so much occupied of late that I have not been able to be present during any of your visits. But I shall make an effort to be there on Tuesday, if I can find time."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, with dignified reserve, "I assure you that I have never put my foot in your sister-in-law's house."

"What!" cried Sangerot. "Can it be possible that I made a mistake and gave the wrong address? By the way, Dupen, where do you live?"

"One hundred and twenty-three Boulevard St. Germain."


"Another sad mistake of my overburdened brain. I ask a thousand pardons, my friend. But really, I haven't time to stop another minute. We'll talk over this little affair some other day." And with this Sangerot hurried off in the direction of the Rue Bonaparte, where his sister-in-law assured him that the mistake had long ago been explained and that the parties concerned were entirely satisfied.

In the cozy little morning room Sangerot found Jules Dupen of 123 Boulevard St. Michel talking with his fiancée. Sangerot cordially extended his hand, while Mme. Vermandois, possibly overcome with joy at the approaching marriage of her daughter, assured her brother-in-law that this time his thoughtlessness would be entirely overlooked.

"Indeed, yes," coquettishly added Mlle. Clotilde, glancing coyly at her artist lover.

"Well, after all," concluded M. Sangerot, "Clotilde will still be Mme. Jules Dupen. And, as to the other fellow, well, I'll look about and try to find him another fiancée."—Adapted From the French For Argonaut.

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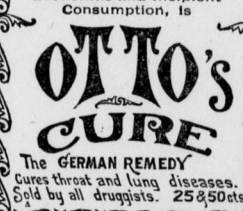
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LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD,
March 17, 1901.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.

| | |
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| 6 12 a m | for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York and Delano and Pottsville. |
| 7 40 a m | for Sandy Run, White Haven, 8 18 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville. |
| 9 30 a m | for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin. |
| 1 20 p m | for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. |
| 6 34 p m | for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West. |
| 7 29 p m | for Hazleton, Delano and Pottsville. |

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

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| 7 40 a m | from Weatherly, Pottsville and Hazleton. |
| 9 17 a m | from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin. |
| 9 30 a m | from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. |
| 1 12 p m | from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly. |
| 6 34 p m | from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton. |
| 7 29 p m | from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven. |

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Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazlet, Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:28 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Hazlet, Brook, Stockton, Tomhicken and Drifter at 6:05 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:53 a. m., 4:22 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Drifton at 8:20 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 3:11 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:07 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 3:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazlet, Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:16 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazlet, Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:16 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m. Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jessupville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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