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HIDDEN THINGS.

In the heart of the stone
The statue is hiding;
But this secret is shown
From the heart of the stone,
To the sculptor alone,
That is worth the confiding:
In the heart of the stone
The statue is hiding.

In the leaves of the rose
A romance is in waiting;
Till the summer wind blows
From the leaves of the rose
To the page of pure prose,
What's so well worth relating:
In the leaves of the rose
A romance is in waiting.

In the air all around
A coy song is delaying;
There's a faint sighing sound
In the air all around
And sweet love-words abound,
Hidden music betraying:
In the air all around
A coy song is delaying.

In the heart of the sea
There's a symphony sleeping;
There is wafted to me
From the heart of the sea
A divine melody,
Mingled laughter and weeping
In the heart of the sea
There's a symphony sleeping.

In this commonplace age
Lives the hero obscurely;
But the elements rage
In this common-place age
And Death flings down his gage,
In the end quite as surely:
In this common-place age
Dies the hero obscurely.

In this world of the mart
Rises sometimes a poet;
All unenvied his part
In this world of the mart,
For he labors for art;
But the world will not know it
In this world of the mart
None the less thrives the poet.

—E. C. Cardoza, in Home and Country.

A BASKET OF ROSES.

BY JEAN MIDDLEMASS.

"HERE!"

In a tone half spiteful, half triumphant, which spoke volumes.

The speaker was a girl on the verge of womanhood, a brunette, tall, lithe and piquant looking.

As she gave utterance to this expressive monosyllable she set down on the table such a lovely basket of roses that the whole air of the room was at once filled with their fragrance and their beauty.

Near the table, embroidering fleurs de lys on a white satin ground, sat another and a fairer girl, far more regularly beautiful; a Saxon blonde. Nora Treherne had none of the piquancy of the older and more haughty Lolla.

She raised her eyes from her embroidery and gazed on the roses with pleasure.

"Oh, Lolla, how lovely! Where did you get them? Did one of your numerous admirers send them to you?"

"One of yours, you mean."

"How mine?"

"Look at this note fastened with a silver cord to the handle, 'For Miss Treherne from Sir Reginald Breton.'"

The tone was still triumphant, even though Nora's fair cheek bleached to a deadly pallor as she heard it.

Reggie Breton sending roses to Lolla! Envy and jealousy were by no means vices in which Nora habitually indulged, but the one human being she had appropriated for her own was Reggie Breton, and she thought that he loved her.

She did not utter a sound, but tried vainly to ply her needle as though she were totally unconcerned. She would not for the world have Lolla see how troubled she was.

Meanwhile Lolla had opened the note on the exterior of which these words were written, and was pursuing it with such delight that she saw naught of what was written on her sister's face.

Having drunk in with avidity every word the letter contained, she tossed it to Nora.

"So he has at last asked me to be his wife—tardy, halting lover though he has been, I daresay he will not on that account make a worse husband than other men. Shy men are not my preference, but to be Lady Breton, with five thousand a year, is something to set against shyness."

There was a pause, during which she smelt the roses; at last she turned around.

"What! not a word of congratulation, Nora? It cannot be possible that you grudge me my happiness. Think, child, too, what a good thing it will be for you. How I can take you out—what presents I can give you.

Then Nora struggled with the voice that was barely at command, and said, "I am glad you should be happy, Lolla, but I do not want to go out more than I do now, or to have any presents from—"

"You odious little thing! How proud you are. Well, I'll keep my pretty gifts for those who appreciate them. Only I hope you will be civil to Sir Reggie when he comes, and not treat him to any of your disagreeable airs."

"I am going away to-morrow to stay with Aunt Lou, so I am not likely to see him for some time," almost whispered Nora.

"A good thing, too. I shall have settled everything by the time you come back. Although Sir Reggie is a good match, I suppose there will be some trouble. Papa is like you; he always makes difficulties where none exist, and as you are his favorite daughter, doubtless he will think you ought to be married first, though I am the oldest."

Nora did not answer. She was accustomed to Lolla's outbreaks, which were generally as unjust as they were preposterous.

In this instance, too, poor Nora's heart was too heavily wounded for her to have the courage to allude to her pain. Lolla and Nora Treherne were the two daughters of a small country squire of limited income. Their mother had died when the girls were very young and they had been brought up in a rather haphazard fashion, with nothing but their own instinct to guide them.

Lolla made a friend of everybody, while Nora, erring in a different direction made no friends at all; that is, she never confided the secrets of her own little world.

She was all packed up ready to go to Clifton—where Aunt Lou lived—early on the morrow. Thus, to her intense relief, she would avoid a meeting with her sister's declared lover, whom, in writing her acceptance of her suit, Lolla had begged to come over to luncheon on the following day.

Never before had she felt so thankful as when the train that was bearing her from her home glided out of the station.

Aunt Lou lived in a pretty house near the Suspension Bridge, and there Nora strove hard to think that she liked the work she was called upon to do, and was content and at peace. If only she could get off their wedding; if she could go back to her home and find Lolla married and installed as mistress in Sir Reignald's house she would then be able to face life bravely.

Meanwhile she had a month's reprieve.

Poor little Nora she had no combative powers; resigned to her fate she had left the coast absolutely clear, and when Sir Reggie Breton arrived at the Squire's house to luncheon, it was to find Lolla alone in the drawing room awaiting him, and the basket of roses, still in the zenith of their beauty, placed in a most conspicuous position.

He looked round with a bewildered air, as if he did not wholly comprehend the situation; but then he was so shy, what else could be expected?

"So good of you to send those lovely roses—they are divine. So like you to remember one's pet flowers and put the sentiments that accompanied them so tenderly and prettily."

"The flowers—ah, yes, the flowers—I have seen them all grow, and Simpson knows how to arrange them," said Sir Reggie, still looking about the room with an uncomfortable hesitation of manner.

"Your sister," he asked at last, "your sister likes these flowers."

"My sister thought them lovely. She has gone on a visit to Aunt Lou at Clifton; she went yesterday."

"She saw the flowers and went."

Lolla nodded her head.

"Ah!" muttered shortly by Sir Reggie, and then a long pause.

Even Lolla was nonplussed, and began to think there must be some missake.

"Oh, I see—yes—she thought—"

What she thought he did not say, perhaps he did not know; at all events, he was too shy to express it.

Lolla, however, was not afflicted with diffidence, and as this big fish was wriggling at the end of her line, she intended to land it, if possible.

"She thought, I suppose," she went on, still laughing a little restrainedly, "that you and I could settle arrangements best without her."

"Exactly. Yet I do not quite see why she should go away. Perhaps it would be better if I came again another day."

"Certainly not. Papa expects you to luncheon, and afterward you can have a nice long talk with him, and after the talk you can come and sit in the garden with me."

They went into luncheon. The Squire was aggressively hospitable in his efforts to set Sir Reggie at his ease, for he was well aware of the Baronet's proclivities, which he by no means lessened by his tremendous attempts to "draw him out."

Eventually, the two men adjourned to the smoking room, where Lolla had ordered coffee and where she would certainly have made a third party but for the important issue that she hoped would be the result of their conversation.

Not that she felt, by any means, as assured about the future as she had been before Sir Reggie arrived that morning. He was so strange, so undecided, that it would not surprise her if he did not speak to her father at all, and if he did, what would he say? And Lolla grew white and faint from a sudden pain which this query seemed unexpectedly to have brought her.

Could it be possible after all that it was Nora he loved? Had she, the infallible Lolla, made a mistake? She took out the note and read it once more.

No, it was addressed and written to her; there could be no mistake. Yet why was he so anxious to have Nora there? She supposed he wanted the little sister to back him up.

The interview in the smoking room was a long one, and the farther it was protracted the more anxious Lolla grew.

At last the clock struck 4; if she had not feared to be thought unmaidenly she would have gone into the smoking room and broken up the conclave, so impatient had she become, when she saw her father coming toward the house from a totally opposite direction—and alone.

"Has Sir Reggie gone?" she asked, as soon as her father was near enough to hear.

"Yes, I have just unlocked the paddock gate for him. It is a much shorter walk that way."

Lolla could contain herself no longer. "You have not refused your consent to the marriage, papa?"

"Not a bit of it, not a bit of it, child. On the contrary, I have told him I shall be proud to have him for a son-in-law."

"Then why on earth has he gone away?"

"Why should he stay? He is going to Clifton by the evening train, I believe?"

"To Clifton?"

"Well, isn't Nora there?"

"Nora! You mean that Sir Reggie wants to marry Nora?"

The Squire looked at her rather comically, then burst out laughing. His nature was somewhat coarse.

"By Jove, and you thought Breton wanted to marry you! By the stars, but here is a blessed imbroglio—quite a family drama!" And the Squire set up another discordant peal.

"If he wishes to marry Nora, why did he write to me?" asked Lolla, angrily, taking Sir Reggie's letter from her pocket and handing it to her father.

He read it through from end to end, becoming more serious as he did so.

"A manly, straightforward letter; yes, as I said before, I am proud of him. He will make little Nora a good husband."

"Straightforward, you call it, to write to me when he means Nora?"

"It is all your own fault, Lolla, and the less you say about it the better."

"My fault, indeed!"

"Yes, you are always trying to advance yourself and thrust Nora into the shade. It all came out during my talk with Breton."

"I don't in the least know what you mean."

"No, of course not," and the Squire sneered. "You quite forget that you told Breton Nora was older than you."

Lolla hung her head. She remembered now, how, some weeks ago, in a foolish, thoughtless moment, she had made this false statement to Sir Reggie, and she skulked away into the house to hide her confusion and bitter annoyance.

She sat down to contemplate the unpleasant knowledge that Sir Reggie was on his way to Clifton, where in truth he arrived that evening, but too late to call at the pretty house opposite the Suspension Bridge.

He did the next best, however; he put up at an hotel close by, and then went out for a stroll.

It might just be possible that he would meet the fair object of his devotion.

Nor was he destined again to be disappointed; there she was sitting under a tree, reading—dreaming, rather.

She started up in a fright when she saw Sir Reggie and exclaimed:

"You here—tell me, what is it? Is there anything wrong at home?"

"What should be wrong, sweet Nora? Why should I not come to see you? There is nothing wrong but a mistake," he went on, sitting down beside her. "My basket of roses was given to your sister, but they were intended for you."

"I am not Miss Treherne," she said quietly.

"No—that was the mistake I made—will you forgive it?"

Sir Reggie Breton was too loyal to implicate Lolla, though from his conversation with her father both the men fully understood how the error had come about.

"Forgive it, yes—but do I look so old?"

"No, you look much the younger of the two, only —. But I feel so ashamed of what has happened that it is painful to me to talk of it."

"Then let us talk of something else."

"Of my love for you and your love for me; shall it be so, fair one?"

"If you will;" and she looked down with a blush.—New York Advertiser.

A Great Desert North of Chicago.

Within a hundred miles of Chicago begins a tract of 7,000,000 acres of land absolutely worthless in its present condition. It extends across Michigan from Grand Rapids to Saginaw, but in the great desert of sand there is occasionally an oasis covered with hardwood timber. Lumbermen have cleared the vast tract of its growth of pine and now nothing but stumps remain to show that the soil has ever been able to produce vegetation.

Men who owned the land before it had been cleared of its timbers have refused to pay the taxes its ownership imposes, and now the title to the property is held by the State subject to transfer to anyone willing to pay the accrued taxes. Representative A. T. Linderman, of Whitehall, Mich., who was recently at the Palmer House, claims that he knows a system of cultivation by which these lands can be made fertile. "While this tract of land is, in its present condition, practically worthless," said Mr. Linderman, "it is a burden to the people who pay annually large sums of money to clerks who transcribe the delinquent tax lists. Under the present arrangement this work must necessarily be carried on indefinitely. Now the bill I propose to introduce will by its enactment stop this. The lands will be offered for sale by a board of commissioners. Under the provisions of the bill the money realized will be used for the establishment and maintenance of an experimental station to educate the holders of these lands in its cultivation. It has been proved by tests that the land can be tilled by a simple method that can be explained to the purchasers very briefly and through the experimental station higher cultivation can be obtained. I fully believe that in this way this hitherto useless land can be made productive and valuable."—Chicago Herald.

A Horse's Expression of Grief.

A horse not only sheds tears under the emotion of grief, but in moments of sudden or intolerable anguish utters a most melancholy cry. In one of Cooper's Indian novels dramatic use is made of the scream of a wounded horse, and Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords upon the bill for enforcing humanity towards animals, noticed this remarkable fact. An eye-witness relates the following: "On the advance to the heights of Alma, a battery of artillery became exposed to the fire of a concealed Russian battery, and in the course of a few minutes it was nearly destroyed, men and horses killed and wounded, guns dismounted, and limbers broken. On passing this wreck shortly afterwards I observed a single horse still attached and unhurt. By its side on the ground lay its late master, quite dead. The poor brute had turned round as far as possible towards him, with its head to the ground smelling the body, and there were copious tears flowing from its eyes. It looked so like a human being in dire distress that I could not forget the sad expression for several days."—Tit-Bits.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

HOW VARIOUS BAD MEN DIED IN THE FAR WEST.

The Legal Killing of an Eighteen-Year-Old Boy—A Desperado's Quick Punishment For an Awful Crime.

"THE execution, legal or otherwise, of any human being is certainly an interesting, although decidedly dolorous subject," said an ex-United States Deputy Marshal from Oklahoma. "In Western districts Government Marshals, men who do not value their own or others' lives at a farthing when making an arrest or trailing a criminal, shrink back appalled at the bare idea of having to 'pull a trap' at a legal execution. Jack Stillwell, the oldest, most noted, and desperate officer on the border, with a record of over forty deaths to his account, once said to me as we stood together at the hanging of two Creek Indian murderers at Wichita, Kan.:

"'I have pulled the trap at seventeen executions, and I have never done so without a feeling of horror and a desire to shirk my duty. I would willingly forfeit three months' salary rather than obey the mandate of the Court in this particular.'

"As it was with Jack at this execution, so it is with a spectator, at least at his first hanging. I remember distinctly my original experience in this line. It was also at Wichita. An eighteen-year-old boy, Lee Mosher, had been convicted of having deliberately planned and carried out the plan to kill a man when only sixteen years of age. A large stockade fifteen feet high had been erected just outside the jail, and on the morning of the execution a curious crowd gathered there with the morbid desire to see the condemned boy as he passed from the jail to the stockade annex. When the hour arrived for the execution the prisoner was taken from his cell into the jail parlor, and there, standing ghostly white but firm and determined, the death warrant was read to him. The Marshal reading the paper broke down and sobbed like a child, the prisoner's lips quivered painfully for a moment, and all persons present brushed the tears from their eyes as they followed the officers and the boy from the building and through a lane of anxious spectators into the door of the stockade.

"The rabble saw the feeling that animated the select few who followed the boy and it was communicated to them. Perhaps there was not one in a hundred but would have turned him free if they could have done so. Numerous petitions had been sent to President Cleveland, but no reply had been received.

"Once inside the stockade the door was shut and barred. The condemned boy mounted the scaffold with a firm step. The noose and black cap were adjusted and the trap sprung. As the body shot through the hole my knees almost gave way under me, and I heard a great sigh of pity go up from those around. Before we could recover from the shock a thunderous rap came upon the door and a thousand voices on the outside shouted:

"'A reprieve! a reprieve! Don't hang that boy on your lives!'

"The officers turned pale, and the spectators as they looked in fascinated horror at the swaying, shivering body at the end of the rope, gasped in horror. Some one opened the gate to admit the messenger, and the mob outside saw the dangling body. Then ascended a cry of:

"'Lynch the officers. They hung the boy after he had been reprieved.'

"The message, however, did not prove to be a reprieve, but was a notice that the President refused to interfere. A border tragedy was thus narrowly averted. I have never forgotten my feeling of utter weakness and knee shaking as I experienced it then.

"'The next time I saw a man hung it was not a legal execution by any means. I was doing newspaper work for Eastern papers around the Oklahoma country in 1888, and while at Purcell I had an experience that I don't care to repeat in kind.

"The place was filled up with strangers. The Santa Fe depot is down in the valley near the South Canadian River, and the town is perched high up on a projecting spur of the Arbuckle Mountains. During the months prior to the opening of Oklahoma the river bottom was one mass of wagons, oxen, horses, dogs, men, women, children and side shows. Here you found the Buckeye from Ohio, the Hoosier from Indiana, the Sucker from Illinois, and representatives of other Eastern and Middle States who had been lured out to this wilderness by glowing newspaper reports of the new El Dorado. Of course, gamblers of all descriptions abounded, from three-card-monte and shell-game fakirs up to the regulation keepers of a tiger den.

"The 'tough' citizen also abounded. One evening as the train from the south drew up at the depot a drummer stepped on to the platform wearing a stovepipe hat. He was eyed curiously by the conglomerated mass of humanity present, but no one offered any remark until he had almost reached a stage which was used to convey passengers up the mountain to the Clifton House. Then a brutal-looking, swaggering 'bad man' pulled a revolver, and, laughing hoarsely, said:

"'Don't allow no sich hats hyar.' His shot, instead of piercing the tile, went through the stranger's head and killed him.

"'Lynch the hound!' and 'Cuss his hide, string him up!' arose in fury on all sides.

"As the train pulled out of the depot the passengers strained their eyes out of the windows to watch a frantic mob as it bore a struggling, swearing, praying, crying, hysterical wretch off toward a lone tree on the river bank. 'Texas Kit,' as the ruffian called himself, broke down completely, and his cries and pleadings for mercy still ring in my ears. He was swung off, however, at the end of a lariat, and his body remained swinging there as a warning to fools like him, until a Marshal cut it down the next evening.

Hanging legally or even ordinary lynching is a comfortable death compared to one I witnessed in No Man's Land four years ago. I was at Beaver City when a desperado committed an atrocious crime. Before he could be apprehended he fled. A posse was organized and a rapid horseback pursuit commenced. Soon the crowd of yelling avengers closed in on the victim, a dozen snake-like lasso coils went whirling and hissing through the air, and three reached the mark. The man was torn from his saddle and literally dragged to death. He clutched at sage bushes and tore them out by the roots. He dug his hands and arms up to the shoulders in the desert sands, and he cried for mercy as long as there was a breath left in his miserable body. When at last the riders pulled in their ponies and we reached the body we found it one mass of bruises. The flesh of the hands, where he grasped the bushes, was literally torn from the bones, and his death was truly an awful one. Such is punishment, legal and otherwise, in the great West.—New York Sun.

Man's Sense of Touch.

The sense of touch in man is most highly developed on the skin, but mucous or serous surfaces are also capable of conveying impressions. Some parts of the body are more sensitive than others and are usually devoid of hair, as the tip of the tongue, the ends of the fingers and the lips. It is noticed by Chambers's Journal that these are so situated to keep us conveniently informed of what is going on around us. Some of our most important organs—for instance, the heart, the brain and the lungs—are, strange to say, quite insensible to touch, thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end organs. The curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that when he put his fingers into this cavity he could actually take hold of the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing. This so interested Harvey that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bed side that "he might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing." In certain operations a piece of skin is removed from the forehead to the nose, and it is stated that the patient, oddly enough, feels as if the new nasal part were still in his forehead and may have a headache in his nose.

A Beggar's Ring.

The street beggars in Barcelona, Spain, have entered into a solemn covenant to withdraw from circulation all the two-centime pieces which they receive from the charitable public, so as to compel their benefactors to give them the coin next in value, viz., five centimes.