The Rose of Love.

I have the little rose you gave to me

And heavy with the misery to be You made me glad,

ed that little flower, and when I we

ness in the imprisonment
My bosom made.

You after, when you saw it not, you thought
That I had flung your little rose away, reeming the gift from such a giver ught,
What could I say?

My leve was all I had, I gave it you;
And did you cherish it or let it go?
You never let me know although you know I loved you so.

and, when you gave no sign, I said, "Ti

just. She thinks my love unworthy of her

oaro; So she has flung it, heedless, in the dust And left it there."

And then we parted. Was your heart un

By tenderer thought of me on that last day?

did not know. You turned without And went your way.

I have the little rose you bade me take.

Where is the love I gave you? Is it dead

the have you cherished it? For pity's sake

## A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

This night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left to mo, was in October, 1870. I was at that time a telegraph operator, stationed in the little town of Deering, upon the little town of Deering, upon the cities of D—and G—. Six miles farther west was the more pretentious town of Paris, upon the direct road to D—.

Dering was by no means a model residence. There were lager-beer gardens, drinking salcons, and gambling houses out of all propartion to the more respectable stores and residences. We had had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawll among the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid little bue-eyed woman had come from Vermont to teach there.

Vermont to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived in Deering I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied apactty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

mile from the telegraph omee since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraph business at Deering, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper. There was a small room next the office with a window but only one door some was a small room next the office with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressingtable and mirror, a washisted and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building that stood alone.

floor of a wooden building that stood alone.
With this necessary introduction, I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, pleyed in it.
I was in the office at about half past seven o'clock, when one of the city officials came in, all flurried, saying.
"Slirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to day?"
The embankment was not a quarter

The embankment was not a quarter a mile from the office, on the east

side.
"No; I have not."
"It was a special providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolfs mouth to-night, and if the midulght train comes from D—— there will be a horrible smash pm."

up,"
"The midnight train must stop at
Paris, then," I replied. "I will send

Paris, then," I replied. "I will send a message."

"Yes. That is what I stepped in for. The other track is clear, so you need not stop the train to D..."

"All right, sit."
I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot, and I was cold, so I drew does take and opening can and basket sat down to anjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterwards. As I ats we chatted.

"Any messages to day?" my wife asked.

eked.

"One from D \_\_\_\_\_for John Martin."

"John Martin!" Alice cried.

"The
reatest ruffian in Deering. What
res the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"
"That was all, Mr. Hill has just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embank ment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Paris, The passengers must wait a few hours there and come on

in the morning, after the track is oleared."
"Have you sent the message,

cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach l'aris till half past cloven, and it is not yet eight. Yes, it is just striking."

"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an accident you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the washroom, and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

"She went into the dressing room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened and four of the worst characters in Deering, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the D— train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is half a million in gold in the express car. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it!" I cried, horrorstruck.

"Exactly," was the cool reply.

struck.
"Exactly," was the cool reply.
"One fifth is yours if you keep back
the message. The money has been
watched all the way from San Fran-

the message. The money has been watched all the way from San Francisco."

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and essily plundered by the villains, who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "will you join us?"

"Never!" I cried indignantly.

"We must force you then! The him fast!"

I trembled for Alico. If only my life were at stake, I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and loot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be beard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered; then the light was blown out and the ruffians left me, looking the door after them.

Then there was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of me of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert!" Alice said.
"Yas. love. Speak low. There is

when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert!" Alice said.

"Yes, love. Speak low. There is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have out my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Paris in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

rea. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

"God bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the chuckling noise told me the first of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock. I could only wait and gray. I was too much stunned even yet to realise the heroism of this timid woman. starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening. Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder-storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock. The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lighting flashing! Alice was co afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by term or perhaps stricken by lightning?

Eleven o'clock. The storm over, though still the night was inky black. No sound to cheer me; none to make the hideous suppane more endurable. A hoet of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chasing one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour never pace? Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was derenned with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony in one hour; chilled with horror the meart. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutest dragged slowly along. In the deed silence a far off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far away a faint whistle came through the air. Nearer

and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train, growing more distinct.

The midnight down train was coming swittly, curely to destruction. Where was my wife? Had the rufflans intercepted her at the oottage? Was she lying dead somewhere on the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail; but was her life saved? Why had I let her start upon her mad errand? I trield to move. I writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, foroing the cruel chords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand. The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train and did not stop at Deering station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the ombankment as nearly as I could judge. Not with the slekening crash I expected, not preceding wails and grooms from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

shouts, the crack of frearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The min-utes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whisper-ing in the conflict.

an the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man on the front watching! I crept round the house, and I saw him, so I di! not dare be seen!"

"But have you been to Paris?"

"Yes, dear,"
"In all that storm?"

"But have you been to Paris?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Belim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris the train had not come from D—.

"But it is here?"

"Only the locomotive and one car. In that car were a sherift, a deputy-sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the train when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe!"

While we spoke my wife's ingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck: and tien, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet known the starpase and of

another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!"
was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded; but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"
A dozen clarp knites at once seered my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting."
As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.
The would-be assassins and robbers were taken to D—for trial. John Martin, on his death-bed, turned state's evidence. His antemortem testimony sent the survivors to the peniteutiary.
Alloe and I left Deering for a more

penitentiary.

Alice and I left Deering for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Paris. We accepted; had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tas service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down rain, the express company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property raved by her heroism.

heroism.

Invlammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveller, Bellevillo, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. Thomas' Echternic Olf., for Inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the without crutches and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of Dr. Thomas' On. on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

If a woman is rich and has coarse features they are referred to as being "strongly marked."
Teacher: "John, do you know what memory is?' Johnnie Chaffie: "Yee, sir, that's what you forget with."

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but using by Parmelee's Fills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Fills are anti-billious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Files, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all billious matter.

He: "How far out o' water that steamer is that's comin' in yonder!" She: "I suppose it's because the tide is so low."

THERE IS NOT a more dengerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Da. TROMAS ECCUTIC OIL—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures is meness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward appecific, possesses most substantial claims

## MOLLIE'S VALENTINE.

"It does—yes, it looks 'most as good as a boughten one," said Mollie, surveying with prids the valentime she had just finished.

The remark was addressed to no one in particular, for the twins, the only other occupants of the room, were too young to be oonsulted. The children on the other side of the covered the the continued gland-ing rather dubiously at the one intended for Nettie, which consisted of an immense white paper heart decorated with a "red, red rose" and a purple pans", placed over the verse.

The rose is red, the violet blue.

The rose is red, the violet ablue, Sugar's sweet and so are you,

Sugar's sweet and so are you.
But it was to Jakie's that she had d,
woted all of her artistic talent and the
best of her material, which consisted
of an array of Sunday-school cards
and several strips of paper lace from
scap-boxes.
The valentine as finished consisted
of a sheet of mota-paner with a lace

The valentine as finished consisted of a sheet of note-paper with a lactored as the control of a sheet of note-paper with a lactored as the control of a sheet of note paper with a strift, starchy calladily, on the right of which was pasted an infant Moses in a bright yellow basket. On the left a procession of angels walked upon empty space, the ladder having been out from beneath their feet, for as Mollic remarked: "Angels don't need any ladder when they've got wings."

At the bottom of the page, in a carefully disguised hand, was written: When we are old we'll smile and say We had no care in childhod's day. But they'll be wrong; 'twill not be true. I've this much care—i care for you.

"I ought to make one for Pete," said Mollie, "but he'd just make fun of it."

"I ought to make one for Pete," said Mollie, "but he'd just make fun of it."

As the twine, even if they could have understood, were too busy smearing themselves with paste to put in a plea for Pete, Mollie hastily removed all traces of her work. Then she slipped back the bolt and the rest of the "Williamsee," burning with curiosity, precipitated themselves into the room to find her calmly singing a lullaby to the astoniehed wins, who didn't look a bit sleepy.

The sun was up at his usual time on the morning of February fourteenth, but in the three little rooms over the shoe-shop the Williams ehldren were abead of him; for was it not Valentine's day, and didn't they each expect at least a dozen?

Just where they thought these valentines were to come from it would be hard to tell, but with childish faith on an indefinite "somebody," they were all eager to begin collecting the expected treasures.

"Anything for the Williamses?"

Anything for the Williamses?"

Anything for the Williamses?

"Anything for the Williamses?"

Anything for the Williamses?

"Anything for the Williamses?"

No, sonny—too early—mail not situation."

"No. sonny—too early—mail not distributed."
About five minutes later another face appeared at the little window.
Anything for Pete Williams?"
"Nothing," rather shortly.
"No, bub, run along, I'm busy."
"No, bub, run along, I'm busy."
"No, Itell you. Olear out!"
The voice was so gruff that, not daring to sak for Nette as he had intended, Pete hurrisd out and a few minutes later slipped into his place at the table where the Williams family were eating their soanty breaffast.
"There weam's nothin," he roported, "and the feller seemed real cross about it."
Presently Mollie stole out with

about it."

Presently Mollie stole out with something carefully concealed under her apron, and dropping the two valentines into the letter-box marched boldly to the little window, knowing that now there was something for the "Williamses."

However, the something was not ready for distribution, but about half an hour later Jakie rushed up the rickety wooden stairs, shouting excitedly:

citedly:
"Two valentines! One for me and
one for Nettle!"
Little four-year old Nettie was
charmed with the "pitty woses," but
Jakie eyed his rather doubtfully and
then gare voice to the dreadful
suspicion:
"Mollia don't you think it look

then gave voice to the dreadur suspicion:
"Mollie, don't you think it look sorter like it might be home-made?"
"Course it is," said Mollie, "Shows how much she thinks of you. All the tony folks makes 'em for cach other."
Jakie brightened up. "Do you reakon it was the little girl with the yellow curls and blue silk dress in our Sunday-school class?"
"Wall now. I wonder!" said Mollie,

"Well, now. I wonder!" said Mollie, rather mendaciously, and the home-made valentine became in Jakie's eyes

a priceless treasure.

Pets came home at noon proudly displaying a comic daub representing a grotseque-looking cobbler patching a guantic shoe; for Pete was somehow supposed to inherit his father's trade, though his only ability as to shoes had been directed toward wearing them

out.

The Williamses were feeling enouraged, and well might the longsuffering postmaster wish they had a
look box, so often was he called on to
answer the now familiar inquiry. At
last his patience gave out.

## Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion, by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the dostor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell Mass. Sent free J C Ayer Co Lowell Mass." &

"No, there's not anything for the Williamson, and what's more, there won't be; so clear out the whole lot of you and don't come back here any

nore."

Not come back any more! How, then, were they to get the rest of tueir valentines? But, not daring to dischey, they hung dejectedly about the post-office door, until about four oclock they saw "orcespatch" step across the bank, leaving his newly accounted danuty in abayes.

post-office door, until about four o'clock they saw "o rosepatch" step across the bank, leaving his newly appointed deputy in charge.

The bright, boyish face did not look a bit cross, so Mollie seized the opportunity to try once more.

"Anything for Miss Mollie Williams" sho repeated. "Yes, I think there is. Just come in on the afternoon train. 'Miss Mary Williams' that's the same as Mollie, I guess, You're in luck, little girl," and a large pasteboard box was handed out to Mollie.

She was so dazed by her good luck that she forgot the rest of her family till reminded by a pathetic little voice to "Ask for Jakie Williams." So she went through the whole roll, but the by assured her there was nothing else for the "Williamsses," and the whole rowd trooped excitedly out of the office, up the stairs and into the "sitting-room." Bring the seissors, quick!"

office, up the stairs and into the "sitting-room."

"Bring the scissors, quick!"

Then "Oh! oh! ain't it perfectly
lovely" and truly the valentine displayed might have pleased more artistic

playou migaeyes.
A soft, snowy border of swan's down
surrounded a panel of ivory satin, on
which was painted an exquisite bunch
of pansies, caught together by a tiny
envelope tied by a bow of violet

which was patitied an exquisize duties of panies, caught together by a tiny envelope tied by a bow of violet ribbon.

"What does the writing say?" asked Pete, trying to decipher the gold lattering.

"I can't hardly read it, they're so crookedy," said Mollie. "It says, 'Here's pansies, that's for thoughts,' Well, my thoughts are, 'Much obliged,' whoever sent it."

"Wonder if there's a note in the little envellup" said Pete snatching at the ribbons.

"Don't touch it! Your hands are always dirty," screamed Mollie, and the envelope was not disturbed.

But that night, after the twins and Nettie were saleep, and Mollie sat up issating her starved soul on the beauty of her valentine, Pete's question recurred to her.

Like Bluebeard's wife, Mollie found her curiosity brought its own punishment, as she sat reading the note which dropped from the tiny envelope.

"My Disa Little Nice.—May the thoughts these flowers bring be the noble thoughts that lead to kindly deeds, is the wish of your loving

Aunt Mary! And Mollie had no ann except Aunt Sallie, who died years ago! What could the note mean?

Very slowly the truth dawned on testitie and at last she buying the face.

years ago. "Anat count and the mean?

Very slowly the truth dawned on Mollie, and at last she buried her face in the patchquilt and wailed. "Oh, it in't for me after all. It's for little Mannie Williams that lives in the big house just on the edge of the town. I might a known it wasn't mine,"

It was Mollie's labit to hold long conversations with herself, so after sobbing quietly a while she continued:

"But I shan't give it to her. She's

"But I shan't give it to her. She's got ponies and a phaeton and her pa goes to Congress, and she has lots of lovely things and I ain t got anything event this."

cept this."

The valentine had slipped down upon the floor, and as she stooped to recover it she mechanically picked up a little clipping of cardboard lying basids it.

beside it.

It was a sorap of one of the Sundayschool cards she had sacrificed in
making Jakie's valentine, and she was
about to throw it down when these
words caught her eye: "Thou shalt
not steal."

In a moment Mollie was face downward upon the floor, sobbing again.

"Oh, I don't want to be a stealer—but my name's as much Mary Willi mas as hers is and the boy gave it to me."

Very little sleep vasited poor Mollie's pillow that night, but the results of the conflict between duty and longing was shown when, about nine o'clock the next morning, a dejected little figure carrying a pastaboard box crept slowly up the gravel walk leading to Congress.

mu Williams handsome suburba residence.

The door was opened by a pompouslooking colored man.

"No, you can't see Miss Mamie. She a takin' her music less in. I'll gib her de bundle, an' little gid, nex' time come to de' back do—dis do' is for de quality."

"Here you, Jim! Show the young lady to the library, "and Mr. Williams, who had been taking a walk on the verands, threw away his cipar, and coming forward, greeted Mollie with every sign of respect.

Mollie, ushered by the now obsequious Jim into the library, perhed heresid uneasily upon the edge of a leasther upholstered chair while the master of the house seated filmself opposite, and undertook to made her feel at home.

"I guess we'd better not disturb Mamie just now, but I suppose you and I can entertain each other a while," he said.

Mollie gasped "Yes, sir," and he continued:

"Seems to me I ought to know you. Oh, yes, daughter of my namesake Mr. Williams, the shoemsker."

Then, noticing the box which she still held, "Are you bringing a valentine to my daughter?"

Then Mollie found her tongue. "No, sir—it sin't mine—I think it's hers—but the boy give it to me—only I sin't got any Aunt Mary—end they call me Mollie."

This was not very lucid, but her hearer seemed to underetand as he con the sand onward it.

sure-a sant mine—a tonin its ners-but the boy give it to me—only I sin't got any Aunt Mary—and they call me Mollie."

This was not very incid, but her hearer seemed to understand as he took the box and opened it.

"Oh. I see, case of mistaken identity. From my sister Mary, who doem't believe in spoiling good old-fashioned names. Now tell me about your own valentines."

His political opponents who could not understand the popularity which made it impossible to defeat the congressman might have partly understood the mystery could they have seen how he had Mollie perfectly at home in a few minutes, ourled up in the capecious chair, concentedly munching his wife's Freenh bombons, and telling the whole story of the home-made valentines and her own temptation and stroggles.

Without questioning, he contrived to get a pretty good idea of the struggle with poverty in the shoemaker's home. Indeed Mollie, washin most confidential, seemed disposed to exhibit all the family skeletons, until he delicately turned the subject.

"How is your father? I don't think I saw him when I was home last fall just before the election."

"No," said Mollie, "you wouldn't be apt to. We're Republicans, you know. This is, most of us are. The children at school throw it up to us, and Pete says he ain't going to stand it, so he s turned Dimmicrat, but me and Jakie we're Republicans, like pa."

There was comething so heroic in this speech that her listener didn't feel a bit like leaghing.

"That's right, I honor you for your adherence to principle. I hope the time will come when you yourself will have the privilege of voting for—I mean against me. Well, little daughter, through with the one-two three-fours?" as quanitly stirted little girl came into the room and shyly gave her hand to Mollie.

"It was so kind of you to bring it to mo," she said, after the valentine had been duly admired. "I hope you got

her hand to Mollie.

"It was so kind of you to bring it to me," she said, after the valentine had been duly admired. "I hope you got several pretty once yourself."

"No," said Mamie. "Afabe you'll get some yet. I got two last year on the fifteenth. Must you go?"

There was really no excuse for lingering, so after her host had emptied the contents of the bonbon box into her pooket, Mollie reluctantly depart ed.

ed.
"Papa," said, Mamie, as they stood
watching their departing guest, "of
course I couldn't give her Aunt Mary's
valentine, but couldn't I send her some
of the others?"

of the others?"

"That's my own little daughter," said her father, "Int keep your valentine, paps will fix it."

And Mamie, who knew all about papa's way of fixing things, was more than content with this promise. So were the Williams children, for they all got valentines and something more aubstantial before the day had passed.