

TOO LATE.

She lies as still the live long day,
She doth not move or speak;
The rose long have died away
Upon her dainty cheek.

I spoke her harshly yester-morn—
Her eyes were surprised,
It grieves me most, and for my scorn
The lovelight in her eyes!

And now each bitter word I said
Each taunt I leveled at the dead
Has burnt into my brain.

Who is the wiser? I, whose feet
Must tread an earthly hell?
Or she who hears that welcome sweet
Fair spirit, all is well?

Though God forgive me in His grace,
When I have "crossed the bar,"
When shall I meet her face to face
Beyond the morning star?

I dare not think that even there.
Within the gates of gold,
My spirit long to her as fair
In the days of old.

The dear, dead days of long ago.
Whose tale was told above,
When in our hearts we felt the glow,
The rosy dawn of love!

—Public Opinion.

THE SPECTRE WEDDING.

Mr. Martin Dupont was a Justice of the Peace in the little town of Marburg. He had been elected to the office at the close of the war of 1812, and had acted in his present capacity for nearly nine years. Men of Mr.

Dupont's type were very common in those days, and even now one does not have to search far to find one of these self-complacent, pompous gentlemen, who delight in winning admiration from their associates, who always have at their tongue's end a great many stories in which they played the leading part, but who are, nevertheless, very superstitious, so much so, indeed, that a glimpse of the moon over the left shoulder, or a howling dog, has power to make them melancholy for a week.

Having failed to secure for himself as large a share of this world's goods as he had wished, Mr. Dupont was fully resolved that his two children, Henry and Margaret, should not be lacking in wealth. As for his son, he very wisely concluded that a good education, added to his natural abilities, would secure for him a place in the world; and already Henry was showing the wisdom of the plan, and by his rapid advancement in business was more than fulfilling his father's expectations.

It had always been Mr. Dupont's desire that his daughter should marry some rich man, but Margaret had fallen in love, very foolishly, according to her father's idea, with the principal of the Marburg High School.

Charles Foster had several times pleaded his suit in vain before Mr. Dupont. There was no fault in the young man, Mr. Dupont rather grudgingly admitted, except that all he had to depend upon was his salary, but still no man should presume to become his son-in-law who had not money enough to support his daughter in better style than that in which she was then living. He liked the school teacher very well as a friend, but as a son-in-law—that was quite another matter.

Nevertheless Charles and Margaret did not despair of their cause, although Mr. Dupont was seemingly immovable. The thought of an elopement was banished by them both as being dishonorable, and as no other plan seemed practicable, they very wisely resolved to wait until some kind fate should come to their aid. This, then, was the condition of affairs when our story begins.

Mr. Dupont's duties as Justice of the Peace did not confine his law practice to Marburg, but very frequently he was called away to attend various lawsuits in neighboring towns and hamlets, and it so happened that at this particular time he was engaged in a case of some considerable importance in an adjoining town. On account of the nearness of the place, it was Mr. Dupont's custom to drive his own horse back and forth, and to spend his nights at home.

One night, on account of an unusual press of business, he was obliged to remain beyond his ordinary time of leaving, and after the work was completed he yielded to the urgent invitation of his client to chat for a few moments. As they puffed away at the choice Havanas, they began to tell each other of curious exciting adventures and wonderful experiences. Time slipped away so rapidly that it was after 10 o'clock before Mr. Dupont suddenly remembered that a seven-mile drive lay between him and his home. Hastily bidding his friend good-by, he started for the hotel stable to get his horse.

The weather had changed while the two gentlemen had been chatting, and now the ominous stillness and the cloudy sky admonished Mr. Dupont that, if he wished to get home before the rain began to fall, he must hasten. Hastily throwing a quarter to the sleepy hostler, he sprang into his buggy and set out on his homeward way.

The road home was a lonely one; houses were few and far between, and a few miles out of Marburg some lonely woods lined the road on either side, and adjoining the woods was a graveyard. As Mr. Dupont drove on into the darkness he began to become nervous, the weird stories that he had just been hearing kept flashing through his mind, a great many wrong deeds of his life came before him, magnified by the darkness and solitude, and among other things he began to wonder if he was doing just right in refusing his consent to his daughter's marriage. In this frame of mind he approached the woods; involuntarily he tried to quicken his horse's pace, but the darkness and the low murmurings of thunder seemed to have affected the horse too, and the sagacious brute tried constantly to slacken his pace. How lonely it seemed there, no houses, no living being—noting but the dead in the graveyard beyond. Suddenly the horse stopped and snorted. Mr. Dupont saw two white figures suddenly dart into the road; one stood beside his horse, and the other beckoned him to descend from his wagon. His hair rose, and his tongue seemed glued to his mouth. The silence was terrible. If those white beings would only speak; but no sound came from them. At last in desperation he stumbled out.

"Who are you, and what do you mean by stepping me here in this way?"

"We are spirits of the departed dead," a sepulchral voice replied,

"and we have need of your services; descend from your vehicle, do as we bid you, and on the word of a ghost you shall not be harmed."

The terrified lawyer descended and stood by the speaker's side, while the other ghost tied his horse to a tree and joined them.

"Yield yourself entirely to us and you shall be safe," said the spokesman. "You must needs walk far and must allow us to blindfold your eyes, in order that you may not discover before your time the way to the land of the shades. No more words must be spoken. Obey."

Mr. Dupont was so terrified that he could not speak, and in silence allowed a cloth to be bound over his eyes; then, escorted by his ghostly companions he began to walk. It seemed to him that he would never be allowed to stop; seconds seemed ages; every attempt of his to speak was checked by impatient groans of his guises. At last, after walking half around the earth, as it seemed to him, he realized that he was being piloted up some steps and by the feeling of warmth he knew that he had left the open air.

"The Justice of Peace may be seated," said the ghost who had done all the talking.

Mr. Dupont sat down and the cloth was quickly removed from his eyes, revealing to his astonished gaze the interior of a room dimly lighted by wax candles. Every side was hung with black curtains, and on four black-covered stools facing him sat four white-robed spectres, while beside him stood another dressed like his companions. Before he had time to more than wonder at his strange surroundings, the spokesman began:

"Mr. Dupont, we have a solemn duty for you to perform. You are a Justice of the Peace in the world of the living, and a man dear to us on account of your noble life; therefore are you here. We have in these abodes of the dead two young shades recently come from the other world. Each of those died of broken heart because a stern parent forbade them to marry? What do you think sir, of such a parent as that?"

Mr. Dupont wiggled about uneasily in his chair, and at last said: "I think, good shade, it was very wrong of him."

"We knew you would," resumed the ghost, "because you are a kind man, and one who loves his children. Now do we understand you to say that if the poor girl had been your child it would never have happened?"

"Surely it never would," replied the frightened Mr. Dupont.

"We have not misjudged you, then," replied the shade, while the other four ghosts nodded approvingly.

"We have summoned you in order that you may unite them in wedlock, so that in this world at least they may be happy. Such a marriage as this is not common among us, so we brought you here, a good justice of the peace, rather than a minister, who might have been shocked at these proceedings. You can marry them just as well as a clergyman. Now, sir, will you oblige us by marrying these two shades? If you will consent, you may depart at once to your home. Will you?"

Marry the two shades? Of course he would; anything to get away from this terrible spot. And so, without the precaution of stipulating his fee, he stammered out:

"Oh, yes, surely, anything you wish."

No sooner had he given his consent than one of the black curtains was drawn aside and two other beings in white entered and stood before him. The other shades rose, and Mr. Dupont, not wishing to be the only one to keep his seat, rose too. The good justice had never married shades; he did not know quite how to proceed. They looked exactly alike; he did not know which was the bride and which the groom. He wished he were well out of it, and the only way to gain his wish was to proceed quickly with the ceremony, and so he began at once. In some way he managed to get through, although he could not have told afterward how it was done. He turned to the bride when he said: "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" and to the groom when he should have addressed the bride; but at length, much to his relief, "I do" was said by each, and the Justice finished with the "I pronounce you man and wife."

But all was not yet over. No sooner had the words left his lips, than one of the beings before him threw aside its ghostly robe, and there, in a beautiful wedding gown, stood—his daughter, Margaret. Mr. Dupont started to speak, but he only gasped, for around him stood the other ghosts; they too had thrown aside their robes and stood revealed. Could he believe his eyes? Yes there was no mistake, he had married his daughter to Charles Foster, in the presence of his wife, his son, and three family friends; and the Justice knew enough of law to realize that the ceremony was binding. The black curtains, too, were torn down, and there they all stood in his own parlor.

There was no help for it, consequently Mr. Dupont submitted, and somewhat all his friends thought that he was very glad that the joke was played upon him; at any rate, in later days, as he trotted his grandchildren on his knees, he never tired of telling over and over again into their wondering ears the tale of the spectre wedding.—Amherst Literary Monthly.

Green Roses.

Green roses have been known in the vicinity of Philadelphia for probably a century. There is no difference theoretically between the petals of a rose and a rose leaf, and the transformation of one to the other is very easily accomplished. A green rose, therefore, is nothing more than a rose in which the petals of the flower, the rose have persistently refused to allow their leaves to be transformed into petals—they still continue as leaves. The petals of the green rose are, therefore, nothing more than green leaves.

Outside of its interest as showing the relation between leaves and flowers, there is no interest in the green rose. Certainly it has no beauty.

The surface of the earth will eventually be covered with buttons that have fallen from the coats of men. The surface of the earth will eventually be covered with buttons that have fallen from the coats of men. The surface of the earth will eventually be covered with buttons that have fallen from the coats of men. The surface of the earth will eventually be covered with buttons that have fallen from the coats of men.

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ALL EYES ON BABY.

And He Was Crying While Death Was Very Close.

For nearly ten minutes yesterday afternoon, says the Chicago News-Record, a wee bit of a child arrested traffic on Clark street and blanched many a face with horror. A crowd numbering thousands appeared to be paralyzed for the moment.

High above their heads, on a narrow cornice that runs around the fourth floor of the County building, stood a 3-year-old boy. The breeze that came up from the lake tossed his yellow curls about his laughing face as he playfully swung his arms about and looked at the ever-increasing mass of people that watched him from below. His little dress was wafted about by the wind, while the spectators expected every minute to see the darling explorer pitch headlong from the dizzy perch. No one dared to cry out, for fear of frightening the child, who calmly looked about, up and down the street, leaned over to get a better view of the sidewalk, and gazed at the towering Ashland block on the opposite corner.

Below was a scene of intense excitement. A hackman rushed to his hack and snatched a heavy blanket from the seat. Several men grasped the edges and stood close up to the building, directly below where the child was standing. Officer Frank C. Snyder, of the Central Station, stood on the corner in front of the Sherman House. A small boy ran up and called his attention to the child, and he made a wild rush for the elevator of the county building. Officer Timmons also witnessed the scene at the same time. About a score of men had now recovered their senses, and through every entrance of the building they raced for the elevators. Officer Timmons made a mistake, and was carried up to the top floor. Officer Snyder, however, made a better calculation. Running down the hall and into Judge Adams' court-room, he saw the innocent cause of all the commotion out on the ledge in front of the open window. The court-room was deserted, and the child was alone.

"Da, da, da," he was saying softly to himself, utterly oblivious of the presence of the officer. Cold drops of perspiration stood on the officer's forehead as he softly tiptoed toward the child, for he realized that his sudden appearance before the startled child meant instant death. Still the child prattled away, giving itself up to the enjoyment of the novel position.

The officer reached out to grasp its dress, when a wild, hysterical shriek came from the hall behind him. The child turned and began to totter, and horrified cry arose from the street. Officer Snyder's hand shot out and he held the boy in his arms.

Only for a moment, however, for a woman in whose face there was not a bit of color snatched the child from the officer's arms, and then dropped limp and fainting to the floor. The big-eyed boy looked about him curiously, while the room began to fill up with people. The mother of the child, for so she proved, clung tenaciously to him. When she became calmer she said she had been in the Probate Court-room, and her boy was playing and romping in the hall. She had not been aware that he was elsewhere until she heard the people rushing down the hall.

He had pushed open the door of the vacant room and climbed up on a chair to the open window. The officer chided the woman for her carelessness, but she was so happy at the escape of her boy that she paid little attention to his words, but showered passionate kisses on the child's face. She was a comely-looking and youthful German, and spoke English with difficulty. She would not give her name, and left, clasping the child to her breast.

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A sigh of relief went up from the crowd, which had blocked the sidewalks and extended across the street, when the child was taken inside. It necessitated the stoppage of vehicles and street cars, for in the suspense of the awful sight not a spectator moved, while a wondrous silence was caused by the unwonted spectacle. The passengers on the cable cars craned their necks out of the cars to get a sight of the child, and many women turned away with frightened faces, as if to avoid witnessing the anticipated fall.

Dangerous Negligence.

Great learning is not always accompanied by large measures of "common sense." The celebrated Doctor Chalmers came home on horseback one evening, and as neither the man who had charge of his horse nor the key of the stable could be found, he was puzzled as to the best temporary residence for the animal.

At last he fixed on the garden, and leading the horse thither, placed him on the gravel walk. When Miss Chalmers, who had been away from the house, returned, and her brother told her he had been unable to find the key of the stable, she inquired what had been done with the horse.

"I took him to the garden," said the Doctor.

"To the garden?" she exclaimed.

"Then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed!"

"Don't be afraid of that," said Doctor Chalmers. "I took particular care to place the horse on the gravel walk."

"And did you really imagine that he would stay there?"

"I have no doubt of it," replied the Doctor, with calm assurance. "So sagacious an animal could not fail to be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden."

"I am afraid," remarked Miss Chalmers, "that you will think less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden."

True enough, the horse had rolled in and trampled upon the beds till they were a scene of pitiful devastation.

"I never could have imagined," remarked the Doctor, in deep disgust, "that horses were such senseless animals."

A report about the surprising ignorance of a certain other order of animals must have been on Miss Chalmers' tongue, but no doubt she kept it back.

"I didn't think" should not be a full excuse for many little misdeeds, or for a costly piece of carelessness.

If the habit of negligence is once formed, it will assert itself through life—possibly in a disastrous way. If a habit of carelessness is formed, it will be life-long benefit—probably beyond all that its possessor may realize.

Stagings are constantly giving way, resulting in death or broken bones, because those who put them up were careless in their construction. A friend of ours, a retired housebuilder, never had an accident of the kind during his long life. He had formed the habit of assuring himself that every stick of timber and every nail was sound, and that every nail was well driven home.

A gentleman who had gone to watch with a sick friend opened a door which led to the cellar, but from which the stairs had been removed. He fell, and was killed. What a wicked neglect to have such a door unbarred in the front hall!

Another stepped out for a moment, leaving a tub of boiling water on the floor and a young child in the room. She was detained somewhat, and returned to find her child scalded to the bone.

At a camp-ground last summer a

lady intending to do some ironing filled her stove with wood and went to a neighbor's while the irons were heating. The stove door opened, coal fell out, the cottage and several others were burned, and the untold exertions barely saved from destruction all the other cottages and public buildings, with many grand and priceless trees.

A physician left his horse and buggy in a lane a short distance from his patient's house, where he thought he could see them from the window. The horse was well broken, kind, tractable, and accustomed to stand quiet for hours. But it quietly backed out of the lane and ran, and killed another horse. The law held it a case of gross neglect, and the physician had to pay for the other horse, besides the cost of the suit.—*Youth's Companion*.

MINING LEGENDS.

The Ladder Dwarf and the Famous Treasure of the Madre d'Oro.

"Among the strange and weird demons and bogies which are believed by miners to haunt the workings underground not the least horrible is the 'Ladder Dwarf,'" said a former prospector to a Washington Starman. "I never saw the creature myself, but he is described as hunch-backed, with a short body, large head, and enormously long and powerful arms. In fact, he resembles an exaggerated gorilla. His favorite trick is climbing the ladders by means of which the miners leave the mines, raising himself with his long arms, and, as he passes the rungs kicking them out one by one. He is supposed to always do this just before an accident of some kind in the mine."

Chewing Gum.

A great many false statements have been made as to the composition of ordinary chewing gum. Of course, where spruce gum is used, every one knows what the basis of it is and the article is sold to-day pure and in good quality at from 50 cents to \$1.50 per pound. Most of this gum, according to the Indian Rubber World, is gathered in the Green Mountain regions of Vermont, and is sold through the West, as other kinds are more popular on the Atlantic sea-board. The gum, however, that is sold from candy stands and in drug stores to-day is of totally different origin, and, as a rule, it is a manufactured product. To a certain extent this is a secret, as all India rubber compounds are secret to ordinary observers. What is known is that Yucatan gum is made of gum chicle, sugar and a variety of flavors, with certain ingredients which are kept secret, but help to make a homogeneous mass. The flavors that are used are peppermint, wintergreen, licorice, pineapple and some few medicinal ingredients.

Experts in chewing gum manufacture can tell in a minute whether the good flavors are used, whether the best gum is incorporated and just what the quality of the compound is, but in order to tell this accurately they are obliged to test it by chewing. The gum has a certain quality of sugar added to it to sweeten and make it palatable. It will be noticed that in chewing gum, after it has been in the mouth awhile, the sugar and flavor is entirely gone, and what remains is the rubber-like product, which is called sapodilla. This gum is the sap of a Mexican tree which is called sapodilla. It grows in other countries besides Mexico, but that is the only country where a business is made of tapping it. It is collected like India rubber sap, by cutting incisions in the bark, between the months of November and April, and after the gum has been gathered it is packed in sacks, 200 pounds to the sack. It is then a light-colored mass that appears to be about halfway between gutta percha and India rubber. In the factories it is washed, dried, and mixed, much as India rubber is, only it needs no process of vulcanization, and when run off on the spreaders is cut into sticks, wrapped and packed ready for shipment.