AN UNCONSCIOUS HERO

NO," Eleanor Landsberg said, as she crushed the cluster of fresh American Beauty roses she held in her clasped hands with painful intensity, as if they were somewhat to blame. "I cannot marry you, Morris—you are not my hero."

"Heroes do not exist out of novels," answered Morris Holmes with that perfect inflection that good breeding gives to its possessor; "I cannot fight for my lady love as the mediaeval knights did, nor fly to the wars, in these degenerate days."

"Then be a soldier of peace; there are daily wars to be waged that need disciplined soldiers. Be anything but a dawdler on the silken skirts of society. You believe that because you have inherited a fortune that other men earned for you by the sweat of their brows, that you are to lie idle in the lap of luxury. Shame, Morris Holmes! When I marry I will choose my husband from among the ranks of the people; my hero must do great deeds, not dream them, all day long."

"My dear socialist," said Morris with the familiarity of long acquaintance, "if you listen to reason a moment you will see that with money you can remedy a great many evils; without it you are practically helpless."

"How many evils have you remedied, Morris? Answer me that."

"Few, as yet, I admit. But, Eleanor, is it my fault that my father left me this fortune? Listen, dearest. I may call you so once. Why not help me to become this almoner? At least I am not a profligate."

"Pardon me," returned the young woman, tearing the heart from a rose—a performance which made the sensitive Morris wince—"I think you are profligate with time and influence, and all other good things which you waste by lavishing them on yourself. How will you account for wasted opportunities, and talents folded in a napkin, when the day of reckoning comes?"

She was very handsome, very attractive in her strong young womanhood, and as a reformer, the fad of the hour.

"What would you have me do to prove myself a hero?" asked Morris Holmes with a gently patronizing air, as if he had been speaking to a child, and which infuriated Eleanor.

"Do?" she repeated with withering scorn, "do anything to show the world that you are a man, and at least capable of managing your own affairs. Life is full of instructions, but you have never learned one of its lessons. You have not even been a profitable dreamer."

She was intense and angry, and at last he was aroused.

"You have taught me one lesson, Eleanor, that I shall not forget. I hope when you find your hero he will love you as truly as I have done—as I will continue to do, if you do not forbid me. And now, good by. We part friends, do we not?"

Before she answered him Eleanor rose, and in so doing dropped the flowers she had been holding. Morris sprang to pick them up, when instantly she placed her small, imperative foot upon them, crushing them to the floor. He looked at her shocked and wounded.

"You see how hopeless it is that you should ever understand me," she said bitterly. "You have more consideration for these hot-house weeds than for the souls of those around you. You hurt and wound me by your indifference to vital questions, but you are sorry for the roses! Good by, Morris!"

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"No berths left in the sleeper, sir."

"But I tell you I must have a berth—I can't sit up all night," and Morris Holmes shivered at the thought of such a hardship.

"A great many people do, sir," said the conductor. "There's old Judge Skinner and his wife; they are both going to sit up to-night."

"But my man telegraphed for a section."

"They were all taken then, sir."

Morris Holmes had donned the plain dress of the ordinary business man and wore a hideous gray ulster that concealed his elegant personality, and was on his way to the mining district, where a mine was located of which he was part owner; not a gold mine, but one that brought in gold—a bituminous coal mine, known as the "Little Summit."

Morris had taken little or no notice of this branch of his wealth, the management and details being left to his agent, but when he left Eleanor Landsberg on the occasion of her second and final refusal of his offer of marriage, he suddenly determined to take a trip to the mining country and try his hand at heroism, in the way of improving the condition of the men who worked in underground chambers, a work to him, the embodiment of hardship and privation.

"I would not make a good soldier, and I certainly am not a hero," he said to himself, and then he thought of Eleanor, and fancied her soothing the troublesome, crying child in the further end of the car, and gaining the confidence of the mean-looking parents, who were poor and tired.

At the next stopping place he went out to catch a breath of fresh air, and bought a bag of cakes for the baby, an act of generosity that the tired mother appreciated with a smile.

He talked with the father and learned their story. Two children left behind with relatives because they were too poor to take them along, but they had the promise of work where they were going, and then they would send for them. If Morris helped them he did not let his left hand know what his right was doing, but I do know that the children followed their parents a few weeks later.

Morris prepared for a night of vigils, then fell into a sound sleep curled up in a corner of the car seat, and when he awakened it was early morning.

A more desolate place than that in which the "Little Summit" mine was located would be hard to describe. The mine that poured wealth into the coffers of its owners was conducted by ill-paid, sodden men, scrubby boys and half blind mules. The foreman was brutalized by a long course of low wages, heavy expenses and sordid surroundings. It was a word and a blow with him, or an oath more demoralizing than blows. When a stranger appeared he was received with sullen and suspicious silence, being more than half suspected of wanting the bread out some other mouth. Morris was shocked almost out of recognition of himself by this unexpected state of things, for he felt himself passively to blame. He could not lay the odium on the shoulders of his agent, for he had never asked a single question concerning the mine, or the moral or physical welfare of the men. He had taken the revenue from it as part of his patrimony, indifferent as to methods. He had been helping to grind women and children into the dust, that he might loll in luxury. His conscience stung him with reproaches which were inadequate to make him suffer as he deserved.

"Your hand, friend," he had said to the foreman, and noted the ugly scowl, and determined air of refusal with which the man drew back.

"'Taint as white as yours; and how do I know that you are my friend," was the surly reply.

"I am here to see what you need, and will help you if you will let me," answered Morris gently.

"A spy of an overseer, like enough. The sooner you get out of these quarters the better for your health. If one of the bloomin' mine owners sent you here, go back an' tell him 'taint safe to come spyin' roun'. Tell him, too, that we'll give him a warmer welcome—hounds that they all are!"

The miners, dirty, black, and complaining, had gathered around the foreman, and although they hated him, they were bound to him by a common grudge.

"Tell them to come and get filled with warm lead—we'd heat it fur the 'casion," said a burly miner known as "Ole Geordie."

"They dassn't come nigh their own property," said another, "they're white-livered cowards, and not worth the powder to blow 'em to thunder!"

"Go gack to your master, and tell him what his lovin' workmen says," said the foreman contemptuously, "an' get a photygraff of some of the hungry children and dyin' mothers, for the family album. My missus will give you hers."

"Men," said the stranger, unbuttoning his heavy ulster, and throwing it open, "have you ever heard of Morris Holmes?"

A groan and a series of yells saluted him.

"Aye, an' of his father afore him. It's that he might lie soft and eat fine food, that we gets lost in the choke an' damp. If he sent you, go back and tell him to come out here himself. We hev a long account to settle, an' the figgers is waitin'." It was "Old Geordie" who spoke.

"I am Morris Holmes! I am here to right your wrongs, but I demand protection at your hands. I demand your confidence, and that of your wives and children. I have the right to ask this. For the present that is all I have to say."

A few cheered him, others remained sullen and discontented, good news being received with caution and suspicion.

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Eleanor Landsberg had no word from Morris for six months. Then she received a paper marked in red ink, which had a paragraph that interested her. It gave a plain statement of the great improvement that had taken place in the "Little Summit" mine, and went on to describe the comfortable homes of the miners, the new machinery which had been put into the mines to take the place of child labor, the comfortable stables above ground that had been built for the mules, the improved social condition of the men's families, and ended with a glowing tribute to the "noble energy of the young and athletic mine owner, Morris Holmes."

In a few months she received a second newspaper, published like the first, in a town adjoining the mines, and giving the news of that section of the country. It also contained a marked paragraph, but the marking was irregular black lines, of jagged pencil, and on the border was drawn a rude hand, pointing to the notice, and the badly written but legible name, "Old Geordie."

Eleanor read in a few intense words the news that had been sent to her. There had been an accident in the mine. The roof of an entire chamber had fallen and buried twenty miners beneath it. The men were rescued with great difficulty, and some of them were badly injured. When all were supposed to have been saved, there was a wailing cry, and the wife of "Old Geordie" struggled from the hands of friends and tried to throw herself into the mine. Morris Holmes, pale and out of breath, called for men to go down with him to rescue Geordie. No one responded. The men owed their lives to their families, and they knew the danger of a falling roof. So Morris, with one look at the blue sky above him, swung into the cage and was lowered alone amid an awe-stricken silence into the bosom of death. There was not much more to tell. When the signal was given there were willing hands to help deliver the two men from the wreckage, but only one came up alive. The other had succumbed to the fatal damp. A long panegyric followed, but it meant little to Eleanor. Her eyes rested on four oft-quoted, hackneyed lines, that closed the story; they would never leave her:

"For whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

She had found her hero, never again to lose him. He had returned on his shield.

"'HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF MORRIS HOLMES?'"

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.

Christianity is not a new system of theological reasoning, nor a new assortment of phraseology, nor a new circle of acquaintances, nor even a new line of meditation—but a new life.

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have any ability to admire.

The man who has begun to live and work by artificial stimulant never knows where he stands and can never count upon himself with any certainty. He takes into his castle a servant who becomes the most tyrannical of masters.

There be many who mourn the want of opportunity, and yet endeavor to conform to the disposition of their Master, and to carry themselves wisely and well, who will wake up by-and-by, when they stand in the presence of the all-revealing Eye, with sweet surprise and adoring gratitude, to see how much more their life meant than they themselves thought.—Free Silver Knight.

All are born alike in this—that they have to begin and find out the ways of life. The equipments and means by which men may learn these ways are better in some than in others; but all have to learn—all are obliged to gather experience for themselves; and although the experience of parents can guard children so long as they are under their authority, and although they may influence them very powerfully, it is not possible for any parent to transmit the whole of his experience to his children.

LATE EUGENE FIELD.

THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE POET WAS GREATLY BELOVED.

A Sketch of His Life as Told by the Paper That Discovered Him—Had a Fixed Position in Literature—Was His Own Severest Critic.

EUGENE FIELD, one of the best known of western poets, died very suddenly last Monday at his home in Chicago. A short sketch of his life is published in the Chicago Record and is as follows:

A boy was born in St. Louis forty-five years ago of old colonial stock, who grew up in New England and the west, and thus came to possess as a man many of the characteristics of the dwellers in both these sections. While he was yet a little child his mother died, and he was placed in the care of his aunt, Miss Mary French, of Amherst, Mass. At 17 years of age he entered Williams college. His father, Roswell M. Field, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, who is, perhaps, best known as one of the counsel for Dred Scott in the famous slavery case, was a thorough scholar. He required the young student to carry on all correspondence with him in Latin. Before the son had been long at Williams college the father died. Prof. John W. Burgess, who was appointed the boy's guardian, placed him at Knox college, at Galesburg, Ill. He studied there two years, and afterward remained for some time at the University of Missouri. In 1871, having attained his majority, Mr. Eugene Field went to Europe, where he traveled for six months. He became a newspaper reporter in 1873, being employed on the St. Louis Evening Journal, of which he soon was made city editor. He also worked on a newspaper in St. Joseph for several months, and later became managing editor of the Kansas City Times. About fifteen years ago he went to Denver as a member of the editorial staff of the Tribune of that city. There within a short time his writings gave him a wide reputation.

Tall, slender, boyish, blonde and aggressive, this promising young man came out of the west thirteen years ago. During those years the growth of his powers was continuous and rapid. Light-hearted and kindly, fond of friends, and yet a scholarly man, devoted to his family and a little child among children, he was learning lessons of his art in a variety of schools. His capacity for work was prodigious. A pen capable of making only the finest hair strokes, when once set to traveling over a pad of paper on his knee, within two hours supplied enough of his beautiful, microscopic writing to fill a long newspaper column of agate type. Usually the sheets went to the printers without a blot or erasure. Yet Mr. Field's best productions were by no means hastily done. A poem or a story grew in his mind for days, and sometimes for weeks or months, before a word of it was written. Finally its turn came, and then the whole was set down in all haste. Apparently there was never a lack of subjects. The trouble lay mainly in the picking and choosing. Realizing that his ability to do good work was constantly increasing, Eugene Field was slow to publish his stories and poems in book form. His volumes were issued because not even their severest critic, the author of them, could help confessing that they deserved to see the light.

EUGENE FIELD.

Queer Suit for Damages.

Richard Tait, of Rochester, N. Y., has begun suit to recover $5,000 from Bernard Deutschler, a barber, who he alleges maliciously shaved off his luxuriant mustache. Tait says that he visited Deutschler's shop last Saturday and asked for a shave. Being tired he fell into a doze under the soft ministrations of the tonsorial artist. When he awoke he found to his dismay that he had been given a "clean shave" and no mistake. Until that time he had worn a fine mustache, long, yellow and silky. It had been the result of years of cultivation, and it will take years to grow another like it. In fact, a new growth will never be as soft as the one removed by the cruel razor. An angry altercation followed the discovery, but the barber, Tait claimed, only laughed at his sorrow. He then consulted with his friends and they advised him to sue. Tait says he can prove actual pecuniary damages. He was keeping company with a wealthy young lady, whom he intended to marry some day. His yellow mustache he was sure was a most potent factor in his suit, and now, having lost it, he feels that his chances have greatly diminished.

MR. RHIND AT WORK ON STATUE OF CALHOUN.

Mr. J. Massey Rhind, the sculptor, is now engaged, in his country studio at Closter, N. J., on a heroic statue of Calhoun. A good idea of the magnitude of the work is given by the picture. The statue, when completed, which will not be for five or six months yet, is to be set up in the city of Charleston, S. C. Mr. Rhind receives his commission from the Ladies' Calhoun association of Charleston, which had organized and raised a fund for the erection of a statue of Calhoun when the war broke out. After the war half of the fund was expended on a statue which is now standing in Charleston, out it is not a satisfactory one, and Mr. Rhind's is designed to take its place. Of the original members of the association only four or five now survive. One of these is Mrs. Snowden, now ninety yaers old. She from the first has been president of the association, and is said to have insured the safety of the fund during the war by sewing the government bonds, in which it was invested, into her petticoat. It is also said that, in her young days, there was a romantic attachment between her and Calhoun.

Mr. Rhind is a young Scotchman who came to New York in 1889, and who has since then produced some quite notable work. His grandfather and father were sculptors before him; and the latter produced the statue of William Chambers, the publisher, and the reclining statue of the Marquis of Montrose in St. Giles—works that are regarded as among the choicest art treasures of Edinburgh. Mr. Rhind first studied for a short time in Edinburgh, then in London, and then in Paris under Delan. It was soon after completing his studies in Paris that he came to America. The first work he did after coming was for the decoration of the Theological seminary at Twenty-first street and Ninth avenue, New York. His reputation, however, was established by his designs for the bronze doors of Trinity church, donated by William Waldorf Astor in commemoration of his father, and his designs for the King fountain in Albany, N. Y. He is at present engaged on a large decorative figure for the portico of the American Surety building, New York, and an elaborate scheme of decoration for commencement hall, Princeton college.

TIDES SAVE MILLIONS.

Do Work for New York That Costs Baltimore Money.

New York is blessed in a peculiar way twice a day by the rising and falling of the tide. By cleaning our docks and slips, the tide saves the city millions of dollars every year. It carries away countless tons of floating refuse and purifies the sewage of thousands of pipes whose ends, projecting beyond the wharves, discharge into the river and harbor. Low lying seaboard cities, such as Baltimore, for instance, are not so fortunate in this respect as New York, and when one reads of the never-ending struggle against refuse in the harbors of other cities he appreciates in a new degree one more advantage of the metropolis. To keep clean the water in the docks requires a big force of men in Baltimore, where early every morning squads of men in boats and scows sail around the harbor, skimming from the surface of the water the refuse that has accumulated in the twenty-four hours previous. From five to fifteen carloads of watermelon and cantaloupe rinds, pieces of wood and bits of cotton are gathered daily just now. The skimming force gets to work just before sunrise and finishes its work before the real traffic along the shore front begins. The men are armed with long-handled scoop-nets, with which they gather every floating thing that is out of place. It must be that Baltimore inhabitants make it a point of sitting on the wharves when they eat watermelons, else how could fifteen carloads of rinds accumulate in twenty-four hours! Baltimore's skimming gangs scoop up, too, considerable refuse that is thrown overboard by steamers and other boats that sail in the harbor. Around New York's water front refuse is dumped overboard from boats, ships and ocean liners in prodigious quantities. The stuff floats around for a few hours, but after an ebb of the tide the water is clear and pure. It is fresh from the ocean, for the fall of the tide at New York—from four to six feet—is so great that the whole body of water around the city is changed twice a day.—New York Recorder.

Tramp Slang.

Tramp slang is another apparent necessity in a jail. A general conversation of prisoners would in many instances be quite unintelligible to the uninitiated listener. But it may be depended upon that the boy is only too alert in gathering in a new phraseology, and it is not long after his entrance into the jail until he is fluent in his newly acquired lingo as any professional. He learns all about "bumming on the roads," "battering for chewing," "hitting the Galway for punk," "rushing the growler for his jigger," "chewing the rag," and other eccentricities of language too numerous to mention. After becoming proficient in this, it is but a step to learn the racks of the trade. His tutors tell him about "playing the light-fingered act," how to work the "jimmy" when prying open a window or door, how to escape from the reform school if he should ever be sent there, how to steal clothes from clothes-lines, how to play the "three-card trick," etc. Very often he will attempt deceptions before he regains his freedom.—"How Men Become Tramps," by Josiah Flynt, in the Century.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The Sun is the only New York paper that does not use typesetting machines.

Nearly 10,000 tons of tea were landed in Tacoma from China in one day not long ago.

The Berlin Academy of Sciences is preparing to issue a complete edition of the works of Kant.

The negro race has increased its property in the state of Georgia 150 per cent in the past ten years.

There is in Michigan one application for divorce to every ten marriages and one divorce to every twelve.

It is a curious fact that the number of women physicians has fallen off tremendously within a year or two.

A fisherman near Seattle says that he hauled in 1,900 salmon with one cast of his seine the other day.

It is estimated that some 4,000 dozen eggs were smashed in a railroad wreck that occurred at Canterbury, N. H., last week.

Reports from Germany indicate that electric plows, hoes and potato diggers will soon be successfully at work in that country.

The demand for coon cats in Belfast, Me., has become so brisk that cat stealing has become decidedly annoying to the residents there.

The British census report says that if all the houses in England were placed side by side they would cover a space of 450 square miles.

The season's apple crop is set at 66,256,000 barrels, which is pretty close to a barrel for every man, woman and child in the country.

"Old Dan," a famous army mule that has worked for Uncle Sam upwards of thirty years, was shot and cremated at Willet's Point last week.

London has imported fom America during the last fortnight 40,000 tubs of butter. It fetched from 24 to 25 cents a pound over there.

A Malay opera troupe is on its way from Polynesia to London, where it will perform "Rishi Sha Hirma," described as a national opera.

On account of local opposition the monument to John Brown, which it was proposed to erect at Harper's Ferry, will not be built at present.

The custom-house officers in New York were in a good deal of [illegible] last week appraising a [illegible] was finally fixed on a [illegible]

The headlights from [illegible] on the Maine [illegible] from the [illegible] animals are being [illegible] glass.