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How does  
-it-  
Strike you?

KING COPHETUA THE ELDER.  
Beneath the palm she found a seat  
Her long made the river sweep  
And bathed her little ivory feet  
And under anise in the Nile.  
F both, a pleasant sight was that  
Of all the people made that he  
The dearest was nearest her  
A prettier maid than Rhodope.  
By chance an eagle down and proud  
Came flying over land and sea,  
And stopping from its lofty perch  
Looked down on lovely Rhodope.  
Then, uttering a murmur of joy,  
He noted her little ivory feet  
A sunny smile, pearly eye  
And once he sawly out of sight.  
The bird, he had in golden crown,  
Gleed his mane and his crown  
When to an eagle gliding down,  
Had placed a nut in his hand.  
He kissed it, and he kissed it twice;  
"Sweet nut—sweet nut!" quoth he,  
"So fine a nut!" And he kissed it  
They brought thither Rhodope.  
She had foot was needed fast  
In pearly slipper, as was fit;  
The other little foot was bare,  
No need of a slipper could it be.  
The crowing song "Long live the king!"  
"But not a word," quoth she,  
"I give you my crown and everything  
To keep little Rhodope."  
—New York Tribune.

MORNING GLORY.  
Once upon a time, somewhere, in Somebody's garden, there grew a Morning Glory vine. Nobody knew how it came there, for no one had sown it, but it was a pretty little thing, with green hearts for leaves and cunning little pink blossoms curling here and there upon its fuzzy stem.  
She wanted to get up off the ground where she had been all of her short life, so she crept slowly along to find something to take hold of that she might climb high up into the bright sunlight. She put out her tender tendrils and felt carefully along, for she was blind, poor little thing, and could not see where she was going.  
As she reached out she felt something hard. "Ah, perhaps this is something high," thought the Morning Glory, so she crawled up the side quite to the top, but she was not high at all—not much higher than the ground—for it was only a small stone that she had found; so she sadly crept back down the other side, and she lay there quite discouraged.  
There was an old man who used to take care of Somebody's garden, and he saw this plant growing there and groping about for support, so he fastened a string from a peg stuck into the ground up to Somebody's window sill, and then he quite forgot all about it.  
The next morning the Morning Glory felt more cheerful, and she started upon her search again. "She had not far to go this time, because the kind old man had fastened the peg very near to where she lay; so she reached about with caution to avoid another stone, and took hold of the string.  
The poor, sightless little thing did not know that the old man had put it there for her, but somehow she felt that it would lead her to where she wished to go—up toward the beautiful blue sky and the great golden sun.  
So she climbed along the string, slowly at first, then faster each day as she began to know the way, until, like Jack's bean stalk, she had reached the window sill.  
Now Somebody, the person who owned the garden, was ill; so all he had to do was to stay in his room with an ugly black bandage over his eyes, and the doctors feared that he might never see again.  
He was very unhappy, and was often—oh, so very—cross, and the servants quite feared him when he spoke to them in a harsh, authoritative voice.  
He had no relatives, and he lived quite alone in his great house, with many people to wait upon him, and with ever so much money to buy things to make him happy, but the things that one buys do not always make one happy, and he was terribly wretched in his big, fine house.  
One morning he propped his way to the open window and put his hand out upon the side of the frame, and he felt a little, sharp nail. Now if he had been gentle the nail would not have hurt him, for it was a harmless little thing, but he made a rough, impatient movement, and it caught his finger and bruised it a little.  
This made Somebody very angry, and he said some very unpleasant things about the person who dared to put a nail outside his window, and he felt about, very cautiously this time, to find the nail once more, that he might tear it out.  
So he moved his hand slowly along upon the sill, and the Morning Glory was reaching her little hand about there at the same time, and their two hands met.  
One did not look at all like a hand, but it was one just the same, and the little green hand grasped the great white one, and they seemed to know and understand each other at once, for the little green hand said to the large white one very tenderly: "Oh! so you are blind, too! I am so sorry!"  
The great hand did not try to find the nail after that; it just touched the Morning Glory with a soft caress, and two great drops fell upon the leaves. They fell strangely and not at all like the cool rain drops which sometimes watered the Morning Glory, and something told her that these drops were tears.  
Now, after this these two—Somebody and the Morning Glory—grew to love each other very dearly, and each day they would feel about for one another, and the dainty Morning Glory would nuzzle against Somebody's cheek, and Somebody would pat her and stroke her leaves very gently.  
And the cheerful hopefulness of the little green plant helped Somebody to be a little bit hopeful, too. You see it was harder for him, for he had not always been blind, while she had never seen, and was so used to it that now she hardly minded it at all.  
One morning the Morning Glory brought her friend a surprise. She had kept it a secret all the while, and now she proudly put a great, beautiful pink blossom into his hand. He could not see that it was pink, but he felt that it was lovely, and he kissed the pretty flower and murmured, "You little beauty; and that made the Morning Glory very happy, for all mothers dearly love to have their babies admired, you know.  
And the next morning Somebody had a surprise for the Morning Glory. That was a secret, too. No one knew it yet but the doctor, and Somebody drew the little Morning Glory close to his lips and whispered it into her ear. Then the little green hand twisted about the great white one, and this is what it said, "I am so glad that you are not going to be blind any more." And Somebody, undressed

STREAM AND SOURCE.  
Under the opening that drew  
Out at dusk of the river below,  
But they were in the river below,  
Where the shepherd waters his flock;  
And looking and showing them all,  
The stream and the river,  
The spring that was in the heart of the  
And the fountain that fed  
From them in secret flow.  
Under the stream of gold  
That ran from the top of the mountain,  
But under they were in a golden desert  
That was as bright as a gem;  
And the fountain that fed  
The river and the river,  
The well of life's grace on the corner of  
And he is the great giver,  
—Harriet Motives Kinship in Oremington.

A HANDSOME BLONDE.  
They boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, roused lips and rosy cheeks. Her raven locks fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into a massive coil, artistically braided, in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were supplemented with a warm light, and had in their half shy expression a charm which fascinated for weal or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.  
He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close out. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and, do what he might, he could not avoid glancing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blamed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.  
They were, ere long, introduced, but their acquaintances seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate them. She had other friends, and needed him not; he was busy and cared not for her.  
Gossips will circulate in a boarding house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—the overboard two of the servants discovered certain photographs. She learned that they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies.  
"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself, and then quickly answered it: "Of course he has. But perhaps he is engaged!" Think of it! Is such a thing possible?  
And, fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she rang her door open. There was no one in the hall; the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see that other, perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance for detection in that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear.  
Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in the mirror—a dainty, hand painted thing—doubtless the gift of that other. But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.  
The upper drawer of the bureau was open, a little way, and she was in good order. She had been studying the photographs, perhaps a minute, rapidly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step come hurrying up the stairs.  
She turned pale with fright, for she recognized the quick step, and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for there had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.  
At her bosom she wore a dainty glove buttoner of oxidized silver—a pretty thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from the resting place as she sat reading in her own room, and when the thought of those photographs came to her she rose so suddenly that she still further loosened it. While bending over her picture on the bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and, when the inverted quickly to fly, it fell into the partly open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it at so critical a moment.  
When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room, but in her eagerness to escape she forgot not of that distraction, but rather she saw it, over turned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, leaping most nimbly, she sprang full length upon the floor, a dozen hairpins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lovely dignity.  
Just at this juncture, a little waiter with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunderstruck.  
He paused abruptly upon the threshold as if spellbound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was forced to grasp the casing of the doorway lest he, too, might fall.  
This weakness of course lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon its back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, he aid for hair dressing scattered about in profusion, a faint smile lit his face—surely this was pardonable.  
The next moment, however, his expression changed, for he remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted her gently to her feet, and sought to assure her that no harm was done.  
Her hands were bruised, likewise her face, arms and many parts of her body, for she fell heavily; but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His arms were about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair—his voice was speaking, polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate, words, but still she sobbed, her heart nearly broken.  
He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was a kind hearted man after all, and as he approached her situation he gently drew her toward the hall.  
"I—I—will—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.  
"Very well," he answered, "I hope you are not seriously hurt."  
After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her woe-stricken gaze came upon her shocked mother, they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so hopelessly that he at once came to her relief.  
A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room, and she was standing in the center of his wondering how she happened to be where she had been.  
It would be wrong to say that he arrived at the proper solution of the problem at once, for although his wife was fairly sharp and the correct thought came to his mind, still he was not so contented as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty lace trimmed handkerchief, and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau above mentioned.  
As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove buttoner, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed rapidly at it, and then with a sigh, which may have meant very much, put it with the other spots and dropped into his great chair to think.  
Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was so much worried and troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss was seriously ill. And this was her answer:  
"Yes, we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps not at all, or only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we cannot account for it in any way."  
Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep Sunday night. His heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of anything or say one bad word.  
This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about 11:30 o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's.  
Her door was open a little way and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn on the evening when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away.  
And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him—or rather courage came to him—sufficiently to cry out in a bidding of a thought he had cherished for many days.  
He stepped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpins, glove buttoner and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face she stammered:  
"Pardon—I think—I should say this—of those belong to your daughter."  
"After which he made a very shamefaced retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate there.  
The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly received new strength as she heard his voice, and, springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cords in almost breathless haste.  
The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed and sunk into a chair, not really knowing what to expect.  
The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes, her bosom heaved with mighty sobs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.  
Alarmed at this young creature's behavior, and when she heard more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her everything.  
Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote also a few words, tied it with the white—if they may be so called—and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.  
This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart stricken young man almost flew into the larger room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.  
And now my tale is done. It were no proper or fair to tell what words, what promises were exchanged that morning.—Eliza T. Johnson.

Every reader has at some period of his or her life heard of the nine of Scotland; referred to as "the curse of Scotland"; but why, perhaps, you have never taken the time or trouble to ascertain.  
In my "Repository of the Rare and the Wonderful" I find no less than seventeen explanations of the origin of the expression, while Southwick's "Quintessence and Its Key" gives eleven, seven of which are wholly different from the answers given in the work above referred to, making in all twenty-four different accounts of the origin of the expression in the two works. Southwick traces it back to 1746, mentioning a caricature of that date which represents "the young chivalier" attempting to lead a herd of bulls laden with pearl curies across the Tweed river with the nine of diamonds lying before them.  
Perhaps the most satisfactory explanation of the enigma is that which refers it to the massacre of Glencoe. The order for that cruel deed was signed by the Earl of Stair, John Dalrymple, secretary of state for Scotland. The coat of arms of the Dalrymple family bears nine lozenges, resembling diamonds, on its shield. Thus it appears to have been with reference to them that the nine spot of diamonds was called "the curse of Scotland." The best and most likely of the other reasons for the origin of the expression are given below.  
During the reign of Mary a thief attempted to steal the crown from Elizabeth castle, and succeeded in abstracting nine valuable diamonds from it. To replace these a heavy tax was laid on the people of Scotland, which impoverished them to such an extent that nine diamonds, whether on cloaks, cards or real jewels, were spoken of as "Albion's curse."  
In the game of Pope Joan the nine of diamonds is the pope, who the Scotch Presbyterians consider a curse.  
It is also said that the Duke of Cumberland wrote his infamous orders at Culloden on the back of a card the front of which was marked with nine diamonds.  
The "Oracle, or Resolver of Questions," printed in 1770, says that the crown of Scotland had but nine diamonds, and that the Scotch people were too poor to add to the collection.—St. Louis Republic.