

I looked into Earl's bonny eyes, God alone knew how I loved him, I felt faint and dizzy. "I will go back to my room," I said lastly, I did not want him to know I had given the fruit he sent me to the housekeeper. He escorted me gently to his room, and stooped to kiss me as he went away. "Dear little sister," he murmured tenderly, "what made you so ill—when you were so well and happy before you had that burning fever?"

"I wish so to me," I cried sharply; "I am not your sister, and never dare to kiss me again." He looked back at me, as he closed the door, and I see him now, plainly as then, so hurt and offended that I called him back, but he had gone.

So they were married in cold snow December, and my love-dream ended. They are living yet, happy and contented in sunny France. I often receive letters from them, and Earl Vincent, and her husband always send a postscript telling me his wife grows more beautiful every day, and sending love to little sister and the doctor.

I look across the rooms now as I finish my story, at the bent form and silver hair of my only friend and father, and sigh dearly. "Don't be unhappy, my darling," he said taking off his eyeglasses and looking at me. "Earl Vincent lost a prize when he did not marry me, and I have no other child," I told Mabel. Your father loves you Claudia."

Well, it eases my pain to know some one loves me, but then "his hard to realize, men always pick a flower, and leave for others nothing but the seedling vine." In the old days I would try to may gather the bright flowers, and be happy in heaven.

You have my story now, gentle reader, and you know why now I am called an old maid. Others have sued for my hand, but I never loved. It was given to Earl Vincent fifteen years ago.

A Visit to Where Buddha Once Resided.

I have lately explored the ruins of the once famous city of Sravasti, the modern name of which is Sahet Mahet (pronounced Sa-hate Ma-hate and accented on the last syllable). It is about an-the-way corner of Jude, above the city of Jerusalem, and its chronology is impossible, but about 3000 years ago it was a magnificent city of great importance.

It is famous for having been the center of Buddhism, and the principal seat of Buddhist learning. Here Buddha rested from his missionary labors for four months every year, and from this city his disciples wandered to propagate their new religion. Some twelve centuries later, the Chinese pilgrim Hwen Thsang, in reference to the traditions of his faith which still lingered around this sacred city. After this Chinese pilgrims did not fail to visit this sacred spot, filled with temples and shrines and fanes and grand buildings, all in a state of decay. In the six century A. D., when Hwen Thsang, the famous Chinese pilgrim, historian, philosopher and theologian, visited Sahet Mahet, he found the desolation complete, and only a few fragments remained. The very name remains now of the once famous city, except the fortress, with a smaller ruin to the southwest, a few lofty mounds, numerous piles of brick, the remains of ancient pillars—all so densely covered with sandbags and venters and mold as to make exploration next to impossible. One side of the fortress follows the curve of the river Rapti; the other sides are more or less curved, so that the outline looks the shape of a baby's sock. The walls are built of mud-brick, the highest point being the northwest bastion, fifty feet in height. The ramparts must have been partly surrounded by a moat, the remains of which formed a swamp half a mile long. The whole circuit of the old city was about three miles in circumference, three and a half miles in extent. Inside, the fortress presents an undulating surface, caused by the remains of palaces and temples which lie buried. The main street runs through the center, and leads to the court of the king. To the west of the gate is the Ora Jhar. The eastern half is broken by the debris of buried houses. The walls are pierced by numerous gateways.

In the very center of the fortress are the remains of the palace of King Prasenajit, who reigned in the fifth century B.C. Buddhism; also a pillar and a wall in his honor. The Hall of Law, built for Buddha, is between the palace and the main street. Near the southeast gateway, not far from the palace, are the ruins of Jetavana, one of the most celebrated monasteries in India. To the south is a mound showing the spot where the successor of Prasenajit sacrificed 500 Buddhist virgins because they did not look upon him as a deity. The Ora Jhar is also a well where Buddha used to bathe. The Ora Jhar is a mound about 100 feet in height, and means bakel shakings. It is supposed to be the place where Rama's workmen emptied their baskets of earth. There is a small shrine near the Ora Jhar in the neighborhood. There is a little dilapidated temple on the top of it, the abode of some modern fakir.

This city has only lately been discovered and identified, and there have been but few explorations made. It is almost impossible to procure natives who are willing to work. They have a superstition that the old city is haunted by the wraiths of departed Hindoos, and are unwilling to enter it. It is one of the most interesting places in the annals of Buddhism, and would delight the soul of a real antiquary. We dug up a fine image of Buddha, but it was stolen by a native before we reached home.

The city of Sahet Mahet, the pride of India, is to-day a waste, a howling wilderness; but the religion of Buddha lives, and has its seat in Tibet, and sways more hearts to-day than any other religion in the world.—*New York Observer*.

A Doe STORY.—Dr. Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in his work recently published, entitled "The Relations of Mind and Brain," the following story of a dog: "A dog belonging to a United Presbyterian minister, killed the fowls while the family were at church yesterday morning. When the minister's dog was taken to the garden and immediately confessed his guilt. His master took him to the library, and, having shut the door, began a reprimand after this fashion: 'What wicked thing you have done murdering these fowls! You are a minister's dog, and should have been an example to other dogs instead of doing such a thing as this. Then, this is the Sabbath day, and the deed is all the worse on account of the day on which it was done. This admonition the dog was put out of the room and the do shut. Next morning he was found dead. A veterinary surgeon was consulted, and declared that the dog had died of a broken heart.'

Old-Time Delusions.

The following fatherless paragraph is going the rounds of the press:

It is deemed highly important among the Anglo-Saxons that a child should be born on a lucky day, on which the chances of its life are supposed to depend for in their opinion each day has its peculiar influence upon the destiny of the newborn. Thus, the first day of the moon was preferred to all others for the arrival of the little stranger, for, on twenty-first, a bold marauder, But on all the days of the week on which to be born Sunday was by far the most lucky, and if it fell on the new moon, the child's prosperity is unbounded. Friday was an unlucky birthday, not only because it was a day of crucifixion on our Lord and Savior, but because, according to Anglo-Saxon calculations, Adam ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and was also expelled from Paradise and died and descended into hell on that day.

Of late, this kind of popular superstitions during the middle age very largely, and on an authoritative source, the recently-published work of Victor Rydberg, a Swedish scholar, who has devoted much time and labor to the study of Old Norse and once interesting and instructive. The superstitions we shall mention, however, were not confined to the Anglo-Saxons, but prevailed generally among all the people of Europe, changing, of course, somewhat in form, and some of them some of them survive, in a more or less modified form, up to the present day, and may be familiar to many of our older readers, thereby illustrating the survival of ancient errors in spite of the enlightening influence of Christianity.

Putting the wrong foot—the left—first out of bed in the morning was sure to be followed by annoyance, and perhaps serious trouble, during the day. Neglect to put the shoes with the wrong foot on was certain to bring ghosts or bad dreams. When children are born no one must go out or in, or open the door without carrying fire with him, else the trolls—evil spirits—may find their way into the house and enter the child's body. And no one entering must say a word before he has touched the fire. For the same reason, while the child remains unchristened it must be watched carefully every night, and the fire kept burning brightly. And some of the things that the christening, the child must not be removed from one room to another without putting steel by its side. If two boys are baptized at the same time, the one named and blessed first will have the best of the fight; if the mother should avoid handling an ax, knife or other cutting instrument, else the child will some time be murdered. If the floor under the cradle is swept the infant will not sleep. If the cradle is washed with water the child will be peevish. When a child yawns the sign of a cross must be made over its mouth and the words "Jesus, God's soul!" added, otherwise the devil will then enter it. If a child looks out of a window or goes out of the door, the mother must Children punished on Sundays are made worse; but a good whipping on Good Friday promotes juvenile virtue. If the child runs about with one shoe on, the mother will have a sore back. If it has a cold, the mother must not let it go to bed, for the child will then be ill. Parents just so many steps into hell. Reading and eating at the same time gives a child a bad memory. If a lover's first gift to his betrothed is shoes she will be unfaithful; if stockings, she will be a scold. If a man wears a ring on his new-days and Saturdays are unlucky. If a bridal procession halts for any reason, the married pair will quarrel. If the wedding ring is too small, misfortune is in store for them. The one who first kneels down at the altar will be the first to kneel down first. Those who hold the canopy must not change hands or touch the bride's crown, for that brings ill-luck and mutual weariness. If in going out an old woman or a person carrying a bundle of sticks will be considered to avoid misfortune. When the table is set, the bread must be laid upon it immediately. Bread must never be placed with the upper crust down. Great care must always be taken to remove all the ticks and fleas from the body—such as hair, nails, blood, etc.—before they are buried in the earth, so as not to come in contact with diseased persons, or fall into the hands of witches. The cawing of crows and ravens, the howling of dogs, the ticking of old bed-worm in the walls of a house, were sure signs of sickness or death. If the horse of a clergyman riding to visit a sick person in his parish, lowered its head on reaching the house, or if a rat were to enter the house, it was a bad omen. If a light went out suddenly, it was a bad omen. If a glass or mirror were broken—it was a sign of death. To learn the fate of the sick person, a piece of bread, which had been tasted was laid in a bowl of water, and the patient was asked to eat it. If he refused to eat it, or if he ate it, the patient was under the stone—the patient was past cure. The practice of medicine was occasionally quite eccentric. We give a "conjugation-formula" for bloody flux:

Conjugation made in Venice
 Sicut Christus in pontem
 Sanguis meus fuit
 Sicut Christus in pontem
 Sanguis meus fuit

Here is one for epilepsy:

Melchior, Balthasar portans bmc nomina
 Casper,
 Perpetre morbo domini pstat eodue
 Perpetre ut terminis detineat pstat missas.
 Sicut Christus in pontem
 Sanguis meus fuit
 Sicut Christus in pontem
 Sanguis meus fuit

The sick were frequently manacled; sometimes as a remedy, at others, to ascertain whether the disease was increasing or decreasing. Sick children were drawn through holes dug in the ground, or through a split cherry tree.

It was not long ago that the plague was very troublesome in the neighborhood of Berne, Switzerland, and the people, after trying in vain all other means, called upon the Bishop of Lausanne, who, in the name of the Pope, and the insect as "an irrational imperfect creature" whose kind was never enclosed in Noah's ark. The bugs were notified to disappear in six days, or if they did not, to appear for trial at Wivelsburg on the command was obeyed, as a contemporary chronicle says, "because of our sins." In the Tyrol, in 1519-20, a civil suit was actually commenced against the field-rats! One Simon Fliiss, a peasant, engaged the services of a lawyer, and the judge, William of Haslingen, that said the field-rats were doing great damage in his parish. Fliiss chose Schwarz Minig as his attorney, and the Court showed its sense of justice by naming Hans

member to defend the cause of the rats. But the witnesses were all on the side of the plaintiff, and the decision was rendered as follows: "After accusation and defense, after statement and cross-examination, after a long and careful consideration of all that pertains to justice, it is by this sentence determined that those noxious animals called field-rats must, within two weeks after the promulgation of this judgment, depart from the fields and the meadows of this city. But if one or several of the animals are in delicate health, or unable on account of their youth to follow them, they shall enjoy, during further two weeks, safety and protection from every body, and after these two weeks depart." Whether the rats recognized the authority of Judge William, and emigrated in obedience to his orders, is not stated; but the probabilities are that they gave up the "straw" and appealed the case to a many rats do nowadays.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Blushing Camera.

Society ladies often indulge in novel and eccentric follies to kill time. To demonstrate this *The Dispatch* relates the following story:

A very charming and aristocratic Providence young lady, who may be called Lottie, was quite recently delighted by the unexpected visit of a young lady, who resides in New York, on Fifth Avenue, and who even in that goodly sized city, is noted for her beautiful face and figure. It will do no harm to call her Lulu. Well, for a few weeks the girls had a perfectly splendid time talking of their own affairs and those of others; indulging in reminiscences, surmises, etc., attending parties, play games, and so forth, and waiting, and in fact, doing much that would disagree with the old saw, "early to bed and early to rise." Then they sighed for something new and novel. What should it be?

"Oh, I know," said Lottie to Lulu. "I can't go out at night, and I am contrary to yielding myself into the disesteeming arms of Morpheus, the god of sleep."

"I know. Cousin George has a small camera in his room. He carries it with him on his visits to his friends, and on his vacations, and takes photographic views through which he passes. He has taught me how to take a photograph. Now, tomorrow morning we will get up early, and before the sun has got into the windows, we will slip into his room, lock the door and have a grand time. I will be photographer."

Lulu thought the idea was real nice. And then blushing violently, whispered something to Lottie, who also blushed violently.

"Oh, Lulu!" exclaimed Lottie, "suppose somebody should happen to—but never mind, I'm willing."

Then out went the lights, and the fair girls bounced into bed and were soon asleep.

After breakfast, the next morning, the girls proceeded to Cousin George's private apartment, which was quite near theirs. The chamber maid was just leaving the room. Lulu was quick and clear, and in a few minutes the two damsels.

Lottie carefully locked the door, and dragged forth the camera from the corner of the room. Then Lulu, her face literally crimson with blushes, began to operate the camera, and as the shutter tripped, then the dainty white underclothing, etc., and finally, beautiful beaming Lulu stood in the center of the room clad only in nature's garb. The naughty fair one poised herself as the Greek Slave, and Lottie leveled the instrument at her, and the glass then turned to one of the front windows and lazily gazed out upon the street. Suddenly an exclamation of terror escaped her lips.

"Oh, Lulu," she cried, "here comes Cousin George!"

Hastily picking up the feminine wearing apparel that lay on the floor, the young women hurried to their own chamber, which they managed to reach without being seen.

"What a lucky I happened to look out of the window!" remarked Lottie.

"Yes," said Lulu, and then the fair girl shuddered visibly. "Oh, Lottie," she said, "we forgot to put that instrument back in its proper place. Suppose Cousin George should go to his room and—oh, dear, how can I ever face him again!"

"Lulu R—," gasped Lottie. "I'm the biggest fool alive. I didn't remove the negative. Don't look at me so, dear, for I'm sure Cousin George will be angry in a hurry. I haven't heard him come up stairs yet."

And so Lottie hastily tiptoed along her corridor and gently opened the door of her cousin's room. Horrors! There lay the negative, as she had put it in her camera, holding the negative up to the light and gazing at it with astonished and eager eyes.

Lottie's half suppressed scream startled him.

"What possessed you to act so?" he demanded.

"Oh, George, I implore you do not expose us, pleaded the tearful, half-dying Lottie. "What induced you to come looking for me?"

"Can't get along without my watch, my dear," was the reply, "I shall insist on printing one picture from this interesting negative, and then you may have it."

"Oh, no, no, George, poor Lulu would die of shame if she knew of this discovery—give me that glass, please," begged Lottie hysterically.

The upshot of the matter was that Lottie's tears and pitiful entreaties induced her cousin to give her the negative and destroy the negative at once. Then Lottie returned to Lulu and told her there was no cause for fear now, as the tell-tale glass was broken in a thousand pieces.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.—The irregular eating of unripe fruit is well known to be unwholesome. The regular and moderate use of well ripened fruit is not so highly appreciated as contributing to the relief of persons in regions where more or less malaria prevails have discovered that nothing is a more sure preventive of its deleterious effects than a regular supply of fruit. But fruit will not only prevent disease, but, in some instances, cure it. Many cases of the best Residues to cure it. Many cases of chronic cough, which had excited a good deal of uneasiness, was cured by daily eating ripe raspberries, recommended by a medical writer of high authority as an excellent expedient. Some cases of colds and croup apt to occur on the first cool and damp days of autumn than at other seasons. We have often cured these diseases on the first attack by eating copiously ripe watermelons. The beneficial effects of triphala pills, of course, on such occasions are well known. Watermelons supply a larger quantity of water than would easily swallow in any other way.

How the Ladies Fish.

There is generally about six of them in bunch, with light dresses on, and they reel in their poles with as many hooks and lines among them. As soon as they get to the river they look for a good place to get down the bank, and the most venturesome one sticks her boot-heel in the bank, and makes two steps down—then suddenly fling herself at the bottom with both hands sticking in the water and a feeling that everybody in this world is looking at her, and she never tells anybody how she got there. The other girls, profling by her example, turn around and go down the bank on their hands and toes, backwards. When they scamper over the rafts until they find a shallow place where they can be the fish, and shout:

"Oh, I see one!"

"Where?"

"Oh my, so he is."

"Let's catch him."

"Who's got the bait?"

"You lazy thing; you're sitting on my pole!"

All these exclamations are gotten off in a tone that awakens every echo within a mile around, and sends every fish that hears it into galloping hysterics. Then the girls, by superhuman exertions, manage to get a worm on the hook and throw it in with a splash like the launching of a wash-tub, and await results. After while a feeble-minded sunfish contrives to get fastened on the hook of a timid lady, and she gives vent to her tongue.

"Oh, something's got my hook!"

"Put up, you little idiot! You shonts have excited the water and the hooks are dropped and they run to the rescue. The girl with the bite gives a spasmodic jerk which sends the unfortunate "sunny" into the air the full length of the line, and he comes down on the near-side of the boat, and the lady gets on to clawing as though there were humble bees in her hair.

"Oh, murder! murder! Take it away! Ugh! take it away, the nasty thing!"

When they hold up their skirts as they gather about that fish as it skips over the oars, one all the while holding the line in both hands with her foot on the pole, as though she had an evil disposed goat at the other end of the line. Then they talked it over.

"How will it ever get off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing; let's put it back."

"How will we get the hook from it?"

"Pick him up it up," says the girl who rapidly backs out of the circle.

"Good graces! I'm afraid of it!"

"There, see! It's opening its mouth at me."

Just then the "sunny" wriggles off the hook and disappears between two logs of drift wood, and the girls get ready for another bite. But the sunfish comes down and fries their necks, and they get three headaches in the party, and they get gross and sould at the fish like so many magpies. If an unwary chub dares to touch the bait, he gets a sharp nip at him with poles, much to his disgust. Finally they get mad all over and throw the poles away, hunt up the lunch baskets, climb up into the woods, where they sit around on the grass, and eat enough of cold and hard-boiled eggs to give a wood-horror the nightmare after which they compare notes on their deaux until after sundown, when they go home and plant envy in the hearts of all their dear friends by telling them "just what a splendid time they had."

THE ASIATIC VAMPIRE. The New York World furnishes a description of the South Asiatic Vampire, a living specimen of which was recently received in that city. It was a veritable "breath-tucker," so much dreaded by the Asiatic natives. This creature, perhaps the only living specimen of the kind in the country, is about one and a half feet long, has a pair of piercing black eyes which shine like diamonds, a double row of sharp spines similar to those of the porcupine, and a head which when stretched its full length, measure two and a half feet from point to point. The vampire hangs suspended from a bar, in the center of the cage in which it is confined, by a pair of formidable claws, and holds its position of repose resembled a closed umbrella. Its body is covered with a comfortable coat of brown fur, while its beautifully-proportioned head, which has a remarkable similarity to that of a diminutive black-and-tan terrier dog, is surmounted by a pair of large, shell-shaped ears. This strange creature is almost totally blind during the day, but at night its little eyes winkle with astonishing brilliancy. The vampire is kept in a temperature of seventy-five degrees, and to conform as nearly as possible with the climate of its native home.

Victor Hugo's last book is called "Toute la Lyre." Victor is old enough to know that you can toot the lyre, which is stringed instrument.

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