

"FROM CANEEL"

Whence do the lovely strangers come? O'er icebergs in the northern home? And tinging waves and rocky strands...

Without, the clouds stoop gray and low, When, over drifts of stilled snow, The north wind sweeps on bitter wing...

Where in the glowing southern light, The delicious waves are blue and bright, And the warm winds all scented sweep...

Oh! dream of holiday and rest, When life, by love and calm caressed, 'Mid beauty, charm and novelty...

AN AUSTRIAN COURT ROMANCE. The archduchess was charming. Her beauty was not of classical style, but was very modest, most becoming, most captivating...

White idyll! Soft bloom of Matherhorn! Love's kiss on breast of snow! Spirit of Alpine snow!

This note came with the poetical nosegay: "I beseech her imperial majesty to accept these flowers. Kneeling on my knees in dew I gathered, and as I plucked them, I felt that I ought, kneeling on my knees, to express my gratitude to the empress. The humble, obscure, poor little songstress will probably never again meet her imperial majesty, but as long as heart beats the empress' peerless kindness will not be forgotten by her majesty's humble servant, Rosine Lux."

Three years flew away "with wings as swift as meditation." The curtain rose on the first appearance in Vienna of the famous songstress from the Paris Grand Opera. The house was crowded. All aristocratic Vienna was there. The famous songstress was Rosine Lux. Labor and experience had made the pretty operetta songstress a great artist. She appeared in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette." Her impassioned accents thrilled the house. The empress was in the imperial box. She warmly applauded the songstress. She took interest in her, and, as the curtain fell, she threw her nosegay to Rosine Lux. None of us ever forget a good deed done. The emperor was more reserved; he applauded, but it evidently was for mere form's sake. He escorted the empress to her carriage, kissed her hand and said: "Go home, love. I will soon rejoin you; but I need air and prefer walking back."

The carriage was no sooner off homeward than the emperor went to a French friend, Duke D'Aray, who waited at some distance, and together they went up the actors' staircase of the opera. In the very largest capital can no more be kept than in the smallest village. The reason is evident. No matter how populous a capital may be, everybody goes round with all his acquaintances in the same circle, meeting the same people in the same drawing rooms and exchanging the same talk every day from one year's end to another. Four weeks had not come and gone before everybody in Vienna knew that the emperor attended the opera every night Rosine Lux sang; that he had made Dowager Countess Von Apranoff invite Rosine Lux to supper, that she had sung there bewitchingly and that to thank her he had given her a costly bracelet, which bore the double-headed eagle of Austrian diamonds. The empress alone was ignorant of all this little-tattle. She had resolved to give a concert and especially in honor of Rosine Lux. Tickets of invitation were sent out. There was but one exclamation among the good souls in petticoats in Vienna: "Good gracious! to invite her husband's mistress to sing in her drawing room; that did really exceed all bounds of decency." A countess raised her voice to heaven and whined: "Ah! had your majesty seen Rosine Lux's dress to her night at Countess Von Apranoff's concert. 'Twas an attire splendid enough to damn a saint; velvet, the color of crushed strawberries, trimmed with knots and ruffles of old lace transfixed by diamond arrows. It made that old niddy de St. Jasmin exclaim: 'Now-a-days 'his Venus who bears Cupid's quiver!'"

That night the empress found this following in the emperor's writing in his secretary: "To-night, Rosine, I will call at your lodgings after the performance. Say what you may, I will not quit you. Do not refuse entrance to your paradise to one who lives only for you, for you."

Unused to anguish, the empress bore its agony with the lofty energy of noble spirits. After the opera, when her husband told her he would walk home, she made no objection. As the curtain fell she ordered a chamberlain to carry to Rosine Lux the letter he had previously written by her majesty's command, and which was as follows: "The empress commands Mile. Rosine Lux's attendance up at the imperial palace at once and without seeing or speaking to anybody."

Fast as horses could go her majesty hastened home. She had taken off diamond diadem, but nothing else, and waited in full evening dress the visit of

press laughed and said: "I do not regret having spoken of her. Is she not a crowned head?"

When night came Aignes-Vives Casino appeared to great advantage with its profuse gilding and lights innumerable. It was filled with people, the women in red, white, blue, purple, trimmed with lace, heads crowned with flowers were ranged in a semi circle around the door by which the emperor and empress were to enter. Her majesty appeared wearing a dress of white gauze with a broad belt of watered silk and skirt trimmed with large clusters of jessamine; she wore no jewels save a necklace of one row of pearls round her neck and a golden arrow in her luxuriant blonde tresses. Quadrilles were instantly formed. Emperor took Princess de San Jannario, a beautiful brunette. The manager of the Casino was very particular in letting people enter the Casino. Nobody, especially no women, who was out of Mrs. Grundy's favor, could cross that threshold. Nevertheless Marquis de Beauval, lieutenant in an infantry company garrisoned in Aignes-Vives, had given Rosine Lux his arm, and had forced their way in. The empress' favor had increased the malignant eyes on Rosine Lux. When the second quadrille was formed Marquis de Beauval, with Rosine Lux on his arm, could find no vis-a-vis. He in vain sought his brother officers to come to his help. A secret understanding had leagued all the ladies together against the songstress; their partners were obliged to obey them. The marquis, with flushed face, burning eyes and yet a smile on his lips, went from partners to partners. All refused on some curious pretext. Rosine Lux was almost crazy. Seeing all eyes staring at her with cruel raillery, the insolence made her bow down her head to hide the tears which stood in her lids. She gasped: "Let us leave the ball-room!" Marquis de Beauval was furious and replied: "Never!" "I insist on going. If you will not go with me I shall go alone." She made toward the door; but she had not taken a step when a musical voice stopped her, saying: "We will be your vis-a-vis." The speaker was the empress, who, pitying the poor mortified girl, lifted her for the dance up to the throne. Tears trickled down Rosine Lux' cheeks. The latter nevertheless was dimpled with smiles which avouched gratitude, respect, admiration and radiant emotion. The next day the empress received a nosegay of edelweiss.

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the songstress. She awaited feverishly; a blonde curl had fallen as she took off the diadem, and the curl as it rose and fell with heaving breast revealed the storm which raged. Carpet was covered with petals of flowers she had in nervous impatience and excitement plucked from her nosegay and unconsciously scattered at her feet. She had no tears, but the black semi-circle under her eyes told something of her heart's anguish. Rosine Lux was announced. She had instantly obeyed the royal command. She had not stayed even to change her dress. She still wore the gray costume of the last act of "Les Huguenots." She paused on the drawing-room's threshold. She had seen that lovely face only radiant with happiness. It was now dark with grief, so clouded the songstress paused thunderstruck. What meant that sorrow? Neither spoke. One was dumb with grief, the other with astonishment.

At last the terrible silence was broken by her majesty, who said: "I have sent for you (her heart had risen to her throat and choked her) I have sent for you to—ask the amount of penalty stipulated in your engagement with our opera, if you failed to carry it out. I have something else to say—a matter of confidence between ourselves. I will take care it goes no further. I have always been adverse from inflicting pain, but I must tell you that I did once believe that one of our sex might be on the stage and none the less have a heart under her footlight finery. I must confess I made sure that you would never forget a night in a ball room where I showed that one of our sex might wear a crown and still have heart in breast. My trust was built on a letter addressed to me. But all these things you have forgotten. I dare say. You songstresses have so many things to remember, words, scores, flattering speeches. I can excuse you if you sometimes forget things, not in the way of business. So let that pass. Nevertheless, I feel I have a right to ask you to quit Vienna, especially after I tell you that refusal will lead to my departure. If you stay, I go."

Rosine was most embarrassed and faintly stammered: "Her majesty is mistaken; has been deceived by false reports." "By false reports! Is that diabolical double-headed eagle on that bracelet a false report?" "Her majesty knows that nothing is more common than for sovereigns to give trinkets to songstresses. And I pledge my word of honor, his majesty has never gone even so far as mere caprice, mere whim, mere handkerchief thrown."

"Enough! Do not play false to truth as well as to protestations of gratitude! You know his majesty's hand-writing? Here is his signature. Is not this your name on this envelope?" The empress held wide open before songstress note and envelope found in drawer. Songstress turned ashy white. She gravely answered: "I sought to spare her majesty's pangs which are causeless. Yes, that note is for me. Would you know what my answer had been? 'No, your majesty, those wishes can never, never be gratified.' Does her majesty doubt me? Here is guarantee that I speak truly." Songstress held stamped paper to empress. Her majesty read it. It was songstress' release from her engagement with the Vienna Opera in consideration of payment of the penalty stipulated in the contract and receipt of this money paid. Songstress added: "To-night I shall quit Vienna. Have I not done everything her majesty wishes, even before receiving the empress' commands?"

The empress was pale, spoke abruptly, by jerks, her eyes flashed fire; gradually her voice softened, and when songstress had ceased speaking, imperial eyes quenched fire in tears. Her majesty made no effort to keep them from streaming down her cheek. They were delicious tears. Suddenly with that enthusiasm from a warm heart which made her so wildly beloved, she in almost an affectionate tone said to the songstress: "I beg your pardon. Forgive me." And as she spoke she held out both hands, took songstress in them, pressed them warmly, then added: "You are a noble woman, a trustworthy heart. I was wrong—but if you know how I love him—do forgive me." Songstress fell on her knees and kissed the empress' hands, still trembling with emotion. The emperor stood in the door. Empress said to her: "Get up!" Emperor was stupefied by what he saw. Empress at once recovered wonted calmness, and said to her husband: "Mlle Rosine Lux has come to pay me a farewell visit. She quits Vienna. She cannot sing at my concert." "Farewell, Mademoiselle!" the emperor said: "Adieu, Sire." Empress went toward door with her, and, as she went, whispered: "Bear in mind you have a friend here ever ready to do you service. Her majesty knows my gratitude is eternal." So saying, she went away.

The Busy Bee. Utah appears to be a good country for the production of honey, and bee husbandry is an industry deserving more attention than has been given it in past years. In conversation yesterday with Dr. Ben Judson, who devotes his time largely to honey production, a reporter of the Tribune learned many facts of interest to the public. The doctor has an apiary on the East Bench, near Mount Olivet cemetery, and besides his own bees, numbering over 100 swarms, has the management of 500 swarms. In Salt Lake City there are over 4,000 hives, while in the country the number exceeds 9,000 swarms. These swarms produce annually from sixty to one hundred pounds of honey per season. All the bees under the care of Dr. Judson must exceed sixty pounds per swarm, or else the swarm will be destroyed in October by killing the queen and placing all the working bees in with other swarms. A careful record is kept of every swarm, that they may be brought up to their full standard in production.

Bees do well here and their honey from sweet clover is of fine flavor and excellent strength. The best results in yield are obtained by using manufactured comb, and removing the honey from the comb each week with a centrifugal machine which throws out the honey and leaves the comb in the frame ready for refilling. Such honey sells at wholesale from ten to thirteen cents per pound.

A swarm numbers from 20,000 to 30,000 bees and in summer the life of these is thirteen weeks, but in winter they sleep most of the time, and the swarm

should be nearly as large in the spring as at the commencement of their season of rest in the fall. The life of a queen bee, if properly bred, is five years.

In Southern Utah the annual product of honey aggregates about fifty tons, and many of the central and northern counties produce largely, but we were unable to procure statistics.

Dr. Judson has had over forty years' experience in the management of bees and is much of an enthusiast on the subject, while he makes the business a profitable one. In speaking of hives, he says he uses a very simple hive and finds it to answer the purpose much better than the complicated ones used by many persons. He says honey produced here is sweeter and of a fine flavor as that produced in California, and the business can be carried on to an almost unlimited extent.

In various states the bee keepers have organized into associations for mutual interests, and such organizations have been found to work good for those interested. There is no such organization in Utah, and it would probably be well if such an one could be formed.—Salt Lake Tribune.

The London Water Companies. The metropolis of Great Britain gets its supply of water, not through public aqueducts, but from private companies. There are eight of these companies, with an aggregate nominal capital of about £10,000,000, or \$50,000,000, and funded debts amounting to £1,300,000, or \$6,500,000. In reality, as the stocks of the companies sell, on an average, for more than twice their par, or for about \$100,000,000 altogether, this sum added to their debts, makes the actual investment in the London water works come to \$106,500,000.

Three years ago a bill was introduced into parliament for buying up the property and franchises of all these companies and conducting their business for the public benefit. Their stocks, however, immediately rose to so high a price in the market that the government decided to abandon the project, it being computed that at least \$150,000,000 would be required to carry it out. Prices, of course, fell again when this decision was made, but they are still above what they were previously, and the managers of the companies evidently have not relinquished the hope of an advantageous bargain with the public authorities. They have strained every nerve to increase receipts and diminish expenses and to make as large dividends as possible, in order to establish a favorable basis of valuation. Whereas, in 1879 they divided on an average only 7 per cent, they have divided in 1889 and each year since an average of 8 1/2 per cent. Their argument is that their property is not only worth more than it was in 1880, but that its value being on the increase, they should be paid, if it is to be taken away from them, the capitalized principal of the expected increase, as well as that of present net earnings.

Citizens of New York who are frightened at paying \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 for a dam and an aqueduct yielding a supply of water which will be sufficient for this city when it has reached to nearly the present size of London, may contemplate the case of London with complacency.—N. Y. Sun, June 27th.

A Bear in a Bar Room. While Watt's menagerie was being transferred from the railroad station to Oakland Garden yesterday morning, one of the bears managed to unfasten the door of his cage, and, effecting an escape on Ruggles street, tumbled out of the wagon in which he was being drawn, and lumbered into a neighboring drinking saloon. Several patrons of the establishment made a wild break for the door on seeing the bear enter, thinking possibly they had "got 'em again," but the bear paid no attention to them, and made straight for the bar. The bar-keeper, whose back was turned at the time, faced around on hearing on his hind legs, his forepaws resting on the edge of the bar, his head bobbing up and down, and his mouth wide open, displaying a remarkably fine set of white and glistening teeth. The dispenser of the ardent doubtless had served many hard customers in his time, but never one like this; and he dashed through an open window to the sidewalk, shouting, as he alighted, "You can have him. I don't want him!" For some little time nobody dared enter the place, though the bear stuck to his position, "mopping and mowing," and executing a sort of solemn dance on his hind legs. Finally, the keeper of the animals came back and tried to get the bear out; but his efforts were in vain. Urna Major refused alike entreaties and commands. Then a happy thought occurred to several persons at once, and they shouted in unison, "He wants a drink!" The keeper immediately seized upon the idea and put it in practice. Pouring out a tontifical libation of beer, he offered it to the bear, which lapped it up greedily, and then, his thirst being assuaged, the big animal suffered himself to be quietly led back to the wagon and his cage.—Boston Herald.

How Beds Should be Placed. A German, Baron Reichenbach, has occupied many years in studying the art of bed making, or bed placing, and maintains that improperly placed beds will shorten a man's life. If a mere magnet exercises an influence on sensitive persons, the earth's magnetism must certainly make itself felt on the nervous life of a man. In whatever hemisphere, you may always sleep with your feet to the center of the equator and let your body lie "true as a needle to the pole." The proper direction of the body is of the utmost importance for the proper circulation of the blood, and many disturbances in the organism have been cured by simply placing the bolster in a different point of the compass from that it had occupied. Let such as have hitherto been in the habit of sleeping with their heads where their feet ought to be to take to heart the example of the late Dr. Elschwester of Magdeburg, who died recently at the age of 109 years. The most unhealthy position, we are told, is when the body lies due east and west. Some observers assure us that sleep in such a posture is tantamount to committing suicide, and that diseases are often aggravated by deviations from the proper postures.

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