SILENCE AND SOLITUDE

Gods of the deserth. Ye are they Washun from childhood's earli Our passing joys are but your prey: Ye wait the hours from birth to death.

Over soft lawns where blossoms sleep.
Under warm trees where love was born,
I see your haug; its shadows creep,
And walt to meet ye there, for lorn.

Afar on ancient sands ye rest,
Carven in stone, where ancient thought
Wrapt ye in terrors—shapes unblest,
Dreadful, by might of ages wrought.

But not alone on Egypt's shore Sleeps the great desert: everywhere Where gladness lived and lives no more, There is a desert of despair.

Strange messangers! Your brows of gloom Haunt every creature born of earth: We follow to the darkened room: We watch the awful hour of birth.

Ye show the lovely wayside rose, Whose antique grace is born anew, Pacycs of grief. Grief only knows How tender is the sunset's hue.

Gods of the desert! By your hand
Through the sad waters are we brought
Late a high and peaceful land
To drink of fountains else unsought.

Annie Fields in Harper's.

PAPAVE AND CYANE.

There was once a king's daughter whose name was Papave. This name had been given her because every day wore a beautiful silk dress, as red as the garden poppy, which in Latin is house, called "Papaver." And as the half open bads of the poppy are infolded by a green winglike mantle, so also this king's daughter, Papave, wore about her shoulders a green winglike mantle of finest silk

But though so richly clad and beautiful to see, Papave's heart was not good. She was very proud, because she was the daughter of a king and queen. "We are the richest in the land," she would say, haughtily tossing her head, with its raven black tresses and golden crown.

Often poor children came and gazed wistfully through the golden lattice, inclosing the castle garden, at little Papave as she walked there with a maid of bonor. But her heart was not moved to pity by their pale faces and hollow eyes, d never once did she offer them one of the delicious fruit tarts which she always carried in a little golden box.

The village school children carried a tin box in which were slices of black bread and butter. But at ten o'clock each morning Papave received from her mother, the queen, three Inscious tarts. filled sometimes with raspberry jelly. sometimes with preserved cherries and sometimes with slices of candied orange: and these tarts were placed in a golden box which was richly decorated with precious stones.

Indeed, the spoiled princess possessed in either gold, silver or jewels everything that other children had of tin, steel or glass. Papave had gold buttons on her cloak. Every morning her hair was combed with a gold comb, and at midday she ate with a golden fork. Silver covers inclosed her reading book, and her ruler and pen case were also of silver. She had an inkstand that was made of a huge green stone of great value. In short, all her possessions were of the most costly sort. You will hardly believe it, but she had even a nightgown of purple velvet. All these things only fed her vanity, and she became more and more haughty, and said to her maid: "We are the richest in the

One day-it was in summer, and the reapers were busy harvesting the corn-Papave thought it would be a fine thing to extend her daily walk outside the great gates of the garden, and watch the reapers at their work. It did not occur to the spoiled princess to ask her she called to her maid, "today we will walk in the field."

The maid's name was Cyane, and she wore a gown of blue muslin. Bowing d obediently, she walked meekly on the left of her young mistress.

The two set out from the palace, tered a beautiful avenue shaded by orange and fig trees. This avenue, which had been made by the king's order for his daughter's pleasure, led directly to

The cornfields spread far and wide, and upon a wealth of golden ears the sun was brightly shining. The reapers, in loose white shirts and straw hats, swung their glistening scythes, and before the long, firm strokes the slender stalks fell to the ground. Other workers bound the severed stalks into thick sheaves, which were placed in stacks of

Papave was at once recognized by her scarlet silk gown, the green plush man-tle and the golden crown. Doffing their straw hats the reapers bent their heads in respectful greeting. But the proud Papave did not pay the slightest attention. Not a glance of her eye, not a word from her lips, not a movement of her head rewarded the friendly humble

Modest little Cyane, on the contrary, nodded to all in the kindlest manner as And as the she passed. This aroused the princess anger, and she began at once to plan how she could wound the kind heart of

Far away in the horizon lay heavy black clouds. Earlier in the day there had been a thunder shower, but it had ed over, and in the northeast there now appeared a rainbow, overarching the fields and meadows like a many col-

"Cyanel" said the princess in sharp tones, "call some of the reapers here at once; at once, I tell you! A storm is ap-

Poor Cyane could only obey. She cline it. called the men, who came running to learn the princess' wish.

"Hey, there, you people, build me a ouse out of your sheaves. At once! Why do you stand there gaping! I will have a house to protect me from the coming storm. The floor shall be of sheaves, the roof of sheaver and the walls of sheaves. Be quick! I am the

king's daughter, and we are the richest

The harvesters, who prized their heaves as a rich and blessed gift from God, were amazed at this strange whim of their princess. Still, no one dared to say a word in remonstrance. Only one very old man, with thin, gray locks,

venturing a step bearer, said at last:
"Your forgiveness, gracious princess,
but there will be no more rain today. The storm has passed. See, in the north-east there, God's bow of promise, and over our heads the sun shines from a clear sky. Therefore, I think there is

no need of a house of sheaves."

The princess became scarlet with anger. She tossed her head and said mockingly: "You are indeed a wonderful weather prophet! Your wisdom fills me with admiration. But wait! in the solitude of a dungeon you shall soon un-learn your prophesyings. Think you I shall stand here to be drenched by rain

a roof of sheaves were surely never before heard of. It is a sin, a grievous sin, thus to use the ripe grain. The stalks are brittle, the ears very dry, and much must be destroyed and trouden in the earth by the man is building. the leaves of the "Garten mohns" or in the earth by the men in building a

"Miserable beggars!" cried Papave. "do you dare hesitate for a few paltry grains of corn? For what purpose are your rakes and brooms? Rake together again the straw and the corn after I am gone, and if that is not enough I will give you a word of advice. Go to my father, the king, and make complaint. Doubtless he will pay you. We are the richest in the land! And now, not a word more. To work! at once! I command you, I, Papave!"

With anxious looks and many a shake of the head, with repressed murmurs and with silent prayers that God would forgive the sacrilege, the poor reapers built the bouse.

The floor of sheaves, the roof of sheaves and the walls of sheaves. Many full ears were trodden under foot. Oh, if only the poor could have received even a part of what was here so wantonly wasted! It was a shame! this "sheaf died. house!" Cyane's blue eyes glistened with tears. Only Papave remained unmoved.

When the task was finished Papave in her scarlet silk, quickly entered. ane, in her blue muslin, had no choice but to follow.

The floor crackled under their feet and still more of the precious kernels of corn were shattered out on the wet earth.

"Well done," said Papave proudly 'We are the richest in the land."

beams over mountain and valley. Suddenly a frightful flash of lightning darted from the clear heavens and struck the sheaf house. A terrible peal of thunder filled the air. Instantly the little house was in flames. The corn crackled in the stalks sprang into the air. Soon the whole house was one glowing pillar of fire. It was a fearful sight.

sound of shricks and of prayers. The prayers from the lips of the gentle Cywell sneemb.

The good reapers were not harmed by so much as the singeing of a hair. In awestruck silence and almost paralyzed water could be obtained. To rescue the mother's permission. Oh, no! She was too much self willed for that. "Come," two unfortunate victims was equally impossible, for the whole structure was one mass of flame.

this column of fire. Gradually the flames subsided, burning lower and lower, dying away in a dull red glow, until at last sed through the courtyard, and en- a little heap of ashes was all that remained of the house of sheaves, the Princess Papave and the maid Cyane.

Deeply impressed the men returned to their work. Only the aged reaper, who had had the courage to warn Papave, betook himself to the palace, there to relate to the king and queen the terrible fate of the princess and her companion.

The broken hearted parents realized too late that their own teaching had encouraged and fostered the pride and self will which had led their daughter to her

cent Cyane. And near by bloomed the klatchrose, a field poppy, a true representative of the king's daughter, Papave in her red silk gown. Yes, even the raven black hair and the crown of the princess one may see perpetuated in the times reflected in the conceptions of the flower, while the buds are infolded in a children. A lady, hearing a little girl re-

over all the field soon there grew everywhere among the stalks of corn the blue corn flower and red field poppy, the type of guilt and innocence, of loving kindness and of haughty pride. And so to this day may they be seen.—Boston Herald. Translated from the German by Jessie Benjamin Hayes.

Editor—Young man, your poem is ex-cellent in many respects, but as we have enough such material to last us for the next ten years we feel obliged to de-

Poet (hopefully)-Well, sir, you will have to have something for the eleventh year. - Harper's Bazar.

The original Magna Charta is pre-

FORTUNE FOR A MISSING HEIR.

Scion of a Southern Family Who Was Cast Off for Wedding a Poor Girl. A romantic story of the disinherited scion of one of the most aristocratic of South Carolina families, which contains the elements of the popular tale of fiction, with the thread lost in San Francisco, has just come to light.

just come to light.

The Lees of South Carolina trace their ancestry back for a couple of centuries. One of their great-grandfathers planted his cotton seed and tobacco with the pioneers of the Carolinas. Each generation added to the family possessions, until thirty years ago the possessions of the Lee estate extended for miles on either side of the old family manor house and the planter counted his slaves with three ciphers. Then the war came. The Lee gold was contributed generously and the Lee blood flowed freely in the cause of the Confederacy.

When the end came the Lees, though

When the end came the Lees, though their magnificent estate had been sadly di-minished, found themselves still rich, but, shall stand here to be drenched by rain like a common peasant girl? I am Papare, the king's daughter, and we are the richest in the land."

Then spoke the timid Cyane: "Most gracious princess, though imprisonment and death await me," I must speak! One must not thus trample under foot God's blessing. A floor of sheaves, walls and a roof of sheaves were surely never his education.

minished, found themselves still rich, but, crushed by the failure of the cause for which they had sacrificed so much, they retired to their country home and lived in the exclusiveness of the little world encompassed by the boundaries of their plantation. The years went on, and D. McCord Lee, the eldest son and the hope of the family, grew to manhood. There was a great future intended for the handsome boy, and money was spent lavishly in his education.

All went well until he met and loved pretty Gretchen Flemming, a young German maiden of the neighborhood who had nothing but her beauty and a warm heart to exchange for the patrician name and wealth of her suitor. Young McCord told his father of his attachment for the lowly child of the people, and there was a scene. The elder Lee stormed, but to no purpose. The son was obstinate and refused to yield to family prejudice. There were stolen meetings and delicious rambles for months until McCord, finding he could never gain his father's consent, boldly married the girl in the little village church. The mes-alliance was the last straw to the family pride of the Lees. The son was disinherited by his father, and the doors of his childhood home were closed upon him for-

Young Lee determined to make a start in the world for himself, and, with his young wife, came to San Francisco. That was twelve years ago. Finely educated, but totally unsuited to the ordinary ways of gaining a livelihood, the struggle for existence was hard. Then domestic troubles began, and the home of the young couple was far from happy. Four years ago a separation was agreed upon, Mrs. Lee re-turning to Germany, where she soon after

During all of these years not a word had passed between the estranged son and any member of his family. The father kept well his word, and the son was too proud

seek a reconciliation.

After the separation from his wife Lee disappeared, leaving no clew by which his future could be traced. A few days ago a lady of this city, who has been intimate with the family since her childhood, received a letter from the missing man's brother in South Carolina stating that the father and mother had died, leaving the estate to the children, and asking that the Outside the sun threw its brightest lady should make every effort to ascertain the wherabouts of D. McCord Lee.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Plain skirts and Newmarket bodices are characteristics of some of the newest tailor heat. Countless sparks from the dry dresses. In the cut of these bodices there is variety. Some of them button at the back, and yet show a necktie and a waistcoat. Some have double lappels, others fasten with three buttons at the waist. From the midst of the flames came the Drill waistcoats continue to be worn: A new make of cheviot tweed, with a rough ane; the shricks-ah, these certainly bodice cut with deep tabs, and ornamented came from the haughty Papave. But to with shaded bone buttons. The plain such fearful punishment might pride skirt, cut without a wrinkle in front and necessary amount of fulness hangs in small plaits at the back, peeping out from two overlapping flat plaits.

awestruck silence and almost paralyzed Fancy brocade silk vestings are being with fear they stood around the burning adapted to many of the summer tweed house. To extinguish the flames was costumes. A costume intended for wear out of the question. Far or near no at the races and other day entertainments is composed of a fine cloth, which is stone shade, with a very original design of purple orchids in purple velvet, outlined with braid in a paler shade, shot with gold. The design is carried round the skirt, where So the respers stood motionless, with the orchids rise up from the hem, and on toil hardened hands fast clasped, before the cuffs and up the front of the bodice. The bodice front is quite plain, fastening up the middle, the orchid design being skillfully divided, and then completely joined when the hooks are fastened. The basque is cut just over the hips, and edged with gold and purple braid.

Varieties in Pronunciation.

A bevy of pretty girls stood at the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets waiting for a car while they shivered in their new summer suits and chattered as like groups have chattered since long ages ago. The pretty printing on the theater walls, of course, did not escape their eyes. "Have you seen 'Ny-oab' yet?" asked one. The other three looked pityingly upon the questioner. "Why, Lillie, it isn't 'Ny-oab,' death.

The following summer, when the corn stood golden in the field, from out the heap of ashes left lying on the ground sprung a beautiful blue flower, the corn flower, most modest of all field blossoms, a fitting type of the gentle, innocent Cyane. And near by bloomed the pany would soon be richer by twenty cents. -Philadelphia Inquirer.

The prevailing tone of a family is somereen mantle.

And as the wind scattered the ashes told her to ask, as she would of a father, and in her own words, for what the needed most. The child knelt, and after a few moments' reflection implored earnestly:
"O Lord, please make us all very stylish!"— Kate Field's Washington.

> Abnormal Weather. Patient-Doctor, I've got a sore throat and a pain in my chest, and my head aches

as if it would split. Doctor—You needn't pay any attention to those symptoms, as they indicate a nor-mal condition. If during the present abominable weather a man feels perfectly well he is not healthy—but I can cure him.— Texas Siftings.

Newsdealer (suburban railway depot)— I'll bet that man has just rented a summer cottage, with a small grass plot in front and ten or twenty square feet of garden

Lounger—How d'ye know?

Newsdealer—He just stopped an' ordered
'bout seventeen agricultural papers.—Good

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will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

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