

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

Gods of the desert! Ye are they
Whom from childhood's earliest breath
Our passing joys are but your prey;
Ye wait the hours from birth to death.

PAPAVE AND CYANE.

There was once a king's daughter
Whose name was Papave. This name
had been given her because every day
she wore a beautiful silk dress, as red as
the leaves of the "Garten mohne" or
the garden poppy, which in Latin is
called "Papaver." And as the half open
buds 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
plush.

king's daughter, and we are the richest
in the land."
The harvesters, who prized their
sheaves 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 nearer, 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 wonder-
ful weather prophet! Your wisdom fills
me with admiration. But wait! In the
solitude of a dungeon you shall soon un-
learn your prophesying. Think you I
shall stand here to be drenched by rain
like a common peasant girl? I am Pa-
pave, the king's daughter, and we are the
richest in the land."
Then spoke the timid Cyane: "Most
gracious princess, through 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
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 trodden
in the earth by the men in building a
house."
"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 com-
mand 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 house.
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
house!" Cyane's blue eyes glistened with
tears. Only Papave remained unmoved.
When the task was finished Papave,
in her scarlet silk, quickly entered. Cy-
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."
Outside the sun threw its brightest
beams over mountain and valley. Sudden-
ly 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
heat. Countless sparks from the dry
stalks sprang into the air. Soon the
whole house was one glowing pillar of
fire. It was a fearful sight.
From the midst of the flames came the
sound of shrieks and of prayers. The
prayers from the lips of the gentle Cy-
ane; the shrieks—ah, these certainly
came from the haughty Papave. But to
such fearful punishment might pride-
well succumb.
The good reapers were not harmed by
so much as the singeing of a hair. In
awe-struck silence and almost paralyzed
with fear they stood around the burning
house. To extinguish the flames was
out of the question. Far or near no
water could be obtained. To rescue the
two unfortunate victims was equally im-
possible, for the whole structure was one
mass of flame.
So the reapers stood motionless, with
toil hardened hands fast clasped, before
this column of fire. Gradually the flames
subsided, burning lower and lower, dy-
ing away in a dull red glow, until at last
a little heap of ashes was all that re-
mained of the house of sheaves, the Prin-
cess 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, be-
took himself to the palace, there to re-
late to the king and queen the terrible
fate of the princess and her companion.
The broken hearted peasants realized
too late that their own teaching had en-
couraged and fostered the pride and self
will which had led their daughter to her
death.
The following summer, when the corn
stood golden in the field, from out the
heap of ashes left lying on the ground
sprang a beautiful blue flower, the corn
flower, most modest of all field bloss-
oms, a fitting type of the gentle, inno-
cent Cyane. And near by bloomed the
klatchrose, a field poppy, a true repre-
sentative 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
flower, while the buds are infolded in a
green mantle.
And as the wind scattered the ashes
over all the field soon there grew every-
where among the stalks of corn the blue
corn flower and red field poppy, the type
of guilt and innocence, of loving kind-
ness and of haughty pride. And so to
this day may they be seen.—Boston
Herald. Translated from the German
by Jessie Benjamin Hayes.

FORTUNE FOR A MISSING HEIR.
A 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
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.
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 ex-
tended for miles on either side of the old
family manor house and the planter count-
ed his slaves with three cipheres. 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
their magnificent estate had been sadly di-
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 en-
compassed 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 hand-
some boy, and money was spent lavishly in
his education.
All went well until he met and loved
pretty Gretchen Flemming, a young Ger-
man 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 sterned, 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 disin-
herited by his father, and the doors of his
childhood home were closed upon him for-
ever.
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 unacquainted with the ordinary
ways of gaining a livelihood, the struggle for ex-
istence 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
died.
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
to 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, re-
ceived 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
lady should make every effort to ascertain
the whereabouts of D. McCord Lee.—San
Francisco Chronicle.

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and opening up new channels for our
trade, in securing an open river, and in
helping THE DALLES to take her prop-
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