

THE DIVINE IN THE COMMONPLACE.

At the moment that Fate had set apart for their meeting, they met, and from heart to heart...

Had you asked his friends to tell you what of the kind of fellow the girl had "caught," they would have called him "a handsome one."

Such would have been the world's speech. With love transfigured each for each, and she was his soul's mysterious star...

AN ILLUMINATION.

The rocking chair in its perfection is found only in its native land, America. The European variety of the species is but a tolerable imitation...

I was the first one out of the big hotel to the terrace in front, and therefore had my choice of all the chairs scattered so profusely around...

There was a small hedge at the edge of the terrace, and I thought I had taken the last seat toward the west end, but I found I was mistaken...

Two young girls came down the hotel steps with their arms around each other in the confidential fashion of young persons still in their teens...

The deep gorge of the Rhine had filled with darkness, which the thin crescent of the silver moon hanging in the sky had not light enough to penetrate...

The falls of the Rhine are the greatest in Europe, but you can't expect a man brought up on Niagara to wax very enthusiastic about them...

"You see," said one of the girls from behind the bush, "as soon as her parents realized how serious the case was they took her to me to Switzerland."

"Her father left the strictest injunctions that no one was to know where they were. None of the people at the office knew where the family had gone except the confidential clerk...

"They took those rooms with the long balcony in front, and they had all their meals served there. Often saw the poor girl sitting on the balcony, for they never allowed her to go out, but watched her like a couple of old cats...

"As if," said the younger girl, with some indignation in her voice—"as if the sight of the Rhine falls would make up for the sight of the person one loves."

"And how did he find out where they were?" asked the younger girl.

IN A KURDISH CAMP.

Two American Tourists Enjoyed the Doubtful Hospitality of a Kurdish Chief and His Household—Picturesque Scenes Viewed in the Twilight.

Two young American students—Messrs. Allen and Schellenberg—made a bicycle tour around the world immediately after their graduation...

"So he arrived one night at the Switzerland hotel just when everybody was out at the illuminations. He knew how it would be. He looked over the hotel register and found out just what apartments the Spaldings occupied...

"Who occupies these rooms next to me?" he asked. "Oh, a very quiet English family. Old gentleman and lady, with their daughter. Very quiet people, I assure you, sir."

"Wasn't he clever?" cried the younger girl, with enthusiasm. "I do wish I had seen him. And how did he manage to communicate with her?"

"Well, as soon as the electric lights went out, getting ready for the illuminations, he came out on his balcony. She was sitting on the corner of her balcony, the father next, and the mother beyond...

"Dear, dear," said the younger girl. "It's just like a scene in a play, isn't it? And did they make it up right there in whispers?"

"Yes, they did. He said he would have carried out in front of the hotel the next night when the illuminations were going on at the rear, and she could slip into her room, take what she could and join him there. It seems there are some formalities requisite in Switzerland before a couple can be married here, a term of residence or something of that sort, but they could all be arranged, and he had arranged it."

"Oh, wasn't he clever?" repeated the younger girl, who seemed to have unlimited admiration for another girl's young man.

"Yes," said the elder girl. "And, curiously enough, her parents told her that the next night they were going to sit out here on the terrace for the first time since they came to this hotel, and the girl thought it was very lucky, but she had the balcony to herself and her room to herself when the eventful night came."

"She had plenty of time to pack what things she needed, and then she stole down the hotel stairs, fearing at every step she might meet either of her parents, but she reached the door without meeting any one, as every one was on the terrace to see the illuminations, and joined the young man where he was waiting for her with a carriage, and they drove off together."

"Well," said the elder girl, "the very strangest thing in the world happened. As they were driving along the Cornice road that runs from this hotel to Neuhausen the electric light man came along making the town, and suddenly, as if by the very spirit of mischief had come over him, he turned the light full on the road, and there, just like a magic lantern picture, stood the carriage. Every one on the terrace recognized the girl, and her parents recognized the young man."

"Oh, wasn't that terrible?" cried the younger girl, and I felt sure she clasped her hands in the darkness.

"And then what happened?" "Oh, the old gentleman jumped up and ordered a carriage and horses, but of course it takes some time to get them ready. The mother began to cry, and the father raged up and down swearing, while everybody in the hotel seemed to wish redoubt to the young couple."

A Question of Medical Ethics. A question of medical ethics is raised in The Woman's Medical Journal of Cleveland by Dr. Anita Newcomb Minnie in the American Medical Association. It is a question of medical ethics, their wives and their children, who under the paternal care, are entitled to the gratuitous services of any one or more of the faculty residing near them whose assistance may be desired.

A NIGHT WITH THE WILD HERMUSMEN ON MOUNT ARARAT.

Two American Tourists Enjoyed the Doubtful Hospitality of a Kurdish Chief and His Household—Picturesque Scenes Viewed in the Twilight.

Two young American students—Messrs. Allen and Schellenberg—made a bicycle tour around the world immediately after their graduation. During their passage through Asiatic Turkey they celebrated the Fourth of July by climbing Mount Ararat, the first Americans to accomplish the feat.

The day of the climb had already touched the western horizon when we came to the black tents of the Kurdish encampment, which at this time of the day presented a rather bleak scene. The women seemed to be doing all the work, while their lords sat round on their haunches. Some of the women were engaged in milking the sheep and goats in an enclosure. Others were busy making butter in a churn which was nothing more than a skin vessel 3 feet long, of the shape of a small tin, suspended from a rude tripod.

As we were with the Kurdish chief, who by this time had finished raising the mules-cries of the tents, and now advanced from his tent with salutations of welcome. As he stood before us in the glowing sunset he was a rather tall but well proportioned man, with black eyes and dark moustaches, contrasting well with his brown tanned complexion.

Upon his face was stamped a rather wild and retiring character, although treachery and deceit were by no means wanting. He wore a headgear that was something between a hat and a turban, and over his legs Turkish trousers and a long Persian coat of bright color, large figured cloth, bound at the waist by a belt of carriages. Across the shoulders was slung a broadsword, and a dagger in his belt.

It was with no little pleasure that we accepted his invitation to a cup of tea. After our walk of 19 miles, in which we had ascended from 3,000 to 7,000 feet, we were in a condition to appreciate a rest. That Kurdish tent, as far as we were concerned, was a veritable palace, although we were almost blinded by the smoke from the green pine branches on the smoldering fire.

Across the hill the Kurdish shepherds were driving home their herds and flocks to the tinkling of bells. All this to us was deeply impressive. Such peaceful scenes, we thought, could never be the haunt of marauding robbers. The flocks at last came to the tents, and all was quiet.

One by one the lights in the tents broke out, like the stars above. As the darkness deepened they shone more and more brightly across the amphitheater of the encampment. The tent in which we were now sitting was glowing in the same way, and the light from the sheep's covered with a mixture of goats' and sheep's wool, carried, spun and woven by the Kurdish women.

There were no signs of an approaching evening meal until we opened our provision bag and handed over certain articles of raw food to be cooked for us. No sooner were the viands introduced to the care of our hosts than two sets of pots and kettles made their appearance in the other compartments. In half an hour our host and friends proceeded to indulge their voracious appetites. When our meal was brought to us some of the men, we noticed that the 14 cases we had doled out had been reduced to six, and the other materials suffered a similar reduction, the whole thing being so potent as to make their attempt at innocence absurdly ludicrous.

Before turning in for the night we reconnoitered our situation. The lights in all the tents save our own were now extinguished. Not a sound was heard except the heavy breathing of some of the snoring animals about us or the bark of a dog at some distant encampment. The huge dome of Ararat, though six to eight miles farther up the slope, seemed to be towering over us, like some giant monster of another world. We could not see the summit, so far as it was concerned, but the enveloping clouds were turned to lead when the best places were expected to accommodate ourselves near the door, wrapped up in an old Kurdish carpet. Policy was evidently a better developed trait of Kurdish character than hospitality.

Where the Money is Found. Englishmen are the milk cows of the world. They are the great lenders from whom all the nations borrow. For generations they have been lending and saving until at last their annual accumulations have become greater than the annual openings for legitimate investment. So severe has the pressure become that lately the money lender has been forcing his money into every kind of underwriting, in all parts of the world, creating, by his own eagerness to lend, the corresponding desire to borrow.

It is the weight of uninvested money which stimulates borrowing, not the lack of it. The money lender has not produced lending, but lending has continued to fall because there are more lenders than borrowers. If Englishmen think, then, that any communities have slipped too deep into the English purse, they can easily apply the corrective by a little self control. They should abstain from further lending. This may seem a herculean remedy, but it is the only remedy.—Contemporary Review.

Business Cannot be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedial means, because in an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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THE WEST, - Florence, Or.



A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History. The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception. It is a page from the life of a woman who has lived through many years of adversity and has emerged as a successful business woman.

There is a tree in Arizona with another that gives light like an electric lamp. It is a tree that has a temper worse than a blood curdling prima donna and sets its dander up with just as small provocation. They tell me out there that this tree belongs to the coniferous species. It grows to be something like 25 feet high and then stops. Its leaves are long, slender and pointed, like porcupine quills. When this tree is in a good humor, these leaves lie close to the branches, and it spreads a pleasant aromatic odor all around. But when it is angry, every leaf on the tree rises up on its end, and the aspect of that particular piece of timber is about as fierce and threatening as anything you would care to look at. The pleasant resinous odor of the tree sent forth in its peaceful mood gives way to an odor that will put wings on your feet to escape as much distance as you can between the odorous tree and yourself.

This tree is very tough on the subject of dogs, and the coming of a canine anywhere near it will instantly make it bray like a wolf, or grizzly bear, or mountain lion, or any other animal of the forest. It is very difficult to get a dog to look at this tree for its peculiar odor. They may be around it as long as they care to, but if one of them so far forgets itself as to rub or scratch the trunk of the tree the ten-foot thing will fly into one of its branches, instantly, and the way Mr. Bear, Wolf or Lion will make himself scarce in these parts is a whole circus to see. Nothing will work this tree up to concert pitch, though, so quick and effectively as throwing stones at it. Then it will actually rip and tear, and no living thing would think of going within gunshot of it. Some folks out there call this tree its right name is skunk tree. I call it the holy terror tree. But, no matter what you call it, it is a queer job of nature, and Arizona claims it as her own.

While this tree is the only real, genuine vegetable kingdom crank we've got in Arizona, we point with some more pride to another tree that only Arizona has the talent to produce. This is the light electric tree. This tree is not as much as the holy terror tree and is a dwarf, seldom having the courage to get more than 12 feet high. Its foliage is very dense, and at night it glows like an arc light. The light that shines from this tree is so strong that it can be seen 25 feet away from the tree. The queerest point of this tree is that its light begins to grow dim with the coming of the new moon and steadily loses brilliancy until the moon is full. Then the tree is as dark as a night. When the moon begins to wane, the tree's luminosity is gradually renewed, and by the time the moon has disappeared the tree is shining again as brightly as ever. Sometimes the light on this queer tree becomes faint even in the dark of the moon. Then we have to do a queer thing to restore it. We drench it with a bucket of water, and instantly the effulgent glow will return in all its brilliancy.—New York Sun.

THE QUEEN INDIGNANT. She Confronts the Statement That Her Co-conspirator is a Sick Woman. It is very rare that a woman is considered a conspirator. The queen of the underworld, however, is not so particular. She has a long list of co-conspirators, and she is not above confronting them with their own statements.

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