GOOD NIGHT.

Good night to thee! o'er the eastern hills
Has star eyed evening leaned to see
The sunset gates fold in their gold;
Now comes she silently.

All day I've known thee near, so near,
Our wonted day of sweet commune,
When each to each grew yet more dear;
O blessed day! fled all too soon.

I've read the books we loved to share,
I've sung the songs we oft did sing,
At table set for thee a chair,
And gave thee dearest welcoming.

Three times have song birds waked from sleep,
Sweet April's pets, the violets
Since we were parted, I to weep,
Thou to know joys, without regrets.

Yet it is sweet to fancy so,
That thou from heaven can't bring its cheer
To bless some days since this we know,
That Christ has risen and can be near.
—Boston Transcript

The Tragedy of an Egyptian Wife.

Rifaat Bey, who left Cairoon the night of January 1st in charge of a Circassian guard, is more fortunate than Mahmoud Sami Barudi; his wife, although a lady of rank and supposed to have been subjected to "pressure" in high quarters to induce her to remain in Cairo, persisted valiently in her resolution to accompany her husband into exile. The prefect of police, it is said, was sent to Mme Rifaat to urge many reasons why she should not forsake her native land. Was she aware Rifaat's destination was Malta? It was a Christian country; attempts would be made to destroy her faith, to compel her to turn Christian. To all this Mme. Rifaat's answer was the answer given by Ruth long ago—where her husband went she would go; if he became a Christian, she would become one too; his people should be her people, his God her God. Very touching, and so far as the lady is concerned, noble also. But whether Rifaat Bey himself deserves to be the object of such absolute devotion, an incident that occurred on the platform gives one cause to doubt. Rifaat was calmly seated in a first-class carriage; and the exile's impassive dignity and calm whilst the sound of women's wailings came from the waiting room impressed one as quite heroic, whilst one was allowed to hold the delusion that it signified indifference to his own misfortunes. In an adjoining carriage were Mme. Rifaat and a female slave, both of them closely veiled and attired in the black buggy gowns Egyptian ladies float about in: mysterious balloons, known to be human only by the voices that proceed from them. These ladies were silent, and appeared naturally dispirited; but two fine little boys, the eldest being about ten years of age, stood at the carriage window, and talked away cheerfully in French to the European visitors who had come to wish them good-speed. Presently this impression of fine fortitude, and a brave acceptance of banishment by a whole family rather than that its honored head should go forth a solitary exile, was wofully disturbed and the head of the family himself made to appear in anything but an amiable light. From the black crowd of wailing women in the distance suddenly one woman broke, throwing off the grasp of those who tried to hold her, and, rushing up to Rifaat, her veil all torn and her beautiful face (one of the most beautiful I have ever seen) literally bathed in tears, cried (in truth with an exceedingly bitter cry!), "For the love of heaven give me back my child!" She spoke in Arabic; but her gesture and her despair were so eloquent that the English gentlemen round the carriage started, and in delicate compassion drew back from her and let her plead her cause as she might. But they had not taken into consideration the high disdain a dignified oriental puts into his intercourse with women. Rifaat Bey, who had a cigarette in his mouth and continued smoking whilst the poor wild creature poured forth her complaint, only took it out of his mouth to say one word, signifying, "Be off with you," and as a hideous black Nubian came up quickly, the Bey nodded to him with the same gesture with which he might have ordered the slave to brush a fly, and so the poor woman was led away weeping aloud and beating her breast. Then the story was whispered round that this was the Rifat's first wife, whom he had divorced. But an Egyptian, like most easterns, sets great store by his sons, even though he has grown to hate their mother, and so Rifat carries away into exile the only child of this poor deserted creature, whom I should judge by her fair hair complexion and lovely oval face, and also of her perfect knowledge of French, to have been a Circassian slave; chosen for her beauty and trained in accomplishments, like the "fair Persian" in the "Arabian Nights," was married as the "fair Persian" herself was, to be thrown aside as lightly. After all, the Nubian eunuch would seem to have reasoned with the poor mother more compassionately than his unattractive countenance promised; for after a time she returned with her veil arranged, and only weeping quietly. She passed Rifaat's carriage with bent head, and only stopped at the adjoining one. She had brought sweetmeats with her for the boy, and put them into his hands, and kissed him weeping; while he accepted all her fondness with a placid indifference which led one almost to hope his stepmother might follow out the traditions of story-land and give him cause to regret the affection he valued so lightly. After a few moments the Nubian came near the carriage and seemed to remind the weeping woman she had promised there should be no fresh disturbance. This time she walked back to the other women quietly, and until the train had started we saw no more of her. Later, one of the saddest scenes I have ever witnessed was that of the black-gowned women round her, their guard of eunuchs standing with clasped arms watching them, whilst they wialed over her on the monotonous note Egyptian women dwell upon in lamentation. The divorced wife and bereaved mother was distinguishable by her torn white veil and uncovered face, and also by her silence. She seemed to have exhausted grief, or at any rate her sense of mourning, and sat there amongst the dark figures almost as though she were dead and these were the funeral guests invited to bewail her.—St. James Gazette.

Codfish Aristocracy not All Dead.

The schoolmaster is very much abroad in Saratoga. One lady, blazing with diamonds, sent an order to her milliner as follows:

"Deer Miss X—: Please get for me tow yards Irish point lace, and alson get me six pares of glubs seven and a quarters, crushed-rose-berries color. P. S.—Don't send the Bil for I don't want—— to see it, he only alouse me a certing summ and I will pay it myself."

This is a bona fide order, and I think it is an index of much of the society at Saratoga, though, indeed there are others who are adorned with every good quality and refinement.—Boston Globe.

A New York man was so enraptured with a lady at a fancy ball that he offered her $100 to unmask. She accepted the money.

A Tale of Treasure Trove.

About two months ago there floated through the newspapers an item to the effect that Anna Chute, a workwoman in the paper mill of the George W. Wheelwright Paper company at North Leominster, in this state, had found $1500 in a bale of paper stock which she was engaged in sorting. The money was in two treasury notes, $1000 and $500 respectively, of the first issue. On tracing the matter it was found that the bale, which was mostly writing paper, was one of a lot bought in New York. There was abundant evidence in the papers that they had come from a certain New York city bank, and correspondence was at once begun with that bank with a view to determining the question if the money belonged to the institution. Asked if the bank had met with any loss, the reply came that since the bank was chartered, many years ago, but one loss had occurred, and that was in the autumn of 1873, when $1500 had disappeared from a teller's tray, and had never been found. Suspicion had rested all these years on several employes of the bank. They could not be proved guilty of the speculation, nor would it have been possible for them to establish their innocence had they been charged with the robbery of the missing money. It was the hope of the officers of the bank that the money found in the paper-mill should be proved to belong to the bank, as the innocence of the suspected persons would thereby be demonstrated.

It came out, on making a thorough investigation, that a room used by the bank for storing account books and other nearly useless matter representing old transactions had become so crowded and crammed with the accumulation that orders had been given to the janitor to dispose of the papers that had lain there longest. Accordingly the janitor on May 30, Decoration Day—the time being chosen as one when the business could be attended to most conveniently—had the papers packed up and taken away by the porters of a firm who dealt in paper stock. The books of the firm showed that this was the only stock taken in on that day; that it was immediately baled, marked, and numbered, and shipped to North Leominister. There was no longer a doubt that the money found in the mill belonged to the bank, and the notes were therefore surrendered a few days ago. The bank officers, fully appreciating all the circumstance governing the case, have rewarded the lucky finder with a gift of $300.—Boston Transcript, Aug 3.

Just in Time.

Any day in summer one may meet around the ferry dock an old lake captain who was once crossing Saginaw Bay in his schooner with such a gale howling after him that no one expected the craft to reach harbor. As the gale reached its climax, the captain announced to the mate beside him:

"Mr. Thomas, if we come safe out of this I am done with whisky."

The mate said it was the same with him, and the captain presently continued:

"And I'll never utter another oath."

The mate agreed to also stop swearing, and this warmed up the old man to promise:

"And I solemnly declare, Mr. Thomas, that I'll leave off chewing and smoking."

"There's another thing, captain," shouted the mate after awhile.

"What's that?"

"You might promise to leave off lying."

"Yes I—hold on—hold on! No, I'll be hanged if I do! There's blue sky over there and we've seen the worst of it! Git those men on deck ready to put her about, and if you ever tell of this I'll pulverize you to a jelly!"

When the Horn Blew

The following story of one of the poor children sent into the country by the New York City Fresh Air Fund is told by the Plattsburg Telegram: "One of the little girls was quartered with a kind family in Morrisonville. The little one met one of her companions the day after she arrived, and in giving an account of her experience, said: 'The first thing when we got there the horn blew and we had breakfast, lots of good things to eat. Then we went out to play, and before long the horn blew again and we had a nice dinner. We went out again after dinner, and in a little while the horn blew again and we had supper. After supper we went out to play again, and pretty soon the horn blew again. We went in and the lady said it was eight o'clock and time to go to bed; but before we went she gave us a bowl of splendid bread and milk. When I went up stairs I was just as sleepy as I could be, and wanted to go to to bed right away, but I told them if that horn blew again to be sure and wake me up.'"

De Long and Melville's Cigars.

The San Francisco Examiner says: Just before the departure of the Rodgers in search of the Jeanette a number of friends of De Long and Melville, among them Major J. K. Duncan, of Vellejo, were with several of the Rodgers officers in the Occidental hotel saloon, San Francisco. Major Duncan bought two boxes of fine cigars, and placing his card inside each, directed one box to Lieut. De Lobg and the other to Engineer Melville placing them in care of Dr. Jones, to be delivered in case the Jeannette people were found. After the burning of the Rodgers it was found that both boxes of cigars had been saved. When the men ran out of tobacco in the native villages, it was suggested to smoke the cigars, but Dr. Jones insisted that they should be saved and they were brought back on the Corwin. Major Duncan now intends to forward both boxes with a brief history of their travels to Engineer Melville, determined that after traveling so far and waiting so long for him he shall at last enjoy them.

Ruined by Drinking Water.

A well known dentist called the attention of a reporter to the effects of Alleghany river water on the teeth of a large portion of our citizens. He stated that there were more persons afflicted with white decay or crumbling teeth in this vicinity than in any other city in which he had practiced. The teeth of those afflicted with this form of disease were generally very white, and they gradually crumbled into powder. He attributed the great prevalence of white decay to the absence of lime in the drinking water. People suffer from acidity of the system, and lime was the alkali which would benefit them. In the eastern portion of Pennsylvania, or rather in counties where the people drank "hard" water, they generally had hard and sound teeth; but in communities where "soft" water was used, the opposite was found. He advised the drinking of lime water by people troubled with white decay.—Pittsburg Commercial.

Dress Reform.

"I want to call your attention to our system of dress reform," commenced an ancient dame with a very wide mouth, as she entered the managing editor's sanctum and threw her hat on the table.

"Looks very pretty," murmured the managing editor, surveying the bloomer costume with a critical eye.

"See how free and easy everything is," continued the woman, brandishing her arms and skipping around. "Did you ever see anything to equal that?"

"Don't think I ever did," replied the managing editor calmly. "I'm prepared to say that I never saw anything anywhere that bore any resemblance to it."

"Comfortable, pretty, accommodating all the limbs and giving free play to all the muscles. Notice that?"

"Don't really see anything else," clamored the admiring editor. "That element seems to be the mainstay of the whole business."

"Now I want this paper to pick this scheme up and make it popular among the ladies of the nation. Are you prepared to go into that branch of philanthropy?"

"It's a little out of the line of my duties," responded the managing editor. "I'll call in the religious editor. He knows about such things."

"I see, I see," muttered the religious editor, as he took the show in at a glance, "You keep those pantaloons up with suspenders, I reckon."

"That's just it," replied the delighted reformer. "That is where this costume approaches that of a man, and therefore is perfectly comfortable."

"Suppose you bust a suspender, what do you propose to do about that?" asked the religious editor delicately.

"Sew it up," replied the woman promptly.

"But suppose you're on a picnic and there is no needle handy?"

"I don't know," murmured the woman meditatively.

"Tell me frankly," demanded the religious editor sternly, "do you know how to fasten a suspender with a stick?"

"No, I don't," retorted the woman.

"Have you ever seen a woman who does?"

"I don't believe I ever have," returned the reformer.

"I supposed so," commented the religious editor. "I thought so. Now, another thing. Do you know how to tie a button on with a string?"

"I have never tried to," stammered the woman.

"I wouldn't have believed you if you had," continued the religious editor. "You begin to see where your dress reform will come out in case of accident. But there is something else. You have suspenders for your pants and another pair for your socks. Now suppose you were dressing in a hurry and those suspenders got mixed, and you put the pair for the socks on the pants and the pants pair on the socks. And suppose you hoisted the socks up to the collar bone and you found your pants were beginning to slip—"

"You're a brute!" howled the woman, as she made a break for the door.

"That was rather tough, wasn't it?" asked the managing editor, regarding the disappearing figure with an emotion of relief.

"I don't know," replied the religious editor, looking longingly at the bottom drawer of the managing editor's desk. "Underneath all her dress reform she was strapped up like a mule in a blacksmith's shop, and I knew it. If she hadn't scattered on that last question, she would on the next, so it was only a matter of time. "How do you like that apple-jack I saw you tasting an hour or so ago?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Under a Whale's Port Fin.

"To-day is the twentieth anniversary of my remarkable escape from death," and the Nautical Cop shuddered so violently that one of his brass buttons dropped off. "I was on board the whaling ship Eliza S. Mason, and the look-out had sighted a large cow whale and her calf about three miles off our starboard bow. I was ordered into the boat with eight other sailors, and, after pulling for an hour or more, we were within distance. The harpooner was a young fellow, new to the business, but we didn't know it. Instead of throwing his lance at the mother, he very foolishly—as it proved afterward—harpooned the calf. The next moment the mother whale had turned, dived, and was under our boat. In less time than it takes to tell it she had struck it with her tail, and the crew were struggling in the water for their lives. In falling I alighted on the whale's back, and I could tell by the expression of her larboard eye that she had seen me. Hardly knowing what he did or why he did it, I dived into the sea again, intending to swim to what was left of the boat. No sooner had I struck the water than the whale turned, and before I could recover my senses she had me under her portforward fin, thinking no doubt, I was her wounded calf."

"Off she started at a terrible rate of speed. At one moment I would be under water, half choked, and the next riding on the surface. From the speed and the time occupied, I calculated afterward that I was carried two miles. We got into shoal water, and the whale, attempting to turn, caught sight of me again and saw I wasn't her calf, and, giving her tail a flip, she knocked me about twenty feet, and I managed to wake and swim to an island, where I was afterward taken off by a vessel."

"How did you escape drowning while enjoying this terrible ride?" asked the listener.

"It makes me shudder to think of it," said the Nautical Cop.—Philadelphia Press.

The New Mode of Vaccination.

The British Medical Association has lately had under notice Dr. Moor's new method of vaccination. His plan is to make with a perfectly clean sharp lancet, five or six single scarifications, holding the lancet as a pen is held, resting securely but gently on the arm of the person operated on, which is held with the left hand. Thus performed, the operation is said to occupy scarcely two seconds, and when done lightly, but sufficiently, does not waken a sleeping infant nor cause a child to cry, provided the attention be diverted by gently stroking the arm, or otherwise engaging the attention. The lymph from the arm of another child, preserved in tubes or on points, is then gently rubbed with the flat of the lancet or charged points across the little wound, which may be made by slight traction of the adjacent skin. The result of this mode of operation is found to be one or more, usually two, separate vesicles or an oblong compound, one at the site of each pair of scratches, and one at the site of the single scratch, or more if six were made in all, or if they were made longer than usual. It is neither necessary nor desirable that the incisions be made at all deep.

INCREASED FACILITIES.

Among the successful business enterprises in Portland, that of Jos. Halberstadt is an example. Commencing only a few years ago with comparatively no capital, he has reared up his present business through his native energy, enterprise and perseverence, characteristics without which no commercial enterprise can succeed. Finding his quarters on First street too small to accommodate his rapidly increasing business, he sought a more desirable location. His present store is in the Ainsworth block on Third street, Portland, and is one of the most spacious stores of its kind to be found north of San Francisco. Mr. Halberstadt has made some very desirable connections with the well known wholesale San Francisco house S. & G. Gump & Co., and the firm will hereafter be known under that title, with Mr. Halberstadt as resident partner. An invitation is extended to patrons of the establishment to call and examine the very finest assortment of statuary, frames, paintings, water-colors, engravings, mirrors, etc. The stock embraces some new and unique household fixings together with a hundred and one artistic decorations used about the house.

PERSONAL.

Carl Werber, representing the well-known brewery of Philip Best, Milwaukee, Wis., was in Portland last week, paying a visit to the agents here, Messrs. Charles Kahn & Co. He came over the N. P. R. R., and left by steamer to San Francisco. Mr. Werber represents the largest brewery in America, and says they will require enlarged facilities to meet the growing trade in the northwest. He expresses himself delighted with the prospects of Oregon and Washington and predicts a great future for the northwest.

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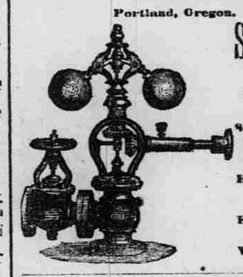
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