## CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER TAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Blustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD-V.LLE and OFEIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER T.

OF THE RETURN OF HARMACHIS TO ABOUTRIS; CELEBRATION OF THE MYSCERIES; CHANT OF

ISIS, AND THE WARNING OF AMENEMBAT. N THE next day l embraced my uncle, Sepa, and with an eagor heart departed from Annu back to Abouthis. And, te be short, thither 1 came in safety, hav ing been absent five p years and a month, be

ing now no more a boy

but a man full grown

W and having my mind well - stocked with the knowledge of men and the ancient wisdom of Egypt. And once again I saw the old lands and the known faces, though of these some few were wanting, having been gathered to Osiris. Now, as I came nigh to the temenos of the Temple, having ridden across the well-tilled fields, the priests and the people issued forth to bid me welcome, and with them the old wife. Atoua, who, but for a few added wrinkles that Time had cut upon her forehead, was even as she had been when she threw the sandal after me five long years agone.

"Lat lat lat" she cried; "and there thou art, my bonny lad; more bonny even than thou wert! La! what a man! what shoulders! and what a face and form! Ah, it does an old woman credit to have dandled thee! But thou art over-pale; those priests down there at Annu have starved thee, surely! Starve not thyself; the Gods love not a skeleton. Empty stomach makes empty head, as they say at Alexandria. But, this is a glad hour; ay, a joyous hour! Come in—come in!" and as I lighted down she embraced me. But I thrust her aside. "My father

where is my father!" I cried. "I see him

"Nay, nay, have no fear," she answered; "his Holiness is well; he waits thee in his chamber. There, pass on. O happy day! O happy Abouthis!"

And so I went, or rather ran, and reached the chamber of which I have written, and there at the table sat my father, Amenemhat, even the same as he had been, but very old; and I ran to him, and kneeling before him kissed his hand, and he blessed

me. "Look up, my son," he said, "and let my old eyes gaze upon thy face, that I may read thy heart

So I lifted up my head, and long and ear nestly he looked upon me.

"I read thee." he said at length; "pure thou art and strong in wisdom; I have not been deceived in thee. Oh, lonely have been the years; but I did well to send thee hence. Now, tell me, tell me of thy life, for thy let ters have told me little, and thou canst not know, my son, how hungry is a father's

And so I told him; far into the night sat and communed with one another. And chosen of the Gods.

And so it came to pass that for a space of constant in the sanctu ries and in the study of the secrets of the Great Sacrifice and of the passion of the Holy Mother. I watched and prayed before the altars. I lifted up my soul to God; ay, in dreams I communed with the Invisible, till at length earth and earth's desires seemed to pass from me.

longed no more for the glory of this world, my heart hung above it as an eagle on his outstretched wings, and the voice of the world's blame could not stir it, and the vision of its beauty brought no delight. For above me was the vast vault of Heaven, where in unaiterable procession the stars pass on, drawing after them the destinies of men; where the Holy Ones sit upon their burning thrones and watch the chariot wheels of Fate as they roll from sphere to sphere. O hours of holy contemplation! who having once tasted of your joy could wish again to grovel on the earth? O vile flesh! to drag us down. I would that thou hadst been altogether fallen from me, and left my spirit free to seek Osiris!

The months of probation passed but too swiftly, and now the holy day drew near when I was in truth to be united to the universal Mother. Never bath Night so longed for the promise of the Dawn; never hath the heart of a lover so passionately desired the sweet coming of the bride; as I longed to see Thy glorious face, O Isis! Even now that I base han fall as to Thee, and Thou art far from me, O maine; my soul goes out to Thee, and once more I know- But as it is bidden that I should draw the vail and speak of things that have not been told since the beginning of this world, let me pass on and reverently set down the history of that holy morn. For seven days had the great festival been celebrated, the suffering of the Lord Osiris had been commemorated, the pussion of the Mother Isis had been adored, and glory had been done to the memory of the coming of the Divine Child Horus, the Son, the Avenger, the God-begot. All these things had been carried out according to the The boats had floated ancient rites. on the sacred lake, the priests had scourged themselves before the sanctuaries, and the image, had been borne through the streets at not. And now, as the sun sauk on the ser and day, once more the great procession g ared to chant the woes of Isis and tell low the evil was avenged. We went in silence from the Temple, and passed thre in the city ways. First came those who coar the path, then my father, Amenembat, in all his priestly robes and the wand of cedar in his hand. Then, clad in pure tinen, followed L the neophyte, alone; and after me the whiterobed priests, holding aloft banners and the emblems of the Gods. Next came those who bear the sacred boat, and after them the singers and the mourners; while stretching as far as the eye could reach marched all the people, clad in melancholy black because Osiris was no more. In silence we went through the city streets till at length we came to the temenos of the Temple and passed in. And as my father, the High Priest, entered beneath the galeway of the outer pylon, a sweet-voiced woman singer began to sing the Holy

Chant, and thus she sang: Sing we Os ris dead, I .- nest the fallen head

The l ght has left the world, the world is gray. Athwart the starry skies The web of Darkness flies,

And Isis weeps Osiris passed away. Yourtears, ye stars, ye fires, ye rivers, shed. Weep, children of the Nile, weep, for your Lord is dead!" She paused in her most sweet song, and

thereon the whole multitude took up the melancholy dirge: Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling Within the Sanctnary Sevenfold: Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling!

Return, Osiris, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worship thee of old." The chorus ceased, and once again she sang:

"Within the court divine The Sevenfold-sacred shrine We pass, while echoes of the Temple walls Repeat the long lument. The sound of sorrow sent

Far up within the imperishable halls. Where, each in other's arms, the Sisters Isis and Nephthys, o'er His unawaking

sleep. And then again rolled out the solemn chorus of a thousand voices: "Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling With a the Sanctuary Sevenfold: Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:

Return, Os. 18, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worship thee of old." It ceased, and sweetly she took up the song: "Odweller in the West,

Lover and Lordinet. Thy love, this sister Isis calls thee home! Come from thy enamber dun, Thou Master of the Sun.

Thy shadowy chamber ar below the foam

With weary wings and spout Through all the firmament. Through all the horror-haunted ways of hell, I seek thee near and far.

From star to wandering star, Free with the dead that in Amenti dwell.

I search the height, the deep, the lands, the sk es. Rise from the dead and live, our Lord Osiris, rise."

Sofily we tread, our measured footsteps falling Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold; Softon the Dead that liveth are we calling:

Return, Os ris, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worship thee of old." Then, in a strain more high and glad, the

" He wakes-from forth the prison We sing Osir srisen, We sing the child that Nout conceived and bare. Th ne own love, Is:s, waits

The Warden of the Gates. She breathes the breath of Life on breast and hair. And in her breast and breath Behold! he wakeneth.

Behold! at length he riseth out of rest; Touched with her holy hands, The Lord of all the Lands. He stirs, he rises from her breath, her breast! But thou, fell Typhon, fly,

The judgment day draws nigh, Fleet on thy track as flame speeds Horus from the sky."

Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling Within the Sanctuary Sevenfold; Soft on the Dead that liveth are we calling:

Return, Os ris, from thy Kingdom cold! Return to them that worship thee of old." Once more, as we bowed before the Holy, she sang, and sent the full breath of her glad music ringing up the everlasting walls, till the silence quivered with her round notes of melody, and the hearts of these who hearkened stirred strangely in the breast. And thus, as we walked, she sang the song of Osiris risen, the song of Hope, the song of Victory:

" Sing we the Trinity, Sing we the Holy Three, Sing we, and praise we and worship the Throne, Throne that our Lord hath set-There peace and truth are met, There in the Halls of the Holy alone!

There in the shadowings Faint of the folded wings, There shall we dwell and rejoice in our rest, We that thy servants are! Horus drive ill afar

Far in the folds of the dark of the West!" in the end he bade me know that I must | Once more, as her notes died away, thunnow prepare me to be initiated into those dered forth the chorus of all the voices, and great mysteries that are learned of the then the chanting ceased, and as the sun sank the High Priest raised the statue of the living God and held it before the multithree months I prepared myself according tude that was now gathered in the to the holy customs I ate no meat. I was court of the Temple. Thereupon, with a mighty and joyful shout of "Osiris! Our hope! Osiris! Osiris!" the people tore the black wrappings from their dress, revealing the white robes they wore beneath, and, as one man, they bowed before the God, and the feast was ended.

> But for me the ceremony was only begun, for to-night was the night of my initiation. Leaving the inner court I bathed myself. and, clad in pure linen, passed, as it is ordained, into an inner, but not the inmost sanctuary, and laid the accustomed offerings on the altar. Then, lifting up my hands to Heaven, I remained for many hours in contemplation, striving by holy thoughts and prayer to gather up my strength against

the mighty moment of my trial. Slowly the hours sped in the silence of the Temple, till at length the door opened and my father, Amenembas, the Priest, came in, clad in white, and leading by the hand the Priest of Isis. For himself, having been married, he did not enter into the mysteries of the Holy Mother. I rose to my feet and stood humbly before

"Art thou ready?" said the Priest, lifting the lamp he held so that its light fell upon my face. "Art thou rendy, O thou chosen

one, even to see the giory of the Goddess face to face?" "I am ready," I answered. "Bethink thee," he said again, in solemn

tones, "this is no small thing. If thou wait carry out this thy last desire, understand, O Royal Harmachis, that now this very night must thou for awhile die in the flesh, what time thy soul shall look on spiritual things. And if thou diest and there shall be any evil thing found within thy heart, when thou comest at last into that awful presence, woe unto thee, Harmachis, for the breath of life shall no more enter in at the gateway of thy mouth. Utterly shalt thou perish as to thy body, and what shall befall thy other parts, if I know I may not say. [According to the Egyptian religion the being man is composed of four parts: the body, the double or astral shape (ka), the soul (bi), and the spark of life sprung from the Godhead 'khou Lart thou therefore, pure and free from the the cit of ain ou prepared to be gathered to the breast of Her who was and is and will be, and in all things to do Her holy will; for her, while she shall so command, to put away the thought of earthly woman; and to labor always for Her glory till at the end thy life is absorbed in Her eternal life!"

"I am." I answered; "lead on." "It is well," said the Priest. "Noble

Amenembat, we go hence along." "Farewell, my son," said my father; "be firm and triumph over the things spiritual as thou shalt triumph over the things earthly. He who would truly rule the world must first be lifted up above the world. He must be at one with God, for thus only shall be learn the secrets of the Divine. ware! The gods demand much of those who dare to enter the circle of their Divin-If they go back therefrom they shall be judged of a sharper law, and be scourged with a heavier rod. As their glory is, so shall their shame be; for it is no light thing, having cast off thy mortal garb, to soil the raiment of the Spirit in fleshly mire. Therefore, make thy heart strong, O Royal Harmachist. And whenthou speedest down

the ways of Night and efferest the nony Presence, remember that from him to whom great gifts have been given shall gifts be required again. And now-if, indeed, thy heart be fixed-go whither it is not as yet

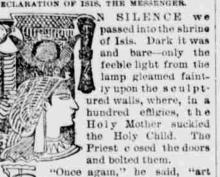
given to me to follow thee. Farewell! For a moment, as my heart weighed these heavy words, I wavered, as well I might. But I was filled with longing to be gathered to the company of the Divine ones, and I know that I had no evil in me, and desired to do only the thing that is just. Therefore, baving with so much labor drawn the bow-



string to my ear, I was fain to let fly the shaft. 'Lead on." I cried, with a loud voice, "lead on, O holy Priest! I follow

And we went forth,

CHAPTER VL OF THE INITIATION OF HARMACHIS: OF HIS VISIONS; OF HIS PASSING TO THE CITY THAT IS IN THE PLACE OF DEATH: AND OF THE



thou ready, Harmachis?" "Once again," I answered, "I am ready." He spoke no more; but, having lifted up his hands in prayer, led me to the center of the Holy, and with a swift motion

put out the lamp. "Look before thee, O Harmachis!" he cried; and his voice sounded hollow in the

solemn place. I gazed and saw nothing. But from the niche that is high in the wall, wherein is hid the sacred symbol of the Goddess, on which few may look, there came a sound as of the rattling rods of the sistrum. And as I listened, awestruck, behold! I saw the outline of the symbol drawn as with fire upon the blackness of the air. Above my head it hung, and rattled while it hung. And as it turned, clearly I saw the face of the Mother Isis that is graven on the one side, and signifies unending birth, and the face of her holy sister, Nephthys, that is graven on the other, and signifies the ending of all birth in death.

Slowly it turned and swung as though some mystic dancer trod the air above me and shook it in her hand. But at length the

light went out, and the rattling ceased. Then of a sudden the end of the chamber became luminous, and in that white light I ancient Nile rolling through deserts to the sea. There were no men upon its banks, nor any signs of man, nor any Temples to the Gods. Only wild birds moved on Sihor's lonely face, and monstrous brutes plunged and wallowed in his waters. The sun sunk in majesty behind the Libyan Desert and stained the waters red; the mountains towered up toward the silent sky; but in mountain, desert and river there was no sign of human life And then I knew that I saw the world as it had been before man

was, and a terror of its onelmess entered

The picture passed and another rose up in its place. Once again I saw the banks of Sihos, and on them cowded wild-faced creatures, partaking of the nature of the ape more than of the nature of mankind. They fought and slew each other. The wild bird sprang up in affright as the fire leapt from reed huts given by foemen's hands to flame and pillage. They stole and rent and murdered, dashing out the brains of children with axes of stone. And, though no voice told me, I knew that I saw man as he was tens of thousands of years ago when first he marched across the earth.

Yet another picture. Once again I saw the banks of Sihor; but on them fair cities bloomed like flowers. In and out their gates went men and women, and laden asses passing to and fro from wide, welltilled lands. But I saw no guards or armies, and no weapons of war. All was wisdom prosperity and peace. And, while I wondered, a glorious figure, clad in raiment that shone as flame, came from the gates of shrine, and the sound of music went before and followed after him. He mounted an ivory throne which was set in a marketplace facing the water, and as the sun set called all the multitudes to prayer. With one voice they prayed, bending in adoration. And I understood that herein was shown the reign of the Gods on earth, which was long before the days of Menes.

A change came over the dream. Stil, same fair city, but other men men with greed and evil on their faces - who hated the bonds of righteous doing, and set their hearts on sin. The evening came; the glorious figure mounted the throne and called to prayer, but none bowed themselves in adoration.

"We are aweary of thee!" they cried. "Make Evil King! Slay him! slay him! and loose the bonds of Evil! Make Evil

Mightily uprose the glorious shape, gazing with mild eyes upon those wicked ones. "Ye know not what ye ask," he cried; "but as ye will, so be it! For if I die, by me shall ye once again, after much travail, find a path to the Kingdom of Good!"

Even as he spoke a form, foul and hideous

to behold, leapt upon him, cursing, slew him, tore him limb from limb, and amidst the clamor of the people sat himself upon the throne and ruled. But a shape whose face was valled passed down from Heaven on shadowy wings, and with lamentations gathered up the rent fragments of the Being. A moment she bent herself upon them, then lifted up her hands and wept. and as she went hehold! from her sides mere sprang a warrior armed and with a face like the face of Ra (the sun) at noon. With a shout he, the Avenger, hurled himself upon the monster who had usurped the throne, and they closed in battle, and struggling ever in'a straight embrace, passed upward to the skies.

Then came picture after picture. I saw powers and peoples clad in various robes

ass and pass and pass in militions loving hating, struggling, dving. Some few were happy and some had wee stamped upon their faces; but most bore not the scal of happiness nor of woe, but rather of patience. And ever as they passed from age to age, high above in the heavens the Avenger fought on with the Evil Thing, while the scale of victory swung now here, now there; but neither conquered, nor was it given to me to know how the battle

And I understood that what I had beheld was the holy vision of the struggle between the Good and the Evil powers. I saw that man was created vile, but those who are above took pity on him and came down to him to make him good and happy, for the two things are one thing. But man re-turned again to his " eked way, and then did the bright spirit : Good, who is of us called Osiris, but who hath many names, offer himself up for the evil doing of the race that had dethroned him. And from him and the Divine Mother, of whom all nature is sprang another spirit who is the Protector if us on earth, as Osiris is our justifier in Amenti. For this is the mystery of the Osiris.

Of a sudden, as I saw the visions, these things became clear to me. The mummy cloths of symbol and of ceremony that weap Orisis round fell from him, and I underatood the secret of religion. The picture passed, and once again the

Priest, my guide, spoke to me. "Hast thou understood, Harmachis, those things which it bath been granted thee to

"I have," I said. "Are the rites ended?" "Nay, they are but begun. That which follows must thou endure alone! Behold, I leave tuce, to return at the morning light. Once more I warn thee that which thou shalt see few may look upon and live. In all my days have I nown but three who dared to face this dread hour, and of those three at dawn but one was found alive. Myself. I have not trod this path. It is too high

"Depart." I said; "my soul is athirst for

knowledge. I will dare it." He laid his hand upon my head and blessed me. He went I heard the door shut to behind bim, the cchoes of his footsieps slowly died away. Then I felt tout I was alone, alone in the Holy place with things which are not of the earth. Silence fell silence deep and lack as the darkness which was around me. The stience fell; it gathered as the cloud gathered on the face of the moon that night when, a lad, I prayed upon the pylon towers It gathered denser and yet more dense till it seemed to creep into my heart and call aloud therein; for atter silence has a voice that is more terrible than the voice of any cry. I spoke; the echoes of my words came back upon me from the walls and seemed to beat me down. The stillness was ligher to endure than an echo such as this. What was I about to seef Should I die, even now, in the fuliness of my youth and strength! Terrib e were the warnings that had been given to me. I was fear-stricken, and bethought me that I would fly. Fly!-fly waither? The temple door was barred; I sold not fly. I was alone with the Godhead, alone with the power that I had invoked. Nay, my heart was pure-my heart was pure! I would face the terror that was to come, even though I died.

"Isis, holy Mother," I prayed, "Isis, Spouse of Heaven, come unto me, be with me now. I faint! be with me now."

And then I knew that things were not as things had been. The air around me began to stir, it rustled as the wings of eagles, it took life. Bright eyes gazed upon me, strange whispers shook my soul. Upon the darkness were bars of light. They changed and interchanged, they moved to and fro and wove mystle symbols which I could not read. Swifter and swifter flew that shuttle of the light; the symbols grouped, gathered, faded, gathered yet gain, faster and still more fast, till my eyes could no more count them. Now I was afficiat upon a sea of glory; it surged and rolled, as the ocean rolls; it tossed me high, it brought me low. Glory was piled on glory, splendor heaped on splendor's head, and I rode above it all.

Soon the lights began to pale in the rolling sea of air. Great shadows shot across it, lines of darkness pierced it and rushed together on its breast, till at length I only was a shape of flame set like a ster on the

bosom of immeasurable night. Bursts of awful music gathered from far away. Miles and miles away I heard them, thrilling faintly through the gloom. On they came, nearer and more near, louder and more loud, till they swept past above, below, around me, swept on rushing pinions, terrifying and enchanting me. They floated by, ever growing fainter, till they died in space Then others came, and no two were akin. Some rattled as ten thousand sistra shaken all to tune. Some rang from the brazen throats of unnumbered clarions. Some pealed with a loud, sweet chant of voices that were more than human; and some roiled along in the slow thunder of a million drums. They passed; their notes were lost in dying echoes; and the awful silence once more press. I in anon me and overcame me.

A certain Trelemaker says: "Work shoes go ahead of the art of fortunetelling from the lines of the hand. In your shoe, for instance, I see irresolution, changeableness, inclination to slovenliness and occasional paroxysms of ill-hamor. Show me any person's footgear after two months' wear and I will describe the character of the person. If the soles and heels are worn evenly then the wearer is a resolute, able business man, with a clear head, a trustworthy official, or an excellent wife and mother.

"If the sole is worn on the outside the wearer is inclined to adventurous, uncertain, fitfal deeds, or, if a woman, to bold, self-willed capricious tricks, The sole being worn on the inner side shows hesitation and weakness in a man

and modesty in a woman. "A merchant sends regularly to me when he needs a clerk and has on my recommendation accepted several of my enstomers. He says that 'shoeology goes shead of phrenology. Several months ago a stranger came into my atore to have his shoes mended. They were worn on the outside of the soles. while at the same time the points were somewhat worn, but the other parts of

"The very next day a boy came from the station house for the shoes and said that the wearer had been arrested for stealing. A young man who was a customer of mine for years courted two girls shoes on the outside first, while other one walked evenly and wore both her shoes aitke. I always liked the young man, and as I saw that he wayered between the two girls I took him aside one day, showed him the shoes of each girl and told him what I have related to you concerning them. He marpowers and peoples clad in various robes happy with her, while the other one appeaking many tongues. I saw them happy with her, while the other one want to rule "-St. Louis Globe" THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some of the Burwene Gracefully Borne by a Western Editor. We extract the following items from

the last issue of The Arizona Kicker: "THEY WILL KNOW MORE .- A combination calling itself the Acme Opera Company, of t ricago, gave a show of some sort at Reynold's Hall last Friday night. No free tickets were sent to this office, and when we sent our half-breed reller boy over to the manager with a note asking him why in Texas he had neglected such an important duty, he returned word that the Kicker could kick and be hanged to it. We therefore kicked. We hired Cooper's Hall for the same night, gave a free dance and the Aeme Opera Company opened to an audience composed of the landlord's crossscalped. There's nothing mean about us. We simply want what is due to the it from time immemorial. When an amusement combination sets out to ignore us and make us sing small, somebody will certainly hear something drop before geiting to the top of the hill." "NOT SAYING A WORD .- Many of our

subscribers are asking why the Kicker has nothing to say in favor of either of the local tickets now in the field. There are two reasons. First, because we were not nominated on either ticket, and secondly because a bigger gang of rascals were never up for office. We wanted to run for mayor. It is no use being over-modest about such things. We are better fitted for the position than any other man in town. The office should have been glad to seek us. It didn't do so, and so we sought it. We should have filled the position with credit to all, but the gangs wanted a tool, and so they neminated Doc Burrows and Hank Jones to head the two tickets. Neither of these men will ever serve. Within one month we will have both of them back at Joliet to serve out their unexpired sentences. We have been warned that we must come out and support one ticket or the other or go to the wall. Begin your wall business, gentlemen, as seen as you please. When you down us you have got to beat a grand aggregaion of newspaper, grocery, feed store, harness shop, butcher shop and knitting factory, all under one roof, presided over by one head, and each doing a fine busi-

"Nor Just Yer .- The Tom Cat Silver Mining Company sent us a certificate of stock of the face value of \$500 last week and asked us to editorially mention the fact that the mine would prove one of the greatest bonanzas of the age for investors. We can't conscientiously do it yet. We want to wait awhile and see whether we are to be assessed on the stock or not, and we'd like to hear of some one who has received a dividend. We used to take every thing in silver stock that came along, and puff up their old swindles without stint, but we have made a change of base in this respect. We found that a company which would beat the public would also beat us."

"THEY TOOK EXCEPTION.-Tall Bill, of the Gem Saloon, Ohio George, of the Arcade Poker Rooms, and Lovely Jim, of the Red Front Sink of Iniquity, took exception to our kindly remark in last, week's issue that whisky and poker bread crumbs and fry in boiling lard .were trying to run the town, and they Ladies' Home Journal. laid for us accordingly. On Friday afternoon we were examining the carcass of a big jackass rabbit killed over in the gulch by Sam Andrews, and on exhibition in front of Davises' butcher shop, when the three worthies above named approached and signified their intention of cooking our goose. We had them covered by our gun in five seconds, and we held them in line with hands up for full five minutes as an exmibition. When they had been disarmed we allowed them to sneak away. We don't claim to own this town, and we never set out to run it, but we propose to talk in plain English on all subjects and guard the public interests to the best of our ability. If the three parties named do not subside at once we shall encourage a crowd to turn out with a rope some frosty evening and pull their heads chock up against a limb.'

"HE STILL LIVES .- A Nebraska subscriber writes to inquire if there is another weekly published in this burg. There is. We have a chattel mortgage on every thing but the red-headed, cross-eyed, lop-shouldered coyote who edits it, and can close him up at any minute; but we let him run on in order to keep him off 'he town. We rather like his audacity as well. He prints 180 copies, none of which can be read on account of the poor press-work, and yethe claims the largest circulation in the known world. He knows we own the very chair he sits in, but yet he devotes four columns each week to abusing us personally. Yes, he still lives, poor old unfortunate. But we are going to give him rope for the winter. If he was bounced out he might have to run for the Legislature."-De-

## troit Free Press. PARIS SNAIL EATERS.

A Hundred Thousand Pounds of the Slimy Things Consumed Annually. The stories about Frenchmen eating

snails are believed by many people to anve no foundation in fact, but to be only a phase of the exaggeration in which Yankees are apt to indulge in describing the queer things that are to be found on Parisian dining-tables. Nevertheless, It is a fact that nearly 100,000 pounds of snails are sold daily in the Paris markets to be eaten by dwellers in Paris. They are carefully reared for the purpose in extensive snail-gardens in the the shoes were almost as good as new. 1 provinces and fed on aromatic herbs to said to my wife, That fellow is no make their flavor finer. One snailery in Dijon is said to bring in to its proprietor seven thousand francs a year. Many Swiss cantons also contain large snail-gardens where they are grown with much pains. They are not only regarded as a great delicacy, but are reckoned as very nuwho also had their work done by me. I tritious. Hygienists say they contain noticed that one of the girls were her seventeen per cent. of nitrogenous matter, and that they are equal to oysters in nutritive properties. Snalls are also extensively used as an article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy and Egypt and the countries on the African side of the Mediterranean. Indeed the habit of eating snails as food has existed in variried the one who walked evenly and was ous parts of Europe for many centuries. -Good Housekeeping.

## FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

-Brown sugar in doughnuts instead of white will keep them moist and nice much longer.-The Housekeeper.

-A cheap and good mince-meat can be made by boiling a beef's heart till tender, then chopping it fine and seasoning it and adding twice as much apple by weight as meat. Fruit, spices, etc., can be added as one desires.

Paper or pasteboard may be rendered waterproof as follows: Mix four parts of slaked lime with three parts of skimmed milk and add a little alum; then give the material two successive coatings of the mixture with a brush and then lot it dry. Honey Cakes: Take a quart of strained

honey, half a pound of fresh butter, and eyed boy and two old half-breeds who a small teaspoonful of pearl ash, disthought somebody was going to be solved in a little milk. Add as much sifted flour as will make stiff paste. Work well together. Roll out half an profession, and what has been granted | inch thick. Cut into cakes. Lay on buttered tins, and bake in a hot oven. -Cream Dates: Remove the stones

from the dates, without entirely separating them. Take a tiny piece of vanilla. fondant, the same as preceding recipe. form it into a little roll, place it in the space from which the seed was taken, press the halves together so that only a small quantity of the candy can be seen, roll the dates in granulated sugar, and place them on dishes to harden. - Christian Union.

-One great secret of nice cake making is the thorough beating of the batter after all ingredients are together. Some have trouble with granulated sugar. Don't use so much. One-half inch less for a cupful is enough. The cake batter takes longer beating than usual, as the sugar is longer in dissolving. We think it the cheapest sugar on the market -Farm and Fireside.

-To use up slices of stale bread break and cut them in pieces. first cutting off the hard crust, and pour boiling water on it too soften the bread. Then for a pint of bread crumbs beat up three eggs and add these with a pint of milk. some bits of butter, a little sugar and raisins in quantity to suit, and bake. It is a good plain, wholesome pudding to eat with milk and sugar or pudding sauce.-N. Y. World.

-To take iron rust out of white goods: Pour a teacupful of boiling water; stretch the goods tightly across the top of it; then pour on a little of the solution of oxalic acid dissolved in water, and rub it with the edge of a teaspoon or any thing. If it does not come out at once, dip it down into the hot water and rub it again. This is a quick easy and sure way to remove iron rust, and should be remembered by every good housekeeper.

-Oyster Croquettes: Put two dozen oysters on to boil in their own liquor. Let come to a boil. Take from the fire, drain and chop. Put half a pint of the liquor in a saucepan, with a teacup of eream, thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and butter each, rubbed together. Stir until the milk boils, add the oysters, the yelks of three eggs, and stir one minute; take from the fire, and season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a half of a grated nutmeg, a little salt and cayenne pepper. Mix well and bern out to cool. When cold, form in croquettes, roll in beaten eggs then in

## DANGEROUS WORK. Poor Folks who Go Gleaning on the New

York Wharves for Fuel. Among the many odd devices resorted to by the very poor in their efforts to

gain a livelihood is that of the people who frequent the various wharves and other places where coal is transferred from barges to wagons or from wagons to coal-sheds, and who eagerly seize upon any stray pieces that may fall unheeded to the ground. Of coarse the loss in this way on each

ton of coal is scarcely noticeable, but in the aggregate it amounts to no inconsiderable quantity and the aged men and worn-out women who so carefully watch the huge coal buckets as they swing in mid-air in their transit from the coal barge to the wagons on the wharf are often able thus to secure sufficient of the mineral to warm their humble homes throughout the winter. Only those too decrepit to execute more laborious work care to glean coal in this way, as they are seldom able to gather a large enough quantity to sell. But the activity displayed by these poor old creatures in their eagerness to secure a few nuggets is something remarkable.

The pursuit is not without its perils. There is always more or less competition for the scanty prizes that reward a long vigil, and in order to outdo their competitors the old gleaners often rush recklessly between wagon wheels and almost under horses' hoofs. Then, too, as the big buckets swing overhead pieces of coal are sometimes dislodged and fall heavily to the ground, endangering the heads of those beneath.

Not long since an old man was pushed off a pier into the river and nearly drowned through the rush for a single lump that had attracted the attention of half a dozen gleaners. It had fallen on the edge of the string piece, and the old fellow was crowded off. Fortunately he grabbed and held on to a rope that was hanging from the stern of a coal barge, and some idlers on the wharf hauled him ashore.

The greatest danger to the gleaners lies, however, in their reckless dives under the wagons. The men and boys who are engaged in loading frequently chase the old folks away, but they return with a persistence that defies all efforts to save the coal and prevent accidents. -N. Y. Herald.

South America's Living Lanterns. South American fire-flies have been called living diamonds. In the same part of the world is also found a pale gray or particularly disagreeable looking moth which may be called a living lantern. Kept inclosed in a box for twenty-four hours, it will be found when the box is opened that the body of the moth is giving forth sufficient light te enable one to read plainly any ordinary type. A number of glass-fronted boxes containing these moths-Fulgaria can ternaria, naturalists call them -when placed around a room afford nearly at much light as so many wax candles .-American Agriculturist.