CLEOPATRA.

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

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

She bowed her head awhile, and then, as

I spake not, once more went on: "Let all my sin be told, Harmachis, and then let justice come. See how this thing happened. Half did Cleopatra learn to love thee, and deep in her heart she bethought her of taking thee to wedded husband. For the sake of this half love of her ; she spared the lives of those in the plot whom she had meshed, bethinking her that if she wedded thee she might use them and thee to draw the heart of Egypt, which loves not her nor any Ptolemy. And then, once again she catrapped thee, and in thy folly thou didst betray to her the secret of the hidden wealth of Egypt, that to-day she squanders to delight the luxurious Antony; and, of a truth, at that time she purposed to make good her oath and marry thee. But on the very morn when Dellius came for answer she sent for me. and. telling me all-for my wit above

any, she holds at price-demanded of me my judgment whether she should defy Antony and wed thee, or whether she should put the thought away and come to Antony. And I-now mark thou all my sin !- I, in my bitter jealousy, rather than I would see her thy wedded wife and thou her loving counseled her most strictly she should come to Antow, knowing, for I had had speech Dellius - that if she came, this weak Antony would fall like a ripe fruit at her feet, as indeed he has fallen. And tonight have I shown thee the issue of the scheme. Antony loves Cleopatra and Cleopatra loves Antony, and thou art robbed, and matters have gone well for me, who of all women on the earth to-night am the wretchedest by far. For when I saw how thy heart broke, but now my heart seemed to break with thine, and no longer could I bear the burden of my evil deeds, but knew that I must tell them and take my punish-

"And no more have I to say, save that I thank thee for thy courtesy in hearkening, and this one thing I add: Driven by my great love, I have sinned against thee unto death! I have ruined thee, I have ruined Khem, and myself also have I ruined! Let death reward me! Slay thou me, Har-machis! Gladly will I die upon thy sword; ay, and kiss its blade! Slay thou me, and go; for if thou slayest me not, myself will I surely slay!" And she threw herself upon her knees, lifting her fair breast toward me, that I might smite her with my dagger. And, in my bitter fury, minded was I to strike, for above all I thought how, when I was fallen, this woman, who herself was my cause of shame, had scourged me with her scorn. Bue hard it is to slay a fair woman; and even as I lifted my hand to strike I remembered that now twice had she

"Woman! thou shameless woman!" I said, "arise! I slay thee not! Who am L that I should judge thy crime, that with mine own do overtop all earthly judg-

"Slay me, Harmachis!" she moaned; "slay for me to bear! Be not so

Curse me and slay!" "What was it that thou didst say to me I, thine equal in sin, should slay thee, because through thee I sinned. As thou hast sown, Charmion, so must thou also reap. Base woman! whose cruel jealousy hath brought all these wors on me and Egypt, live-live on, and from year to year pluck the bitter fruit of crime! Haunted be thy sleep by visions of thy outraged Gods, vengeance awaits thee and me in their dim Amenti! Haunted be thy days by memories of that man whom thy fierce love did bring to ruin, and by the sight of Khem a prey to the insatiate Cleopatra and a slave

to Roman Antony." "Oh, speak not thus, Harmachis! More sharp are thy words than any sword, and more surely, if more slowly, shall they slay! Listen. Harmachis," and she grasped my robe; "when thou wast great and ail power lay within thy grasp, thou didst re-Wilt reject me now that Cleopatra hath cast thee from her- now that thou art poor and shared, and with no pillow to thy head? Still am I fair, and still I worship thee! Let me fly with thee, and make atonement by my life-long love. Or, if this be too great a thing to ask, let me be but as thy sister and thy servant-thy very slave, so that I may still look upon thy face and share thy trouble and minister to thee. O Harma chis, let me but come and I will brave all things and endure all things, and naught but Death himself shall spear me from thy side. For I do believe that the love that sank me to so low a depth, dragging thee, can yet lift me to an equal height, and thee with me."



AND THUS I LEFT HE

some hovel where I must hide, 'could bear, day by day, to look upon thy fote face, and seeing, remember, that those are betrayed me? Not thus easily shalt thou stene! This even now I know: Many and seavy shall be thy lonely days of penance! Perchance that hour of vengeance may 70. seme, and perchance thou shall live to pie , thy part in In the Court of Cleopaire must thou abide, and while thou art there, if yet I live. I will from time to time and means to give thee tidings. Perchacce s day may dawn when once more I shall ased thy service. Now, swear that, is this event,

thou wilt not fail me a second time " "I swear, Harmachis! I awase May everlasting torments, too hideous to be dreamed-more hideous even, by fer, than those that wring me now-be my portion if I fall thee in one lot or title; ar eves little while, as I rode towards the rocky

though I wait a lifetime for the word !" "Tis well; see that thou keep the cathnot twice may we betray; I go to work out my fate; abide thou to work out ta're Per-

shance our divers threads will once more ningle ere the web be spun. Charmion. who unasked didst love me-and who, prompted by that gentle love of thine, didst betray and ruin me-fare thee well!"

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND. out her arms as though to clasp me; and then, in the agony of her despair, cast herself at length and groveled upon the ground I took up the sack of clothing and the staff and gained the door, and, as I passed

through, one last glance I cast upon her. There she lay, with arms outstretchedmore white than her white robes-her dark bair streaming down her and her fair brows hidden in the dust. And thus I left her; nor did I again set my

eyes upon her till nine long years had come

CHAPTER XXIV. ON THE ESCAPE OF HARMACHIS FROM TARSUS; OF HIS BEING CAST FORTH AS AN OFFERING TO THE GODS OF THE SEA: OF HIS SOJOURN IN THE ISLE OF CYPRUS: OF HIS BETURN TO ABOUTHIS; AND OF THE DEATH OF AMEN-



in the courtyard of the great house. It was but an hour from dawn, and none were stirring. The last reveler har drunk his fill, t' lancing girls ha sed their dancir id stience lay u che city. I

drew near the gate, and was challenged by an officer on guard wrapped in a heavy cloak. "Wno passes!" said the voice of Brennus.

"A merchant, may it please thee, sir, who having brought gifts from Alexandria to a lady of the Queen's household, and, having been entertained of the lady, now departs to his galley," I answered in a

feigned voice.
"'Umph!" he growled. "The ladies of the Queen's household keep their guests late. Well: 'tis a time of festival. The

password. Sir Scopkeeper! Without the password thou must needs return and crave the lady's further hospitality."

" 'Antony,' sir, and a right good word, too. Ah! I've wandered far, and never saw I so goodly a man and so great a General. And, mark you, sir, I've traveled far, and seen many Generals."
"Ave; 'Ant ny' is the word! And Antony

is a good General in his way-when it is a sober way, and when he can not find a skirt to follow. I've served with Antony-and against him, too, and know his points. Well, well; he's got an armful now !"

And all this while that he was holding me in talk, the sentry had been pacing to and fro before the gate. But now he moved a little way, leaving the entrance clear.

"Fare thee well, Harmachis, and begone," whispered Brennus, leaning forward and speaking quickly. "Linger not. But at times bethink thee of Brennus, who risked his neck to save thine. Farewell, lad; I would that we were sailing north together." and he turned his back upon me and begun

to hum a tune. "Farewell, Brennus, thou honest man," I answered, and was gone. And, as long afterward I heard, when on the morrow the hue and cry was raised because the murderers could not find me, though everywhere they sought me to slay me, Brennus did me me or I slay myself! My burden is too great a service. For he swore that as he kept his watch alone an hour after midnight me come and stand upon the parapet of the roof, that then I stretched out my robes and anon, Charmion-that as I had sown so they became wings whereon I floate up to must I reap! It is not lawful that thou heaven, leaving him astonished. . d all shouldst slay thyself; it is not lawful that those about the court lent ear unto the history, believing therein, because of the great fame of my magic; and much they wondered what the wonder might portend. The tale also traveled into Egypt, and did much to save my good name among those whom I had betrayed; for the more ignorant among them believed that I acted not of my will, but of the will of the dread Gods, who of their own purpose wafted me to heaven. And thus, even to this day, the saying runs Cat "When Harmachis comes again Egypt shall be free." Only Cleopatra, though she was much afraid, doubted her of the tale, and sent an armed vessel to search for the Syrian merchant, but not to find him, as

shall be told. When I reached the galley whereof Charmion had spoken, I found her about to sail, and gave the writing to the Captain, who conned it, looking on me curiously, but

said naught. So I went aboard, and immediately we dropped swiftly down the river with the current. And having come to the mouth of the river unchallenged, though we passed many vessels, we put out to sea with a strong favoring wind that ere night freshened to a great gale. Then the sailor men, being much afeared, would fain have put about and run for the mouth of the Cydnus once again, but could not because of the wildness of the sea. All that night it blew furiously, and ere dawn our must was carried away, and we rolled helplessly in the trough of the great waves. But I sat wr pped in a cloak, little heeding; and be e I showed no fear the sailors cried out that I was a wizard, and would have cast me into the sea, but the Captain would not. At dawn the wind slackened, but ere noon it once more blew in terrible fury; and at the fourth hour from noon we came in sight of the rocky coast of that cape in the island of Cyprus which is called Dinaretum, where is a mountain named Olympus, and thitherwards we drifted swiftly. Then when the sailors saw the terrible rocks, and how the great waves that smote thereon spouted up in foam, once more they grew much afraid, and cried out in their tear. For, seeing that I still sat unmoved, they swore that I certainly was a wizard, and came to cast me forth as a sacrifice to the Gods of the sea. And this time the Captain was overruled, and said naught. Therefore, when they came to me I rose and defied them, saying:

me forth ye shall perish." For in my heart I cored little, having no more any love of life, but rather a desire to die, though greatly I feared to pass into the presence of my holy Mother Isis. But my weariness and sorrow at the bitterness of my lot overcame even this heavy fear, so that when, being mad as brute beasts, they seized me and, lifting me, hurled me into the raging waters, I did but utter one prayer to Isis and make me ready for death. But it was fated that I should not die; for, when I rose to the surface of the water I saw floating near to me a spar of wood, whereto I swam and clung. And a great wave came and swept me, riding, as it were, upon the spar, as when a boy I had learned to do in the waters of the Nile, past the bulwarks of the galley where the flerce faced sailors clung to see me drown. And when they saw me come mounted on the wave, cursing them as I came, and saw, too, that the color of my face had changed-for the sait water had washed away the pigment, they shricked with fear and cast themselves down upon the deck. And within a very

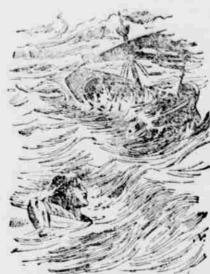
"Cast me forth, if ye will; but if ye cast

coast, a great wave poured into the vessei. that rode broadside on, and pressed her down icte the deep, whence no more she

And so she sank, with all her crew And in that same storm also sank the galley that Cleopatra had sent to search for the Syrian merchant. Thus were all traces of me lost, and of a surety she believed that I was

But I rode on toward the shore. The wind shricked and the sait waves lashed my face as, slone with the tempest, I rushed upon my way, while the sea-bards screamed bout my head. No fear I feit, but rather a wild uplifting of the heart; and in the stress of my imminent peril the love of life seemed nce again to waken. And so I plunged and drifted, now tossed high toward the lowering clouds, now cast into the deep valleys of he sea, till at length the rocky headland loomed before me, and I saw the breakers smite upon the stubborn rocks, and through the screaming of the wind heard the suiter ander of their fall and the groun of stones sucked seaward from the beach. On! highthroned upon the mane of a mighty billowfifty cubits beneath me the level of the hissing waters; above me the inky sky! It was done! The spar was torn from me. and, dragged downward by the weight of the bay of gold and the clinging of my garments, struggling furiously, I sank.

Now I was under-the light for a moment streamed green through the waters, and then came darkness, and on the darkness pictures of the past. Picture after picture all the long scene of life was written here Then in my ears I heard only the song of



A SPAR OF WOOD, TO WHICH I SWAM. the nightingale, the murmur of the summer sea, and the music of Cleopatrala laugh of victory followed me softly and yet more

soft as I sank away to sleep.
Once more my life came back, and with it a sense of deadly seckness and of aching pain. I opened my eyes and saw landly faces bending o'er me, and knew that I was

in a room of a builded house. "How came I hither!" I asked, faintly. "Of a truth, Poseidon brought thee, Stranger," answered a rough voice in barbarous Greek, "for we found thee cast high non tee peans time a dead doiphin. and

brought thee to our house, for we are nsnerfolk. And here methicks must thou lie awhile, for thy left leg is broken by the force of the waves." I strove to move my foot, but could not. It

was true, the bone was broken above the

"Who art thou and how art thou named?" asked the rough-boarded sailor. "I am an Egyptian traveler whose ship hath sunk in the fury of the gale, and Olympus am I named," I answered, for Olympus and therefore I took the name at

hazard. And as Olympus henceforth was I

known. Here with these rough fisher-folk did I abide for the half of a year, paying them a little out of the sum of gold that had come who had been so tall and straight and strong the other. And after I recovered from my ground, the red blood streaming from his hurt, still I lived there, and toiled with them at the trade of fishing; for whither I should go or what I should do that I knew not, and, for awhile, fain was I to become a peasant fisherman, and so wear my weary We away. And these people entreated me kindly, though, as others, they feared me much, holding me to be a wizard brought hither by the sea. For methinks that my sorrows had stamped so strange an aspect on my face that men gazing thereon grew fearful of what lay beneath its calm.

There then I abode, till at length one night as I lay and strove to sleep, grea restlessness came upon me, and a mighty derire once more to see the broad face of But whether this desire was of the Gods or born of my own heart, not knowing I can not tell So strong was it at the last, that before it was dawn I rose from my bed of straw, and clothed myself in my fisher garb, and, because I had no wish to answer questions, thus I took farewell of my hum ble hosts. First on the well-cleaned table of wood I placed some pieces of gold, and then taking a pot of flour I strewed it in the form of letter-writing-

"This gift from Olympus, the Egyptian, who returns into the sea.'

Then I went, and on the third day I came to the great city of Salamis, that is also on the sea. Here I abode in the fisherman's quarter till a vessel was about to sail for Alexandria, and to the captain of this vessel, a man of Paphos, I hired myself as a salior. We sailed with a favoring wind, and on the fifth day I came to Alexandria, that hateful city, and saw the light glaring

on its golden domes. Here might I not abide. So once again I hired myself out as a sailer, giving my labor in return for passage, and we passed up the Nile. And from the talk of men I learned that Cleopatra had come back to Alexandria, drawing Antony with her, and that together they lived in royal state in the palace on the Lochias. Indeed, the boatmen already had a song thereon, which they sang as they labored at the oar. Also I heard how the galley that was sent to Syrian merchant had foundered with all dence of the vitality of the plant. her crew, and the tale that the Queen's astronomer, Harmachis, had flown to Heaven from the roof of the house at Tarsus. And the sailors wondered because I sat and labored, and would not sing their

apart -a man whom none might love. On the sixth day we drew nigh to Abouthis, where I left the craft, and right glad were the sailors to see me go. And, with a breaking heart, I walked through the fertile fields, seeing faces that well I knew. But in my rough disguise and limping gait none knew me. At length I came as the sun sank, near to the great outer pylon of the Temple; and here I crouched down in the ruins of a house, not knowing wherefore I had come or what I was about to do. Like a lost ox I had strayed from far, back to the fields of my birth, and for If my father, Amenembat, still lived, surely he would turn his face from me! I dare! not co toto the presence of Words.

my father. I sat hidden there among the broken rafters and idly watched the pylon gates, to see if perchance a face I knew should issu forth. But none carue forth of

entered in, though the great gates stood wide; and then I saw that herbs were growing 'twixt the stones, where no herbs had grown for ages. What could this be! Was the Temple deserted! Nay; how could the worship of the eternal Gods have ceased that for thousands of years had, day by day, been offered in the holy place? Was, then, my father dead? It well might be. And yet, why this silence!
where were the priests! where the
worshipers! No more could I bear the
doubt, but as the sun sank red I crept like a hunted jackal through the open gates, and on till I reached the first great Hall of Pillars. Here I paused and gazed around me-not a sight, not a sound in the dim and hely place! On with a beating heart I went to the second great hall of six-and-thirty pillars, where I had been crowned Lord of all the Land: still not a sight or a sound! Thence, half fearful of my own footfall, so terrible did it echo in the silence of the deserted Holics, I passed down the passage of the names of the Pharaohs toward my father's chamber. There still swung the curtain o'er the doorway; but what would there be within !- also emptiness! I lifted it, and noiselessly passed in, and there in his carven chair at the table whereon his long white beard flowed down, sat my father, Amenembat, clad in his priestly robes. At first I thought that he was dead, so still he sat; but at length he turned his head, and I saw that his orbs were white and sightless. He was blind, and his face was thin as the face of a dead man, and woeful with age and grief.

I stood still and felt the blind eyes wandering over me. I could not speak-I dared not speak to him; I would go and hide mysolf afresh

Already had I turned and grasped the curtain, when, in a deep, slow voice, my father

"Come hither, thou who wast my son and art a traitor. Come hither, thou Harmachis, whereon Khem builded up her hope. Not in vain, then, have I drawn thee from far away! Not in vain have I held my life in me till I heard thy footfall creeping down these empty Holies, like the footfall of a

"Oh! my father," I gasped, astonished. Thou art blind; how knowest thou me!" "How do I know thee! and askest thou that who hast learned of our lore? Enough, know thee and I brought thee hither. Would, Harmachis, that I knew thee not! would that I had been blasted of the invisible ere I drew thee down from the womb of Nout to be my curse and shame, and the last woe of Khem!"

"Oh, speak thou not thus!" I mouned, "is burden already more than I can bear! Am I not myself betrayed and utterly putcast. Be pitiful, my father!"

"Be pitiful! be pitiful to thee who hath shown so great pity? Thy pity 'twas which gave up noble Sepa to die beneath the hands of the tormentors!"

"Oh, not that -not that!" I cried. "Ay, traitor, that! to die in agony, with his last poor breath proclaiming thee, his murderer, honest and innocent! Be pitiful to thee, who gaveth all the flower of Knem as the price of a wanton's arms!-thinkest

thou that, laboring in the darksome desert mines, those noble ones in thought are pitiful to thee, Harmachist Be pitiful to thee, by whom this holy Temple of Abouthis hath been ravaged, its lands seized, its priests scattered, and I alone, old and withered, left to count out its ruin !- to thee, who hath poured the treasures of Her into thy leman's iap, who hath forsworn thyself, thy country, thy birthright, and thy Gods! Yea, thus am I pitlful:—Accursed be thou, fruit of these people called a mountain that we had my loins!—Shame be they portion, Agony thy end, and Hell receive thee at the last! Where art thou! Yea, I grew blind with weeping when I heard the truth-sure, they streve to hide it from me. Let me find thee that I may spit upon thee, thou Renegade! thou . Apostate! thou Outcast!"-and he safely ashore upon me. For long was it be- rose Trom his seat and staggered like a nvfore my bones grew together again, and ing wrath toward me, smiting the air with then was I left somewhat of a cropie; for I his wand. And as he came with outstretched arms, awful to see, suddenly his end found new limped-one limb being shorter than him, and with a cry he sank down upon the

> I ran to him and lifted him; and as he lips. died, he babbled: "He was my son, a bright-eyed, lovely boy, and full of promise as the spring; and now-and now-oh, would that he were

Then came a pause, and the breath rattled

in his throat. "Harmachis," he gasped, "art there?" "Yea, father."

"Harmachis, atone!-atone! Vengeance can still be wreaked-forgiveness may still be won. There's gold; I've hidden it-Atoua-she can tell thee-ah, this pain Farewell!"

And he struggled faintly in my arms, and was dead. Thus, then, did I and my holy father, the Prince Amenembat, meet togeth er for the last time in the flesh, and for the last time part.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

THE THEORY OF DEW.

All the Pretty Fancies of Poets Upset by for?" said he, leaning confidentially Hard Facts.

It is now held by the best physicians that instead of falling from above the dew arises from the earth. The generally-received opinion that the dew is formed of vapor existing at the time in the atmosphere must be given up for the established fact that the vapor which arises from the heated earth is trapped by the cold surface earth. Hesides, when we imagine that on a cool evening after a sultry day in summer our feet are being wet by the dew on the grass, we make a grave mistake. For that moisture on the grass is not dew at all, it is false dew-in reality the transpired humor of the plants. The drops at the tips, which glisten diamond like, are not dew; close examination shows that these crystaline spheres are all situated at the points where the veins of the leaves cut the search for the vessel which carried the outer edges. These drops only give evi-

The difference between the true dew on the grass and the exuded drops through the veins from within the grass can be easily distinguished, for the forribald songs of the loves of Cleopatra. For mer is distributed all over the blade in they, too, began to fear me, and mutter con- a moist film; whereas the latter are of cerning me among themselves. Then I some size, and are situated near the tips knew that I was a man accursed and set of the blade. Altered, then, is the meaning of the line: "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew," for those brilliant globules on the petal, shaking to the same sweet air, and often "gliding at once all fragrant into one," are no dewdrops, but are exudations of the healthy plants. They give evidence of the clixir vitae of vegetation; whereas, the true dew is the pearly inster, varnished in filmy humidity over the blades by that wondrous alchemy which transforms the water vapor rising from the ground into the plant refreshing dew.-Good

AMERICAN FICTION.

An eminent physician once exclaimed:

out of the cares and trials that beset our daily paths and open up new and ideal worlds of enjoyment to us!" Sure- tion of them. For instance, puits ly these words were spoken before the d'amour means, literally, fountains of days of modern realism, in the good old love; anis etoile, starry anise-seed; alles times when people read novels for inno- de poularde au soleil, pullets' wings in cent diversion and have been known to the sun; œufs a l'aurore, eggs blushing read far into the small hours, without like Aurora; boruf a l'ecarlate, beef in having their souls stirred to their scarlet, i. e. rare; sauce en petit deuil, depths by some question of doctrine or cauce in half-mourning, and haricots morality, lured on to regardlessness of vierges, white virgin beans. French the flight of time by their absorbing in- cooks, too, are ingenious in the new terest in a labyrinthine misunderstand- dishes as well as in the epithets they ing between Dorothea and St. Giles, or attach to them. Thus we have culottes the relentless treatment of love's young a la royale, sauce veloute, breeches in dream by some stern parent or guardian. the royal fashion, with velvet sauce; It is not, however, upon realism of the tendons de veau en queue de paon, deadly dull sort that we would dwell; tendons of yeal in a peacock's tail, and that has already been talked about spaule de mouton en balloon, en more than enough, and will doubtless musette, a shoulder of mutton in a balwear itself out in the hands of the loon or a bag-pipe. many less skillful writers who are enother northern countries have enlarged the realistic horizon, and still more rethose of Toistoi, have in them, with all the objections which may be made to the seenes and characters introduced, a high moral purpose and teach valuable and impressive lessons. Some of our novelists, however, with a strange fatality, and as if in defiance of the charge of American seriousness in literature, have seized what may be looked upon as the outer shell of realism, carefully avoiding its inner spirit. Hence we have in some of our later fiction the distortions in life and situation that the French realists delight in depicting, united to a certain gross elaboration that marks the northern novelist, with the moral lessons entirely left out-a sort of literary slumming for its own sake, with no good end in view, that is not only aimless, but distinctly debasing in its tendencies. If we do not demand a high moral lesson to be taught by what is called our best fiction, which too apparent purpose seems to be the ground and front of its offending in the eye of many of itscritics, let us at least require of it a reasonable degree of wholesomeness, that old-fashioned ideals of goodness be not entirely sacrificed to finespun theories, and that there be enough ideality left in it to act as a corrective to the gross materialism of the age. George Eliot, in consequence of the fidelity and conscientious accuracy with which she drew her characters and faults and failures, and whatever she herself may have professed to believe or to disbelieve, as the children of a Father who designed them all for the noblest uses, and would be satisfied with nothing short of the perfection of sonship. Why else did she judge her characters with such inexorable severity, being satisfied with no standard short of the highest? -Anne H. Wharton, in Philadelphia American.

JUDGE COOLEY'S WAY.

How He Hunted Up Evidence Against a Railroad Company.

A railroad ticket agent yesterday, in commenting upon the indiscriminate cutting by brokers, told this: "Judge Cooley has a way of rounding up the scalpers that puts a stop to their operations in short order. He does not wait for the railroads to bring in evidence against them, but just goes out on a still hunt by himself, and generally goes home with his bag full. The last time he was in Chicago he dropped in sort of incidentally upon one of the most obnoxious of the brotherhood, and brought him into camp in a manner which gave the other scalpers cold feet for a month. "What can I get a ticket to New York

over the counter and tipping a wink to the man behind. "Seventeen," replied the broker,

briskly.

"Can't you do any better than that?" responded Judge Cooley, persuasively. Well, the broker thought that he could, and finally arranged to give the Judge four tickets way down below the legal

"Well, bring them around to my room at the Grand Pacific to-night," said the Judge, "I haven't the full amount with So at the appointed hour the me. broker appeared at the rooms of the Judge. The Judge received him kind-"Hold up your right hand," said he casually. The broker did so with some amusement. "Now," continued the Judge, "do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?"

"I'll be hanged if I do any thing of the kind," said the broker, as his expression changed to blank amazement, and his hand dropped like a shot.

"Oh, I guess you will," returned Judge Cooley with a careless drawl; "here's my friend, the United States marshal, sitting by my side, and you will be given over to his custody if you don't. So, now, sit down in that chair and tell Judge Cooley, of the Inter-State Commission, all about those tickets you offered to sell him below the legal rate this afternoon. I want to know exactly how much each road got for them and your commission."

The broker fell in a limp heap in the chair, and before he left the room the Inter-State Commerce Commission had exacted some information which struck the brokers all in a heap the day after. -Minneapolis Tribune.

MENUS IN ENGLISH.

Its Tendencies at the Present Time Are Prench Names on Bills of Fare Sound Decidedly Dangerous. Prench Names on Bills of Fare Sound

Those persons who object to the "God bless the novelists, they take us French names of dishes as given on menus and want them in English would be much amused with a literal transla-

Sometimes their names are so fanciful deavoring to follow the footsteps as to be totally incomprehensible, esof its gifted high-priests. An pecially if you look for them in a dieother phase, and one that threat-tionary; such as palais de bœuf en ens far greater danger to literature cracovie, a palace of beef in Cracovia; and to life, is that which comes from fraises de veau, strawberries of veal; foreign schools and which, unwhole- ris de veau en amourette, strawbreads some as it is in its native habitat, is of calves' marrow; flotte, sauce tomate, still more dangerous and disastrous a fleet with tomato sauce, and œufs au when transplanted to other soils. For miroir, which is literally "eggs in a some years we were almost solely de- looking-glass," but means "poached pendent upon France for microscopic eggs." But there are many of their studies of morbid life, character and dishes which are monstrous, and show a situation; but within a short period the strong tendency to cannibalism; for inextensive importations from Russia and stance: Salmi de chasseurs, a hash of nuntsmen; compete de bons chretiens, a stew of good Christians; bouchee de cently Spain has begun to send in her lames, a mouthful of ladies, and quatre returns. Many of these novels, notably mendiants, four beggars, the "four beggars" being almonds, raisins, figs and

They like year a l'atouffade, liver of veal, and poulets a l'voire, chickens like ivory. Other dishes are, on the contrary, quite shadowy and unsubstantial, such as semelles de perdrix, partridges' soles; souffle de rose, a rose ouff, and une jonquille entiere, a whole jonquil. The French cook, too, has a way of serving up his dishes which is as extraordinary as the rest. What should we think of merlans en turban, whitings in turbans; eperlans ca cornets, smelts in wafers; raie bouclee aux capres, a thornback served with capers; or of the cook who would be so untidy as to send to table truffes a la condre, truffies cooked in ashes?-Chicago News.

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

Freaks of Nature Which Terrified and Astonished All Beholders.

At Rome, in 1222, it rained dust, mixed with blood, for three days, and when the heavy clouds drifted away it looked as if the sun was swimming in a sea of fire. Four years later, in 1226, a snow fell in Syrja, which presently melted and flowed in carmine rivers of blood, or some fluid much resembling it in every particular. Many of the old writers record a three-days' shower of blood-red rain in the island of Rhades and throughout Southern Italy in 1236. A monk, scenes, deserves a high place in the writing in 1251, tells of a loaf being cut temple of realism, and yet how much out of which blood flowed as freely as more was she than a realist?-touching from a fresh wound. In 1348 there were always the life that she portrayed with many great tempests. Several towns the finer touch of spirituality, and treat- and thousands of people were swallowed ing her personalities, whatever their up, and the courses of rivers changed or stopped. Some chasms in the earth sent forth poisonous fluids, as red as carmine ink, as at Villach, in Austria. Ponderous bailstones fell in many parts of Germany the same year, some of them weighing from twenty to seventy pounds. At Lamech it rained flesh, dust, comets and meteors; firebrands and corruscations were in the air; mock suns, with flery tails, sailed through the skies. Soon after these terrible scenes at Lamech it began at Cataya, near the sea, and went sweeping throughout Southern Europe. An igneous vapor or sulphurous fire broke from the earth at Caahery, Asia, and utterly consumed men, beasts houses and trees, so infecting the air that a great plague followed. Young sepents and millions of venomous insects fell

from the clouds. In 1361 Burgundy experienced the novelty of a shower of blood-red rain, which ensanguined every thing it touched; and in 1568 the Antiura reapers found all wheat heads to be as red as blood. In 1588 bread put in the oven at Nuremberg was taken out covered with a bloody sweat. Wertemberg had a shower of brimstone and ashes in 1634. In 1695 Limerick and Tipperary, Ireland, had many showers of a soft, fatty substance resembling butter. It was of a dark yellow color and always fell at night. The people gathered it and used it as an ointment, reporting many astonishing cures.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE RIVAL LOVERS.

A Story Old as the Hills But as Good as Ever It Was.

A quaint story is told of two artist lovers who sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both having come finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that painted the best picture.

With the highest skill his genius

could command each strove for the

maiden. One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it for the father's inspection in a beautiful grove where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all Nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill the father declared that no one could triumph over that. Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was vailed. "Take the vall from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that ito you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the vailed picture and attempted to uncover it. But great was his aston shment when, as he attempted to take off the vail, he found the vail to be the picture. Plainly he who could so vail his canvas with the brush as to deceive a skillful master was the greater artist .- N. V. Voice.