

UNION, OREGON.

## FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Saving and spending are opposite malities, but in buying provisions for to household it may be saving to spend Eberally, and one may spend when sav-

-Among the most common causes of digestion are the inordinate use of too long infused tea, especially without other food, and in excess. In plain words, this is self-poisoning.

-For rusks add the beaten yelks of three eggs, one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of butter to about a quart of bread dough. Mix all well together and mould into cakes. Let them be rather high and slender, and place them close together in the pan. Rub the tops over with a mixture of sugar and water, then sprinkle dry sugar upon them.

-Many people like roast beef cold culte as well as hot. Served with tomao sauce and baked potatoes, it makes an excellent breakfast. Cold mutton, est in thin, shapely slices, is a nice relish for breakfast. If liked hot, boil the gravy which was left with the meat; add two or three tablespoonfuls of cooked tomato, or tomato catsup; armange the meatevenly on a deep platter, and pour the remainder of the sauce over -Country Gentleman.

-House cleaning is with many a job to be dreaded. The reason of this is often in the manner in which it is carried on. We have seen some houses in on uproar and a muss for a week. And it is sometimes true, where this is the case, that things lack a great way from being in perfect order when the cleaning is finally done. Whatever method is adopted "clean as you go," and do not "track all the dirt back" into the cleaned rooms .- The Household.

-Some excellent cooks do not grease make tins at all, except for sponge cake and the kind in which but little butter is used. Instead of greasing-line the tin with thin paper, white or brown. While the cake is warm this can be taken off very easily. Or if the cake stands in the tin until cold just place it in a warm oven a few seconds and then turn bottom up upon the cake board and the paper will come off without the least trouble. Then turn the cake and lot stand upon the board until wrapped and put away for use.-Boston Commersial.

-There is often great waste in the kitchen by those who say they tr y hard to economize. In cooking meat the water is often thrown out without removing the grease. Scraps of meat are thrown away because "only a little is left, so there is no use in saving it." Dried fruits are not looked after, and besome wormy. Cream is left to mold and spoil. The tea and coffee canisters are left open, thereby losing the strength of their contents. Bones of meat are thrown out, when they could be used in making soup. Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are spilled in careless handling. Boap is left to waste in the water, tubs

CLEOPATRA. Being an Account of the Fall and

Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "King Solomon's Mines, "She," " Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

And so I went to the tomb, but Antony fied on to the palace. When I came to the tomb I knocked upon the door, and Charmion looked forth from the window. "Open," I cried, and she opened.

"What news, Harmachis!" she whis pered.

"Charmion," I said, "the end is at hand, Antony is fled !' "It is well," she answered; "I am

And there on the golden bed sat Cleo-

patra. "Speak, man !" she cried.

"Antony has fied; his forces are fied; Casardraws near. To Gleopatra the great Antony sends greetings and farewell. Greeting to Cleopatra who hath betrayed him, and farewell

"It is a lie!" she screamed: "I betraved him not! Thou Olympus, go swiftly to Antony and answer thus: 'To Antony, Cleopatra, who hath not betrayed him, sends greetings and farewell. Cleopatra is no more.''

And so I went, following out my purpose. In the Alabaster Hall I found Antony pacing to and fro. tossing his hands toward the heaven, and with him Eros, for ... all his servants Eros alone remained by this fallen

"Lord Antony," I said, "Egypt bids thee farewell. Egypt is dead by her own hand." "Dead! dead!" be whispered, "and is Egypt dead! and that form of giory now food for worms! Oh, what a woman was this! E'en now my heart goes out toward her. And shall she outdo me at the last, 1 who have been so great; shall I become so smail that a woman can o'ertop my courage and pass where I fear to follow! Eros, thou hast loved me from a boy-mindest thou how I found thee starving in the desert, and made thee rich, giving thee place and wealth? Come, now, pay me back. Draw that sword thou wearest and make an end of the woes of Antony." "Oh, sire," cried the Greek, "I can not!

How can I take away the life of god-like Antony

"Answer me not, Eros; but in the last ertreme of fate this I charge thee. Do thou my bidding, or begone and leave me quite alone! No more will I see thy face, thou infaithful servant!"

Then Eros drew his sword and Antony ineltdown before him and bared his breast, urning his eyes to heaven. But Eros, cry-"I can not! oh, I can not!" plunged 12: he sword to his own h art and fell dead. Antony rose and gar d upon him. "Why, Eros, that was noble done," he said. Greater art thou than I, yet I have learned by tesson !" and he knelt down and kissed

Then, rising of a sudden, he drew the sword from the heart of Eros, plunged it into his bowels and fell, groaning, on the couch.

"O thou Olympus!" he cried, "this pain is nore than I can bear! Make an end of me, lympus!"

But pity stirred me, and this thing I could not do

Therefore I drew the sword from his

"If he he dead, then am I near him. What meant be.

"He is dead, the accursed man !- no more of him! Oh, turs and kiss me, for thy face grows white. The end is near !"

He kissed her on the ups, and for a little while so they stayed, to the moment of death, like lovers newly wed babbling their passions in each other's ears. Even to my walous beart a strange and awful thing it

was to see. Presently I saw the Change of Death gather on his face. His head fell back. "Farewell, Egypt; farewell !-- I die !"

She lifted herself upon her hands, gazed wildly on his ashen face, and then with a great cry, she sank back swooning.

But Antony yet lived, though the power of speech had left him. Then I drew near. and kneeling, made pretense to minister untohim. And as I ministered I whispered in his car.

"Antony," I whispered. "Cleopatra was my love before she passed from me to thee. I am Harmachis, that astrologer who stood behind thy couch at Tarsus; and I have been the chief minister of thy ruin. D.e. An'ony! the curse of Menka-ra hath fallen!"

He raised himself, and stared upon my face. He could not speak, but gibbering, he pointed at me. Then with a groan his mighty spirit fied.

Thus did I accomplish my revenge upon Roman Antony, the world-loser.

Thereafter, then, we recovered Cleopatra from her swoon, for not yet was I minded that she should die. And taking the body of Antony, Cæsar permitting, I and Atous caused it to be most skillfully ombaimed after our Egyptian fashion, covering the face with a mask of gold fashioned like to the features of Antony. Also I wrote upon his breast his name and titles, and painted his name and the name of his father within his inner coffin, and drew the form of the holy Nout folding her wings about him.

Then with great pomp Cleopatra laid him in that sepulcher which had been made ready, and in a sarcophagus of alabaster. Now, this sarcophagus was fashioned so large that place was left therein for a second coffin, for Cleopatra was fain to lie by Antony at the last.

These things then happened. And but a little while after I learnt tidings from one Cornellus Dolabella, a noble Roman who waited upon Cæsar, and moved by the beauty that swayed the souls of all who ooked upon her, had pity for the woes of Cleopatra. He bade me warn her-for, as her physician, it was allowed me to pass .n and out of the tomb where she dwelt - that in three days she would be sent away to Rome, together with her children, that she might walk in the triumph of Cassar. Accordingly I'went in, and found her sitting, as now she always sat, plunged in a half stupor, and before her that blood-stained robe wherewith she had stanched the wounds of Antony. For on this she would continually feast her eyes.

"See how faint they grow, Olympus," she said, lifting her sad face and pointing to the rusty stains, "and he so lately dead! Why, Gratitude could not fade more fast. What is now thy news? Evil tidings is writ large in those dark eyes of thine, which ever bring back to me something that still slips my mind."

'Ill is the news, O Queen," I answered. "This have I from the lips of Dolabella, who hath it straight from Cæsar's Secretary. On the third day from now will Casar send thee and the Prince Ptolemy and Alexander and the Princess Cleopatra to Rome, there to feast the eyes of the Roman mob, and be ed in triumph to that Capitol where thou didst swear to set thy throne

'Never, never!" she cried, springing to "Never will I walk in chains in her feet. Casar's triumph! What must I do? Char-

mion, tell me what I can do!" And Charmion, rising, stood before her,

very hour, came Garthan yours, and the plot to me, saying that she had chanced upon its clow. But in attor days-though naught have I said thereon to thee, Charmies -I misdoubted me much of that tale

of thine; for, by the Gods! at this hour I do believe that thou didst love Harmachis, and because he scorned thes thou didst be tray him, and for that cause also thou hast all thy days remained a maid, which is a thing unnatural. Come, Charmion, tell us; for naught it matters now at the end."

Charmion shivered and made answer: "It is true, O Queen; I also was of the plot, and because Harmachis scorned me I betrayed him, and because of my great love for him have I remained unwed." And she glanced up at me and caught my eyes, then let the modest lashes vail her own.

"So! I thought it. Strange are the ways of women ! But little cause, methinks, had that Harmachis to thank thee for thy love; what sayest thou, Olympus! Ah, and so thou also wast a traitor, Charmion! How dangerous are the paths which Monarcha tread! Well, I forgive thee, for faishfully hast thou served me since that hour. "But to my tale. Harmachis I dared not

slay, lest his great party should rise in fury cast me from the throne. And now and mark the issue. Though he must murder me, in secret this Harmachis loved me, and something thereof 1 guessed. A little, for the sake of his beauty and his wit, had I striven to draw him to me; and for the love of man Cleoratra never strove in vain Therefore when, with the dagger in his robe, he came to slay me, I matched my charms against his will, and need I tell you, being men and women, how I won! Oh never can I forget the look in the eves of that fallen man, that forsworn priest, that discrowned king, when, lost in the poppied draught, I saw him sing into that shameful sleep whence no more might he wake with honor! And thereafter-till in the end. I wearled of him, and his sad, learned mind, for his guilty soul forbade him to be gaya little did I come to care for him, though not to love. But he, he who loved me, clung to me as a drunkard to the cup which ruins him. Deeming that I should wed him, he betrayed to me the secret of the hidden wealth of the pyramid Her-for at the time I much needed treasure-and together we dared the terrors of the tomb and drew it forth, even from dead Pharaoh's breast. See, this emerald was a part thereof !" and she pointed to the great scarabæus that she had drawn from the boly heart of Menka-ra. "And because of what was written in the tomb, and of that Thing which we saw in the tomb; ah, pest upon it! why does its memory haunt me now?and also because of poicy, for I would fain have won the love of the Egyptians, I was minded to marry this Harmachis and declare his place and lineage to the world; aye, and by his ald hold Egypt from the Roman. For Dellius had then come to call me to Antony, and after much thought I determined to send him back with sharp words. But on that very morning, as tired me for the Court, came Charmion vonder, and this I told her, for I would see how the matter fell upon her mind. Now mark, Olympus, the power of jealousy, that little wedge which yet hath strength to rend the tree of empire, that secret sword which can fashion the fate of kings! This she could in nowise bear-(deny it, Charmion, if thou canst, for now it is clear to me!)-that the man she loved should be given to me as husband, me, whom he loved! And there fore, with more skill and wit than I can tell. she reasoned with me, showing that I should by no means do this thing, but journey unto Antony; and for that, Charmion, I thank thee, now that all is come and gone. And by a very little, her words weighed down my scale of judgment against Harmachis, and to Antony I went. Thus it is that

THE ARIZONA KICKER. A Number of Points Which the East Can

Not Duplicate. We extract the following from the last

haue of the Arizona Kicker:

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED .- Smith A Davis' minstrels were billed for an entertainment at Monteguma Hall last Friday night, but it didn't come off. Instead of that the whole gang stepped off. They came here with the avowed intention of doing business without the aid of the Kicker. None of them called at the office and they had no courtesies to extend. We advised the people to stay away. On Friday morning, seven members of the gang entered our office to demand satisfaction. They didn't know it was loaded. It was, however, and when it went off some of the birdshot got in on each and every one of the gang, and we had to tap one of the endmen with an ax-helve in addition. We haven't any one in this town who makes a specialty of digging lead out of the human system, and at noon they started for Tombstone to give a man there a week's job. Hic jacket! which is Mexican for saying: "The Kicker is always

loaded.'

WE TOLD YOU So .- Six weeks ago a man named Scott opened a grocery store on Comanche street, and when we casually dropped in and mentioned the fact that the Kicker was the best advertising medium in the West, he didn't enthuse. We knew there was something wrong about him, and we sent his description to the sixty-four sheriffs and chiefs of police who are constantly in communication with us. Last Thursday, just after we had gone to press, a detective arrived from Louisville and collared Mr. Scott, who is a defaulting county treasurer. He has left us, and we bought the stock of groceries at about twenty-two cents on the dollar. Had Mr. Scott advertised he would doubtless have built up a large and profitable business; but he took a wrong view of it and will twenty years.

POOR OLD PALSY!-We never refer to our contemporary down the street if we can avoid it. In the first place he hasn't got enough brains or office to deserve the title, and in the next he is a poor, palsied old man who is gradually dying of envy and starvation, and we shall have to foot his burial expenses when he does go. The other week we mentioned our private graveyard and its five occupants. This so excited the jealousy of the old relic of the seventeenth century that he borrowed a revolver and took a trip around town yesterday in search of blood. He finally found one of Colonel McCracken's Digger Indians asleep in the sun and opened fire on him from a distance of four feet. He didn't even wake the redskin up, and Judge Tallman, who objected to so much noise around his house, went out and drove poor old palsy away with a broom.

cried while going back to his one-horse fits a man to raise hollyhocks in New employ, and with it came the disappear-

# THE MODERN BRICK-YARD.

Changes in Brick-Making Brought About Within Twenty Tonrs.

Twenty years ago brick-yard labor was looked upon as the hardest work in the land. At that time there were but few yards employing steam power. A spiral plastic clay machine was a dangerous financial experiment; a pug-mil plunger machine an improvement to be envied; a semi-dry process was the notion of some semi-insane crank. Dryhouses were almost unknown. To go to work at seven o'clock in the morning and quit at six in the evening was the practice of only a few new firms, who were predicted to be failures on account of it. The yards were mostly small and made their bricks by hand on soft clay horse-power machines.

The brickmaking season was about nine months in the Northern and Western States. The hours of labor commenced generally at Sur o'clock in the morning, in order to get the day's work molded by ten or eleven, so as to have the bricks dry and under "houses" the same day. A day in the brick-yard really meant twenty-four hours. When the day's task was done then the anxiety began as to

whether it would storm or something else turn up to interfere with the regular work. It was a common occurrence to call all the help together at midnight to cover up brick backs and then wait all next day for the yard to dry off. Many yards away from the towns provided for board and lodging for their men by running boarding houses in connection with the yard-and queer boarding houses they were. "Salt horse" (the common name for pickel beef), dried apples, boiled potatoes and black coffee was the fare three times a day for the eight or nine months, and baked beans with pork, sirup and apple or pumpkin pie, of a kind that could only be digested by a brick-yard employe, would cap the glories of a day of rest. Beds for the men, in many of the yards, were probably go to State prison for fifteen or unknown luxuries; a bunk made of rough boards, with a mattress of straw and a blanket, completed the outfit. If the mosquitoes were lively it was

found advisable to keep on boots and clothes during the entire night. A roughly-made table of boards with a single candle was allowed for every eight men, and a green brick with a hole punched into it filled the bill for a candlestick; these, with a greasy, worn-out deck of cards, would be the center of attraction and the chief amusement during evenings and Sundavs.

Trade journal reading was a thing unknow, for none existed; the only thing to accomplish was to make \$20 a month. and kill time on rainy days and Sundavs

But the times have changed. A brickyard man is somebody now; he goes to work like other mechanics; his work, by the assistance of machinery, has become more mechanic-like and in many cases We are sorry for him. They say he less laborious. With the introduction of machinery the work has become alleged newspaper, and no wonder. He simpler and more productive. This should never have come West. He change influenced the condition of brickcame, as we ascertained, to evade ar- | yard labor to such an extent that it has rest for bigamy, but he should have outgrown the reputation of "rough and taken some other route. When nature tough;" more educated labor sought its

are left to fall to pieces, brooms and mops are not hung up. How much is wasted by some housewives in these seemingly small things! Yet these small things amount to considerable !-Amorican Age.

## BRAZILIAN FASHIONS.

#### How the People Dress When They Dress at All.

If each coast town has its characteristic colony, so also each has its own fashions of dress for the swarming black population. I have noticed a process of evolution in costume as I have come down from the equator. The negro children at Para and Maranhao were stark naked. At Pernambuco and Bahia they have calico dresses. The men began with a pair of trunks or short trousers, without hat, shoes, shirt, or cost; at Maranhao they added a loose-fitting shirt, flapping over the trousers; at Pernambuco a ragged coat went over the shirt and a torn straw hat covered the head; and at Bahia shoes and stockings almost complete the costume of a megro laborer. Only the waistcoat remains to be provided, and perhaps I may and that at Rio. The costume of women has been developed in the same progresstwe way. At the start there was a tunic or shemise, with head and feet bare. Furthor down the coast a calicoskirt and waist wore thrown over the tunic, and shoes were worn. At Bahia a light shawl or wrap is thrown over calleo suits of the gayest colors and patterns, and there is a lavish display of cheap bracelets, brass earrings and amulets. At Rio I om prepared to see handkerchiefs and fans. These are the costumes of the lowest class of blacks. With education, respectable employment, and social equality, the dress of the negroes and mulattoes changes, until it is hardly distinguishable from that of the native Brazilians and Portuguese. A black who has risen above the level of his race is scrupulously careful to imitate in detail the costume of his equal, the Portuguese white. He wears ordinarily a silk or black felt hat, a broadcloth outaway coat of black, and pantaloons and waistcoat of white duck. Even the lowest classes of blacks in Bahia are superior to any other negroes whom I have yet seen in Brazil. The women who hawk fish or pineapples in the streets are marvels of physical development and grace and they walk like Greek goddesses. With purple, pink or blue waists, but low in the neck, they display arms of the finest modeling, and a evelopment of muscle and sinew and an erect and queenly carriage which must be the envy and despair of Brazilan ladies of the highest rank .- Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

-In Boston they are talking about a noclety for the exportation of copies of the "Angelus" to the natives of the Congo Free State. The idea is that when a native sees the "Angelus" he will at once invest in a pair of trousers and a copy of Jonathan Edwards' sermons.

-The English sparrows have almost exterminated the wrons, orloles and meadow larks, and in five years more the keno goose will be about the only mative bird left -- Detroit Free Press.

vitals, stanched the flow of blood, and, calling to those who came crowding in to see Antony die, I bade them summon Atoua rom my house at the palace gates. Presantly she came, bringing with her simples and life-giving draughts. And these I gave to Antony, and bade Atoua go with such speed as her old limbs might to Cleonatra. n the tomb, and tell her of the state of

Antony. So she went, and after awhile returned saying that the Queen yet lived and sumnoned Autony to die even in her arms. And with her came Diomedes. And when Antony heard, his cubing strength came nack, for he was fain to look upon Cleopatra's face again. So I called to the slaves-who peeped and peered through urtains and from behind pillars to a this great man die-and together, with much oil, we bore him thence till we came to the oot of the Mausoleum.

But patra, being afraid of trenchery, would no more throw wide the door; so she et down a rope from the window and we nade it fast beneath the arms of Antony. Then did Cleopatra, who the while wept most bitterly, together with Charmion and Iras, the Greek, pull on the rope with all their strength, while we lifted from below till the dving Antony swung in the air, groaning heavily, and the blood dropped from his gaping wound Twice he nearly ell to earth; but Cleopatra, striving with the strength of love and despair, heid him till at length she drew him through the window-place, while all who saw the dreadful sight wept bitterly, and beat their preasts-all save myself and Charmion.

When he was in, once more the rope was et down, and with some aid from Charmion, I climbed into the tomb, drawing up the rope after me. There I found Antony, aid upon the golden bed of Cleopatra; and she, her breast bare, her face all stained with tears, and her hair streaming wild about him, kneit at his side and kissed him, wiping the blood from his wounds with her robes and hair. And let all my shame be written: as I stood and watched her the old love awoke once more within me, and mad jealousy raged in my heart, becausehough I could destroy these twain-their love I could not destroy.

"O Antony! my sweet, my husband and my God !" she moaned. "Cruel Antony, hast thou the heart to die and leave me to my lonely shame! Swiftly will I follow thee to the grave. Antony, awake! awaket

He lifted up his head and called for wine, which I gave him, mixing therein a draught that might ailay his pain, for it was great. And when he had drunk he bade Cleopatra lie down on the bed beside him, and put her arms about him, and this she did. Then was Antony once more a man; for forgetting his own misery and pain, he counseled her as to her own safely; but to this talk she would not issten. 'The hour is short,' she said; "let us speak of this great love of ours that has been so long and may yet endure beyond the coasts of Death. Mindest thou that night when first thou didst put thine arms about me and call me 'Lover Out happy, happy night! Having known that night, 'tis well to have lived-even to this bitter end!

"Ay, Egypt, I mind it well and dwell upon s memory, though from that hour bath fortune fied from me-lost in my depth of love for thee, thou Beautiful. I mind H." he guaned; "then didst thou drink the pearl in wanton pluy, and then did that astrologer of thine call out his hour-The hour of the falling of the curse of Menka-Through ali the after days these words 1246.7 have hounted me, and now at the last yet do they ring within my cars."

"Long is he dead, my love," she whis-

looking at her through the long lashes of her downcast eves. "Lady, thou canst uie," she said quietly.

"Ay, of a truth I had forgotten; I can Olympus, hast thou the drug ?' die.

"Nay; but if the Queen wills it, by morrow morn it shall be brewed-a drug so swift and strong that not the Gods them selves can hold him who drinks it back from sleep."

"Let it be made ready, thou master of death !

I bowed, and withdrew myself; and all that night I and old Atoua labored at the distilling of the deadly draught. At length it was done, and Atoua poured it into a crystal phial, and held it to the light of the fire; for white it was as the purest water. "La, La!" she sang, in her shrill voice; "a draught for a Queen! When fifty drops

of that water of my brewing have passed those red lips of hers, thou wilt, indeed, be avenged of Cleopatra. O, Harmachis! Oh, that I could be there to see thy Run ruined! La, La! it would be sweet to see!

"Vengeance is an arrow that ofttimes falls upon the archer's head," I answered, bathinking me of Charmion's saying.

#### CHAPTER XXXL

LAST SUPPER OF CLEOPATRA; SONG OF CHARMION; DRINKING OF THE DRAUGHT OF DEATH; REVEAL NG OF HARMACHIS; BUM-MONING OF THE SPIRITS BY BARMACRIS: AND FINALLY THE DEATH OF CLEOPATICA.



I most spiendid robes, and, to gether with Iras, Charmion and myself, she supped. Now, as she supped, her spirit flared up wildly, even as the sky lights up at sunset; and once more she laughed and sparkled as in bygone years, telling us tales of suppers which she and Antony had eaten Never, indeed, did I see her look more of. beauteous than on that last fatal night of vengeauce. And thus her mind drew on to that supper at Tarsus, when she drank the pearl

Strange," she said, "strange that at the last the mind of Antony should have turned back to that night among all the nights, and to the saying of Harmachis. Charmion, thou dost remember Harmachis, the Egyptian?"

"Surely, O Queen," she answered slowly. "And who, then, was Harmachis!" asked; for I was f in to know if she sorrowed o'er my memory.

"I will tell thee. "Tis a strange tale, and now that all is done it may well be told This Harmachis was of the ancient race of the Pharaohs, and having, indeed, been in secret crowned at Abydos, was sent hither to A exaudria to carry out a great plot that had been formed against the rule of us Royal Lagidas. He came and gained co trance to the pelace as my astrologer, for o was vory learned in all magic much as thou art, Olympus-and a man beautiful to see. Now, this was his plot-that he should slay the and be named Pharaoh. In truth, out to be a remarkably successful investit was a strong one, for he had ment. It has in about twenty years in-many friends in Egypt and 1 few, And on that very night when he on th t greater sum it is now earning 3 should care: out his purpose, yes, at the per cent,

through the jealous spleen of yonder fair Charmlon, and the passion of a man whereon I played as on a lyre, all these things have come to pass. For this cause doth Octavian sit a King in Alexandria; for this cause is Antony discrowned and dead; and for this cause must, I, too, die to-night! Ab! Charmion! Charmion! thou hast much to answer for; thou hast changed the story

of the world ; and yet, even now, I would not have it otherwise !" She paused awhile, covering her eyes with her hand; and, looking, I saw great tears

upon the cheek of Charmion. "And of this Harmachis?" I asked. "Where is he now, O Queen !"

"Where is he? In Amenti, forsooth, mak ing his peace with Ists, perchance. At Tarsus I saw Antony and loved him; and from that moment I loathed the sight of the Egyptian, and swore to make an end of him; for a lover done with should be a lover dead. And, being jealous, he spoke some words of evil omen, even at the Feast of the Pearl; and on the same night would I have slain him, but before the deed was done he was gone."

"And whither was he gone !"

"Nay; that know not I. Brennus, he who led my guard, and last year sailed North to join his own people, Brennus swore he saw him float to the skies; but in this matter I misdoubted me of Breanus, for methinks he loved the man. Nay, he sank off Cyprus and was drowned ; perchance Charmion can tell us how !"

"Naught can I tell thee, O Queen; Harmachis is lost."

"And well lost, Charmion, for he was an evil man to play with; aye, though I bet-tered him I say it! Well, he served my purpose; but I loved him not and even now I fear him; though, thanks be to God, as thou sayest, he is lost, and can no more be found.

But I, listening, put forth my strength, and, by the arts I have, cast the shadow of my Spirit upon the Spirit of Cleopatra, so that she feit the presence of the lost Harmachis.

"Nay, what is i.!" she said. "By Scrapis! I grow afraid! It seems to me that I feel Harmachis here! His memory o'erwhelms me like a flood of waters, and he this ten years dead? Oh! at such a time it is unholy !!

"Nay, O Queen." I answered. "If he be dead then he is everywhere, and well at such a time, the time of thy own death may his Spirit draw near to welcome thine at its going."

"Speak not thus, Olympus. No more would I see Harmachis; the count between ua is too heavy, and in another world than this more evenly, perchance, should we be matched. Ab, the terror passes! I was but unnerved. Well, the knave's story hath served to while away that heaviest of our hours, the hour which ends in death. Sing to me, Charmion, sing, for thy voice is very sweet, and fain would I soothe my soul to sleep. The memory of that Har machis hath wrung me strangely! Sing, then, the last song that I shall hear from those tuneful lips of thine, the last of so BRDY SODES.

## (TO BE CONTINUED.

The fund which George Peabody cave for the building of improved dwellings for working people in London has turne-

Jersey, he has no business coming west to try to raise that other product.

NOT HIS FAULT .- A number of our towns-people have expressed the hope that we would pitch into Dr. Staghorn, the popular druggist, for killing old man Slew by putting up arsenic for quinine in a prescription. We shall do nothing of the sort. The doctor has not only increased his advertising one-half this week, but has subscribed for five copies of the The Kicker to send away. While this of course does not influence us in the least, we know from personal observation that the doctor is a very busy man, and that the room in his store is limited. He has no choice but to keep many different sorts of powders in the same drawer and it is only to be expected that a mistake should happen now and then.

Furthermore, who was old Slew, anyhow? A lazy, dissipated vagabond, whom the boys would have hung in the course of a few weeks at best. In footing his funeral expenses the doctor has shown himself very liberal and fairminded, and he has shown himself in various ways that he belongs to that class wanted in this town to build it up.

NO EXTRA CHARGE .--- In this issue we publish the full particulars of two executions, one jail delivery, three shooting affrays, one highway robbery, two fist fights, three dog fights, one found dead. a drowning accident, the arrest of a road agent, the deaths of two Mexicans in the late blizzard and the stealing of Judge Sprout's four-mule team.

The thing down the street which calls itself a newspaper, and talks about its lightning press and its wild-eyed corps of editors from New York, has, to match all this, a cooked-up account of a fight between a jackass rabbit and a government camel, with its editor for the sole spectator and reporter. Is it any wonder that the people of Arizona can't wait for the Kicker to be issued each week, and that dozens of them roost on our door-steps all night Wednesday night to get copies the first thing Thursday morning? All this and no extra charge, and no hand-bills out announcing that anything unusual was going on! -Detroit Free Press.

### Romance of a Melar

If any one is casting about for a plot for a story, this is freely tendered: - A: destitute young Englishman in San Francisco. A beautiful and rich young girl of the same place. One of her incisors is faulty. She will have none of it. The dentistoids her blde his time. It arrives in the person of the young Englishman. He agrees to part with a front tooth for \$50. On one side of a screen is the hero; on the other the heroine. The tooth is pulled and swiftly transplanted. Then the herolue doparts without having seen the hero, who, with the \$50 in his pockets, sets boldly out into the hills and makes his fortune. In five years, somewhere and somehow, they meet and mate. Then, just when you please, the story of the tooth crops out. It isn't overnice, but it is related as fact. - Society.

ance of the brick-yard shanty and its degrading influences.

Machinery has elevated every branch of the trade; it is making high-grade man of the once ignorant worker, who had no opportunity to study and develop himself. Machinery is making better materials, and making them cheaper. Machinery has removed every kind of drudgery which had a tendency to make life miserable. When men were machines every effort required muscle; their hours of toil were long and severe, and the consequences were brutalizing and degrading.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when the perfection of all the machinery will be such as to require only the presence of an attendant, without any manual labor to speak of.

Many laborers condemn machinery, saying that it does away with their labor; but when the comparison is made between the labor twenty years ago and at the present day, it can safely be said that with the introduction of machinery there have only been taken away long hours and hard work, and in their place came opportunities for cultivation and the improvement of the social and domestic condition of those following brick-making as a profession.-Clay Manufacturers' Engineer.

# THE SHARP COLONY.

#### An Eighteenth Century Enterprise That Flourishes at the Present Time.

A number of slaves, who had claimed their freedom in England, were begging and starving about the streets of London, and, after consultation with some of the men themselves, Sharp determined to send a number of settlers to the coast of Africa. In 1786 about four hundred negroes were thus sent out to Sierra Leone, with about sixty Europeans, chiefly women. A grant of land was obtained from a neighboring chief, but from its very infancy the little colony was beset with numerous difficulties. Disease broke out on board ship before the settlers had even landed, and worse still, most of the Europeans were induced by the offer of high wages to take service with the slave dealers.

Things were going from bad to worse, when Sharp sent out, principally at his own expense, another ship with supplies for the colonists, and he subsequently succeeded in forming a joint stock company for the purpose of trading with Sierra Leone. It is in the course of these transactions that we first find him corresponding with Williams Wilberforce, who was afterward the champion of the slaves in the House of Commons. After some difficulties and delays, government charter was obtained for the "St. George's Bay Company," as it was called, and in spite of molestations from slave dealers and native chiefs, and a most wanton raid in 1794 from a French first, the colony founded by teranville Sharp has survived, and flourshow at the present day .-- Macmillan's

-Plovida expects soon to be the greatst hemon-growing country in the world. Lemons weighing nearly a pound canh are common there.

N THE morrow Cleopatra, having besought leave of Cæsar, visited the tomb of Antony, crying that the Gods of Egypt had de-serted her. And serted her. And when she had kissed the coffin and covered