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The King's Dust.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the king
"Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring
Like the dust of any common thing
One day thou upon the winds shall blow!"
"Nay, not so," the king said. "I shall stay
While the great sun in the sky makes day;
Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away.
In my tomb I wait till all things go!"

Then the king died. And with myrrh and nard,
Washed with palm-wine swathed in linen hard,
Rolled in naphtha-gum and under guard
Of his steadfast tomb, they laid the king.
Century fled to century; still he lay
Whole as when they hid him first away.
Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say,
He, it seemed, the king, knew everything.

One day armies, with the tramp of doom,
Overthrew the huge blocks of the tomb;
Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom.
Bedouin camped about the sand-blown spot.
Little Arabs, answering to their name,
With a broken mummy fed the flame,
Then a wind among the ashes came
Blew them lightly,—and the king was not!
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.

TRUE WORTH.

"Very well, Clare; if you wish me to leave all my money to some asylum, you are going just the right way to bring it about. When I first saw Frank's noble face, I made up my mind that he was the husband I should choose for you."

"Aunt Jane, I don't want your fortune if Frank Aimes is to go with it. I hate him! the great, awkward——"

"No, no Clare, don't call him names. He's one of the noblest men God ever made, and if some day you do not discover it yourself, you are not what I think you. Never mind saying any more on the subject now, but bear in mind that I shall never give my consent for you to become Clarence Holland's wife."

Clare was only a little woman but nature had made up in quality what she had withheld in quantity; for a prettier, daintier, sweeter little thing, with her sea-blue eyes and rings of yellow hair, it would have been hard to find.

She had only been with her Aunt Jane a year, and it was while at school she had met the man to whom she had given her heart.

Up in her room Clare took a tiny note from her pocket and opened it. "My adored Clare, it began; and then the foolish child kissed it, while her blue eyes kindled, as she exclaimed to herself:

"No one shall ever part us!"

When she went down to the library there was Frank. Clare gave him her hand, and then retreated to her favorite easy-chair, and watched him furtively, with the words her aunt had spoken ringing through her mind: "One of the noblest men God ever made."

By-and-by they strolled out into the moon-lit garden, and walked three abreast down the broad paths, with their sweet-scented borders of old-fashioned flowers on either side, until Aunt Jane suddenly remembered something to be done and went in.

Then Clare began to tremble, for she instinctively knew what was coming, as she saw the absent dreamy look in her companion's eyes quickly change to a bright gleam. He turned and looked down upon her.

"Clare," he said softly, "don't you know what I am going to say to you?"

Clare did not answer.

Then impetuously sweeping her little figure right off her feet, he clasped her close to his heart, as he exclaimed:

"I knew you must have seen that I loved you, my darling."

With a crimson flush on her fair face, Clare forced herself from him.

"Frank Aimes! you are making a mistake. I do not love you!"

The young man's cheek blanched as he heard.

"Not love me! Oh, Clare, can it be that I have been deceived all this time? that what I saw in your eyes was only friendship? Oh, my darling, is there no hope for me?"

Clare's head drooped as she heard the ring of sharp pain in his earnest tones.

"I am very sorry for this, Frank; but indeed there is no hope, for—I—love another."

There was a deep silence for a while, as Frank Aimes' hopes of happiness ebbed away. He seemed to have taken leave of youth and all its sweet illusions before he spoke again.

"I never suspected this," he faltered. "I wouldn't have spoken so if I had, though I couldn't have helped loving you."

The honest grief in his face brought tears to Clare's eyes.

"I am so sorry," she said; and then they walked quietly into the house together.

Clare went up to her room and sat down by the open window. The shadows grew darker and darker, and still she was motionless. Strange thoughts were surging through the girl's mind. She wondered at herself that Frank's unexpected embrace had not made her more angry, and again she felt the clasp of his manly arms, and saw the tender look in his eyes, and involuntarily the question arose in her mind: "Am I making the mistake, instead of Frank?" She had not seen Clarence for a long while, and unconsciously her ideas of life were beginning to change, and her growing womanliness to recognize the worth of such a character as Frank Aimes.

But she had given Clarence her promise, and, yes, she loved him as much as ever—so she thought.

Frank had gone, and the weeks went by. Every now and then came letters from Clarence to Clare.

Aunt Jane looked on. Frank had told her of his rejection; but not a word on the subject did she say to her niece. One day, some months after, as they were both sewing in the sitting-room, Aunt Jane said:

"Clare, I've been thinking that this old house must be very stupid for a young thing like you. While Frank was here, of course it was different; but now, how would you like to fill the house with company for a few weeks, and have a gay time?"

"Oh, auntie, that would be fun; but whom would you ask?"

"Well, I've been thinking that I shouldn't let an old prejudice stand in the way of my dear niece's happiness. Suppose we say first, Mr. Holland."

"Your dear, good old aunty!" exclaimed Clare, springing to her aunt's side, and almost smothering her with kisses.

Aunt Jane smiled a rather peculiar smile as she disengaged herself and straightened her rumpled cap. Then she went on:

"There are your school friends, Tiny Pateman and Lulu Grant, and we'll send for Frank. Of course, by this time, he's gotten over his sore feelings."

She said this looking keenly into Clare's face which had fallen somewhat at the mention of Frank's name.

"Run off now and write the notes. Ask three more young ladies and a gentleman, whoever you choose, and I'll try and make them enjoy themselves."

After Clare had gone the old lady's face still kept its peculiar smile as she thought:

"It may be foolish of me, to put her right in his way: But no. I know his stock, and I run no risk."

The gay company came.

Such lively times as they all had! Such glorious moonlight sails on the lake! Such picnics in the woods! Such magnificent tableaux! for which Aunt Jane brought out all her treasures of velvets and satins from their great cedar chests.

Frank had come, and Clare confessed to herself that Aunt Jane was right. No one would have picked him out for a victim of unrequited love as he laughed and jested with piquant Tiny, who evidently looked with favor upon her tall cavalier. Clare knew that she ought to be pleased that it was so; but all unconsciously she missed the kindly glances that had once been all for her, and felt something which, if it wasn't jealousy, was akin to it, as she saw his tall form disappearing under the trees, with the brilliant Tiny leaning confidingly on his arm.

All this time Aunt Jane was not idle, and she talked with Clarence Holland, and drew him out. She saw that her former judgment of him had been correct. The time was approaching when the pleasant party were to separate, and one morning, Aunt Jane and Lulu Grant and Mr. Holland were in the breakfast-room, waiting for the rest to make their appearance, when the conversation turned upon wills.

"Well," said Lulu Grant, "I for one shan't care if I never am rich, for then no one will quarrel about my money after I am gone."

"I shall guard against that," said Aunt Jane, "for in my will I shall endow a worthy charity which Dr. Morse has often spoken to me about."

Lulu looked up into the old lady's face as she spoke, and her quick woman's wits understood the quizzical expression she saw there. Not so, however, Clarence Holland. He was very absent all through the meal; and after breakfast went up to his room, complaining that the heat gave him a headache. The next day he was gone, and a short note on Clare's bureau told the reason. He had been called away on business, he said, and, besides, he felt that it was so palpable that her love for him had gone, that it was better he should go and leave her free.

It was an incoherent note; but when Clare showed it to Aunt Jane she understood it.

"The mercenary wretch! I read him right. It was what I said about my will that has caused this. Thank your Heavenly Father, my child, that your eyes have been opened at last."

"Aunty, my eyes have been opened for some time. I knew I did not love him, but I had given him my promise."

The house seemed very lonely when they had all gone; but the loneliness was good for Clare. She grew to miss the familar form and voice she had been used to notice so little; and to wish that Frank would come back.

Then came a letter to Aunt Jane:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will be surprised when you receive this to know that I am out in Egypt fighting the Arabs—that is expecting to; we have had no encounter as yet. I wanted to come and bid you and Miss Clare good-bye, but it was all so sudden. My friend, Major Hugh Fielding accompanies me. You have known, my dear friend, of my love for your niece. Of course, all that is past; but, all the same, I feel as if I am just as well here as anywhere else. Nevertheless, wherever I may be, I shall always remember you with the same affectionate respect.—Yours sincerely, "FRANK AIMES,"

Aunt Jane burst into tears.

"Oh, Clare; see what you have done!"

Clare read the letter in silence, and a pallor crept over her face as she awoke to know what she had suspected for a long time was true, and that the love she had once refused was the one thing in the world that she now longed for.

"If he dies, I shall never forgive myself, aunty," she said, at last, in a choked voice, and they mingled their tears together.

Then how eagerly the papers were scanned.

The Arabs were causing a great deal of trouble, and news came from time to time of skirmishes, and of officers killed or wounded. And one day with letters dancing in fantastic shapes before her eyes, Clare read that a final engagement had taken place, resulting in the victory of our troops; and a little further down, under the list of the killed the name of Frank Aimes.

For two months Aunt Jane smothered her own sorrow as she leaned over the bed where her niece lay, and heard the anguished cry:

"Frank! Frank! It is I who have killed you!"

Then the crisis came and the doctors said their patient would live.

Time passed, till one day Aunt Jane came into the room where, bolstered up in an arm-chair, was Clare, a mere shadow of her former self.

"What are you thinking about, little one?"

"Aunty! Aunty! Why did I get better? What use is there of my living, when I—wretched I!—sent him I loved to his death? Oh, aunty! It is more than I can bear!"

The tears forced themselves through the thin fingers as she covered her face with her hands. Aunt Jane did not speak. There was a slight movement in the room, and Clare raised her head Then a piercing cry of unutterable gladness rang out!"

"Frank!"

A manly figure knelt by her side; his arms were around her; and Frank (for it was he) spoke:

"Darling, I have heard it from your own lips. You love me!"

But Clare had fainted. The joy was too much for her feeble frame. When she came back to consciousness, and saw Frank bending over her, regardless of Aunt Jane—who, indeed, was too much overcome to notice—she wound her soft arms round his neck, and as he felt the tremulous kiss upon his lips he knew that at last the love he had coveted so long was his.

It did not take long to tell of his capture by the savage foe, and of his escape and joyful greeting from his comrades, who had mourned him as dead.

He Was a Seer.

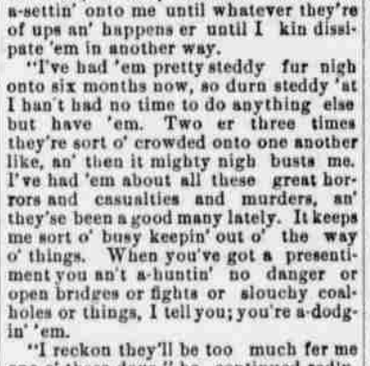
"There's goin' to be some trouble around before long," said the shabby man as he stopped in front of the other man, forcing him to pause in his progress. "It's a-goin' to be very serus, too," he continued, in a tone of grave import, without waiting for the other to speak. "How do I know? Because I have a presentiment. I'm a-havin' 'em all the time, jest as some folks have the chicken-pox and croup and typhoid fever. They sort o' come onto me suddint-like, an' keep a-bearin' down and a-settin' onto me until whatever they're of ups an' happens er until I kin dissipate 'em in another way.

"I've had 'em pretty steddy fur nigh onto six months now, so durn steddy 'at I han't had no time to do anything else but have 'em. Two er three times they're sort o' crowded onto one another like, an' then it mighty nigh busts me. I've had 'em about all these great horrors and casualties and murders, an' they've been a good many lately. It keeps me sort o' busy keepin' out o' the way o' things. When you've got a presentiment you an't a-huntin' no danger or open bridges or fights or slouchy coal-holes or things, I tell you; you're a-dodgin' 'em.

"I reckon they'll be too much fer me one o' these days," he continued sadly. "It sorto wears on a feller to know things is goin' to happen an' to not know what it is. It's especially wearin' when a feller an't had nothin' much to eat or drink for a day or two—particular drink. I feel two or three of 'em a pressin' pretty hard now," he went on, "an' I'll warn you to look out for somethin' to happen. I feel one more as tells me that a good-lookin' man like you, a gent with a good business an' a family an' a bank account, a well-dressed gent with an office an' a sign on the door an't agoin' to refuse to help me to git a little somethin' to dissipate 'em with."

And the presentiment for once was not false, for two minutes later the man afflicted with the presentiments was dissipating them in such an economical way that the compounder inquired sarcastically if he didn't want soap and towels with that bath.—*Chicago Mail.*

Accounted For.



Young lady—Why do you sigh and look at me like a fool?

Lovesick Youth—O, Miss Emily, with what tenderness do you brush the insects from the plants. How I wish I was a rosebush to be cared for by your gentle hand.

"Yes, oh, you are there!"

FRYER'S HILL.

The Discoverer Who Did Not Know He Had Found a Fortune.

In last Sunday's "Talking Machine" a story was told of the adventure of Dr. S. B. Thompson with Ute Indians in the mountains 150 miles beyond Denver about 1859, in which it was said that he never saw or heard from his partner afterward. The story was told the writer by a relative of Dr. Thompson, who heard it from him shortly after the war. Now Dr. Thompson comes forward with the statement that since then he has heard from his partner.

The partner was George Fryer, and in the background was another semi-partner, one Chaffee, a sort of unlucky but sanguine grub staker, who always was on the verge of striking it. We left Fryer working his way up one side the canyon, while Dr. Thompson took the other and fell into the hands of the Utes. Missing his partner Fryer kept on, finding here and there signs of gold, but hardly enough to pay for the trouble of cradling or working a pocket. Finally he reached the end of his tether. With only enough provisions to keep him alive on half rations until he reached the outskirts of civilization, he retraced his steps, throwing into the bottom of his burro's pack-saddle a few pieces of sleazy brown rock which he had broken with his pick from the outcropping of a ledge near the turning point. These specimens had attracted his attention more by their weight than from any outward indication of value.

Arriving in Denver Fryer dumped the net results of his unprofitable trip into his trunk and hustled around for another grub stake, securing which he started again in another direction in search of gold. So matters ran on through the years of the war. Not every one could be a soldier; so Fryer hunted gold, sometimes in company with Chaffee, sometimes alone. Dr. Thompson had abandoned the field and was attending more serious affairs than broken legs as a surgeon in the union army.

Fryer had the usual fortune of the prospector—sometimes striking a lead and getting a few hundred ahead, then losing it all in sinking a shaft which had nothing at the bottom of it short of China. One day, some ten years after the adventure with the Utes, Fryer was down in Denver, and down in luck. Overhauling his dunnage he came across those specimens. These he carefully picked out and, more from curiosity than hope, took them to an assayer. The assayer looked them over and weighed them in his hand.

"H'm! carbonates," he said. "Come around to-morrow."

When Fryer had gone he took a hammer, laid a piece of the rock in the hollow of an iron plate, and pounded it up fine. Then he swept up the pulverized mass carefully, weighed it, put it in a small crucible, which was placed in a portable furnace, and the flame turned on. There were two or three other processes, and then the contents of the vessel were poured into a pail of water. As the lip of the crucible fell below the horizontal a streak of dazzling whiteness shot out and fell hissing through the water, hardening into protesque and goblin shapes at the bottom. At the risk of burning his fingers the assayer plunged his hands in after it. As he held it up a smile played across his face—a purely professional smile. But he immediately set to work, and, pounding up all the specimens, went through the process again. Again a still larger stream of gleaming metal hissed through the water.

Then he weighed it, made a few calculations on a piece of paper, which he carefully folded up and put in his pocket, closed up the office, went across the street and took a big drink of whisky. When his customer came the next day the assayer was very calm and nonchalant. "Had he assayed the stuff?" "Yes," rather indifferently. "How had it turned out?" "Oh, so, so! By the way, where did Mr. Fryer find the stuff?"

Mr. Fryer grinned a very sarcastic and knowing grin. "In the bottom of his trunk. Could he afford the gentleman any further information about his affairs?"

The assayer sighed. The bird was too old. He picked the paper from his pocket and threw it across the table. "Five dollars."

Fryer opened the paper and glanced at the figures. He had the face of a poker-player in front of a jack-pot with four kings, ace high, but he couldn't help whistling through his upper teeth. "Silver, 986 ounces to the ton. You couldn't make it an even thousand, could you?" said he to his vis-a-vis.

He couldn't; but 986 ounces was enough. It took Fryer a month to make his preparations, dodge the spies who learned of his strike, get off up the canyon, and relocate his find. A few months later Leadville was born, and before long Fryer sold that ledge for $350,000. Chaffee caught on about that time, made $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, and came to the United States senate. One of the Grant boys married his daughter. Any one in Leadville will point out Fryer's hill.—*Washington Post.*

Expected Trouble.

"How much do you gin'rally git for a job like this?" asked a rural bridegroom of the minister who married him.

"The law allows me a dollar."

"Well, great Scott, man, here's yer dollar. I don't wanter go to law 'bout it! Reckon I'll have trouble enough now, anyhow."—*Time.*

A Day in a Russian Prison.

From George Kennan's article in the *Century* on "The Convict Mines of Kara," we quote the following: "Hard-labor convicts at Kara receive a daily ration consisting of three pounds of black rye-bread; about four ounces of meat, including the bone; a small quantity of barley, which is generally put into the water in which the meat is boiled for the purpose of making soup; and a little brick tea. Occasionally they have potatoes or a few leaves of cabbage; but such luxuries are bought with money made by extra work, or saved by petty 'economies' in other ways. This ration seemed to me ample in quantity, but lacking in variety and very deficient in vegetables. The bread, which I tasted, was perhaps as good as that eaten by Russian peasants generally; but it was very moist and sticky, and pieces taken from the center of the loaf could be rolled back into dough in one's hands. The meat, which I saw weighed out to the convicts after it had been boiled and cut up into pieces about as large as dice, did not have an inviting appearance, and suggested to my mind small refuse scraps intended for use as soap-grease. The daily meals of the convicts were arranged as follows: In the morning, after the roll-call, or 'verification,' breakfast, consisting of brick tea and black rye-bread, was served to the prisoners in their cells. The working parties then set out on foot for the gold placers, carrying with them bread and tea for lunch. This mid-day meal was eaten in the open air beside a camp-fire, regardless of weather, and sometimes in fierce winter storms. Late in the afternoon the convicts returned on foot to their cells and ate on their sleeping-platforms the first hearty and nourishing meal of the day, consisting of hot soup, meat, bread, and perhaps a little more brick tea. After the evening verification they were locked up for the night, and lay down to sleep in closely packed rows on the 'nares,' or sleeping-benches, without removing their clothing, and without making any preparations for the night beyond bringing in the 'parashas,' or excrement buckets, spreading down their thin patchwork crazy-quilts, and rolling up some of their spare clothing to put under their heads. The clothing furnished to a hard-labor convict at Kara consists—or should, by law, consist—of one coarse linen shirt and one pair of linen trousers every six months; one cap, one pair of thick trousers, and one gray overcoat every year; a 'polushuba' (pol-oo-shoo-ba), or outer coat of sheepskin, every two years; one pair of 'brodnias' (brode-nee-yas), or loose leather boots, every three and a half months in winter; and one pair of 'kati' (kot-tee), or low shoes, every twenty-two days in summer. The quality of the food and clothing furnished by the government may be inferred from the fact that the cost of maintaining a hard-labor convict at the mines is about $50 for a year, a little less than fourteen cents a day."

CARL DUNDER'S ADVICE.

A Few Words Especially Addressed to the Boys and Girls of America.

Dear Children: You vhas all right. Doan' let somepody make you belief dot you doan' haf some good times. If I could pe some shilds again I kick up my heels like a bird und doan' care for nopody. I shall nefer be shmall again, und wear some knee-breeches und play horse mit a broom-stick, und vhen I reflect on dot I feels some lumps in my throat.

Vhen a man comes along und says he vhas glad he vhasn't some shildrens any more doan you pelief him. He says dot pecause he doan' take any comfort and doan' want nopody else to. He vhas lame und cross, und his bones ache, und his head vhas growing bald, und he vhas shealous of you und wants revenge.

Maype it vhas petter for me dot I vhas a girl, but I doan' know. It vhas awful nice to be a sweet young girl, und to be called angels, und to haf der poys look at you so shently like a sheep. If you vhas a girl doan' you be ashamed of it. Dot vhas all right, und according to Hoyle. Maype you can't climb trees, run out nights und go in swimming py der mill pond, but if you go py a circus you vhas in der front seats, und somepody always pays for your ice cream und puys your ticket to der picnic. If I vhas a girl I keep my face so clean ash nefer vhas. I make my voice shust like music. I walk along mit a nip! nip! nip! I keep my hands white und my hair combed, und vhen somepody meets me und says: "Hello, Susan, how you vhas?" I answer him: "If you blease, sir, my name vhas Birdie, und I vhas so weller ash nefer vhas." If I could be a leedle girl, I learn how to sew, und knit, und make some bread, und shplit wood, und bring up coal, und wash dishes, und hoe in der garden, und den vhen I growe oop und vhas married my husband would say: "Ah! noble womans, you vhas der capital prize in der lottery!"

How bully it vhas to be some boys. He doan' haf some taxes to pay—nopody talks politics by him—he doan' haf some barns dot burn down with no insurance. Nopody wants to borrow money of him—no gas bills to pay—nopody comes to insure his life. All he has to do vhas to go by der schoolhouse, play marbles, fly kites, see der circus procession, eat sweet-cakes und grow oop to be governor.

Dot vhas all, shildrens. Doan' you be troubled. It vhas all right. You vhas getting along petter as could be expected by der circumstances, und all you haf to do vhas to wipe off your noses und speak nottings to nopody.