

AN ARABIC POEM.

Beside a desert spring where travelers meet, A Hadji halted once, athirst with heat; Halted, and, making of his hand a cup; Drank from the spring and found the water sweet.

From whom of all that in the days of yore (Numberless as the sands upon the shore), Have taken the long, long journey shall ask Tidings thereof, since they return no more?

But to resume the story, Oswin Chalmers was a frequent visitor, notwithstanding mother's remonstrances. It could not be truthfully said that Fleta Hollywood was a badly inclined girl; she had of late become wayward, but it was only one of the many instances where love being an incentive, a girl is led away, to be governed by no one, not even a kind mother.

Three months have passed and frequent letters told of Oswin's good behavior. He had gained a promotion since his coming, and now held, in conjunction with his former duties, a position of more trust. Five months more and there was a perceptible decrease in the number of letters.

Christmas came and passed, and the new year, with its mantle of snow, was here. Mrs. Hollywood had not for some time heard from Fleta, and her forebodings were not good. Judge Chalmers had been to see her and told her in all candor that he was afraid that Oswin had gone back to his old tricks.

For shame, girl; I respect the mechanic a thousand more than he. What does he know? What could he do should he be left to his own resources? His father is wealthy, but why should he be dependent on him? He will never be a man, dear. This fact in itself would be a sufficient obstacle, even did he not drink. Come, dear, be governed by your mother, and believe me, you will not regret it.

Mrs. Hollywood buried her face in her hands. It was but another of the dark clouds which had made her life an eventful one. She had been made a widow when Fleta was but a year old. Her husband, a sea-captain, was lost at sea and never heard of. He had left considerable property, which greedy lawyers had shared, and left but little to the rightful owner.

The cloud had burst. Oswin Chalmers was an embezzler. He was arrested and bonds refused. While negotiations were in progress whereby a compromise might be effected, the community were startled one morning by the suicide of Oswin who had hanged himself in his cell, thus ridding the world of one who, had it not been for drink, might have been an ornament to society.

from the Melville Female seminary was only averted through the good judgment of the professor in charge. Oswin Chalmers had planned that they meet on that day, and after being wedded they would return to his father's house, where all would be in readiness to receive them. The letter containing such instructions was intercepted and the elopement was postponed.

This event caused a complete change in Fleta's manner. The school-room where she had been reared, and which had thus far been a home to her, had lost its charms; and the daily exercises, which had heretofore proved fascinating, were now a bore. She who had been first in class had lost the place. What was formerly a pleasure was now a pain. She confided in no one. Those daily walks she was wont to take with a companion were now taken alone, that she might brood over what she deemed a misfortune. Thus had she acted till sickness was brought on, which necessitated her leaving the seminary ere the term was closed.

It required but a short stay at home to recuperate. Oswin Chalmers was a frequent visitor, notwithstanding mother's remonstrances. It could not be truthfully said that Fleta Hollywood was a badly inclined girl; she had of late become wayward, but it was only one of the many instances where love being an incentive, a girl is led away, to be governed by no one, not even a kind mother.

There is an end to all—the wise man's lore And the fool's laughter. Neither faster, slower; But steadily, surely, darkly, to the end We come and go; and we return no more!

But to resume the story, Oswin Chalmers' visits became more frequent. Fleta's infatuation was growing stronger, and her mother determined on erasing the impending evil, with what result you already know. When Fleta left the room that day little did that fond mother dream of her resolve.

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shame, whose one object in life is to seek degradation and become worthless, be a burden to civilization and fill untimely graves. Fleta returned to that home, where a loving mother was ever ready to receive her, and though years have passed, she cannot forget what ruin she brought to herself by her willfulness. There is an emblem of that union, a chubby-faced, golden-haired youngster, and as he wildly prances through the house, he little dreams, and may he never know why papa don't come home.

A very sad thing occurred at a late performance given at Laramie City. At the close of the last act one of the performers is instantly killed. It is then the duty of the audience to rise, pick up its umbrella and walk home. Sometimes, however, the audience is not familiar with the play and does not go home. It waits for more death and carnage before its awful thirst for blood is glutted.

That was the case at Laramie two weeks ago. The stage hired man, who hauls the dead off into the dressing-room, waited patiently, but the people would not go. In order to get the full value of their dollar they desired to see the post-mortem examination. They could not go home until it had been settled that the villain was fully and thoroughly dead.

There he lay, with his ear against a kerosene footlight, suffering at \$9 per week, and the audience absolutely refusing to go home and allow the man to revive or to *requiescat in pace*. The curtain, though loaded at the bottom with a telegraph pole, failed to come down, and the legs of the avenger, and other members of the troupe, flitted past the space left by the unruly curtain, and the dead villain lay on his back, having yielded up his life four times that week, in the same manner, beside carrying the heavy trunks of the beautiful actress up two flights of stairs for her in three different towns.

As there were no programmes people looked at each other and wondered. They knew that this man was undoubtedly dead, but whether the company had a fresh one or not was the question. Finally two adult members of the troupe came forward and pulled down the refractory curtain. Then the manager advanced to the front of the stage and in a voice choked with emotion, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we would be glad to massacre some more of our troupe if we could, but we cannot afford it. In a one-stand town one man is about all that we can yield up to the cold embrace of death. Our printing is high, and we have to pay \$15 for the hall. Therefore, we regret to announce that the play is now over. You can go home with safety and we will attend to the remains. We have every hope that the young man will be able to draw his salary next week, and that we may win him back to joy and health again. He has a good constitution, a fair appetite and we feel like trusting it all to the future. We regret to see you go, but as the janitor is now blowing out the lights and it is getting pretty well along into the shank of the evening we must say good-bye to you, hoping that during our absence the Laramie Opera Company will decide to assess its stockholders, purchase some wicks for the footlights, put the old piano out of its misery and stick another pair of overalls into the broken window of the ladies' dressing-room, so that the actresses who visit your town will feel more segregated, as it were, and separated from the great, vulgar world."

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HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne's Birthplace—How the House Looks in Which the Great Novelist First Saw Light.

Salem cherishes the memory of its martyred witches with singular veneration, hoarding canes and trinkets down to their very shoe-latches behind glass cases in its Historical Society Museum, but the birth-place of America's greatest novelist is unmarked and put to the most menial uses. It is down a side street, or rather, lane, in the least tidy part of the town. The threshold almost overhangs the curb. A blind man walking in the middle of the street and swinging his cane would touch the houses on either side.

Three preeminent attacks upon the brazen knocker failed to bring any response, and we were on the point of turning away when a head was thrust out of an upper window, and an ungracious voice inquired: "Phwat d'ye want?" "To see Hawthorne's house." "Well, look at it then," and the window was run down with a slam. After inspecting its square ugliness, from the base-board to the eaves, until our eyes were tired, a lady in the party, remarking that "she was going in," gave the yellow nose of the gripper another twist and stood back to await developments. They came in the form of a belligerent Milesian woman, who stood in the doorway with her sleeves rolled up and her arms making triangles with irregular base lines on each side, an attitude full of indignant menace. "Could we see the room in which Hawthorne was born?" the lady who had knocked asked depreciatingly.

"Well, I'm washing, and the children are to school, but since ye are so generous, ye may." (Slipping the silver into her pocket, and leading us into a tiny hall, from which a crooked stairway climbed to the next story.) "The room on the right with the square paper. Excuse the looks o' things, for I'm that worried wid my work and the children, and niver get a chance to clean nothing."

We believed her, and also when she said that the room had not been altered since it was built. The bed might have seen service in the eighteenth century, and its mahogany frame was still whole, though much scratched and tarnished about the foot-board. The ceiling was low, the paper hung in moldy patches from the walls, and where it was stripped off entirely and the plaster gaped and crumbled, the bareness was rendered more conspicuous by an attempt to conceal it with chromos of the Mother and Child. While we were making our way downstairs again our guide grew loquacious. "There's a good many visitors comes here in the summer, drives up in their carriages, and goes away with their noses in their handkerchiefs without leaving a cent to help a poor widow and her children. It used to be a tenement with four families. The owner offered it to the town, then, for \$1,200. But the town had Hawthorne's (she pronounced Hay'thorne's) chair and writing-desk, and couldn't be bothered with a house, so I stepped in and took it off their hands.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A middle-aged negro who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement halted a policeman on Larned street yesterday, and asked: "Say, boss, what 'bout dat 'Gyphsum cholera de papers am makin' sich a fuss ober?" "Why, they have the cholera over there," was the reply. "An' she's gwine to spred to dis kentry?" "It may." "An' dey say it's powerful hard on de cull'd population. Man up Woodward ave told dat it jumped right over white people to get at a black one." "I believe that's so."

"Wall, I'ze gettin' ready for it. I'ze carryin' an onion in each breeches pocket. Women on de market told me dat was a sure stand off." "I shouldn't wonder." "An' I'ze drinkin' a cup full o' vinegar wid kyan pepper sprinkled in. Hardware man told me dat was a boss thing." "Yes." "An' I'ze soakin' my feet in sour milk free nights in a week an' rubbin' my spine wid kerosine oil. Butcher up Michigan Avenue told me dat was a sartin preventive."

"An' I'ze got tarred paper and cut out soles to wear in my bntes. One of de aldermen tole me dat de cholera allus strikes de feet fust thing. I reckon it won't git frew dat tarred paper. An' I'ze been chewin' gum of beeswax an' taller, wid a leetle champhor gum rolled in. An' I'ze been bled twice in de last month, an' had a tooth pulled, an' my har cut, an' my photograph taken, an' I reckon if de cholera comes friskin' around Detroit I needn't be oneasy."—[Detroit Free Press.

Dead birds are frequently discovered under the electric light wires in the morning by town boys of Des Moines, Ia., who have learned to look for them. The current kills all which light upon the wires while they are hot or in operation, but does not harm them when cold, or during the day, and this deceives the feathery tribe. Quite a flock of sparrows met their doom on the street wires just at twilight the other night. They could not leave the wires after alighting on them, and dropped off dead one by one, until the several urchins present had their hats full.

FASHION NOTES.

Canvas woven stuffs are all the rage. Shirred yokes and full waists will be much worn. Cloth bonnets will be worn with cloth dresses. Silver white is the new shade for bridal dresses. Arcadia velveteen is a fine importation for full suits. Cream white will not be worn any longer by brides. Galloon is revived for dress and bonnet trimmings. Denning's importation of velveteen is the Louise brand. Plaids, blocks, checks and stripes are features in fall fabrics. Silver and gilt crops out in the new dress and bonnet galloons. Bison hair cloth is the fabric destined to supersede camel's hair. Carved wood ornaments are used to decorate dresses and bonnets. Felt corduroy bonnets are a pretty novelty for morning and traveling wear.

Plaited camels' hair bonnets will be worn with cloth and cheviot costumes. Large balls and spots are the newest designs for Oriental and Spanish laces. Velvet spots are introduced into Spanish laces intended for dresses and bonnets. White silk gauze with large velvet figures is the newest fabric for brides' dresses. Round hats of felt have large, high, square crowns and stiff brims faced with velvet. Long redingotes and cloaks of Muscovite velvet are trimmed with dark gray and black furs.

Dark blue wool dresses will be elaborately trimmed with red braid, or combined with red wool. Plain plaited and gathered skirts will be more worn by fashionable women than any other. Muscovite velvets have large figures of cut velvet in high relief on the plain uncut velvet ground. Brides' dresses are trimmed with silver cords, silver galloon and an embroidery of silver threads and beads. The Gallic cock in metals of all colors, gilt, steel, bronze or silver, and also in feathers, is a very fashionable ornament. Gray cloth bonnets, trimmed with silver braid, gray velvet and gray sea swallows accompany dress suits of gray cloth. Moscow green, Russian gray, czar brown and Cossack blue, which is almost gray, are the preferred colors for Muscovite velvet.

Russian Peshutt and elephant gray, czar brown, royal French blue, Moscow green and violet purple are very fashionable colors. Arcadia velveteen is imported in all the new shades of Russian and French fashionable colors—green, gray, brown, blue, purple and black.

It makes a man mad to suddenly round a corner, meet a richly-dressed woman, receive a charming bow, doff his hat nearly to the ground, and then discover that he has been doing the polite to his cook. The young man who suffers from the heat just now should slight his best girl and sneak off to the picnic with some other girl. The next evening, if he goes around to see the best girl, he will find it very cool, if not comfortable. The plaintiff in a St. Louis suit for the recovery of money paid for a sealskin saque avers in her formal complaint that the garment "hung upon her person in a most ungainly manner, destroying her peace of mind while wearing it."

"Save the Sweetest Kiss for Mother" is the title of the latest new song. The author evidently over looks the fact that the young man's precious time is so completely occupied in paying his respects to the daughter that the old lady stands a mighty slim chance of getting any kiss at all. A charitable conclusion: "Who was that person who sat next to you at table this morning?" asked one gentleman of another at a fashionable out-of-town hotel. "I never saw such a queer-acting thing; how her arms did fly across the table, first after this dish and then that." "Yes," replied the gentleman addressed; "probably she was a Swiss bell-ringer in her earlier days. She was a stranger to me, thank God!"

The parol question: Before marriage—"Excuse me, George, did my parasol hurt you?" "Oh, no! my dear. It would be a pleasure if it did." After marriage—"Great heavens! There was never a woman under the sun that knew how to carry a parasol without scratching a fellow's eyes out." "And there never was a man that knew enough to walk on the right side of a woman with a parasol." "There isn't any right side to a woman with a parasol." "I wish I had a drink," remarked Mrs. Fogg, "but I don't like to go to the fountain, there are so many men there." "You've just as good a right there as they have," said Fogg; "don't you see the motto, 'For man and beast?' Come along." "Oh! it is very well for you to say, 'come along,'" replied Mrs. F., "but you know I'm not a man."

When Manito discovered the conduct of his trusted angel he dismissed her from his presence. The sultry Lucifer then threw away his mask and rebelled. Hence the war in Heaven and the ultimate defeat and eternal fall of the evil-minded angel who has ever since borne the name of "devil" as it was bestowed on him by the brave and peerless Eve. Manito found his children and restored them to their home upon the island where they lived many, many years and reared many good and beautiful children, who went abroad and peopled the whole world, and the island is still a Paradise.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Law of Compensation.—Maud: "Isn't it strange, dear, all the fellows who flirt with me are married men?" I cannot think what has become of all the bachelors." Gertrude (who is not envious—Oh, dear, no): "Possibly flirting with the wives of your admirers?"

ADAM AND EVE.

The American Paradise Lost—A Legend of the Indian Adam and Eve of Maninac Island.

The great cone-like rock that stands on the island of Mackinac and is the civilized whites only a "sage loaf," a tid-bit for baby men and women, as it were, was to the savage the home of Gitchie Manitou. In it is a cave, and it was there that he dwelt, and from that sacred chamber, unseen, he communicated his will to his forest children. The wonderful arch of stone on the edge of the island wall, a short distance away, which has never been the whites anything more than "sage rock," was to the Indian the gateway of the morning. Through it the ing god of light shed his first beams upon the sacred island, and under Manitou sealed the precipitous wall when he came to repose and rest in his chosen earthly home.

Here it was that, to have companions in his idle hours, he created Adam and Eve (I use our old names) which mean the same as the Indian names) in his own image, and in the shape of a man and a woman. He loved them, and passed so much time with them on the island that an angel in high place in the heavenly home of Manitou followed him once, to discover what kept him so much away from Heaven. When the angel saw Eve he fell in love with her, and straightway set to work to obtain her for himself. Once when Manitou had returned after a long absence, the angel came to the island and told Adam that Manitou had sent him there to take care of the place and that he (Adam) for the sin of loving his companion, was banished forever from the garden, and that if he ever returned to it he should be put to death, and his earthly immortality would become an immortality of pain in the land of spirits. Eve listening heard, and with the quick intuition that has ever marked her sex, looking into the face of the angel, discerned his motive, and, rushing into Adam's arms, became insensible. At the rough command of the angel Adam laid Eve gently down, imparting to her a last kiss upon her unconscious lips, and, turning, followed to the shore, where at the foot of the slope at the southern point of the island they found a canoe. With breaking heart and dismal moan Adam took his place, the angel pushing the vessel from the beach, and hurried back to the fainting mortal on the upland.

EVE AND THE DEVIL. He found her recovered from the shock. She demanded to know what he had done with her lover. "He is gone, and hence you are to be a companion of mine, and together we will dwell forever here in an immortality of earthly bliss." "I hate you!" How natural that sound's even yet. "I hate you, and sooner than spend one hour with you here, where I have been so happy with my love; where together we have worshipped the infinite goodness of Great Manitou, who gave us life and hearts to love, I will dash myself to pieces from your der rock!" She darted toward the bold pinnacle known as "Lovers' Leap" in those days, and before he could reach her she flung herself into the lake. Adam, slowly padding along the shore, through his streaming tears saw her sweep down with bright light a morning star, and rousing himself, with one mighty stroke of his arm, was upon the spot where the shaken water marked her disappearance, and as she rose above the surface lifted her into his arms alive, but disturbed and fearful by the awful peril she had undergone. "O Adam, my soul, for love of the I would have leaped to other worlds! But now we are free from the terror of yonder devil, for such he is, and must be known as such by the Great Manitou when he discovers what has been done, and I care not what fate befalls us so only that we shall be parted no more. I love you and without you life is but a torment. He who made us to love is good. He cannot deem it wrong if we feel the quick sense of joy with which he has endowed us. But still if we have committed a crime I am content, for the time must come when this strong love which throbs in our hearts, strengthening through the coming ages in the breasts of our offspring, as it will, shall conquer evil and widen the beautiful Island of Paradise until it holds upon its towering breast, in the sweet mild skies of eternal summer, the whole wide world! Let us trust the Gitchie Manitou; let us love each other, and all shall be well."

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