

ON AN ACTRESS.

Aye, she played rarely, though it had been played
A hundred times, and some of more renown
Have played it worse, but she bewitched the
town.
Dowered with ethereal loveliness, she swayed
All hearts to love, while music lent soft aid.
She moved, she spoke, and, when she would,
drew down
Laughter unquenchable, the player's crown.
Symbol that all her fellow rule obeyed.
Aye, she played rarely, but myself, who know
What grief had gripped her in its chill embrace,
Could hear dumb weeping in her words, and
through
Her every pose the anguished soul could trace
And pierce the tippery of art unto
The pastor shining in her perfect face.
—London World.

THE NAZIM'S JEM.

I had been ill with fever. They tell me that it was a severe illness and that the outcome was for many days in doubt. Twice, they said, my feet pressed on the verge of the dark valley, and twice was I drawn back. I know little of this personally. For two weeks or more I was either delirious or unconscious. Then, one bright May morning, I came back from the land of shadows.
It seemed to me, as I lay there, that my mind was unaturally acute. I fancied that my enfeebled physical condition accentuated the action of my brain. It seemed as if the rest I had given it—the rest, at least, from lucid action—had reinvigorated it. I remember that I threw a great deal of thought into the construction of the first connected sentence I addressed to my man. This is what I said:

"Any letters, George?"
He started up hastily.
"Letters, sir? Yes, sir, letters and a telegram."
"Read the telegram," I said, after another spell of thought.
He tore open the yellow envelope.
"Just heard of your illness. Start for home today, Mary."
Mary is my promised wife. I recalled that she was at Colorado Springs with her invalid mother when I fell ill. I looked at George. He must have read my question. He seemed to make a momentary calculation.
"If all goes well, sir, she should be here today."

Mary was coming. The thought acted on me like a tonic. I wanted to throw aside the blankets and leap to the floor. Gods! And I couldn't even raise my arm.
"Get flowers, George," I murmured.
"Let in the sunlight. Hide these bottles."
He smiled and smoothed the blankets above me.
"Everything shall be as presentable as possible, sir," he said.

As presentable as possible? That note of exception must mean me. Never mind, Mary was coming. Mary loved me too well to take offense at my changed appearance.
"George," I said, "the world is still outside there, I suppose. Read the newspaper."

He read to me for half an hour or more, read the news just as it came to hand—telegraph, local, political. For a time his voice has simply a lulling effect. Then I began to take notice of the substance of what he read. When I had heard all I wanted, I bade him stop and let the substance of his reading filter through my brain. As I strove to recall it all there was an item that seemed to hold my fancy in a peculiar way. It was a Hindustan which told that a nizam of far Hindustan had been robbed of an almost priceless diamond which it was understood he meant to present to Queen Victoria at the time of the coming jubilee. This story, I say, seemed to fascinate me—the diamond of the nizam, filched from its oriental owner, gleaming mayhap from the dusky corner of some squalid hut when it should be eclipsing the jewels of a queen. And Mary was coming. What a gift for Mary that diamond would be—Mary, my queen! There was a strange humming in my head, but out of it all came one clear thought—I would get that diamond and give it to Mary. When I had determined on this, I seemed to grow cool and calculating. I realized how helpless I was physically, but my will power, thank God, was still left me. I would concentrate my mind on the thief. I would will him to come to me.

I had read somewhere that the soul in a body purified by the fire of disease rises above the restrictions of common clay. Was not my soul so purified? I fixed my thought upon the nizam's diamond.

Red clouds rolling rapidly; out of them a touch of blue sky, a whirl of yellow dust, a sun that beat down fiercely from midheaven; the walls of a city, a city with queer minarets and towers, and strange palaces; a city with a huge gateway through which passed in and out a motley array of strange garbed people; bullocks and carts, and then a lumbering elephant, and red coated soldiers, and white turbaned men with brown faces. And the air was hot and dry, and a strange odor came to my nostrils.

Then in a corner by the huge portals I noted a crouching figure—a turbaned native with strange rings in his ears and an eye that gleamed with a startling whiteness. And on him my thought centered. Then he arose from his best position and slunk forth. As he passed amid the snarling dogs that fought and yelped beyond the city walls I noticed that in the folds of his garments he held a long, keen knife. Ever and anon he looked over his shoulder as he slouched along. And the sun glared, and the dust arose in yellow puffs. Then came two native soldiers riding on weary horses, and they cried out at sight of the footman. And when they dismounted to seize him the knife flashed, and one soldier lay silent at his feet, and the other fled across the gleaming desert, and the knife was red.

There were clouds and confused scenes, and out from them all the man with the red knife pressed on, in his

eyes a strange light, a gleam, half terror, half desperation, the look of a haunted man, whose fate impels him forward. Then another city, a city of whitewashed walls and many huts and few palaces and stretches of the sea and the masts of ships.

The swish of waves, and the roaring of the wind, and the rattle of cordage, and in the midst of the ship the brown faced man calmly indifferent to the tempest.

More clouds and long blanks of chaotic nothingness. My eyes find themselves gazing at the wall of my room, and presently it opens and through it steps the man who crouched by the city gates. Step by step he comes to my bedside, and his eye glistens and his knife is red, and my eye never leaves his.

Then he pauses and bends low with his arms stretched.

"Sahib," he murmurs, and his voice is singularly low and gentle, "I am here."

"The diamond!" I hoarsely murmur. He removes his turban and slowly unwinds its many folds. As he does so the room seems filled with the rustle of garments, and a strange, sweet perfume comes to me. There are whispers, too, and a sound like a stifled sob.

Slowly the stranger unfolds his turban, and suddenly out of it leaps a great white pebble. He lifts it before me betwixt his lean brown thumb and forefinger, and I know that in his other hand he holds the red knife.

"The diamond of the nizam, sahib," he murmurs.

As he speaks a sudden ray of sunlight falls upon the white pebble and a mighty glory seems to fill the room.

My eyelids drop before that glare. I see the brown face of the Indian bend lower. I see his fingers clutching at his knife. The room grows dark and yet darker. I seem to be slipping away, slipping away.

"John!"

Is that my name? Is somebody calling me? What is this that holds my hand and draws me back? No, no; let me go.

"John!"

Surely somebody is calling me.

I open my eyes slowly, so slowly. Across the level of my bed I see the face of George leaning forward, his features in the shadow, his eyes gleaming with frightened anxiety, in his hand a tiny medicine glass that catches a dazzling ray of sunlight. Somebody else is there, somebody who holds my hand tightly, somebody who calls again:

"John, dear!"

I raise my eyes a little higher. Another face is bending over me, a white, tear stained face.

"John!"

It is Mary.

And so I came back.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Kaiser's Story.

The emperor's "Reibungsblume" has become the national flower of Germany and the symbol of patriotism, but it will never be forgotten why he loved it, and the beautiful and touching story possesses ever new interest when told in his own words. Finding how many incorrect versions were spread about to account for his fondness for the simple field flower, the aged kaiser related the following pathetic incident:

"As my mother fled with myself and my deceased brother from Memel to Konigsberg during the troublous times at the beginning of our century, the misfortune happened to us that one of the wheels of our coach broke in the midst of the plain. No village was within reach, and we seated ourselves on the edge of the ditch while the damage was being repaired as well as circumstances would permit. My brother and I were rendered both tired and hungry by this delay, and particularly I, being a weak and delicate little fellow, gave my dear mother much trouble with my complaints. In order to distract our thoughts, my mother stood up, pointed out the many beautiful blue flowers in the fields and requested us to gather them and bring them to her. Then she made wreaths of them, and with joy we watched her skillful hands. Thereby the sad state of the country, her own trials and the anxiety concerning her sons' future may well have once more pressed heavily on my mother's heart, for slowly tear after tear welled from her beautiful eyes and fell on the wreath of cornflowers. This emotion of my devoted mother went deeply to my heart, and, forgetting my own childish sorrow, I attempted to console her with caresses, during which she placed the blue wreath, glittering with tears, on my head. I was then 10 years old, but this touching scene has never faded from my memory, and if now, in my old age, I behold the sweet blue flower, I imagine I see the tears of the most devoted of mothers shining upon it and therefore love it above all others."

Jena's Celebration.

The University of Jena this year celebrates its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It was founded in 1547 by Prince Johann Friedrich, who, having lost his own University of Wittenberg, together with his personal liberty, at the battle of Muhlberg, took the first steps toward the foundation of Jena. His first professor was Melancthon, Luther's friend, but he resigned the same year in consequence of religious dissensions. The first score of students came from Wittenberg, and their numbers grew so fast that their manifestations of joy when, a few years afterward, their prince was liberated were enough to precipitate a first class town and gown riot. As a consequence the townsfolk refused to harbor the students any longer, and it took the intercession of the prince to appease them.

The Offender.

"You ought to have been firmer in your discipline when the boy was little. Spare the rod, and you spoil the child." "I know it, and if I had it to do over again I'd club his indulgent old grandfather black and blue."—Chicago Tribune.

Notice.
I will be in Tillamook City September 25th. and remain one week.
This will be my last trip this fall.
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