

POETRY.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, and added, "We don't either."]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still; The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill; The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call; The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

SELECT STORY.

NOT FOR \$300,000.

At a watering place in Virginia there arrived one evening a party of middle age, and his daughter, a rather attractive girl, although there was a self-conscious air about her—an air of suddenly-acquired wealth. Her father's obliging air was not merely self-consciousness; it was a vulgar inclination to brag. His introduction into society at the hotel was not sought by society; it was a clear break on his own part. A number of gentlemen and ladies were seated near the end of a shaded veranda, discussing a book that had just appeared almost instantaneously, popularly, when an almost new-comer brusquely shoved his way forward, and in a loud voice blurted out his opinion:

"I ain't read the book," said he, "but I'll bet that it don't amount to much. There is more humbugging in this here book business than in most any other I know of. Books'll do putty well for women, but in my opinion a man is throwing away his time with 'em. I had a twin brother that took to books along back when he was a boy, and although he was a bright fellow—as bright as I was—he never amounted to much. I had to take up a mortgage on his place for him not more'n six months ago. That's what I think of books." He leaned back against the railing of the "banisters" and surveyed the party with the satisfaction of a man who has carried his point and who is thoroughly prepared for any subsequent attack. The ladies, especially the better natured ones, smiled; the men, with one exception, laughed. The exception was a young lawyer from Nashville. He looked with the inquiry of disapproval at the intruder, and then quietly remarked:

"I thought of writing a book, a charming romance, but through fear that I might possibly compel you to take up another mortgage, I will forego the pleasure of self-justifiable composition." The interloper, no wise abashed, replied: "It's a good story you're takin', I reckon, as the writin' of the book might be more interestin' to you than the readin' of it would be to anybody else."

"Doubtless," retorted the young lawyer, "you are right. Some dull trades-people might attempt to spill it out and bruise his alleged mind on unlooked-for, sharp corners." "Young fellow, what is your name?" the intruder asked, and the young fellow, never afraid to make himself known, answered: "I am George Miles, sir."

"Ah, ha! I know that town putty well. I went along with the army some little durin' the war, and bought up the hides of the cattle that were killed for the soldiers, and made a pretty good thing out of it in the Nashville market. I used to know an old soap boiler there named Josh Miles. Any kin to him?"

The ladies tittered, and the old fellow looked at them in astonishment, knowing that he had not uttered a witticism. "I never heard of your friend Miles," said the lawyer, "although he might have made a fair article of soap." "Fity for you then, I reckon, as all men were cleaner for havin' known old Josh." The men laughed, the ladies tittered again, and the old fellow, conscious of the point, bowed his acknowledgements. Just then his daughter appeared, standing in a door. "Father," she called, "I am ready."

"I am ready, too," he answered, and withdrew with clumsy haste. That evening, while Miles and several other men sat under a tree, smoking, the old fellow came out with an enormous cigar in his mouth and "squashed" himself down on a bench. "Boys," said he, breaking into the conversation, "I'm gittin' no ruther like this here one-hoss place. I did not think that it would be a little for me to stay out here, and I wa'n't keen to come nuther, but Minnie set her heart on it and away we come. Miles is Beck."

money sometimes ain't got, but just wait awhile and money'll git it all right." "What business are you in?" some one asked. "Well, I ain't in any business now—have retired you might say. I made my money in different sorts of speculation and have got it well invested, drawin' a full-rate interest. I live in Georgia and an patty much at home when I'm there, I can tell you. My wife has been dead a good while, and about all I've got to look after is the enjoyment of my daughter. Her will is law with me and I am straight-forward enough to say right here, or right anywhere, for that matter, that the man who wins her love will be fortunate. There's about two hundred thousand dollars waitin' for him."

George Miles looked up quickly and with a sneer, said: "I wouldn't marry her three hundred thousand." The old man seized his cane, which he had leaned against the bench and, springing to his feet glared at Miles, who, without changing his position, sat placidly smoking. "Do you mean to insult me, sir?" Beck roared.

"Not in the least," Miles answered. "When I want to insult a man I hit him and then insult him afterward. You had, without interruption, expressed your opinion, and I merely expressed mine. You introduced your daughter's name in a way not only unnecessary to the force of your former statement concerning the power of money, but with a narrow-minded vulgarity that was disgusting. If you want to strike me, do so. I have said nothing belittling of the young lady; I said that I wouldn't marry her for three hundred thousand, and I wouldn't; not that she is not worthy of me, morally, but because our tastes are, doubtless, different. Now, if you want to hit me with that stick, all right."

"I won't hit you," Beck replied. "What you say may be right from your standpoint, but no matter what you thought about my daughter you ought to have kept it to yourself. It looks to me like I would have thought a long time before I'd let my daughter marry a man who, in my opinion, is a vulgar fellow. I am a rough-and-ready sort of a man, and admit I'm not worth more to you than my company, why, I wish you good-evening."

"Oh, no," several of the men cried, but he brusquely hastened away. "George, you ought not to have said that," a friend remarked. "You can't blame him for thinking so much of his daughter, nor for his determination to give her future husband two hundred thousand dollars." "My dear fellow," Miles answered, "I don't blame him for thinking so much of her, and I commend his determination to reward her future husband, but I do despise his vulgar show. He is an old bear, and I want none of him."

"I wouldn't mind marrying the girl," said a young fellow named Hicks; "I could put up with the girl's possible bad taste and with the old man's possible vulgarity. You'd go the old man and the girl. He is looking this way, and I warrant he is telling her about you, George." "I don't care if he is," Miles replied. "His ill-will and her prejudice can't hurt me."

Several days later Miles, whose friends had left the place, was strolling along the mountain's side, when suddenly, upon turning a sharp point of rock that jutted out over the path, he met Miss Beck. The path was too narrow to admit of his passing the girl, and he was about to turn back, when she pleasantly remarked: "Oh, don't turn back on my account. I will climb down. I am used to climbing." "I will climb down," said he, bowing. "Oh, no," she interposed. "I am afraid you might hurt yourself, and then—"

"And then what?" he asked. "Nothing, only you might be disgraced if you should chance to fall, and you might afterwards consent to marry a girl less than three hundred thousand dollars." "Ah, your father repeated my remark," he said, slightly coloring. "Yes, or I shouldn't have known of it, as I wasn't eavesdropping."

He would have gladly climbed down, but she detained him with this questioning remark: "You place a pretty high estimate upon yourself, don't you?" "Yes rather," he answered, now determined to be bold. "It is strange that I never heard of you," she said. "I was looking over a sort of encyclopedia of great men just before I came here, and it is singular that your picture was not in it." "The compiler of the book called on me," he replied, "but I refused to become the victim of a cheap print. He wanted my picture, and had intended that it should fill one page and run over on the second, but I refused."

"And I suppose," said the girl, "that if he had contemplated putting in your self-importance, he would have counted on filling the entire book." "I don't know, but had he done so, his volume would have been more respectable." "Oh, it must be delightful to be so respectable," she exclaimed, with well placed enthusiasm. "By the way, who was your father?" "His name is Andrew Miles." "What does he do?" "He is a lawyer." "Ah? A strange country this, where the aristocracy is mainly composed of lawyers. What was your grandfather, or did you ever hear of him?" Miles blushed. He had heard in a more or less vague way, of one of his grandfathers—had heard that he was a cobbler and that he had deserted from the army during the war of 1812. "I can't recall his name. I am glad to have met you," she suddenly exclaimed. "I like to see gentlemen and consideration joined with greatness. Now, sir, if you feel disposed to climb down you would oblige me by doing so, as the young lady serenely passed on."

The majority of women are not particular at all." The old man appeared in the door. His face was haggard and a wild look was in his eyes. "Minnie," he said falteringly called, "Minnie, come here." She ran to him and Miles heard him say, "I am ruined. That iron company has gone up and I am ruined. A newspaper which came that evening gave an account of the sudden failure of a large iron concern at Birmingham; and old man Beck was mentioned as not only a heavy loser, but as totally bankrupted by the failure."

It was rather late at night. The Becks were arranging their departure. Miles was sitting in the parlor when Miss Beck entered. Seeing him, she drew back, and was about to withdraw, when he beckoned her to a seat. "You must excuse me," she said. "I do not care to hear any sarcasm to-night; I don't believe I could stand it. I am very wretched on my father's account. He has been victimized and is now a pauper."

"And you are not stretched on your own account?" he asked. "Please don't gibe me now," she pleaded. He arose, and, advancing towards her, said: "One of my grandfathers was shot for deserting and I am a better than he, but I love you—love you."

THE JAPANESE FAN. One of the necessities of life in Japan consists of the fan, of which there are two kinds, the folding and the non-folding fan. Paper fans largely into two kinds. Bamboo forms a material very handy for the framework of the cheaper kinds. The paper is either decorated with paintings in all the different styles of Japanese art or else brightly colored and sprinkled over with silver and gold leaves. These fans are manufactured all possible qualities and prices, the richest and largest being used for ceremonial dances, where they form accessories of great importance.

The place most noted for its production of fans is a village named Kiyomizu, in Kyoto, while the inferior descriptions come from Fushimi and Tokio. Several millions of fans are exported annually from Japan to America and Europe. The fan is an inseparable part of the Japanese dress, and is rarely without one. It is his shelter from the sun, his notebook, and his plaything. The varieties of these paper fans would form a curious collection in respect to form as well as quality. The highest priced fan that was used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than 5 yen, or 15c, but now they have been made to order for foreigners as dear as \$2 to \$3. The general prices of ordinary fans range from 2c to 10c per 100. There are many curious uses for fans in Japan. The empire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of the fan constitute a language, which the wrestlers fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese commander used a large fan, having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In case of danger it could be shut, and a blow from the iron frame was no light affair. One notable variety of fan is made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The flat fan made of rough paper is often used as a dust pan, to blow the charcoal fire, as a dust pan. The Japanese gentleman of the old school, who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and when it does he spreads an umbrella, and with his fan he directs his servants and saves talking.

WEDDED THE GYPSY QUEEN. A Young Philadelphia Merchant Re-nounces Civilized Life. A novel wedding took place Saturday in Berks county, near Hanover, Jefferson county, Indiana, where a party of gypsies have been camped for several days. The principals were John Lynch, at one time a prominent merchant of Philadelphia, and Jennie Van Sicken, a gypsy nomad, who was born on a remote island in England, nineteen years ago, and who was recently chosen, at Elyria, Ohio, queen of the band with which she is now travelling. The bride is a tall, handsomely formed maiden very agreeable in manner. She commands the respect and warm friendship of her subjects, who number twenty-one souls. Lynch, the bridegroom, is an athlete, about twenty-eight years old. He is said to have met and fallen deeply in love with Miss Van Sicken two years ago on her arrival at Philadelphia from the old country. He was so enamored that he gave up a good business and followed the gypsy maiden to Elyria, the headquarters of a large number of the gypsies, and he joined the band to which she attached herself, thereby renouncing the more civilized life in which he had been living. At the wedding the pair were handsomely attired in gypsy costume. The knot was tied by a Madison clergyman. A supper followed the ceremony, after which dancing and other sports were indulged in.

THE WALKING LEAF. The walking and climbing leaves of Australia were for over half a century considered the greatest of natural wonders. A party of sailors wandered inland and sat down to rest under a tree. A great wind shook to earth several dead and brown leaves. These presently began to show signs of life and crawl towards the trunk, which they ascended and attached themselves to their respective twigs. Hence the sailors, who promptly ran away, said the place was bewitched. But the simple fact turned out that the so-called leaves were really leaf-shaped insects, having long peduncles, which could be folded out of sight, and possessing the chameleon-like power of varying their color to correspond with that of the foliage they are clinging to. Upon being shaken to the ground, instinct has taught them to seek the shelter of the friendly leaves again as soon as possible. These walking leaves are frequently found in the woods of Illinois. The farmers call them "animated twigs," as they exactly resemble a bit of the tree. They are green when the trees are green, but as soon as the foliage changes they become brown. The writer of this was sitting under a tree reading in the wood of Southern Illinois, when one of the "twigs," as it was supposed to be, dropped on the page. It moved and revealed its identity. Its nature seemed to be that of a worm and its vitality that of the very lowest. It died as soon as removed and served as a book-mark for many years.

Summer complaints and all bowel troubles are soon cured by Johnson's Anodyne Linctum.

THE DISCOVERED LETTER.

Do you think that she cares for him?" "She? Humph! Well, I suppose she does, after a fashion. But between you and me, Mrs. Martin, the young lady thinks more of Harry Gilbert than of her betrothed husband." "Impossible! Why do you think so, Miss Stone?" "Well, I'll tell you. Ever since I have sewed for the Thorntons I have known that Dora Thornton was a deceitful girl; and I have good reason to believe that she is marrying young Clydesdale simply because he is rich. The Thorntons are not too well off, you know."

And you are not stretched on your own account?" he asked. "Please don't gibe me now," she pleaded. He arose, and, advancing towards her, said: "One of my grandfathers was shot for deserting and I am a better than he, but I love you—love you."

THE DISCOVERED LETTER. (Continued) "I am very sorry if Lawrence Clydesdale is going to be sacrificed," she said regretfully. He deserves a better fate." "That he does. And—why, Nell, where did you come from?" she added, as a girl with a pale face and golden hair suddenly appeared on the scene. "You gave me this work to baste for the machine, Miss Stone, and I have done it."

THE DISCOVERED LETTER. (Continued) "You are very nicely too. You can work several polonaises. Miss Stone wants it altered. Ah, Nell, I hope that a wedding will brighten you up a bit, for I declare you look like a ghost." Nell took the work assigned her, and went away by herself into another room. She had heard every word of the gossip between the dressmaker and the housekeeper, and she had decided to become Mrs. Lawrence Clydesdale, and great preparations were being made for the wedding, which was soon to come off; and Nell Perry had gone to assist.

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informed her coolly that he was glad of his freedom at any cost. So the wedding came off as was planned. His mother, who loved Nell dearly, was easily converted to her son's view of the matter, and so little Nell Perry became the wife of Lawrence Clydesdale.

A TRUE STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation at best had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, and the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of 55, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the clear smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness, and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Darrothers. Don't move a muscle." "All right, major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes; "hadn't the least idea of moving. I assure you. What's the game?" By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the major, and his voice trembled just a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?" "Are you joking?" "On the contrary, move a muscle, and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?" The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly. "Bourke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor, here just back of me. Gently, man, quietly." Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor, and glided towards the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor. "Thank you, major," said the subaltern, as the men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life." "You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."

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