

of Cyprus is prolific. Even under Turkish rule its surplus revenue was nearly \$500,000 per annum, and under a better system of taxation, certain to be brought about under British sway, it will be far more fertile than Corfu ever was. If the lines of a triangle are drawn from Batoum in the north-east and Constantinople in the south-west, they will meet in an apex at Cyprus, and thus, and from many other points, the military value of its acquisition cannot be doubted.

PUNCH ON CYPRUS.

IN PAPHIAN BOWERS.

Deep little game! To win us fruits of Wars,
And yet from warlike complications screen us!
They said he'd hurl us in the teeth of Mars—
And, lo! he lands us in the arms of Venus!

WEAVING HIS CROWN.

Twine Cyprus with his Strawberry leaves? Not now;
'Tis for funeral, not festal days.
Look for fit garland to entwine his brow,
Not to Greek Laurels, but to Turkish Bays.

A REVIVAL.—Of the precious stones that used to be found in Cyprus nothing has been seen or heard for generations. Thanks to English occupation, there must be at least one Garnet there, by this time.

APPROPRIATE.—Mr. Baring, we read, has been sent to hoist the British flag at Cyprus. It should have been Mr. Bulling.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

"You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees."

SHAKESPEARE. (*Othello*, Act ii. sc. 1.)

QUEEN OF CYPRUS: Victoria vice Venus, who retires, receiving the price of her commission.

WHAT "LA REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE" SAYS TO IT.

"To fight for Turkey!" Yes; in *tartines* vip'rous
That is the line I urged upon John Bull.
But "keep the peace for Turkey, and hold Cyprus!"
That's not my chestnuts from the fire to pull.

SORS HORATIANA.

(For Lord B.)

"Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna profectis,
Purpureus late qui splendet unus et alter
Assulitur pannus
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare—"

Let your "High Polity's" pretentious brag
Flaunt the Imperial Purple's Indian rag;
Or if that bit of stuff be run too hard,
You may produce, and play, the Cyprus card.

THE STORY OF ROSE.

A little brown woman standing boldly relieved against the shadow of a doorway in a little brown house. Chestnut hair has she, and great woody eyes, with limpid lights and unquiet shadows, like the little brown brook in the meadow. A cheap print, whose ground plan is an expanse of brown, and which is besprinkled lavishly with tiny scarlet and yellow autumn leaves, is fashioned into a wrapper whose every fold presses itself into shape over the trim, short figure. A look of expectancy in the woody brown eyes and two poppy-burnt cheeks tell their story ably.

And while he is yet coming, and you may gaze your fill at the tropical-hued robe and the flaming face, let me tell you more about her. Her name, to begin with, is Rose Van Dyke—a nice old name enough, with associations of tubes of colour and stiff-jointed manikins, easels and sable-points and satiny folds of brown; a name that belonged to her good old father, who, dying five years ago, left it to her with his blessing. And upon this scant heritage the little brown maiden thrived and metamorphosed into the little brown woman who taught country bumpkins their first principles, and was well paid for it.

And it was well for her that she had put every extra penny by, woman-fashion, in a precious cracked tea-pot, on a high shelf; well, indeed, she thought, since Terese Van Tassel, a far-off orphaned cousin, had been thrown on her hands, and was coming to share her hearth and home with her on the morrow. Meanwhile—

A hush was in the very air. Up from the village that nestled at the mountain's base there came the soft chime of the clock in the church-tower—five, six, seven! And the echoes had not yet rolled their silvery waves of sound beyond her alert ears before the quick tread of advancing footsteps set her heart beating wildly, and she turned her face from the doorway to gain time—it was so flushed with joy.

"Looking for anyone, Miss Van Dyke?" asked a very pleasant, rich voice, in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"Yes, Mr. Lee, I was looking for you," she answered, simply.

"For me?" with an affected tinge of surprise in his voice. "How did you know—how came you to think I was coming?"

"There is the theory of mental telegraphy," she answered, drawing down the creamy covering of her eyes.

"Oh," he vouchsafed at length, but seeming unsatisfied with her answer. "What a simple little soul it is!" is his inward observation; "so sweet and fresh and artless! She has won a place in my heart of hearts, and I shall enthroned her there whenever the love-light in the brown eyes grows from a dancing will-o'-wisp to a steadier glow."

And her thoughts ran riot. "Will he never, never know? Oh, to be a woman—to sit and mop one's life away and let the grand opportunities be lost! Not daring to stir toward the haven of one's desire—not daring to lift a hand as the idol passes—poor blind idols that will go y unconscious, and crush our hearts out in the assing!"

"How goes the school, Miss Van Dyke?" he asked, looking at the queer frown that knotted itself upon her forehead.

"The school? Bah! I'm sick of the school—tired, tired, tired!" a little vengefully. "But it goes along smoothly enough, of course, and will continue in the monotonous tenor of its way until—"

"Until what?" he asked, the surprise all real now, a little anxious at her hesitation.

"Well, until my cousin arrives—and she may put me out some."

"Your cousin!" flinging etiquette to the dogs.

"Yes, sir; an orphan, if you please."

Philip Lee did not seem to be pleased. The coming of this orphan child meant to him a breaking in, in some way, upon their quiet talks and his study of her. She was a charming study to him; and when he was just beginning to turn the first leaves of this interesting book, in must come a stranger to break up his lessons piece-meal.

"How old is she, Miss Van Dyke?" feeling as if he must say something on the subject of the interloper.

"Indeed, I cannot tell; somewhere between ten and twenty I should judge;" this followed by a dolorous sigh.

"Are you not well?" Ah, what would he not have given to have been free to let that blessed word of endearment slide from its perch on the tip of his tongue! "You seem sick or sad."

"I am weary. This teaching is tiresome work; and then it is lonely here on the hill when—"

He turned those perverse eyes of his that would mirror his soul in spite of him toward the open door, and waited for the conclusion of her sentence.

But she did not finish. They sat there in quiet, these two, with glances wide apart. It pleased him that this shy being should show her preference of him before he spoke of sentiment.

Of course there was a reason for this, and what that reason was is quickly told. He had years ago loved with a young man's fiery passion a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, as heartless as a sphinx. But the passionate flame burnt high, and the incense surrounded the adored one and clothed her in a halo of glory.

And when the vision spoke, and the altar tumbled at her touch; when the incense melted from before his blinded eyes and his soul saw her as she was, the flame in his heart smouldered and died, leaving nought to show for it save a scar. And the old axiom of the burnt dog dreading the fire proved a verity in his case; for, in his dealings with Miss Van Dyke, he clung to the mainland of facts, and kept from the dangerous ground of fancies.

They had known each other some half a dozen months, and he had called upon her on an average of twice each week, and sometimes oftener, for on Sunday evenings he walked beside her to and from church. He had come to unravel a little tangled thread of her inner life, and of that little skein he wove a web around and about himself from which he could not escape. He did not care to escape, in fact, but kept weaving the threads with which she unwittingly supplied him like a human cocoon.

On this evening of which I write he had come to her with a plan in his head. "I can get her to speak out now," he thought, and, thinking this, he said, rather hurriedly, as if waiting longer to hear what she might say were a thing impossible.

"By the way, Miss Van Dyke, I am going away. May I hope that you will not forget me?"

Away! she had never thought anything could change in this dull, sleepy suburb—and now the greatest change that could happen had come to her. Going away!

There was no outcry, although the heart buried under the flaming calico autumn leaves went throbbing on as if it were a hammer. Into the eyes crept a look of infinite yearning, but he saw it not, for the womanly pride came to her rescue, and her glance went roving over the faded flowers in the three-ply carpet beneath them.

"I hope I shall not be forgotten?" he repeated.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lee," she replied, more absent-minded at this instant than any dullard among her pupils.

"Thank you. Well, I must be off. The train leaves in half an hour, and I just flew up here to bid you good-bye."

The train! Good-bye! Absent-minded no longer, but, with senses fearfully alert, she reached out her hand to him in farewell. A touch of her finger-tips thrilled him through and through. What a warm little hand it was that he held within his own for a second's space.

Still, she had disappointed him; he had felt sure of an outspoken worn of sorrow at his absence, but she was silent. He dropped her hand, turned about and left the house.

"Oh, Philip! Philip!" she cried, spurred on to desperation. And the cry came to him as he passed the open window and stopped him short. He turned on his heel and came back.

The gray gleaming was almost swallowed up by the night. Away in a corner where there was least light the little brown woman had dragged herself and crouched down, her heart numb with silent agony; but on hearing his steps she arose and stood waiting for him.

"You called me, Miss Rose?" her Christian name coming out despite himself.

"Yes, I called you. Philip Lee, you have

been a good friend to me, and if you never come back again, remember there is one who names you in her every prayer, and who thanks you with her every breath, for your considerate kindness. I have been alone so long," she went on quickly, "that a friend, such as you have been to me, seems heaven sent. Let me thank you again!" She was standing before him now, looking with great liquid eyes straight into his face.

"No more than a friend to you—may I not be nearer than that?"

At this her eyes filled with tears, and clasping two small hands before them she stood there crying quietly.

"I must go—Rose—little one. Only say, may I sometime be nearer than a friend?" The tears were more than he could bear.

He had left, after kissing in knightly fashion her hand—thereby glorifying in her eyes that small member for evermore—and had been just in time to catch the upcoming train, which whirled him away to the metropolis. Here he stayed two weeks, up to his ears in business, but never so engaged as to lose from before his mental vision the exact colour and shape of a pair of very haunting brown eyes. But he would not write to her. "Perhaps the little spark I have kindled," he said to himself, "may be coaxed into a flame if I do not be too rash," and he let "nothing venture, nothing have," alone with all his might.

On the day succeeding his departure came Terese Van Tassel, who, to the infinite surprise and dismay of Miss Rose, proved herself to be—instead of the child she was expecting—a woman grown; indeed, one year older than her would-be-adopter herself.

"How strange it is, Terese," she said, in a blunt, home-truthy way, "that you should have looked for a protector in me! And your respected guardian wrote to me that I could care for you, he supposed, as he heard I was making money in a little school. How absurd all this twaddle. I take care of a big, stately, strong-built woman, fully as able to work as I! Had he never seen you, Terese, this guardian?"

Terese had listened with eyes as full of amazement at this speech as well-bred eyes could consent to be; and at this last question she turned her fair, haughty face languidly away from the little brown bundle of candour, and said, with the least possible hint of contempt in her voice, "Why, yes, Rose, of course he has."

"And he thought you would come to me for succour, and would not try to fight the world's battle for yourself?" laughing, but somewhat anxious, nevertheless.

"I could not fight that battle, Rose; I am not fit to volunteer."

"Fit!" Her voice demanded an explanation.

"Oh, what could I do?" and she held out two very long-fingered, aristocratic-looking hands as a piteous reason for her "misfitness." "You would have taken me had I been a child you expected—take me now, Rose, dear, and I will amply repay you—be your companion, read to you, help you about the house, and pray don't turn me out upon the charity of the world!"

And so Rose kept the tall, queenly girl as her companion; never guessing in her innocent heart that she was a creature cold as ice, keen as a lawyer, heartless as a sphinx.

And Miss Van Tassel ate humble pie in the sweet, depending manner of her own; did what she could to help Rose; outwardly all servility, inwardly something entirely different.

Rose was busy as a nailer with her school, which was to close the next week, and hence got small chance to gossip with Terese or grow in any way familiar. Terese minded not her inattention in the least as far as gossiping went, for she was a woman with a still tongue, and had not come clear to this out-of-the-way place on the plea of orphanage for the purpose of letting the subject nearest and dearest her heart leak out. So they went their ways until vacation came, and Rose, bringing her armful of day books and mementoes from each loving child-heart, came home for a three-months' rest.

Then they walked and talked together; Rose joyous and unrestrained as any uncaged wren, and chatting and laughing as if her whole life were taking a holiday.

But it all ended one day, when Miss Van Tassel sent a little sentence like a barbed arrow straight into the guileless heart of her cousin. They had been speaking of Rose's friends, and Philip Lee had been brought up before the bar, his friendship weighed and his kindness measured, when Terese, who had been listening greedily said, throwing in her voice an affectation of deep surprise:

"You cannot mean it, Rose, when you tell me that Mr. Lee came here to see you so often?"

"Of course, Terese, I mean it," at a loss to understand her. And Terese coolly laid before her the gossip she said she had gleaned.

"You seem to have made many friends hereabouts," said Rose, in a voice changed to that of an old, old woman.

"Only the washerwoman and the sexton up at the chapel," gazing pitilessly upon the chestnut braid-crowned head that came not even so high as her shoulder.

"And they told you that?"

"They told me that others said so—indeed, almost every one on the hill."

"And he must have known it—and he kept coming, coming. Heaven! how base he must think me!" And she went home with her heart shot through with the arrow of slander.

After that Rose carolled no more gay songs of love and war, but sat within-doors, while Terese,

whose spirits, when put in the balance of those of her cousin, grew high and light, went roaming about always taking the townward track.

One night, when the pale young moon hung a silver sabre against an opal sky, there came a steady tramp of footsteps toward Terese, who had gone wandering down through the gray gloaming of the grassy front yard. Swiftly she turned, and opening wide her outstretched arms held them so in mute entreaty until he came.

The fickle moon has hidden her face behind a fast-coming storm-cloud! He cannot see a feature of the loved one, but her keen eyes pierce through the darkening gloom and feast themselves upon a face, handsome and masterful, a face she has been searching for for over a year.

"Oh, my little primrose. I could not keep the secret of my love from you! Will you accept it dear, and let me have the sunshine of your presence ever about me?"

And his only answer is a creeping of a hand into his own. Holding this treasure fast, he talks on about his brightened future, and his low, rich voice fills the small cottage, and echoes its pleasant music through the rooms.

And when the clock tolled the ninth hour he was still talking, too happy to wonder at the quietude of the chosen one at his side, too much filled with busy thoughts to notice the little figure standing behind him. But when parting-time came, and he rose to take leave of her, he found the storm had arisen in fury, and mutterings of the black artillery of inky clouds came rolling down from the western coast of heaven.

He turned about and faced the doorway. Then came a flash or a mischievous streak of lightning which made the place all about him like day. And in that second's time he saw the hands he held were not the hands of Rose, who stood, a soul-stricken wraith, in the black doorway.

"Philip," she said, her voice pinched and uncertain, "you should have told me. Did you think I would stand in your way, my friend? You are unjust—nay, more, you are unkind. I would have helped you had you let me know all this, for you have given more than I can ever repay. You are cruel, too, Terese; am I not to be trusted, then? Go away, now, Philip, for Terese must come within, else people will talk. Ah, heaven, go!"

As one blinded and stricken with a great woe, too deep for speech, Philip Lee turned about and went off under the pall of wide-spreading rain-clouds.

"You did not guess our secret, then?" Terese asked of her cousin, as she rose and followed her into the house.

But there came no answer. The poor, little tired body grew too burdened with the great suffering soul to contain it, and she fell across the bed in a dead faint.

Miss Van Tassel, among other of her pitiful characteristics, had that of excessive fright at even the appearance of death; so, seeing the white, drawn lines about the mouth of the poor, drooping Rose, she ran to the door and gave one great shout for Philip. In the flash that followed she saw him coming, striding fiercely along through the pelting rain.

He passed her without a word, and hastened to the bedside where his soul's idol lay stretched.

"You have killed her, wretched woman. Out of her sight!" he whispered hoarsely, pointing to the door. And the soul of the little woman at last gained the mastery; her eyes opened again upon the familiar things about her.

Turning her face from the wall, she met the tender, anxious gaze of Philip Lee, as he knelt at her side. He touched his fingers to her lips to command silence, and told his story to her.

"Philip!" the old-womanish tones all gone, and her voice, although but a very faint voice just now, was sweet in its cadence as a bird-song; "I cannot blame her, dear, for having loved you. But, oh, to love you and lose you!"

"She never loved me for myself, as you have done, primrose; my store of worldly wealth has been her chief attraction. Stupid fool that I was to have ever mistaken her for you!" angry with, as well as feeling an utter contempt for himself.

"Worldly wealth?" looking hard at him as if she would discover in his face this new-found quality.

"Yes, darling, I am sorry to spoil your life's romance by not letting you work those tiny fingers off for me; but it is an absolute fact," he continued, with a laugh of exquisite enjoyment at her big, amazed eyes. "You have heard, no doubt, of the great Mogul of our bonny State—Gov. Philip Lee. Well, dear, I am Philip second, and no fitter ornament could I wear than my sweet blooming Rose." And he drew her head to where upon right royal breasts there flourish the crosses of honour.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.