

Where the Shadows Lie.

Under the great elm near the door the old man watches the dying day. Over the meadows the herds come browsing slowly; down the hill float nearer and nearer the tinkling bells of the flocks seeking the fold; the voices of the returning harvesters come from the fields in a weary monotone. The hand which holds his staff is buried in his snowy beard. So the old man sits, where the shadows lie, leaning forward upon his staff; forward, as if trying to be nearer the golden gates opening over the western hills for the departing day.

"What are you doing, gran'pa?" "Nothing, lass, nothing. My work is done. Around me lie the gathered sheaves of my harvest home. A tired reaper, I welcome the coming night and long to lie down and rest."

"Why, you haven't been reaping today, gran'pa?"

"You can't understand, lass, you can't understand. The morning dews of life lie far away on the hills of youth. I have borne the heat and burden of the day, and I am waiting now where the shadows lie. The worn sickle roasts idly on the last ill-garnered, loose-bound sheaf. The sun is low. The shadows come down from the hillsides. I'm weary with toiling. The night is near. I will rest."

"Let us go in out of the shadows, gran'pa."

"I can't, lass, till He tells me to come in where no shadows lie. But you can't understand, lass. You are far away on the hills of youth. The shadows fall before you. You look back and see none falling upon the past. But the shadows will shorten as you go, and some day you will turn and see a dark spectre behind you. It will follow you everywhere, lass, everywhere. It is Death, lass; Death, the dark angel that hides from us all, the shadow that steals behind us while we are gathering the golden sheaves. You'll not understand till you see him there, lass. Then he'll follow you, follow you everywhere. You'll hide in the darkness, and he'll be your hiding place. When you come to the light you will see him there. He'll beckon for the shadows that wait among the western hills, and they'll hurry down to meet you, lass, and darken and deepen around you. He'll stand behind your chair as he does behind mine now, and when night comes he'll carry you away in the darkness."

"Don't, gran'pa! You frighten me so." "It will not then, lass. The shadows will all fall behind you then. You will turn with tears from looking at the past. You'll look up, lass, up to where no shadows lie on the western hills; up to where the golden paths lead away through the sky to the glories of the shadowless lands."

And she stole away to tell them gran'pa's mind was wandering again. The old man watched the sun go down in the abyss of night. The strange fancies of his childhood old heart called the tears out on his withered cheeks. They were tears for the sun. For he thought how sad it was to leave the brightness of the glowing heavens and go down in the darkness behind the hills, alone, to turn from the fields it had warmed and beautified, from the vine-clad hills, the birds and flowers, the playing children and wonder-working man, and sink down, down in the darkness alone.

Yes, he sorrowed for the sun. It seemed like the way he, too, must soon go. A lingering look from the western hills upon all the loved, the beautiful of earth, then down in the night—alone.

So they found the old man, with the evening dews and the tears for the sun on the long, snow-white beard. But he had gone away, alone, in the darkness, to the land where no shadows lie.

DIED.

Penny—At 615 King st. west, on the 6th inst., Ethel Victoria, daughter of L. J. Penny.

Rubies, Rich and Rare.

The report comes from India that the government proposes to extract a revenue from the great ruby mines of Upper Burmah, which has recently been acquired. The ruby mining region is situated some seventy miles northeast of Mandalay, and extends over an area of about one hundred square miles. The territory has been regarded as "sacred ground" since it was known to the outside world. No foreigners have ever been allowed to visit it. One of the titles of the late King Theebaw and his predecessors was "lord of the rubies." The sovereign of the country was entitled to every ruby or other gem that was estimated to be worth more than \$50. It was reported that Theebaw had several bags and boxes full of very large rubies that fell to him by virtue of their size and value. If he did have them, they were stolen during the interregnum. None were found in the palace or royal treasure-house, though it is known that the king and queen carried away with them several of enormous value. It is presumed that most of the gems the late king collected were taken by persons in his employ and are now secreted. In due time it is expected that they will appear in Amsterdam, London, and Paris.

It is understood that the great ruby mines will be "farmed out" to companies of European capitalists as soon as suitable surveys can be made. The mines will be worked on scientific principles and the Indian government will receive a certain percentage on all the profits. Up to the present time the most primitive methods of mining have been employed. Superstition and tradition have guided the operations of the ignorant miners. They have had poor implements, and no machinery has been employed. The digging has only extended a few feet below the surface of the ground.

It is likely that the oriental ruby of red sapphires will in the course of a few years become the fashionable gem. Since the development of the diamond mines in South Africa this once rare gem has become very common. The price of diamonds has fallen to such an extent that persons of comparatively small means can afford to wear them. The ruby has always been the favorite gem of all the oriental nations. It was used as the standard for estimating values among the writers of the Old Testament. In ancient times rubies were scarce that few except kings, high priests, and persons occupying other great positions could wear them. Most of the oriental rubies in Europe and America were obtained in Peru or Ceylon, but it is presumed that Burmah will supply the market in future. Up to the present time rubies have been extracted from alluvial deposits, but attempts will now be made to obtain them from the rocks in which they are imbedded.

A Musical Monkey.

There was a great fuss, a few months back, about Sir John Lubbock's wonderful dog, which his master had almost taught to speak. A monkey has completely eclipsed the quadruped. A well-known American savant has educated a favorite monkey to become a good pianist; all monkeys, this gentleman maintains, have more or less musical faculty. If men had not invented the piano, the learned American seriously maintains, monkeys would infallibly have done so. After only forty-eight lessons the monkey Tibitha, who is a real ornament to her sex, could play scales with surprising dexterity. The suppleness of their fingers, their agility, their strength, all tend to show, at least according to Tibitha's master, that most monkeys are born pianists. Patience is the only thing required to bring out this hidden faculty. There is another fact which strikes one. Monkeys have this great advantage over human pianists; they have four hands, while men are unfortunately not endowed with more than two. A monkey, a non-human advantage, can thus, it will readily be observed, play a duet without the assistance of accompaniment.

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