

The Valley of Gems.

(Continued from page 3.)

quickly to see what had happened. He was greatly surprised, for he now saw a little green hill before him that he had not ever seen before and he quickly ran up to the very top of it and looked down at the strange sight on the other side.

What do you think he saw? dear children.

Why it was the Valley of Gems that he saw and he could see all the little men and women hurrying about in every direction and crying, while they struggled together to pick up as many of the bright gems as they could and put them all into little bags. Now the ground was all covered with them, but they fought to see which would get the most, and as fast as they filled the little bags they hung them about their neck without even sitting down to rest the least bit, while the little ladies fixed the diamonds in their hair. Yes, it was very unwise, do you not think so, children?

Now when night came they sank down weary from the load which they carried and cried, for these little people were very blind and they did not know that carrying these gems about and struggling to get them kept happiness away that it might not even enter the valley. This little man from the top of the hill saw all of this in a moment, for you will remember that he had a big heart of love and he said "I will go down and show these little men and women the way out of this valley into the beautiful field of flowers."

He ran swiftly down the hill right amongst them and said, "Hello, little folks." Some heard him, but others were so busy picking up the gems that they did not see or hear him.

"Follow me," he cried, "up this hill and I will show you the way out into the field of flowers," but they only shook their heads for they might not go unless they would leave all their gems at the foot of the hill, for they belonged in the Valley of Gems and not in the Field of Flowers, and could not be taken away.

"These gems cannot make you happy," said the little man, "for they are cold and only glitter in the light when it shines, for when the sun goes down they are dark and cold and your hearts are heavy then—are they not?" "This is true," said some, but would not part with the jewels which they prized so highly. "You need love in your hearts to make you happy, little men and little ladies, and I can show you the way to the land of love and happiness, and it is beautiful," said the little man to them as he pointed up the hill, but when he told them that there were no gems there all over the ground, they only shook their heads all the more and would not go or hear him more.

The little man did not speak to them any more for they would not hear him, but he saw a little way off a most beautiful little lady with large soulful eyes and she had many diamonds fastened in her hair, and she was looking into a stream of water to see how she looked, and if the gems sparkled brightly in her hair, and wondered if she looked like a little queen. Upon her arms and breast were also many bright jewels. Now he walked up to this little lady and spoke to her in a kind voice and she looked up quickly and blushed, for he was looking right into her eyes and seemed to read her thoughts, and then she looked into his eyes and read his thoughts, and so it was that they knew quickly that they loved each other very, very much indeed, so much did they love each other that the little lady forgot all about the gems on the ground, and did not think of those in her hair either, and this is a sign, children, of very deep and true love when we forget these.

He called her his little bright star and she said that he was her little lover of dreamland, for she had seen him many times in her dreams, and in her dreams they had played together in the field of flowers.

He took her hand now, and kissed it many, many times, and she smiled upon him and his love grew stronger and stronger every moment, for it seemed as if he had loved her always—even more than all the birds and flowers in all the world.

He seemed more happy each moment and no sorrow of any kind was in her face, for she was so very, very happy that she saw nothing but the little man that she loved before her. More happy was she than all the gems in the world had ever made her.

They talked a long, long time together and he put his arm about her and they walked up and down by the stream, forgetting everything but their own happiness and love.

I love you, little lady very much indeed, and have come to help you to find real true happiness in the land of flowers, where trouble never comes to

make the heart sad, and I know the way, too, so let us go quickly before it gets dark or I may not find the way then."

"Yes, yes, we will go," she replied, taking hold of his arm and looking up into his face with bright, beaming eyes.

Now as they walked along they came to a beautiful gem by the way as large as the great round moon, and the little lady said "O, you must get that one for me and carry it along for it will be so lovely to have it in this beautiful land that you speak of."

He was about to tell her that they might not take any of these gems into that happy land, but she looked so sorrowful with tears in her eyes, that the little man lifted the great gem that was as large as the moon, put it on his back, and bending over, he carried it to the foot of the hill, while the little lady ran beside him laughing very loudly and patted him on the shoulder, while great drops of sweat ran down his face and spattered all over his nice little shoes. At the foot of the hill he put down the great round gem and sat upon it to rest, while she sat at his feet and told him how happy she was and how many, many times she had seen his kind face in her dreams, and that now they must never, never part, but must always live together forever.

Now it came to pass as they talked together, the day was far spent and he looked upon her as she asked him to remain in the Valley of Gems and gather the precious stones with her there, but he said no, no, little lady, it must not be thus, for we may not find that happiness you speak of here, for the gems only mock your heart and in the night your heart is cold, for they kill the love that should ever live in the breast. "Come quickly," he said, "let us climb the hill and go, for the time has come, the sun grows red; let me take off from you all these baubles, for you are heavy; their lustre is fast fading in the twilight and they hinder in our journey, and besides they are of no use in the Land of Flowers. With his own hands she let him take them all off from her neck, arms and hair, and laid them all in a little heap close beside that large round one, even as large as the moon.

Now the little lady cried very bitterly when she saw all her gems in a little pile on the ground, and so he took her in his arms and kissed her red cheeks and little round mouth many, many times, until she forgot her grief and smiled through her tears at him.

"They glitter so that they will blind our eyes so much that we can not see or know that we love each other. Let us now go quickly," he said, and hand in hand they climbed the hill together, even until they had reached nearly the very top, where she stopped suddenly and said "let me look back only just this once." She had thought of the gems behind her and before he knew that she was looking back into the Valley of Gems when the Field of Flowers was so near to them where they might enter and live many, many years in happiness, leaving the selfish world behind them.

Now the sun was setting in the west as she looked back and the valley strewn with the precious stones glittered like stars in the distance, and at the sight of them her eyes were blinded to all the love that was in her heart and the little man by her side she also forgot in that moment, and yanking her hand free from his she bounded back down the hill into the valley with the speed of the wind and was lost in the twilight, for it was now dark below so that you might not see, for the red sun had long been set there.

The little man felt a chill creep over his heart now, for the little warm hand was no longer in his and he wept in his solitude for the little lady that must suffer on, and on until her eyes might be opened by some good angel so that she might see her folly, for after many years she would know and understand when she looked into her heart and listened to hear what it whispered to her, that little small voice, which is our guide.

The little man knew no more until he heard a little bird singing, and looking about him he found himself once more under the apple tree and the Valley of Gems had disappeared. He still loved the little lady in his heart, dear children, and perhaps she might know his love or felt it sometimes in her breast, but he returned home very sorrowful with a sad heart and soon the world forgot all about the little man and his journey and the little lady. Forgotten also was the Valley of Gems and the lesson that it teaches.

Disobedience of Susan Fielding. Dear Mamma—When you wrote me last.

You cautioned me, with great insistence, To hold your faithful teachings fast, And keep all evil at a distance.

For dancing and for cards, you said,

No Christian should have aught but censure;

And that you'd rather have me dead Than ever in a playhouse venture.

I told these things to Uncle Jed, Aunt Helen, Bob, and all the others,

And auntie gently stroked my head And softly said: "God bless such mothers!"

But Uncle Jed put on a frown, And Cousin Bob said: "What a pity! We want Sue to see the town, To do as folks do in the city."

"Now, Susie, can't you see one play?"

"Don't tempt her, Bob," Aunt interjected.

"But, ma, I bought the seats today; This is too much!" "But 'twas expected!"

Cried Uncle Jared, in a heat, With anger showing in his features, Then, hotly jumping from his seat, "I know that church! I know those preachers!"

"How filled they are with holy rage That men do not surround them, kneeling;

Oh, how they hate the dance, the stage, A game of cards and Sunday wheeling.

All innocent amusement's sin; But men may slaughter men in battle—

The Sabbath calm is broken in By shriek and curse and cannon's rattle.

"And that's all right. Oh, age of cant!"

"Oh, wretched day of truth perverted!"

Just here the rest—except my aunt—As though they had the plan concerted—

Began to urge the case at hand And importune me without measure.

"Your mother does not understand; Dear Susie, do not spoil our pleasure;

"The seats are taken for tonight; They can not now be countermanded."

Consider, Mamma dear, my plight; Against poor me they all were banded.

Not one supporter had I there, Not even by Aunt Helen shielded.

Was I to blame? Oh, do you care? Could I do otherwise? I yielded.

I felt like one who does a crime, Impelled against his own volition.

"I'm bad!" I said; "and all the time Too good I'll be in opposition."

Remorse was gnawing in advance; But when, at length, the rising curtain

Disclosed a scene in beautiful France The voice of conscience grew uncertain.

'Twas France upon a fateful day, I could but listen, look and wonder;

I saw the lovely Beauharnais, I heard Napoleon's angry thunder;

The Corsican, unkempt and rude, Talked of his star, his coming hour, And with a tongue impetuous, wooed, And promised fortune, glory, power.

You know the story, Mamma dear, Of Bonaparte's fulfilled prediction;

How his most marvelous career Surpassed the wildest dreams of fiction;

How, like some new-created sun, He blazed out on the startled nations;

That in his advent saw begun A day of world-wide conflagrations.

In grand tableau we saw it all—His empire's splendor, pomp and power;

Then saw him blindly court his fall By spurning Fortune's richest dower;

And, all at once, from heaven above, I seemed to hear these words of warning:

"The greatest gift of God is love. When men requiteth it with scorn—"

"His doom is sealed." My vision cleared;

The stage seemed all alight with glory;

Actors and actresses appeared Like figures in a sacred story,

And on my spirit fell the calm That comes when Sabbath bells are ringing;

Or when, above our choir's psalm, I seemed to hear the angels singing.

Does this sound very strange to you? Then tell me, Does God's revelation

Come nowhere, save to cushioner pew,

At times of Sabbath observation? If 'tis His plan, from age to age,

To make men nobler—lift them higher—

Then may not the dramatic stage Burn, sometimes, with a holy fire?

Love, perfect love, pervades the scene.

Yes, Julia Arthur's every motion, When, as the outraged Josephine, She shows the depth of her devotion.

How can she sign that dread decree And rive her marriage bonds asunder?

She'd die to set Napoleon free; But, this! To trample wifehood under!

No selfish motives intervene; No thought of saying honors royal. She, the true woman—more than queen—

Must to her womanhood be loyal, With what majestic poise she stands, Though goaded nearly to distraction;

She casts the parchment from her hands—

How grand the language of the action!

Now comes a change: once more she tries

To woo Napoleon from his madness. Ah, the deep pathos of her eyes! Were ever eyes so filled with sadness?

Oh, this is something more than art; No actress could, by mere portraying,

Give me the feeling comes when I am praying.

'Tis holy time, not only when The preachers preach to saints and sinners,

And godly elders shout "Amen!" Or, when a grace is said at dinner;

I think it also is divine To show a love all else outweighing—

A love that does all rights resign— Though this be called theatrical playing.

Nay, more I hold, the preacher's store,

Is sometimes but uprighteous leaven;

For good, or ill, does not subsist In things themselves, but what they're yielding;

He may all things for God enlist— Such is the creed of

SUSAN FIELDING.

Montclair, N. J.

Wasn't Pleased.

Two stock exchange men meet in Cheapside.

"Just going to lunch," says one.

"Will you come?"

"All right," says No. 2, and they make tracks for the nearest restaurant.

"I'm for a fried sole," says No. 1.

"Ditto," says No. 2.

"Two fried soles, please, waitress," and in a little time appear the two soles on a dish, and two plates.

"One of the soles happens to be much larger than the other, and the diner before whom the dish has been placed calmly passes the smaller fish to his companion.

"Now, I call that a mean trick," says the other.

"What is a mean trick?" says No. 1.

"Why, to pass me the smaller sole and retain the larger one for yourself," says No. 2.

"What would you have done," says No. 1, "if you had been serving the fish?"

"I should certainly have passed you the larger one," says No. 2.

"Well, I have got the larger one," says No. 1; "what more do you want?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Cure for "Pulling In."

It has been generally supposed that the Baxter street "puller in" was a product of Tammany lawlessness but while the tiger's blackmail system undoubtedly strengthened and developed the "puller in" in his strenuous vocation, the latter as an institution comes from Eastern Europe.

An American farmer likes to be ignored while he studies the prices in a show window, and he feels at home when the country storekeeper has an air of cold indifference while the process of jehing down the price is going on. Not so the peasant of parts of Poland, Russia and Hungary. He is so loutish and so ground down by oppression that when he goes to town and is seized and forcibly dragged into shops it flatters his vanity immensely, and often he will buy from a sense of gratitude at finding somebody that is interested in him.

The "puller in" transplanted to Baxter street does not find that everything is smooth sailing for him. He is constantly engaged in fights with those who resent as an insult their forcible seizure by a stranger, and violence in Baxter street has occasionally ended in bloodshed.

Baiting the "puller in" has long been a recognized sport among tough young men of the east side. According to the evidence of an untried individual who seldom fails to add to the brightness of his life by going "down the line" in Baxter street on Saturday evening, the joy of such a trip can be greatly increased by the possession of a headlight. A "headlight" is a large, cheap cigar, light-

ed. Puffing at their "headlights," a few boon companions will swing down Baxter street. Every time they hear the familiar "Walk right in; I will show you some cheap clothing," one of them quickly takes the "headlight" from his mouth and places the fire end of it on the hands that are clutching and pulling at his arm. It works like a charm. The hands at once unclasp and the "puller in" nurses them, at the same time swearing at the owner of the "headlight" in several languages. In the meantime the boon companions move on laughing heartily and watching for the next opportunity to use the "headlight."—New York Tribune.

Miss Smith (to Mr. Dearborn, about to sing)—"Miss Jones will play your accompaniments, Mr. Dearborn."

Miss Jones (coolly)—"Oh, Mr. Dearborn, says his own accompaniments so beautifully I couldn't murder them for him."

Mr. Dearborn (gallantly)—"Oh, yes, you could!"

Manager—"Be careful not to make the plot of your novel too complicated."

Author—"Why not?"

Manager—"Well, you know before it is dramatized the plot will all have to be taken out."—Judge.

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