

MY WASTED YOUTH.

Let me alone! I am weeping my wasted youth. I am weeping the starlight nights that I did not see.

THE PEARL DIVERS.

About northwest from Putlam, and distant only a few miles, upon the west coast of Ceylon, was the residence of Sir John Lakin.

Bella Lakin was nineteen years of age, and was as handsome as her father was avaricious.

One calm, moonlight night, when the fresh sea breeze drove away the heat that had been so burdensome all the day, and the air was filled with the perfume of oriental spices.

"Ah, and what would it be, my child?" "I never can be that man's wife."

"But the baronet found himself with more work on his hands than he had counted on. Bella grew sad and melancholy, and ere long the truth burst upon him that his child was beginning to lose all love for him."

"But shut her up." "Yes—I know. But then she would moan and grieve herself away."

"Allan," she said, in a low, agitated tone, "I do understand you, and if I

have never before thought of this as you now present it, it is because I have been so happy in your company that I have not looked much to the future.

"With these words, spoken at the close in quick, spasmodic tones, she placed her hand upon Allan's arm, and pillowed her head upon his bosom."

"'How, Bella? Would you consent?' 'Oh, with all my heart, and all my soul!'"

"'Are you crazy, my child? Sir John Lakin cried, as his daughter confessed her love for the poor pearl-diver.' 'Marry you with such as he? Preposterous! Why, I should as soon think of seeing you wedded to one of my native slaves.'"

"'Perhaps you mean Condor Sudham,' the girl said. 'Ay—I do mean him.' 'Do you mean to tell me that I must be the wife of that man?'"

"'I have a husband all ready for you! One who can provide for you.' 'Nonsense, Bella. I have a husband all ready for you!'"

"'I thought you were in earnest, father, I should know exactly what to say.' 'Ah, and what would it be, my child?'"

"'Why the reason should be plain,' replied the youth with some hesitation, but I can speak as plainly as you wish."

"'But Allan, how can I? What is it? Tell me—tell me all.' Allan Wilton gazed some moments into the fair girl's face, and then said, with some tremulousness in his tone: 'Pardon me, then, for the speech I now make.'"

"'I am the one who first found it, and I know it well for I not only opened the shell and thus killed the oyster, but I measured the pearl. Ha! 'tis the one—the very one! and here is where I notched the shell in opening it.'"

"'Very well,' returned Lakin, after some thought; 'if you say so, so be it.' 'I do say so, and let it be done as soon as you please.'"

had been taken some years before on a bank not far from the rocks. Three divers were out, and all three of them were under water together, when an oyster of extraordinary size was seen.

"'No, no, no!' cried Bella, after Allan had informed her of the ordeal her father had given him to pass. 'You shall not do this. Oh, all who have tried it must die!'"

"'But it must be so,' returned the youth, calmly and firmly. 'Your father has given me his solemn word, in presence of the councillor, Sudham, that if I bring him up the pearl I shall have your hand.'"

"A vast crowd were collected about the shore opposite the Bangalee rocks. The story of the strange trial which was to come off had become known among the people, and they had assembled to witness it."

"The hour had come—the moment of the clear ebb—but the pearl-diver was not yet present. Nearly half an hour passed away, and the people began to imagine that he would not come."

"'I never pay bills on the street. If you want to see me on business, why don't you come to my office?'"

"'The minutes passed—one—two—three—and there was a quiver in Bella's frame and her hands worked nervously upon her bosom.'"

"'But look! There comes a shadow upon the surface of the water—the element breaks, and a human form arises. It is the pearl-diver!'"

"'It is not the one!' uttered Condor Sudham. 'No—it cannot be!' responded the baronet. 'Let me see!'"

"'It must be the pearl,' the baronet uttered. He looked up as he spoke, and found that his child was already clasped within her lover's embrace, and that upon his bosom she was weeping in frantic joy."

tense chagrin on the happy couple, and then turned away. Within a week Allan Wilton held Bella to his bosom, and she was his for life; and within the next week he gained permission to fish for pearls during one year in any place which was not yet let out.

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"'Well,' taking the bill and looking at it, 'I'll step in sometime during the week and pay it.' 'That's what you said last month cool.'"

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It is safe to say that nine out of ten of the men one meets on the streets in our cities shave, or rather are shaved. Some shave the mustache, some the chin and nose, the cheek, indeed one must go to mathematics, to the tables of permutations and combinations, to find how many varieties of shaving are possible.

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They had been sitting on the promenade deck for more than an hour, when she suggested that they go down stairs and look at the machinery. He agreed, and an old lady who sat near by and heard the conversation rose up and said: "Young man have you any objection to my going along? I've allus been crazy on the subject of machinery."

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SHAVING.

By The Dial.

ANNOYANCES.

The arrows of much sarcasm are discharged at the bill collector. Surely, he is an unwelcome visitor, but deserves quite as much sympathy as the man on whose spirits he throws a wet blanket.

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A German Village Wedding.

The village church, where the wedding took place, is on the top of a little craggy hill. The church is very old, built of gray stone, with a square tower and an odd-shaped belfry.

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Brazilian Caju.

"I have wondered," remarked a gentleman who recently returned from Brazil, "why importers of tropical fruit never made an effort to introduce the delightfully cool and refreshing caju of Brazil in this city."

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Goddess of Cholera.

There is at Calcutta a temple devoted to the goddess of cholera, and it contains a curious idol. This consists of a carcass with a vulture preying upon it, and the bird supports the goddess. Oda Behee, who sits with her hands folded. On the right is Munsha, the goddess of serpents and near her Shiva, the destroying principle; on the left is Shetola, the goddess of small-pox and a disease which swept off a million persons in Europe between 1869 and 1872; but the scientific value of its decisions and the hygienic value of its recommendations are at present unknown quantities.

Joy is the greater side of man.