

A MOTHER'S THOUGHT.

Mother, with your children straying into danger every where...

Angels guard the little children; All their wifely fancies rule...

On the winter's frozen river, In the summer's fever heat...

And we are but larger children, Needing also angel care...

And we dimly feel their presence, Feel their love, and strength, and care...

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

"Ah, this is the country! How quiet it seems after the bustle of the city...

Pausing, the soliloquist transfers his satchel from his right hand to his left...

Just then, chancing to glance over the low stone wall beside him, he sees a charming picture.

Seated upon the daisied grass beneath the shade of an old tree, is a young girl, busily wreathing her straw hat with roses.

A great cluster nestles at the throat of her emerald dress, while another fastens her belt.

After gazing until he is satisfied, the stranger coughs gently but audibly.

As the girl looks up and sees that she is observed she springs to her feet.

"I beg your pardon for alarming you," the young man hastens to say.

"Can you direct me to Briarwood Farm? I was told that it was a couple of miles from the station, and as I have been walking for some time I thought that I must be near it."

A charming smile breaks over the lovely face, as the girl, recovering her self-possession, answers him with the welcome announcement:

"You thought rightly, sir. This is Briarwood Farm."

With a light spring the young man clears the fence and comes to her side.

"I must confess that I am very glad, here, but out upon the open road the sun is scorchingly hot, is Mr. Arnold at home?"

"No, sir, but my aunt is."

As they walked together to the house, under the welcome shade of the green trees, the stranger says, smiling:

"If Mrs. Arnold is your aunt, why, then, we must be cousins. My name is Rupert Arnold, and my father is related to Mr. Arnold."

"I am Rose May, the niece of Mr. Arnold's wife," the girl replies as frankly.

"Appropriately named," the young man says pleasantly, with a significant glance at the flowers that adorn so lavishly his companion's simple toilette.

"I hope you will allow me the friendly privileges of a cousin, even if we cannot claim the relationship through ties of blood."

"Have you ever been to the farm before?" Rose asks.

"Yes, once, when I was a little chap of five years. But that's a long while ago."

"It must be," Rose answered demurely.

By this time they are at the farmhouse door, which stands hospitably open, and, ushering their visitor into the sitting-room, Rose hastens to apprise her aunt of the arrival.

"A perfect little jewel! How she will shine in the golden setting that awaits her, and how glad I am that I fell in with mother's views!" Rupert Arnold thinks as he answers her smile and listens until the last echo of her light step dies away.

admiration of herself, and who has so eagerly availed himself of the privilege tacitly permitted him of calling her by the title of cousin.

She by no means dislikes him; his vivacity and companionableness would preclude that; but she gages rightly the vanity and shallowness of his character, and when she mentally compares him to some one else who towers as high above him in mental attributes as he does in stature, could Rupert read the verdict, chagrin would mark him for its own.

"A season in town to complete what these two weeks have begun, and Rupert, old fellow, your future's assured. No more need to quail before the governor's eyes when the dues come pouring in! As to fun and freedom, a Benedict is as much his own master as a bachelor, if he chooses to be."

Such were the thoughts that fill the young man's mind as the train bears him upon his homeward journey.

Two months go by and then two letters come to Briarwood farm, one addressed to Mr. Arnold, the other for Rose.

They are both from Mrs. Arnold, Rupert's mother, and contain an urgent invitation for Rose to visit her uncle's cousin in their city home.

The letters are worded with such graceful tact and such warm cordiality, that even had the wish to say no been strong, it would have been difficult to do so.

"Would you like to go, Rosebud, to see with your own eyes what the wonderful city is like?"

Rose's brown eyes fairly shine. "Indeed I would!" she cries.

"And John—what does he say?" the old man asks, with a glance in the direction of the tall young man, who, leaning against the mantel-piece, is gazing with a world of ardent tenderness and admiration at the fairy golden-haired girl, whose animated face turns to him at her uncle's query.

"That I shall be glad for Rosebud to have a chance to see the gay world and its doings before she settles down into the humdrum existence of a farmer's wife," he says, heartily.

And so it is settled; and Rose departs for a three months' visit to the Arnold's home. At first the dazzling gaiety and constant round of pleasures bewilder and almost frighten the little country girl.

But she soon learns to take everything as a matter of course, and to enter into and enjoy it all.

Society dearly loves a sensation—something novel and out of the ordinary—and, were Rose less carefully trained in purity and truth, her head would surely be turned by the adulation that her fresh young beauty creates wherever she goes.

But those who love Rose need have no fear for her. Instead of spoiling, the brilliant scenes in which she is a participant only serve to amuse and divert her, and to form matter for the voluminous letters that send their way weekly to Briarwood Farm, and to another home in the village some few miles distant, where they are perused by many eyes that grow soft and tender as they read.

One morning the Arnold residence welcomes three new guests in the persons of Mrs. Arnold's sister and her two daughters.

The day passes amid quiet conversation, and, at length, in the hour between sundown and dusk, a game of hide-and-seek is proposed by one of the young people.

Slipping quietly into the library, Rose ensconces herself snugly behind the draperies of the bay-window.

Hardly had she done so when the door opens and Mrs. Arnold and her sister enter.

Rose does not stir, thinking that the room's sudden accession of inmates will ensure her own security, for, of course, both ladies will disavow having seen any of the hiders.

They begin at once to converse. "How handsome Rupert is," Mrs. Moore says.

"Maria, when I was a little chap of five years. But that's a long while ago."

"Oh, that was off six months ago," Mrs. Arnold answers. "Her father failed disastrously, and, of course, with Rupert's ideas and tastes, she was no longer a suitable wife for him. He seized the first opportunity to withdraw."

"In that case, Maria, I must ask you if you consider a country farmer's niece the proper person to throw into daily association with a young man whose fancy will be in great peril from her face, which, I must confess, is the prettiest I have ever seen?"

"Spare yourself any anxiety on that score, Sarah, dear. Let me tell you something. That girl, although as yet no one knows it but my husband and Rupert and myself, is an heiress. You remember meeting that old eccentric Hugh Heydon at my house? Well, he died three months ago and left my husband the sole manager of his estate, the whole bulk of which he left, entirely disregarding his only child whom he had disinherited years before, to the daughter of a woman whom he had loved and been separated from in early youth."

"Of course, as my husband was his lawyer and confidential friend, no one but ourselves as yet knows the tenor of the will. I no sooner heard of it than I saw at once that this was just the chance for Rupert. His father is in easy circumstances, but by no means able to shoulder Rupert's extravagance. Do not think that I am disparaging my son; he is only what his education has made him, and not one whit wiser than others of his set. Once settled down with a rich wife he will be all that his relatives can wish."

"But the girl—you do not seem to think of her in the matter," Mrs. Moore suggests.

"Oh, she admires Rupert exceedingly. He has played his game well."

"Ah, I see!"

And Rose, blushing with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes, sees, too, a few hours later, in the conservatory, whether Rupert had led her apart from the rest, she listens while in tones of well-simulated ardor he pleads his suit.

She waits until he pauses, then looking up straight into his eyes, she says quietly, with an emphasis upon the first word:

"Cousin Rupert, you surely would not have spoken as you have just now had you known that the girl you addressed was already betrothed. But to counteract any disappointment this knowledge may cause you, let me hasten to assure you that, although Rose May has recently been left a large fortune, she will in no wise be benefited by it, for under no consideration could she be induced to accept a farthing that rightfully belongs to another. You look amazed. Yes, I know all."

Rupert's look of utter astonishment and embarrassment is a study. When Rose rises with all the dignity of an injured queen, he can only gaze at her speechless, and when she goes he makes no attempt to detain her.

He is foiled, and his mother's well-laid scheme is a failure—there is no doubt of that. And with a perturbed mind he seeks the latter to confer with her upon the unpleasant surprise he had just received.

He finds her prepared, for, with her usual frankness, the instant she left his side Rose had gone directly to Mrs. Arnold.

Never before in all her short life has the girl felt so outraged in every fiber of her being. She longs to flee at once from an atmosphere where treachery and duplicity lurk beneath the guise of courtesy and pretended affection.

As swiftly as it is possible her arrangements for departure are completed.

Mrs. Arnold makes no endeavor to detain her. For once her worldly tact deserts her, for by her own words she has condemned herself!

A few evenings later, with her hand clasped in her lover's, Rose relates to him a part of the above—only apart, for she speaks alone of the inheritance that has so unexpectedly been left to her.

She means—oh, subtle Rose—to try this lover, who seems everything that is noble and just. Her recent experience has raised one little country maiden from the unsuspecting trust and faith with which her young eyes have hitherto regarded everything and everybody.

John's face grows very grave as he listens.

"And is it possible, Rose," he exclaims, "that you, with your high sense of honor, would accept an inheritance that rightfully belongs to this man's disinherited child?"

His tone of rebuke and remonstrance is too unmistakable to be misunderstood.

For a moment Rose remains silent; then looking up with a gleeful laugh, she nestles closer to his side.

"I knew just what you would think and say, my great-hearted John, and I, too, quite agree with you. I have my fortune—a richer one than gold mines could give. What care I for any other?"

And so, through the nobility of character of a perfect stranger, a poor husband and wife in the far West have cause to give thanks when, in the midst of dire straits, a fortune, lifting them for ever beyond want and suffering, comes unexpectedly to them.

An Experience.

"Gertie, my cousin Harry Rogers, from Dakota, is coming to make our family a visit, so I'm going to devote the coming week to his pleasure. It will necessitate an absence from the city for a few days, but we'll manage to exist during the separation, I guess. So, Good-by, sweetheart, good-by."

So spoke Robert Fanshaw to his fiancée, Gertrude Seville, one evening in December.

With a bright laugh they parted—parted, neither having any misgiving that before a week should pass each would appear in an entirely different light.

The first train from the west on Monday morning brought Harry Rogers to his destination.

Robert was awaiting his arrival, and could hardly realize that the few years intervening since last he had seen his cousin's could so have so transformed him into the fine, manly figure he saw before him.

"Ah, Harry, old boy, glad to see you; couldn't have selected a better time for coming, for if there's any life in this old town it's now—and the finest sleighing! Jump in and we'll give it a test home."

At length they arrived at Willow Brook farm, and big and little trooped out to see cousin "Hal," as he was familiarly dubbed. Pleasures followed one another, making the hours pass too quickly, for the time had nearly arrived when Harry should return home.

"By the way," said Hal, a day before his intended departure, "am I never to get sight of your fair innamorata? Do you fear I'll prove a Lochinvar and carry her to the wild West?"

"To tell the truth I would have been a little uneasy on that score had I not known that Gertie was a little fastidious. But, joking aside, here is a copy of a note I sent her by a messenger boy on the day of your arrival:

"DEAR GERTIE—Harry has just arrived. I have decided to take him to Willow Brook farm this evening, and spend the week introducing him to his country-cousins."

"If perfectly agreeable and convenient to you, we will spend the evening of December 22 at your home. Be sure and let me know immediately if you have any other engagement, in order that I may alter my plans and appoint another evening. As ever, ROBERT."

"So you see, my boy, everything is all right, for I have received no reply, and Gertie is very punctual. I can always rely upon her. Eh? Hal?"

"Yes, I know all about it; I have had some experience myself, you know. Fact is, Bob, there's one one waiting to make me a happy man when I go home."

"My best wishes, old boy; and say, Gertie's father is a first-class checker player. I know you would enjoy playing with him, and—well, I say, you know I have not seen her—well, for a week; understand?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. I'll make that all right."

The next morning, as Robert and Harry were sitting in the office, they

were startled by the violent ringing of the telephone bell.

"Bob, you're in for it now. I warrant it's some old woman who would like to furnish a broomstick in your direction for not attending to her order."

"Hello!"

"Hello! Is that you, Bob?"

"Oh, Gertie; what is it?"

"I have not heard from you; where have you been?"

"Why, out of the city. But, say, you know we're coming up to-night?"

"I'm going to a reception."

Well, this was a poser. On the impulse of the moment Robert angrily put up the mouthpiece. Here was his fondest anticipation dashed to the ground, but with a wonderful control of the will he calmly replied:

"All right; we'll make just a short call." Then, turning to Harry: "Well, I can't understand it. Gertie seems to have an engagement for this evening."

Swallowing his mortification, Harry put the best face on the matter he could, simply for Bob's sake and replied:

"All right, Bob, just the thing; haven't been to the theatre in quite a while."

Robert mentally swore eternal allegiance to his sympathetic cousin.

Eight o'clock that evening found them in the parlor of Mrs. Seville's residence.

Gertrude appeared light-hearted, and was becomingly attired for the reception. Robert, stern and dignified, thought she had never appeared so frivolous, and wondered that she could so lightly laugh and converse after causing him so many misgivings.

On the other hand Harry felt wonderfully ill at ease, for he thought Miss Gertie appeared quite excited. In fact, he felt confident that she expected an escort, and was fearful lest a meeting should occur.

Suddenly Gertie noticed the apparent social coyness, and was doubly perplexed when Robert said as they were about departing, that he did not know as he should be up on the next evening.

Now was she certain that something had happened, yet what she could not conjecture. There was no opportunity for an explanation, and so they parted—Robert and Harry going to the theatre to see the "Sea of Ice," and to Robert Fanshaw it was indeed a sea, but a sea of conflicting thought.

The play ended, Robert accompanied Harry to the midnight express and gave him good-by.

"Poor fellow," soliloquized Harry. "I fear he has made a mistake, for if I am not greatly deceived that girl's a flirt, and making a fool of Bob. Well, they say matches are made in heaven, but I declare some seem to possess considerable brimstone."

In the meantime, the door having closed upon the two gentlemen, Gertrude rushed from one conclusion to another. "I know there is a misunderstanding somewhere, but I'll make him explain it all. He was angry this evening, but his good sense will at last predominate." So musing, she entered the carriage and soon arrived at the scene of gaiety.

The next evening proved that Gertrude had not hastily judged her lover, for Robert was once more seated in the parlor of the Seville residence, and the following conversation ensued: "Gertie, what induces you to act in the manner you have?"

"What manner? Indeed, I think it is you who have been acting. You looked as cross as an old bear last night, and expressed doubts as to whether you would be here this evening."

"Don't you think I have provocation?"

"Provocation! Well, that surpasses all bounds. Why, when I had not heard from you all the time your cousin was here, except the telephone message and then—"

"Not heard from me! Is it possible, Gertie, you did receive a note of which this is a copy? I sent it by a messenger boy the day of Harry's arrival."

Gertrude gazed at the copy in mute astonishment. The note had not been delivered.

Here, then, was the "missing link" that again restored two minds, at least, to their wonted equilibrium. The reception Gertrude had attended was of a very dear friend, and she had accepted the invitation before receiving Robert's telephone message. On the other hand, Robert had not noticed that in her message, which would have explained—namely, "I have not heard from you."

Davy Jones' Locker.

The following explanation is given of the origin and meaning of the phrase "Davy Jones' Locker," used by seamen.

The etymology seems to be rather fanciful, but it may be correct. At any rate, it will do until a better theory is found:

Sailors call the sea "Davy Jones' Locker" because the dead are thrown there. Davy is a corruption of "duffy," by which name ghosts or spirits are known among the West Indian negroes, and Jones is a corruption of the Prophet Jonah, who was thrown into the sea.

Locker, in seaman's parlance, means any receptacle for private stores. So that when a sailor says, "He's gone to Davy Jones' Locker," he means, "He is gone to the place of safe-keeping, where duffy Jonah was sent to."

Smollett tells us in "Peregrine Pickle" that, according to the mythology of sailors, this self-same Davy Jones is the fiend that presides over all the evil spirits of the sea and is seen in various shapes, warning the devoted wretch of death or woe.

Florida Upas Tree.

Upon the keys south of Daytona there grows a veritable Upas tree, called the machined. Any one taking shelter under it during a rain or sleeping under it when the dew falls is sure to be poisoned. One who experienced it says: "It swells a fellow all up and makes him feel as if he had been skinned and peppered." Sewing some of the wood to make canes for the Exposition, a Mr. Hall, of Daytona, suffered from its poisonous effects so severely that he refuses to handle it again at any price.

No man ever became great or good except through many and great misdeeds.

Being a Woman.

It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place you've got to look well, or you're nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead his friends speak of his many cares and of his thoughtful disposition, and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the bad habit he has got of scowling at his wife when the coffee isn't strong enough.

A woman must always be in good order. Her hair must always be frizzed and banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin; and she must manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just so, and her lace must always be spotless, and her boot buttons always in place, and her finger nails always clean; and then she mustn't whistle, nor climb fences, nor stonewalls, nor scold when she's mad.

She can't go out alone, because ladies must be protected; she can't go anywhere when it rains, because her hair won't stay frizzed and she'll get mud on her petticoats and things; she can't be a Free Mason, because she would tell their secrets and everybody would know all about the goat and grid-iron; she can't smoke, because that would be unfeminine; she can't go courting, because that would not be womanly. But she must get married before she is 25, or everybody will feel wronged. People will sigh over her and wonder why it is that men "don't seem to take;" and all the old maids and widows smile and keep quiet. Oh, these smiles and these significant looks! They are ten times more than open slanders. It is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Everybody knows it, and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and who manage to quarrel with them six days out of seven, will live in an agony of spirit over the single woman and call her that "poor old maid."

A woman must marry rich or she doesn't marry "well." And to marry "well" is the end and aim of a woman's existence, judging from the view which people in general take of this matter. It is everybody's business when a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and decide whether she is good enough for him. (There is nothing said about his being good enough for her.) And they criticize the shape of her nose, and relate anecdotes of how lazy her grandfather was, and how her Aunt Sally used to sell beans and butter-milk. A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 3 feet, and she must manage to dress well on 75 cents a week, and she mustn't be vain, and she must go regularly to the sewing society meetings and be ready to dress dolls and make tidies and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and she must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same unholly passion at the sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come off while in use, and she must keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever mistrust that there were toes in the stockings while they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything her husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away on the parlor sofa and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel and demand "What in thunder she has done with his boots." She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man was never known to shut a drawer. It would be as unnatural for a hen to go in swimming for recreation. She must go to bed first in cold weather so as to get the bed warm. Her husband, if he be a wise man, never asks her to do this. Oh, no! but he sits to "just finish this piece in the paper," and waits till she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. Ah, there are a great many tricks in the trade of living together. A woman is expected to take care of the baby even after the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half dozen. And if he doubles up with the colic or trials of cutting teeth or the necessary evils of mumps and measles and whooping cough and scarlet fever and rash and throat distemper and short sleeves and bare legs and pins sticking into him and too much candy and a bad temper, why her husband tells her that he "does wish she would try and quiet her baby," and he says it too as if he thought she alone was responsible for its being in existence, and as if she was considerably to blame for it too.

And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman's always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her of the lounge with a shawl over her or coodies her to death as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances. We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of being a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why, just let him pin on a pound of false hair and get inside a pair of corsets, and put on a pull-back overshirt, and be a woman himself and see how he likes it.

Restoration.

Osman Digma says El Mahdi intends to restore the whole Nile Valley, from source to mouth, to Mohammedan control, and after he has taken Cairo he will send envoys to Constantinople inviting the Sultan to form an alliance with him against all Christendom.

Tracing paper may be made by immersing best tissue paper in a bath composed of turpentine and bleached beeswax an inch in diameter, dissolved in half a pint of turpentine, is said to give good results. The paper should be allowed to dry for two or three days before it is used.

Facts about Big Fees.

"Many big fees have been received by patent lawyers. Prof. Morse spent a fortune in the courts defending his first patents, but he got all back in the value of the patents. Every invention of importance has cost its inventor or inventor dearly for legal services. Signal instances of this fact have been seen in the vulcanite rubber, barbed iron fence, nickel-plating, burglar-alarm, sewing-machine, and other patent cases, in all of which fortunes were paid to lawyers. In such cases the labor of lawyers is enormous, the responsibility great, and the pay appropriately large. Good patent lawyers get rich but their brows are furrowed with care."

"Mr. Everts has got some very big fees from corporations, from will cases, and long contested suits. He could show the record of a great many \$10,000 fees. When a suitor has a hard case he does not hesitate at paying a few thousand dollars to a good lawyer. A poor lawyer is a very expensive luxury. When a suitor with a good case has been two or three times to the court of appeals in consequence of his lawyer's blunders, he begins to think it pays to get a good one."

"Not along ago it was unlawful and unprofessional for a lawyer to have a personal interest in the case of his client. This was obviously unjust to poor litigants. If a man got injured on a railroad he was absolutely unable to get damages because of his poverty. It got to be proverbial that there was no use suing a corporation. The poor suitor was at a disadvantage. Now it is lawful and reputable for a lawyer to become interested in the case of his client, and to make his fees contingent on success. By the operation of the law of self-interest the lawyer thus works harder than he otherwise would. Many poor litigants have in this way recovered verdicts who would otherwise have become vagrants. I recollect a memorable case where John B. Haskin took up the case of a poor woman with five children, who was really the widow of a wealthy widower who had over and over again acknowledged her as his wife, although she and her children were unknown to the first family. Mr. Haskin supported the poor woman and her children for years while he fought the case to the court of appeals against John H. Anthon, backed by the children of his wife. Of course Mr. Haskin was paid handsomely out of the estate which he recovered for the widow."

"Many large corporations have salaried lawyers to look after their business. Judge Dillon left the bench of the United States court to take a salary of \$20,000 from the Union Pacific Railway company. Dudley Field has had enormous fees out of the Erie Railway company and the elevated railways. The lawyers saved the elevated railways about \$1,250,000 in the tax suits with the city as the courts cut down the bills about that sum."

"The counsel for large corporations like Trinity church, the Equitable and Mutual Life, the Standard Oil company, and institutions of like magnitude receive handsome incomes, and devote themselves largely to the business of one client."

"Lawyers like Ben Butler, Roscoe Conkling, Senator Edmunds, or Judge Jere Black could fill volumes of records of big fees. There is, in fact, always a demand for lawyers who can earn big fees. There are so many novelties of the law, so many expedients and devices to suit new circumstances, that men of generation and of skill in devious expedients can find plenty of scope."

"An Indiana railroad company once employed Gen. Foster to draw up a contract for them. He drew it on one sheet of paper and charged \$250. The company paid and growled. He told them to try a certain high-priced lawyer the next time. They did so. The other lawyer sent around and borrowed the copy of the old contract from George, turned in a neatly engrossed sheet and charged \$2,500. But the company felt satisfied that they had a contract that would hold water."

"In the old days of allowances out of estates by the surrogate a lot of lawyers who had been retained in a will case, but had nothing to do because of the agreement of the frightened litigants, met in the surrogate's office to have their allowances settled. The surrogate permitted the lawyers to settle it among themselves. The gentlemen of the bar agreed to parcel out a very large slice of the estate, each one being most liberal to his learned brother. While this was going on the stenographer of the court, who was a great wag, handed up a bill to the court for \$1,200."

"Why, you have not written a word in this case," said the surrogate.

"I know it," was the bland reply.

"Then how do you claim this \$1,200?" inquired the surrogate.

"I've as much right to it as the lawyers," was the reply. But the surrogate said he would not allow the estate to be plucked!"

In the Rollwagon will case Henry L. Clinton got an allowance of \$15,000; Mr. Arnoux, \$10,000; Malcomb Campbell, \$2,500; George and J. C. Dangle, \$750 each. In the Vanderbilt will case Judge Jeremiah Black had one check from Mrs. La Bar for \$15,000, and other fees during the trial, and Scott Lord had some large fees. Mr. Joseph H. Choate came in for a big fee on the other side.

Mother Eve's Tomb.

Situated in the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the city of Jeddah, is an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike—the grave of Eve, or as she is called in Arabia, "Sittna Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this deserted tomb as her last resting place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine.