

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

In beautiful ringlets her dark auburn hair,
Fell over a neck that marble more fair;
Ah! yes it was
The luxurious bloom of her roseate mouth
Was finer than nectarines, raised in the
South;
I guess it was
Bewitching the light that dwelt in her eyes;
And blacker than any old raven that flies,
Or jet, they were.

LOVE AMID THE SMOKE WREATHS.

It was a rarely beautiful May morn-
ing; a poem in blue and green and gold,
and set to the music of the wild birds,
who were singing gleeefully in the tops
of the green old trees at Oakland.
Scarcely a breath of air was stirring,
and the merry chant of the mating
songsters mingling with the subdued
and melancholy hum of the distant
city, instead of soothing my wounded
feelings, fell on my ear with a saddening
and irritating effect.

We had quarrelled, Alma and I. When
I think of it now, with the long, dark,
shadowy years between then and now,
it seems the greatest piece of folly
under the sun. It was only a lover's
quarrel, yet it was destined to end in
mad despair. It all seems now a very
little thing, but at that time it was dif-
ferent—it was everything! The poor,
little piece of folly, of which she had
been guilty, assumed gigantic proportions;
and I, jealous and exacting, brooded
over it, until I came to believe myself
the most injured, the most wronged
and suffering man in existence.

I was poor and proud, and ambitious
—Alma Meredith was far from
wealthy; but she was fair and sweet,
and I loved her, oh, heavens! how I
loved her! 'Twas for her sake I tolled
night and day at my profession. I was
then but a struggling writer for the
daily press, endeavoring what available
time I could for the study of law.

Perhaps I lived too much in the
clouds, for I was ever dreaming and
striving to embody my dreams in some
supreme effort which would bring me
the fame and fortune that I courted.
Alma was young and beautiful, and
care-free, loving to mingle with her
gay companions. She was a great
sporter; no merry-making was complete
without her; she was the life of her
circle of friends, while I kept to myself
as much as possible, buried among my
books and papers, at all times.

It was my custom, during the beauti-
ful spring mornings, to take long walks
through the suburbs of the city, and I
generally manage on these occasions to
pass the pretty house of Miss Meredith,
at Oakland.

There was to be an excursion up the
Allegheny and Alma urged and begged
me to accompany her; but I was greatly
occupied by my work and persistently
declined.

"Then I will go with Fred Archer,"
she said, half poutingly, "but, oh
Dave, I think you might come! It will
do you good to get away from those
musty old books and papers for a few
hours!"

"You must not go with Archer!" I
returned, dictatorially. "I desire you
to give up that idea, Alma. I do not
like Fred Archer, and you know it! He
is a flirt—and—"

"And you expect me to remain at
home, just to gratify an unreasonable
whim of yours?" she demanded spirit-
edly.

"I think you ought not to go, unless
I can accompany you!" I returned,
"since you have no brother or anyone
to take my place!"

"And yet—you refuse to accompany
me!" she cried, her blue eyes flashing
indignantly, a red spot burning like a
tiny fire on either cheek. "Dave, you
are not only unreasonable but you are
downright selfish!"

Perhaps it was my accusing con-
science that stung me to retort, with a
show of anger, though I knew I was
wrong.

"Selfish or not, Alma, it is my desire
that you remain at home in preference
to allowing Fred Archer to accompany
you!"

She wheeled about suddenly, facing
me with flashing, angry eyes:
"I have found out your true nature
in good time, Dave Carlton!" she
panted; "I see now how jealous," ex-
acting, selfish, tyrannical you can be,
and I release you from your engage-
ment to me."

Hard words; but looking back upon
it all now, I can only say that she was
right. Poor little Alma!

She drew the pretty diamond soli-
taire which I had given her, from her
finger, and threw it on the grass at my
feet; I stepped forward, set my boot
heel upon it, and ground it into the
clay beneath my weight, suppressing
the oath that gurgled in my throat.

"Good-bye!" she cried, angrily, and
was gone.
It seemed to me an ebullition of
temper, in very bad taste, at the time;
now, I can only say I deserved it all,
and more.

I was thrown in her society a great
deal, and before I was aware of it I
was paying her marked attention. Well,
why shouldn't I? Alma had ceased to
love me. I might as well marry the
heiress, if I could get her—thus I reason-
ed. So, urged on by some perverse
spirit, of which, in my sane moments I
felt heartily ashamed, I devoted myself
to Miss Jerome, and ere many months
had elapsed she was my promised wife.

I met Alma occasionally. She had
a way of glancing into my face that
troubled me; very pitiful was the look
which the sweet blue eyes gave me;
then immediately she would avert her
head with the coldest of salutations.
She continued to be very gay and ap-
parently happy—the life of every as-
semblage—a reigning queen; singing
and sharing the honors with Miss Je-
rome, my beautiful Grace.

Strange that I knew no more the
rapture that had ever been mine when
Alma and I had belonged to each other!
My heart seemed numbed and chilled.
I was about to sacrifice my happiness
on the shrine of my ambition; I was
going to wed this beautiful cold-hearted
woman for the sake of wealth and
beauty. I did not really love her; I
was only actuated by pique and I loved
Alma Meredith all the time.

She came to my side one evening at
Mrs. Harrington's reception—lovely
little Alma!

"Dave," she said softly for the first
time since our quarrel, her sparkling
blue eyes shining shyly into mine, "I
hear you are betrothed to Miss Jerome,
is it true?"

"My heart grew numb and cold, then
beat wildly.
"It is true," I answered.
She grew very pale.

"I congratulate you," she said sim-
ply; and ere I could utter another word
she had slipped away as softly as she
came, and when I saw her again she
was walking with Fred Archer. My
heart grew cold again.

"She does not care," I muttered un-
der my breath; "she has no thought for
any man but that fop."

I sought my lady love that very even-
ing to urge a speedy marriage. Some-
thing told me it was best over with as
soon as possible. She listened graciously,
and ere we parted, a day—our
wedding day—was appointed.

We were married. The wedding was
quite a grand affair; and as soon as it
was over, and my letters securely on, I
would have given five years of my life
to be free once more. But it was too
late. I was bound by all the ties of
honor; shut away from Alma Meredith
forever. I had chosen my own course,
and must abide by it.

We sailed for Europe, my stately
Grace and I, and there we remained
for several months. Life had grown to
be very dull and insipid to me. I
was unhappy and sad, and my heart
yearned for my lost one in the Smokey
City. The cloud that had risen before
me on that beautiful morning in Oak-
land had gathered in density; the rays
of love and joy that had lighted my life
before were stifled in its dark impene-
trable folds, and, as I felt the blighting
shadow hang heavy on my soul, I
realized that I still loved Alma with all
my heart.

We came home at last, and on the
evening of our arrival we went to the
Opera House to see Jefferson in "Rip
Van Winkle." My wife and I occupied
a box on the right, and I was proud of
the admiring eyes and the number of
glances leveled in her direction. How
regal she looked in her rich dress of
amber violet, with diamonds glittering
like stars on a frosty night; a cold
smile lit up her proud, handsome face,
her beauty was statuesque.

Suddenly I turned my eyes to the
opposite stage box, uttering a low cry
of surprise and delight, for Alma Mer-
edith was sitting in the box with a party
of gay friends, as in times past, among
whom I recognized Mrs. Chatterton,
an old school mate of my own. For a
time I sat staring (I could not help it)
at the sweet, dainty face before me.
Very pale was Alma, there was some-
thing in her beauty which made me
think of heaven, even there in the midst
of that gay assembly—the low, soft
music swelling up from the orchestra
added to my spell-bound enchantment
as I gazed on that lovely form once
more. She was dressed all in white—
some soft, flowing material—and a
white cloak was draped gracefully about
her figure; her sunny hair fell in a mass
of wavy brightness over her shoulders,
and she wore a knot of violets in her
corsage. I sat drinking in the exquisite
beauty of the pale, sweet face until I
could keep silent no longer. Excusing
myself to the party in our box, I arose
and made my way straight to the one
opposite occupied by Mrs. Chatterton
and her friends, to—I stopped short as
I entered the box—Alma was gone.

My greeting was perhaps a little un-
usual after my absence of months in a
foreign land. I seized Mrs. Chatterton's
hand unceremoniously, and panted
hastily.

"Where is Alma? She was here at
your side a moment ago, but the instant
I appeared she vanished. Tell me,
Mrs. Chatterton, does Alma hate me so
bitterly that she will not receive me as
a friend?"

Mrs. Chatterton's face grew as pale
as death, as she gazed in astonishment
on my excited features and yearning
eyes full of unshed tears.

"My dear boy!" she said sadly, "do
you not know—have you not heard?
Alma, dear, sweet little Alma is—dead!
She died nearly a month ago."

When I came to my senses after that
fearful shock I was just recovering from
brain fever, and though they tell me it
was the fever which caused me to de-
lude myself into the belief that Alma
had appeared to me, I know that I am
not mistaken; that I saw her—my little
love—in that box on the left of the
Opera House robed in white, with vio-
lets on her breast. And, just as surely
as I saw her there, so surely do I be-
lieve that she shall meet again some day
in "that world which sets this right,"
and she will forgive me and we will be
happy.

But on this side of the river, the sky
is no longer blue, the tops of the old
trees in Oakland no longer green, and
the music of the wild birds have be-
come harsh and discordant sounds.

The smoke wreaths that roll from the
fiery furnaces on every hand can add
no more gloom to the withered heart,
whose rivulets of love are dried up by
the smouldering furnace of remorse;
nor can the black clouds of despair ef-
face the violet eyes that keep beckon-
ing me from the darkness, while a soft
low voice seems whispering:
"The path of sorrow, and that alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."
SIPTEKA.

Oriental Detectives.

The Orientals are good detectives.
Some of their measures for ferreting
out a criminal are as singular and ef-
fective as any ever devised by a mem-
ber of the Russian secret police. An
Agha, or chief magistrate of the Cairo
police, once found out a "confidence"
woman by a device worthy of that He-
brew king who discovered the mother
of the disputed child. The story, which
resembles some of the tales in the
"Arabian Nights," is thus related in
Lane's "Modern Egyptians."

A poor man applied one day to the
Agha. "Sir," said he, "there came to
me to-day a woman, and she said to
me, 'Take this "kurs" (a head or orna-
ment), and let it remain in your posses-
sion for a time, and lend me five hun-
dred piasters (\$25.00)."

"I took it from her, sir, and gave her
the five hundred piasters, and she went
away. When she was gone away, I
said myself, 'Let me look at this
kurs'; and I looked at it, and behold, it
was yellow brass."

"I slapped my face and said, 'I will
go to the Agha and tell my story to him.
Perhaps he will clear up the affair,' for
there is no one who can help me but
thou."

The Agha said to him, "Hear what I
tell thee, man. Take whatever is in
thy shop—leave nothing—and lock it
up, and to-morrow morning go early,
and when thou hast opened thy shop,
cry out, 'Alas for my property!'"

"When one says to thee, 'What is the
matter with thee?' do thou answer,
'The property of others is lost; a pledge
that I had, belonging to a woman, is
lost; if it were my own, I should not
thus lament it.' This will clear up the
affair."

The man did as the Agha requested.
As he went about the city, beating
himself with two cloths and lamenting
that he had lost a pledge belonging to a
woman, she who had given him the
kurs heard him. Discovering that it
was the man she had cheated, she said
to herself, "Go and bring an action
against him!"

She went to his shop, riding on an
ass to give herself consequence, and
said to him, "Man, give me my prop-
erty that is in thy possession."

He answered, "It is lost." "Thy
tongue be cut out!" she cried; "dost
thou lose my property? I will go to the
Agha and inform him of it."

She went and told her case. The
Agha sent for the man, and when he
had come said to his accuser, "What is
thy property in his possession?"

She answered, "A kurs of red Venetian
gold."

"Woman," said the Agha, "I have a
gold kurs here; I should like to show it
thee," and he untied a handkerchief,
and taking out of it the kurs which she
had given in pledge, said "Look!"

She looked at it and hung down her
head.

"Haste thy head," said the Agha,
"and say, where are the five hundred
piasters of this man?"

"Sir, they are in my house," she an-
swered.

The money was found and given to
the man, and the woman was ordered
to be beheaded.

Sutro's Student Library.

Adolph Sutro has been quietly at
work for a number of years maturing
plans which will place him, in the his-
tory of public benefactors in California.
This man intends to establish a free
public library and to erect a handsome
building, and when all is completed to
donate it to San Francisco for public
use. There are some features of the li-
brary which Mr. Sutro intends to em-
phasize which will make it different
from the great Astor Library in New
York City or the valuable collection of
books in the Cooper Institute. It is to
be a library after the fashion of those
in the German university towns, such
as Göttingen, Heidelberg and Leipzig.
These libraries are intended chiefly for
students and scholars. It is the aim
of such institutions to have on their
shelves every work, ancient and mod-
ern, on the leading subjects in science,
philosophy or literature.

In 1882 Mr. Sutro started for Europe
via Japan and China, with the inten-
tion of making a beginning. The 60,000
volumes now arranged on the third
floor of 107 Battery street is the result
of his work abroad. While in Japan
Mr. Sutro bought Oriental works of
great value. Whenever he found a
manuscript or an old coin that threw
light upon the history of religion or
philosophy of the East he bought it and
had it shipped to this port. He ran-
sacked Egypt, Jerusalem and Greece
for old and rare works. When he ar-
rived in Western Europe he employed
agents to buy books in Madrid, Lon-
don, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Leipzig
and Göttingen. His collection of works
purchased in Western Europe consists
of three kinds, which mark three pe-
riods of book-making.

First are the old manuscripts, 2d, the
incunabula, or books published before
the fifteenth century, and third, the
books issued from the press since that
time. Mr. Sutro's idea was to collect
the most ancient and valuable works
first, knowing that the editions of later
date that are still in market can be
purchased at any time. He has shelf
filled with old-fashioned bound
books in white vellum and printed
in Latin, with illuminations. Perhaps
the most complete and perfect section
of the library is that devoted to English
history and English literary develop-
ment.

At the Seashore.

"But how can I help feeling neg-
lected and miserable Ned? You
scarcely look at me when Miss Lovel is
near. You walk with her, you sing
with her, you drive with her, you dance
with her, and it makes me very
wretched."

"Now, Mollie, if you're going to be
jealous—"

"I'm not jealous, Ned. If I thought
you didn't care most for me I don't
think I'd remonstrate with you at all.
I would just take off this," touching
the diamond on her hand, "and hand
it back to you."

"My little pet, you do not see things
as I see them. One owes something to
society, especially when one is at the
seaside. If you would only remember
that I love you too well to find fault
with anything you can do, and if you
would become a little more of a society
character yourself, I would be perfectly
happy. Now, dear, kiss me. I am to
drive on the beach with Miss Lovel.
Not jealous, my pet?"

"Not jealous, Ned, no; and she
turned to him, but without giving the
kiss he asked for.

"She is jealous, though," the young
fellow thought, smiling as he watched
the pretty, straight figure going away
from the nook in which he found her,
out to the stretch of sand against which
the waves were rolling.

Ned Tremaine hurried over the beach
and presently caught up with his
 affianced, who, in her pretty dress, with
the wide sunhat pushed a little back on
her blonde head, was looking very beau-
tiful, and smiling in the face of Lee
Stone, the most incorrigible male flirt
at the beach.

"Where now, Tremaine?" the latter
called out.

"I'll drive on the beach; will see
you later," and Ned had gone by.

Mr. Stone smiled a little and spoke a
few words to Mollie. She colored
slightly, then gave a gracious answer,
and half an hour later, when Ned and
Miss Lovel met the pretty, light car-
riage on the beach, in which Lee Stone
took his daily drive, they received a
pleasant nod from pretty Mollie, who
was his companion, and who looked as
though she was thoroughly enjoying his
society.

"She certainly lost no time in follow-
ing my suggestions," Ned told himself,
half in surprise; "and she has evidently
found the society of Stone anything but
drying."

"What a handsome couple they
make!" Miss Lovel said, with a certain
gleam in her steady gray eyes. Ned
colored suddenly; he didn't quite know
why.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Miss
Ames is my promised wife," he said, a
trifle coldly.

"Oh, but so many engagements are
broken in a summer at the seaside; it
never minds that very much," the lan-
guid belle said, indifferently.

That night there was a hop at the
hotel, and Ned had made up his mind
to be a little more attentive to Mollie;
but to his surprise he didn't find her
under her mother's wing as had been
her custom.

A number of her old friends had
arrived, and they were about her; be-
sides Lee Stone was quite pronounced in
his attentions to her, and while she
gave him (Ned) a smile from the dis-
tance he found it quite difficult to get
near her; then a light tap on his arm
informed him that Miss Lovel was ask-
ing him why he was preoccupied, and
as Mollie and Stone were curdled by
joining the waltzers, he followed them
with Miss Lovel.

"A rather pronounced flirtation,"
Lee laughed later, when he and Mollie
stood on the hotel terrace watching the
moonlight on the sea strand, and one
solitary couple passing slowly beside
the waters. Both knew who they were,
for a few moments before they had seen
Ned Tremaine shake the shoulders of Miss
Lovel, as he led her across the terrace,
too much engrossed in his task, it would
seem, to notice Mollie or her compan-
ion.

"Oh, everybody flirts more or less at
a seaside hotel; one has nothing else to
do, you know," Mollie answered. "Lee
looked down on her pretty face, his
voice smaking almost to a whisper as he
spoke to her.

"It is a cowardly pastime for a man,"
he said; "and, for a woman, it is a
cruel one."

Again she laughed, while arranging
the bracelet on her arm a touch of
mockery was in the rippling voice.

"And you—are it pleasant to know
that you are cruel or cowardly?" she
questioned. "One is tempted to become
proud when such remarks come from
one who is said to count his conquests
with cruel pride. Am I too plain?
Forgive me."

"I forgive you freely—as I would
forgive you all things, Miss Ames; but
neither you nor the world fully under-
stands me. I may seem a trifler, but
were the woman I love to love me in
return no smile would be to me so sweet
as hers, no presence half so dear."

"Do we all wrong you, then?" she
asked, gently. "Have you fallen in
your wooing? Can you not win where
you love?"

His face flushed a little at her words,
and she, watching it, was struck by his
strength and beauty. How did it
chance that she had never noticed either
before?

"I am not left the chance to woo or
win her," he said slowly; "she is
another's promised wife."

"Ah," she said, pityingly, and she
gave him her hand in a sweet, womanly
sympathy, never for an instant connect-
ing his words with herself. He lifted
the small hand reverently to his lips,
and, drawing it through his arm, turned
toward the beach. As he did so he
found himself facing Ned Tremaine and
Miss Lovel, who were coming in from
the moonlight, and he noticed that the
young man's face was quite white,
while there was a half scornful smile on
the lips of the fair belle of the seaside.

looked up and found her eyes filled with
tears. And now, in her own room, she
was asking herself how it was that
what she had just commenced for the
purpose of annoying Ned, had, in one
brief week, slain all her old resentment
against Miss Lovel, and made her
thoughts turn constantly, not to Ned
Tremaine, who was her affianced hus-
band, but to Lee Stone, who was termed
the greatest male flirt at the beach
What was changing in her life?

A servant broke her ponderings by
bringing her a note from Lee, asking
her to go for a drive with him by moon-
light, and a few angry lines from Ned,
asking if she remembered that she was
betrothed to him while she allowed
every gossip at the hotel to chatter of
her flirtation with Lee Stone.

"I have been patient, waiting an op-
portunity of speaking to you," he
wrote, "but you will not give me one,
so I write to ask if you wish our engage-
ment broken; to all it would seem so."

She trembled a little as she read, and
her sweet face changed color, but she
went to her desk, drew from it every
letter he had ever sent her, formed them
and his ring in a package, and wrote
him the following note:

"It was I who was first taught
patience, while my existence was for-
gotten for one who was what you bade
me become—a society character. Why
should I fancy that you wished an in-
terview with me of late? It is not so
long since you could not spare a moment
for me from Miss Lovel. Do I wish
our engagement broken? Perhaps we
both wish it, Ned; at least let us break
it since I so displease you. I send you
your letters and ring."

Then, although a choking sensation
was in her throat, she penned a brief
note to Lee:

"I was pleased to go with you,"
she wrote, "and in the starlight—the
moon rose late—she went with him
out over the beach and far along the
country."

Was it strange that he noticed she no
longer wore Ned's ring? Was it strange
that he told her of his love, and that
she listened silently, believing, with a
strange flutter at her heart? Was it
strange that when they drove back,
lingering beside the sobbing ocean,
another ring should deck her finger and
another bond should lie upon her life?

Will Power Cures.

Will power, as well as imagination,
has much to do with the cures that are
effected in some cases. The late Isaac
Toucey, who was Secretary of the Navy
under President Buchanan, and pre-
viously a Senator, was a man of strong
will power. Many years ago his horses
became frightened on Bolton Mountain
and ran away. He was thrown out and
dragged along the street. Two or three
of his ribs were broken, and he was
bruised all over and injured internally.
Surgeons from the city were sent out
and found him in a very dangerous con-
dition. Apparently his injuries were
fatal. But "No," he whispered, "I
shall recover." He did recover, and his
will power carried him through. A
physician of Hartford, Conn., not now
living, stated to us some years since
that he once had a peculiar case. The
patient was remarkably nervous. She
imagined that her heart, lungs and
liver were all disordered. Yet he found
them sound. She had no organic dis-
ease except nervousness, and that was
enough. "I can cure you," said the
physician. "I understand the case. He
gave her six bread pills—not a particle
of medicine in them. He said: 'Take
one to-night, one to-morrow night, half
of one each night the next two nights.
Then split the others in quarters, and
take one-fourth of a pill every morning
till all are used up—but do not on any
account take any more on any day than
I have ordered; it will be dangerous.
But by following my directions precisely
you will be entirely well when all the
pills are taken.' The woman had faith
in him, and she got well, as he had pre-
dicted. Wasn't this a 'faith cure'?"

It certainly was not the dough rolled
into pills that had any effect upon the
old lady. There can be no doubt that
will power or faith or imagination has
much to do with one's health, or ill-
health, if the imagination runs that
way.

Growth of Our Post Office.

In the year 1792 there were only 294
post offices in the United States, and so
light were the duties of Postmaster
General regarded that President Wash-
ington was opposed to giving him a seat
in the Cabinet. Now there are 50,000
post offices, and the annual revenues
have swelled from \$25,000 to \$45,000,000. Ninety years ago the Depart-
ment looked with unconcealed disfavor
on the project of admitting newspapers
to the mails, and not until the intro-
duction of railroads did the opposing
entirely relax. Nowadays hundreds of
tons of printed matter are handled and
transported daily. When Thomas Jef-
ferson and Timothy Pickens endeav-
ored to expedite the service between
New York and Washington so as to at-
tain a speed of 100 miles in 24 hours,
they came into collision with a State
rights pretension which temporarily de-
feated the enterprise, for New Jersey
insisted on exacting her "stage and
tavern" tax of \$400 from the Federal
mail coaches. The world has moved a
great deal since the beginning of the
century.

Booksellers.

In Germany it is the custom for book-
sellers to send to their customers parcels
of new books "on approval," it
being understood that the books not
returned are accepted, and will be paid
for. Relying upon this custom, a book-
seller at Worms continued year after
year to send books to a person living in
the town. None of the books were re-
turned and none were paid for. At
last the bookseller sent in his bill,
which the other party declined to pay,
but offered to return the books. This
did not suit the bookseller, for the pub-
lishers would no longer take the books
back from him. Accordingly he brought
his action for the price; but he has been
defeated in the Court of First Instance,
and also on appeal, on the ground, ap-
parently, that there was no contract.

Cattle Men.

In Humboldt county, Cal., the cattle
men are great sufferers by the depreda-
tions of bears among the flocks. Some
are compelled to hire men, at a small ex-
pense, the year round to track, tree and
destroy these varmints. A valuable aid
in this service is the hound, which has
been trained particularly for the bear
hunt, and a good bear dog in Humboldt
is sometimes valued by the owner for
more than his two best horses would
bring. It was but a week or so since
A. Nobles of that county bought of
Andy Bowman, of Mendocino county,
three hounds, for which he paid \$350.

Equal parts of minced ham and hard-
boiled egg make a very good sandwich.