

## CHRYSANTHEMUM

She had come to life just as the chrysanthemums do, with the falling leaves, and like them, too, she had bloomed as best she might without the glow, the summer splendor or the summer showers that other lives and other flowers share.

She lived in a brown farm house among the Massachusetts hills with her old father. Had she bloomed so late in his life to give some color and poetry to the autumn of his days, as the chrysanthemum blows only to light the fall of the dying leaves? It must have been so, for he was well into the sixties, while she was barely sixteen.

Years ago her mother had died, a frail, lovely creature, who would have given that other young life the joy and love it needed so; but the child grew without it, a hardy, cheerful little thing, though not without a certain wildness at times in her great deep blue eyes so like a purple flower. Old Rachel, her father's housekeeper and her own faithful nurse, used to look at her with wet eyes and shake her head.

"It ain't natural. She goes on singing and laughing as happy as a lark all day; but what's to make her happy, say I? It ain't her father, nor yet me, tho' I do love her, the dear, and she ain't got no mother, no sister, no brother, nor yet no lover, so what's to make her happy? It ain't natural," she insisted, as a blithe voice rose above the clatter of the dishes as Rachel bustled around the kitchen.

"What makes you so happy, lamb?" cried the old lady out through the open window.

"Oh, Rachael, I've got such a lovely lot of chrysanthemums; come out and see; oh, look, look!"

"It's them flowers that make her happy," muttered the old servant, as she made her way through the kitchen garden.

"Well, to be sure, Chris, dear, them do beat all. Oh, them is handsome!"

"Aren't they just lovely? See those great golden ones and the purple; those are my favorites, and this cherry and white, and these pure white, too, those are for mother," she said, lowering her voice a little; "they are the only ones I shall pick. Rachael, aren't they lovely?"

But Rachael only shook her head and went into the house.

"To think she loves them flowers so; it ain't natural, it ain't; if it was a kitten now or a dog I wouldn't wonder so, but a lot of clinging asters, it ain't natural."

Natural or not, Chris was very happy. She hung over her newly blooming plants nearly all the morning, then a sudden cloud came over her face. She looked up with a long sigh and turned to the back of the house, where two deep windows marked her father's study.

"I wonder now if I dare tell him about them, he does hate so to be disturbed; but oh! I want him to see those purple ones so much."

With one fond look at her glowing bed she went in at the door. With hesitating step she passed along the broad, old-fashioned hall and rapped timidly at the open door. Not expecting any response she went in and sighed as she saw the gray, bent head poring over an old book. A wood fire smoldered on the hearth. She knelt down and blew the embers, looking up now and then with a smile.

"There, there, let it alone, child; it is burning very well."

"Oh, father, father—"

"Well, what now?"

"Father, it's just lovely out to-day—so warm and so sunny; and, father, my flowers are in bloom."

"Your flowers—oh, the chrysanthemum bed, hey? Well, that's good."

"Father, won't you come and look at them?" "Do!" very wistfully.

"Come out? Not I. I've got something better to do than to look at a lot of posies. There, run along, child; now do."

She went very slowly and softly out of the room, closing the door gently behind her, but her heart was full. Her song was silent now, and as she passed the kitchen window she did not look up and nod as usual.

She went quietly out to the hot house and, selecting a small trowel, knelt down beside the white chrysanthemums and began loosening the roots with tender, patient hands.

"She would have come to look," she murmured as she glanced off to where the white shaft of her mother's tomb arose.

"She would have understood; perhaps she will understand now if I say a little prayer."

Two hot tears fell on the pure blossoms as she gathered them up in her apron; but they were not bitter tears, she was too young for that. She walked quickly across the fields that separated the burying ground from the house, and soon was by her mother's grave. The field lark was chirping, the goldenrod had brushed her cheeks as she passed, her heart was lighter, and she sang under her breath a sweet, old-fashioned hymn.

At last the flowers were planted and she turned to go.

A young man with a sketch book under his arm stood aside to let her pass. She looked up in time to see him remove his hat, and encountered a

pair of dark brown eyes. She colored, and went on with quickened steps, conscious of her soiled apron and earth-begrimed fingers.

He stood looking after her, still with his head bared. He was an artist; the sight of the young girl kneeling by the grave had appealed to his senses.

He had seen the monument from a distance and had come to inspect it, without an idea of intruding; there he had seen her, had sent one look into those sweet, flower-like eyes, and had let her go without one word of apology. He saw her enter the farm house and then retraced his steps, reading first the inscription on the monument:

Sacred to the memory of Elizabeth, Wife of Caleb Field, Who died Jan. 15—Aged 19 years. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

On the mound were the freshly planted buds. He stooped down a little to see if they were wilted, and he thought he saw a tear-drop in the heart of one of them.

"Poor little girl! I was a brute to come up like that; I must tell mother!" Frank Wainwright had a very good and lovely mother, a mother who, though devoted to her only child, had been wise enough to train him nobly.

Their place was some two miles off, among the most picturesque of the Berkshire hills.

He almost ran to the drive, and came upon his mother just as she was descending from her carriage.

"Why, dear, what is it?" seeing him so flushed and hurried.

"Come into the house and I will tell you."

In a few words he told eagerly what he had seen, and a soft look came over Mrs. Wainwright's gentle face. Fifteen years before, about this time (and she remembered the chrysanthemums then in bloom), she had laid down among them her little fair, dead daughter. Her heart bled as she spoke of the flowers; he saw the anguish in her face and stopped.

"Oh, mother, forgive. I never thought of my sister," he said brokenly. She bowed her head and they sat silent, hand in hand, for a moment. Then Mrs. W. spoke in a low, sweet voice:

"I should like to see this young girl; and, my son, no apology is needed for what was unintentional; a simple explanation should suffice. Poor child! I wonder if it was her mother's grave."

Rachael was astounded the next day by seeing the Wainwright turnout at their door.

She clapped on a clean white apron and showed Mrs. W. very civilly into the parlor, and took the card in to the master.

"Humph!" he said. "I don't want to see her. Where's Chris?"

"Here, father," she answered. She had been reading beside him, and he had never noticed her.

"It's Mrs. W., sir; she that bought the Morris place. She's a real lady, sir."

"Oh, Rachael, what shall I say to her?" exclaimed Chris.

"You don't need to say anything. Just go and smile at her, my lamb, and she'll be satisfied, I know."

When Chris saw the tall lady mourning her heart misgave her for a moment until she heard her voice.

"My child," it said, "you must wonder at my visit. It was my son Frank who intruded upon you yesterday, and who could not rest until I came to say how entirely a mistake it was."

Chris took courage to look up under her long eyelashes and was reassured.

"Oh, certainly, Mrs. W., he was very kind—and polite, I am sure, and I thank you for coming."

"Thank you, dear, and now I will go. You have a pleasant home here, Miss Field," she said, as Chris walked off with her to the carriage.

"Oh! do you think so? Yes, it is pleasant. Wait just one minute, Mrs. W., please."

She ran swiftly out of sight, and returned with an exquisite bunch of white chrysanthemums.

The tears sprang to Mrs. W.'s eyes. She took the bunch and the small hand with it into her own and laid a kiss upon the pure young brow.

"They're mother's flowers; she's fond, you know," said Chris, simply.

"I know, my dear, and I shall cherish them; good-by."

"Oh! Rachel! that's the loveliest lady I ever saw!" cried Chris, rushing into the kitchen.

"I suppose you won't look at any of us now," retorted the old woman, and was huffed and offended for two whole days. A week after that there came an invitation to take tea with Mrs. W., and great were the preparations for the event, and Rachael was very proud of her darling as she drove off arrayed in a pretty, quaint gown of lilac, with a ruffle of red lace at her neck and wrists.

"She's pretty as a peach," declared her old nurse, "with them sweet blue eyes and them little pink cheeks, so she is."

Mrs. W. met her, and a wave of emotion went over her, and she thought of her own lost darling.

"Now, dear, we are to be friends, you know," said Mrs. W., as they sat down together in the beautiful library, "and I don't even know your name."

"Mother named me Chrysanthemum."

and they call me Chris. You see I was born in October, the same as the flowers, and I suppose that made her think of the name. I was only two years old when she died."

"Two years old!" the words sent a pang through the mother's heart. She sighed heavily, then crossed the room and took a portrait from the table and gave it into Chris's hands. It was that of a dear little dimpled girl, with an upturned, laughing face.

"My daughter," Mrs. W. said. "Oh, have you a daughter? What a pretty child?" Then seeing the sad, troubled look in her friend's face she threw herself on her knees and buried her head in Mrs. W.'s lap. After that they were more than friends. A sweet sense of peace flooded Mrs. W.'s motherly heart as she held that girlish form in her arms and passed her fingers through the dark, clinging curls, and she learned all the cruel loss that young heart had suffered, unconscious of how it revealed the very depths of an unsullied nature of the tenderest kind.

What wonder if Mrs. W. thought, "Oh, heart of gold! If she could only be my daughter indeed!" And so it came to pass that very next year, when the chrysanthemums were in full bloom, Frank Wainwright led his bride to the little village church.

Old Rachel brings their children often now to the spot where their mother used to watch her flowers in her desolate childhood, and as she smiles at the pretty, chubby faces the old woman murmurs to herself:

"She's happy now, and it's natural she should be. She's got something better than flowers to care for now. God bless her!"—New York Journal.

## DAILY WARNED

"Looker here, Jim Shipton, I just want yer to understand who it is yer sassin'," cried an irate Dakota woman on the occasion of a trifling conjugal eclogue between her husband and herself.

"I just want ye to b'ar in mind that it ain't none o' yer common, low-down western woman yer talkin' to, but a lady born an' raised in the state o' Missouri an' used to good manners, be gosh! A lady whose par was a justice of the peace and one of the prominent men in the town—a lady what useter sing in the choir, and who never knowed what it was to associate with the common run o' folks till she tuk up with you, dem yer picher! An' don't you presume to raise up an' sass me as if yer was my ek'al, Jim Shipton! Don't you das' do it!"—Drake's Magazine.

## THISTLE POMPONS

An exchange tells how to make beautiful pompoms for home decoration:

Select a large, half-blown thistle, and cut off all the green part at the base of the blossom, just above the stem. Hang the thistle in the open air, exposed to the sun and wind, and, in the course of a day or two, the inside downy part will expand into a full, rounded pompon, or puff ball. Then pull out the purple petals which had developed into bloom when you had selected the half-open thistle. Hang up the pompon again in an airy place, and in the course of a week it will have bleached a cream-white. These pompoms are feathery and delicately pretty as swans-down. They are a great addition to a bouquet, or a basket of grasses.

Milkweed pompoms are not quite so easily made but are more silky and nearer pure white than the thistles. When the milkweed pods are ripe, make a collection of them, and they can be kept half a year or more before the pompoms are made, if so desired, or the puff balls can be made at once, as follows: Have some very fine wire, such as is used for bead-work, and cut it into pieces four inches long. Dip the pod in water, and then open it. It will be found filled with many bundles of web-like white fibres. Pull off several of these and wrap the wire around the ends which were attached to the centre stem. Brush off the black seeds adhering to the other ends. Wire a number of bundles, as just described, then with another piece of wire, to wind round and round, put them together as you would a bouquet of flowers, thus making a rounded pompon. City florists have these colored a delicate pink, and they are beautiful.

## MAKING ONE'S SELF SEAS

We should never give too much of our society even to those we love us. It is well not to stay too long in any company so as to leave regrets and illusions behind us when we depart. One will thus appear to better advantage and seem to be worth more. People will then desire to see you return; but do not gratify that desire immediately; make them wait for you, but not too long, however. Anything that costs too much loses by the difficulty with which it is obtained. Something better was anticipated. Or, on the other hand, make them wait a very long time for you—then you will be a queen.—Marie Bashkirtseff.

## REDUCING WEIGHT

Zola reports that his attempt to reduce his weight, which was very great, by not drinking, resulted in a reduction of ten pounds in eight days. At the end of three months he had lost forty-five pounds, and was in much better health.

## DANGERS IN AFRICA

Dr. Jules Borrelli Tells of the Perils He Experienced in His Travels.

One Must Always Be on His Guard—Slaves Trade Among the Hadias and Kooloo Tribes—Eating Raw Beef at Religious Festivals.

I decided to enter Africa through the country of the Dankalis, writes M. Jules Borrelli. The task I had before me was the more difficult that the countries through which I had to travel are inhabited by numerous nomadic mountain tribes, who live by pillage and murder, and who are among the most inhospitable in northern Africa. They are treacherous to a degree scarcely conceivable, lulling your watchfulness to sleep by protestations of the sincerest friendship, until a favorable opportunity occurs to cut your throat. The country is wild and broken, scorched by the sun and furrowed by depressions and cavities, some of which sink to a depth of 1,000 and more feet.

The descent from the plain of Wardillias, which is covered with stones and pebbles—the pest of the country—and has neither grass nor water, to Bahr Assal (Salt Lake), lies through a track which seems to have been turned topsy turvy between high and steep hills, and reminds one of the infernal regions. The lake is 570 feet below the level of the sea. About a third of the soil in its vicinity is covered with a sheet of salt half a foot thick, which resembles ice. As salt is not only used for culinary purposes, but also as a currency, it is cut into pieces of the shape of a whetstone; they are about 9 inches long, 1 1/2 inches thick, and in the middle 2 inches wide. Black lava beds abound and several deep craters. Mimosa, from which gum arabic is collected, acacia, saline plants, and a few groves of doom palm trees are alone met with by the way.

We were soon among the wandering tribes of the Ad Allil. Woe to the unfortunate stranger in these parts, for he is sure to be cut off. The Ad Allil are exceedingly ferocious and bloodthirsty. At times we met some of their women and children driving their flocks of sheep and goats. Nor had we less to fear from the savage denizens of the forest and caverns, for here wild beasts abound. Lions are occasionally met with. Leopards also sometimes appear. There are numerous wolves, hyenas, lynxes, and foxes. As we approached the Hawash river, which constitutes the boundary between Danakil-Ad Allil tribes and the kingdom of Shoa the aspect of the country suddenly changes. It becomes verdant and widely cultivated. Small villages are perched on most of the peaked hills we pass. The camel thorn, babool, tamarind, and the luxurious socratine aloe plant smiled on every side. Game is abundant. Zebras, bezzes, spur fowls, quail, bustards, and franciscans swarmed around our path. Antelopes were to be seen grazing; ostriches and wild asses flew past in the jungle. Snipe and ducks sought refuge in the lakes covered with the lotus plant. In the trees parrots in gay plumage and dog-headed monkeys disported themselves among the branches, and, though serpents were not so numerous in the undergrowth, some are deadly poisonous.

Antoto, which is about sixty days' journey from the coast, is the residence of King Menelik II., who claims descent from Solomon. My course now lay to the south. Finally I reached the banks of the Ghibie-Ennharya, better known as the Omo which was the chief object of my present expedition. In so doing I had discovered an entirely new region and entered the country of the Bottora. After threading a vast forest I came upon the source of the Omo and acquired the conviction that, throughout its entire course, it had nothing in common with and was quite distinct from the Juba. Having settled this point beyond all possible dispute, I pushed on as far as I could into those wild regions, which contain scenes of extreme grandeur. I was so well received in the kingdom of Djumma that I staid there a whole twelvemonth, making an exhaustive topographical survey of the country. There, at the foot of the May-Goudo, I explored an immense sweep of territory, extending from the south in an easterly direction and which had never before been reconnoitered by any scientific traveler. Continuing due east, I visited in turn the Tambaros, the Hadias, the Wualanos, the Kooloo, and other pagan tribes, each of which has its own peculiar laws, language, manners, and superstitions.

I have carefully studied these different tribes. Salt, which, as we have seen, is accepted as currency among the Gallas, is rejected by these tribes. They have three species of currency: Slaves, who represent what we may style bank notes; calves, which answer the purpose of coin; and bits of iron which stand in lieu of copper coin among us. They willingly buy at their markets cotton goods of Liverpool manufacture, but unravel the whole into thread, from which they in turn weave their own stuffs. They have no idea of the process of dyeing; when they see a piece of blue stuff they fancy the wool on the sheep's back from which it is made must have been of that color. They treat their slaves

with kindness. Children, as slaves, bring higher prices than grown men and women. A girl of twelve, if handsome, fetches from \$15 to \$16. A full-grown man, if strong and healthy, is worth \$8 at most. They have more slaves than free men. Once bought a slave is never sold to another; the correct thing is to give the slave away as a free-will gift. Horses and mules abound all over those regions. The Galla oxen are magnificent beasts, with horns sometimes four feet long. But most of these tribes are difficult to approach. They are very mistrustful, especially as concerns foreigners, and are often at war with one another.

## JAMES RIDLEY'S LUCK

Twice Prepared for Burial, He Revived on Both Occasions.

There is at present an inmate of the soldiers' home near Milwaukee who is a living victim of the horrors of passing through a genuine trance, in which mysterious cataleptic condition people are occasionally buried alive, fully aware of all that is going on about them, yet unable to move or in any manner indicate that they are alive. The victim of this strange condition is named James Ridley, and twice he has been "laid out" and placed in the dead house, an artistic and very complete private morgue that is connected with the home. Both his supposed deaths occurred some time ago, and as a general desire prevailed at the place to keep the matter a profound secret the circumstances have just leaked out and were incidentally learned by a Journal representative. Ridley, who is quite an old veteran, suddenly died, to all appearances, and was removed to the dead house to await burial. This is a place quite similar to the regular morgue in a city. It is a large room completely surrounded by packed ice and it is not only very cold, but very dark. It seems some delay was occasioned in the burial preparations and the "remains" were permitted to stay in the dead house for two days. At the end of that time the chief mourners among his comrades, headed by an undertaker in charge of a coffin, approached the place for the purpose of performing the last sad rites due the dead by the living. As two guards unlocked the door to the dead house and the funeral procession crowded in, they were horrified to find the "corpse" engaged in sitting up on his cooling board, rubbing his eyes and staring about him in utter bewilderment, just as a sound sleeper does when he first awakes from a long sleep.

The guards and friends quickly realized the awful situation and taking the man who had so narrowly escaped a living tomb they bore him to the hospital, where he was carefully treated and was gradually brought fully back to life.

Not fully satisfied with his first prompt "final taking off," Ridley, some months later, took very sick and once more proceeded to expire to all intents and purposes, and was once more consigned to the dead house, but a careful watch was this time placed over the "body," and, as a supposed result of the exceedingly cool place, the departed was finally observed to be coming out all right again, and was then rushed back to the hospital.

Ridley will say nothing about his terrible double-death experience or his past life, as he evidently dreads the matter, except that after both experiences he admitted to a comrade that he heard and knew all that was spoken or done about him while in the trances, and the horrors of being buried alive were continuously in his mind, although he was powerless to avert the approaching doom that seemed inevitable. He is a very sorrowful, sickly appearing man, and is now quite feeble, scarcely ever leaving his home grounds.

## CURED BY THREAD

Singular Neuralgia Remedy of a Southern Chief of Police.

It is in any one in Macon who had little faith in hoodoo and charms a few weeks ago, that person was Chief Kennan, says the Telegraph. But at last all unbelievers are brought around, and it appears this was the case with the doughy chief. Some days ago he was suffering considerably with neuralgia. After trying every remedy under the sun he at last came upon a friend who had a recipe, which he was not caring particularly to reveal to the chief, but seeing the official in deep trouble, he finally consented to apply the remedy. Securing a spool of black silk thread, he cut off several bits. One he tied around the neck of the chief, another around his waist, another down the back connecting the one from the neck with that around the waist, and a fourth down his breast, connecting in the same way the two bands. This completed the outfit.

When the operation was finished the chief, with an incredulous smile, asked what came next. "Oh, you will talk differently in a few minutes," replied the friend, with a shake of the head. In a minute the official felt a strange sensation in the face, and within five minutes the pain had left him. To say that he was amazed would be putting it mildly. He has already given the cure to a dozen sufferers and now he is at work solving the problem of how he was cured. As yet he has found no one who can give the cause for it.

## RICH BLOODS OF 'FRISCO

Condition of the Bonanza Heirs and Their Follies.

Only a Few of the Young Men of San Francisco Who Inherited Millions of Values Either to Themselves or to the World.

What is going to be the future of San Francisco is a problem that few care to discuss lest further unwelcome intelligence be the outcome, says a correspondent writing from that city. San Francisco has lost most of her wholesale trade. That vast commerce which used to come around Cape Horn and across the Isthmus of Panama and had the splendid city of the Golden Gate as its distributing point has ceased to exist. San Francisco no longer supplies the other cities of the coast. All are independent of her. Oregon, Washington and northern Idaho, which once depended upon the wholesale merchants of San Francisco, long ago transferred their trade to St. Paul and Chicago. Los Angeles, Arizona, all that southern portion of the western slope, draw their supplies directly from St. Louis and Kansas City. The wholesale trade of San Francisco is gone, and no better proof of it can be found than the fact that most of the wholesale houses here are going out of business, voluntarily or involuntarily.

One discouraging feature is that so much of the brain and wealth of California—the sons of pioneers who once made the state famous—are seeking homes and opportunities elsewhere. There is nothing to tempt the rich young men of this decade to business enterprise of any kind. Most of those who have inherited the wealth of their fathers are either idle dawdlers or wasteful spendthrifts. Some are lacking in either mental or physical capacity to perpetuate the usefulness or fame of their sires. Scores of young men who have inherited the wealth of bonanza days have left the state for other fields—some for Europe, others for New York—all with intent never to return to the land in which their fathers toiled for their wealth and their children's independence. In this way millions have been carried away from California, which in justice should have remained here to assist in the state's development and prosperity.

The young men who remain are not all of benefit to the community. With the single exception of the Crocker family, the younger members of which are now in full possession of their fathers' immense fortune, there is scarcely a millionaire's son who has shown any business ability, public enterprise, or any other tendency that selfish enjoyment of suddenly acquired riches. There are a dozen more of these young Crocker in San Francisco, and the city would be better off if there were none. An exception might be made in the case of Colonel Merwyn Donahue, who as the heir to his father, Peter Donahue, came into a piece of railway property worth several millions. The colonel has shown some sagacity in getting the property in such shape that it is available for sale to some eastern company who may want terminal facilities in San Francisco, but further than that his genius has not wandered. The colonel like many of the other young millionaires, wants to sell out and take up his abode in New York, where indeed he now spends most of his time.

By reason of their vast railway and real estate interests the Crocker boys are probably anchored to the coast. They are worth from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000 each, and it may be truth be said they are pretty good boys. The three Crocker boys have been happily free from scandals—their names have never been associated with any but reputable women, which is so unusual in California that it is worthy of remark. Rich young men here, care little for the proprieties in their relations with the other sex. They seem, as a rule, to have no respect for mothers and sisters. They will set up a siren in a gilded cage right in the shadow of the parental roof, and think they are doing something manly and creditable.

## The Hardest Worker in Jamaica

Everywhere, where the water is quiet in bays and harbors, one sees the mangrove at its silent, ceaseless work. The parent trunk, growing from a little pink stem, shoots up into a low shrub with wide-spreading branches, clothed perpetually with glossy green leaves. From these branches long slender roots drop into the water beneath, where, in the muddy soil at the bottom, they themselves take root and in turn become trunks and trees. And everywhere under the snake-like network of roots which rise out of the muddy soil, and in the tangle of branches above, life is pulsing and rustling. Innumerable crabs, with long red legs and black bodies peppered with white spots, scurry and crawl in and out upon the rank mud beneath the arching roots, and droll hermit-crabs draw themselves with a click into their borrowed houses—strange-looking shells with long spines, curious spirals, mottled with blue and gray and yellow.—Harper's Magazine.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.