

### Poppies.

Poppies in the garden,  
Ah, the splendid show!  
Pearly, crimson banners  
In the sunshine's glow,  
Haughty lords and ladies  
Of the garden bed,  
Bare and lofty petals,  
And a gorgeous head.  
Blow, poppies, blow!  
Only there for show.

Poppies by the acre,  
Growing there for trade;  
From the pearly banners  
Subtle poisons made,  
Growing there for market,  
Growing to be sold,  
Not for scent or beauty—  
No, indeed!—for gold.  
Poppies, blow or fade,  
You are but for trade.

Poppies in the wheat field,  
Now I see a grace;  
Use and beauty blended  
Make a pleasant place.  
So with daily labor  
Blend some pleasure sweet;  
As the idle poppies  
Grow among the wheat.  
Poppies at our feet  
Grow among the wheat.

—Harper's Weekly.

### THE QUEEN OF THE HAMLET.

A FANTASY STORY TOLD BY A TRAVELER.

"A hill of billows, flowery and kept green,  
Round crosses raised for hope,  
With many tinted sunsets where the slope  
Keeps the lingering western sheen."

"There you have an exact picture of a little village cemetery in the Baden Palatinate where I heard one of the most romantic stories I have ever met in the forty years of my life."

The speaker was a gentleman residing on West Spruce street, Philadelphia, who had been on a lengthened tour in Europe, and was laden with anecdotes and stories of people and adventures. Sitting in his cozy smoking-room, he continued:

"In the Palatinate it is a customary thing with tourists to take long walks, sometimes for days together. There is much to be seen, so many ruined feudal strongholds and bewitching alleys and romantic waterfalls, which an only be approached on foot. I am fond of walking, and with a knapsack containing a few necessities strapped on my back, and a good stout oaken stick in my hand, I have tramped many German miles—one of their equaling bree of ours—through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. You do not trouble yourself much about hotels. If you cannot find a roadside inn, you are safe to come across a farmhouse or a hunter's lodge, and a hospitable welcome is a matter of course. One evening I arrived at the quaint little village of Rohrbach, a hamlet eighteen miles from Heidelberg, resting at the foot of a gentle declivity which slopes down to the banks of the Neckar river. On the summit of the hill were the remains of a baronial stronghold, which I carefully investigated from tower to dungeon.

"Then I wandered down the footpaths to the village and entered the rustic church, and soon found myself admiring over the brass-scutcheoned ombs of the robber lords who were once, perhaps, the terror of the district. What a quantity of high, well-worn mightiness, to translate the old German and Latin inscriptions, was covered by those broken monuments, which at once disfigured and adorned the narrow chancel of the long church, and what strange scenes were evoked by the contemplation of the tattered banners and rust-eaten casques suspended from the rafters above the tombs. I lingered awhile with my thoughts, and then tempted by the perfume-laden breezes which floated through the open door, I wandered into the churchyard where the village elders sleep their last sleep of all amid their dead kindred. The graves were all alike; grassy mounds and wooden crosses inscribed with the simple words, 'Pray for the soul of Johann or Lischen.' One grave, however, attracted my curious attention. It stood but a little apart from the rest and was deftly fenced around with dwarf shrubs. In the center of the inclosure, above the green mound, was a small white marble cross. Twining its branches around was a beautiful white rose tree, covered with flowers. On the cross was inscribed 'Roslein,' and beneath the name the verse:

Come unto me all who labor with sorrow and care overburdened,  
And rest I will give you and pardon, for sake of my Son interceding.

"While musing as to who 'Little Ross' might have been, I heard a footstep behind me, and there was the venerable priest of the hamlet, who, seeing I was a stranger, cordially invited me to enter an adjacent cottage—his parsonage—and partake of his evening meal. The fresh milk and fruit and the home-made bread were done fullest justice to by me, and we sat smoking together, for the good priest gladly accepted a cigar from me, until a tinkling bell summoned him to evening service. Previously he had insisted on my passing the night under his roof, so, having rid myself of my knapsack and washed off the dust of my journey, I followed the pastor to church and

listened with reverence while he chanted the benediction to a few dozen simple-looking rustics, whose attention was hardly restrained by the solemnity of the ritual from concentrating itself upon the stranger.

"At the close of the service the priest and I walked slowly homeward through the churchyard, but we halted a few minutes in front of the rose-hidden marble cross, where the priest knelt a while in prayer. Later, when sitting in the porch of the parsonage—the moonlight throwing silver radiance on the trees, the air fragrant with the scent of a thousand flowers, the nightingale singing its love-serenade to the evening wind—I was told Roslein's sad story.

"She was the pride of the whole village," was the faltering exclamation of the clergyman, as he stifled the emotion caused by remembrance. "She was so beautiful, it seemed as if a sunbeam had mated with a rose and she their offspring. We all loved her, for she belonged to us all. One Christmas eve, twenty-two years ago, I was standing at the foot of the altar giving the message of mercy to my flock:

Come unto me all who labor, with sorrow and care overburdened,  
And rest I will give you and pardon, for sake of my Son interceding.

when the blacksmith entered, bearing something in his arms. He had been for a walk of some distance to the postal town, and I thought when I missed him in his accustomed seat he had probably been impeded by the snow, which was falling heavily. He walked to where his wife was kneeling and placed the bundle in her arms. It gave forth a child's cry, and the woman began to soothe what was evidently an infant. At the close of the service I questioned the blacksmith. He told me that he had found the child lying in the snow by the roadside within a mile of the village, warmly wrapped in a blanket. Half an hour before finding the infant a closed carriage had passed him, driving very quickly. The baby proved to be a little girl of a few weeks old. She was dressed in costly garments, and 500 florins in notes were found in the folds of her dress. My housekeeper took charge of the tiny flower, and meanwhile I made every kind of inquiry my limited means would allow, but I could discover nothing about her parentage, and to this day it still remains a mystery. However, we willingly adopted her among us, and all the village became her foster parents and she their queen.

"She grew up sweet and beautiful as an angel. At every wedding she was bridesmaid and dressed the bride. When a child was born Roslein gave it its first kiss—a fairy gift. If any one died Roslein placed the white flowers over the dead. As for the young men of the village, why, they adored her. She did not show any preference, however; they were all her brothers, nothing more. I used to think that God intended her for Himself, and sooner or later I hoped she would take the vows of an order.

"On Roslein's eighteenth birthday we had a village festival, and a young Englishman took part in the games. He was an artist, and had been staying a few days at the Golden Lion, the inn yonder. He had called upon me and told me he intended to make sketches of the ruins and the church. Nobody interfered with him or took any particular notice of him. We were accustomed to foreign artists wandering our way, and this one seemed a quiet, gentlemanly young fellow. At the festival he danced two or three times with Roslein, but we thought nothing of that. On the morning following the artist got up early and departed before Hans Eberle, who was host in those days, was out of bed. The amount of his bill was found on the dressing-table, so no remark was made until some hours later, when Roslein was suddenly found to be missing. Search was instituted everywhere, and then it began to be whispered that Roslein had often sat in the churchyard with the artist watching him paint. Finally our fears were confirmed. The miller arrived in the evening from the postal town eight miles distant. He had seen Roslein and the artist together, and the latter had engaged a carriage, which had driven off toward the University city. I hastened to Heidelberg in a distracted frame of mind. I made every inquiry to find out if any priest had married them; but from no one could I obtain any information. I returned to my flock with my sorrowful news. The whole village was in mourning; all felt they had lost an adored child, a beloved sister.

"Time that soothes, but does not heal, rolled onward, and Christmas eve had returned for the second time since Roslein had left us. What a night it was! The snow was over a foot deep on the ground. My people had assembled for the watch service, and I addressed my flock and exhorted those who had not laid their last sins at the feet of the Savior to do so without delay. Come unto me all who labor, with sorrow and care overburdened,  
And rest I will give you and comfort, for sake of my Son interceding.

"Just as His sweet message was out of my lips there approached down the center aisle toward the altar a woman

pale, drenched and tattered, bearing a child in her arms. Tottering to where I was standing on the steps of the sanctuary, she laid the child at my feet and then fell forward on the floor. Two or three quickly raised her—she was dead; but in the pinched, frozen lineaments we recognized one long lost—Roslein! Tenderly, reverently, we laid her at the foot of the altar. She had brought her burden unto Him, and it had been accepted. I knew that her soul had risen heavenward, and was sure of loving mercy and forgiveness. We buried her where you saw to-day. Last year an anonymous writer sent me a thousand florins for my poor, on condition I erected a marble cross over Roslein's grave. So I had one put up beside the white rose tree the villagers had already planted above the grass mound.

"And the child?" I questioned.  
"God returned it to her. It died within a few days of its mother, and lies beside her. The betrayer was never seen by any of us again."

"The priest's story affected me very much," remarked the lately arrived traveler as he concluded his narrative. "I sketched the grave before I left the next morning. I will show it to you when I have unpacked my things."

### Henry Ward Beecher's Early Married Life.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, says: The wife of Mr. Henry Ward Beecher has recently been communicating some interesting details of her early housekeeping experiences to an inquisitive reporter. When she married Mr. Beecher was the minister of a small church out West, with a stipend of seventy-five dollars per annum. As the congregation consisted of twenty-four women and one solitary man, who was excommunicated, the only wonder is that they were able to raise so much. They began housekeeping in two small rooms over a store; and this is the way in which they furnished them:

"My brother gave us a piece of carpet, and other members of the family gave us a cooking stove and two lamps. A classmate of Mr. Beecher gave him a set of knives and forks, and a friend gave a set of crockery. When we got home we asked permission to paint the dirty floor. The proprietor denied our request, because he was afraid 'it would rot the wood.' Mr. Beecher threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and helped me to scrub the rooms with soap, water and sand. It was some days before the stains were got out. We were given a table and a double bed, and I made mattresses of cheap material and filled them with husks. Then Mr. Beecher wanted a book-case. I saw a dilapidated old wash-stand lying in the yard. It was very far gone, but Mr. Beecher fastened it together, put some shelves on it and it answered nicely for a bookcase. On a piece of wire stretched across one corner of the room I hung a curtain of fourpenny calico and kept behind it my wash-tub, flour barrel and cooking utensils. On a stick across the top Mr. Beecher hung his saddle. I fastened some sticks to the legs of the single bedstead and made it a high fourposter. I hung a canopy about it, and on a piece of tape inside we hung our clothes. When we had company we took the canopy down."

They had a hard struggle in making both ends meet, but Mrs. Beecher agrees with her husband in regarding these early days as the happiest in their life.

### Weighing the Earth.

One would scarcely think that the world could be weighed in scales like a package of merchandise, but Her von Jolly, of Munich, has done so, and finds it is 5,792 times as heavy as a body of water of the same size, or about half as heavy as if it was of solid lead. He placed his balance in the top of a high tower, and from each of the scales suspended, by means of a wire, a second scale at the foot of the tower. Two bodies which would balance in the upper scales were out of balance when one was removed to the lower scale, because the latter was nearer the center of the earth. By comparing this difference with the difference caused by a large ball of lead in close proximity to the lower scale, he obtained an equation which, with the known size of the earth, gave the density of the latter as above stated.

### A Mausoleum to Cost \$40,000.

The Seligman family of bankers, of New York, are about having built a splendid mausoleum in Cypress Hills cemetery, and the plans have been chosen. It will be composed of granite, hexagon in form, and with a dome on which will be a bronze figure. There will be a vault containing ten cells on each side. This will be lighted by windows in the dome. The entrance will be through a sort of portico, with granite columns and gates of the same for the interior. The exterior gates will be of wrought bronze. Stained glass windows will shed their cheering light. The whole will cost about \$40,000.

### EGYPTIAN PECULIARITIES.

The Peace-Loving People of Upper Egypt—The Mudsirs—A Romance of the Period.

The following is from an article on the trouble in Egypt which appeared in the *New York Herald*. The action of the governor of Minieh, 136 miles up the Nile from Cairo, was a perfectly natural proceeding for that official, when he refused to permit any interference with the administration of the railways. The province, of which Minieh is the capital, is agriculturally one of the richest in Egypt, and the governor considers himself an important factor in the governmental machinery along the Nile. When travelers stop there he generally provides an elaborate Turkish dinner, the inevitable chibooks and coffee, and gayly-caparisoned asses and donkeys on which to mount to visit the points of interest lying beyond the town. Then follows the *fantasia*, with the Egyptian dancing girls; the *gubasee*, which holds the party far beyond midnight to the sound of revelry and the rude native music. Few of the large towns along the river have ever had a heartier or more hospitable mudir than Minieh. The town is simply a mud city of some 15,000 souls, dwelling near the bank of the river in all of the squalor peculiar to the Egyptian habitations. In these settlements, and as such they are further to southward, the entire population—men, women and children—are made to work. The mudir holds his appointment from the khedive or through the minister of the interior, who manages the entire local administration. The mudir has supreme charge of the taxation in his province; in fact, is king of the domains over which his jurisdiction extends. He must, however, be careful to see that every intermediate official between himself and the khedive receives handsome presents, and neither must they be insignificant in point of value, usually consisting of a handsome bag of British sovereigns with profers of eternal gratitude. At least annually the mudir makes a visit to Cairo, and there he is expected to signalize his advent in the capital by substantial testimonials to the khedive. These generally take the form not only of money, but also of the handsomest Egyptian maidens whom he can find in the province. Nor is their social quality respected. There have been in years gone by terrible reprisals on account of the ruthless desecration of the household. Among the more spirited Bedouin Arabs, when their daughters and sisters have been seized for the harem of the mudir or the khedive, the scheme of blood revenge has been developed, and retribution has followed until whole families have been swept away. It thus appears that the mudir is but a slave of the ruling power in Cairo, making the better governor when he can excel in pandering to his immediate superior, the minister, and then to the khedive.

It is not always safe for a governor of a province to reside among the people whom he has plundered and oppressed. It also not infrequently happens that the governors are nothing but common assassins, who are called upon to execute the summary or secret vengeance of some minister or favorite at court of whom they may stand in awe. A case that occurred while the *Herald* correspondent was in the upper country was directly to the point. A Turkish official of high rank—he was a bey—had long been a favorite of the khedive at Cairo, for they had been educated together in France. This official was, therefore, a great deal around the palace, and it occurred to the khedive's mother that she would like to marry off a favorite child of the harem to a gallant officer in receipt of large pay. The bey was summoned by the khedive and told that his mother had found him a wife—a wondrous creature. Of course in the East such an intimation to a subordinate is simply a command; yet while the bey submitted he secretly chafed at what he considered a gross imposition upon a friend, a Turkish aristocrat, and an officer accustomed to European liberties and customs. The marriage took place and was a grand fete, costing many thousand dollars. Of course the bey had never looked upon her face until after the nuptial knot was tied, and when he did neither the countenance nor the owner thereof was to his liking. Two years went by and the khedive's mother perceived that the young wife was slowly pining away. At last persistent inquiry made the girl disclose that from the very hour of the ceremony the bey had declined to treat her as his wife. The khedive's mother—a perfect tigress—hastened to his highness and demanded that the bey should be put to death instantly. He could not refuse. The bey was immediately seized, conveyed by a guard 1,800 miles to the Sudan, and upon his arrival the governor-general was ordered to strangle him; but the governor-general happened to be the life-long friend of the condemned man and allowed him to live. Six different orders were sent to kill him, but not one of them was

obeyed. The *Herald* correspondent was the guest of this gentleman in the Sudan for over two months, and these facts came from his own lips. A better educated man one seldom finds in the world's travel. His books were Michellet, Victor Hugo, About, Schiller, Goethe, Heine, Irving, De Toqueville and others. He finally joined caravans with the *Herald* correspondent on a journey of 1,500 miles to Cairo, and returned to Khartoum to become governor-general in the very capital where he had been sent to be put to death. He has since been minister of public instruction in the service of the present khedive.

### Queer Happenings.

A cloud, seen in Guatemala for eight consecutive days, was found to consist of seeds floating in the air.

An Ontario farmer, Nathan Briscoe, died in fifteen minutes from the effects of a bee sting on the forehead.

A Hawkinsville, Ga., man weighs 225 pounds, his wife 220 pounds, and their fifteen living children are all heavy weights.

While plowing in a field near Opelousas, La., a negro struck a jar containing \$10,000 in Spanish silver coins of the date of 1779.

Louisville was darkened recently by a flight of black flies which covered the street lamps so that their light was almost entirely obscured.

A dog belonging to the Monongahela house, Pittsburg, had its leg broken. After meditating, apparently, for a time, it ran to the river, and deliberately diving under water, was drowned.

A. B. Camp, a miner at San Benito, had just kissed his wife who had come to visit him after many years of separation, and, as they were leaving the tunnel, he a little in advance, the roof fell in and she was killed.

While sinking a shaft in the gold mine of Cary Cox, in Cherokee county, Ga., many feet below the surface the workmen came upon two human heads carved out of marble. They were not finished, but had evidently been cut with good tools, and lay upon a bed of slate.

As Charles Siloway, engineer, of Mechanicville, was entering a cut with his train he saw the embankment giving way, and, knowing he could not stop his train in time to avert an accident, he pulled the throttle wide open. The train sped with lightning-like rapidity, and had barely cleared the cut when the earth fell, covering the track ten feet deep for a distance of 200 feet.

The farm of George Smith, in Faulkner county, Arkansas, has been under cultivation for more than half a century, yet, as he was plowing a field recently, he turned up some ancient relics; and in a ravine, recently swept by an overflow, he found a large number of human skeletons, with earthen bowls, shells and arrows. The skulls were all encased in vessels made of clay, and one, with handsomely engraved ornaments, seemed to denote that the skull belonged to an important personage.

### Tangled Questions for Scientists.

There is a family in the neighborhood of Lewistown, this county, of which the following marvelous history has just been related to us by a responsible physician, well acquainted with the facts. Some fifteen or twenty years ago the father and mother had a quarrel, and for a year the former never spoke to the latter. A child was born about eight months after the quarrel, and he has never spoke a word to his father. They work together days at a time, and the father talks to his son, but he never answers. The young man has been questioned in regard to the matter, and he says that he is never prompted to speak to his father, that he has never had an impulse to speak, and that it seems to him that there has never been any occasion for him to speak to his father; that he bears his father no ill-will, and would speak to him should he ever be prompted so to do.—*Mechanicville (Md.) Clarion*.

### A Sand Storm.

A remarkable sand storm, accompanied by an intensely cold temperature, is mentioned in Icelandic journals as having raged on that island for two weeks during the past spring. The air was filled with dry, fine sand to such a degree that it was impossible to see for more than a short distance, and the sun was rarely visible, though the sky was clear of clouds. Nobody ventured out of his house except upon matters of the most urgent necessity, and many who were exposed to the storm were frozen. The sand penetrated into the houses through the minutest crevices. It was found mixed with articles of food and drink, and every breath drew it into the lungs. Thousands of sheep and horses died.

Discretion is more necessary to woman than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little.

### THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Women dress so that when out of doors they only half fill the lungs with air, consequently the flesh is flabby, nerves are weak, brains unmagmatic, and their mental efforts superficial compared with what they might be.

Those who live in a malarious climate should not go out before breakfast nor after sundown, neither should they sleep on the ground floor. Fruit and grains are the best food for malarious people; meats and greasy substances ought to be avoided.

A sick person who is curable can't die, provided he is put under right conditions, by and with his own consent, and keeps there. Thousands die because they are not brought under the obstructed operations of the laws which God has ordained for them to live by.

Providence would appear to be conspiring or co-operating with those who have so long labored to reduce meat eating within reasonable limits, and to substitute a milder and more healthful diet—and if it produce such results the present scarcity of cattle will be anything but a crying evil, however loud may be the complaints of those who sell, and those, who, from the nature of their business have to purchase meat for their guests.

A physician writes from Peru to make known the result of his observation of malarial or intermittent fevers and their cause. He believes more in surface chilling as a cause than in germs. In places of high altitude, where there was no chance, as he thinks, for malarial germs to thrive, he has seen typical and extreme attacks of intermittent fever from exposure during the cool of evening in the same clothing which was worn in the tropical heat of the day. To properly protect oneself by remaining indoors during the evening, or by wearing an overcoat when going out, was quite sufficient, in his experience, to prevent or avoid so-called malarial troubles.—*Dr. Foot's Health Monthly*.

### Celery.

I have known many men and women, too, who, from various causes, had become so much affected with nervousness, that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days—and by a daily moderate use of the blanched footstalks of celery leaves as a salad they became as strong and steady in limbs as other people.

I have known others so very nervous that the least annoyance put them in a state of agitation, and they were almost in constant perplexity and fear, who were also effectually cured by a daily moderate use of blanched celery as a salad at meal times. I have known others cured by using celery for palpitation of the heart. Everybody engaged in labor weakening to the nerves should use celery daily in its season and onions in its stead when not in season.—*Christian at Work*.

### Subjugating Violent Horses.

The Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung* tells of an English horse trainer who has been giving proofs of his skill in the presence of the Austrian emperor. The most unmanageable stallion in the royal stable was brought out and turned over to him. He speedily had the animal under control, and, having opened its mouth, found a small abscess in the jaw that was caused by the sharp and jagged edge of a tooth. This he relieved at once by a little filing, to which the animal submitted patiently. Then he removed the bit and halter, leaving the animal entirely free, and lying down upon the ground, placed one of the stallion's hind feet on his breast to show how completely tamed he was. His exhibitions of skill were altogether highly satisfactory to the emperor, who gave him some valuable presents and commissioned him to inspect the other horses in the imperial stud.

### The Language of the Eyes.

Bound-eyed persons see much, live much in the senses, but think less. Narrow-eyed persons, on the other hand, see less, but think more and feel more intensely. It will be observed that the eyes of children are open and round. Their whole life is to receive impressions. It is only when childhood is maturing toward manhood or womanhood that thought comes, if it comes at all. But what is it that most leads to reflection? Experience. Our errors, our shortcomings, our failures—these teach us to think before we act, to consider each step, to weigh every motive. When, therefore, the upper eyelid—for it is that which has the greatest amount of mobility—droops over the eye, it indicates not merely reflection, but something painful to reflect about. Hence the length or drooping of the upper eyelid betokens confession and penitence.—*Phrenological Magazine*.

Fire engines of very rude construction were in use in Holland as early as 1618, but it was not until 100 years later that they were sufficiently perfected to be of any practical value. Paris first had a fire engine in 1699.