

Ahmed.

With wrath-flashed cheeks, and eyelids red,
Where anger's fiercest sign was spread,
And hands whose clenched nails left their
print

In the brown palm's deep, sun-warmed tint,
The chieftain sat in circle wide,
And in the center, on his side,
Thrown like a dog, a thieving brute,
Lay Ahmed, frowning, bound and mute.

"The man who takes an offered bribe
From chieftain of an alien tribe
Shall die." So ran the Arab law,
Read by a scribe; and Ahmed saw
In every eye that scanned his face
Burnt the hot fury of his race.
His fate was told. All men must die
Some time; what cared he how or why?

They loosed his tight-swathed arms and feet,
Unwound the cashmere turban, sweet
With spice and attar, stripped the vest
Of gold and crimson from his breast,
And laid his broad, brown bosom bare
To cineter and desert air.
He stood as molded statues stand,
With sightless eye and nerveless hand.

As molded statues stand, but through
The dark skin, at each breath he drew,
The wild heart's wilder beating showed.
Then on the sand he knelt, and bowed
His head to meet the steady stroke;
The headsman threw aside his cloak,
The curved steel circled in the sun—
Ahmed was dead, and justice done.

—The Pilot.

MY MISHAP.

A TRUE STORY OF THE RHINE.

"And you mean to say you'll swim
down the Rhine to the picnic?"

"Yes, Miss Carrie; every inch of
the way. I'll start from the baths,
send my clothes on by a cart, and meet
you when you arrive in the carriage."

"Well, if you do, Mr. Beecher, you
shall sit next me at the lunch as a re-
ward. What do you think of that?
But be careful, and don't run any
risks; the current, you know, is very
strong in some places."

"What's this, Miss Carrie?" said I,
joining in the conversation. "Is
Beecher going to swim down to-mor-
row?"

"Yes, he says so, but I don't think
he can manage it."

"Well, if he can, I can, and to prove
it I'll swim with him."

The fact was I was very jealous of
Beecher; and, being a good swimmer
myself, I was determined not to be
outdone. But, in order to explain the
state of my feelings I must go back a
little.

I was staying as a guest with my
uncle and aunt at C— on the Rhine.
They had come for a month's holiday
and, having no children of their own,
had asked me to accompany them, an
invitation which I very readily ac-
cepted, more especially as they had an-
other guest in the person of Miss Car-
rie Danvers, the daughter of one of
their oldest friends. I had before met
Miss Danvers at their house, and on
that occasion she had made "her mark
on my heart;" and now, in the month
we were to spend in each other's so-
ciety, I calculated on being able to re-
turn the compliment; and I hoped, ere
I again saw England, to have obtained
her consent to become, at no very dis-
tant period, Mrs. McGrath, an ar-
rangement which I felt sure would
please my relations.

For the first fortnight of our stay at
C— everything went happily and
smoothly, and I congratulated myself
on the progress I was making. But,
unfortunately for me, while we went
walking in the Kurtaal gardens one
evening after dinner we came across
the Beecher family, neighbors of my
uncle in England, and who, finding
him at C—, and who being charmed
with the place, determined to make a
stay there also. I liked all the family
except the eldest son, Jack—in the
Guards. Under other circumstances
I doubtless should have liked him;
but just now he was in the way, very
much in the way. He, too, was an ac-
quaintance of Miss Carrie, and at times
I felt inclined to believe something
more than an acquaintance. As I have
stated above, I was jealous of him—
and that is the long and short of this
little business.

Since he had arrived I had not
Miss Carrie to myself as formerly;
Jack Beecher shared in our walks and
conversations to an extent I did not
approve of, but I am bound to admit
his presence appeared to give the
young lady considerable pleasure, and
this made my pain all the more keen.

Some days previous to the evening
on which I have introduced myself and
friends to the readers, a picnic had
been settled on at M—, a charming
spot on the Rhine, some four miles be-
low C—. The Beechers were all
coming and some other English folk
whose acquaintance we had made
during our stay, together with two or
three German officers stationed at C—.

The excursion promised to be a very
delightful one, and fine weather was
all that was required to make the trip
delightful. It had been arranged that
we should drive down to M—, starting
at 11 o'clock, and we were now dis-
cussing the final arrangements and
settling who was to be responsible for

the salt, who for the spoons and who
for various other little necessities and
comforts which are generally found to
be missing when the picnic cloth is
laid.

"Yes," continued I, turning to Jack
Beecher. "I'll swim down with you
to-morrow."

"Thanks," replied he. "That will
be very jolly. It would be rather
solitary work by one's self. We ought
to start about half-past ten, certainly
not later; for, even with the stream
in our favor, we shall not be able to
go as fast as the carriages. Will that
suit you?"

"Oh, yes; that will do very well in-
deed."

"All right; then I will make ar-
rangements to-night for a man to take
our clothes on in a cart, and I shall
expect to see you at the baths at 10:30
sharp."

"Right you are, Beecher. I will be
there."

The conversation after this turned
upon general topics, and in a short
time our party broke up and we re-
tired for the night to our respective
hotels.

The next morning after breakfast I
found Carrie in the drawing-room at
the piano, and as she was alone I
seized upon the opportunity of improv-
ing the occasion. I got her to sing;
then I sang (I rather fancied my own
voice in those days), and finally we
tried some duets together. She was
very nice and kind, and the minutes
passed so rapidly that when she at
length asked me whether it was not
time for her to go and prepare for her
drive I was astonished to find that it
was just 10:30. I knew I should be
late for my appointment with Beecher,
and so ran as hard as I could all the
way, and arrived at the baths about ten
minutes after time, and learnt that he
had already started. I thought I could
easily catch him up before he reached
M—, so undressed quickly and plunged
in at once. When I had proceeded a
few yards I remembered about my
clothes, and shouted back to the cus-
todian of the baths, telling him to let
the man have them with those of Mr.
Beecher's. He made some reply which
I did not catch, and away I went,
doing my best to overtake my rival.
It was a glorious swim, and I thor-
oughly enjoyed it. The current was
so strong that but little exertion was
required. All you had to do was to
keep your head above water and the
river did the rest. After going some
two miles I turned a corner, and could
just make out Beecher a long way
ahead of me. I put on a spurt; but I
did not gain on him as I expected. He
was a better swimmer than I had
given him credit for being, and arrived
at the destination a good five minutes
before me. When I did arrive I found
him seated on the bank dressing.

"Why, McGrath, is that you?" he
shouted. "I thought you were not
coming. I waited a few minutes for
you and then set off alone."

"I was rather late; I didn't quite
know how time was going."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. You
have arrived to the minute; for here
are the carriages; so get out and dress
at once."

I scrambled up the bank and dried
myself.

"Where has the fellow put my
clothes; I don't see them?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Who did you
send them by?"

"By my man."

"No, I'm sure you didn't; he started
with mine before I commenced my
swim. I saw him safely on the road
for fear of any mistake."

"Then mine haven't come. Good
gracious! what am I to do?"

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry;
but I had no idea you would come
when you didn't show up at the right
time or I would have made him wait
for you."

"Confound it!—this is a nuisance.
I can't appear as I am, or at best clad
only in a couple of wet towels, can I?"

"No, that you can't. And what is
more you can't stay where you are, for
here are some of the ladies coming on
the bank; get into the water quick."

There was nothing else for it, so in
I went up to my neck.

"Now, stay there quietly while I go
and explain matters and see what can
be done for you."

My temper was none of the best, and
my thoughts were none of the most
pleasant as I stood there soaking in the
Rhine. He appeared to have been
away an hour when he at length re-
turned, accompanied by a German of-
ficer.

"You can now come out," he shout-
ed; "I have explained matters, and
Lieutenant Linden there is kind
enough to say he will lend you his
military overcoat—it is a good long
one, so you will be all right. Out you
come."

Out I did come most promptly, with
profuse thanks to Lieutenant Linden

for his most acceptable loan. He was a
tall man, and the garment reached
nearly to my heels. I know I cut a
sorry figure, and though I received a
considerable amount of sympathy from
the party when I appeared among
them, still it was mixed with smiles
and partially concealed laughter, which
was most galling to my feelings. It
was out of the question that I should
remain longer in this single garment
than was absolutely necessary, so I de-
termined to at once return to C— and
claim my clothes. Fortunately the
man who had brought those of Dan-
vers had not returned and I was thus
enabled to obtain a lift back, otherwise
I should have had to walk, as the
carriages had returned at once, before
my misfortune became known.

The party all came down to the
road to see me start, and now, as I
look back on the incident, I can for-
give the laughter they indulged in, for
I certainly must have looked very
curious—no hat, no boots or stockings,
only a military coat on a blazing day
in July. Just as I was starting Car-
rie said: "Mind you are back again in
time for the dinner; you are entitled
to a seat by me, remember." "You
may be sure I shall not be a moment
longer than I can help," I replied
and away we drove. "Now my trou-
bles are over," I thought; but I had
calculated wrongly, for no sooner
had I entered the town gates than I
was arrested by the sentry on duty for
appearing in the public streets without
the full complement of regimentals.

In vain I urged in the best German I
could command that I was not a
soldier, and endeavored to explain how
I came to be in the get-up at all, but
he would not hear a word, and for two
mortal hours I was locked up in the
guard-house before I was taken to the
superior officer. Here I again
went through an explanation, and this
time with more effect, as I was
liberated after receiving a
warning to be more careful in future,
and make better arrangements about
my clothes when next I swam down
the Rhine. I didn't waste much time in
getting my belongings and dressing,
and was soon driving back to M—. When
I arrived there I found dinner
had been over some time, and I had
to content myself with a solitary meal,
as every one had wandered off in
various directions. Just as I had
finished, and was regaining my temper
to some extent, Carrie and Beecher
returned. They were very anxious to
know the cause of my delay, and when
I had concluded the account of my
sufferings, Carrie said: "And now
we have something to tell you," and
then followed a piece of information
which, if I had received it before my
meal, would have effectually driven
away my appetite, and as it was it
banished at once and forever my idea
of making her Mrs. McGrath. From
that moment I date my dislike to Ger-
many. To lose my clothes and be
arrested was bad enough, but to lose
my sweetheart was worse. I left for
England the next day, and I have
never seen the Rhine since, and I
don't care if I never see it again.—
London Graphic.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—Dried red
clover blossoms, one and one-half
ounces; boiling water, one pint. Steep
for three hours. Dose—one wine-
glassful, sweetened with honey or
sugar, occasionally during the day.
Proposed by Dr. Howard Sargent and
found curative in ten days or less.—
Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

CROUP.—We find this simple re-
medy going the rounds of our exchanges.
Take a knife or grater and shave off
in small particles about a teaspoonful
of alum; then mix it with twice its
amount of sugar, to make it palatable,
and administer it as quickly as possi-
ble. Almost instantaneous relief will
follow.

USE OF LEMONS.—For all people, in
sickness or in health, lemonade is a safe
drink. It corrects biliousness; it is a
specific against worms and skin com-
plaints. The pips, crushed, may also
be mixed with water and sugar, and
used as a drink. Lemon juice is the
best anti-scorbutic remedy known; it
not only cures the disease, but prevents
it. Sailors make a daily use of it for
this purpose. A physician suggests
rubbing of the gums daily with lemon
juice to keep them in health. The
hands and nails are also kept clean,
white, soft and supple by daily use of
lemon instead of soap. It also pre-
vents chilblains. Lemon used in inter-
mittent fever is mixed with strong,
hot black tea or coffee, without sugar.
Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing
the part affected with lemon. It is
valuable, also to cure warts, and to
destroy dandruff on the head, by
rubbing the roots of the hair with it.
In fact, its uses are manifold, and the
more we apply it externally, the better
and more healthy, we shall find our-
selves.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The obscure German town of Kling-
enberg-Main has become so rich
from a large interest in quarries that
not only are there no taxes, but every
burgher is presented with \$25 at
Christmas.

In Japan, in honor of a deity having
the head of a dog, the different streets
of each town contribute to the mainte-
nance of a certain number of dogs;
they have their lodgings, and persons
are especially appointed to take care of
them when sick.

Adam Kirpen has a beard twelve
feet long and proportionately heavy,
and by means of it he has not only
lived twenty-two years without work,
but has accumulated considerable prop-
erty in Chicago. He travels through
the West selling his photographs.

An industry, the magnitude of
which would certainly not be suspected,
is the manufacture of paper patterns
for dresses and wearing apparel. In
New York alone there are reported to
be no less than ten such establishments,
which consume many tons of paper and
dispose of many thousand dollars'
worth of such goods all over the coun-
try.

An early account of New York, pub-
lished in 1708, speaks of Dutch-built
mills for sawing timber, one of which
would do more work in an hour than
fifty men in two days. Sawmills were
erected on Manhattan island as early
as 1633. A sawmill, down to the close
of the last century, was quite a
simple affair, and a mill that then cost
\$100 was considered better than the
average.

The tremendous power of sea waves
was exhibited at Wick, on the extreme
northern coast of Scotland, where a
breakwater was being built. The
outer end was built of three courses of
100-ton stones, laid on a rubble founda-
tion; and above them three courses
of large flat stones and on these a mass
of concrete built on the spot of cement
and rubble. Though thought to be as
immovable as the natural rock, it
yielded to the force of the waves and
crumbled to pieces.

The mother-turtles lay three times
a year, depositing sometimes as many
as 100 eggs at a laying, and carefully
covering them up with sand, so that it
requires an experienced searcher to
detect them. The Indians of the
Orinoco and Amazon obtain from these
eggs a kind of clear, sweet oil which
they use instead of butter. About
5,000 eggs are required to fill one of
their jars with oil, yet so abundantly
are they deposited that about 5,000
jars are put up yearly at the mouth of
one of the rivers. The harvest is esti-
mated by the acre.

It appears that in the twelve years
that have elapsed since the opening of
the Suez canal the interchange of ani-
mal life between the Mediterranean
sea and the Indian ocean has not
reached the dimensions at first anti-
cipated. What migration there is
chiefly from the Mediterranean to the
Red sea. The real pearl oysters are
traveling through the canal in large
numbers, but so slowly that it will be
one or two decades before they will be
established in the Mediterranean.

A Curious Mode of Living.

The inventor Silver, of Lewiston,
Me., says a local paper, has been ex-
perimenting upon himself the past
two or three years. For several
months he has eaten but one meal a
day, and that about 10 o'clock in the
evening, immediately before retiring.
He works ten hours a day at his
machinist's post without eating or
drinking anything. Instead of pin-
ing away and dying, Mr. Silver has
gained thirty-five pounds in
flesh. He is not hungry until bedtime.
He drinks nothing, neither water
milk, tea nor coffee. All the fluids
his stomach receives are from fruits
and vegetables, which make up the
major part of his living. He eats no
meat, as he believes animal food is ani-
malizing. He lives mainly on oatmeal
and graham without salt. He eats
apples, grapes and all fruits liberally.
His friends say he is extraordinarily
good-natured, much stronger and
healthier.

The Power of Coal.

The enormous amount of power
stored up in coal is thus set forth by
Professor Rogers. The dynamic value
of one pound of good steam coal is
equivalent to the work of a day, and
three tons are equivalent to twenty
years' hard work of 300 days to the
year. The usual estimate of a four-
foot seam is that it will yield one ton
of good coal for every square yard, or
about 5,000 tons for each acre. Each
square mile will then contain 3,200,
000 tons, which, in their total capacity
for the production of power, are equal
to the labor of 1,000,000 able-bodied
men for twenty years.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Marriage in Genoa.

Marriage brokers are quite import-
ant business men in Genoa. They have
pocketbooks filled with the names of
the marriageable girls of the different
classes, with notes of their figures, per-
sonal attractions, fortunes, etc. These
brokers go about endeavoring to ar-
range connections; and, when they
succeed, they get a commission of two
or three per cent. upon the portion.
Marriage at Genoa is quite a mat-
ter of calculation, generally settled by
the parents or relatives, who often
draw up the contract before the parties
have seen one another, and it is only
when everything is arranged, and a
few days previously to the marriage
ceremony, that the future husband is
introduced to his intended partner for
life. Should he find fault with her
manners or appearance, he may break
off the match on condition of defraying
the brokerage and any other expenses
incurred.

An Artistic Young Lady's Room.

People furnish their rooms now ac-
cording to the caprices. The personal
comes out. The rich literary young
lady fits up her room with furniture of
an antique pattern, with bookcases in
dark wood or oak, with a tiled fire-
place and brass andirons, a Venetian
mirror and deep luxurious rugs. She
has rare engravings and a Sevres
writing-table. "Simple but choice,"
says one on entering. If she is a fash-
ionable belle, her room will be fes-
tooned with pink or blue silk, covered
with, or tufted satin let into the walls.
Long mirrors will abound, and the
furniture will be of ormolu. The spirit
of the Pompadour breathes from this in-
terior; it is all roses and blue ribbons.
The artistic young lady has three important
caprices; a bunch of peacock's feathers,
a brass pot full of cat-tails and a me-
dieval candlestick. These are the es-
sential. Japanese fans as a matter of
detail; an easel, a few straight-backed
chairs, a brown curtain embroidered
with sunflowers and a Persian cat.
With all the stiffness and the prefer-
ence for a certain dirty yellow, which
has become the passion of the follow-
ers of Cimabue Brown, these modern
aesthetics do sometimes make very
pretty rooms. They are quaint and
individual, but there is no doubt that
"the high artistic craze" has pro-
duced some very ugly effects.

The severe stiffness of the cat-tail
has entered much into modern em-
broidery. Every one feels for the
stork which has stood so long on one
leg.

"The little lilies lank and wan,
Each stork and sunflower spray,"

all are stiff and dismal. They are the
pendants to the "lean disciples of
Burne-Jones." The Postlethwaites and
Bunthornes and their female adorers
look like a stork on one leg. The hero
of a modern aesthetic comedy says, as
the highest synonym of despair, "I
feel like a room without a dado."

It is one of the pleasantest caprices
of modern luxury that women have
their bedrooms and boudoirs furnished
in colors that will set off their favorite
dresses, and add china to match the
bedroom.

Fashion Notes.

Bonnets are smaller.
Braiding is a popular trimming.
Ostrich feathers are much worn.
Riding-habits grow a little longer.
Hairdressing is losing its simplicity.
Waists of Paris dresses are very long.
The French twist is revived in Paris.
Laces of all kinds are worn to ex-
cess.

Guipure Spanish lace is a favorite
lace in millinery.

School suits for boys are still made
with knee trousers.

Valenciennes lace is again revived in
attractive patterns.

Claret color and pink combine beau-
tifully in new costumes.

Chenille enters largely into trim-
mings for both cloaks and dresses.

The new cloaks are very long. Flow-
ered satines are used as cloak linings.

Ragians are introduced in place of
the ulster, which is now a thing of the
past.

Fine French cashmeres have not
been so fashionable for a long time as
at present.

Buckles of all kinds, antique, modern,
medieval, metallic and jeweled, will be
very fashionable.

The richest trimming of the season
are velvet bands embroidered in open
designs with silk floss.

Court trains sloped to a point like a
bird's tail are worn with the pointed
bodies of evening dresses.

Jackets, are made of all kinds of
cloths, of velvet, plush, satin, brocade,
cheviots and jersey webbing.

Silk jersey cloths come in shades of

white for the corsages of bridesmaids'
and other white evening dresses.

Jet and metal buttons come in hand-
some improved designs that make them
suitable for the richest costumes.

New clasps to fasten cloaks are
wooden masks with open mouths; other
clasps are animals' heads of bronze or
silver.

Carpets covering the entire floor are
not so fashionable as rugs and mats
on a fine hard wood stained or painted
floor.

Jean Baptiste cloth is the French
name for a new camel-hair cloth that
is as soft as an Indian chudda, but has
a rough finish.

Sealskin is not to have exclusive
sway this winter, but is to share the
honors with ermine, which is the most
elegant of all furs.

New blues take such names as elec-
tric, cobalt, gentian, infantry, hussar,
and darker shades approaching indigo
are called imperial.

Balbriggan stockings come in super-
fine qualities in high art colors, oil-
boiled, and warranted not to fade in
washing or wearing.

Women who wear bustles generally
seem to have curvature of the spine,
but it is only artificial and accidental
crookedness of the tournaure.

Fruit designs, such as strawberries,
plums and pears, are on the newest
brocades; horseshoe patterns are of
raised velvet on a corded surface.

Network of silk cords with droop-
ing tassels is used to give the appear-
ance of vests and aprons on French
dresses of corded Sicilienne and velvet.

Rich silks and novelty woolen dress
stuffs show designs in shaded balls,
drops, rings, eggs, and pear-shaped
figures in changeable colors on grounds
of terra cotta, hussar blue, and other
fashionable tints.

An Interesting Lion Story.

The memory of the lion was pre-
served in its ancient haunts long after
it had become extinct. The scene of
one of the prettiest stories told by
Ælian is laid in Mount Pangeum,
which, from its mention by Xenophon,
must have been a famous haunt for
lions.

Eudemus tells the tale that in Pan-
geum in Thrace a bear attacked the
lair of a lion while it was unguarded
and killed the cubs that were too small
and too weak to defend themselves.
And when the father and the mother
came home from hunting somewhere,
and saw their children lying dead they
were much aggrieved and attacked the
bear; but she was afraid and climbed
up into a tree as fast as she could
and settled herself down, trying
to avoid the attack.

Now, when they saw that they could
not avenge themselves on her, the
lioness did not cease to watch the tree,
but sat down in ambush at the foot,
eying the bear, that was covered with
blood. But the lion, as it were, with-
out purpose and distraught with grief,
after the manner of a man, rushed off
to the mountains, and chanced to light
on a wood-cutter, who, in terror, let
fall his ax; but the lion fawned upon
him, and reaching up saluted him as
well as he could, and licked his face
with his tongue. And the man took
courage. Then the lion encircled him
with his tail, and led him, and did
not suffer him to leave his ax behind,
but pointed with his foot for it to be
taken up. And when the man did not
understand he took it up in his mouth
and reached it to him. Then he fol-
lowed while the lion led him to his
den. And when the lioness saw him
she came and made signs, looking at
the pitiable spectacle, and then up at
the bear. Then the man perceived
and understood that the lion had suf-
fered cruel wrong from the bear, and
cut down the tree with might and
main. And the tree fell, and the lions
tore the bear in pieces; but the man
the lion led back again, safe and sound,
to the place where he lighted on him,
and returned him to the very tree he
had been cutting.—*Popular Science
Monthly.*

The Woman Corrected Him.

One day recently a curious scene was
witnessed in the Rue Descartes, Paris
where a man was hawking a pamphlet
—"How to Correct Women"—and
loudly crying his wares. A young
woman, incensed at the title of the
book, inflicted a sound slap on the
hawker's face; other members of the
tender sex joined their champion, and
gave the unfortunate wretch a severe
drubbing, scattering the offending pam-
phlets in the mud of the pavement.

Some men took the part of the vendor,
and a general scuffle ensued. A regu-
lar scrimmage went on for half an
hour, hats, caps, bonnets and false hair
flying in all directions. Finally, the
female contingent retreated in disorder,
and the hawker left the neighbor-
hood, vowing that he would never
again attempt to sell inflammatory
brochures in that quarter of Paris.