

### Fallow.

I like these plants that you call weeds—  
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow—  
That knit their roots and sift their seeds  
Where any grassy wheel-track leads  
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the ragged hillside farms,  
Grown old with cultivation,  
With such wild wealth of rustic charms  
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms  
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best  
To deck her tired-out places;  
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,  
Against hard work she will protest  
With homely airs and graces.

You plow the arbutus from her hills,  
Hew down her mountain laurel;  
Their place, as best she can, she fills  
With humbler blossoms; so she wills  
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your ax with pain  
Her free, primeval glory;  
She brought you drops of golden grain  
You say: "How dull she grows to—how  
plain!"

You old, mean, selfish story.

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,  
Tortured by hoe and harrow;  
But leave her for a year or two,  
And see! she stands and laughs at you  
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please  
Yet Heaven's breath gently passes  
Into the life of flowers like these,  
And I lie down at blessed ease  
Among the weeds and grasses.

—Lucy Larcom.

### THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

There are few more striking city landscapes in the whole of Africa, though there may be many handsomer, than the panorama of Cairo, where ancient and modern Mohammedanism stand represented side by side. As a mere picture, the traveler may perhaps give his preference to the towering red cliffs and terraced streets of Oran, the magnificent crescent of white houses surmounting the green sloping hills and sparkling waters of Algiers bay, or the strange little eagle's nest of Constantine perched on the summit of a perpendicular crag, and encircled on all sides but one by a hideous chasm 500 feet in depth. But in the picturesque mingling of the past and the present, of quaint Eastern barbarism and jaunty Western civilization, Cairo stands alone.

It must be owned, however, that the late Khedive's efforts to make his capital a cheap edition of Paris have had anything but a satisfactory result. Moslem cities are as conservative as their inhabitants, and do not take kindly to the bustling new-fangled notions of the West. The Shurba Gardens, indeed (which form the park of Cairo), are a charming foil to the hot, dusty plain all around; and so, too, is the long avenue of date palms extending from the Nile almost to where the mighty crests of the pyramids are seen looming against the rich tropical sky on the border of the everlasting desert. But there is a garish, offensive smartness about every street of the new "Ismailiyeh Quarter," with its tall, white hotels and bride-cake-like villas, and inclosed grass-plots sorely in need of watering; and it is quite a relief to turn from this "made-to-order" town into the maze of dark, narrow, Oriental streets around the base of the citadel hill, where one may still see what the great city was in the days when she first received her Arabic title of "Al Kahira."

Here, indeed, you may take your fill of Eastern associations. You seem to be looking up from the bottom of a well at the bright summer sky, which is only visible as a little ribbon of burning light far overhead, between the flat, heavy-battlemented roofs of the strange old houses, with their blank massive walls and deep tunnel-like doorways. All around you the quaint, old-world life of the "Arabian Nights" is in full swing. The gray-bearded barber is chatting to his Arab customer as he shaves his crown. The laden camel striding up the narrow, rubbish-heaped street, almost tramples upon a turbaned loafer who is too lazy to get out of the way. The "kabobki" (seller of cooked meats) sets out upon the narrow board before him his little squares of smoking mutton, each impaled upon its own tiny spit. The deformed beggar extends the shapeless mass of sores which serves him as a hand, with a shrill petition for charity. The bare-limbed water-carrier waddles past under his dripping bag of skin, eyed enviously by the tattered, dusty pilgrim from Mecca, who is looking around in search of a bath-house. The veiled woman glides noiselessly past in her shroud-like robe, like a risen corpse, while the gaunt, half-clad, wild-eyed dervish (religious devotee) stalks through the crowd yelling like a mad man, and tossing his bare arms frantically in the air.

Amid such a scene one would hardly be surprised to come upon Khojah Hassan, or Sinbad, the sailor, snugly seated in a shady corner and recounting to a circle of admiring listeners one of those interminable stories which delighted the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid. Before you reach the foot of the winding

path leading upward to the citadel you will be quite ready to assent to the old saying that "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world."

But the gem of the whole panorama is the citadel itself, which stands upon a steep rocky bluff overlooking the town. True, the massive walls are fast crumbling to decay, and a military engineer would be anything but satisfied either with the condition of the defenses or with that of the guns mounted upon them. But the most resolute fault-finder could hardly object to the stately white front and tapering minarets of the great mosque, or to the wealth of coloring lavished upon the graceful columns and fretted cornices and deep, shadowy archways of its beautiful interior—a fit monument of the greatness of its founder, Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Napoleon of Egypt, who ruled the country with a rod of iron in the earlier part of the present century.

Beyond the mosque, in the outer angle of the fortress, and just at the point where the rocky face of the hill upon which it stands falls away into a sheer precipice, lies a spacious quadrangular court-yard, paved with broad flat stones and encircled by a quiet, shady colonnade, the back of which is formed by the ramparts themselves. As you enter this quadrangle, a gray-haired Arab, who seems to haunt it, tells you in a tone of sombre meaning that it is the Court of the Mamelukes.

The name recalls at once the half-forgotten details of one of the grandest and gloomiest tragedies of modern times, and for any one who wishes to know what Egypt really is, it is worth while to look back and see what deeds were done in this quiet spot on a certain fine summer evening within the memory of men who are still alive.

The evening sun is just beginning to redden the bold ridges of the Mokattam hills (which flank Cairo on the east) as a troop of horsemen, mounted on superb Arab coursers and arrayed in all the barbaric splendor of Eastern warriors, ride gallantly up the path leading to the citadel. All are stout and stalwart men, armed to the teeth and seemingly quite ready to use their weapons at a moment's notice, against either friend or foe.

These are the famous Egyptian Mamelukes, the hereditary aristocracy of the land, who once faced the best soldiers of Bonaparte himself beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, and from whose ranks came the renowned Sultans that formerly ruled all Egypt from the sea to the cataracts of the Nile. Proudly do they file in through the gloomy old gateway, rejoicing to think that even Mehemet Ali Pasha himself, the dreaded Governor of Lower Egypt, thinks it prudent to stand well with the Mamelukes and bid them to a feast in his own citadel at Cairo.

Little do they dream what manner of a feast it is to be. Mehemet Ali is not the man to let any one stand in his way, and these haughty chiefs, with their fierce courage and uncomfortable notions of independence, have long been a burden to him. If he intends to (as he does) become absolute master of all Egypt, he or they must go; and he has already made up his mind which of the two it shall be.

In all their pride and splendor the doomed men march into the fatal courtyard, whence they are never to return. The gate shuts unperceived behind them as they enter, while a crowd of obsequious servants press around them to aid in dismounting, tie up their horses and marshal the "noble chiefs" to their appointed places.

In the last glow of sunset (for this strange banquet hall has no roof but the open sky) the well-spread tables and colored lamps, the crimson hangings of the encircling colonnade, the dark handsome faces and rich dresses of the Mamelukes, made a goodly show. But, although most of the guests seemed in high good humor with everything, one scarred veteran, with a long gray beard hanging over his brawny chest, looked ominously grave and gloomy.

"What ails thee, Father Hassan?" asked a tall, handsome lad beside him. "Thy face is as dark as the peaks of the Mokattam before a storm."

"I am but ill at ease, friend Said," answered the old warrior. "Last night I dreamed that a wild hare ran past me, and thou knowest what that forebodes."

Evidently Said did know, by the sudden clouding of his bright young face.

"Well said the wise man, that an enemy's gifts bring evil," pursued Hassan. "Mehemet Ali Pasha loves us not, and here, in his own stronghold, who knows what he may do?"

"Ha! think'st thou that the Pasha means treachery?" cried the young chief, with a fierce gleam in his large black eyes and a significant clutch of his jeweled sword hilt. "If it be so let him beware, for he who beats the thicket

for an antelope may chance to rouse a lion! But all this idle talk—he dares not!"

"He dares not," echoed three or four of the others, with a disdainful laugh; and the feast began.

Long and merry did they revel; but just as their mirth was at its height a shrill whistle, sharp and ominous as the scream of a vulture, pierced the still night air. Instantly the hangings of the colonnade fell, and from behind the pillars, with a flash and roar like the outburst of a thunder-storm, a deadly volley of musketry came crashing among the revelers.

In a moment all was confusion. The betrayed Mamelukes sprang to their feet and grasped their swords and daggers; but what could these avail against the merciless bullets that hailed upon them without ceasing? Down they went, man on man, and among the first that fell was poor old Hassan, whose gloomy prophecy was but too truly fulfilled.

Yet even in this deadly peril, the brave young Said did not lose his presence of mind. At the first alarm he had sprung to his horse and untied it, but the outer gate was shut. There was only one chance left. As the howling murderers closed in to finish their work, Said spurred his horse and darted like an arrow through the doorway leading from the colonnade to the rampart that overhung the precipice.

An exulting yell broke from his enemies as they rushed after him, thinking that now they had him fast, hemmed in as he was between their leveled weapons and the fearful gulf beyond. But they little knew Said, the Mameluke. One defiant shout, one headlong bound forward into the empty air, and the horse and man vanished into the fathomless depths of blackness below.

Even the savage soldiers turned away in horror from the sight of that desperate leap, little dreaming that their prey had escaped them after all. Yet so it was. The horse was killed, but the daring rider escaped with a broken limb to die long years after in a distant land, upon a far nobler battlefield.—Our Continent.

### Tardy Reparation.

Tardy reparation has at length been made to the memory of a mortally wronged German woman, whose name has been unjustly held up to public scorn and contumely in the place of her birth for more than two centuries and half. In the year 1617, says *The London Telegraph*, the city of Tangermuende was destroyed by fire, and two years later several persons were tried, condemned, and executed at Brandenburg for acts of incendiarism, alleged to have caused the calamity in question. Among those who suffered was Grete Minden, the daughter of a Tangermuende patrician. She was stripped and chained to a tall post in the market-place. The five fingers of her right hand were torn off with red-hot pincers. Her arms were deeply scarred with glowing irons. Finally she was burned to death slowly. From first to last her martyrdom lasted for nearly an hour.

Ever since that time a so-called "conflagration sermon" has been preached on each successive fourteenth Sunday after Trinity in the principal Tangermuende church. This discourse describes Grete Minden as an abominable monster, the refuse of mankind, who burned down her native town to revenge herself upon the municipality for, as she believed, withholding her paternal inheritance. It was a story by the eminent novelist, Theodore Fontaine, in which Grete Minden figured as a heroine, that suggested an investigation of the documentary evidence connected with her case to Ludolf Parisius, a member of the reichstag, and this gentleman found out that the unfortunate woman had most undoubtedly been the victim of a judicial murder.

He lost no time in communicating his discovery to the Tangermuende authorities, and on Sunday, the 10th of September, when the clergyman on duty ascended his pulpit to preach the 264th "conflagration sermon," he prefaced his discourse by announcing to the congregation that recent inquiry into the origin of the great Tangermuende fire had completely exonerated Grete Minden from any complicity with the authors of that catastrophe. For many days before and after the fire she had been lying on a bed of sickness many miles from Tangermuende. Subsequently she had been wrongfully accused, sentenced, tortured, and done to death with the utmost barbarity, an absolutely innocent woman.

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, leaning her finely-veined temple against his coat-collar, and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades; "how soothing, how restful!" "Yes," he replied, toying with her golden aureole of hair, "and what a night to shoot cats."

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### Fashion Notes.

Feather fans are fashionable. Brasses are again revived in bric-a-brac and objects of art.

Black dresses are in favor and are often made of two materials.

Nonpareil velvet is a desirable material for ladies' and childrens' dresses.

Plaids are fashionable made up with plain goods matching or harmonizing in color.

Roman gold is fashionable in jewelry and the demand is for light, graceful patterns.

Cashmere is worn in all plain shades of color, and also brocaded in small designs.

Clocks introduced in pottery plaques and hung upon the wall are counted with passing fancies.

There are revolving fire-screens which produce fine efforts of color in stained and decorated glass.

Very pretty frames for photographs are worked on linen in outline stitch, fruit and flower designs being generally used.

Velvet, Ottoman repped silks, brocaded satins and silks, with large figures, and sometimes brightened with gold threads, and plain satins and plain silks are the stuffs used for the richest evening dresses.

Bright bows and loops of soft, lustrous Ottoman ribbons are placed among the falls of lace neck bows when lace is used for this purpose; but ribbon alone forms the greater number of bows for the neck.

Basques, with a sharply pointed front, short on the hips and postilion backs, are much worn, with narrow box pleatings being placed around the bottom and terminating under the postillions in the back.

For dancing toilets are imported very beautiful transparent silk muslins of exquisite texture and finish, with single large flowers, such as roses and carnations, dropped upon pale-tinted grounds. One pattern in these fabrics shows a pale tea-rose, yellow ground brocaded with pale pink azaleas and foliage, and a second pattern, already made up in Watteau style, has a ground-work on pale blue, scattered over with blush roses and sweet-pea blossoms.

#### Served Him Right.

Middy Morgan, the woman stock-reporter of a New York paper, taught an insolent policeman a valuable lesson the other day. This fellow mistook her for a wanderer from the backwoods as she was walking on a wharf near the Battery recently, and loudly advised her to "walk overboard." She quietly took his number, reported him at his station, identified him when he appeared at the end of his watch, and had him suspended for two weeks without pay. The astounded rough tried to beg off, and his fellow-officer shut him up with the remark, "Served ye right."

#### New York's Boarding School Girls.

Did you ever see such pretty things as the boarding-school girls of New York? says a writer in a city paper. They saily out to walk every afternoon, rosy with the strong airs of this low gneiss island; demure as nuns and representative of all places, but the native New York type prevails with its brunette skin, gray eyes, height of figure, almost manly countenance and carriage, and well-turned feet. The Philadelphia girls have gentler, more submissive faces, the Boston girls have more beans in their skin and culture in their scrawn, the Baltimore girls have lost their old reputation and prettier faces are now seen in Washington, beauty in the West is very poorly organized, and too corn-fed, but there is a thing called "style" about these Manhattan belles which makes every one of them the model for a carved Goddess of Liberty.

#### A Woman Rescues a Boy in Mid-Ocean.

A Sydney (Australia) paper says: A short time ago, Mrs. G. A. D. McArthur Campbell, formerly a resident of Coonamble, distinguished herself by a deed of admirable bravery. Mrs. Campbell was a passenger in a steamer from Hong Kong to one of the northern ports of Queensland, and one day a little boy about four years of age, to whom the lady was much attached, fell overboard, the accident occurring through a sudden lurch of the vessel. With the exception of Mrs. Campbell and the man at the wheel all the passengers and crew were at dinner.

Without waiting for a life buoy or divesting herself of any clothing, and simply saying to the man at the wheel: "Don't tell the child's mother," Mrs. Campbell plunged into the water, swam to the boy, and held him up till both were rescued, the steamer having been promptly stopped and a boat lowered. Neither the lady nor the boy were much the worse for the immersion.

### A Small Beginning.

An Irish washerwoman who was among the earliest settlers in Leadville Colorado, has succeeded in amassing a large fortune by her own industry. Her stock in trade when she came consisted of a pair of tubs and a washboard. She began business under an old pine tree on the hillside, having no means of hiring a house. She soon, however, got together with her own hands a rude slab cabin, and as business was good at two dollars and a half per dozen for washing, she gradually began to provide for her wants. She got a camp stove, and after furnishing her cabin comfortably, began to accumulate money. The town began to grow in the direction of her cabin, and after a while she employed laborers to put up a log house. As there was a great demand for miners' boarding-houses, this enterprising woman concluded to abandon the washtub and start a boarding-house in her new edifice. In the idea she received great encouragement, and the house was opened with flattering prospects. In this venture she proved to be very successful, and made money and saved it. By the growth of the city her house finally got to be in the very centre, and as the streets were laid out, it proved to occupy a location on a desirable corner. Business was new and she continued to make money, which she invested wisely. She built another log house and rented it. Then she put up a frame building, which was rented before it was finished. About this time some of the "land-grabbers" disputed her title to the land and tried to dispossess her, but the old lady had so many determined friends among the miners that the effort was given up. Several months ago she renewed an offer of ten thousand dollars for her property, and since that time has built a two-story block fronting on a desirable avenue. She still lives in her log house, but intends to tear it down and erect a two-story block in its place. When her improvements are completed she will have an income of more than a thousand dollars per month—a pretty good record of business success for an old washerwoman, it must be admitted.

### Life's Mockery.

"Give me another doughnut," Reine McCloskey's voice is husky with grief as she speaks these words, and over the dimpled cheek that looks so fair and white in the moonlight the blushes are chasing each other in rapid succession. To her right are the Cat-skills, their summits bathed in a flood of silvery light, while at their base lies the placid Hudson, its shimmering surface reflecting the twinkling stars that are looking down in all the silent splendor from the azure zenith. Directly in front of the girl, and lending to the tout ensemble a soft warmth of coloring not otherwise obtainable, is a large jar. Immediately behind it stands Hercules Perkins.

"I am going away," he says. "The girl does not reply. The shadow of the doughnut-jar conceals the look of haunting fear that passes across her face, and the white lines around the drooping mouth are not seen by the one whose words have caused their presence.

"Shall you miss me?" he said. "The little white hand that rests upon the back of a chair is trembling now, and in the deep brown eyes there are hot tears of sorrow and pain. Suddenly Reine speaks.

"Go away," she says in agonized tones. "Go away before I tell you that which had best remain unsaid," and sobs choke her utterance.

A great light breaks upon Hercules. Stepping quickly to the girl's side he places his arm around her. "Tell me truly, sweetheart," he says, "do you love me?"

For answer she places a soft white arm around his neck, and as he bends over to kiss her the other hand reaches forward, feels cautiously around for an instant, and then, with a wild cry of agony, Reine McCloskey falls forward in a swoon.

The doughnut-jar is empty.—Chicago Tribune.

### Origin of a Familiar Phrase.

The oft-quoted saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," originated at the Union of the Crowns, when London was, for the first time, inundated with Scotchmen. Jealous of their invasion, the Duke of Buckingham organized a movement against them, and parties were formed for the purpose of breaking the windows of their abodes. By way of retaliation, a number of Scotchmen smashed the windows of the Duke's mansion, known as the "Glass House," in Martin's Fields, and, on his complaining to the King his Majesty replied: "Steenie, Steenie, those who live in glass houses should be careful how they fling stones."—*Memoir of Alexander Seaton.*

Costumes are to be less clinging this season, but prices will stick.

### The Climax.

If the tea was too hot, the coffee too cold, This thing was too new, or the other too old, The Grumbler would see it, no doubt. He'd a sigh as he thought of the faults of his friend, A groan at the folly of those who pretend That their friends have no faults to find out.

But the worst of his sorrows was reached when, one day, Some work that a neighbor took pride to display

Was brought, for the first time, to light. With a look of disgust, our friend shook his wise head:

"This is worse than I thought—very much worse," he said; "Why, the thing is done perfectly right!"

—Wide Awake.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A dead-lock—The fastening of a cemetery gate.

A valuation of \$400,000,000 in round numbers is reported on property in Texas this year.

Herbert Spencer says the American people do not grumble enough. But then he has not met the American people at breakfast time.

Father: "Fritz, you ought to be ashamed to whip such a small boy." Fritz: "Why so? Are you ashamed to whip me?"

"Do you ever go to meeting?" asked a minister of a Kentuckian. "Certainly, sir, twice a year; spring meeting and fall meeting."

A: "Why have you marked the birthdays of all your friends in your almanac?" B: "So as to know when not to call on them."

"Charles, dear," she murmured, as she strolled along the other evening, and gazed up at the bejeweled firmament, "which is Venus and which is Adonis?"

Caution in the premises: "Hadm't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" said a minister. "Not to-day, dominie, I think," was the prudent reply; "the wind isn't right."

"What are eggs this morning?" "Eggs, of course," says the dealer, humorously. "Well," adds the customer, "I am glad of it, for the last I bought of you were chickens."

A young man while out searching for his father's pig, accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded: "Faix, how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

At a stenographic exhibition in Paris twenty-four different systems of shorthand were on view. Among other curiosities there was a postcard containing 44,000 words.

The dollar subscriptions to the Garfield Monument fund of Cincinnati now aggregate about \$10,000, enough for the purpose. The statue is to be of bronze, full length, of heroic size, and mounted on a granite pedestal.

"There, never mind," said the dentist, soothingly, as he twisted the tooth around once or twice to loosen it up, "never mind, it won't hurt." "No," gasped the victim, "I know it won't, but it does now, and that's what interests me."

A very old lady on her death-bed, in penitential mood, said: "I have been a great sinner for more than eighty years, and didn't know it." An old colored woman, who had lived with her for a long time, exclaimed, "Laws, I knowed it all the time."

In the production of coal, Illinois is now second only to Pennsylvania. The State Bureau of Labor reports that the output has increased from 6,000,000 tons in 1880 to 9,000,000 in 1890, that the value at the mines is nearly \$14,000,000.

A lady had in her employment a excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Mrs. tried to tell her to wash her face, but out offending her, and at last resort to strategy. "Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said if you wash the face every day in hot soapy water it will make you beautiful?" "Will it?" answered the wily Bridget. "Sure it's a wonder ye never tried it, ma'am!"

### Obedience to Husbands.

"Your future husband seems very exacting; he has been stipulated for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding; "these are his last wishes." This is a complete reversal of the rule laid down by the old couplet:

"Man, love thy wife; thy husband, wife, obey. Wives are our heart; we should be heed away."

In many instances the state of the case is rather something like the following: "If I'm not home from the party to night by ten o'clock," says the husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied the lady, significantly; "I won't wait but I'll come for you." He is home a ten precisely.—*Chambers' Journal.*