

Death of the Flowers.

Too melancholy days are come, the sad
dear days of the year,
Of winter winds, and naked woods, and
snows adown and snow,
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the
wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to
the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and
from the shrub the jay,
A drom the wood-top calls the crow
through all the gloomy day.
Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers, that lately sprung and stood,
In brighter light and softer airs, a beau-
tiful sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gen-
tle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with fair
and good of ours,
The rain is falling where they lie; but the
cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the
lovely ones again.
The wind-flower and the violet, they per-
ish'd long ago.
And the wild rose and the orchis died
amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod, and the
aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in
autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heav-
en, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone
from upland, glade and glen.
And now, when comes the calm, mild day
as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out
their winter home
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the wa-
ters of the fall,
The south wind searches for the flowers
whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and
by the stream no more.
And then I think of one who in her
youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and
faded by my side;
In the cold moist earth we laid her when
the forest cast the leaf.
And we wept that one so lovely should
have a life so brief.
Yet not unmet it was that one, like that
young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish
with the flowers.
—William Cullen Bryant.

AN ORDEAL OF FIRE.

Oh, I say, Wyndham, Paul Toy said, suddenly letting his heels down to their natural level, and getting up to light his cigar at a swinging lamp of Berlin bronze, I've been going to ask you several times, what became of the little girl who posed for your Psyche. Some of the fellows fancied you were quite serious about her. Old Mangam was awfully cut up about it. He fancied you were going to throw away your whole career (puff, puff) by marrying.
Lester Wyndham smiled, but the look on his face did not express much gaiety.
Uncle Mangam was always imagining something, he said, briefly.
Well said Toy, resuming his seat I confess that I was a little curious myself. What became of her, anyhow?
Why, my dear fellow, Wyndham replied, testily, how should I know? One isn't bound to keep track of all the pretty models one flirts with I shouldn't attempt it. But see here—it is half-past seven. If we are going to hear Mignon to-night, we'd better be off.
Caserelli in the role you say? queried T. Y. I've heard her sing it twice. She is getting too old and fat for that sort of thing. See here—how would it do for me to join you after the second act? I ought to show up at the Snowden reception, you know.
As you please, Wyndham replied, buttoning his light overcoat over his dress suit and tucking an opera hat under his arm, while he worked on his gloves.
I'll stop here a while then, Toy said dropping back into the Oriental chair which had such charms for him.
Wyndham's rooms were everybody's admiration. Fortune had smiled on the young artist. He had sold several pictures at the Academy, and just as Fame placed the laurel on his brow, his rich old uncle died, leaving him all his money.
The studio of an artist who has plenty of money ought to be the ideal of elegance, and Wyndham's was all that; yet he was not a happy man.
As he stepped into the Hansom summoned to convey him to the opera, the name of his pretty model was ringing sadly in his ears.
Where was Marguerite? Ah, if he only knew what had become of her! He was alone in the box when the curtain rose. The opening chorus seemed to him to come from afar off. He saw nothing of the painted singers that moved to and fro on the boards as the argument unfolded itself and the audience began its fitful applause Wyndham saw nothing of the daubed scenery or the stage trappings; he saw his own room and a little, slender fig-

ure modestly draped in soft white—Marguerite, with eyes like dark pansies, and a mass of shining hair rippling out of a high, Greek knot.
The opera ran on, but Wyndham sat there, one gloved hand holding the libretto unopened, the other resting passively on the box cushions.
He seemed insensible to everything; but there came at last a full, splendid chorus that might have roused any one.
Wyndham looked up. The stage was full of men and girls. He glanced over them, and then—he started.
Could that be—who was that girl in white, with golden hair, singing with downcast eyes, her cheeks glowing with a carmine which art could not imitate?
Marguerite! he breathed. It is my little Marguerite.
Like one spellbound, he sat there leaning breathlessly forward till her last note died away.
If she would only look at him! But no! What was that rosy glow above? Why did the prima donna glance up in a startled way, and then dash off the stage?
A sudden burst of smoke and a wild cry of "Fire!" revealed the danger.
Almost instantly the audience was on its feet. The stage manager rushed out amidst the flight of the troupe through the wings, which were wrapped in flames in an instant.
Sit still! he cried, wildly. You will be crushed to death if you all go at once. There is time for all to escape!
But the mad rush for the doors could not be stopped, and almost before the stage manager finished speaking, the fire-curtain on the stage was let down with a crash.
It was then that Wyndham darted out of his box, through the wings to the green-room.
There was a wild crush and scramble there, too. Ballet girls and figurantes flew in their scanty attire towards the narrow stage exit.
Men and women screamed and shouted; but above the din rose Wyndham's voice, crying frantically: Marguerite!
Up and down the narrow corridors, where the smoke was gathering so dense and black that death by suffocation was the first peril, Wyndham dashed like a madman.
Where is Marguerite Valleau? he cried, frantically.
Never heard of her, replied one of the machinists. Save yourself Monsieur. There is no time to hunt for missing ones.
One of the chorus girls dashed by, wrapped in a great cloak.
Marguerite Valleau is in the property room, she said.
And Wyndham dashed forward.
He did not know where the property room was; there was no one to tell him. The corridors were almost deserted by the flying troupe; but above the flames swelled and leaped, belching forth sparks and smoke that threatened to choke him. From behind the fire-curtain he heard the roar of the terrified audience, like so many wild beasts trying to burst their cage.
Marguerite! Marguerite! he cried. But there came no reply.
To the right and left he ran, in one door and out another, till at last he came upon a limp, white figure lying on the floor of the deserted room.
Marguerite—thank Heaven! he cried fervently.
And catching her in his arms, he turned to retrace his steps.
His voice and touch seemed to arouse her. She opened her eyes and smiled—smiled with death staring her in the face, for Wyndham's passage was barred by flame. He knew not which way to turn.
It is thou, she said softly, in French. I saw thee from the very first.
Marguerite, he whispered holding her close in his arms. There is no place for us to go. We cannot escape. Are you afraid to die with me, dearest?
No, she answered, with a fearless smile; but her eyes met his hopeless look with a fresh inspiration. Let me go, Monsieur, she said, quickly. Come with me. I know a way. Take my hand—so!
He obeyed her, and hand in hand they fled together down through a trap under the stage, and into a long narrow passage, which terminated in an exit into the Rue Marivaux.

This is for the administration, she explained. I was on my way here from the property room when I fainted. If you had not come, monsieur, I should have been left behind.
He pressed her hand warmly as they hurried on.
Open the door, she said.
And Wyndham sprang forward to obey her, but fell back with a groan. It is locked! he cried, wrenching the knob futilely. There is no key; Marguerite's little hands were quickly dashed against the panels of the door. Wyndham vainly strove to hammer them in with his boots, or attract attention from without. But the awful din around the building prevented them from being heard.
The fireman had arrived, and their shouts mingled with the shrieks of the crowd assembled. The struggling mass of people swarming out of the opera house drowned all minor noises.
We are trapped! Wyndham said, in agony. We cannot get back now, my poor little Marguerite!
With a low sob, her head sank on his shoulder.
As Heavens wills it, she whispered. I am not afraid here.
Wyndham's arms were around her; his face close to hers.
Do you love me? he asked, solemnly.
Truly, monsieur, she replied, her arms clinging close about his neck.
Then why did you go away? he asked. Why did you not let me know where to find you?
I was poor, she said. I had to earn my living. And how could a young girl have stayed on there without—without—You know I could not.
But I meant to ask you to marry me, he said, quickly.
Yes, she answered; but Monsieur Mangam, your uncle, said that could not be; that it was not right for you to marry me, because you would lose everything by that.
Wyndham shut his teeth hard.
Tell me, Marguerite, he said. Would you marry me now? I am a rich man. My uncle is dead. Would you be my wife now?
If I only could! she sighed. I have always loved you.
A new light broke over his face.
Oh, he cried, to think that we must die now! Just when I have found you, my darling. Oh, it is hard to die!
Hark! she cried, there is someone! There were hurried steps on the pavement. Some one shouted without, and the two voices within sent forth an answering shout.
Then came some swift, thundering blows against the lock. It burst open; the door was flung back, and they were free.
Wyndham staggered out with Marguerite in his arms.
Look up, my pearl, he whispered. But the head had sunk, insensible, on his breast, and she knew nothing. Some one caught Wyndham's arm. Lester! cried Paul Toy. Good heavens! is it you?
It is I? he answered, fervently. And this is the girl you asked me about this evening. Get a carriage, Paul.
The young lady? Goes with us. Do not be surprised. She will be my wife to-morrow.
Paul Toy asked no questions. His thoughts were taken up with the blessedness of having saved his friend from a horrible death.
He had come to the theater as by his appointment, and found it in flames. He knew it was useless to search for Wyndham in the awful confusion of that scene; but by chance he saw that the door into the Rue Marivaux was not open. He had often gone into the Opera Comique by that door with members of the administration. Perhaps it might serve as an exit to some who were imprisoned in that burning building.
Half a dozen men rushed to open it at his suggestion, and then—Lester Wyndham had staggered out.
The full extent of that awful horror was not known to these three till the next day, when the work of bringing the dead from the ruins was sadly begun.
Over that let us draw a veil. The story has been told, with all its horrible details, by journals in all countries.
But amid all the dreadful misery that night entailed, it is pleasant to

think that the burnig of the Opera Comique brought with it the happiness of, at least, two loving souls.
FIERCE ANIMALS IN A THUNDERSTORM.
A correspondent sends us the following account of his experience in the Zoological gardens last night: "Chance took me to the grounds of the Zoological society yesterday evening, and after a stroll around I had just time to slip into the building known as the lion house, where also are the tigers, jaguars, and leopards, when the storm burst in all its fury. In the waning light the situation was anything but agreeable for the little band of belated visitors, most of them without umbrellas. The rain poured down with such violence that the floor of the place was soon covered, owing to the presence of various overflow pipes which discharged themselves inside the building. The flashing of the lightning was incessant, and the roar of the thunder simply deafening. As each flash lit up the dim recesses of the cages the eye lighted upon the savage forms behind the bars. Here was a lion standing with his ears pricked as though the clamor of elements brought back to his mind the dim memories of a time when he prowled the forest and shrank from the savagery, greater even than his own, of a tropical storm. Two leopards who had been snarling at one another appeared to bury the hatchet in the presence of the mysterious flashes which ever and anon blinded their fierce eyes; and their demeanor evinced a certain mutual conciliatoriness. For the most part the animals lay perfectly motionless about the dens. A tigress from Turkistan was, however, an exception, she seemed to revel in the storm and bounded from corner to corner with a bold defiance of the lightning which with almost the brilliancy of lime-light, played upon her. In the next cage a tiger and tigress whose course of true love did not appear to run smoothly, to judge from the nasty snaps of the lady when her mate attempted to rub his nose on her shoulder, were completely subdued by the crashing and flashing which was going on around them, and they crouched down in opposite corners, with every appearance of terror. When a slight cessation in the rainstorm emboldened the keepers to horrors of the night it was with some feeling of relief that I left this particular refuge, for the thought would intrude itself if by chance a bolt were to strike down a wall there my four-footed friends would be very disagreeable companions in the dark.—*Pall Mall Gazette*
A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN THE MANSION OF THE MILLIONAIRE GAS MAN.
Hold up your hands!
The speaker was a man of slight but shapely build, with a piercing eye, a resolute look, a commanding voice and the bearing of one who was absolute master of the situation. Attired in his robe de nuit he stood in a doorway of the dining-room of his own house, an elegant mansion on the boulevard, and held in his hand a 44 calibre revolver pointed straight ahead of him with an aim that varied not the smallest fraction of a hair's breadth.
The man addressed was a ruffian of powerful frame and sinister aspect. He stood directly in front of an elaborate exposing side board, a door of which was open, exposing in the glare of the dark lantern whose rays were flashed into the interior, a glittering array of costly plate which he was about to lay his brawny hand upon, when arrested by the startling command already quoted.
Taken by surprise, the stalwart marauder turned his face in the direction from which the voice proceeded and stood for a moment irresolute. Some subtle influence by which mind sways mind, independent of physical environments or disparities, apparently mastered him, for he reluctantly raised his hands and the two men faced each other in the darkened room amid silence so profound that the muffled heartbeats that shook the frame of the baffled burglar could almost be heard by the calm, self-poised relentless man who still pointed the death-dealing implement straight at his heart.
Move a muscle and you are a dead man, suddenly exclaimed the voice that had already smitten the hercu-

lean form as with paralysis, and the owner of that voice moved forward and took the lantern from the nerveless hand that held it. With swift and methodical movements he placed it on the side board so that its rays feebly outlined the form before him, and with that terrible weapon still aimed unerringly at his heart, he thrust his hand into the pockets of the helpless wretch, one after another, and drew forth a clay pipe, a Waterbury watch, a plug of tobacco, a pint bottle, thirty-six cents in money, and a bunch of keys; and, as he led him to the outside door of the house, he handed him a card on which was inscribed the name Americus V. Geuthere, President Gas Company, and hissed in the ear of the despairing man, I am something of an operator myself.
AN IMPERIAL DIAMOND.
There has lately been discovered in the South African diamond fields a brilliant which has already been called "the imperial diamond," because it is the largest known. It exceeds in weight the Kothinoor and the Regent.
In its condition as found in South Africa, this wonderful diamond weighed four hundred and fifty-seven carats, which is equal to a little over three ounces. In form it was a long oval, irregular and slightly twisted, and somewhat resembling a silk-worm's cocoon. Its length was two and one-fifth inches, its breadth one and one-fourth inches, and its circumference four inches. In order that the original shape of the diamond should not be forgotten, a mold of the stone was taken, and several copies cast in glass.
The money value of a diamond depends upon its brilliancy, first of all, and its brilliancy depends partly upon the way in which it is cut. It is the practice, therefore, to sacrifice a great deal of the bulk of a rough diamond in order to produce precisely the sparkling effect that is desired.
The rays of light, like gleams of fire, which seem to come from the diamond, are rays which have penetrated the stone, and are reflected from the inside surface of the facets on the side. These are so contrived, in the brilliant diamond, as to concentrate seemingly in one ray the rays that have penetrated the surface of the gem.
The cutting of a diamond is therefore a work of great delicacy, and requires wonderful skill. In order to realize the full sparkling possibilities of a stone, it is often necessary to cut away more than one-half of the rough diamond.
This new South African stone, indeed, has had its bulk reduced, in the cutting, from four hundred and fifty seven to one hundred and eighty carats. One of the pieces cut off makes in itself a splendid brilliant weighing forty five carats.
As finished, this "imperial diamond," is said to be the most beautiful brilliant in the world. It measures one inch and three-fifths in length, an inch and one-fifth in breadth, and one inch in thickness.—*Youth's Companion*.
MAKING PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE CRIME.
Several Franklin street boys started out a day or two ago to have some genuine American fun with Quin Sing the laundryman. Just how to conduct the racket they could not at first determine, but after gazing in at the windows and making faces at the heathen, it occurred to them that next, to odoriferous eggs, a rotten apple was the meanest thing to throw at a man. They procured apples in the right condition and pelted the place kept by Quin Sing, and one or two of the apple passed through the open door into the shop. The usually meek Mongolian was wild with rage when the apple broke upon his floor, and rushing out he captured a small American boy, not much larger than a fox terrier dog. Taking him by the scruff of the neck he held him at arm's length and exclaimed: Mellican boy see what China man do! Make chlen it!
Quin Sing dragged the frightened, youngster into his place, and pushing his face down upon a piece of rotten apple on the floor, made him take it in his mouth and hold it until he took him to the curb and bade him drop it. In this way he made the boy take up and drop the pieces until the last piece of apple was in the gutter.
The American boy went like a bird

when the Chinaman released him, and has not since returned.
MUST WEAR PANTALOONS.
Speaking of dress reminds me that the legislature of Jalisco, one of the largest Mexican states, has solemnly passed a law, which went into effect on the 1st day of last October, compelling all the Indians above a certain age to put on regular breeches. Hereafter any male Indian of that state whom may be captured without these full appendages, or clad only in the old time tunic, drawers and blanket, will be arrested and fined; and as it is safe to conclude that this class of citizens have no money, he will be set to work on "public improvements," under guard, until the fine shall have been paid and enough pesos earned to purchase the garments prescribed by law.
PREACHING AGAINST BUSTLES.
Rev. Father Heinan, pastor of St. Joseph's German Catholic church in East Mauch Chunk, Pa., has declared war on bustles. He brands them as unsightly, as a production of vanity, and as altogether immoral. He further asserts that unless the women of his congregation, old and young, abandon that offensive article he will not give them ecclesiastical attention and will turn them from the church. On Sunday last he preached sermons in German and English against immorality in general, directing his words particularly to women of the period. His remarks created a big sensation among the congregation and left a deep impression.
SENT HIS GIRL THE WRONG POSTAL CARD.
A Millerstown young man not long since wrote two postal cards on entirely different subjects. He then turned them over and addressed them but by mistake placed the addresses on the wrong cards. The result was that the shirt maker in Harrisburg got a polite invitation to take a carriage ride in Huff Ward's brouche, while the young man's girl was made frantic by receiving the following: "Please send me a sample of the stuff your shirts are made of."
No, George, she said, gently but firmly, until you give up your present calling I can never, never be your wife.
But Cynthia, dear, he urged, it is my means of livelihood. Surely to drive a street car is respectable enough.
It is quite respectable, George, and doubtless requires ability; but I shiver when I think how cold your feet must be.
Some of the Meanings of Flowers.
All yellow roses mean coquetry, writes an esthetic young woman. White roses mean silence, withered white roses despair, pink roses bashfulness, and moss roses love. Stripped of its thorns a rose says: "Everything to fear." A single rose leaf means: "I fear to presume." The ordinary term that florists sell means sincerity, but maiden-hair means discretion; A bouquet of tulips in tantamount to a declaration of love. Narcissus means uncertainty, and a girl who wears white hyacinths declares herself frivolous. Hydrangea conveys a reproach for coldness, and ivy is a request for friendship. White lilac stands for platonic love.
Violets, of course, as everybody knows, stand for modesty, and pansies say, "Think of me." A gift of scarlet geranium implies that you think the person to whom you present it is behaving foolishly. Silver leaved geranium means that you will "take it back," and a tuberose declares that you won't "give it away." A little bit of smilax is an entreaty for confidences. Clematis considered to convey admiration of intellect. Cedar or evergreen is emblematic of constancy, and common grass means submission. I can't remember what Jacques roses mean. I asked my brother yesterday, but he happened to be feeling blue about something, and said: "First imbecility, and then bankruptcy, and sometimes embezzlement and Canada."
Watermelons.
The watermelon fleet is a great institution on Chesapeake bay. It comprises about 80 vessels of various descriptions and sizes. The season opens about the first week in August, and for nearly two months this most beautiful bay is filled with these boats loaded down with melons. The departures and arrivals are usually at dawn or twilight, so that the daylight view of the fleet is about the same all the time. The boats carry from 2,000 to 8,000 melons each, and give employment to several hundred men who feel most comfortable when dressed in a cotton shirt, put bed trousers, one suspender, and a well-colored cap. Long lines of these men toss and pitch the melons from the outer boats until they are unladen in the wagons along the wharf. The scene is always lively, and a large part of the excitement is due to the commission agents who sell the melons along the wharf and who exact 7 per centum of all sales for their services. From Baltimore melons are shipped as far north as Canada and as far west as Chicago. The bulk of the shipments go to New York and Boston.