

ONE HEART.

I sometimes linger o'er the list
Of friends I lost in other days,
And still the question with me stays—
"When I am gone, shall I be missed?"

I doubt if others think the same,
Or even wish to share my thought—
That men were foolish who have sought
To leave a never dying name.

When thou hast run thine earthly race,
Thou wilt not "leave a world in tears,"
Nor will men come in after years
To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well;
Thy spirit will be no less free.
Although it is not thine to be
A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself, but heaven thank
If all the good that thou canst do
May be so done that only few
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if but one true heart
Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—
Ere it can say, "We meet again!"
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,
Lest all thou carest for on earth
Should seem to have no lasting worth
And end forever in the grave—

One faithful heart beneath the sky,
In which to leave a seed of love,
To blossom in a world above
And bear a fruit which shall not die.
—C. J. Boden in Chambers' Journal

WORE THE DIAMOND IN HIS LEG.

A Story of the Way the Orloff Stone Was Taken From Persia to Russia.

Gus Fox, a dealer in diamonds on Fourth street, has a story about the famous Orloff diamond, named after Count Orloff, the first European who bought it. Fox says: "It was originally the eye of an idol in Trichinopol. It was stolen, according to the accepted account by a Frenchman, who escaped with it to Persia, where he sold it for the equivalent in our money of \$8,000 to a Jewish merchant.

"The Jewish merchant sold it to an Armenian named Shafra, who had traveled in Russia and conceived the idea of taking the diamond to that country and selling it to the Empress Catherine for a great sum. Shafra paid him \$60,000 for it.

"Having secured the stone, the next question with Shafra was how to get it to Russia, or rather how to conceal it when he was searched by robbers, as he was sure to be on the road. The journey was a long and perilous one, and thieves abounded everywhere. Shafra thought of swallowing the stone when he should be taken by the robbers, but was obliged to give that plan up, as the diamond was too large to swallow.

"He began to feel he had a white elephant on his hands when a thought occurred to him. He procured a sharp lance, made a cut in the fleshy part of his left leg and thrust the diamond into the wound. He sewed up the cut with a needle and a silver wire. It healed, leaving the diamond imbedded fast in the leg, quite out of sight.

"Then he started for Russia. On the way he was seized by robbers again and again and was thoroughly searched. Being an Armenian and suspected of going to Russia to trade, the thieves marveled greatly at finding nothing of value upon his person.

"He arrived in Russia at last, and, after extracting his diamond, visited the empress. He was willing to sell it for about \$150,000, but the empress had not so large an amount in cash for the purchase, and Shafra preferred to go on to Amsterdam, the seat of the diamond cutting industry, where he had the stone polished.

"Here Count Orloff, an extremely wealthy Russian, saw the diamond and was filled with a determination to secure it for the Russian crown. He did secure it, but Shafra exacted from the Russian government \$400,000, an annuity of \$20,000 and a title of nobility. He died a millionaire.

"The Orloff diamond weighs 195 carats and is about the size of a pigeon's egg. It is smaller than the Kohinoor, in the possession of the English queen, which is supposed to be worth \$3,750,000."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Last of the Falstaffs.

A correspondent writes: "Appropos of the latest Falstaff, I well remember a memorable performance of 'Henry IV' on Dec. 18, 1852, at the Princess' theater, when George Bartley—called then the last of the Falstaffs—made his farewell bow to the public after 50 years' service. 'On this very night of the week, the very date of the month 50 years ago,' he said, he had made his first appearance on the boards. I remember, too, his saying he had played Orlando to Mrs. Jordan's Rosalind. As a boy I was much struck by the transformation from the burly knight to the aristocratic looking old gentleman in evening dress as he tearfully bade his audience farewell. Charles Keane was the Hotspur, Ryder the King, Lacy the Prince, while Harley, Meadows, J. Vining, H. Saker, Miss Murray and Mrs. Daly were in the cast. Poor Bartley died within six years afterward and was laid in St. Mary's churchyard, Oxford, when I was an undergraduate in that university."—Westminster Gazette.

She Believed It.

Somebody asked President Robert Ellis Thompson of the Central High school if judgment is sacrificed in the cultivation of memory, and he, in unhesitatingly affirming such to be the case, related a story or two at the expense of his own memory. Said he: "I came very near speaking of Jonah as 'What you may call him' in the pulpit once, and at another time in the course of a conversation I said to a woman: "Do you believe that Jonah swallowed the whale?" "I do," she said unhesitatingly.—Philadelphia Call.

Language is a solemn thing. It grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.—O. W. Holmes.

The expenses of the queen's household are \$173,500.

RUFE EISELE'S BILLIARD BALLS.

They Were Not Ivory or Celluloid and Were Never Turned.

"How does it come that you have red, white and blue billiard balls?" asked the whip salesman of Rufe Eisele, who keeps the Brant House at Sloop Creek.

"'Tis kinder extraordinary, ain't it?" said Rufe. "But somehow or another extraordinary things happen down here. You wouldn't believe it if I told you that I had them balls afore I had the table. I bought the table for \$40 from Bart Greenleaf, and he won it at a raffle up to Asbury. That table's wuth plum \$250, and the balls is just a gift of nature—come by a special act of Providence, you might say. You never see balls just like them before. They ain't ivory, and they ain't celluloid. If they was celluloid, they wouldn't be here now. They ain't this patent putty composition that they make cheap pool balls of either. Just what they are I ain't prepared to say, and I 'spect that the nature of the material these were made from is changed from what it was at first.

"I'll tell you how I come by 'em, and you'll learn what extraordinary things can happen down hereabouts. A year ago the 13th of June there was a party of Brooklyn fellows down here, and they set out for a good time. They fetched cards and chips with them and 'lowed to play poker until 4 o'clock in the morning and then go fishing. I set up with them and took a hand in the game. We were setting at that round table, and it was pushed over in the corner between them windows. 'Long about 12 o'clock I was mixing drinks for the crowd, when I heard thunder and mutterin and see flashes of lightning. I told them fellows they'd better move away from the windows, but they laughed at me.

"One fellow had been winning right straight along. He had a big pile of chips in front of him, and they was in his way. So he began stacking them up according to color and laid 25 of each kind in stacks side by side on the window sill. Meanwhile the storm broke and the lightning played hob around the house. The party got kinder scared and jumped up promptly when I proposed to all to go to the bar and have a drink. I was just setting out the glasses when there was a swish of lightning that turned the whole air blue. I didn't hear any thunder, but I see big balls of fire dancing round the room, and one of them hit me right on the breast and knocked me down behind the bar. Every man in the room was hit plumb in the gizzard with a ball of fire and knocked flat. I don't know how long it was before we all come to and took our drinks, but I do know that the storm had passed. I looked round and was surprised to find that nothing had been hurt. After the fellows all took their drinks they wanted to play poker again and started for the table. There the fellow that had won most of the chips put up a holler about them. He said somebody had got 'em.

"I didn't b'lieve that possible, and I told him that the lightning had probably knocked them off the window sill. Then he looked on the floor under the table and said, 'I don't see no chips, but here's a billiard ball,' and he picked up a red ball. Now I never had a billiard ball in my house before, and I thought that he was playing a trick on me until one of the other fellows moved his feet and rolled a white ball out on the floor. I picked it up and found it was hot. A minute later the Hicks gave a whoop and held up a blue billiard ball, saying it was the first he ever seen in his life. Then it come to us all at once that the lightning had struck them poker chips and melted 'em into solid balls. P'raps they ain't quite as regular as some, but they answer all our purposes."—New York Sun.

ART AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

Clever Carvers In Ivory and Some Who Can Sketch.

We did much entertaining, as we were continually visited by different members of the tribe of 200 or more. They were content to sit and share the warmth and shelter of our house and gaze on the curious things it contained. They would turn the pages of a magazine by the hour, and, holding the book upside down, ask questions about pictures. What particularly pleased them was anything in the shape of gun, knife or ammunition. Of eating they never tired. The amount of food they consumed was astonishing, and they particularly reveled in our coffee, biscuit and pemmican. This love was manifested by a little ditty that they sang quite often:

Uh-bis-e-ken,
Uh-pem-e-ken.

The women are very clever with the needle, and as most of us had adopted the Innuut boot of sealskin which required frequent mending, they were always in demand. In mechanical ingenuity they are remarkable. Both men and women are carvers in ivory, and the tiny figures—human as well as animal—that they fashion in this material, although somewhat crude, show no mean ability. This skill is also to be remarked in regard to the use of the pencil. One of them, As-sey-e-yeh, drew from memory a steamer in perspective, with the reflections in the water, and that, too, in a suggestive and artistic way.—Frank Wilbert Stokes in Century.

In the Coraméal Age.

Mrs. Claude Wright—How do you like those biscuits, dear?

Mr. Claude Wright—A trifle heavy, love. But, then, you are somewhat out of practice.

Mrs. Claude Wright—If you'll believe me, pet, I haven't made a mess of biscuits before since my first reincarnation, 5,000 years ago.—Buffalo Times.

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things and of the genius of the age we live in.—Rochefoucauld.

The Princess of Wales has an annual allowance of £10,000 for pin money.

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- " Pure tapioca, per lb., 05
- " Tea, extra quality, per lb., 20
- " Lima beans, " 05
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- " Peas, 10 lbs., 25
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coming from a clear sky

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