

SEA-WAY.

The tide slips up the silver sand  
Dark night and rosy dawn  
It brings sea treasures to the land,  
Then bears them all away.  
On mighty shores, from East to West,  
It walks and gropes and cannot rest.  
O tide, that still doth ebb and flow  
Throughout night to golden day,  
Wit, learning, beauty, come and go—  
Thou giv'st, thou tak'st away.  
But sometime, on some gracious shore,  
Thou shalt lie still and ebb no more.

A NOB HILL PRINCESS.

BY EMMA S. ALLEN.

She lived, as a princess should, in the palace of her father, the king. It was one of the richest and most beautiful of palaces, standing on an imposing terrace and looking down with all the majesty of a royal abode upon the surrounding houses, though many of them were equally splendid.

The king, after all, was not a king, as he had no more royal blood in his veins than a hackman or a car-conductor. He had left the aged father who had given him the royal blood of honesty as an heritage, and come to California in "the days of '49" to search for gold. He had found the gold, and since that good fortune had created the hunger and thirst for more and more gold, there seemed to be no limit to his ambition. Everything he touched had turned to gold, and for years people had called him King Midas. The name clung to him after he built his palace on Nob Hill, and it was sometimes varied by the less classical appellation of "Old John Vernon, the Bonanza King."

The Princess Beatrice was the only daughter—the only child. She was the power behind the throne, even before her weak little mother succumbed to the ill-health that had driven her all over the face of the earth in search of new climates and new physicians. Since her death Beatrice had worn the ermine exclusively, and worn it with so much unaffected simplicity and grace that there was something in her nature too sweet and womanly for any amount of money or power to choke out.

She stood, one evening, on the marble steps of the grand piazza, looking in her own dreamy fashion at the steel-blue waters of San Francisco Bay, just as the sun was going out through the Golden Gate. She was wondering, as she had grown to wonder very frequently of late, why her father seemed changed. He had a secret which he evidently kept from her as long as he possibly could—but a secret that must be made public sooner or later. Something in the expression of his face, as he avoided meeting her eyes, told Beatrice all this. She wondered every morning if he would tell her before night what it was. Her questioning eyes scrutinized him very closely across the fine diamond and glittering silver and crystal as she handed him his Mocha or Oolong at breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

"Do you believe it is possible that he is going to fail?" she asked her very dearest friend in all the world—father barely excepted—Helena Ashton, that afternoon.

"How can he fail?" said Helena, with an inexpressible gesture.

Miss Ashton was an extraordinary girl in a very ordinary position in life. She was the oldest of three daughters, and had very good reason to be proud of a talented elder brother who was putting the seal of his life into the possession.

"Oh," rejoined Beatrice, composedly, "he might as well fail as—"  
"As the Bank of California?"  
"As well as some other men who have failed. I wonder how it would seem to be poor."  
"As poor as we are?"  
"No, you are not poor. You belong to that happy class which Young tells in 'Night Thoughts'—a goodly competence is all we can enjoy. Your father enjoys life as well—far better—than mine does, because he has that interest in another life that all my father's money cannot buy; and my mother—oh, Helena! if I only had such a mother! But I never had."

heroic action had come. There would be no more days of idleness and nights of sorrow for her—no more luxurious sipping of the richest wine of life from golden goblets—no more treading of rose-strewed paths; but thorns and bitter draughts and work—real work for her daily bread—would be her inheritance. All this she pictured in the few brief moments she was ascending the velvet-carpeted stairs to her own beautiful suite of rooms.

She touched the button of the telephone that her extravagant fancy had caused to be constructed between her *sanctum sanctorum* and Helena's sitting-room. Just at that hour the pride of the family was having a few moments' chat with his favorite sister, his six feet of splendid manhood stretched on a couch just underneath the telephone. He sprang up as the bell tinkled and put the receiver to his ear, touched the button and waving his hand in protest to his sister's interference.

"Hello, Lena! Do please come up and stay all night; papa is away from home. He left a message for me. My suspicions are correct, I am satisfied—he is on the verge of financial ruin. He has promised to tell me all to-morrow night after I return from Mrs. Adley's. The next morning, he says, all the world will know through the papers."

There was an excited ring in the voice away off in the Nob Hill palace.  
"Princess Beatrice, I don't believe it in spite of your correct suspicions. Helena has just been telling me, in confidence, of your anxieties. It seems to me the trouble must be something else. If the telephone could only have conveyed to him the loud beating of a woman's heart, what a useful invention it would have been to him in disclosing what he had never been able to find out when the princess was talking in the same room with him. He waited a moment for her reply.

"No," it came presently, with metallic precision; "it cannot be anything else. Is Helena there?"  
"Yes, your Royal Highness. Do you prefer to talk with her?"  
"Certainly. Tell her I will send the carriage for her if she will come."

"If you choose."  
Helena pushed him aside.

"No, he can't come with me. What was it you told him that you intended for me?"

After standing silently listening to some long sentences, she replied:  
"All right, I will be ready. Phil is not coming, for he is only waiting for dinner to be off on some special business with his client."  
Beatrice was one of the latest arrivals at Mrs. Adley's that night. She was never more simply dressed, and never so lovely in Philip Ashton's eyes. He had sent her the first flowers he had ever bought—and she wore them with the simple made cream satin. Aside from the rich lace in neck and elbow-sleeves they were her sole ornaments. Even the diamonds in her ears had been put away, for appearance's sake, on the eve of her father's ruin.

"Did I do wrong to come?" she asked Ashton, when he led her under a potted palm tree in the music room, looking at her in the dim radiance of rose-colored lamps.

"Why wrong?"  
"Because people will make remarks about it, in the morning, when they know the truth."  
He covered her hand with his own as it rested on the back of a low divan.

"You are very philosophical in regard to the matter. Why are you not at home, as most girls would be, crying and wringing your hands?"  
He had never before so committed himself by word, look and action. Beatrice could not see the underlying significance of the question. She answered it with the same roundabout directness. In spite of all their past reserve they understood each other perfectly.

"I don't believe," frankly meeting his adoring eyes, "that I am so very sorry—sorry enough to cry or wring my hands; I must not myself."  
A strange, sweet knowledge kept them silent for several moments. When a passing couple had gone out of sight and hearing, Ashton took both her hands.

"My little princess! Do you know how long I have loved the king's daughter with a hopeless love?"  
"Perhaps," said Beatrice, "for as long a time as you have made her believe that the daughter of a hundred emirs, she was not one to be desired."

He lifted the hands to his lips.  
"We succeeded in misunderstanding each other perfectly, then. I should never have been brave enough to ask King Midas' little daughter for her hand with all the royal jewels in his palm."

Beatrice tapped tremblingly at the library door at midnight. After some little delay the door opened, and he smiled very much as he had been in the habit of doing before he became "peculiar."  
"Come in, my dear," he said, kissing her, as he always did. "Don't wear your seal-skin in this warm room. Did you enjoy the evening at Mrs. Adley's? Sorry I could not go with you."

As he did not seem to expect an answer to any question, Beatrice made none. She sank into the huge depths of the nearest chair and stared blankly at the old gentleman. He was not pale and haggard and showed no symptoms of paralysis. On the contrary, his face wore a bluish like a school-boy's and his eyes shone with anything but a wild despair. The terrible thought came to Beatrice that perhaps the calamity had been the means of darkening his mental faculties. He certainly did look foolish enough to warrant the suspicion.

"Don't look so distressed, my dear," he began. "What I have to tell you is not so terrible, after all—only I should have prepared you for it gradually. Don't blame me too much, you know there is no fool like an old fool."  
"Oh, papa! I tell me the worst at once. For myself I do not care—but for you, it is dreadful." Beatrice began to sob as she flew into her father's arms.

"What is dreadful for me? You don't know anything about it," demanded he. "I know enough to satisfy my suspicions."  
"Well, what do you know?"  
"Oh, papa! why do you act so strangely? I believe you are crazed with trouble."

The old man scratched his bald head.  
"Bless my bones! What is the matter with you, Beatrice? It isn't such an awful calamity for a man to be married, if he is sixty."  
Beatrice stood gaping with astonishment.

"Well my dear, is that what you know?" laughed her father, kindly.  
"No—no! Is that all?"  
"Yes; that is all. It is enough to make me feel as young as I did at twenty-five."  
"And you are not bankrupt? We are not on the brink of ruin?"  
John Vernon laughed uproariously.  
"This is too much fun! Marion," he called, going to the half drawn portieres

of the adjoining room, "come and enjoy it with us."

As the curtains were drawn back Beatrice saw a sweet looking woman take her father's hand and cross the room to where she stood in the third or fourth stage of her amazement. She was not half as old as her millionaire bridegroom—not more than five years Beatrice's senior.

"Beatrice, this is the new Mrs. Vernon—Queen Marion, the Princess Beatrice." When they all separated for the night, the princess and the queen swore lifelong fidelity.

"It isn't strange that you loved such a little woman well enough to bring her into the palace to usurp your princess, papa," she told her father, when they were alone for a moment. "But she must have married you for your money."  
"Well, perhaps she did; but Ashton can't have it all in that case, you see."

Beatrice had made him a confidant, even in the presence of her youthful step-mother.

The little telephone-bell in Helena's sitting-room tinkled madly in the early morning hours.  
"Forgive me, Lena, for keeping you waiting so long for the news. Have you been asleep in your chair?"

No; Helena had been taking a very comfortable nap on the couch, oblivious to her friend's sorrows. She received the news with unmitigated surprise, and, when she had said good-night and shut up the instrument, glided through the hall to her brother's door. A light shone through the transom—the ruddy glow of a coal-fire in the grate before which Ashton was stretched in an easy chair, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, dreaming, but not asleep.

"Well?" he interrogated, sitting up, "has the telephone told the whole truth?"  
"Poor old man! Did she say how he bears it?"

"He bears it beautifully. I think he is really to be congratulated," and Helena's grave face became convulsed.  
"It isn't very much of a laughing matter, is it?" said the young fellow, seriously.

"Yes, it is—the most decidedly funny thing I ever heard of," said Helena.  
And her brother thought so, too, five minutes later. He did not laugh very much.

"After all," he said, "the world will say I am marrying the money instead of Beatrice."  
There proved to be truth in the newspaper report of the previous morning. A large wholesale house in the city vent into bankruptcy, and the same papers blazoned the news abroad published romantic versions of "old John Vernon's marriage with a beautiful young lady of Oakland."

"Perhaps," said Beatrice to her lover that evening, when he called, "I can persuade papa to disinherit me, if you like to even half the money. You see, he might easily leave everything to his wife."  
She stood beside him, wearing her diamonds again, and a soft, trailing tea-gown of white-and-gold India silk. He laughed happily.

"Since I have become so hopelessly entangled, I shall have to submit to my fate, royal princess and all."  
"That sounds heroic. We will tell the world say what it pleases," and Beatrice placed her hands in his. "If you had not proposed to me in such an accidental way, I am not sure but I should have taken the step myself, 'Philip, my king.'" —[Frank Leslie's Illustrated.]

**How the Laplanders' Bible was Translated.**  
The Lapps have the Bible in their own tongue, and few stories are more interesting than the account of its translation. Over thirty years ago a series of religious riots took place in a number of villages in Lapland, and among the rioters was one Lars Haetta. During the riots several homicides occurred, and Lars and some other of his companions were committed to prison on a charge of murder. They were found guilty and several were hanged, but in consideration of his youth Haetta was condemned to life-long imprisonment. Commiserating his condition, his keepers and the prison chaplain extended to him such favors as could safely be granted to a life-long prisoner, and finding them rewarded by good conduct, took especial pains to teach him to read and write.

Lars became interested in the Bible, and finally formed the bold project of translating it into his native tongue. Through many weary years the labor went on, for Lars was no great scholar, and the Lapp language, as may be readily supposed, is not a fluent literary medium of thought. But finally the work was done, the Bible translated and printed in the language of Lapland, and the remainder of Haetta's sentence was commuted.

This extreme and apathetic dependence on fate forms the greatest difficulty with which the physician has to contend. It speaks well for the blind religious faith of these races, and puts a shame on the infidel Christians of their society; but it costs many lives, and entails much extra work on medical attendants, who have perhaps to administer remedies with their own hands, and that often under great difficulties and at much personal sacrifice. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

**Dangers in Thibet.**  
Dancing enters into a great many of the religious ceremonies in Thibet, where the inhabitants spend a great part of their time in worship and its attendant festivals.

Prince Henry, of Orleans, eldest son of the Duke of Chartres has recently returned from a journey of exploration into Thibet. With M. Bouvalot the noted explorer, and a company of guides and servants, he crossed the desolate country between Lakes Nor and Tengri Nor, narrowly escaping loss among the glaciers.

In Lhasa, the sequestered capital of Thibet, which they reached after many hardships, they saw many religious dances. The most striking of these was a dance by masked priests, decorated with the robes with which they are accustomed to flagellate themselves.

Despite the fact that Prince Henry was announced as a person of high degree, he got an occasional cut with the rope when his curiosity led him to crowd too near the dancers. —[New York Journal.]

**A New Industry.**  
The firm of C. Y. Mayo & Sons, of this county, have shipped to a party in Pensacola, Fla., this week, a sample carload of sweetgum logs, or satin walrus, as it is known commercially. This timber has been on the market for a number of years, being shipped to Europe from New York, New Orleans and other ports, but up to the present time none has been shipped from this section of Alabama.

Mr. Mayo, who has given the subject considerable study, says that the sweetgum timber to be found in this section is of excellent quality and size, and he believes there is good money in it for some time. He will make a thorough experiment with it at any rate. It will command a price of twenty-five cents per cubic foot and will not be required to stand a high average in size. Further developments in this line will be duly reported. —[Brewton (Ala.) Standard Gauge.]

**"The Well of Frozen Air."**  
Near Dayton, Oregon, there is a well locally known as the "well of frozen air." In drilling the well a stratum of frozen clay and gravel was encountered at a depth of 55 feet. After passing through five feet of this, numerous cavities were encountered from which cold air came in gusts. The escape of the air from the well can be heard roaring for nearly 200 yards. The air which comes from these subterranean depths is so frigid that it is not possible for anyone to hold his hand over the opening for more than two minutes without having it frozen. A bucket of water set over the opening will freeze through and through within a few hours. It is needless to add that work was abandoned on the well when the cavities of "frozen air" were tapped. —[St. Louis Republic.]

KAPIOLANI.

How a Brave Woman Defied the Heathen God Pele.

The distant kingdom of Hawaii, which extends its sway over the Sandwich Islands, can boast the largest active volcano in the world. This volcano, called Kilanea, on the shores of the Pacific, is two and a half miles high; its crater, measuring six miles round, contains a lake of molten lava in which great rocks are tossed about as if in a boiling caldron; from time to time the lava boils over, as it were, and rushes in streams of liquid fire down the mountain sides. Over the summit there hangs a cloud which by day is of a silvery hue, but which reddens to a fiery glare by night. It is not much to wonder that such a terrific work of nature the people of Hawaii should have attached many superstitions. They believed it to be the home of the goddess Pele, who had power, if offended, to overwhelm the inhabitants of the islands with destruction.

This was a great grief to Kapiolani, wife of Naile, public orator of Hawaii. She, too, with the rest of the people, had been converted to Christianity, but, unlike them she resented the insult offered to the one true God in the worship still offered to Pele. At last, when all remonstrances had proved vain, she determined to try what effect a clear proof of her own disbelief in the existence of the goddess of the volcano would have upon the people. Accordingly on a certain day in the year 1825, in the presence of a number of her fellow-countrymen, she set out for Kilanea, and boldly began to ascend its steep, carrying in her hand the forbidden berries, she climbed the mountain side in spite of the priests of Pele, who came out of their haunts and strove to turn her back with threats and warnings. And, indeed, there was real danger in ascending Kilanea, for not only was the way rough, steep and difficult, and the coil of the heights terrible to a delicate Hawaiian, but poisonous gases often issued from the mountain, and several men had, quite lately, been killed by inhaling them. But none of these dangers could daunt the brave Kapiolani, who toiled on until she reached the very top of the volcano; then she descended the precipice which surrounds the crater, and casting the sacred berries into the boiling lava, she cried, "If I perish by the anger of Pele, then dread her power; but behold, I defy her wrath. I have broken her laws; I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His is the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury. Oh, all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii, and turn and serve the Lord!"

Kapiolani's brave deed was not without its reward, for the Hawaiians, from that time, abandoned the worship of Pele, and the belief in her has long since died out. —[New York World.]

Perhaps the most interesting races with whom I have been thrown into contact are the African, and I will content them first. I have more especially had to do with the natives of East Africa, who are Mohammedans of a somewhat lax and unorthodox type, and yet, owing to their implicit acceptance of Mohammed's fatalistic doctrines, their submission to kismet is so complete as distinctly to influence the course of their illnesses.

Indirectly it does so in the following way: When a Sidi-boy incurs, for instance, a wound on his leg, he thinks that if Allah wills that this should get well his healing is certain, but, if the divine wish is otherwise, no human skill or care can do one iota of good; on this account details of simple dressing and protection are quite neglected by this poor folk, or, as much so as the surgeon will allow. If under discipline, he is willing to have his name on the sick list for the privileges which belong to it; but in his heart he despises surgical treatment. Clearly, then, the prognosis with such a case is much worse than it would be in other subjects.

The same argument applies with much greater force to medicine, on account of the childlike ignorance which exists among such people as to what disease actually means.

This extreme and apathetic dependence on fate forms the greatest difficulty with which the physician has to contend. It speaks well for the blind religious faith of these races, and puts a shame on the infidel Christians of their society; but it costs many lives, and entails much extra work on medical attendants, who have perhaps to administer remedies with their own hands, and that often under great difficulties and at much personal sacrifice. —[Popular Science Monthly.]

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