

## I CLIMB TO REST.

BY LUCY LABCOM.

Still must I climb, if I would rest;  
The bird soars up to his nest;  
The young lea on the tree-top high,  
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams that seem to hasten down,  
Return in clouds, the hills to crown;  
The plant arises from her root,  
To rock slot her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;  
The great horizon stretches away!  
The very cliffs that wall me round  
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time;  
I toil, but I must also climb.  
What soul was ever quite at ease  
Shut in by earthly bounds?

I am not glad till I have known  
Life that can lift me from my own;  
A loftier level must be won,  
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;  
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,  
All things are beckoning to the Best;  
I climb to thee, my God, for rest!

*Cottage Hearth.*

## THE HAUNTED JEWELS.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

"No," said old Grandma De Varney, in a voice which reminded one of a spitfire cat; "no girl shall ever own my diamonds who will not own the name I gave her—Mehitable Augusta, an aristocratic, high-sounding name it is, too."

"But, grandma, who could expect any girl nowadays to own up to such a ridiculous, old-fashioned name as that? I won't, any way—not for a thousand diamonds!"

"Nobody wants you to; nobody wants you to. You never should have them any way, if you should call yourself by as many names as Queen Victoria; it's too late in the day, my girl."

"Who, then, shall you give them to, grandma?"

"Do you take me for a fool, Mehitable Augusta De Varney? If I should give them to that simple sister of yours, don't I know that it would be you that would wear them?"

"Then, I suppose, they will belong to red-headed, cross-eyed Mehitable Sisley, who sheds hypocritical tears when she hears that you are sick. But what does she care whether you live or die? And I don't know as I should, if you would not even see my face."

"She cares as much as you, my dear. Your joy when I have a bad spell shows itself in your evil countenance."

"Ha, ha," laughed Gusta De Varney, "I'm not a hypocrite, any way. I must say, I hate hypocrisy."

"There's a great many things you hate in this world, Mehitable Augusta; there's one comfort, any way, I shall leave my diamonds to Mehitable Sisley—you shall never possess them."

"As if I cared who you left them to. When you are dead I shall just take the diamonds, and Miss Mehitable will be none the wiser."

"Mehitable Augusta De Varney!" cried the old woman, in a frenzy, and raising herself among the white pillows as far as she was able, "if you dare to do such a thing, I'll ruin your whole future for you. I'll make you wish you had dealt honestly at that poor girl."

"But, grandma, you forget," said Gusta, in a low, provoking tone, "you will be dead then, and cannot help yourself."

The aged woman almost sprang from her bed in her anger, as she shrieked:

"I will help myself; I will haunt you, Mehitable Augusta De Varney, if you dare lay hands on my diamonds after I am dead."

Gusta tossed her head and laughed in a frank, sneering way; but before she could again speak, the door opened, and Marcia, her younger sister, entered, saying, in a shocked tone:

"What! quarreling again with grandma, Gusta, and she so very low! How can you have the heart to do so?"

"I have no heart, you know, sis; nothing but a calico gizzard," laughed Gusta.

"I don't know about that, Gusta; you have very strong affections, and may have to suffer by them as much or more than you are causing grandma to suffer now."

"Don't preach, I beg," cried the heartless girl. "Here, hand me my hat; I'll get out of this as quick as possible."

After the careless and ungrateful Gusta had gone, Marcia, who was a sweet-tempered, kind-hearted girl, sat down in the vacant seat and soothed her grandmother down to something like calmness; but Marcia knew that, spite of all her ministrations, the old lady cared nothing for her, rating her far lower in her affections than she did the impudent Gusta, whom she declared twenty times a day she hated; but she went on with her duty as willingly as if she had been the best beloved of her grandmother's heart.

Everybody said that the fiery old lady and her granddaughter Gusta were exactly alike; but, if one should mention the fact to either of them, she would fly into a passion instantly and deny it with the greatest vehemence.

Old Mrs. De Varney had been a very high-spirited as well as wealthy woman, and her really fine diamonds had been the pride of her heart, and she had kept them through every reverse of fortune for the little motherless granddaughter she loved so well, and who bore her name; but as her idol grew older it was shattered, for Augusta became willful and very unkind to the poor old lady, and refused utterly to bear the name of Mehitable, which she hated. This was a great blow to the proud old lady, and she determined that if Gusta would not bear her name she should not wear her diamonds.

Marcia the old lady hated. She had no spirit, Mrs. De Varney said. But she had another granddaughter, the child of her only daughter, whom she had repudiated, because she had disgraced herself by marrying a poor man.

Mrs. De Varney was then wealthy, but she was now poor, but this made no difference. She would not forgive the orphan child of her only daughter enough to see her. But although Mrs. De Varney would not look upon her face, she now intended her diamonds for her, because she said she hated Gusta, and if Marcia owned them, Gusta would be sure to wear them.

Marcia had listened to many exciting talks upon the subject, but felt little doubt but that Gusta would eventually

own them; but she often said it was only right if Mehitable Sisley should get them for grandma had done so much for Gusta and had never even seen her daughter's child. But this idea was a terrible thorn in the side of the proud and ambitious Gusta.

Marcia sat by her grandmother's side long after she was sleeping peacefully, silently sewing upon some embroidery intended for her sister's wardrobe.

Suddenly there was a terrible shudder ran over the form lying so silently among the pillows, and Marcia sprang to her feet to see the old lady in the agonies of death.

She rang a bell quickly, and gave the order:

"Send for father instantly, and tell Gusta to come quickly."

But before any one could reach her bedside, the old lady, without regaining consciousness, had passed into the land of shadows.

It was but a week after their grandmother's death, when Marcia saw Gusta one day trying the effect of her grandmother's diamonds.

"Gusta," said Marcia, "when are you going to send our cousin her diamonds?"

"They are not hers," replied Gusta, looking with wide opened eyes at Marcia. "Gran'ma gave them to me the very last day she lived."

Marcia looked a little incredulous, and said:

"Why, Gusta, I thought you were quarreling with gran'ma that day!"

"Well, I was not. She had just told me she thought she was going to die, and that I was to have the diamonds."

"But she had said so many times they were to be Mehitable's that I would send them to her, if I were you."

"If you were me you would not. I am going to wear them to finish the captivity of that rich Capt. Wilyoung, who is so devoted to me."

Gusta De Varney, you are not going to that ball, with our grandmother just dead."

"What's the diff?" said Gusta, lightly. "I am not going to lose all my chances because she is dead."

"But I told Capt. Wilyoung not to call for me on that account."

"But I have met him since, and I told him it would not make the least difference."

"Gusta De Varney, you have no heart, and I was going to say—decency."

"I know it, and if it does not trouble me what business is it of other people?"

Marcia said no more, but that night, when her sister's admirer called for her, Marcia was obliged to entertain him for a moment, as her sister was not ready.

"So you will not attend?" he asked.

"No," she replied coldly, "not so soon after grandmother's death."

She did not notice the look of approval in his face, but she wondered how he could admire one so heartless as her sister; in a moment more the servant came into the room and said in a low tone: "Your sister would like the priest of the obelisk that is identified as the On of the Bible, where Joseph took the daughter of the priest of the obelisk to wife. The site of the once important city is appropriately marked now by the oldest obelisk that has yet been discovered, with the exception of a small one in the necropolis of Memphis. The companion to this existing obelisk (for obelisks are always erected in pairs) passed away over twelve hundred years ago. The two were erected four or five thousand years ago. The remaining one is a shaft sixty-six feet high, of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics. The metal on the pyramidion on the top has passed away, and the successive inundations of the Nile have piled a good many feet of mud about the monument.

At Heliopolis was also the finest Egyptian temple, with one exception, in those Old Testament days—a temple dedicated to the sun, and employing a staff of priests, menials, custodians, and other attachés, which is said to have numbered no less than 12,913. The Pharaohs were especially proud of their title as "Lords of Heliopolis."

Nearer the modern village are the tree and well of the Virgin. The Virgin's tree is a decayed sycamore, planted in 1672, allegedly on the site of a previous tree, in the hollow trunk of which Mary had concealed herself and the Divine Child. Not satisfied with well enough, the people in the vicinity spoil the whole tradition by also averring that a spider spun his web across the opening so as to effectually screen the fugitives. I did not learn whether the spider and his web are still preserved here or not.

The present tree was presented to the

Empress Eugenie by the Khedive at the inauguration of the Suez Canal.

It is also stated, on pretty good authority, that the balsam shrub, the balm of which the Queen of Sheba presented to King Solomon, once thrived in the vicinity of Heliopolis.

The plant has long since ceased to grow hereabout. Cleopatra attempted to reintroduce it, but without success.—*Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Herbert Spencer on the Source of Rights.

Primitive peoples of various types show us that before governments exist, immemorial customs recognize private claims, and justify maintenance of them. Codes of law independently evolved by different nations agree in forbidding certain trespasses against the persons, properties, and liberties of citizens; and their correspondences imply, not an artificial source of individual rights, but a natural source. Along with social development, the formulating in law of the rights pre-established by custom becomes more definite and elaborate. At the same time, government undertakes to an increasing extent the business of enforcing them.

While it has been becoming a better protector, government has been becoming less aggressive—has more and more diminished its intrusions on men's spheres of private action. And, lastly, as in past times laws were accordingly modified to fit better with current ideas of equity, so now law reformers are guided by ideas of equity which are not derived from law, but to which law has to conform.

"Indeed!" said Gusta, greatly pleased. "And pray, what fault have you to find with it?"

"Why they look exactly like something from a charnel house."

"Why, Marcie Graves, I did not think your jealousy would lead you as far as that."

"Jealousy! Look in the glass, and see if my words are not true. Every body is remarking upon them."

The independent Gusta went to the dressing-room with a smile on her face, but one glance in the long mirror caused her blood to chill in her veins and her face to turn, if possible, paler than before; for in the heart of each gleaming stone shone out a flaming death's head, and so conspicuous was it that every one could see the evil-looking object even across the large parlors.

"For mercy's sake, Marcie," said Gusta to her friend, who had accompanied her, "help me to take off these dreadful things quick!"

"Why," exclaimed her friend in astonishment, "you knew how they looked, didn't you?"

"It is some of Marcie's work!" cried Gusta, perfectly infuriated at the display she had made of herself. "They must be painted on."

And then she attempted to unclasp one of the heavy bracelets, and her soft fingers touched one of the glistening stones.

"Oh!" she cried, in an agony, "the awful thing has burned my fingers to the bone!"

The girl has gone crazy," said Marcie, utterly astonished. "I will go for Mrs. Chase."

PREJUDICE is the yellow jaundice of judgment.

When Mamie had gone for the hostess, Gusta, with a terribly grieved feeling, glanced around her, and there, in the large mirror opposite, plainly depicted, was the face and form of her Grandmother De Varney, gazing with an evil smile at her perplexed granddaughter.

In an instant the last words her grandmother had ever said to her came into her mind, and with the cry, "My God, she is haunting me!" the unhappy girl fell in a dead faint upon the floor, and there Mrs. Chase and Mamie sprang to her feet to see the old lady in the agonies of death.

Restoratives were applied, and when Miss De Varney came to her senses, Capt. Wilyoung was summoned, and the frightened girl returned to her home.

Her parting with her escort was as cool as politeness would allow, upon his part.

When Marcia removed the jewels from about her sister's neck and arms, no trace of the horrible death's head was to be seen; but Gusta was sufficiently frightened, the jewels were sent to the rightful owner early the next morning; the heartless girl never wished to see them again.

Capt. Wilyoung's attentions ceased from that evening. Whether he was disgusted with the heartless girl's behavior, or had at first admired Marcia most, certain it was that, six months later, Marcia became Mrs. Capt. Wilyoung, and her angry, angry though she was, felt that she was amply rewarded for her cruelty to Grandma De Varney.

"The City of the Sun."

The ruins of Heliopolis, "The City of the Sun," which adjoin the present village of Metarijeh, is about five miles distant from Cairo. This famous place is identified as the On of the Bible, where Joseph took the daughter of the priest of the obelisk to wife. The site of the once important city is appropriately marked now by the oldest obelisk that has yet been discovered, with the exception of a small one in the necropolis of Memphis. The companion to this existing obelisk (for obelisks are always erected in pairs) passed away over twelve hundred years ago. The two were erected four or five thousand years ago. The remaining one is a shaft sixty-six feet high, of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics. The metal on the pyramidion on the top has passed away, and the successive inundations of the Nile have piled a good many feet of mud about the monument.

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