

#### SPANISH DAGGER.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

Oh! alluring spills of snow-white bells,  
Standing out pure where the moonbeams fall,  
You teach my heart a lesson to-night,  
As I see you from this dim old hall.

Your beauty springs from a bed of spikes  
Which rudely bristle at your feet;  
Your home is but the rough roadside,  
Yet how could you be more fair, more sweet?

My truth, too, lies in the way,  
Its stars are about me now;  
You tell me to illumine its course  
With bright, brave thoughts and a cheerful  
brow.

Paris, III.

#### MAUD FLEMING'S REVENGE.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Percy Hamilton was by all odds the handsomest and most dashing man in Aylesville, a fellow something like Ouida's hero, Granville de Vigne, who was proud and somewhat vain, with a touch of the old *noblesse oblige* about him that accorded well with his tall, statuesque figure and his leonine type of beauty. He was 28 years old, and rich, so rich, that he could follow his profession—the law—or let it alone as he chose; and for the most part he chose to let it alone.

Percy had lately returned from a three years' travel in the old world, bearded and browned as an Arab, and with the air of a grand prince. The pale, sickly gallants of Aylesville fell back in sad discomfiture at the advents of the gay and brilliant fellow, full of his reminiscences of Egypt and the Golden Horn, and of talk of Parisian soirees and of nights at Baden-Baden. He had always had his way in this old suburban town, and it was quite natural that he should fall into the leadership again.

The young fellow had excellent parts, but he had never used them, and did not know what work was. He had been left an orphan at a tender age, and adopted by a miserly old uncle who alternately patted him and swore at him, which made him a little reckless and desperate. When he grew up—handsome as a young Adonis—all the women went to work and spoiled him, as they generally do a handsome man. Then his uncle died and left him a fortune, and so there was nothing for the young man but to enjoy himself.

He had a wonderful capacity for flirtations, and more than one woman's happiness was sacrificed to his vanity and recklessness. Against one fair girl he had committed the very blackest of deadly wrongs, and Maud Fleming was glad to hide herself in obscurity from the scorn and reproaches of that consistent world which never forgives in a woman the sin it winks at in a man. From that hour she had never been heard from.

But Percy Hamilton held up his head and went on his way, and beautiful women, virtuous women they called themselves, smiled on him as sweetly as ever. Three years had gone by since that sad event, and many had forgotten it had ever happened. The fair beauties of Aylesville were completely fascinated by the face and manners of the dashing fellow; in fact, were mad over him—all but one.

And she, Agnes Harcourt, was the most beautiful of them, and the one whom Percy was the most desirous to interest. Indeed, any man would have been charmed with Miss Harcourt.

They called her a flirt, but she was not one exactly, though she was much too haughty to deny the charge. Hearts and fortunes innumerable had been laid at her feet, but she quietly rejected them all, and passed on in her queenly way, gracious and charming, but as unconquerable as ever. To do her justice, she never appeared to seek admiration.

She had been but a short time in Aylesville. Where she came from nobody could ever ascertain. The first they knew of her, she had come into their midst one gorgeous June morning, as if dropped from the clouds, herself more gorgeous in her magnificent dress and glorious beauty than the brilliant sky above her. The next they heard she had purchased a handsome residence in the outskirts of the town and was refitting and furnishing it magnificently enough for a princess' villa. She seemed the possessor of marvelous wealth, and wealth everywhere has its admirers.

Of course Miss Harcourt soon met Mr. Hamilton. At the very first meeting he appeared to be completely fascinated, and soon became her most devoted admirer. It went on for three months in the usual way. Parties, sleighrides, operas, etc., and Hamilton everywhere Miss Harcourt attended. It was evident that Percy had more than his vanity aroused; that his heart was touched and that he was in deadly earnest. As for Miss Harcourt no one could tell.

In February there was a fete at Harcourt Lodge. All upper tendon was present. The hostess was magnificent in a dress of black velvet, with diamonds on her neck and arms. No one had ever seen her so graceful and queenly. There was a flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, and there was a resonant ring in her voice like the echo of silver bells. Some of her old loves felt the flame stirring anew, and looked daggers at Hamilton, who seemed the hero of the hour. A few others did not regard him with envy at all.

"By Jove!" said young Bob Alcott, whom she had jilted some six months previously, "Miss Harcourt is on her high horse to-night, but there's breakers ahead. Do you see how spoony Percy is?"

"Oh, I'll risk Hamilton," answered Fred Cleveland. "He cut his eye teeth long ago, and Miss Harcourt knows it."

"I don't care," said Alcott; "there's fun ahead, and don't you forget it. Look at him now while she is talking to him. Why, man, there's a flush on his cheek like a girl's blush at her lover's first kiss. And she—I rather think I know the meaning of the steely gleam in those eyes of hers. Well, I rather guess I do."

His companion laughed, for most people did not give Hamilton the credit of having any heart, although they regarded Miss Harcourt as a scientific coquette.

Two hours afterward, if any one had been in the conservatory they might

have heard that which showed plainly that Percy Hamilton had a heart and that it all belonged to this woman. They stood face to face in the dim, soft light, amid the perfume of the flowers, her face very calm and even cold, his full of earnestness and concentrated passion.

"Why will you not answer me, Agnes?" holding her hands in a fierce clutch. "For three interminable weeks you have kept me in agony; a week more like this would kill me."

"I think that is exaggeration, Mr. Hamilton," she answered, in a low, sweet voice, that stung him as a harder tone would have not; "people do not die so easily."

"Agnes, I love you," he cried. "I love you passionately."

"I am sure that is very kind, but is it just wise in you?" She said this very languidly, and looked at him with a quiet smile that he thought had mockery in it.

"Do you mean to drive me mad, Agnes Harcourt? I tell you this is the love of my life. My whole heart and soul are yours. You must be my wife, my own, to hold against the world. Do you understand me; do you believe me?"

He flung out his arms to her, but she retreated a pace or two and raised her face to his. Every word she spoke was clear and distinct as the ring of a trumpet, and yet her voice was lifted scarcely above a whisper. And as she stood there in her haughty triumph, it almost seemed to the man who loved her that she was larger by one-half in stature than ever before.

"Mr. Hamilton, I understand you and I will answer you. You say that you love me. So you told me once before, years ago, and you were recreant to your vows. How can I believe you now? Ha, you start! I see you do not know me, but do you not remember Maud Fleming? You never thought you were making love to her a second time. You thought your crime would go unpunished. It was fortunate for you, coward and hypocrite, that I loved you as I did, else I should have killed you. But I swore to be revenged, and I have taken my own way to keep my oath. Percy, I loved you once better than my God, but that love has long since turned to hate. Sooner than wed you I would make myself the wife of the lowest brute in the universe who could be called man. There, you have my answer. Go!"

She lifted her white hand with all the imperious grace of an empress, and pointed to the door. He obeyed her without a word. His face was pale as death, and his eyes had in them a sort of stony desperation like those of a man going to his doom.

The next morning society was startled by the announcement that Percy Hamilton had shot himself and was not expected to live. A physician was summoned, who found him conscious but very feeble.

"Doctor," said Hamilton, as he bent over him to probe and bandage his wound, "I meant to have done the job without bungling, but I failed miserably. I am sorry to trouble you, but I do not wish to live."

"No man has a right to throw his life away," answered the Doctor, solemnly. "Life is a holy trust."

"You do not know the reason why I judged it better to die than to live. I ought to die, I deserve to die; yet she might have changed the whole tenor of my life. I do not blame her; she was just; but, oh, I love her so, Doctor. I must see her before I die. I must see Maud—Miss Harcourt. She must forgive me. Oh, will not the sacrifice of my worthless life atone in part for the wrong I did her."

There was no need of sending, for only a few moments after Miss Harcourt—Maud Fleming—herself came in. She went straight to the bedside, knelt down, and lifted Hamilton's head against her bosom.

"My darling!" she said, in a tone whose wondrous tenderness made his weakened blood thrill like wine, "will you forgive me? I had no right to take vengeance out of God's own hands. I had no right to spur you as I did. And yet only heaven knows what it cost me, for, Percy, I love you as I have never loved any earthly thing. I have never ceased to love you. In all my sorrows and in all my triumphs you have been the dear one of my heart. And you must live to bless me—to be mine. Oh, my darling, my darling!" and, bowing her face on his, she gave way to a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot.

Old Dr. Annesly stole out of the room and left them together. When he went back there was a new and beautiful peace on both faces.

"Doctor, I am going to live, and you must help me," said Hamilton, with a smile that lighted up his pale, handsome features. "I have something to live for now, and, God helping, I will retrieve the past."

And Percy Hamilton did live, and, through Maud Fleming's love, became a happy, prosperous, honored man. The past they never recalled.

**A Quiet Man in Mexico.**  
A prominent citizen of Mexico returned from a trip into South America last week. He had been gone three months.

"Elected a new President since I've been gone?" he asked of a friend.

"Oh, yes."  
"How many?"  
"Only one."  
"Any revolutions?"  
"Only three."

"What's become of Miaz?"  
"Oh, he was shot last week."  
"And Zagnal?"  
"Transported."  
"And St. Badier?"

"The same as when you left."  
"Is that so? I'm surprised that he should be at one thing so long. He was a very enterprising sort of a man. Where is he?"

"Dead."—*New York Times.*

NO MATTER how hazardous the employment, men can always be found to do the work. Whether it is to labor in a powder-mill, or to encounter the perils of the arctic region, it is all the same. Enough men love excitement to enlist in any occupation.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

Perhaps the most important individual of the Cinchona tribe is the coffee plant. Coffee is the produce of an evergreen shrub, a native of Abyssinia and Arabia. The fruit is a berry about the size of a cherry, covered with a pulp sweet in taste and not very thick. Inside this pulp are two seeds, separated from each other by a parchment-like membrane. These seeds are the well-known coffee. The coffee-seed has been frequently analyzed; chemists have found in it several oily gums and albuminous matters, but the valuable principle is crystalline, and denominated *caffiene*. Every person knows that coffee is rendered fit for culinary purposes by the process of roasting, but the precise agency of this roasting process is not understood.

It is supposed that it was only in the fifteenth century that coffee was transported from Abyssinia to Arabia Felix. But if Arabia is not the native land of coffee, it is at least its most prosperous adopted home. Nowhere else does the plant flourish better, nowhere in the resulting coffee so delicious in flavor, especially that raised in the country of Yemen, in the environs of Mocha. The Orientals, it is well known, first introduced the use of coffee into Europe; but when they, the Orientals, first became acquainted with the beverage is still uncertain. An Arabian author of the fifteenth century, named Shehabeddin, states that the Mufti of Aden, in the ninth century, was the first who used coffee as a beverage; but it is certain that at this period the use of the infusion was known in Persia. According to vulgar tradition, the discovery of coffee is due to the Mullah Chedelly, whose memory is held in reverence by all true Mussulmans. This pious man, afflicted with sorrow at the thought that he could not keep awake for the performance of his nocturnal devotions, besought Mohammed to indicate some means by which sleep might be chased away. Mohammed, touched with pity, as well he might, seeing that his own worship was concerned, so brought matters about that a herdsman came to acquaint Mullah Chedelly of the curious fact that his (the herdsman's) goats could not go to sleep after they had partaken of coffee berries, but kept frisking about all night long. The Mullah, taking the hint, at once prepared a good strong dose of coffee. He drank it, and was delighted beyond measure at the result. Not a wisp of sleep did he get; delicious sensations crowded on the brain; and his midnight devotions were so fervent that he at once communicated the precious secret to some dervishes, who, imitating his example, beleaguered the prophet, now in the seventh heaven of bliss, with unceasing prayers.

According to another tale, the discovery was made by the prior of a convent at Maronites, who, on receiving the report of a camel-driver to the effect that his beasts could get no sleep after having browsed on the coffee plant, at once thought himself what a good thing coffee would be for his monks, who, like the Mullah Chedelly, appear to have been torpid, sleepy fellows, and had acquired the disreputable habit—not quite obsolete now—of going to sleep in church. The practice, we are told, was quite successful.

But coffee, like many other good things, has its enemies, and strange to say, the very Mohammedan priests who were the first to patronize it became its most rancorous foes. The fact was this: So generally was coffee approved of by the Arabian populace that people, instead of going to the mosque, spent their days in coffee-shops; and as there does not appear to have been any act of Parliament to enforce the closing of coffee-houses during church—or rather mosque—hours, the priests had an audience of empty benches. Forthwith the mullahs anathematized the seductive berry and those who used it. Coffee, they said, was as bad as wine or spirituous liquors, if not worse. Its employment was interdicted throughout every part of the Turkish Empire. Religious anathemas, however, being insufficient to check the growing evil, at length an appeal was made to physical force. "In the year of the Hegira 945" (A.D. 1538), says an Arabian historian, "while large numbers were assembled in the month of Rhamadan, employed in drinking coffee, the captain of the guard surprised them, hunted them ignominiously from the shops, locked them up all night in the Pasha's house, and the next morning administered to each individual, by way of a salutary admonition, seventeen stripes."

Persecution, as usual, accomplished a result the very opposite of that intended. Coffee speedily became universally popular. In the first half of the seventeenth century there numbered in Cairo no less than 2,000 coffee shops. At the present time coffee is among Eastern Mussulmans one of the first necessities of life. When a Turk adds a new wife to his associated beauties he formally contracts with her friends that she is always to have plenty of coffee. If certain modern accounts, however, are to be trusted, Turkish ladies have got into the habit of drinking brandy. According to Mohammed, they have no souls to lose; hence they may drink spirituous liquor with impunity.

Before the seventeenth century coffee was scarcely known in France, even by name. At length certain travelers returning from the East brought a little coffee with them for their own private use. In the year 1647, Thevenot invited some friends to a party, and gave them coffee to drink; but he had been preceded by a Levantine, who, three years before, had established at Paris a coffee shop; his speculation, however, did not succeed. It was in the *beau monde* that coffee first became popularized. The Turkish Ambassador at the French Court, Soliman Aga, was in the habit of offering coffee, after the manner of his country, to those who attended his levees. The ladies of the French Court no sooner heard of this custom than they expressed their desire of tasting the seductive liquor; whereupon the Turk, being a polite man, as all Turks are, invited the ladies to his house, and gave them coffee to their hearts' content. Madame de Sevigne was opposed to this fashion; she did not approve of coffee; said it would pass away and be forgotten, like Racine. Well, the lady was right, after all, though not after the fashion she intended; coffee has passed away and been forgotten "like Racine!" About the same time it was that coffee first came into favor at Vienna. The Turks, driven from before the walls of that city by Sobieski, left their camp in the hands of the conqueror. In this camp there was abundance of coffee and at retinue of slaves whose office was to prepare it. Coffee had already been introduced among the Londoners in the following manner: An English merchant, named Edwards, returning from Smyrna, brought with him a Greek servant, Pasquett by name, who opened a coffee-shop in Newman's Court, Cornhill, in 1652. Other coffee-shops speedily arose; but Cromwell, then in power, set himself against them, and closed them, fearing lest they might injure the taylors. Another account says that the first coffee shop in England was opened by a Jew named Jacobs, at Oxford, in 1650.

All the supplies of coffee imported for a long time into Europe were obtained from Arabia. It was brought by way of Alexandria and the Levant; but the Pashas of Egypt and Syria imposed enormous taxes upon it. Europeans then began to obtain it by the channel of the Red Sea. Holland took the lead in this commerce; next followed France; and, lastly, England. In 1699, the Dutch, under the direction of Van Horne, first President of the Dutch East India colonies, having procured certain coffee plants, sent them to Batavia, where they flourished well. The French next introduced coffee into Martinique; and the English following their example, planted coffee shrub in many of their tropical colonies.

In the United States coffee is consumed to the amount of about sixteen million dollars annually, and is constantly increasing, not in strength, but in importation.

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STOREKEEPER—"This piece is counterfeit." Customer—"I know it. I got it here." Storekeeper—"That cannot be. We never take bad money." Customer—"I am aware that it is your rule to give bad money, not to take it; but I trust you will make an exception this time."

"WHAT are you slowing up for?" yelled a freight conductor to an engineer on one of our Vermont roads. "Why, we've run over a book agent." "Drat it all, then, why don't you keep on? We can't kill him unless the whole train runs over him." *Burlington Free Press.*

"CHARMING Lucy," said an Austin gilded youth to the apple barrel of his expectation, "a kiss from your lips is heaven on earth." "O, give us a rest." "Have I offended thee, dearest one?" "No, but you bore me with your lack of originality. Hundreds of men have told me that same old story until I am tired of hearing it." *Texas Sifters.*

A PHILOSOPHER who had borrowed some money to pay for his night's lodgings at a hotel woke up in the night and saw a person climbing through the window. With admirable nonchalance he said to the intruder, "Look here, my friend, you'll get into debt if you rob me; for you won't find anything but unreceipted tailors' bills in my pockets."

A NEW baby recently arrived in the family of a Louisville journalist, and papa was excessively proud of the event. Turning to the old black nurse, "Aunty," said he, stroking the little pate, "this boy seems to have a journalistic head." "Oh," cried the untutored old aunty, soothingly, "never you mind 'bout dat; dat'll come all right in time." *Courier-Journal.*

"WAKE up!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulberry in a loud whisper, as she punched the slumbering Mulberry in the short ribs with her elbow the other night; "wake up; I'm sure I hear burglars down in the dining-room." "Don't disturb them, then," said the drowsy Mulberry, turning over on the other side. "Be just as quiet as you can, and maybe they will eat some of that fruitcake you have in the pantry."

A SCIENTIST has discovered that codfish have germs that are liable to develop into form more terrible than trichinæ, and in the toothsome mackerel are hidden microci which cooking fails to kill. This is becoming serious. The microscope reveals terrible wriggling monsters in our drinking-water; poison lurks in the ice-cream can; canned fruits and meats are sending their victims to the grave; and pretty soon the only article of food and drink that will be safe to indulge in are early strawberries and whisky—which we don't like." *Norristown Herald.*

Introducing the Chaplain.

"Speaking of troopers swearing," put in an officer of Van Cleve's old division of the Army of the Cumberland, "old Gen. Fred Knefler, of the Seventy-ninth Indiana, illustrated the idea to a nice. He always made a full hand without raising the perspiration. He swore easily, earnestly, and eloquently, in season and out of season. When Gov. Morton sent a chaplain to Knefler's regiment the boys looked for rare fun. Knefler received the chaplain very cordially, and asked him to mark out his programme, and he would see that it was carried out.

The next morning (Sunday) he ordered his regiment to muster for religious services. He formed the companies in column at half distance, doubled on center, in front of a stand which he had erected the day before, and then he proceeded in his own way to introduce the chaplain. He told the men that he proposed to stand by the chaplain; the chaplain was going to preach whenever he felt so inclined, and every blanked man in the regiment had to listen. He wanted his men to show proper respect to the chaplain and to religion, and if they didn't, so help him blazes, if he didn't send every blanked one of them to the guard-house.

"The General warmed up to his work and in the course of his introductory remarks swore probably twenty times. The whole thing was so funny that the regiment, thinking it over, burst into a roar in the midst of the prayer. The General put the officers under arrest, but made the men stand through the service. In the end the chaplain did great good. Knefler quit swearing and the men kept a good line of conduct." *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Other People's Houses.

Why should you go and stay in other people's houses? Another person's house is hardly better than a hotel; indeed very often it is worse. If you don't like your rooms, you cannot alter them; if you think the chef is a bad one, you cannot say so; if you find all the house party bore you, you cannot get rid of them. You must pretend to eat all day long; you must pretend to feel amiable from noon to midnight; you must have all kinds of plans made for you and submit to them;