

## SOME THOUGHTS.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

How will I look when I am dead?  
I've wondered a hundred times and more  
When the sheet is drawn up over my head  
And grace disfigures the outer door.

Will my cheeks seem thin and my lips turn blue,  
And a general strangeness shadow my face?  
Will you dress me in white, with a ribbon or  
two.

And fasten a rose in the folds of lace?

What will they say when I am dead?  
"Poor thing, poor thing, she is better off!"  
"The stoop in her shoulders!" "The hectic red!"  
"We know the horrible, hacking cough!"

"How natural," and "How waxen-pure!"  
"But passing sad that the young should die."  
If they say this last, and I hear, I am sure  
I shall long to rise and give them the lie.

## ETHEL'S TEST.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

"Cyril, you stupid old book-worm, get up this instant! Here it is 4 o'clock; the Henrys are expected in half an hour, and you have made no move to meet them. Auntie is depending on me to see that you are ready, and she will be so provoked."

"When 'auntie' assigned you that commission, my dear, did its possible magnitude occur to you?" asked Cyril, provokingly, as he turned a pair of handsome eyes on the sweet young face at his side. "You know even a woman will turn at last. What then if I should boldly declare my independence and assert that I will not prepare to meet the Henrys?"

"Oh! Cyril, how utterly provoking you can be," cried Ethel, as the young man coolly resumed his reading.

"Now, do be good, won't you?" she asked, coaxingly. "Auntie is sure you'll like Miss Henry, she is so altogether nice."

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" he answered, lazily. "I'm very well satisfied with the company I now have."

"Does that remark apply to the book or to me?"

"I will be good, Ethel," was the irrelevant reply, as he left the swinging hammock and took a seat at her side, "provided my concession meets with due reward."

"Virtue is always its own reward. What more can you wish?"

"Something you've never given me yet" gazing down intently into the beautiful, upturned eyes. "Something I ask not only as a reward, but that you must give me as good-by."

"Good-by!" in a startled voice, "why good-by?"

"Because the coming of all these gay young people will mean nothing but separation for us, Ethel. There will be no more quiet strolls by the brook, no more readings in the afternoons, no more home music in the twilight."

"I know," said Ethel, quietly; "but I thought it would be so much pleasanter for you that I tried not to care."

"Oh! don't you wish," she added, impulsively, "that auntie had no school friends whose children might come to visit her?"

"Hardly," was the terse reply, given with a quizzical glance.

"How stupid of me!" she laughed, "for I should not have had this lovely home myself, nor my dear brother Cyril, if mamma and auntie had not been such friends at school."

"Now, brother mine," she continued, never noting the young man's palming lips nor darkened brow, "what is the reward you wish?"

"Only a few of those violets at your throat," he answered, in a repressed tone. "But, Ethel," mastered at last by some strange excitement, "I beg of you never again to call me brother. I cannot bear that title from you."

"Forgive me. It was a liberty. I had no right."

"No. You have no right. I—"

And then he now pressed his lips as though no other word should pass them.

"Would you not be willing to have me for your sister, Cyril?" she asked, raising lovely, deprecating eyes to his.

She little knew the wild thrill her beauty and innocence gave him, nor with what an effort he turned away.

"No," he answered, almost sternly. "I would never regard you as a sister."

A glance of honest pain was his answer, and Ethel rose and walked away.

"The struggle is a sore one," he cried, as she disappeared among the shrubbery, "but I am conqueror yet. I dared not ask the kiss she would in her childish innocence have given. My heart would have lingered on my lips and told the story I have so long suppressed, that I have vowed she shall not hear until her heart has stood some test. She shall see the gay world about her first this summer, and when she knows better what to choose, I will lay my heart at her feet."

Gaiety reigned supreme at "High Oaks" in the days that followed, for Mrs. Grafton, Ethel's guardian, was endeavoring to make her young ward's first experience in society a happy one.

And Ethel's bright face gave no betrayal but that her attempt was a success.

"Where is Miss Ethel?" asked Clarence Henry one morning, as he stepped on the piazza, where his sister and Cyril were holding an animated conversation.

"You will find her in the shrubbery likely," was Cyril's careless reply. And yet he felt a jealous thrill that Clarence had supplanted him in seeking her.

He noted Ethel's blush and swift upward glance as Mr. Henry spoke, and the fate that had caused him to meet Miss Henry on the piazza.

Two weeks had passed without one quiet talk between the two who, previous to the coming of their guests, had been almost inseparable, and Cyril chafed at the constant separation.

"How jolly May and Mr. Grayton are together," observed Clarence as his sister's merry laugh broke on the air. "The old family arrangement may be happily consummated yet; who knows?"

"Was there not an arrangement?" asked Ethel, quietly.

"Yes; made years ago when they were children. They were very congenial even then, but Cyril went away five years ago to Germany, and May has never seen him since until now. The course of true love will run smooth in this case, I imagine."

"It certainly seems to run smooth

now," said Ethel, hiding her trembling lips in the heart of a dewy rose.

"Another link to draw us nearer to each other, Ethel," whispered the enamored young man.

"Oh! I have torn my hand on this mischievous thorn," cried Ethel, glad to listen no longer.

"Cruel, cruel thorn to wound so charming a little hand," exclaimed Clarence as he raised the injured member to his lips.

"There is the luncheon bell, Mr. Henry. Let us surprise auntie by being on time," and Ethel started hastily toward the house. She stooped, however, as she passed the library window to pick up a piece of paper that fluttered to her feet.

A little later, when about to don her riding-habit, this same piece of paper fell from her pocket, and she looked to see what it might contain.

The handwriting was Cyril's, and she read, "I may as well confess Fred, that my heart is my own no longer. I have met one this summer to whom even you would yield homage. I'll not weary you with rhapsodies upon her beauty, winsomeness and intelligence; for it is enough to say that she is the one woman of the world for me, and—"

Here the letter closed abruptly, and Ethel, lifting sad eyes from its perusal, looked hopelessly out into the summer radiance that mocked her from the window.

"Cyril told me once," she cried, "that I had woman's deepest lesson yet to learn, and this is it; it must be it."

"Why have you deserted me so entirely since the arrival of our guests, Ethel?" asked Cyril, reproachfully, as the two changed to ride side by side in the gay equestrian party.

"Have I deserted you? I didn't consider it in that light. I supposed we were both happier as things were," she returned, indifferently.

The look of pain in Cyril's face would the day before have brought quick remorseful words to her lips, but the letter had done its work, and she only thought with scorn, "Cyril's vanity requires more to feed upon than I had supposed. One acknowledged captive seems to afford it insufficient gratification."

Chance threw the two together again that night in the changes of a waltz-quadrille, and they danced together for the first time. Cyril forgetting as he clasped the pliant, lissome figure in his arms, her cruel words of the morning, forgetting all save that the sad, languishing music was carrying them on and on in a blissful dream of delight. His eyes almost told the secret his pale lips refused to betray, as he looked down at her when the dance was done.

"Rather stupid for us to be thrown so long together, wasn't it?" laughed Ethel, carelessly, "but I must say that you are a splendid waltzer, Cyril."

"And that is all it was to her!" thought Cyril, as with a pale face he turned away.

"Fool that I have been," he muttered vehemently, "to let matters drift. I might have won her love if I had bound her with a vow, but now it is too late, too late."

"Grafton, may I see you a moment in private?" asked Clarence Henry next morning, as he stepped into the library.

"You may," was the stiff reply. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"A great deal, if you see fit. You know my character, Grafton, my prospects, my situation in life, and so forth. Now, with boyish impetuosity, "have you anything to say against them? Or, in other words, is there any valid reason why I may not pay my addresses to your mother's ward, Miss Wheaton?"

"Why do you come to me?" asked Cyril, haughtily. "You must be aware that my mother is the proper person to address."

"Your mother has given her consent?" was the eager reply. "In coming to you I only desired to make matters agreeable all around."

"Miss Ethel has expressed a wish for your happiness," he continued, "why should you be reluctant to do the same for her?"

"Ethel's happiness!" exclaimed Cyril, in a low, hoarse voice; "does Ethel's happiness depend upon my consent to your suit? If so, Mr. Henry—"

"The struggle is a sore one," he cried, as she disappeared among the shrubbery, "but I am conqueror yet. I dared not ask the kiss she would in her childish innocence have given. My heart would have lingered on my lips and told the story I have so long suppressed, that I have vowed she shall not hear until her heart has stood some test. She shall see the gay world about her first this summer, and when she knows better what to choose, I will lay my heart at her feet."

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"Ethel!" he cried, in quick surprise, "what is it? Why are you here alone?"

She sprang suddenly to her feet, exclaiming, with startled vehemence: "You, Cyril! Is it you?"

"Yes, Ethel, it is I. Is my presence so very unwelcome?"

"Not at all," with an attempt at profound unconcern; "I had intended soon to see you of my own accord."

"Well," he answered, coldly, "I am at your service; what is it you desire?"

For a moment she paused, then, flushed and trembling, she said, "I am very sorry, Cyril, that I cannot accede to your and auntie's wishes. I have never opposed you before, have I?" with a forlorn attempt at a smile; "but indeed in so vital a matter to me I cannot yield entirely to your choice." How the pale lips quivered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," passionately, "that much as you and auntie wish it I cannot engage myself to Clarence Henry. I know you will think me blind and wayward, but after all, Cyril," falteringly, "my heart is my own, and cannot be made to obey the dictates of another."

"Is your heart your own, my darling," he whispered with passionate tenderness as he drew her suddenly toward him.

One startled glance she gave into the

love-illuminated face above her, then hid her happy eyes upon his breast.

"Oh! Ethel," he cried, "how could you for one moment fancy that I wanted you to marry Clarence Henry? My heart was broken at the thought. Has nothing whispered to you the torture I have endured in the past two weeks in seeing him, as I feared, slowly but surely winning your heart from me?"

"I was suffering, too, Cyril," she answered, in a low, sweet voice. "I thought you cared far more for Miss May than for me. Are you sure?" she added, wistfully, "that you do not?"

"Am I sure?" he mocked her, with a happy laugh. "Look up, my Ethel, my flower, my little queen; take one long look into my eyes, and read there whom the love is for."

So Ethel did as she was bid, read, and was satisfied.

## The Egyptian Peasantry.

The agricultural fellah is an admirable style of man. With good cerebral development and much aptitude and intelligence, with an agile and muscular frame, he is a typical farm laborer, and as he patiently works his shadow or waters his fields with tiny rills of the water it has raised, or diligently weeds or hoses his crops, he presents an example of untiring industry and quaint yet ingenious contrivance. He has also a love of education, and desires that his children should learn all that can be taught in the schools to which he has access. He will often go to the village teacher what for him is a very large sum in exchange for a village education, and he is anxious when he can to take advantage of European schools. He reads, too, when he can get books, and loves to know something of the great world beyond him. The dweller in a mud hut, almost roofless and destitute of furniture, is often for his circumstances a somewhat intelligent and even learned man, and he is quick of apprehension, and readily acquires or imitates anything brought under his notice by strangers. His family affections are strong, and his cheerfulness and good-nature are almost invincible. He is, it is true, deficient in some of the harder virtues of more northern climates, and is less self-reliant and less truthful than he should be, but it must be remembered that his race has suffered oppression from a period long antecedent to the rise of our modern nations. The Egyptian must not be supposed to be represented by the rabble that howl for backsheesh at places frequented by travelers. Vagrants and beggars exist more or less everywhere, and in Egypt the observant tourist can easily see the difference between these and the men and boys diligently watering and weeding their crops from morning to night, and the women busily employed in household work. Too often, however, all are treated alike by strangers and their employees, and it is frequently painful to see decent and orderly people plying some humble trade or offering some legitimate service, involved in the same hard treatment which falls on idle beggars.—*Leisure Hours.*

## Flemish Social Life.

Our visit to this seaport of Belgium was more socially successful than falls to the lot of summer travelers. Flemish life differs from the German in that it is more permeated with French customs. Women of the higher classes have a certain *clique* which gives them a presence, a more definite personality than falls to the fate of their well-born German sisters. They converse more spiritedly, and do not open their eyes and look confounded if a woman smokes a cigarette in their presence, as sometimes happens when a Russian or Moldavian countess enters their social world.

At the Cercle d'Harmonie garden concerts, to which one is admitted by card of invitation from the members, they are not seen drinking beer at the furious rate German *hausfrauen* swallow that beverage in Munich and Vienna. They go to promenades in the pretty, shadowy pathways, and show their pretty Parisian toasts in the "round point," where the orchestra kiosk stands.

They receive gracefully at their private receptions, converse intelligently, and are graceful, gay, and womanly. Gentlemen prefer their own society—they belong to the heavy artillery order of humanity—and it takes a Clydesdale team of brain power to move them; but they can be moved to love or anger with equal ferocity, so that, on the whole, it is best to leave them alone and admire their tall forms and fascinating moustaches at a distance.—*Cologne, Germany, Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Jews Free from Disease.

One noticeable feature about Jewish cemeteries in the South is the scarcity of newly made graves after an epidemic of cholera or yellow fever. Statistics show that fewer of them die than of any other race from these or kindred diseases. During the late cholera scourge in Toulon only two orthodox Jews died of it, while in numbers they equalled fully 20 per cent of the population.

Their immunity from the disease, and the certainty with which they recover when attacked by it, is accounted for by the simplicity of their diet. They are very strict about following the dietary prescribed by Moses. Many tables have been formulated by wise men since then, but none that can compare with it in promoting health and vigor. Isn't it a little strange that Moses, if he was only a common historian, should have possessed knowledge superior to that of the wisest and best physicians of the present day? He evidently believed in preventing disease rather than curing it.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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The memory ought to be a store-room; many turn theirs, rather, to a lumber-room. Even stores grow moldy, and spoil, unless aired and used sometimes, and then they, too, become lumber.—*J. C. Hare.*

## AT A GEORGIA CROSS-ROADS STORE.

"It Takes All Kind of Folks to Make a World."

"T'other day me and maw walked over to the cross-roads store to do a little tradin', and as we come in sight and seed the gang that was gathered 'round the door, maw she lowed:

"Betsy, it's just as your pap says; it takes a heap of different sort of folks to make a world."

It was Saddy, and they was a waitin' for the mail; it don't come but once a week, and they inginnerly waits tel then to come to the store. The women folks comes, too, and fetches their babies and little fife dogs, and sometimes they fetch arias and ingle