

THE TALISMAN.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

In a quaint old casket of cedar-wood
I have kept this many a year,
A necklace old of beads of gold,
With spheres of the amber clear;
A gift, it is said, from a Moslem's slave
To a brave old Christian knight,
Who bore her away o'er the desert gray
From the thick of a hopeless fight.

Ere she swooned to death by a dried-up well,
Which they gained as the night set in,
The beautiful slave this keepsake gave,
As a charm against wrath and sin.
And he rode away when her sad eyes closed,
Leaving the sands to heap,
With wave on wave, her nameless grave
In the simoom's scorching sweep.

I hardly could tell how it came to me,
Through heritage long and grim,
Or whether the charm ever kept from harm
Its owner, when hope grew dim;
But often, I know, when my days wax dark,
And woe and distress seem near,
The casket I open with a strange hope,
That is partly akin to fear.

I count the beads, like a rosary,
First a gold, then an amber bead,
And wish it were mine each mystic sign
On the precious spheres to read;
For all are carved with ciphers strange
From a long-forgotten lore,
Which, if brought to light, the old spell
might
Control stern fate, as of yore.

Then, as sadly and slowly the talisman
To its scented case I return,
I cannot but deem its charm a scheme
Whose meaning we all may learn;
For does not the heart in its inmost cell
The truest amulet keep,
To guard us from ill, if we only will
Search hard for its motives deep?

However, I hoard with a jealous care
This relic of conquest dire,
When Crescent and Cross, for gain or loss,
Were locked in a fight of fire;
And bauble or boon, it can still recall
The right of the Christian brave,
And the "outer faith that, by helpful death,
Was restored to the Moslem's slave.

CROSSING THE CREEK.

BY WM. HAUGHTON.

'Twas in the pleasant month of June,
The happiest of the year,
When fawns are filled with joyous tune,
And skies are soft and clear—
On one sweet summer eve
Our dark-eyed Susan strayed
By Elva's stream at twilight side,
The witching red-tipped maid.
Full long in secret pined his soul,
Of love he dared not speak—
Till then his arm around her stole,
In crossing o'er the creek.

'Twas but a slippery way at best,
A plank with moss o'ergrown—
And Henry's arm was round her pressed,
His heart was near her own.
The breeze while its whisper hushed
And kissed them silently,
The laughing waves looked up and blushed
That sweet embrace to see.
How could the youth his secret keep,
How fall of love to speak,
When near him turned that tempting lip,
In crossing o'er the creek.

Ah! youngsters, when of peace ye dream,
And side by side ye stray,
Avoid the bridge o'er Elva's stream—
That sweet but perilous way;
If ye'd be free from Cupid's dart,
Nor be by love betrayed,
Don't linger closely, heart to heart,
Like Henry and the maid.
Soft words that must the soul betray
From lip and eye will break,
And danger lurks upon the way,
In crossing o'er the creek.

BESSIE.

The Tragedy of My Life.

Out amidst the howling, winter winds;
out from my door into the dread, dark,
desolate night, I drove her.

One hour before, her beautiful head
was resting upon my knee; her trust-
ful, soulful, dark, liquid eyes gazing,
with the love of idolatry, into mine.
My hand was toying with the soft, nut-
brown hair that glorified her; I would
have sworn, then, that nothing but
death should part us.

A slight, involuntary action of hers
roused the infernal temper that was
born in me, and I drove her forth, out
of my house—her home—from the
warm, glowing fireside, into the terrors
of that fearful night.

At the threshold she paused—only
for a moment. No sound escaped her
lips, but those glorious eyes were more
eloquent than words in supplication,
wonderously pathetic in appeal.

"Go!" I said, as I stood with the door
open, and my hand pointing to the
outer darkness.

Slowly and sadly, with a quiet dig-
nity, she went.

My sister's tears fell silently, and my
younger brother muttered a curse
against my heartlessness under his
breath. But I was master, and none
dared to dispute my will.

I tried to appear unmoved, but as
the tempest blasts whirled about the
homestead, and howled down the chim-
neys, and rattled the solid shutters,
the thought of Bessie out in the ter-
rible storm, drenched with rain, chilled
by the wild winds, crouching in some
poorly protected nook, took possession
of me, and I threw myself on the lounge
and hid my face.

But temper and pride would not per-
mit me to give way. I could not mur-
der enough of manhood to go to the
door from which I had driven her and
shout into the night those words of
forgiveness and recall that my heart
yearned to utter.

The family well understood my
moods. They did not attempt to inter-
fere. One by one, as the hours went
on, they departed to their respective
rooms.

At last I too sought my bed; but
sleep I could not. The war of the ele-
ments raged with ever-increasing fury
through all that wakeful night.

And poor, innocent, loving, true,
patient, faithful Bessie I had exposed
to these terrors.

Where was she?
I could hear the moaning and groan-
ing of the trees about my home and in
the forest near by, for ours was a farm
in the far West, and ever and anon
there would come the sharp cracking,
the awe-inspiring crash of some mon-
ster that had yielded before the blast
and stretched its tall form upon the earth.

'Twas the most horrible night of my
life.

At daylight I saddled my horse, and,

in agony and penitence, sought the
few neighbors for five miles around.
None of them had seen Bessie; all of
them wondered that she should be away
from the home where she was so ten-
derly loved, so carefully guarded. She
would have been gladly welcomed by
any of these good people, and every
comfort their means permitted would
have been lavished upon her, had she
presented herself at their doors.

But they knew nothing of her.
Filled with remorse and utterly dis-
consolate, I turned my tired horse
homeward. My feelings were in accord
with the desolation and wreck that
marked the tornado's path, and I
abandoned the road to fight my way
through the forest.

I was within a mile of my house when
a low moaning sound fell upon my
ears; the horse halted before an ob-
struction of three great trees pros-
trated and with branches entangled.

The cries of pain were nearer, and I
cast my glance about.

Great heaven! What did I see?
Bessie! Crushed to the earth be-
neath a trunk of monster timber.

Her eyes met mine. She could utter
no sound save those of suffering and
exhaustion.

I turned my horse about, sought the
road, and spurred wildly for the farm.
I was powerless to aid her; I must
seek help, though I knew it was too
late to save her life.

I burst into the room where my fam-
ily and the men employed about the
place were at their morning meal.

"All of you turn out," I cried; "I
have found Bessie. She lies, pinned to
the ground, under a great oak tree,
down on the edge of Martin's tract.
Take axes, spades, anything, and cut
or dig her free.

"I shall never forget or drive from
my memory the look of love and sor-
row she gave me as her eyes encoun-
tered my own. I could not approach
her.

"Take a sharp knife with you, boys,
and cut her throat the moment you
reach her. Put her out of her misery,
for her back must be broken and her
ribs all shattered. She cannot sur-
vive.

"Do not mangle her. I want to
have her stuffed."
They did my bidding bravely, tear-
fully, and in silence.

Bessie was the prize pointer of our
Territory. She had cost me \$250, solid
cash, to import; had taken the prize at
every county fair for six years past. I
had just refused \$500 for her—and she
wasn't insured. Hence these tears.—
American Commercial Traveler.

Squire Hobbs' Philosophy.

Dar will be er monstrous site ob
babies named Franky now.

De perfeshinal bikkist ilt order be wel
served in de science ob 'stronomy.

It am er mistery ob natur y'er kow
alwaz wates ontill yo git dun er milkin'
her 'fore she kiks de bukhet ober.

Konshens am er koward, an' dose
faults it ain' got strength 'nuff to pre-
vent, it seldum has justis 'nuff to ak-
kuz.

Efer man war kompelled tu trade
plases wid his hoss fo' er dar or 2, it
wood chuck er little me' kindness intu
hiz natur.

Doan' jedg er man by hiz relashuns.
He kan't hep dat, dey am thrust upon
him. Size him up by de kine ob kum-
pany he keeps.

De mizer am de kokoom ob de hu-
man rase. He starbs hissef, knowin'
dat doze hoo wish him ded wil fatten
on hiz horded ganes.

Yo' kin tawk 'bout lovin' wark fo'
itself, but jes' take awa de dollahs an'
sense it urns, an' dar wil be er mon-
strus site of wark go undun.

De man dat kin go er fishin' an' kum
home widout tellin' er string ob lies
longah dan his string ob fish, hab got
er sinch on wun ob de bes' seets in de
nex' world.

Wen er rich man dize de people hyar
on yeath wundah how much welth he
lef' behin' him, but de angels in heaben
wundah how much he hab stowed awa
up dar.

De wedder buro am er failure. I
kan't see dat we hab enny bettah wed-
der since Unkle Sam tuk charg ob de
elements dan we had wen Dame Natur
had hold ob de strings.—*Chicago
Ledger.*

A Cool House.

Battleton advertised a house for sale.
A man who had read the advertisement
and who had examined the house called
on Battleton.

"My idea," said he, "is to purchase a
healthful place."

"The very house you want," said Bat-
tleton.

"My greatest difficulty is in getting a
place where I can sleep comfortably at
night."

"I think that my house will suit y. u."

"I want a cool place."

"Then you are fortunate in selecting
my house."

"Plenty of air?"

"Plenty."

"You say it is cool?"

"Coolest place in town."

The man bought the house and paid
for it. Shortly afterward he sought
Battleton, and in an excited manner
exclaimed:

"You have told me a falsehood."

"How so?"

"You said that the house which I
bought of you is cool."

"Well?"

"But I find it to be the hottest house
I ever saw."

"This is June, my friend."

"Well, I say that the house is cool—
cool in Jan ary. You forgot to men-
tion the month. Good-day."—*Arkan-
sas Traveler.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

The Secret of the Empress Eugenie's Per-
petual Youth.

Seated in a little box of a room just
large enough for a toilet stand, a
mirror, and a chair, the artist in com-
plexions begins her task by remarking:
"Ah, madame, you have not taken
care of your face. See, you have little
crows' feet round your eyes. The skin
is dry and harsh; you have no color in
particular."

"Yes," looking in the glass. "You
have a poor subject to operate on."

"You shall see in one hour how
pretty I shall make you. You will not
know yourself," said the young woman,
tying a towel about the patient's
shoulders, then gently washing her
face with soft water and an amber-
colored soap in which there is no
alkaline, and rubbing it with a fine
towel.

"Confess, madame! Have you not
used the powders and stuffs sold in the
shops to improve your complexion?"

"Certainly, face powders—such as
all women use."

"Oh, it is shameful, wicked, to sell
these balms and powders. They are
full of mercury, that is absorbed by the
blood, and that eventually gets into
the bones. Let me show you how a
drop of ammonia will turn a teaspoon-
ful of famous 'balm' black in a mo-
ment."

The artist poured the material in
question into a saucer, added the am-
monia, and it became jet black in-
stantly.

The patient's face being dry, the ar-
tist proceeded with her manipulation.
Wetting a sponge with a preparation
called "Mama Dura," a white, creamy
substance, she applied it to the face,
neck and ears of the subject, who asked
meekly if this was the famous prepara-
tion invented by Eugenie or Mme.
Jumel.

"This is Mme. Jumel's recipe. It is
intended as a face-wash for the night,
to soften and whiten the skin and to
remove wrinkles and discolorations.
After washing your face, on retiring
cover it with 'Mama Dura,' and then
put on our beauty mask." Here the
artist produced a white cloth mask
lined with white cotton flannel.

"Oh, I cannot breathe!" said the pa-
tient, putting it on for a moment.

"That is nervousness. You would
soon become accustomed to it. Thou-
sands of women use the toilet mask.
Jumel had a beautiful complexion to
the day of her death, and she was very
old when she died. She used this
cream to keep her youthful in appear-
ance. Old men will tell you how daz-
zlingly fair she was to the very end of
her life. It is perfectly harmless, and
removes all crows' feet, so vexatious
and enduring under any other treat-
ment."

The artist poured a few drops of the
Dura in a saucer, adding a drop of
ammonia. The substance remained
white. A greenish white paste was then
laid about the patient's mouth, the ar-
tist saying as she used it:

"This is to take away superfluous
hair. You have a delicate little beard
coming, madame, and hair on a woman's
face is so ugly. This paste must dry,
so I shall amuse you meanwhile by tel-
ling you something. Ask some ques-
tions if you like."

"Do many women of respectability
come here for this sort of thing?" said
the patient.

"Well, madame, you would be aston-
ished to see how many come for a reg-
ular treatment of the complexion and
to learn their social standing. And
why not? Is there any harm in a wom-
an's desire to look as well as possible?
Does she not use every art of dress to
consummate her elegance of form?
Why not beautify her face, her hair,
her hands, and feet?"

"But 'nature when unadorned,' etc."

"O, I don't believe in that sentiment
at all. Art is often more attractive
than nature, and more complete.
Painters make sketches of nature, and
combine the best of them in pictures—
but the 'Kusma' is dry and I will wipe
it off."

The little hairs round the mouth
and chin were gone, leaving the skin as
smooth as that of a new-born babe.
Then a soft linen cloth removed the
shiny traces of the "Dura."

"Madame, you are now as though
you had awakened in the morning.
Bathe your eyes and your mouth, but
don't use soap. There, I am ready for
you. See how much satter your face
looks!"

Here she produced a pure white liq-
uid and slowly applied it to the face—
giving it a pale, delicate tint.

"This is Eugenie's secret of beauty;
we purchase it from her, and now send
it all over the civilized portions of the
globe."

Next, a little sponge wet with Ex-
tract of Rose was touched to the cheeks
near the eyes, the lower part of the
chin, and the lobes of the ears, giving
a subdued but exquisite coloring. A
pencil dipped in "Indian Fard" was
passed over the eyebrows and the eye-
lashes.

"Ah, now look at yourself—you are
ten years younger in appearance, mad-
ame. I can tell you of actresses who
owe their beauty to me. Langtry has
just sent on an order for my white
cream. She came here regularly when
in New York for treatment for her
complexion. Lillian Russell, Minnie
Palmer, and other noted women of the
stage have and are doing the same."—
New York Morning Journal.

THE peasant Indians of Central
America hold some curious super-
stitions, of which the following are ex-
amples: When a child is sick the
mother takes a d'ake, sings its tail
feathers, and, muttering certain words,
passes it over the patient. A woman
feeds a parrot with a few pieces of tor-

tilla and gives the child the crumbs
which fall from the beak, as they will
make it talk. Colic is due to the evil
eye; in order to get rid of the distur-
bing influence the woman breaks four
duck's eggs into a basin, and, having
mixed them with rue, places the whole
under the child's bed; if the compound
be curdled in the morning the spirit
has departed.

Absence of Mind.

In his "Voyage autour de ma Cham-
bre," De Maistre discusses the very
curious phenomenon of the independ-
ence of the mind and the body. He
tells us how, in a fit of absent mind-
ness, he often drew on his stockings
wrong side out, and had to be reminded
by his invaluable servant Joannetti of
his mistake. Many readers will call to
mind experiences of their own of a sim-
ilar nature. It seems quite common to
put one's watch-key to one's ear to as-
certain if it is going; and many peo-
ple are in the habit of winding their
watches, and three minutes after paus-
ing to wonder whether they have done
so or not.

Who has not heard of the philos-
opher who boiled his wat h while he
calmly held the egg in his hand to note
the time! Or of the equally erudi-
man of science who, having peeled the
apple, threw the apple itself over a
cliff, and then discovered that the rind
alone remained! Another individual
had the habit—not such a very uncom-
mon one—of forgetting his own name
at awkward moments. One day he
presented himself at the postoffice for
letters, when, much to his disgust, he
could not think of his name. He turned
sadly homeward, racking his brains in
the vain endeavor to discover who he
was. Suddenly a friend accosted him:
"How are you, Mr. Brown?" "Brown,
Brown, I have it!" cried the absent-
minded one; and, leaving his astonished
friend, he rushed back to the postoffice
to get his letters.

Sometimes absence of mind produces
very ludicrous effects. Harry Lorre-
quer's appearance on parade in the
character of Othello is well known. A
somewhat similar occurrence in real
life happened not long ago. A student,
on leaving his room one afternoon to
take a stroll in the fashionable street
in a university town, suddenly remem-
bered that his fire needed coals, and
returned to replenish it. On issuing
from his lodging the second time he
was surprised to see people looking at
him with an amused smile. Presently
some ragamuffins at a street corner
began to make audible remarks. On
looking down, he discovered, to his
horror, that he was serenely carrying
the fire-tongs in place of his umbrella!

One day an English savant wrote
two letters, one to a business house in
London, the other to a friend in Paris.
In stamping them at the postoffice, he
placed the penny stamp on the letter
for Paris and the other on the business
letter. Remarking to the postoffice
clerk that he would correct the error,
he changed the addresses! It was not
till after he had posted the letters that
he understood why the clerk had not
been more impressed with his brilliant
idea.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Poppy Problem.

It would be worth knowing if one of
those districts corresponds to that part
of the Turkish Empire producing the
Papaver somniferum, or opium poppy.
The wholesale price of prime opium is
nearly \$10 a pound, and in the neigh-
borhood of Janina and Beirut 160
pounds per acre is not considered an
uncommon yield. The Turkish planter,
as well as the Yankee importer, are
handicapped by enormous taxes; but a
Tennessee or Texas farmer could make
a poppy-garden as profitable as a sil-
ver-mine. The demand for the drug is
increasing at a rate suggesting the sus-
picion that the favorite stimulant of
our Chinese coolies must have had a
sudden access of Caucasian votaries.
Thirty years ago our total imports
amounted to hardly 90,000 pounds, in
1873 that quantum had already risen
to 319,000 pounds, and for 1880 1,000,
000 pounds would possibly be an un-
derestimate. Seeds could possibly be
obtained from Meran, in Southern Aus-
tria, where experiments on a small scale
have for years been tried in all sheltered
valleys.

Opium in the United States.

Like all other articles of trade, opium
has shown a wide variety of quotations.
During the rebellion it rose from \$4 a
pound to \$20, and when the inevitable
shrinkage took place a number of
operators were ruined. The market
has gradually declined until the pres-
ent low figure, and this decline has led
to a drop in morphia. The American
population, for instance, has hardly
doubled since the opening of the late
war, but the importation of opium has
increased nearly seven-fold during this
interval. Taking the year 1860, the
annual report, made up within six
months of that date, was 71,739
pounds. Last year, however, it was
471,276 pounds, or more than 2:5 tons,
this being an increase over the previous
year of sixty-nine tons. Truly one may
ask whither we are drifting.—*Rochester
Chronicle.*

The Cut Killed Him.

"Well, poor Jones died last night."
"Is it possible? I didn't hear he
was sick. What was the complaint?"
"O, he died from the effects of a cut."
"How sad! was it a large cut?"
"No, it was a small cut; but of a
very fatal nature."

"Indeed; pray tell me about it."
"It was a small wood-cut of himself
which was published in one of the daily
papers. When he saw it he fell over
at once and died in great agony."—
Lynn Union.

HUMOR.

THE fall came early in Eden.

NOOSE-PAPER—a death warrant.

AN apple pie is New England civil-
ization with a crust on.

NO woman can lace herself as tight
as a man can drink himself.

It is quite a mistake to imagine that
a "split in the camp" occurs, as a rule,
with "crack regiments."

"This is something I have just dashed
off," said the farmer's wife as she took
the butter from the churn.

THE publisher of a weekly paper in
a small town who thinks he discovers a
"crying need" of a daily is apt to find a
need of crying if he starts one.—*Texas
Siftings.*

AT a recent meeting of the Montana
bar association a paper was read by a
leading attorney on "The Revolver as a
Means of Making Difficult Collections."
—*Estelline Bell.*

UNDERTAKER—And what kind of
trimmings will you have on the casket?
Widow—None whatever: a plain casket.
It was trimmin's that killed him. U—
What? W.—Yes. Delirium trimmin's.
—*Boston Courier.*

HARDACRE was wearily watching a
most villainously poor game of base-
ball. "What are they?" he asked.
"They are picked nines," replied the
scorer. "Then," said the suffering spec-
tator, "they were picked before they
were ripe."—*Burdette.*

A TEXAS teacher was calling the
roll. Just as he called out "Robert
Smith," Robert himself rushed in out
of breath, and answered: "Here, s'r!"
"Robert, next time you must not an-
swer to your name unless you are here."
"Yes, s'r, I'll try not to."—*Texas Sift-
ings.*

"CHARLEY," said young Mrs. Tucker
to her husband, "I don't mind your
drinking once in a while, as long as you
eat plenty of cloves, but I do hope you
will always drink nice, pure sweet
whisky. I saw a sign in the street the
other day which says, 'Whisky Sours,'
and I know the stuff must be unhealthy
after it sours."—*Traveler.*

HIGH-TONED PATIENT—"Well, Doctor,
what kind of a glass eye are you going
to give me?" Doctor—"Oh, one of the
ordinary kind that will match your
other optic." High-toned Patient—"Well,
if it is all the same to you, Doctor, I
think I'd prefer a little better
one than the ordinary kind. How
would plate-glass go?"—*Tid-Bits.*

"I SEE," he said, as he met an old
soldier comrade, "that our generals are
having a hot dispute as to which of
them contributed the most to save the
day at Gettysburg. You were there, I
believe?" "Yes, but I have no right
to talk." "For why?" "Because I was
simply a private soldier, and only had
three bullets shot into me!"—*Detroit
Free Press.*

"WHY can not we," said a long-
headed citizen, "have a subterranean
hotel at Niagara, underneath the
American Falls, with a piazza looking
out upon the vast sheet of falling
water? All that is necessary is to sink
a shaft on Goat Island, tunnel straight
out under the channel, put in iron
pillars if necessary, to support the
ceiling, and construct any sort of an
observation platform you please, fac-
ing the fall from the rear. What more
delicious place can you imagine in
which to pass a sultry afternoon? A
portion of the veranda might be shut
off from the spray by means of plate-
glass doors, so no change of clothing
would be necessary for those who dis-
like dampness."—*Buffalo Courier.*

THE CANDIDATES.

Before Election.

Man at Front gate;	Tells dad "stand pat."
Nice man— Candidate.	I'm runnin' "Way 'b ad All others;
Smiles sweet, Bows low.	I'm dead Sure 'd died This pop-
Takes seat, Won't go.	"Way yonder On top! My name?
Eats bread, Kisses pies.	John Ray, Prizes six, Help me
Kisses baby, Prizes six.	"Lecture day, Pretty baby! Whoo! hi!
Calls ar'ny "Young miss."	Good-by.
Pats Towser, Fondles cat.	

After Election.

Flew by Front gate;	All briars, Says mon All liars
Nice man— Candidate.	Goes home Sheds tear,<