

LOOKING ABROAD.

Small birds that sit and sing
So happily on tireless wing.
What weight of care have you?
Uprising from the sodden vale,
Like atoms in the air you sail
Beyond our human view.
And birding, art thou satisfied?
Or dost thou crave what is denied?
Thy voice is full of glee;
Thy song is borne upon the breeze,
Spring frosts come late. Do they never freeze?
And still thy melody?
Safe home again in shadowed gien,
The nest near the haunts of men
To gently hover over;
I watch the sunbeams on the crest,
With such a feeling of unrest,
I warble songs no more.
My sunny hours have been too brief,
They sink behind dark clouds of grief;
The weary day has closed—
So cruelly, I cannot see,
And life and death of mystery
Is so composed.
I cannot look afar and know
Just why or where our loved ones go
Beyond our mortal ken.
We touch the once warm cheek. How cold,
How still the hands. How chill their fold.
How helpful they have been.
And these the coffin hides from sight,
And in the grave, made dark as night,
Are quickly laid away.
And we with all our loneliness,
Look forth upon earth's comeliness,
With saddened heart to-day.
—Martha M. Smith, in *Western Rural*.



CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"And this, he at length faltered, 'is Saltravia. You have often told me of its beauty, but—'"

"Oh, this is nothing," broke in Eric's cool and pleasant voice. "One gets these effects in other places. Our scenes here are apt to be a little sensational. I'm envious of them. They interfere with my architectural improvements. Dear boy, don't lose your head; you're positively gasping."

"Oh, let me gasp!" exclaimed Alonzo. "It's such keenly novel feeling in such a cause."

"Ah, but that emotion is premature," objected his friend. "You have not yet seen Saltravia in all its fine reality. I resent that sunset. It destroys values, as you artists would say. What a pity that one cannot suppress a sunset when it becomes too sanguinary, just as if it were a rebellion."

"But you never have rebellions in Saltravia," said Alonzo.

"Nor they're quite too fond of the king. I can imagine a revolution here, but it would be conducted on principles wholly artistic."

"Oh, Eric, Eric!" cried Alonzo, "you're not a bit changed. You're precisely as if we had met yesterday. Who but you could have thought of an artistic revolution?"

Eric, who had a pale, calm, strong-featured face, and who often said his most surprising things without the vestige of a smile, now answered in very serious tones:

"I assure you, my dear Lonz, that the picturesqueness of massacre, without its unpleasant qualities, such as the actual taking of human life, could be cultivated in a sort of fete with striking success. The Athenians performed their tragedies in the open air; why should not we Saltravians, in a larger way, repeat bloodlessly some of the great epochs of history? Let us talk to the king about it. He is coming to meet you. He is very receptive, you will find, to all original ideas. If you and he do not swiftly like one another I shall be pierced with disappointment."

"The king coming to meet me!" stammered Alonzo. "So soon? I—I am not prepared for an audience with his majesty."

The last blaze of the setting sun now abruptly ceased, and in a second the utmost verge of the valley grew a dusky green. In this altered light the river took a chastened luster like that of wet silk, and here and there along its edges, or on the banks of the robust and darkening mountains, multicolored villas gleamed forth in fairy-like profusion, each with its engirding garden a riot of bloom. Directly before him, and only a few hundred yards away, Alonzo perceived a throng of ladies and gentlemen approaching. In the dimmer yet clearer air he could discern that the feminine shapes were winsome, rich of garb, and that the masculine ones betrayed in their way an equal elegance.

Confident that this dainty multitude meant the sovereign and his attendant courtiers, Alonzo drew backward, and in a tumult of sharp embarrassment grasped the arm of his friend.

CHAPTER VI.

Eric's voice, however, struck reassuringly on his ear.

"Yes, my dear Alonzo, it is the king. I had no idea that he would pay us this honor. But he is so exquisitely gracious that one never knows what new act of kindness he will commit. The persons who surround him are quite harmless beings, I assure you. They perhaps possess all the native ill-breeding of high-bred aristocrats, but are well aware that the faintest act of dis-courtesy toward anyone whom Clarimond favors would promptly end in their exile from the court. I pray you have not the least sense of awkwardness. The king never permits it to live in his presence. He has a really wondrous gift—that of destroying idle ceremony. Do not address him as 'your majesty.' He greatly dislikes that form, so separate and so common, so reminiscent of his royal rank. I am sorry enough, dear Lonz, that you should see him so soon. I had wanted that we should talk for hours about him together before you and he were brought face to face. He is so remarkable, so preeminently distinguished. I am sure there was never a king like him in all the world before. I sometimes think there has never been a king either so great or so good, though that, of course, is saying much. But if our century is productive of anything

interesting and extraordinary it should be her kings which are both anomalies and absurdities. I think Clarimond plainly realizes this fact. I could have consumed hours in talking of him to you before you and he met, if it had not been for his caprice to come and greet you as he has done. He has just left the palace, you know. You can get a good view of it yonder on the spur of the mountain, now that the sun has sunk. I called it my bee in the bonnet, that palace, until it was quite finished. Do you care for it?"

"Care for it, good Heavens, Eric."

Alonzo felt his blood beat, as only the blood of an artist can when he gazes upon work that seems to him noble and grand. The faded daylight had now brought out new tints, dark and rich, in sward and foliage. From a slope of the dim and majestic mountain towered King Clarimond's abode. As a masterpiece of building it was no less delicate than sublime. Wrought entirely of white marble, it loomed against the undulant lawns and terraces that compassed it in an intricate maze of turrets and spires. It was enormous with respect to the space it covered, and yet so lace-like in its ethereal proportions that you might have named it the very filament or cobweb of architecture. To Alonzo that king's deep regard for Eric was instantaneously plain. Such commanding airiness and solidity and flower-like blossoming in stone, such frost-like beauty and grace blend with dignity and power, could be but the work of genius alone. It flashed through the gazer's mind that perhaps Ludwig, of Bavaria, mad though he possibly was, admired and revered Wagner no more than Clarimond, of Saltravia, admired and revered the creator of this enchanting edifice.

"It's a magnificent bee to have had in one's bonnet, my dear Eric," presently murmured Alonzo. "In this light, seen as we see it now, its loveliness appears miraculous."

"Those are words that drop right down into my heart's core," said Eric. And now, as the group of people drew nearer, one figure quietly parted itself from the others.

"The king," whispered Alonzo's friend, and with an outstretched hand and a face that seemed to radiate sunshine, Clarimond of Saltravia, advanced.

"You are most welcome," he said in very fluent and perfect French. "You see," he continued, "I do not wait to

"That is because your friend are made it so."

"These airy villas are his work, monsieur, no less than your astonishing palace?"

"Nearly all are his work. As soon as I felt how remarkable was his genius for architecture, I said to him, in so many words: 'Transform my little kingdom for me.' And he has done so."

"But surely with great expedition."

The king laughed, shrugging his shoulders. "Our Eric declares himself lazy. Is it not absurd? True, I have assisted him with large funds and hordes of workmen. But he has labored with the industry."

"A labor of love, surely."

"Of art, which never succeeds in its achievements unless love spurs and guides it. One can do nothing well without loving to do it—or so I imagine. This particular sweep of country represents Eric's masterpiece of effort. Westward are the homes of people who have neither the fortunes nor the culture to live artistically. And on the further side of the palace Saltravia assumes an aspect which is inevitably more commonplace. There are the two large hotels, the four celebrated springs and the casino. Eric improved rather than rebuilt all that. It is more populous, far less rural than the prospects which now greet us, and may remind you of certain places like Carslbad, or Homberg, or Baden. Eric has his own little abode, however, in which I believe you are to inhabit a suite of chambers. It is near the palace, and commands a view of just these heights and dells for which you have already declared a liking. In a short time we will reach it, and there, monsieur, I will venture to leave you. To-morrow, after you and your old friend have had time for a memorial chat, and when a few hours of refreshing slumber have followed the excellent glass of wine which I am sure you will get at dinner, I shall be greatly pleased to receive you at the palace. We will walk through the picture galleries, talk a little over what is there already, and then ask one another what sorts of unsecured canvas would prove the most desirable. Eric tells me that he trusts no one's perception of thorough worth in art so implicitly as he trusts your own."

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robe, and below it is the dress of plain taffetas than an occasional paint stain will rather adorn than harm. Besides, you will have another potent incentive."

"You mean—"

"Leisure. Most men who lose their money are in a tumult of distress about their butcher's bills. But, after all, though the salary allowed you by the king is not precisely enormous—"

"He is exceedingly liberal, Eric."

"Still, for Saltravia, it can't be called meager. And you will find, dear Lonz, that it possesses one pungent charm—you can often draw it with an entirely guilty conscience."

"I see. You mean that I shall not have much to do."

"You will have a great deal to do in one sense, little in another. The king, you know, is enormously rich, and has (notwithstanding his many charities) a passion for purchasing and possessing what is beautiful in art. He will require you at the end of every three months or so to show him a certain proof of faithful stewardship."

"I quite understand, Eric. I must account to him for the sum of money that I have expended."

"Good heavens!" cried Eric, giving one of his laughs which smote the bland evening air with an almost flute-like sweetness. "You must do nothing of the sort. If you fail to convince Clarimond that you have made your purchases with avoidance of all rash andreckless economies—that you have, in other words, been prudently and discreetly extravagant—I am not at all sure what adverse views he may adopt regarding your proper endowments for the position you have assumed. He would prefer to take for granted that you have brought him treasures of art which have been rather chosen for their excessive ideal value as bits of true beauty than because fashion or false tradition had touched them with any vulgar spell. But I babble on, and you are fatigued. You long for your bath, for a change of linen, and then for a quiet little dinner, at which you may wash down more of my inanities with some really choice wine, a gift from the king himself."

They presently passed within doors, but before they did so Alonzo begged to linger a few moments on the terrace which they had now ascended. The huge hills had deepened from violet to the mellowest, azure and the hard white rods glimmered below a heaven whose crystal was but newly invaded by the silver shyness of earlier stars. Lights had begun to shine in the palace casements and in those of the gloomy villas besides. From the heart of the dimmed sunset beamed a pale pool of sky that the two sable mountains flanked like coasts, and midway between either, like a water lily of throbbing fire, burned the evening star. Freshing each instant with the advent of darkness, a breeze played at so brisk a speed along the valley that you might wonder how it could bear such heavy odors of pine, of garland flowers and of wild flowers as well, in its viewless but dewy clasp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Driving Rain Away with Dynamite.

The new science and art of "rain-making" does not appear to make much progress in India, and unfortunately this is one of those countries where the power to procure rain at will would be particularly valuable. At Bijapur, in the Bombay presidency, nearly half a ton of dynamite was recently exploded on elevated ground; but unhappily all this disturbance left the district just as dry as before. A second discharge was then tried upon a flat-topped hill two hundred feet in height, but still not a drop of rain. In Burmah the conditions were considered more favorable, but it happened that just when the deputy commissioner and an assistant engineer had got all ready for a tremendous explosion down came the rain. The experiment, it is added, was carried on, nevertheless, which, as a local wit observed, is very much as if the American colonel of legendary fame had persisted in firing at the "gone coon" after he had come down. The worst part of the business is that in one instance at least an experimental dynamite explosion is strongly suspected of having actually driven away a very promising drift of clouds.—London News.

An Ancient Steam Engine.

A discovery is reported at Helsingfors of an ancient chest containing a lot of curious pieces of iron machinery with a mass of parchments, the latter being a treatise on the possibility of applying steam to mechanics, while the machinery is a very tolerable approximation to the steam engine of a century ago.

Both iron work and documents purport to have been made by Suger, the famous abbot of St. Denis and administrator under two kings of France in the twelfth century. Great interest will, of course, attach to the investigation of the authenticity of these antique remains. If they really are Suger's we will have a new distinction as to the date of the invention of steam application by hundreds of years.—London Letter to N. Y. Times.

Meaning of Old-World Names.

Siberia signifies "thirsty."

Sicily is "the country of grapes."

Caledonia means "a high hill."

Asia signifies "in the middle," from the fact that ancient geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Italy signifies "a country of pitch," from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Hibernia is "utmost" or "last habitation," for beyond this to the westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain is "the country of tin," great quantities being found in it. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies either "white" or "high," from the whiteness of its shores or the high rocks on the western coast.—N. Y. Ledger.

I never had any real talents, Eric. Like my good looks, they're something you've dreamed."

"Yes, monsieur," replied Alonzo, wondering Eric's English veto as regarded "your majesty" might be thus translated into French.

But the title failed to please. Immediately Clarimond placed his hand on the speaker's arm. "Let it be 'monsieur' between us," he said. "I like that better. But you were in Paris for a little while coming here, as I think Eric told me," ran his next words. "And you like Paris? Or are you in that one respect un-American?"

"I like it beyond all other places," Alonzo answered. And then he added:

"Except Saltravia."

"Saltravia is perhaps the most opposite place so Paris," smiled Clarimond, "that the world contains. Besides, you do not know it yet."

"Ah, but I have been able to see how beautiful it is."

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

Hurrah for the south!

The wool hat brigade fought nobly.

State for state the south can count Weaver votes with the north.

With no ballot stuffing and a fair count, Weaver carried Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina.

In Illinois and Wisconsin the tariff was not in it. The German Lutheran vote carried those states for Cleveland upon the parochial school issue.

In Alabama Harrison and Weaver have 30,000 more votes than Cleveland. No wonder the democrats wanted a Harrison electoral ticket in the field.

The republican journals in the western states seem to be trimming their sails to catch the silver breeze. It is no use. The people's party will push the silver campaign to a successful termination.

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"Good heavens!" cried Eric, giving one of his laughs which smote the bland evening air with an almost flute-like sweetness. "You must do nothing of the sort. If you fail to convince Clarimond that you have made your purchases with avoidance of all rash andreckless economies—that you have, in other words, been prudently and discreetly extravagant—I am not at all sure what adverse views he may adopt regarding your proper endowments for the position you have assumed. He would prefer to take for granted that you have brought him treasures of art which have been rather chosen for their excessive ideal value as bits of true beauty than because fashion or false tradition had touched them with any vulgar spell. But I babble on, and you are fatigued. You long for your bath, for a change of linen, and then for a quiet little dinner, at which you may wash down more of my inanities with some really choice wine, a gift from the king himself."

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