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For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

Fallow.
I like these plants that you call weeds—
Sedge, hardfink, milkweed, sorrel—
That knit their roots and lift their heads
Where any grassy wheel-track leads.

THE MAMELUKE'S LEAD.

There are few more striking city-landscapes in the whole of Africa,
though there may be many handi-
some, than the panorama of Cairo, where ancient and modern Mohammedanism stand represented side by side.

It must be owned, however, that the late Khedive's efforts to make his capital a cheap edition of Paris have had anything but a satisfactory result.

Here, indeed, you may take your fill of Eastern associations. You seem to be looking up from the bottom of a well at the bright summer sky, which is only visible as a little ribbon of burning light far overhead, behind the flat, heavy-battlemented roofs of the strange old houses, with their blank, massive walls and deep tunnel-like doorways.

interminable stories which delighted the Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid. Before you reach the foot of the winding path leading upward to the citadel you will be quite ready to ascend to the old saying that "He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world."

Beyond the mosque, in the outer angle of the fortress, and just at the point where the rocky face of the hill upon which it stands falls away into a sheer precipice, lies a spacious quadrangular court yard, paved with broad flat stones and enclosed by a quiet, shady colonnade, the back of which is formed by the ramparts themselves.

The evening sun is just beginning to redden the bold ridges of the Mokattam hills, which flank Cairo on the east as a group of hemispheres, mounted on steep Arabian conifers and arrayed in all the brilliant splendor of E-Even warriors, with gallantly up the path leading to the citadel.

Little do they dream what manner of a feast it is to be. Mehemet Ali is not the man to let any one stand in his way, and these haughty chiefs, with their fierce courage and uncomformable notions of independent men, have long been a burden to him.

In all their pride and splendor the doomed men march into the fatal courtyard, whence they are never to return. The gate shuts imperiously behind them as they enter, while a crowd of obsequious servants press around them to aid in dismounting, tie up their horses and marshal the "middle chiefs" to their appointed places.

means treachery?" cried the young chief, with a fierce gleam in his large black eyes and a significant clutch of his jeweled sword hilt.

"He dares not," echoed three or four of the others, with a disdainful laugh; and the feast began.

Long and merry did they revel; but just as their mirth was at its height a shrill whistle, sharp and ominous as the scream of a cyclone, pierced the still night air.

Yet even in this deadly peril, the brave young Said did not lose his presence of mind. At the first alarm he had sprung to his horse and aimed it, but the outer gate was shut.

Even the savage soldiers turned away in horror from the sight of that desperate leap, little dreaming that their prey had escaped them after all.

Tardy Reparation.
Tardy reparation has of length been made to the memory of a mortally wronged German woman, whose name has been unjustly held up to public scorn and contumely in the place of her birth for more than two centuries and half.

Ever since that time a so-called "non-flagration sermon" has been preached on each successive fourteenth Sunday after Trinity in the principal Tangemann church.

He lost no time in communicating his discovery to the Tangemann authorities, and on Sunday, the 19th of September, when the clergyman on duty ascended his pulpit to preach the 24th "conflagration sermon," he prefaced his discourse by announcing to the congregation that recent inquiry into the origin of the great Tangemann fire had completely exonerated Grote-Minden from any complicity with the authors of that catastrophe.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes.
Feather fans are fashionable.
Brasses are again revived in bracelets and objects of art.

Black dresses are in favor and are often made of two materials.
Nonpareil velvet is a desirable material for ladies' and children's dresses.

Velvet, Ottoman reppé silks, broad satins and silks, with large figures, and sometimes brightened with gold threads, and plain satins and plain silks are the stuffs used for the richest evening dresses.

For dancing toilets are imported very beautiful transparent silk muslins of exquisite texture and finish, with single large flowers, such as roses and carnations, dropped upon palestained grounds.

Life's Mockery.
"Give me another daughter!"
Reine McLesley's voice is heard with grief as she speaks these words and over the dimpled cheek that looks so fair and white in the moonlight.

Served Her Right.
Middy Morgan, the woman stock-reporter of a New York paper, taught an insolent policeman a valuable lesson the other day.

New York's Boarding School Girls.
Did you ever see such pretty things as the boarding-school girls of New York? says a writer in a city paper.

A Woman Rescues a Boy in Middlesex.
A Sydney (Australia) paper says: A short time ago, Mrs. G. A. D. McArthur Campbell, formerly a resident of Coonamble, distinguished herself by a deed of admirable bravery.

Origin of a Familiar Phrase.
The oft-quoted saying, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," originated at the Union of the Crowns, when London was, for the first time, inundated with Scotchmen.

Where He Kept His Revolver.
A traveling man writing to the Commercial Traveler's Journal gives an account of how two men sought to rob a drummer on West.

A Small Beginning.

An Irish washerwoman who was among the earliest settlers in Leadville, Colorado, has succeeded in amassing a large fortune by her own industry.

Two men were sitting under the trees watching his business approach. As he got within a few paces of them they suddenly jumped up and one of them leveled a long rifle over his shoulder and told the unfortunate commercial traveler to hold up his hands.

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The Climax.
If the tea was too hot, the coffee too cold, the thing was too new, or the other too old, the gambler would say, "no doubt, he'll be such a little thought of the faults of his friend."

FRAGRANT PARAGRAPHS.
Tame is almost dead like a mule. It is better to be dead than to be tame.

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Wanted, a Husband.
In the paper recently appeared an account of a young woman in Dakota who advertised for a husband in the character of the King of the West.