

Under-song. Sing, bird in the meadow-tree, And gladden the heart of me; Shake from the shivering leaf The dew upon my grief...

REJECTED.

The trouble owed its origin to a piece of pardonable jealousy on Flora's part. The circumstances are in a manner remarkable.

Flora and Frank had been schoolmates at the beautiful Woodland seminary, and had graduated together, Frank being about twenty-one and Flora eighteen.

In the class, also, was Lorene Mayer, who many thought rivalled Flora in beauty, and who had a similar fondness for Frank, which was to a certain extent reciprocated.

The two girls were the society favorites in the little city where they lived. A year after their graduation...

Frank usually escorted Flora to the parties, until the era of trouble came. One night the club meeting had been held at Lorene's home, and Frank had been unusually attentive to Lorene.

This would have passed all very well had it not been for an incident which occurred in the girls' dressing-room, concerning which Frank knew nothing.

The room was Lorene's own apartment converted into a general dressing-room for temporary purposes only, and it was quite natural that her private belongings should undergo the scrutiny of the last one of the inquisitive girls gathered there.

Among other things brought to light by the prying merry makers was a very ardent love-letter, which was neither directed nor signed but which a few, and among the number, Flora, recognized as being in Frank's hand-writing.

There were also some of the same affectionate nature, in the same penmanship.

"Oh! Lorene! we've found you out! Where did you get these?" cried one of the thoughtless crowd, who seemed to think that everything was theirs by right of discovery.

"What? oh, those?" answered Lorene, blushing in spite of herself. She made a grab for the papers and thrust them into her pocket, and would say nothing more regarding them.

This set the smouldering spark in Flora's bosom blazing, but she said nothing, of course, and all the evening she acted as though she were the happiest girl present. But she was not—there was a long enough rest between the dances for her to realize that.

than words of your love for me," he said tenderly. "Do you know, Flora, it is the greatest joy in the world to me to feel that my presence gives you pleasure, and that your heart is mine. That is because I love you so."

She made no reply, and a moment after he reached her door. As usual, he did not hurry away, he stood close beside her in the hallway of the doorway, just beyond the line of pale moonlight, which quivered with the movement of the great trees on the lawn.

Still her silence seemed eloquent of her emotion, and he was irresistibly moved by it. He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss upon her lips.

"My darling," he breathed, "you must know that you are more than worth, and son, and moon and stars to me! I love you—I love you! Flora, I want you to promise me something—that you will marry me ere the snow comes."

She drew away from him and held him at arm's length imperiously. "I have lost my faith in you," she said, calmly and coldly. "This night ends everything between us."

"Why, what can you mean?" he exclaimed in amazement. "Surely, Flora—"

"I feel humiliated enough by what you have subjected me to, without going into a matter that you thoroughly understand. Enough to say that I have found you out, and that never, never again can I have any confidence in you. You may return my letters at your earliest convenience, good night, and—adieu!"

She extended her hand, or rather placed it in his, and scarcely knowing what he did, he pressed it in farewell, and an instant later she had passed into the door, and he was going down his wide, broad steps with a strange light in his eyes, and a pallor creeping into his handsome face.

Rejected! Flora—Lorene, who had proven her love to him so often, whom he loved with all the ardor of his strong nature, had deliberately refused him, and said never, never again should she trust him. He could not understand it—he could hardly believe the occurrence a reality.

The next day he wrote to her, passionately begging her to reconsider her decision, or at least grant him an explanation.

Flora was too sensitive and proud to acknowledge her jealousy of Lorene, and though secretly it almost broke her heart to part with Frank, and caused her many tears, her reply was formal and only emphasized her action of the evening before.

With the answer she returned Frank his presents and his letters, and he, in turn, was compelled to return hers. There were not many letters, only those exchanged when Flora was visiting relatives in a neighboring town, but for this reason they were all the more precious to the disconsolate pair.

And so the ways of the two thus suddenly separated, and for two long weeks there was a coldness between them that made their casual meetings painful in the extreme.

It would be futile to deny that Flora in time regretted her hasty action in breaking with Frank, for even with those burning words of love to Lorene rising before her, she loved him truly, more now than ever before, it seemed, but she could not bring herself to show him any evidence that she regretted, and that she longed to have him at her side as of old.

one of his letters and things that weren't in our text-book, and Frank copied them out of some book at the library for me, and that letter you saw was one of them. And those verses were some of Byron's, too, and they didn't mean anything. I meant to tell you before, but—well, somehow I didn't. I didn't want to make any trouble between you and Frank, Florie."

Flora understood why Lorene hadn't told before, and she thought it noble of her to tell at all. And then and there all jealousy between them ended.

Oh how glad Flora was! She saw how unjust and unkind she had been to Frank. Oh, if she could only win him back.

What do you think that dear scheming little woman did to accomplish her purpose? She was too proud to write to Frank and ask him to come back to her, and even should she do so, she feared he would not, and so she hit upon a most unique plan to bring about the end she desired.

One day she was taken very ill and lay in delirium. And in this state she called repeatedly for Frank. He was sent for at last and the situation explained to him; of course he came. He approached the bedside softly, with a world of sorrow, sympathy and love on his manly face.

"Flora," he said, "Flora, my darling—"

They were alone in the room. She slowly opened her eyes and recognized him. She put up her two arms and he bent down and kissed her lips.

After that visit Flora's recovery was very rapid, but no one, with the exception of Frank, who was told after their joyous wedding, ever knew of her clever and cunning little deception. And Frank pronounced it "scap-tal."—[Yankoo Blade]

Effect of the Chinese Exclusion Act. Notwithstanding the Chinese exclusion act, at this time numbers 71,681, showing, as the Chicago Herald states, that there has been a very slight decrease within the past ten years. Many of the Chinese residents of the state have returned to their native country within three years and many have left California for other states. There has been no increase of the Chinese population through the birth of children, as but very few Chinese women have ever been brought to this country. There may be no doubt that Chinamen reach California from British Columbia to which they take passage from Hong Kong. The federal government is trying to put a stop to this migration, which goes on in violation of the exclusion act, and it is reported that a letter on the subject was recently sent to the British Canadian customs department, which replied that it had no power to interfere with the movements of Chinamen who arrived in Canada and pay the poll tax. It is only by the vigorous enforcement of this exclusion act along the whole line of the Canadian border that the influx of Chinamen into this country can be prevented.

The Lake Dwellers. In New Zealand, one winter when it was very cold, the rivers were frozen and the lakes were very shallow. The people who lived on the border of one of the lakes determined to make their gardens larger, by running their side walls out into the lake and building a wall across to shut out the lake. Then they were going to fill in the space thus enclosed with mud taken from the lake bed. When they commenced to dredge they came upon a quantity of spades, and ivory and stone and bronze tools. Investigations proved that above this lake and, indeed, above others in Switzerland, had once risen the houses of a people who lived in dwellings built high above the water on spires or logs driven into the bed of the lake. One lake having been drained, two settlements were found in it, one at each end. The part of the eastern settlement which used to stand above the water had been destroyed by fire, and the charred remains could still be seen. Nobody had ever dreamed of the existence of such people. They are now known as the Lake Dwellers.—[St. Nicholas]

Stroke in Arid Regions. In the arid regions of our Southwest it has been observed by military surgeons that strokes are extremely frequent when the water supply was not cut off. During our recent war, as long as the troops on forced marches could keep their canteens well filled they suffered little from stroke. But when the water gave out and the soldier's skin became dry, so that the cooling due to evaporation from his skin was arrested, the danger from heat prostration soon became imminent.—[N.Y. Herald]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

"It" or "He" or "She." I really think my sister May is stouter than me. Because she said the other day. "There wasn't any 'it' in honey-cakes, and she'll just 'double-ome'!" Of course she's wrong. I told her so; there's got to be a 'tee' somewhere in honey-cakes, because He makes it, don't you see?

A WISE ELEPHANT. An officer in the Bengal army had a very fine and favorite elephant, which was supplied daily in his presence with certain allowances of food, but being compelled to absent himself on a journey, the keeper of the beast diminished the ration of food, and the animal became daily thinner and weaker. When his master returned, the elephant exhibited the greatest signs of pleasure. The feeding time came, and the keeper laid before it the former full allowance of food, which it divided into two parts, consuming one immediately and leaving the other untouched. The officer knowing the sagacity of his favorite, saw immediately the fraud that had been practiced, and made the man confess his crime.—[Penguin]

FEDERAL OF A PET DOG. For a number of years Colonel J. B. Dodge has been the owner of a most beautiful and intelligent shepherd dog, says the Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel. He was very friendly with children.

Two years ago Frank was run over by a passing train, crushing one of his hind legs and cutting off his beautiful tail. On Thursday Frank, who had become quite decrepit and deaf, wandered down to the railroad again and was struck by a train, killing him instantly.

The new-fangled whiffle among the boys, and they concluded to give him a funeral such as no dog ever had in this part of the country.

Selecting a suitable location, the grave was dug and a respectable coffin was made, and Frank was placed in it, one of his favorite tricks attitudes—that of playing dead. The coffin was then closed and the grave filled up in the presence of fifty ladies and gentlemen, who were attracted by the novelty, and at least two hundred boys.

The whole proceeding was conducted with the utmost decorum.

THE TRAIN OF BEING BEARS. There was once a bear who danced for a living. He did not adopt this occupation from choice, but from necessity, and because his master carried a strong whip, and had a quick arm.

But he was a conscientious bear, and anxious to do his best, although it was not the sort of work he preferred. He danced carefully, and practiced his steps along the road, when he travelled beside his master from town to town.

One day, executing a new waltz as he went, he passed a monkey, who sat on the topmost rail of a fence, and surveyed the bear's performance with a quiet smile.

"What do you think of my dancing, dir?" asked the bear, wishing to hear the opinion of one who had a reputation for wit and wisdom.

"It is bad and ungodly," replied the monkey. "You are a tremendously clumsy fellow. But you have a certain heavy style of your own, and may improve if you apply yourself long enough."

His remarks saddened the bear, but did not prevent his still trying painfully to make his steps correctly.

Presently he came to a couple of pigs, half blind, who lay dozing in the sunshine beside the road.

THE ALHAMBRA.

The Magnificent Palace Built by Moors in Spain.

Neglected for Centuries, It is Now Being Restored.

The palace of the Alhambra, a cluster of buildings of all shapes, is situated on a hill and is approached by a magnificent avenue of trees, says a letter from Granada, Spain, to the Times-Democrat. A few minutes' walk through the deep shadows of this avenue brought us to the glowing orange-colored walls of the Gate of Justice, where the Moorish Kings dispensed justice, as it is now done to this day in Moorish cities. Over the outer arch is a hand with outspread fingers, over the inner a key. The Moors said that the Granadas could only be taken when the hand grasped the key, but our modern sages, who find out everything, say that the hand was a bribe against the evil eye, as it is now in Italy and Morocco. You find Neapolitans as well as Moors wearing a coral hand as a charm, and the key was an emblem of power. Around the gate, or rather above it, runs the inscription put there by its founder, Yusuf, the King of Granada, to whom much of the Alhambra is due: "May the Almighty make this a bulwark of protection, and inscribe its execution among the imperishable actions of the just." Near the gate is an elaborate light fountain raised against the wall, built in the time of Charles V., who adorned it with any quantity of cupid and dolphin and alabaster masks spouting water. Through the gate and a vaulted passage we reached the top of the hill built out in a formal, in a regular garden, and on one side a fountain well, famous for its excellent water. This is the Plaza de los Abenigos, the place of the Moorish sultans. These are cleaned out once a year, in January, and then can be visited. On one side of the Plaza there are the ruins of the merged yellow towers that enclosed the citadel; on the other, the ruins of the unfinished palace of Charles V., built of white stone, and as bright today as in the emperor's time. The windows were never glazed, and they stare at one like the open eyes of a corpse. Through them come patches of the deep blue sky beyond; the caryatide and the bas-relief look as fresh as if finished yesterday. It is an immense square edifice outside, while inside it has a circular court, with a gallery supported by light columns. Beyond the palace more trees, gardens, churches, a mosque—a whole little town within the old fortification on the hill.

Charles the Fifth destroyed many buildings to erect his shell of a palace, as seen today, and standing before it we wonder where the Alhambra is, and scarcely believe a little cluster of roofs shows a little of the most beautiful building in the world. We were almost in before we knew it. A plain door opened, and we stepped from the nineteenth century back to the thirteenth, from fact-land to fairy-land. You need think of the size of the Alhambra, as the proportions are so perfect. You go through court after court, hall after hall, outerly befuddled by the indescribable loveliness of it all, the whole seeming so like, and yet so varied and harmonious. The walls are covered with what seems a perforated veil of delicate lace, formed sometimes by flowers, sometimes by geometrical patterns, but all as strictly religious in intention as a Gothic cathedral, and filled with sentence, word in cursive from the Koran, which is intended to keep always in the mind and heart of the inmate. Over and over again is the motto, "God alone is the Conqueror"—the answer of a Moorish King when greeted by his subjects as the conqueror on returning from a victory.

For years the Alhambra was neglected, indeed, during the French invasion it was almost destroyed, but some twenty years ago Queen Isabella II. visited Granada, and she determined to have it restored. Fortunately she found the right man with the requisite knowledge, taste and skill, so that the work, although progressing slowly, goes steadily on, and some rooms, perfectly restored, are lovely. It is a work of patience, labor and time, as we could see watching the workmen. The colors used are vivid blues, reds, yellows, purples, greens and orange, with a great deal of gilding. The effect is beautiful. The stone is a delicate cream color, and on it only blue, red and yellow shades are used. The other colors are used in the lines of the arches. In one room only are there any figures, and these are of Moors.

Leaves.

Some are brown with leucosticta tint, Some are red in sunlight tint. Some have silver sheen. Some are crimson, some are gold, Some are covered over with mold, Some are glossy green.

Blown in a pile beside the hedge, Down by the road at the river's edge, Where tall the grasses grow, Brown in a pile, and there to stay, The fallen leaves are resting here, Or tossed to and fro.

Only a pile of leaves so bright, Reflected tints of warm sunlight, That shines in autumn weather, Blown in a pile, and there to stay, 'Till on some frosty, wintry day, They all will lie together.

So with the lives we daily live, From to others pleasure give, With brightened bits of color, Some are joyous, some are sad, Some make all around us glad, 'Till the fate of the leaves we follow, —[Fors C. Walsh in Times-Democrat]

HUMOROUS.

A dead issue.—The posthumous publication. The cash girl in a restaurant is made of money. The leather firm appears to be getting strapped. A man on his mettle is all right, if he is not all brass.

The farmer's wife who trades goose feathers pays down for what she gets. No one feels poorer than the rich man whose income has just been reduced five per cent.

The political parade is production of much confidence, but the weekly pay and is more profitable. A milkman's bills should be made out on quart-size, cream-colored paper, not blue-tinted or watermarked.

In the Fiji Islands. A generation ago the name Fiji was a common staple for the grocer and most reputable grocery. The natives were not simply cannibals, but their cannibalism was on every day affair, forming a necessary element in every festivity.

The sovereignty of the islands was first offered to England after a distressing history of internal feuds, in 1858, but the committee sent out to investigate reported adversely. Meanwhile the influx of English and other European settlers increased and a stable government became a necessity.

In 1880, accordingly, the protectorate was again offered to England and likewise to the United States, but neither power cared to undertake the responsibility. Two years later a brief experiment of constitutional government under a native prince was tried, but failed, and Great Britain finally came to the rescue of the sovereign settlers, by accepting the sovereignty of the islands, thus securing for all the time a wished-for port of call on the route from Australia to Panama.

The administrative forms introduced among the Fijis are not peculiar enough to call for any long discussion, writes Calvin Thomas in the Chautauque. Here, as elsewhere, the policy has been, while doing away with savagery, to treat native races as fully as possible. The governor of Fiji is high commissioner of the Western Pacific, and as such has been a potent factor in checking the cannibalistic and slave-trading barbarities for which the South Sea was until lately notorious.

A Lot of Boston Natives. Years ago, when Professor Agassiz and a party of scientific friends were making a raid upon the hills of New Hampshire, they had themselves open to the conspicuous attire of their driver, who knows more about horses than the old tale. When the party came to Bethlehem and were going up a long hill they all got out and walked except C. C. Felton, who remained with the driver on the box. As the rest walked up the hill, running here and there, sweeping with the mulch net, turning over logs and stones, putting on frogs, etc., the driver said to Prof. Felton, "Who are those you have with you?" "Oh," he replied, "they are a set of naturalists from an institution near Boston."

There didn't seem to be much in life, but there was a few moments later. The down stage came along, and as the two stages met they stopped for a moment. The other driver gazed down the hill in astonishment and said: "What sort of a lively freight have you there?" The driver of the distinguished party bowed over and answered in a kind confidential whisper: "They are a set of naturalists from the museum near Boston; their keeper just told me so."

Half a Man. She—Do you ever see Mr. and Mrs. Chapley since their marriage? He—Oh, yes; it is a case of two sons with but a single thought. She—How lovely! He—Yes, she married a noble—[Buffalo Evening News]

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In Juvenile Reformatories. A census bulletin, which has recently been issued, shows that the total number of inmates of juvenile reformatories in 1890 was 11,816, an increase of 3578, or nearly 30 per cent, from the number reported in 1880. A peculiar feature, notes the Philadelphia Record, is the excessive increase in the number of girls. It is also significant that the percentage of increments of inmates is five per cent, more than the percentage of increase in population. It would be gratifying to feel assured that this is due rather to an extension of reformatives than to a greater degradation of the youth of the country.