

RELATED BLOOM.

Though late Spring like a miser kept
Much wealth of bloom,
And hoarded half her treasures up
In Winter's tomb,—
Yet 'neath the sway
Of queenly May
Earth seems the richer for delay.
Spring has grown bountiful at last.
Her penitence was wrought
In raindrops ringed with fragile gold—
The tears that April brought;
With reformation sweet,
In vernal grace complete,
She lays her gifts at Summer's feet.
—William H. Hayne, in Cosmopolitan.

THE ENDING OF A FEUD.

WHERE are you going, Letitia?" demands Miss Banbridge, severely, gazing at the trembling Letitia over a pair of good-rimmed glasses.

"Just out for a little walk, auntie. The day is so delicious," says Letitia, with her most engaging smile. She is thinking what an awful thing it will be if auntie forbids her to go out to-day, of all days, and Jack waiting for her at the top of the meadow.

"No, once for all, Letitia, let this be understood between us," says Miss Banbridge; "there is to be no intercourse between this house and that of the Court. You may think I am too old to hear things, but there you are wrong. I have heard a good deal lately about young Hardinge, who has returned to the Court after his father's death; heard, too, with deep regret, Letitia, that you so far forgot yourself as to dance with him a fortnight ago at the Mainwaring's little—"

"Hop," suggested Letitia, who is too frightened by her aunt's allusion to the young master of the Court to remember her society manners.

"Hop! How dare you use such a word?" cried Miss Banbridge. "Good heavens! The manners of the present day! Now, Letitia, hear me. It seems you did dance with this objectionable young man at the Mainwaring's ball. Perhaps you could not help that. But knowing, as you do, of the feud that has lasted for fifty years between their house and ours, I trust you have too much respect for me—for your name—to recognize a Hardinge anywhere."

"But what has he—er—nervously, 'what have they all done?' asks Letitia, her eyes on the marble pavement of the hall, her heart at the top of the meadow.

Good gracious, if auntie only knew that she had been meeting Jack every day for the past fortnight—ever since that long dance, indeed, when—when—well, he wouldn't dance with anyone but her. And it is all such nonsense, too. A rubbishy old story about a right of way that happened fifty years ago, and Jack the dearest, dearest fellow!

"I refuse to go into it," says Miss Banbridge, with dignity. "It suffices to say that this young man's grandfather once behaved in the grossest fashion to your grandfather—my," with a sigh, "sainted father. If you are going out I trust that if you meet the present owner of the Court, you will not so much as acknowledge his presence."

"I shan't bow to him, auntie," says Letitia, in a very small voice.

Detestation of herself and her duplicity is still raging in her heart when she meets Jack Hardinge in the old trying-place. She had certainly promised her aunt not to bow to him. Well, she doesn't; she only flings herself into his arms—glad young arms, that close fondly round her.

"Oh, Jack, she's getting worse than ever. She was simply raging about you as I came out. I really thought she was going to forbid me to come at all. She says you're an objectionable young man!"

"Oh, I say," said Hardinge. "What have I done to be called names like that?"

"Nothing, nothing!" cried Letitia, flinging her arms about in despairing protest, "except that your grandfather once punched my grandfather's nose."

"Well, I'm awfully sorry," said Hardinge, and they both laugh. "Would it do any good, do you think, if I were to go down now and apologize for my exceedingly rude old forbear?"

"I shouldn't advise you to try it," says Letitia.

"But what are we to do—"

They are sitting on the grass, safely hidden behind a clump of young trees. The sun is shining madly on their heads; the birds are singing on every branch. It is May—delightful May, the lover's month—and the hottest May that has been known for years.

"I don't know," says Letitia, with deep despondency.

"It's such beastly folly," says Hardinge presently, in an impatient tone. "If I were a fool or a poor man or a reprobate; but I am not—am I, now?"

"Oh, no!" says Letitia. She creeps closest to him and encircles his waist with her arm, or, at all events, tries bravely to do so. It doesn't go half way round, but that doesn't matter. She grasps a bit of his coat and holds on to him so. "Do you know what you are, Jack? The dearest old boy on earth."

"And you—do you know what you are?" says Hardinge, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"No," says she.

"Well, I can't tell you," says he, "because there is nothing on earth fit to compare you with. You are you, and that's all!"

"What a lovely speech! No wonder I love you," says Letitia, naively; "but," collapsing into gloom, "what's the good of it all? Auntie will never let you marry me."

"We could marry without her permission," says he slowly.

"No, we couldn't," says Letitia, with decision. She looks at him earnestly. "I wouldn't marry you without her permission for anything. We would have to run away, and that would break her heart. I am all she has in the world, and, though she scolds me a good deal, I love her. I wouldn't desert her, Jack."

"You could come back again," says he.

"Of course, I know that. But then she would always feel disappointed in me and hurt and— No, no, I shall never do that. She trusts me so."

"Then I don't know what's going to be the end of it," says he.

"We must only wait," says Letitia, despondingly. "And now, Jack, you had better go. She is sure to come up here presently, to see how the men are getting on with that fence. You know what an excellent woman of business she is. If she caught you here—"

"There would be wigs on the green," says Jack, laughing. "Well, good-by—for awhile. I suppose if I come back this evening I shall find you here?"

"Yes—oh, yes! Jack, do take care; the men will see you."

"Not they," says Jack, kissing her again. "And you—what are you going to do while I am away?"

"Think of you," with a little saucy glance at him from under her long lashes. "By the bye, have you got a match about you?"

"What on earth do you want it for?" says he, giving her some wax lights out of a little silver box as he speaks. "Going to have a cigarette?"

"Nonsense! I feel as if I wanted to set fire to some of those dry little bunches of grass; fairy tufts we used to call them long ago. They would burn beautifully to-day, the sun is so hot."

"Well, don't set fire to yourself, whatever you do," says he, thoughtlessly. Once again they kiss, and this time really part.

Letitia stands watching him till he is out of sight, standing on tiptoe as he gets over the wall to blow a last kiss to him. Then coming out of the shelter of her trying-place, she walks into the old meadow, now beaten down save where the tall, coarse tufts of grass are growing. Lighting one of her matches she kneels down and sets fire to the tuft nearest her. It used to be an amusement of hers in her childhood, and she is not yet so far removed from those days as to have lost all childish fancies. Sitting down on the side of a tiny hillock at a distance she watches the dancing flames—so small, so flickering, so harmless.

She leans back against the bank behind her and crosses her white arms behind her head. What a day it is!—most heavenly, sweet—quite a drowsy day. Most lovely that light smoke is climbing slowly uphill and fading away among the young beach trees above. And the flames, like fairies dancing. Perhaps they are fairies who dwell in these old, dry tufts. No wonder they are dancing—with rage, evidently. Their stronghold are seized, destroyed by the tyrant man! No—woudn't this time.

to the front, at all events. She has been reading about the emancipation of woman last night, and had laughed over it. After all, she didn't want to be emancipated; she only wanted Jack to love her always—nothing more. Perhaps the other queer women only meant that, too, only they hadn't found their Jacks yet. Poul! How warm it is!

Gradually her head sinks back upon her arms, her eyelids droop over the soft, clear eyes. How delicious it is here! How cosy! Again the eyes open, but very lazily this time. She how the little insects run to and fro over her white frock, hither and thither, all in search of the great want—food. A passing thought makes her laugh indolently. She hopes they will not make food of her. And then the eyelids close resolutely; she leans back. Sleep has caught her.

So sound, indeed, is her slumber, that she does not know that now the little black insects are rushing over her, not in search of food, but of safety—safety from the tiny hot flames that are creeping every moment closer to the thin white frock. Now they have touched her foot, and have so far penetrated the thin slipper as to make her unpleasantly warm, but not enough to waken her. She only turns a little and sighs; but now!

Now she springs to her feet with an affrighted scream. Smoke! Smoke everywhere! And what is this creeping up the front of her gown? A thread of fire. It blows upon her face. She recoils from it, but it follows her. Madly she lifts her hands and tries to beat it back. The men! The men at the fence! Where are they! Alas, they have all gone to dinner. Once again a frantic cry bursts from her lips.

It is answered. At this moment Hardinge reaches her, and flinging off his coat, he catches her in it. Folding it around her, he holds her as if in a vise.

What brought him back (beyond the mercy of God) he never knew, except that those last words of his, "Don't set fire to yourself, at all events," had seemed to haunt him after he left her. A foolish fear about the words had touched his lover's heart, and compelled him to mount a wall and look back. In a moment he had seen.

He quenched the flames in a miraculously short time. Letitia is able to stand up and answer faintly his passionate questions as to her safety, when suddenly a voice strikes upon them that renders both dumb.

It is the voice of Miss Banbridge. She has been toiling up the hill. She looks almost distraught.

"Oh, sir," cries she, catching Letitia in her arms, "I saw all. I thought I should have died. Oh, my girl—my darling child!" (She spends her whole time in tormenting Letitia, but Letitia for all that is the apple of her eye.) Oh, sir, how can I thank you? The gratitude of my life is yours—the preserver of my pretty child." Then the old lady burst out crying. Half an hour ago she would have died rather than told Letitia she was pretty, but now she lays many offerings at her feet. Poor feet. They might have been burned. "If you will add one more service to the immeasurable one you have already done me," says she, softly, "you will help me to get my poor child back to the house."

"But," begins Hardinge. It seems wrong to him, even at this supreme moment, to deceive the old lady—to go into the house under false pretenses. If she knew his name.

A little pressure from the hand of Letitia decides him. How can he have scruples when she is so ill—so frightened?

Silently he passes his arm around her, and with her aunt takes her back to the house. They lay her on a sofa. Miss Banbridge flings a rug over her burnt dress.

"She must rest here a little before going upstairs," says she.

"Miss Banbridge," says the young man, now turning with determination towards her, "I—I wish to say—"

"Sir, it is what I have to say," says Miss Banbridge, with emotion. "I have not half thanked you. How can I? If there is anything I can do—any way in which I can show my gratitude to you—pray, name it. In the mean time, pray tell me the name of the brave man who has delivered my niece from the very jaws of death."

"Hardinge," says he, shortly.

"What!" Miss Banbridge has fallen back in her chair, staring at him with wild eyes.

steadily, if sorrowfully. He pauses. "After all," says he, "I can't help my name."

There is a pause; Letitia draws her breath sharply. "That is true," says Miss Banbridge, at last, in a severe undertone.

"I can't help having had a grandfather, either," says Hardinge, taking another step.

"No; I suppose not," most reluctantly. "Most fellows have grandfathers!"

"I cannot contradict you, sir."

"Miss Banbridge," says Hardinge, going closer to her, and gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, "you asked me just now if there was any way in which you could show your gratitude to me—about—about this thing. I want no gratitude. I would have gladly died to save your niece a pang. But—but you have given me the opportunity to tell you that I want—her! I love her. She loves me. Give her to me."

"Letitia!" says Miss Banbridge in a strange voice.

"Oh, yes! It is true," says Letitia, bursting into tears. "I do love him. I loved him that night at the Mainwaring's—and I have loved him better and better every day since." Here her sobs increasing, "he used to come to see me in the meadows, where—where I was nearly burned!"

Whether this allusion to the late catastrophe, that might have ended in a tragedy, stills Miss Banbridge's wrath, or whether her old heart has been softened by Hardinge's plain acknowledgment of his love for her niece, no one can tell. She turns to Hardinge, with a pale face, but not wholly unkindly air.

"I must have time to think," says she. She hesitates and then says: "This is very painful to me, Mr.—Hardinge." It seems certainly painful to her to pronounce his name—the name so long tabooed in her household. "I must have time—time." She grows silent. The hearts of the lovers sink. Suddenly she looks up again.

"Perhaps you will do me the honor to dine with me to-morrow night," says she. Her tone is icy, but the two listening to her feel their cause is won. To ask Mr. Hardinge to dine—to accept hospitality at her hands! Oh, surely the old feud is at an end!

A little sound escapes from Letitia.

"You are cold," says Miss Banbridge anxiously, who had thought the sound a shiver.

"A little," says Letitia, who, indeed, is shivering from her late fear of what her aunt might say.

"I shall fetch another rug," cried the old lady, running out of the room.

"An opportunity once lost is never to be regained," says the adient copy-books. Hardinge and Letitia make up their minds not to lose theirs. His arms are round her in an instant, her cheek is pressed against his.

"It is all right. She will give in. I feel as if I loved her," says Hardinge.

"Oh! Jack," says Letitia; "wasn't it a good thing I was nearly burned to death?"

"Oh! hush, darling—hush. Letty! I can't bear to think of this day."

"Well, I can," says she, laughing feebly. "I shall think of it always. It has given us to each other forever."—Philadelphia Times.

Human Ant Eaters.

Although we are not aware that the white ant (which, by the way, is not an ant at all, having kinship with the Mayfly) is habitually eaten by any people, there are tribes of men who do eat true ants. The Brazilian forestmen, for example, imitate the ant-bear. Lying down by an ant hill, they poke a stick into it, and place the free end in the mouth. The ants run up the stick, and when his mouth is full of them the forestman sits to work to chew and swallow. As for insects generally and the like, many are eaten. The Australians and other half-starved desert wanderers greedily devour certain beetles and the grubs out of rotten wood.—Yankee Blade.

The Ozark's "Smelling Committee."

The workmen who go in advance of the Russian Czar whenever he travels form a squad of six mechanics. Two are married men, born in the Czar's service, and absolutely devoted to their sovereign. Their business is to examine the walls, flooring, chimneys, locks and furniture of the apartments which the Czar is to occupy. The chimneys, in particular, engage their attention, for every fine leading to a room in which the Czar is to sleep or to eat has to be grated and barred at top or bottom.—Yankee Blade.

PRAYED TO DEATH.

HOW HAWAIIANS ARE PUNISHED BY THEIR ENEMIES.

The Kahunas, or Witch Doctors of Islands and Their Curious Methods—Some Queer Superstitions.

BUT few who have read how the Hawaiian Queen has lost her throne have ever visited the Sandwich Islands and seen for themselves the life of a native Hawaiian as he lives it, or knows how greatly his superstitions govern all his actions, notwithstanding the fact that he has been in the hands of the missionary for the last fifty years.

The natives are all superstitious, from the late Queen Liliuokalani to the humblest of her recent subjects. King Kalakaua was in some things as superstitious as the most ignorant native in Central Africa, in spite of his travels and the efforts of the missionaries to wear him from his beliefs. It is the general opinion of the natives that he was "prayed to death" by a "Kahuna" while on his last visit to this city, and no Kanakas but will say that they knew, when the large red fish appeared in the harbor, that their King was no more in the land of the living.

This belief that within three days of the death of some one connected with the royal family a school of bright scarlet fish comes into the harbor at Honolulu and stays until the death takes place is one of the strongest of the Kanakas' many superstitions, and that in the last thirty years, at least, has been strongly corroborated. The deaths of Lunalilo, Likoilike, Queen Emma, Ruth, the "champion fat woman of the islands," Kalakau and John Dominis, the late husband of the "late" Queen, have all been heralded a day or two before their deaths by the coming of a school of "Kai Uluulu," as the red fish are called.

In the case of John Dominis, the last person connected with the royal family to die, he was not supposed to be dangerously ill, and invitations for a State ball to be held at the palace were out. On the day before the ball was to be given a large school of the red fish were to be seen by several native fishermen at the entrance to the harbor and word of their appearance was at once taken to the Queen. The invitations were withdrawn immediately and notices to that effect given to all the newspapers, although the prince consort was apparently no worse than he had been for weeks. That night he died. Could any one convince the average native that his death, like that of so many of the royal family before him, had not been foretold?

But the superstition that the Kanaka holds dearest is that concerning the power of the Kahuna or native witch doctor. This power is almost limitless. If a native in any way offends a Kahuna he is in deadly fear that he will be condemned to die, and he immediately hunts up a higher in rank than the one whom he has offended and asks to have the curse offset and neutralized.

The rank of the Kahuna is settled by his age. The older one is, or claims to be, which, as the Kanakas very seldom keep any record of births, usually amounts to the same thing, the more power he has over his fellow man. This Kahunaism is now forbidden by the laws that Americans have made in the islands, and if a witch doctor is caught in his practice he is given a long term on the "Reef," as the Honolulu jail is called. But if a native should complain to the police that he was being persecuted by

Kahuna, he would have every one of the witch doctors against him, and he would not live a year.

Their methods are peculiar. Less than a year ago a native man had owned for for years a small piece of property on the seashore near Honolulu. Living next to him was a Kahuna of great age and consequently high rank. These two had always lived peacefully until last summer, when the Kahuna bought some young pigs. There had never been any fence between the two places and the young porkers raised havoc with the native's garden. So, to stop this trouble, he built a fence between his yard and his neighbor's. The Kahuna was away at the time, and when he returned he was so enraged that he told the native he must either take it down or he would "pray him to death." This praying to death is a pleasing little way the Kahunas have of going to their victims' houses and for a whole night at a time and very frequently praying to some god

the end of that time his old superstitions got the better of his new teachings, and he went to the Kahuna, telling him he was willing to tear down the bones of contention if he would remove his curse from him. The revengeful Kahuna refused to intermit his prayers unless the native would give him a deed to his property, and the poor man was so frightened and was so sure that he would die inside of six months that he actually did put his farm into the co-ops of the ancient Hawaiians, asking that their enemy be killed. This has the effect of so scaring the Kanaka that almost invariably he will actually die from fright.

This native, however, had probably been told by some white missionary that the Kahuna's power was not so great as his people had for years believed, for he refused to remove the fence. The Kahuna straightway began his incantations, but the fence-builder held out for a week, with no show of weakening. Attribution box—and the farm was all he had in the world.

Another curious case was that of a native sailor named Kanea, who, getting tired of seeing nothing on his sea trips but his own islands, shipped on a whaler that was in port and told his wife nothing about it. On the day that he was to sail his wife found out that he was going and was very angry. She went to the dock just as the ship was casting off her ropes. She asked her husband to come back, but he refused, and could not if he would.

When the woman returned to her home she told some of her friends what her husband had done and said she was going to have him "prayed to death." Of all this, of course, the husband had no knowledge.

When the whaler was about thirty days out Kanea complained of being sick, and said that he could feel that some was "praying him." He was the only Kanaka on board and was laughed at, of course. But he stuck to his theory and proved it by dying.

It was said in a recent article on the Hawaiian revolution that it was supposed that the Queen was acting under the advice of one of her Kahunas when she attempted to give a new Constitution to her people. This may or may not be so, but if it is true it will not seem strange to people who had lived for any length of time in the islands and knew anything of the natives' beliefs. The Queen is known to be as superstitious as any of her race, and if she was ordered to do a thing by one of these "doctors" she would probably take no chances of being prayed to death, and of having her demise foretold by a "Kala Uluulu."—San Francisco Examiner.

Ducks, Eiderdown, and Cushions.

In a recent parlor talk by a young woman who has spent considerable time in the Scandinavian Peninsula the speaker gave some interesting bits of information about the eider duck, from which the eiderdown of commerce is got. These ducks are, it seems, under royal protection, and the down may not be taken from the birds themselves. But the merchants outfit the ducks, and, incidentally, their royal protector, by robbing the nests. The mother, in fitting up the habitation for her coming family, lines it throughout with the softest down, which she plucks from her own breast. And when she has carefully covered every bit of the cozy home the ruthless trader steals it away from her. Then she is robbed indeed, for she has plucked her breast bare.

The male bird here comes to the rescue and spares a plucking from his softest plumage. This, too, is torn away by insatiate man, but the male duck, who knows a thing or two, can never be coaxed to duplicate the lining which he has once furnished. He picks up his family and migrates South.

It is these thrice stolen paddings which make up the eider down export, and we reflect as we loll against their softness of the patient and repeated disappointment which their procuring has cost some other females—though only ducks.—New York Times.

Two great Corsican families, the most powerful in the island, the Gavinis and the Casabiancas, have just been reconciled after a political hostility of more than thirty years. During this entire period the politics of the island centered about the heads of these two houses.

The two bridges of Xerxes had 314 boats respectively.