WHOM OTHERS ENVY.

Through years of sorrow and sad anxiety
He plodded from a native court to court,
Her hand for his hand had clasped the prize
For which he toiled in lofty scorn and neglect
He dwelt among the lofty scorn and neglect
Their work, together with the price to pay.

A millionaire: He harvest low for him.
Love holds the wings of time who would scorn
He was mistaken. Year with treasure upon
The grave in another's Paradise.
With memory upon him with a sigh, tears rain,
A Diplomat, fretting only the top, the last,
He did his share with which to pay.
He wears his laurels, but he said their price
—Sam Hazard in Tribune in Chicago's Times.

TO MY MOTHER.

Now hair gray you, mother!
Ah, though to gray a year
Bring you complete,
Still do I see your brunette face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes enough a grace
Of long ago.
So gentle, too, my mother
And so of old, time my love,
Like homesickness are
Thoughts your coat heart's cravings
And all so true,
A voice that plays my memory
Gently again,
My fair and gentle mother!

Now you hand you, mother,
I have not power to take
Knowing full well
That once in the hair above
It is your will
To wind and guard me with your love,
Loving me still.
And, as of old, my mother,
I know you will be a child,
By mother's care baptized
From all those other cares,
So, to the last,
Yet on my dear, pressing mind
Hold thou my last
By question sight, mother!
—Eugene Field in Chicago Times.

THE STORY OF YIN LING.

There once lived in the city of Canton, China, a poor family named Tsuen. The father had once owned many large and prosperous rice fields throughout the province of Quang Tung, but his grief at the death of his wife had been so great as to cause him to neglect all his business for his opium pipe, and little by little all his possessions had been lost.

Now he was compelled to work almost as a slave in one of the big fields which had formerly belonged to him in order to support his two children, Yin Ling, a pretty dark eyed girl of 12 years, and his son, Ko Jen, 5 years of age.

But the terrible appetite for the opium often caused Tsuen to neglect his two little ones, and then gentle Yin Ling would weave a bamboo mat and sell it to one of the neighbors that her darling little brother might not go hungry.

Yin Ling even cut a hole in the wall between the two little rooms of their home so one lamp would give light in both rooms, that her elder parent need not be overtaxed.

Finally the little family became so poverty stricken that there were many, many nights when the two children sought their little bamboo mats and cried themselves to sleep for the want of their supper of rice and tea, and, worse than all, the opium had caused a terrible change to come over Tsuen, for he was no longer even kind to his babies. One day he came to Yin Ling and told her that he was going to take her away and sell her. He said he would have to do it to save himself and little Ko Jen from starvation.

Poor Yin Ling cried long and bitterly all that night, but she knew that her father's will must be done. The last evening was a sad one for the little family. Early in the evening Yin Ling kissed Ko Jen while he was still asleep and went away with her father to the great city.

All day until nightfall they wandered about the streets. Tsuen at length hailed a Tsien general who paid 400 taels into his grasping hand.

The general was the commander of the troops of all southern China, and, being a distant relative to the emperor, Hien Fung, had influence with the imperial family at Peking. He was immediately fascinated with Yin Ling's pretty face and modest actions, and took her home to his wife as her special maid. The generals wife was greatly pleased with her gift, and at once ordered a set of pretty robes and gowns for her new maid servant. She then put her in charge of the private boudoir in which she received all the distinguished ladies who called upon her.

The sudden change from a life of plucking poverty to one of luxury and comfort brought out the gentle nature and true disposition of Yin Ling so rapidly as a sun scorched lily renews life under the cooling drops of a spring shower.

Her hands became white and soft and her sociability, as well as her radiant face, soon became so noticeable that the ladies of the household became attracted to her and showered many gifts upon her.

The old general was especially delighted with her, and when a year had passed he and his wife decided not to have Yin Ling as a slave but as a daughter.

Yin Ling was summoned.

"Yin Ling," said the general, "from this day you are no longer to be a slave in my household."

The bright smile faded from the maiden's face and the tears gathered quickly in her eyes. Trembling she turned to go.

"Stay, Yin Ling," cried the general. "You must remain, but as my slave, but as my daughter."

Yin Ling's face brightened, and smiling through her tears she ran to the general and fell sobbing on his breast. He kissed her tenderly.

"You have made me so happy," said she. "That I would gladly die for you."

The delighted general bought a complete new outfit of gorgeous silk robes for Yin Ling and a special tutor was provided to teach her how to read and write, accomplishments enjoyed only by daughters of high officials.

Being naturally intelligent Yin Ling progressed rapidly in her studies and to the great joy of her newly adopted mother and other ladies of the household had not neglected her other accomplishments, such as the embroidery of the Hongkong silk and the playing of the little two stringed lamp.

At the age of 16 year Yin Ling was known as one of the most beautiful women in the province of Quang Tung.

About this time the venerable old Tsien died, on account of his age and the great service he had done to the empire, was recalled to Peking for promotion and honors as one of the heroes of the great Tai Ping rebellion.

It was always customary for such distinguished officials when they were to receive new honors to take to the emperor some rare gift as a token of their respect and loyalty.

The general wanted to present to the emperor something especially fine, but he could not decide what it would be.

One day a happy thought flashed across his mind. And his face, which had been for some time clouded by deep thinking, lighted into a bright smile. He called his wife and told her he thought he would present Yin Ling to the emperor as his token.

"It is well," said she, "what could be more honorable for our little daughter than a home in the imperial palace?"

When Yin Ling was told what was required of her she sobbed, but there was a tinge of sadness in her face.

The thought of becoming a member of the imperial family was a distinction of which she had never dared to dream.

"If it is your desire, father," said she, "it will go. My life and welfare are in your hands."

This reply pleased the general greatly, and he kissed his daughter affectionately.

Preparations were immediately made for the journey to Peking, and early the next morning Yin Ling entered her sedan chair and was carried rapidly away.

After a journey of nearly three months over big mountains and across many rivers the Tsien and his party arrived at the imperial palace. They were at once admitted, and after the general had received his new honors he stepped forward and presented the beautiful Yin Ling to the astonished emperor.

Hien Fung was almost bewildered by the wonderful grace and beauty of the blushing maiden who stood before him.

The emperor was charmed with the new addition to his household, notwithstanding the fact that he already had seventy-three wives and many, many children. But, strange to say, among all the children there was not one boy.

Yin Ling was given an elegantly decorated suit of apartments and named by the emperor "Que Fay," or "Exalted Auxiliary."

Two years later a son was born, and the event was heralded throughout the empire, as it was the first male child in the entire household.

Yin Ling was his mother, and she was immediately raised to the title of "Wong Tai Hin," or "Ancient Empress."

A few years after this she gave birth to a second prince, and the entire kingdom rejoiced.

In the year 1861 the emperor Hien Fung died, and his son Tung Chee, who was but 6 years of age succeeded the throne in the arms of his mother, Yin Ling, who became as once empress regent.

Time sped continued wondering the affairs of the great empire for twelve years, when Tung Chee died.

Then her second son mounted the throne with his mother, who again assumed the title of empress regent, as the King was just 14 years of age.

Yin Ling decided to find some trace of Ko Jenny, and sent to the provinces of Quang Tung special orders to hold up her wretched relative.

The officer in charge of the army found that the father had died five years after he had sold his daughter, and the boy was now grown up and living somewhere in the province.

It took the mandarins many weary months before they could get any trail of Ko Jen. He was at length found working as a farm hand in a small village.

Although a stalwart, fine looking fellow, he was deplorably ignorant. When he saw two kindomely dressed men with long, black satin robes, heavily jewaled, with strange shaped hats surmounted by big red coral buttons, and great, gorgeous peacock feathers dangling at their sides, coming toward him, he was terribly frightened and turned and ran at the top of his speed. In a few minutes a dozen foot footed soldiers had surrounded him, and he begged piteously to be let go.

"What do you mean me for?" he asked. "I have done nothing wicked for years."

Then one of the mandarins stepped forward, knelt low to the ground, and all the soldiers and guards did the same. The mandarin finally arose and told Ko Jen of his great fortune, and at once prepared him for a suitable appearance that would become the uncle of an emperor.

The meeting between the emperor and her only remaining relative was an affecting yet a joyful one, and Yin Ling ordered the entire city to celebrate for two days.

Yin Ling at once ordered an annual salary of 500,000 tails ($100,000) to be paid to Ko Jen, who received the title of "Imperial Grand Uncle." He was also placed in the walls of experienced tutors, and today is one of the leading men in the empire.

Nor were the good old Tsien general and his family forgotten. They were given apartments in the imperial palace, where they are living today.

Yin Ling is now 45 years of age and retains much of her youthful beauty.

And this is the true story of the little slave girl who has ruled China for the past thirty years, and let us hope will continue to rule for thirty years to come.—New York World.

Pre-Raphaelitism.

Pre-Raphaelitism was a literary rather than an artistic movement. It was an echo of the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge, of the Transcendental movement, and of the Gothic revival. It was a manifestation of certain moral and philosophical preoccupations that have little in common with the permanent acceptance of art. We might even go further and say that Rossetti and Burne-Jones are great artists but because they were pre-Raphaelites, but in spite of pre-Raphaelitism.—Theodore Child in Harper's.

It is stated that primary batteries are no longer used for telegraph service at the Central telegraph office in Berlin, storage batteries charged by the dynamo electric machines of a light city station being substituted as a supply of operating current.

Fran Wolff Escher, of Zurich, deserves a testimonial from the artists and authors of the world. She has just donated $100,000 to the Swiss Confederation for the establishment of a free institution of plastic art.

The original of the song "Old Black Joe" was a native of Virginia and died this summer at his home in Mount Holly, N. J., at the age of 112 years.

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1 " " " " " " ..... 75½ " " 1 00
1 " " " " " " ..... 75 " " 1 00
1 " " " " " " ..... 75 " " 1 00
1 " " " " " " ..... 1 10 " " 1 50
1 " Satin Francaise in new shades, at ..... 1 00 " " 1 50
1 " Black Gros Grain and Black Satins, 40c., 50c., 60c., and 65c.; worth ½ more.
100 Silk Velvets and Velveteens, Plain and Figured.
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