EYE'S LANGUAGE.

In every heart some seed of goodness grows,
In every pain some text of beauty curious,
In every eye some rainbow color plays,
In every home some spot of heaven marks ours;
And he who is blest hears hints of new
Bliss deep as vast rest to his heart.
—Mrs. E. D. Kelly in Frank Leslie's Weekly

THE TRAVELING RING.

At the unearthly hour of 9 a. m. the fashionable Alpenhorn wakes the guests of the Hotel Rigi-Kulm to give them an opportunity for seeing the sunrise.

The hotel is on the very summit of the mountain, and in front of it stands a platform.

You can see the sunrise as well and better from the window of your own room, but there is an extra charge connected with the use of the aforesaid platform, and you would feel as if you were compelling the management out of the adjacent inn if you were to use the spectacle from any other point of vantage than the one provided for the purpose.

But this is neither here nor there.

Miss Vira Merrick, of Chicago, hurriedly donned a morning gown and fastened down stairs at the sound of the horn.

Hugged patches of mist rose lazily from a lake of kindling fire that filled the valleys; rugged mountain tops and sharp crags rose in bold outline, like coral reefs upon a sea of floating dampness.

Everybody, including the young lady, felt unsomfortable.

The chill and half light that precedes day would make the ruddiest complexion appear pale, dull and lifeless, and ask any face of its beauty. It was therefore quite unselfish in Capt. Percy Dempster, R. E., on leaving home, to offer his greatest love to Miss Merrick as a protection against the icy wind that blew about the platform. It was just as he was a gentleman, and would have done as much for any lady, young or old, prudently, of course, the latter, otherwise he would have lessened his cost to the young lady's aunt first.

Any one anxious to know just how that fair "the glowing orb cast its ruddy manner over the sombre, moss clad glaciers of the Swiss Alps, whose majestic," etc., is referred to Baedeker's Handbook of Switzerland, which also furnishes estimates on the probable expense of the sight.

As usual, everybody felt better as soon as the first rays of the sun had gilded the edges of the long stretched clouds.

As the captain looked for his overcoat he could not repress the ejaculation, "By Jingo, what a pretty picture!" and he dropped his simple exclamation to an better.

First Professor Philander Pettibone, in exposition, "Yes, we are wonderful, wonderful objects, genuinely, wishfully gay as, nay!" because you thought he meant the sunrise. But he didn't.

Miss Merrick's hood just peeped out of the captain's greatcoat, her cheeks all aglow with the rosy light of the new born day. Her blue shoes and stockings were pinched, and the crisp morning breeze scattered a few stray locks of golden hair from had fleeck their way from under the dainty traveling cap.

Greuze or Fragonard or Jacquet could not have wished for a better model.

If there is any man who thinks he'd write the captain for taking advantage of the cool incident to introduce himself, then let his neighbors watch that man.

It was the accident that placed Dempster at the ladies' table at breakfast, but the "Herr Ober Kellner" (head waiter). Consideration—two francs.

Miss Merrick's vivacity and esprit formed a refreshing contrast to the monotonous pretensions of her maiden aunt, and the young officer found her more charming as their acquaintance progressed.

What difference does it make whether one goes from Lucerne to Interlaken and thence to Zurich, or the reverse? Hardly any under ordinary circumstances. But if it is a question of keeping in the company of a decidedly clever little lady by reversing a proposed route it makes all the difference in the world.

And that is why the captain feigned pleased surprise that the intended line of travel of the ladies should coincide with his own plans, which it did not.

But, as everybody was pleased, it did not matter that he changed his route.

The summer passed very agreeably to all, and left a deep impression upon the captain.

First he dropped his single symptom for good, in deference to the common sense of Miss Merrick, with be adjured to be and acts as a concession to the aunt's temperance principles; then he became military and instructive when the young lady was not around, and ultimately he contracted the dangerous habit of looking at the moon long after everybody had gone to sleep.

No one could have called Miss Merrick a flirt, but somebody she thoroughly understood the subtle art of keeping her admirer in hot water by being alternately cool and cold.

Which showed that she liked him, or she would not have tossed him.

At Scheveningen, in Holland, the whole affair came to a climax.

It was during an early morning stroll down to the beach. They sat down in a couple of those old wooden-back chairs. For awhile they discussed the morals of gossip that are repeated every season about somebody or other. The scandal is always the same, only the names of the parties change.

Suddenly both grew silent. He began to draw figures in the sand with his cane, and she had a tattoo with her dainty slipper while gazing out upon the sea with its outgoing fishing boats in an abstracted manner.

The captain spoke first. "About a year ago," he said, "I picked up a ring in Simla, India, which lodes on its inner surface the initials 'V. M.,' which are your initials." Miss Merrick blushed in some surprise, which changed to astonishment when the captain took a ring with two diamonds from his pocket. He next took her right hand which hung by her side, with his other hand. Here was a very pretty hand, and he most pleasant thing about it, to the captain, was the instant escapism of a succulent touch.

What he had to say as he placed the ring upon her finger was so interesting that she did not interrupt him.

Some men will ask the hand when a girl shows them a finger.

They neglected to the hotel long after breakfast time.

Before entering the captain said: "By the way, darling, why did you look so surprised when I placed the ring upon your finger? I should think that you would have expected something of the kind all along."

Miss Merrick had forgotten all about the incident in the pleasurable excitement of the captain's proposal. But now she took the ring off her finger, examined it carefully, and spoke: "Poor, dear, dear, be reminded, but the ring was given to me by a very pretty girl, in Newport, R. I., and I can tell it is to be the same ring by a tiny flaw in one of the stones, while from the initials."

And now comes the strangest part of the narration, to wonder every of the wanderings of Miss Merrick's ring. It took years to ascertain all the facts about it, but the captain instead upon attributing a clear chain of evidence which would begin with Miss Merrick and end with himself, or rather with both.

The lord of the ring had first been noticed by the young lady on her return from a shooting tour in Newport, where she was spending the summer. She would hardly have remarked that the elegantly dressed man who had assisted her into her carriage had deftly slipped the ring off her finger while doing so. It was Hardy Bull, probably the most expert pickpocket and most thief in America. Mr. Twyng, the celebrated detective, happened to see the theft because he had been watching the man for identification. Mr. Twyng's business in Newport was of such a nature that he could not allow the presence to become generally known by arresting Hardy Bull, and therefore he did not molest him for the present. Some one weeks later an opportunity offered for a confidential chat with the thief, the outcome whereof was that he delivered the stolen ring to the detective and left town the morning following.

Mr. Twyng cautiously put the trinket into his pocket and returned to New York.

One day not long after a Russian detective called at the office of his American partner. Prof. Boguloff's mission to the United States was to deliver certain documents to the Russian minister and to gather information concerning a Nihilist agitator occurring in Canada.

It so happened that his first point in prospect was Newport, where the Russian minister was expected to meet the agitator.

As Mr. Twyng resolved for a week in his pocket with which to help the Russian to fire for his cigarette he felt Miss Merrick's ring. What could be more natural than that he should ask his visitor to deliver it up to the fair owner, so that Boguloff should conveniently meet?

But Miss Merrick had left Newport, and in the excitement incident upon the receipt of a cipher telegram emanating from the minister at Ottawa, the Russian forgot to return the ring to Twyng, and carried it with him to St. Petersburg.

One morning they found him there, dead, in a narrow alley.

A bullet wound in his temple showed the manner of his death, and the cause for it was evidenced by the circumstance that the entire front of his vest had been partly cut and partly torn away.

The deed was done by Nihilists anxious to secure certain papers that Boguloff was supposed to carry in his inner vest pocket.

A few months later the murderer and some brother Nihilists were arrested, and underwent the farcical a Russian trial for political offenses.

If there is any country on the face of this globe where murder is excusable under circumstances, then it is in the dominion of the czar, provided the circumstances be that the victim belongs to the class of hired peruses, thieves and cutthroats which, as a prize jobs, are enrolled in the secret political police of Russia.

However this may be, the murderer was hanged and his associates went to Siberia. The one of them he had given the ring before being executed.

What fearful days and weeks and months of weary travel those were for the unfortunate destitute of the land mines!

The exile, who had the ring concealed in his boot, managed to escape between two stations.

Who can describe the adventures and hardships of the fugitive journeying through a country in which the natives least escaped exiles as they would serve, no wonder, on the justice to his sufferings he he traveled alone through the vast solitudes.

On the edge of the Kirghiz-Steppe he joined one of the large caravans of camel drivers that continually travel eastward.

It is easy for an exile to obtain assistance in Samarkand, or, for that matter, nowadays in Central Asia, although this, or rather was, extremely difficult for traders to enter the territory.

In Samarkand the rich left the bands, or either the back of the camel, and was stolen for an outfit that would disguise his wearer into a Greek.

The new possessor of the clothes was a Persian merchant traveling to Herat.

Everybody from Khiva and Bukhara and Samarkand and Tashkend and even Teheran goes to Herat, and that is why there is always such a thriving rabble there in spite of a strong British garrison.

And one fine morning somebody snatched the Persian's leather pouch. The merchant set up a great hue and cry, and he thought was captured after a long chase by a young man driver from Jelalabad.

Overcome with joy at the return of his valuables the Persian presented the young fellow with the ring.

Would it be possible for a good looking male driver to wear a diamond ring without exciting some comment? Hardly.

Mrs. Dudley was the first European lady who saw it, and told young Ambrington about it. Two days later the pretty willow wore it.

Old "Bullseye" will remember the scene on Fanita way that terminated the engagement of the two.

Ambrington received his letters and presents back. They made nearly a carload. He compensated by packing her tender missives, etc., into an envelope. Ambrington always wears a fob, and within three years after ensuring into his estate he had acquired the reputation of being the most gallant spendthrift in the service. For he had had a tender shave administration for Mrs. Dudley, who was really a charming woman. Her actions in public were, however, such, occasionally, as to give rise to unpleasant remarks. But she was simply thoughtless.

One day Capt. Dempster made a remark to Ambrington to the effect that the latter was neglecting a sweet girl in England for the sake of a woman who could not begin to compare with her.

Ambrington was nearly drunk at the time, and he made a scene. Next morning his friend received the deposition, and they met early on the following day, pistol in hand. Three times they faced each other, each ready to kill the other. One, two, three—fire!

Two shots rang out almost simultaneously, and Ambrington reeled and fell. They thought at first that he had been mortally wounded, but he wasn't. The bullet had lopped off a ring in his watch pocket, and had driven it into the wheel with such force that it broke one of his fingers and imbedded itself in the mission.

Of course a duel of the sentiment had been met they were in some hand to be good friends in a month thereafter. Ambrington eventually gave the ring back to Mrs. Dudley. Where he heard of the latter's engagement he sent the ring as a glorious token to her betrothed.

Miss Merrick, or rather Mrs. Dempster, has an interesting time of it when she goes out and even expects to make something out of it.—Cincinnati.—H. de Lignon in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Professor Dana concludes that during the glacial period Long Island stood in a mound of being, as it now is, an arm of the ocean, and that Cape Cod was for the greater part of its length a narrow channel serving as a common trunk for many Connecticut streams, and a few from Long Island. In those days the Sound was made of fresh water for the Sound river would have been so open that salt water would not barely pound the entrance of the channel.

The secret of a good complexion is clean blood, and clean blood means fine skin, a warm rug, and a thought that you are thus sufficiently clean, but an unclean thing of the body. The best is simply the thermometer which tells the world the truth, and where the skin is white and transparent, the complexion bright, the body in good condition externally and internally.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London who, with one hand and his eyes and straight, lifted from the ground a stone on which was cut a flat green area having on his use a child.

Walk!

A gentleman who says he is 60 years old, and who is an author, that he will not tell his name, writes gentlemanly in Belford's Magazine about the fine art of walking, as follows:

I am now 40 years of age, and was never stronger in wind and limb than at the present time. I walk out, with a single bevelled walking stick, and I do not carry a pistol, as I expect to celebrate my new hundredth birthday. I take no more care of my health, I eat anything that agrees with my nature, I drink whatever has stood in my cellar for years, and I never suffered an enhanced pulse from a quarter of a mile or more. I sleep the sound sleep of an exceptionally good health. I have had my full share of sickness. Quite early in life I underwent a prolonged course of whatever was considered the best medicine, and I have had my share of the quacks, and I have