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PAPAVE AND CYANE.

There was once a King, his daughter whose name was Papave. This daughter had been given her name every day she was a beautiful child, as not as the leaves of the "Garden of Eden" as the garden poppy, which in Latin is called "Papave." And as the half open buds of the poppy are infilled by a green weighty mantle, so this little daughter, Papave, was almost her whole dress a green weighty mantle of finest silk plush.

But though so richly clad and beautiful to see, Papave's heart was not good. She was very proud, because she was the daughter of a king and queen. "We are the richest in the land," she would say, "haughty, looking her head, with her rare black tresses and golden crown."

Often poor children came and stood wearily through the golden lawn, including the little Papave, at little Papave as she walked there with a maid of honor. But her heart was not moved in pity by their pale faces and hollow eyes, and never there did she offer them one of the delicious fruit tarts which she always carried in a little golden box.

The village school children carried a box in which were slices of black bread and butter. But at ten o'clock each morning Papave received from her mother, the queen, three handsome tarts, filled sometimes with raspberry jelly, sometimes with preserved cherries and sometimes with slices of candied orange; and these tarts were placed in a golden box which was richly decorated with precious stones.

Indeed, the spoiled princess possessed in silver gilt, other than everything that other children had of the kind or kind. Papave had gold buttons on her cloak. Every morning her hair was combed with a gold comb, and at midday she ate with a golden fork. Silver covers inclosed her reading book, and her ruler and pen were also of silver. She had an elaborate toilet case made of a huge green stone of great value. In short, all her possessions were of the most costly sort. Yet she hardly looked at them, but she had even a nightgown of purple velvet. All these things only fed her vanity, and she became more and more haughty, and said to her maid: "We are the richest in the land."

One day it was in summer, and the reapers were busy harvesting the corn. Papave thought it would be a fine thing to stand her daily walk outside the great gate of the garden, and watch the reapers at their work. It did not occur to the spoiled princess to ask her mother's permission. Oh, no. She was too much self-willed for that. "Come," she called to her maid, "today we will walk in the field."

The maid's name was Cyane, and she was a gown of blue muslin. Having her hand delicately, she walked meekly on the left of her young mistress.

The two set out from the palace, passed through the courtyard, and entered a beautiful avenue shaded by cypress and fig trees. This avenue, which had been made by the king's order for his daughter's pleasure, led directly to the field.

The cornfields spread far and wide, and upon a wealth of golden ears the sun was brightly shining. The reapers, who were white like snow and straw hair, among their glittering scythes, and before the long, firm strokes the slender stalks fell to the ground. Other workers bowed the golden stalks into thick sheaves, which were placed in stacks of four.

Papave was at once smitten by her marvellous green, the green plumes and the golden crown. Lying their straw hats the reapers laid their heads in respectful greeting. But the proud Papave did not pay the slightest attention. Not a glance of her eye, not a word from her lips, not a movement of her hand rewarded the friendly humble people.

Modest little Cyane, on the contrary, nodded to all in the kindest manner as she passed. This aroused the princess' anger, and she began to grow impatient. How she could would the kind heart of this little maid.

Far away in the horizon lay heavy black clouds. Early in the day there had been a thunder shower, but it had passed over, and in the northwest there now appeared a rainbow, overarched the fields and mountains like a sunny out-look bridge.

"Cyane," said the princess in sharp tones, "call some of the reapers here at once at once. I told you a storm is approaching and I want them here."

Poor Cyane could only obey, she called the men, who came running to heed the princess' words.

"Hie, there, you people, build me a house out of your straw. As soon as you have done this, I will have a house to protect me from the coming storm. You shall be of service, the roof of straw and the walls of straw. Be quick! I see the King's daughter, and we are the richest in the land."

The harvesters, who grained their shoulders to a rich and blunder gift from that, were amazed at this strange whim of their princess. Still, no one dared to say a word in remonstrance. Only one very old man, with thin, gray hair, wearing a step toward, said at last: "Your highness, gracious princess, but there will be no more rain today. The storm has passed. See, in the northwest there, only few of rain, and over our heads the rainbow shows from a clear sky. Therefore, I think there is no need of a house of straw."

The princess became excited with anger. She turned her head and said mockingly: "You are indeed a wonderful weather prophet! Your wisdom fills me with admiration. But wait! In the middle of a storm you shall see how true your prophecy is. Thank you, I shall stand here to be struck by rain like a common peasant girl. I am, Pa-

pare, the King's daughter, and we are the richest in the land."

Then she took the third Cyane: "Most precious princess, though I am poor and poor, I must speak! One must not thus trample under foot God's blessing. A roof of straw was surely never before heard of. It is a sin, a grievous sin, that you should give such orders. The walls are brittle, the roof very dry, and the earth by the time it is building a house."

"Wretched peasant!" cried Papave, "do you dare to speak for a few pitiful grains of corn? For what purpose are your rules and laws? Rake together from the straw and the corn after I am gone, and if that is not enough I will give you a word of advice. Go to my father, the king, and make complaint. Doubtless he will pay you. We are the richest in the land. And now, not a word more. To work at once! I command you, I, Papave."

With sad looks and many a shiver of fear, the reapers retired, and with their heads bowed they went to the fields. The poor reapers left the house.

The door of straw, the roof of straw, and the walls of straw. Many full ears were trampled under foot. Oh, if only the king could have received even a part of what was done as wastefully as this! It was a shame! This "house" of straw, Cyane's blue gown glittered with silver. Only Papave remained unmoved. When the last was finished Papave, in her scarlet silk, quickly entered. Cyane, in her blue muslin, had no choice but to follow.

The door creaked under their feet, and still more of the precious harvest of corn were trampled on the wet earth.

"Well, done," said Papave proudly. "We are the richest in the land."

Outside the sun threw its brightest beams over mountains and valleys. Suddenly a brilliant flash of lightning darted from the clear heavens and struck the sheet home. A terrible peal of thunder filled the air. Instantly the little house was in flames. The corn cracked in the heat. Cautious sparks from the dry stalks spring into the air, from the straw house was one glowing pillar of fire. It was a fearful sight.

From the midst of the flames came the sound of shrieks and of sobs. The reapers from the lips of the queen Cyane, the shrieks—ah, these certainly came from the hungry Papave. But to such foolish punishment might pride well be punished.

The good reapers were not harmed by so much as the singeing of a hair. In a twinkling flames and almost paralyzed with fear they stood around the burning house. To extinguish the flames was out of the question. For so near to water could be obtained. To rescue the two unfortunate victims was equally impossible, for the whole structure was one mass of flames.

As the reapers stood motionless, with hot burning heads fast clamped, before the columns of fire, gradually the flames subsided, burning lower and lower, dying away in a dull red glow, until at last a little heap of ashes was all that remained of the house of straw, the Princess Papave and the maid Cyane.

Deeply impressed the men returned to their work. Only the good reaper, who had had the courage to warn Papave, took himself to the palace, there to relate to the king and queen the terrible fate of the princess and her companion.

The broken hearted parents realized too late that their own teaching had encouraged and fostered the pride and self-will which had led their daughter to her death.

The following summer, when the new seed golden in the field, from out the long of ashes lay, lying on the ground, sprang a beautiful blue flower, the corn flower, most modest of all field blossoms, a fitting type of the gentle, unassuming Cyane. And now by the roadside the blue flower, a true representative of the king's daughter, Papave, in her red silk gown, with her black hair and the crown of the princess on her head, was perpetuated in the flower, while the buds are infilled in a few months.

And in the wind scattered the ashes over all the field upon these grew every where among the stalks of corn the blue corn flower and red field poppy, the type of guilt and innocence, of loving kindness and of luxury pride. And so, in this day may they be seen—Ruthen Herald, Translated from the German by Jane Benjamin Hayes.

Fame Waits.

Editor—Young man, your poem is excellent in many respects, but as we have enough such material to last for the next ten years we feel obliged to decline it.

But (hopelessly)—Well, sir, you will have to have something for the eleventh year—Harpur's House.

The original Magna Charta is preserved in a case in a glass case, and a handful of torn scraps of paper. What have could put it together? It is a miracle.

A. W. H. H. H.

Two young men stood in front of Perry's soda fountain the other evening. They were well dressed and intelligent looking. One of them took something out of his belt and the other said in response to the inquiry: "What is that?" "It's a piece of vanilla and cream, please."

"You must vanilla, don't you?" said the companion.

"Yes, I guess I do, but I'll bet you can't get out of every ten who comes into this store calls for vanilla when he wants vanilla."

"What will you bet?"

"I'll give you five cents for every person that calls for vanilla if you'll give me one cent for every one who asks for vanilla."

"It's a go."

Within the next ten minutes twenty boys of the most popular group in the city were called. For vanilla and cream and two vanilla. The proprietor of the soda fountain declared himself in favor of vanilla, and he was followed by the word when offered by well-wishers customers.—New York Sun.

He Knows How to Punish.

Editor—Why do you call that quack M. D. Dr. Perry?

Harpur—Because he has made so many lives come to a full stop.—Judge.



WHY DO YOU COUGH?

Do you know that a little cough is a dangerous thing? Are you aware that it often forms on the lungs and for two or three years into consumption and ends in Death? If you are suffering from Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Consumption will tell you that.

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