HOW THE VIOLETS COME.

There—there, modest violets,
Blushing with dew at noon—
How the glad sun smiles from the fresh
And the way that you are sure!
When that rain falls to thirsty
The rains that come down to earth—
Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa. Pa.
—W. C. Fare in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE MAN WHO READ.

When the wealthy merchant who was the father of Abdul-Rahman died, he devoted first, the son, bullied grief at his loss, retired from the world. Henceforth had any dealings with other merchants he held partial interest in the business. He becomes himself where he cares and when he cared to rest, and found his only solace in books.

After a while he forgot even his great grief in the accumulation of knowledge, and finally became so absorbed in the more learnedly read, which latter he turned and more highly accomplished than any other man alive, and that he was at least a six of centuries to learn all this was done also up within his own walls. He had communed with himself for a space, resolved to write a series of interpretive narratives and read them, should to persons whose opportunities had been less than his. And having carefully prepared the second century of Arabian comfort in single language, he called together all his slaves, servants and attendants, poor persons who had never before had any instruction whatever, and having advised them that he was about to improve their minds, began to read aloud.

So deeply interested in his own performance was he that only the falling light of the lamp, in which, she had trimmed and low, aroused him. He looked about him. The slaves whom he had permitted to sit themselves were asleep, some of them even resting upon each other's bosom, curled up in corners. Every one was tightly shut, and those who had the latest were snoring. His first feeling had but one sentiment—kindness.

As Abd-er-Rahman arose to his wrath, a sound of tumult fell upon his ears. The slaves had left the gates unfastened when they came to partake of rest their from laborious toil, and had left all the effect of opium upon their senses. Robbers had entered and plundered Bokshim, the police had just discovered the fact and according to the law of Cairo, the house-holder who had placed such a temptation before the weak and sinful was arrested and heavily fined.

Abd-er-Rahman had lost a great deal of money by this his first venture as an instructor of mankind, and had suffered not a few pangs of wounded vanity besides. However, these were poor, ignorant slaves, every one who left. Perhaps he had been foolish to choose such an audience. The next reading should be a very different one.

In pursuance of this resolution he began preparations for a great entertainment in the most fashionable manner, invited his most wealthy and wise friends, and those were what he believed to be a poor charming story, in which he proved, by means of the most thrilling incidents, the truth that the most powerful man on earth stint of necessity repose all their trust in Almighty God, and which he proposed to read to his guests after they had dined plentifully in his feast, in the speeches and other festivities of good things come in after a modern dinner.

Meanwhile four distinguished looking strangers—foreigners—had called upon him, requesting invitations to his masterpiece, not for the sake of its most and drink and good company, but because of their great desire to hear that wonderful reading which was to follow. The delighted Abd-er-Rahman extended them every courtesy and introduced them, under the fine names and titles that they gave, to all his friends. Moreover, he placed them on his right hand and directed most of his conversation to them.

Finally the feast was over. The manuscript, wrapped in an embroidered scarlet, was brought to the host, and he began to read what he had written. To his horror, as at intervals he cast his eyes over the coming to note what effect he had produced, he saw one after the other drop gently into the Land of Nod. They did not quaver and snore as the slaves had done, but each dignified repose as the joke of a sleepy church has the opportunity of observing every Sunday till upon them. All were leaning heavily with folded arms and bent heads and closed lids, save the four strangers, who sat bolt upright, all their eight eyes fixed upon the other tenant of the room. This fact was balm to the afflicted soul of Abd-er-Rahman. And having concluded his tale and received the usual thanks of friends and guests, he complimented those gentlemen on the superiority of their intellect.

"It was the thrilling interest of the tale which held us," said the chief. "May we be permitted to linger in your company for awhile in order to enjoy your conversation?"

Abd-er-Rahman expressed himself as highly honored, and promoted some of his servants, to arouse his sleeping guests and dismiss them; in fact, he really turned them out of his house and returned to seal the four wise men. Also! they were sleeping, and with them, had vanished a series of gold cup with gems, which had adorned the table, and all the silver and gold, and the silver, on which the rubber stood. Al Harun, had written theme for his good dinner and the humble the humble gem from his rubies to everyone kin. In fact, Abd-er-Rahman had had for his guest the sum total of the wisest and learn of his age.

It was he rushed to the chief of the just guests to be a complaint, but only to find himself into trouble for having bailed such a criminal under his roof, and fined and imprisoned and much more. Moreover, he had offended every friend he had by his abrupt dismissal of his guests. No one would speak to him, and he was very wounded. However, he so greatly desired to give his condition that it occurred to him that he would not, perhaps remain a bachelor, he would marry a wife.

Naturally a choice would arrive. In time he would have an embrace all his own, the highest title, the best of the house, and embellished to turn. As he wished his wife to be a woman of mind and experience he chose the widow of a very learned and distinguished man. All might have noted that Abd-er-Rahman was indeed the idea of reading a narrative on the occasion of his wedding feast, and he luckily carried it out.

Also the bride's mother before he had fixed on time accosted the bride's father followed with the offer the other the dowry demanded all over or less propertly, and the only person who knew anything of was a relative of the bride, the black sheep of the family, immediately Abd-er-Rahman's chief chosen for his life to be a wicked house, and the Eastern rumor he conceived the idea, a most honorable regard possibly to address, and found in the Grammar and highest Abd-er-Rahman

carried at the conclusion of his narrative, which followed the wicked hour to just punishment, the escaped much to be seen, rushed upon him and fled off to the sea. But by prompt intervention on the part of the servants Abd-er-Rahman would have been unfortunately and quite unfitted for them to be in authority and to cause trouble for the short time, who was imprisoned and fined for having insulted a family of high position by bringing in slaves to the table. Moreover, the man who had contained a sly, never wounded for him was removed a hero.

Moreover, domestic felicity was now his. Fatima called with her husband, he found his job, surrounded for his injuries and begged him to remit to be every day. There also, during his convalescence, Abd-er-Rahman prepared the same importance of his work, neither Fatima the whole day of a wife to her husband in the form of what is intended to be a light and amusing narrative, but which will so absorb the reader's laughter necessary in the week, fantasies and which cause to appropriately.

Fatima sat down to listen to this story, as Abdullah at her husband's feet. Fatima then was a trifling dish full of her tools, for the day was early. After having been informally at Fatima, in case of her poor black eyes were wide open. Abd-er-Rahman, because had in his reading, looked for a small of smoke and smoke curls from the lower limbs around him to the top that his Fatima and fallen asleep and fell into a deep sleep, dropped among the leaves of the reading dish.

While eyes opening the clothing of his dress, Abd-er-Rahman did not observe that the reading dish was turned. He saw Fatima's chin, but his dwelling and all that it contained were destroyed. However, he was very morning. He declared to his husband that the interest she felt in the young wife, who was the heroine of the book, was so extreme that she had actually assumed every. Sleep! Not she, while he listened for by a private reading. This delicate flattery touched Abd-er-Rahman's heart. He vowed she should in his and only wife, which is a lord where a professor may hardly have so many as he. Fatima offered him an unusual compliment, and when a new home had been prepared he set himself to the completion of a tale that should equal anything ever before written.

When it came to the reading, Fatima expressed delight, but prudently requested to be permitted to stand before him while he read. This she did, hoping to remain awake, but, alas! the soporific influence of the opium was too strong for her. She fell upon the floor, unable to resist it, went to sleep snoring, full and broke several of her teeth. However, she did not dare to please her husband was intense, and while lying upon her couch awaiting the healing of her injuries she requested him to write and read to her something suitable to her condition. To this he assented, and having concerned an account of the great effect of suffering upon woman, and the evil that has made happiness was sure to cessation, he proceeded to read it to Fatima, who had suffered too much pain of late to sleep soundly, and who was greatly exhausted. The tale was divided into three events, or chapter.

At the end of the first Fatima was wrapped in slumber. As she had taken a painful stove to declare for wide awake, his speechless with interest, her spouse read on until the conclusion, when the attendant physicians arrived. Alas! he found Fatima in a sound sleep, and that nothing could rouse her. And, as she slept soundly for three days and three nights, the worthy man was left in doubt as to the cause. Also as Bokshim of having bewitched his wife. The poultry was very severe, and the only way to which his wife could be free him from the false accusation was to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the readings.

Abd-er-Rahman only saved his head by the sacrifice of all his pride and vanity. His Fatima was very acute and very anxious to make her husband happy. Once alone with him, she declared that the number of the tale was wildly interesting, but that his voice, so soft and dulcet and refined, and its manner so calm and exclusive, inflamed repose, and she advised him to invent a dramatic narrative read aloud by some harsh voiced slave in his presence.

Abd-er-Rahman took his wife's advice—which she certainly had lived to a complishment—and fined his kick in the garden with gnoma, placed an educated slave in their midst, enjoined upon his coadjutor and bade him proceed.

The first sentences were certainly fine. He congratulated himself on being their author. He placed his hand in a more comfortable position, and in a moment more was asleep. When he awoke, the clock was striking of all his himself and the slave, who, with the last lines of his master's narrative rolled across his finger, was sleeping peacefully.

Terror, mortification, rage and sorrow now possessed the unhappy author. And having beaten the poor slave awake he ordered him to be fined his head. Once dispersed about it, evidently quite at home, eating what they chose, drinking what they liked and generally laughing at him. Finally discovering a certain man actually giving an imitation of his readings, he rushed upon him, and in his rage wounded him so severely that he died. For this he was arrested. The fact that the man had intruded into his house being brought forward by the wise Fatima, who claimed that she had called upon her husband to drive him forth, saved Abd-er-Rahman's life. But as the great was a man of high position, vengeance was necessary. All that the poor fellow possessed was confiscated, and he found himself destitute and forlorn, wandering in the streets of Cairo, his only companion his faithful Fatima.

It was at this period that a great man of the town, afflicted with insomnia, offered a large reward to any physician who could restore to him the blessing of slumber. Fatima, hearing of this, sent the poor man's residence and implored him to persuade her husband to read one of his narratives to him.

The fame of these soporific entertainments had spread through Cairo, and Fatima's request was granted.

Abd-er-Rahman took his best beside the invalid's bedside armed with his latest production, entitled "What Avails Wealth if Death Forsake a Man" and in half an hour had done what all the doctors in the town had failed to accomplish. The great man slumbered sweetly.

On awakening he appointed the new founded Abd-er-Rahman to be his chief reader, and as long as he lived the latter held that position, bound to read to his employer every night a new and original narrative.

At last he had obtained an audience. He was invaluable to a man who found it difficult to slumber.—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

Cured.

The following is a Chinese joke:

In a certain house there was a baby that annoyed every one by its continual squalling. At last a physician was called in. He administered a bolus of the soothing mixture of which he had a high opinion, and offered to pass the night in the house to observe the effects of his remedy. After a few hours, hearing no noise, he exclaimed, "Good! the child is cured!" "Yes," replied the attendant, "the child has indeed stopped crying, but the mother has begun to cough."

Reptile Were Land Animals at First.

Reptiles so they are found in the world at the period they are but degenerate survivors of their kind as they existed in epochs long ago." said Professor Cope. "The first reptiles of the world made their appearance at the close of the paleozoic period, when the land was in process of formation. They were all land animals. Among them there were no flying creatures, no water creatures, no gigantic types and no especially herbivorous kinds."—Washington Star

The Line He Worked On.

There is a prominent clergyman in New York who resembles John A. Gleason, of Columbus, Ga. He was on his way to Brooklyn bridge when he was stopped by a salesman who is quite near-sighted.

"Hello, John," said he, very heartily. "How is business?"

The clergyman, who is about as bright and quick a man as there is to be found in this town, instantly saw that there was no desire to bunco him, and that the salesman was honest in his greeting.

"Well, business in my line is not as good as I would like it to be. You see the devil is firmly established, and he is a busier. We get no business from him without a hard pull, for he never lets up if there is any possibility of holding a customer."

The voice betrayed the man, and the drummer knew that he had made a mistake.

"Excuse me, I thought you was a friend of mine."

"No excuse necessary, we all make errors."

After a laugh on both sides the salesman said:

"What line of goods do you carry, anyhow?"

"I carry the Bible," replied the unclassed looking clergyman, "and I am trying to run the devil into bankruptcy."

"Oh!" cried the salesman, "don't tell anybody about this mistake of mine, will you? The boys might hear of it."—Dry Goods Retailer and Jobber.

Fashions in Lace Curtains.

Only a few years ago you in search of lace curtains would go into a store and buy either a Brussels or a Nottingham, a tambour or antique. That was the variety. Today the fashions change, as in dress goods. A novelty in muslins is in old gold tints, with different colored embroidery. The effect is very swell. White muslin with dark little figures in colors is catchy, too, and the embroidered hemstitch border is another new feature. The Irish point a four is an entirely new effect in a lace curtain, the border being hemstitched with a wide "daylight" stitch between the lace and hem. A new feature in muslin curtains is what is called the "Hof" effect, which adds largely to the appearance of these goods.

Muslins with spaces or slits left through the border design for ribbon to be run through ought to become popular. The color of the ribbon can harmonize with the other decorations of a room and produce a very pretty effect. One of the most illusive, fairy-like bits of texture is a white crete, printed in what, for want of a better term, we will say rainbow colorings, of pale pinks, blues and yellows. You see the fabric from a distance of eight or ten feet, and you instinctively look back of you or above for a stained glass window, for the colorings are of that vague, gentle character produced by the reflection of light through stained glass. The colors are of the soft sunset character imaginable, and they run and merge, one into the other.—Philadelphia Upholsterer.

Why He Thought So.

The mingling of all ranks and trades in the territorial militia now maintained by almost every European country is a great source of amusement, because such mixture of different elements is not very common in that part of the world.

It is related that, at a recent sham battle, a young lieutenant, posted with his company behind a wall, ordered his men to fire at a detachment of troops who were coming to attack him.

The guns were loaded with blank cartridges, and no harm was done; but the detachment happened to be on the same side of the sham fight as the company which had fired at it.

The commanding officer came riding up.

"Why did you fire at those men?" he demanded of the lieutenant, hotly.

"I supposed they were the enemy," said the lieutenant.

"And what led you to suppose they were of the enemy?"

"Because my tailor was at the head of them, and I saw my butcher in the ranks. What else could I suppose, sir?"—Youth's Companion.

She Was Worth It.

The marriage fee often reveals odd traits of character. Once the bridegroom presented to a clergyman a bit of paper on which was written: "A wife is a crown to her husband. If she turns out to be a good one in ten years I'll give you twenty dollars."

The minister pocketed the paper, thinking the woman would "turn out to be a good one" and that the man would never remember the promise.

But time brought a surprise. Before seven years had passed the clergyman received a gold double eagle and a note saying:

"She is good clear through. There is no need of waiting any longer. I ought to have paid you on the spot."—Youth's Companion.

True Politeness.

Mr. Stuylain—Yes, I hate those—simple minded country people that show everything they feel.

Miss Westend—It is a mere matter of training. One of the first things I was taught was the art of appearing interested when bored half to death.—Good News.

He Was Too Particular.

Beggar (to Glanders, who has given him a coin)—Say, mister, this dime's plugged.

Glanders (examining it and replacing it in his pocket)—Ah! so it is.—Judge.

Among the great counties of the Union are San Bernardino and San Diego, in California, which are not only vast regions, but contain a very great amount of productive territory; Humboldt and Lincoln counties in Nevada, which are exceedingly sparsely populated, and Lincoln county in New Mexico, which may some time have a large population.

That Tired Feeling

It is experienced by almost everyone at this season, and many people resort to Hood's Sarsaparilla to derive away the languor and exhaustion. The blood, laden with impurities which have been accumulating for months, moves sluggishly through the veins, the mind fails to think quickly, and the body is still slower to respond.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is just what is needed. Hood what is said by Mr. C. Parmelee, 845 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "I take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring tonic, and I recommend it to all who have that miserable tired feeling."

"For years I was sick every spring, but last year took Hood's Sarsaparilla in February and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SHAW, Milton, Mass.

That Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as it is drifting the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies the blood which the system needs and readily relieves this medicine positive that blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength which is comforting and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for that weakness which prevails at change of season, which is life.

"I have been convinced Makes that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Weak one of the greatest medicines in the world. I say Strong this for the benefit of all other tired out, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not only excellent as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even if of long standing." MRS. M. A. SCHLUETT, Nashville P. O., Mich.

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A Warning To Horse-Owners.

The Spill Nail in this Shoe seriously injured the horse from which it was removed. It taken in Worcester, Mass. One point of the nail come out in the proper place for clinching, and so caused the blood-vessels who shod the horse. The other point went in the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot, called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for the nearly two weeks.

This is not an unusual case. The same thing is experienced every day. Many shoes have the nail so set that they are liable to do the same thing. The Putnam Nail is the only nail that can be used in the Spill Shoe without DANGEROUS injury to the horse.

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