Treasure.

The flowers I planted in the flush of spring, Have budded, bloomed and withered long ago :

The grain my lavish fingers used to throw. Long since was reaped for other's garnering; Yet I am rich amid my nature dearth ; My gold is where the rainbow touches earth.

My wealth is molton of full many an ore, Dug from the sacred caverns of the past; Stored where the present's quiet light is cast filed on the promised land that lies before. All blent together, all of priceless worth. All hid just where the rainbow touches earth.

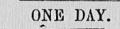
And memory, Faith and Hopeits guardians

As holding Lovo's strong hand I make my way,

Knowing I near a little every day The one sure goal where, passing o'er the

bar, I find, in all the glow of second birth,

My treasure, where the rainbow touches earth.



1- 4:

The carriages were coming back from the Pincian Hill and the Borghese gardens. The sun was setting and the crowds of people on foot and riding who had been listening to the music and looking at each other, came down through the Piazza del Popolo, bound homeward before the darkness set in. It was a gay crowd that the old obelisk with its spouting lions saw surging around its base, separating into two human streams, and pouring down the streets that branch off from the Piazza -the Corso and the Via del Babuino. Carriages of every kind, filled with gayly dressed women, dashed through the city gate and made their way through the dense mass of pleasure seekers.

A dog cart with mangnificent horses come quickly from the direction of the Borghese gardens; a tall, aristocrat.clooking man 18 driving, and 18 apparently trying to catch up with a victoria the light and reads. just ahead of him, in which a woman is seated-a woman dressed in the following words: height of fashion, and of a strange, tiger-like beauty; slender she is, with a mass of hair of that peculiar color of you. reddish gold, firm set lips, and a proud, defant look in her clear, magnificent eyes. The people on foot give way be- breaks up and Princess Vera's carriage fore the carriages until they are almost abreast. One person only-a young slowly walks up the steps and into the sack on his back-apparently does not hear the approaching horses, but stands her. He rises as she enters. looking at the woman in the victoria, oblivious to anything else. Only when upon him, and the driver cries out to him, does he hear; then he moves aside a little.

As the earlage dashes past, the genthoman driving reaches down, and with s nuttered curas, cuts the young travit cler across the face with his whip. It. does not any out; he only says quietly to differently since." a by Simular.

"Who is that man?"

"The Prince Borghese."

riago?" "The Princess Vera, his future

wife?" "Ah, thanks!" he says, and walks to

There are fewer people about now. The piazza is almost deserted. 'I he sun comes and all is silent; not a soul to be

he passed me this afternoon. 1 have come to return it or demand a meeting." "Sir," he answers, "do you imagine the Prince Borghese would soil his hands with fighting with any adventurer

that may present himself?" "Do I understand you to refuse?" says the stranger, quietly.

"I do; and let me tell you that if you do not leave us immediately, I will call the lackeys to kick you into the street."

"Beware, sir," rays the young man, excitedly, "how y i keep on adding your insults. You refuse! You will not spare the princess the pain of seeing me strike you before all these people. You refuse to meet me, so be Am I unknown? Ask it. Ask the princess if she knows me. I think she did once, if she has not forgotten."

The prince, livid and furious, turns to the latter, who has drawn a little to one side and is leaning against the balustrade, a calm witness to the scene.

"Is this true?" says the prince, "do you know this man, Vera?"

"Yes, once," she answers, in a low voice.

"Ah, that alters it!" he says, turning to the stranger. "I am entirely at your service when you will."

"To-morrow, then, by sunrise, at the Borghese gardens."

"Very well; as you have many things to set in order, I beg you to ex-cuse me; au revoir." Saying this, he turns on his heel. "I think the night air is rather cool. Had we not better go in, Vera?" She takes his arm, but gives a quick glance over her shoulder from the stranger to a white speck on the ground; he takes her meaning, goes to the spot, and picks up a small piece of the order of dancing; he takes it to

He gives a start of joy as he sees the

"Come to my house after the ball tonight. Corso, No. 123, I wish to see V." # *

It is late that night when the ball

rolls up to her door. She gets out and man covered with dust, with a knap- parlor. The young man who is to fight a duel in a few hours is waiting for

"Raphael," she says, in musical tones, "is this the way you forget your the horses of the dog-cart are almost old friends in Rome, and never come near me?"

"Friends?" he answers. "Ay, yes. Is the princers still one of them? "Can you ask?" she merchurs.

"When we lead met ----

my own mind then. You told me you payes a conson time. The young man loved me. I suched then - I found out

"What do you mean?" he says, with a joyful look on his melancholy face. "When I wanted you more than any-"And the lady in the other car- thing-any one-you had gone, none

knew whither." "What! do you mean that you IA

me? Do not repel my love-do not one of the four fountains at the base of before, I did not know that you alone spurn me because, when you told me the great obelisk, and bathes his face possessed my heart. Forgive me," she says, imploringly.

"Forgive you?" he repeats, in a sinks down out of sight. Darkness dazed way. "Oh, the joy of this moment would repay a lifetime of sufferng. Oh, Vera, my queen!" he says, and takes her in his arms, and in each other's embrace they sit together in the mellow light of the lamps and forget of ancient superstition and epiritual Where is always a peculiar concern everything.

give me this," pointing to his face, "as where he rushes through the courtyard and rings the bell. A footman answers the summons.

The Princesa Vera?" "Madame is not up yet."

"Well, I will wait. Tell her a gentleman wishes to see her on business of great importance, and will not leave until he has seen her."

He walks into the salon that he knows so well.

"Truly love has protected me.] have nothing but joy ahead now. Bow civilization has been already given; but 000 out of pocket. happy she will be when she finds it is

He is interrupted in his meditation by the frou-frou of a woman's dress and Vera enters. She looks at her visitor and says, in surprise;

"What, you! And alivel"

"Yes, Vera. I shot the prince!" "What! You shot the Prince Borghese?"

"Yes. He is dangerously wounded. I am safe. I have yours love. We have nothing but happiness now -no shadow."

"What do you mean?" she says, coldly.

"What! Have you forgotten? Do not trifle with me, Vera. I know you do not mean it, but it pains me. Come, sit here, where we sat last night, nucl tell me that you love me again."

She turns from him.

"Love you! You are mistak never loved you an instant."

"Ah, Veral stop, I begin he exclaims, as each word cuts him like a knlfe.

"Would you like to know the truth?" she says.

"Yes," he answers, a vague feeldh. of future grief coming over him. "Last night I told you I loved you. I knew you were to meet the prince this morning. I was sure you would be killed. So, as they make the last ver shrine case in which is a beautiful hours on earth as pleasant as possible to a condemned man, I decided to Month. Possibly, it may have once make yours. It would do me no barro, theen a talisman belonging to Pharaoh as you would soon die and die happy. I regarded you as already dead-a souvenir. That is the reason of what I told you last night. I am sorry 1 was mistaken and I am forced to undeceive you."

turns ghastly pale.

"Ohl that I had been shot this morning. It would have been for more 1. C. 550, and were probably used daily more merciful than this! II:

nothing more to say, Ver gasps.

view is extremely disagreeable. Go I., Necho, Psammetlchus II., and and never let me see you again. You Aahmes. These were clay stoppers, more to me than you ever we could be. Go! You have wronged me. Loyal, deh and combed! You, peruspa, inc.

destroyed it all The more sight of n is reputsive to mel? His features show his agony.

audible--"thanks for the truth. thought it was too unreal, too little like you to love me, poor and unknown. Your love is only for the highest bid-er. May that man find your true value. Adjeu!" value. And he leaves the room.

Idols in Japan.

The commonest sights along

ways and byways of the "Lar to the Rising Sun" are decayed and deserted and it Boulak (Cairo), the British Mutemples, descrated shrines, toppling

PHARAOH'S HOUSE.

some of the Recently Collected and Forwarded to Europe.

It is but a month or two ago that peo-

it may interest many to know that a number of antiquities have been colmuch those of a military fortress as of a royal vesidence, and the objects recovtwo such places.

The first things of interest are the four corners of the castle, which contoy if founder, Psammetichus I., specimens of ore, etc. The chief articles of jewelry are car-rings, rings, amulets and engraved stones bearing traces of been manufactured by Greek jewelers Numbers of small weights have been tarned up while digging among the weighing the gold and precious stones

provious to purchase. one, too, has left her mark among charged remains of this ancient arrived upon them, and ten gems of ood Roman work, prove an intercourse There is a little silwith that nation. Hophra. A silver ram's head and gold andle complete the list of the most Eupertant specimens of jewelry.

Among the domestic treasures are a long knife, fourteen inches long and unite flat. This comes from Pharaoh's Raphael trembles as she proceeds and latchen: so also do the small fryingpans and some bowls, bottles, dishes, plates and cups, all of which date from merciful than this! Have you nothing her the royal household. An old brasier one ring-stands have also been it home. From the butler's

cantry come amphoræ stoppers, stamp-"Very little, except gol This inter ed with the cartouches of Psammetichus

have, perhaps, killed the man who was | sealed by the inspector, and then plastover and stimped with the roya Ten speciments of these Mr. But for you I should have been the Petrio has sent bome. Arrowheads, a "Yes, yes, Tknow. I could not toll Paheraas Borghern in a short thate swordshault and part of the blade, a Stine, of swisted pattern, some spikes from the top of a Sardinian mer-'s helinet, knoce and 'mages, and

"Thanks, Vera," he says, his voice that the old castle had once been a mil-I itary stronghold. This is but an outline, showing the

kind of specimens found among the runs of El Kasr el Bint et Yahudi (the Castle of the Jew's Daughter), and serve to add to the innumerable proofs -if proof were needed-of the advanced tion of the ancient Egyptians. It.

oved that those antiquities will eventually be divided between the muse-

purchase the hulks of wrecks in hope of obtaining enough out of them to make considerable money. But this is very speculative business, as, in many instances, the wreck will be broken to ple of an archeeological turn of mind pieces by the sea before anything can be were delighted with the tidings sent taken from it. A wrecker, of Boston, home by the Egypt Exploration Fund a few years ago, purchased for \$10,000 of the discovery of Pharaoh's House in a large ocean steamer which had been Taipanhes. An account of the wonder- wrecked, and in less than a week the ful old ruin and its reliques of a past vessel went to pieces, and he was \$10,-

the 'wrecking' business; that is, they

"Another and most important part of a diver's business is the rescuing of lected and sent home, and have recent- bodies of those who have been drowned. ly been on view at the Archaeological Until within a few years these bodies institute at Oxford Mansion. It will were recovered, if at all, by means of to remembered that the ruins were as grappling irons, and the bodies were often thus badly mutilated, but nowadays a diver can go down and rescue cred are almost entirely those which the body with no trouble at all. The would be likely to be found in either of bodies of the drowned in wrecks are generally in all manner of positions, and the diver often sees most horrible foundation deposits, from under the things in these places. But it is not only in the ocean that divers rescue sist of small vessels little tablets en- bodies, but in ponds and rivers, and graved with the name and titles of the even wells. This branch of the diver's work is a most humane one, and his endeavors should be recognized.

"But the greater part of the diver's work at present is what is termed the Greek workmanship, having probably scientific branches; that is, the repairing of dams, building of sea-walls or 1 in the town of Talpanhes, or Daphnie. breakwaters, the cleaning of steamship bottoms, the clearing of clogged propellers. By improvements in the armour in ruins, which it is thought were for recent years, the divercan now do about all the work under water that he can do on land. He carries an electric light attached to his breast, and by it he is enabled to see without difficulty in inchold, and some rings with names those places where he would be unable to work were it not for the light. Divers

undoubtedly see many things which, if they had a training in science, would help the world of science to the solution Matuette of the Egyptian wargod, of many problems which now vexes it; but the diver becomes used to the sights, and therefore sees nothing remarkable in them. But many stories published in the papers of the sights and experiences of divers under water the door of the heart that both the word are of the wildest character, and have in them no shadow of truth, and," continued the diver to whom the reporter was talking, "I have been in the business some thirty-five years, and have been in all kinds of water, and I never so much as heard of a fish attacking a dinances; infidelity, profanity and mys-ticism make nothing of them; faith uses them according to the divine apdiver. But if one should take it into his head to do this, it would be a sad day for the diver, for a fish develops pointment. surprising strength when he is seen in his native element, and could walk all round a man in no time.

"When an accident happens to a diver's air supply he feels as if he was in a viso, and as the flexible rubber suff is not able to withstand the great pressure while the belmet is, all the blood in a man's body is forced to his head, and he has to have exceedingly strong blood vessels in his head to he able to some fragments of scale-armour, show | cases out of ten the man's death is caused by the bursting of these blood vessels before he can be pulled to the surface.

> "But after all, in spite of the danger, it is a fascinating business, and 1 wouldn't change it for any other."

Telephony Against Telegraphy.

The question of telephony vs. telegraphy has been recently discussed by a well-known German electrician, Dr. Weitlisbach. The chief hindrance to sour, and the Museum of Fine Arts, the use of the telephone for long dis-

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

God judges our actions by our motives; men judge our motives by our actions.

The wealth of a soul is measured by how much it can feel; its poverty by how little.

Our glorious aspirations, which give us life, grow torpid in the din of worldly bustle.

A pure mind is free of the universe. It belongs to the family of the pure in all worlds.

The mercy that can forgives our haquety will never be severe to mark our frailties.

Deference is the most complete, that most indirect and the most elegant of compliments.

Never are human beings smaller than when they want to plague and punish without knowing how.

It is more beautiful to overcome injury by kindness than to oppose to it the obstinacy of hatred.

Nothing sifts and winnows our proferences and partialities better than ac imitation of the same by others.

A philosopher when smitten must love those who smite him; as if ha were the father and brother of all men.

Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe to be right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise.

The moment we feel angry in contro-versy, we have already ceased striving for truth, and begun striving for ourselves.

Always meet petulance with gentleness, and perverseness with kindness, A gentle hand can lead an elephant by a hair. To have a portion in the world is a

mercy; to have it for our portion would

be ruin. The great use of this world as

When you go home fill the house with

Trials and sorrows to God's children

Though the word and the spirit do

are like the strong and rough blasts to

the ship, which bear it on the more speedily to the haven of rest.

the main work, yet suffering so unbolts

Depart from the highway, and trans-

plant thyself in some enclosed ground;

for it is hard for a tree that stands by

the wayside to keep her fruit till it be

Superstition makes everything of or-

The triumphs of truth are the most

glorious chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving

their highest lustre from the number of

The root of religion is the fear of

God: the rule of religion is the law of

God; the motive of religion is the love of God; the end of religion is to glorify

Both wit and musication in the ignorant's trides without integrity. The ignorant's peasant without fault is greater than peasant without fault is many. What the

When alone, we have our thoughts tes

watch; in the family, our temper; in society; our tougues. We should en-deavor to illustrate our devotions in tha-

morning by our conduct through these

The God of the dead waits enthroned

in immortal light to welcome the good

into his kingdom of joy, to the homes he had gone to prepare for them, where

the One Being dwells beyond the stars.

Sing of the nature of woman and

the philospher with many. Whi get its or courage without a bear??

the saved, not of the slain.

God and enjoy him forever.

and the spirit have easier entrance.

joy, so that the light of it will stream

out of the windows and doors and illu-

to make sure of the next.

minate even the darkness.

ripe.

day.

seen; all the piazzas are deserted.

Only the travel-stained pilgrim sits by the fountains with the mark of the cruel lash on his handsome boylsh face.

* There is a ball that night at the Russian embassy; the rooms, decorated with fabulous extravagance, are like scenes from fairy lands.

1k

Masses of rarest flowers and plants are placed around; richest tapestries and statues make the old palace look as though it was a garden called up by a

All nations are there; beauties from all parts of the civilized world are at the ball that night; it is the event of the season, and the last for some time, as Lent is coming on; so the guests are making the most of their time to the music of the musicians, hidden behind a bank of flowers and palm-branches. Women in gorgeous raiment, blazing with jewels, smile, their eyes sparkle with enjoyment, and all is one grand carnival of pleasuro.

Off the ball-rooms are doors leading out on to the terrace; the night is warm; several persons, finding the air inside oppressive, walk out into the moonlight and stroll leisurely up and down, or sit in the shade of the orange trees.

The Prince Borghese and the Princoss Vera come out and walk; she is magnificent in her ball dress of satin and lace with a necklace of diamonds, and diamonds sparkling in her hair; the prince is talking to her in low tones, holding his head close to hers.

A shadow comes out of the darkness looks up, angry at the interruption; the Spagna. princess, too, looks and gives an involuntary start,

"Well, sir, what can we do for you?" says the prince, impatiently,

The stranger turns his face in the moonlight, and the prince sees a red tine across it, as he answers.

"The prince was kind enough to

"Vera," says Raphael, suddenly, what is the prince to you?" "Nothing," she answers. "Then it is not true that you are to

marry him?" "Can you ask me, after what I have

told you?"

"I believe you," he says trustingly. "And to think that in a few hours you are to fight him-the best shot in Rome! To think that you may be killed! Oh, I cannot bear the thought!"

"Do not think of it, darling. To-day I wished to die; now I feel I am invulnerable and will be victorious. I am protected by happiness and love."

"May heaven grant it! Now that I have found you I could not bear your loss; it would kill me."

"My happiness is too great! I can scarcely believe it," he says. "It seems like a dream! Too much as I wished-too improbable to realize!" "Does this seem unreal?" she says,

throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him passionately again and again.

* 1 Daylight has come. The sun has risen and the Romans are taking their morning walk, or sitting lozily in the sun.

The foreigners are out doing the sights, armed with their guide-books, and the beggars and artists' models are and stands in their path. The prince as thick as usual in the Piazza di

A young man hurries along, almost on a run, and turns down the Via Con-

dotti to the Corso. People look after him in wonder, such activity is so unusual among the Romans.

man," they mutter and pass on.

ombstones, uncared-for and unvershipped idols-these last being very queer, grotesque, and interesting rolles darkness. Here is one cut in base relief felt in the operations of a diver, and three human figures.

Another is a human figure with go to a depth of 150 feet, but he does hands clasped in the attitude of devot not care to remain at this depth for any tion, its head surmounted by that of a length of time. very docile-looking calf; another, that of a grinning priest; still another, two attendant upon a diver's life, but he is female figures standing side by side apt to become indifferent to them. Unwith upturned faces, clasped bands, til within a year or two it was sure and dressed in the garb of nuns; another; the form of a fabulous animal; and so | give out or a break to occur in his supad libitum, for the gods of Japan are said to number eight millions, the chief attached to the pipe which prevents the one of them being "Amida" or Buddha, air within the dress from escaping if an His image is to be found everywhere throughout the land-upon the more tain tops, in the loneliest valleys, and even in the desert places; in the temples, the houses, the thoroughfares of the largest cities, and the lowliest hearlets of this benighted land. In vural districts and mountainous parts the offerings made to him are stones piled up around the pedestal upon which he sits. This "Amida" is to the Japanese what becomes too familiar we let the air es-Jupiter was to the ancient Greeks-the cape out of our sleeves, which have father of all the gods.

-W. II. Wilson is now sole owner of the famous trotting stallton Sultan, having purchased P. S. Talbert's share on December 22 for \$10,000.

-Among the brood mares which -Among the brood mares which bed, and the divers mutaning in wonder, such activity is so un-similar among the Romans. "A lunatic or an eccentric English-nan," they mutter and pass on. On he goes along the Corso to 123,

The Life of a Diver.

Boston U. S.

from stone; the upper main figure is a l while the subjoined report of a converhuman form having six arms, wearing sation of one of these submarine worka crown upon its head and a very devout men had with a Boston reporter does expression upon the face. Under tasse, not contain a great deal that is strikupholding the pedestal upon which the logly new it can hardly fail to be genermain figure stands, are three parts of faily interesting. Having described the ing a rude likeness to a human head, decanot care to go below the surface thus forming a faint resemblance to more than 100 feet on ordinary occasions, although there are some who can

"Of course, there are many dangers

death for a man to have his air pump ly pipe; but recently a valve has been

accident occurs to the air supply. Then again, some people have an idea that diversate attacked by fishes when in the water, but this is not the case. In the waters in this vicinity we see but very few fish, but in tropical waters we see plensy. If, howaver, you will leave them alone they will leave you alone.

The shack is a very cowardly fish, and lastic wristbands, and the hissing sound which it makes invariably frightons the fish away.

"Many people have the idea that the bottom of the ocean is one vast treasure bed, and the divers must reap a rich harvest when they go below. There are undeubtedly many treasures in the sea, but no one knows their location, and, therefore, the divers seldom find

"Many divers carry on what is called | was used to perfume the wine.

tance is, he points out, of a financial, not of a technical nature. A telephone line 2,000 km. long (about 1.243 miles), costs considerably over 1,000,000 marks (\$250,000). It is still possible to speak very well this distance; but even supposing the line were in constant use day and night, the receipts must be five marks (say shillings) a minute to make it pay. In telephone work, however, the line is in use only a few hours daily; hence a short conversation would cost at least legs and as many arms and hands; each suit avid explained the system of feeding short conversation would cost at least pair of hands holds a round ball bear- the diver with air, he said; "A diver fifty marks (£2 10s). That is, of course. too dear for ordinary traffic. The telegraph works, with almost the same speed, more than ten times more cheaply. Thus the question as to rivalry between telephone and telegraph ands its settlement. The telephone, up to about 600 km, distance (say 310 miles), will more and more displace the real believer first becomes a doubter. telegraph, and find an extension which the telegraph would never reach. But for greater distances the telegraph must keep the upper hand. Thus telephone and telegraph are really not rivals but fitted to supplement each other.

Reconstruction of Ancient Perfumes.

Two ancient Egytian perfumes had been reconstituted through the researches of a young French professor at Lyons, who has devoted himself to studying Egytian sculpture and the plants of the Nile valley, By hunting through the papyrus texts and the inscriptions on the walls of the temple lavatories, he will seldom attack a man; but if one found the recipes for the manufacture of "tasi " and "kyphi," The former was a temple perfume, used to anoint the statues of the Egyptian Venus, "Kyphi" was more important, and besides being used at home for the rites of Isis and Serapis, was imported into Greece and Rome after the conquest of Egypt. It then became the favorite "kyphi" after the bath, and were sprinkled with essence during the grand banquets, while sometimes it

then the song shall be surely full of variety, old crochets and most sweet classes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastie, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one.

Sleep, thou repose of all things; sleep, thou gentlest of the dieties; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies; who dost soothe the hearts of men wearled with the toils of the day and refittes: them for labor.

Do not let us he at all. Do not think better that our hearts should be swept clean of them.

Doubt in itself is not meritorions or otherwise. Some people think it is smart to doubt. Doubt easily becomes flippant and precocious. There is a pernicious pride of disbelief. Doubt rightly exercised is the appeal of reason for reasons. Doubt is the crucifixion of superstition and credulity. Every

The perfectly just man would be he who should love justice for its own sake, not for the honors or advantages that attend it; who would be willing to pass for unjust, while he practised the most exact justice; who would not suf-fer himself to be moved by disgrace or distress, but would continue steadfast in the love of justice, not because it is pleasant, but because it is right.

The world's history is a divine poem. of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man is a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian philospher and historiar, the humble listener, there has been a di-vine melody running through the songs. which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come

I think that it is good for every minister to write something besides sermons-books, articles, essays, at least letters; provided he has control of him-self, and still remains the preacher; and Treece and Rome after the conquest of Egypt. It then became the favorite perfume among the luxurious Greeks and Romans, who were anointed with "kyphi" after the bath, and were thinkers fall of effect for want of an organ of utterance, a free pulpit style. The trouble with them, often, is that they never wrote anything but sermon ».