



**A Pearl From the Persian.**

A dew-drop falling on the wild rose,  
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"  
But in a flash received, that drop of dew  
A pearl of marvelous beauty grew,  
And happy now the grace did magnify  
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die.

"I perish quite," it said,  
Torn by a ruder drive from its ocean's bed,  
Oh, unbeliever! so it comes to gleam  
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

The seed must die before the corn appears  
Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears.  
Low have those ears before the seed been sown,  
Ere thou dost thrust the golden grain.  
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,  
And the bread broke ere life to men came.

Oh, be content to die, to be laid low,  
To be crushed and to be broken so  
If thou upon God's table may be bread,  
Life-giving food for soul an hungered.

**AN ODD COINCIDENCE.**

The sunset fire still lingers in the sky,  
And the long beach still glitters in the light,  
But the young girl pacing the platform  
Of the little depot at Beachview  
Does not note the beauty of it all.  
She is looking at the white sand, the sea,  
True, but not at the waves that run up so nobly:

"Every one with a foamy crest,  
Worn like a jewel on the crest,  
She is staring, rather, with eyes lit  
With a somber fire like the opals, at a  
distant pink dress which makes a bit  
of pale bloom on the beach.

At that moment the bell rings.  
She casts one hurried glance round  
and then steps into a cab. A hand touches her.

"Why, Nell, by Jove, I can near  
being late! Forgive me!"  
She did not speak, but went in  
silently and sat down in the first vacant  
seat.

A rather dusky young man  
seated himself opposite to her, and  
gazed somewhat anxiously at the  
clouded face.

"Nice evening for your trip, Nell!"  
he said at last.

"Yes!"

The monosyllable fell from her lips  
cold and hard as a bit of ice.

"I ought to have started with you—  
the fact is, I was detained."

"So I saw," with a slight blush and  
just the suspicion of a sneer on the  
full red lip.

"Oh, so you saw me with Miss Hanly?"  
he said, moving uneasily. "Come,  
Nell, you don't mean to say you're  
jealous?"

Elmore grew suddenly very cold.

"It's very odd," she said, in a choked  
voice, "others have noticed it, for the  
last three weeks you have been de-  
voted."

"Devoted?" Oh, come now, Nell,  
that's putting it rather too strong.  
I own I have talked a good deal, but you  
can't trust me to talk to a woman."

The girl's eyes blazed, the opal spark  
kindled into a conflagration.

"You have my full permission to  
talk to every woman in the future,  
with one exception," she exclaimed;  
and lest you should feel bound to  
her, you had better take back this  
pledge, which must have been given  
in a rash moment that I am ever your  
devoted."

"So saying, she slipped from her finger  
a solitary diamond. The light caught  
as she held it out to him, and it  
blazed like a fair star.

Nell Gordon started back, and his  
face grew white.

"Good heaven, Nell, you are not in  
earnest? You are not going to let a  
freck of money spend your life?"

"I am not the responsible," she said,  
drawing herself up with dignity.  
"I have not been flirting desperately  
with another for weeks, looking into  
her eyes with absorbed interest, stry-  
ing on the sands in the midday heat,  
meeting her in the city, Oh, yes, I  
have heard of this last, too."

"You are wrong, Nell—by Jove,  
you are—and about the gossip and  
talkers into the bargain! You are not  
at liberty just now to explain; but can't  
you trust me, Nell, darling?"

She still held out the ring. As he  
did not take it she dropped it in his  
pocket.

"Oh, you cannot explain, but ask me  
to trust you," she said, with scorn.  
"No, I cannot trust you. I think I  
never trust any one again."

It was Nell's turn now to blare with  
wrath.

"So be it," he exclaimed. "If there  
is no mutual trust, the sooner all is  
over the better, and so, with your  
permission, I will go into the smoking-car  
and try a cigar."

"That is all a man feels," she thought—  
"a cigar can soother him for my  
loss, and her wrath increased."

"I do not recall the pleasure of a  
smoke on my account," she said. "All  
that I see is Judge Holt in the car. He  
will, I am sure, act as my escort when  
I arrive. I should much prefer that  
now."

There was a minor cadence of mis-  
ery in the "now" that the young man  
did not notice. He, too, was irrespon-  
sible from passion.

"Oh, if you prefer that, all right,  
Adieu, and bon voyage," he said, and  
a sinister smile upon his face, he turned  
with his usual bag, and Elmore found  
herself sitting alone, looking out deso-  
lately at field and stream and wayside  
cottage as they whirled past.

Somewhere, on the face of all the world  
seemed changed to her—a something  
fled that would not return. She had  
been dreaming a pleasant dream, and  
it was over—that was that.

Strange that she thought so persist-  
ently of one evening on the sands,  
when the waves seemed to have learned  
a new song and the whole universe  
had been set to new music, and two  
lines from a familiar poem kept echo-  
ing in her mind, and the car rushed on:

"Many an evening by the seashore did we  
watch the starry ships,  
And our spirits raised by the touch-  
ing of the lips."

Suddenly she began to question her-  
self. Why should she go on? The  
car of her journey was defeated.  
Alice Charlton, her dearest friend, was  
passing through the city. She had  
proposed spending the night with her,  
to tell of her adventures. All that  
was over. Why should she go on?  
Like a wounded animal she longed to  
get back to her hole and bear her pain  
alone.

The car stopped with a jerk. She  
knew the station. She could get off  
and be home in the shelter of her own  
room in an hour. No sooner thought  
than done. She was whirling back to  
the Beachview hotel in a kind of moun-  
tain dream. Her head ached, and it  
was agony to think. She wished there  
was any way of turning a valve in the  
brain, and shutting off tormenting  
thoughts.

She did not gain her room un-  
challenged. A certain pink dress  
floated near her, and a shrill voice  
cried, "What! didn't you go to the  
cove?" Then there was a vigilant  
stare to evade, but at last she saw the  
solace of finding herself alone. She  
sat down by the window and looked  
out at the wide summer sky, and  
wondered if the day would ever come

**"I wish I could!"**

"Oh, Cora, you couldn't find another  
Cora! But, see here, I believe you're  
in love!"

"I am—but, I've had sort of mis-  
understanding."

"Oh, that old fellow—make it up  
with him. That's nothing. Cora and I have had  
a dozen tiffs. The reconciliation is the  
best part. Put pride in your pocket,  
my girl! It will all come right."

"No, I'm not going to do that, how-  
ever, as her mood that night by the  
window, and kept a vigil like Elmore's,  
gazing out at that same pale silver  
sickle of the harvest moon."

"Begin again for yourself. Why  
had he not insisted that she should  
have heard all? He should have had  
no secrets from her. She only showed  
a proper spirit in resenting his con-  
duct! With these thoughts torment-  
ing her, it may be supposed that the  
gray dawn found him haggard and  
unrefreshed."

"The rosy streak on ocean's cheek,  
Grew into the great sun."

Ah! here was a new day—a day  
with all the light quenched, though the  
sun might shine never so bravely.

There was a stir in the house—  
some one knocked and then suddenly  
a frightened, haggard little woman  
entered in a blue cashmere wrapper  
without collar or brooch. Mrs. Hanly  
had not waited to apply the soft peach  
blush, and her cheeks were pale. She  
looked at Cora with a gaze that was  
considered so "fencing" by the mas-  
culine culture of the guests.

"I—I know you couldn't have  
heard," she gasped, "but it's so dread-  
ful, you ought to know, but I tell  
you, really—very difficult for me to tell  
you, while you gaze at me as if I'd  
come to insult you," cried the little  
woman, quite overcome by Elmore's  
stare.

"Perhaps you will be good enough  
to explain," said Elmore, with all her  
dignity.

"Oh, he was a real friend, and would  
have done so much for me, but I don't  
like him, and the little woman  
sobbed."

"What have I to do with your  
friends?" asked Elmore, scornfully.

"Mrs. Hanly, my dear friend," cried  
Mrs. Hanly, mopping her eyes.  
Elmore's heart stood still, and every-  
thing about her seemed to swing into  
space with a horrible rush and whirl.  
Nell! that of him? The girl! True,  
she had given him up. He was  
to be nothing to her in the future; but  
just now she felt that he was all—  
all of hope—all of happiness—all of life!

The seven trusty nightgowns with  
an "eider-down" coverlet, and so, re-  
ported. I thought you ought to  
know, but he may be saved. The worst  
was the smoking-car."

"The smoking-car? How nonchal-  
ant she had been! He granted it, and  
went to God she had died with him!"

"I don't mind telling you, as you're  
engaged, how good he was to me,"  
said Mrs. Hanly. "I am not a widow  
yet, but I have lived long, and I  
—in prison for forgery. I did not want  
to punish that fact here you know,  
and Nell took up my case; he had  
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"Well, here we are! Don't go to  
the north tonight. I will go with you  
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"And if the destruction of the forests  
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