

Daily Eagle

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

What can a helpless female do? What can she do to help her husband? Or, if he is no longer her husband, what can she do to help her children?

ENVY AND COMPASSION.

It was a beautiful spring day. The sky was blue, the little birds twittering in the tree tops made the earth gay with their songs.

"What were their names?" interrupted the eldest of a party of girls, who had gathered about the fire to listen to a story.

The boy's name was Neidhart—can you remember that, my dear? It is the German word for envy.

He was pale, had restless eyes and black hair, being altogether a contrast to his sister, a lovely blond, gentle and fair.

The boy and girl were alone in the world, their father and mother having died; and now they were starting out like the children of a fairy tale to seek their fortunes.

They had divided the little inheritance left them by their parents, or rather, the little Neidhart had strapped round his neck the bag of gold coins which had been left them both, and the few jewels he had taken care to thrust into his own pocket, while his sister was allowed to keep only one small hoop that her mother had worn on her finger for many years.

But Neidhart, with her sunny spirit, was quite contented with this division, and at the time of which I have been speaking, she wandered along after Neidhart, nodding to the bright colored blossoms that so joyously lifted their heads from the grass, without once being tempted to pluck them and cast them aside, as that wicked Neidhart was continually doing.

Once she stood still to call up to a cuckoo on a rocky fir branch, that he must take care for her, would he make himself hoarse with his chatter? Then, again, she stopped to help an industrious ant to collect pine needles which she needed for building her skillfully contrived new house.

But Neidhart, who saw the beauty of the spring nor heard the happy voices of the birds, he was thinking only of all the gold rings in his possession, and suddenly it seemed to him that there were no more precious treasures upon this earth than those of money and jewels.

The expression upon his face grew harder and harder minutely minute, and the glance of his evil eyes grew more and more malicious.

Poor Neidhart!

"Just you wait, you stupid child," he murmured between his teeth, as he walked along, "I'll even out with you. You'll see then how I'll pull that ring off your finger, and I'll put out those pretty eyes of yours with my sharp knife. You always say God protects all good little children. You can see whether he will help you to find your way out of this dark wood when I am gone and you are blind!"

After this he refused to speak another word to Neidhart, but led her deeper and deeper into the forest, where the trees stood so close together that it was quite dark.

Neidhart, thinking no evil, walked trustingly on behind the wicked boy. She knew that he was constantly out of temper, and that he rarely had a good word for anybody, but worse than that she could not think of him.

The path became much rougher as they went on, so that at last Neidhart's tender little feet grew sore with walking.

Gradually her strength began to fail.

Finally she sank down—she could go no farther.

"Let us rest under this Linden tree," exclaimed Neidhart, leaning back, as she seated herself upon an old gnarled stump. "You must be weary, too, Neidhart," she said, in her sweet voice.

"A boy is not so easily tired, you silly thing, you! And for that reason you and I are going to part company. But you may give me that ring first. It is much too good for you!"

"Oh, dear brother! It is the only thing I have belonging to my dearest mother!"

"Be quiet!" interrupted Neidhart harshly, "at the same time roughly seizing her delicate little wrist. 'If you don't give it to me willingly I'll rip it off in a trice!'"

Neidhart was quite terrified by his brother's unaccountable behavior. She still with-out moving, and without being able to speak a word, but she gazed up into his face with deep reproach shining forth from her gentle eyes.

This reproachful glance Neidhart felt unable to bear. Trembling with eagerness for the longed for ring, he tore his knife from its sheath and carried on his wicked purpose. Then seeing his long which had lain down for the moment, he hurried away, like one who, haunted by a bad, bad conscience, is anxious to get out of the sight of his victim as quickly as possible.

Poor little girl! Her sight being destroyed, she was no longer able to follow the robber. At first she called loudly, "Neidhart! Neidhart!"

"Neidhart-hart-hart!" repeated the echo. Her brother made the deserted little one no answer, and yet it did not seem lonely in that great forest. Suddenly all about Neidhart were many strange sounds—a rustling and fluttering, and tramping, and kissing, and cawing, and growling, and roaring—the earth almost seemed to rock beneath the heavy tread of the advancing numbers of animals.

Neidhart could see nothing, but she was soon convinced that the creatures were coming nearer and nearer every moment; coming from every direction at once.

In her fear she knew not where to turn. She breathed a short prayer to the kind Father of us all that she might not perish. She then saw some redness in the trees about her, and to her joy found strength had been given her to reach the topmost branch.

Here her alarm subsided. Her eyes gave her bitter pain, but after a little this became more bearable, and soon she was able to occupy her thoughts with the voice that arose from the foot of the Linden.

This was the night when all the animals, great and small, meet together under the Linden tree. Once a year they do this, and he who is fortunate enough to be hidden in the tree during that night can understand everything that is said among them.

Neidhart not knowing this, thought a con- clave of wise old men was being held below, therefore she kept as still as a little mouse, that she might not be the means of disturbing them. This was a very good thing, how- ever, for who knows how the creatures would have tormented her, had she been dis- covered!

"Yes," said the bear in an important tone, "if the king there in his castle beyond the forest knew that his daughter was kept con- cealed in the depths of the woods by the rob- bers who stole her, he would be happy. He has sought the vanished princess now for an entire year, and they say he has cried his eyes blind in his sorrow."

"My girl, to the king would be to bathe his eyes in the dew that falls from the Linden tree to-night," said the fox. "It would enable him to see again—yes, much better even than before."

"He knows just as little what treasures are in my possession here at the foot of this tree," said the snake, with a wise shake of its head. "There are many pearls and jewels buried here in such numbers that all the distress in the kingdom could be done away with were they only one sold!"

Meanwhile the morning had come. The animals now began to wish each other a po- lite farewell, and each went his own way. Neidhart spent little time in thought. With a short prayer to the holy Father of us all, she bathed her eyes with the dew from the Linden tree, and behold! a miracle was performed.

Neidhart saw once more the rosy sky, the flowers that she loved, and the whole won- ders of nature; and from the depths of her grateful heart she thanked her Lord for his merciful aid. She then turned her eyes toward the king's castle, and she saw the king standing on the roof of the castle, and he was looking toward her with a joyful expression.

He was richly dressed in clothing embro- idered with gold and he wore a shining crown on his white hair; but Neidhart's heart ached for the poor old man—he looked so sad, and he was also forced to be led by one of his knights.

Yes, it was true; he was totally blind.

Neidhart modestly up to the king, in a low tone begging permission to tell him something that she was sure would give him very great happiness.

The king bowed pleasantly. The sound of his voice, young Neidhart moved him strangely, and seeing this, all turned wonder- ingly at the little maiden who in her white robe had appeared so suddenly from the depths of those great forests near by. In simple words Neidhart told her story. When she had finished, the king announced his in- tention of setting the Linden tree.

Placing his hand in that of Neidhart she led him forward to the marvelous tree, and when the dew was placed upon his eyes, through the grace of God, he was once more able to see.

At the same instant the forest resounded with the ring of happy voices and the clanking of weapons. A brave knight rode up to the king and presented his newly liberated daughter, whom the old man clasped to his rejoicing heart with tears of thankfulness.

In his excessive joy he could scarcely find words in which to thank Neidhart.

"Child, child," he faltered at last, while he fondly stroked the fair curls of the lovely child, "every wish shall be granted you."

Then Neidhart quickly entreated the king to grant her the treasure that the snake had made known to her. All were astonished at the measureless wealth that was now brought to light. But the snake slipped softly away, knowing that the hidden treasure was now in good hands.

Neidhart kept neither the costly pearls nor sparkling jewels for herself.

Unwearily the gentle maiden wandered over the earth in sunshine and storm, in summer's heat and winter's cold, doing whatever good she found to do, distributing her gifts as often as she found poverty and distress. Neidhart was indeed a blessing to all who came within her ken.

But close behind her, like a shadow, stole the wicked Neidhart, full of jealousy and hatred for all those who shared his generous sister's boundless wealth.

Take care, dear children, that you keep the best fast when he knocks at the door of your little hearts, for what a foothold once gained by envy, hatred or malice, compass- ion will fly away from you, and oh, my dar- lings, she will never return.

Upon the earth's broad surface there is no unhappier being than a child who has sent compassion away from her heart and her hands. It has given that wicked envy a place inside—Elizabeth Abercrombie in In- dependent.

An Anecdote of Regnier.

Propos of M. Auguste Vaquerie's "Jean Baudry," here is a curious story, not generally known. When the piece was originally played in 1853, Regnier accepted the part with enthusiasm. It was not only the role that pleased him, but the personage. He had until then played only low comedy parts relating to the school house and the theatre, never allowing his name to be connected with the name of the bill, not wishing to appear ridiculous before his boy. The role of Jean Baudry enabling him to show himself in a character worthy of esteem and respect, he took his son to the theatre with him on the first night. Regnier afterward said that if he was excellent in the character, it was because he knew that his son was in the audience, and could add his applause without being ashamed.—London World.

How to Clean Pearls and Coral.

Set pearls which have become discolored by wear may often be improved by placing in a covered vessel with a mixture of whiting, ammonia and water, and permitting them to remain a few hours.

Coral may be cleaned by soaking in soda and water for some hours. A lather of soap is then made and brushed upon the coral with the softest of hair brushes. A frequent changing of the water is desirable.—Fatisdaphnia Record.

A Bachelors Young Man.

Hanover, Mich., has a new, peculiar and eccentric young man. He is so bachelors that he does not speak to his nearest neighbors, and he will go miles out of his way to avoid meeting a young lady. A few years ago his parents sent him to school; he attended only three days because the young ladies sur- rounded him; the school house was so packed him till he nearly faints. He took his books home that night and has never been in of a school room since. Yet this young man has taken prize after prize for plans for public buildings, and is a first class mechanic.—Detroit Letter.

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