



Sultan (reading from his presentation copy of Mr. William Watson's sonnets):  
 "Thou with the brightest of hell's aureoles  
 Dost shine supreme, incomparably crowned  
 Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned!"  
 "Well, I'm —! I mean, Bismillah!"

#### THE DAUGHTER.

There's one I miss—a little questioning maid  
 That held my finger, trotting by my side,  
 And smiled out of her pleased eyes open wide,  
 Wondering and wiser at each word I said.  
 And I must help her frolic if she played,  
 And I must feel her trouble if she cried;  
 My lap was hers past right to be denied;  
 She did my bidding, but I more obeyed.  
 Dearest she is today, dearer and more;  
 Closer to me, since sister womanhood meet.  
 Yet, like poor mothers, some long while bereft,  
 I dwell on toward ways, quaint memories left,  
 I miss the approaching sound of pitapat feet,  
 The eager baby voice outside my door.  
 —Augusta Webster.

#### NO ONE KNEW HIM.

"I am very sorry, George, but this was really what she said."  
 These were the words of Florence Larkin to her brother. George had entrusted her with that difficult commission—to find out why Gertrude was off and on with him—why she was sometimes so cordial and sweet and sometimes so distant. And poor Florence had to explain to George that Gertrude had virtually said that he was too commonplace. She could not marry a man that nobody knew and nobody talked about. He was good, he was successful, he was kind, he was everything that Miss Edgeworth would require in one of her novels, but he did not attract people's attention. Nobody ever heard of George Larkin.  
 After Florence had explained this in the minutest way possible twice, George seemed to understand what she was talking about.  
 "Does she want to see my name in the newspapers?"  
 "I should not say that," said Florence.  
 "Does she want me to ride down Broadway in plate armor and nail on the doors of Trinity a notice that she is the prettiest girl in the world?"  
 "She did not say so," said Florence.  
 "Does she want to see me more?"  
 "I should think you would do better if you went there less," said Florence.  
 "If all she wants is to have me talked about, she shall have her way!" And George Larkin flounced out of the room.  
 Ten days after, as Gertrude Clark came down, rather late, to her breakfast, the servant brought in a pile of letters on the salver. Gertrude's little sister counted them; there were 28. "What in the world has happened?" said she.  
 The little sister cut them open, and Gertrude read:  
 DEAR MISS CLARK—I think you know Mr. George Larkin. Will you have the kindness to put his address on the note enclosed?  
 DEAR MISS CLARK—Do you know your friend Mr. Larkin well enough to ask him to come round to our reception? It is very informal, but we shall be so pleased to see him.  
 DEAR MISS CLARK—I am so annoyed that I forgot Mr. Larkin's first name. I want to send him a card for our party. May I trouble you for his address?  
 Twenty-three notes that contained such references to George!  
 Yet for these ten days past George had not sent her—no, not a carnation. He did send her a note to excuse himself from driving with her in the park. He was not even at her aunt's regular family party, where he had begged her to have him invited. George had wholly dropped out of her life, and Gertrude had begun to wish that he had not dropped out.

The reader shall know what had happened. The reader shall know how a nice girl may be suddenly waked up to find that her lover is not the unimportant person which in his humility he had made her believe. The reader shall know how one young man got himself named from one end of a continent to the other.  
 All this happened in a very large city of 3,000,000 people, which is the capital of a very large country, which country is next to the republic of Altruria.  
 This country was governed partly by the principles of the nation of Altruria, partly by the principles of the devil and partly by a sort of happy go lucky system which had worked very well for 100 years. In the course of the happy go lucky arrangements it found itself in a scrape for the sort of ready money that it wanted. It had some ready money, which the people did not much like, and it wanted some ready money made of beaten gold. And so the chief magistrate of this happy go lucky country had issued his proposals for what was called a "popular loan."  
 Nobody knew very well how the popular loan was to be taken up, but everybody was quite sure that his next door neighbor had better subscribe to it. People went so far as to say how much Mr. Jones ought to subscribe and how much the Widow Smith ought to subscribe. But, up till the moment when Gertrude sent that unkind message to George by Florence, nobody knew very well how the thing was going to turn out. It might be that the popular loan would all be taken up by a set of sharpers, or it might be that it would not be taken at all. It might be that it would be a very unpopular loan. And everybody was very curious to see.

There was once an occasion when all the nations of the world agreed that every person in the world should scream as loud as he could at a particular instant of time. When the instant came, there was a horrible stillness over the mundane creation. For everybody, instead of screaming himself, had listened to hear somebody else scream, and no one screamed but a dumb man in China and a deaf woman in the Sandwich Islands.  
 It was something like this about the popular loan. But at last the great day came when, at Washington, they opened the bids.  
 Now, the credit of this nation was pretty good and pretty bad. In very bright, gilt edged times it could borrow money at less than 8 per cent. In those times when there was trouble about the sort of money that it would give and take, it generally had to pay 104—that is to say, its 4 per cents were placed at 104. The different sharpers and the different old ladies, the men and women who had been coaxed up to subscribing in different ways, were in gen-

eral sending in their bids at 105 and 106 and 107.

But when at Washington the bids were opened, the weary clerks hearing "107 7-8," "104 11-12," till they went almost to sleep as they wrote down the scarcely varying numbers, all of a sudden a bolt fell like lightning from Jupiter. The reading clerk, almost as sleepy as the rest, cried out: "One hundred and twenty-five! Mr. George Larkin of New Bedlam offers 125 for 10 bonds of the new issue!"  
 Every sleepy clerk in the room started up in amazement. "Who is Mr. George Larkin?" And his bid was entered as by far the highest bid in the calendar.  
 The next evening every journal in that great empire, which extended from ocean to ocean, had a biography of Mr. George Larkin. These biographies were made up generally from the information given in the directory of New Bedlam. One of them therefore described Mr. George Larkin as the leading man at the Varieties. Another said that Mr. George Larkin was engaged in a profitable thread and needle business in the lower wards of New Bedlam. Another said that Mr. George Larkin had won his distinction as a reporter for the press. But all persons agreed that Mr. George Larkin was a person of great importance in the financial community, and that he was a patriot of the first water. It was generally agreed also that his foresight with regard to national affairs was well nigh perfect, and that no person knew so well as he did when stocks would rise and when they would fall. "Our readers will remember how on a previous occasion the whole turn of the stock market was changed by the sudden purchase of P. F. and L. This purchase is now attributed to the foresight of Mr. Larkin."

Gertrude, on that particular evening, did not happen to open her newspaper. If she had, she would have known that her lover was that day the man most talked about in the whole world. After this, she was so overwhelmed by her correspondence from different people who wanted her to introduce them to Mr. George Larkin that she had no time to open the newspapers for six months. She never knew, therefore, why Mr. George Larkin suddenly attained the prominence in all social walks, in walks of finance and indeed in the esteem of his fellow countrymen, which she had gained. She did know that, two or three days afterward, he came in to see her looking like a new man. He stood erect where his head had hung low, he had a cheerful smile on his face where he had looked dejected when she snubbed him. In fact, she did not dare to snub him. She knew that he was a person of much more importance in the estimate of the world than she was. And when George Larkin, for the first time in his life, gained the courage to ask Gertrude if she would marry him and make him happy for the rest of his life, Gertrude had no thought of saying anything but yes. So much is even a good girl governed unconsciously by the tone of the people who are around her.

It is an unimportant thing to add, but this great empire rose from its depression on the strength of Mr. George Larkin's offers to the treasury. Everybody saw that he was right, and nobody else was right. Four per cents rose to a higher line than had ever been known in history. The reputation of Mr. Larkin as a financier was established. Rothschilds and Belmonts and other bankers of the world begged for his advice, and offered him places in their firms. These he was not so foolish as to accept. But he lived a happy life with the woman he had loved, and he had the glad consciousness that, by the way, he had saved his country.—Edward Everett Hale in Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### Yule Fires.

Do not the "kitchen middens" of which geologists tell us—those singular remains of gigantic fires and roasted bones which science has discovered on many a northern shore—mark the site where the Yule logs of the king's fires were first kindled? Quantities of fossilized bones are embedded in the old world ash heaps—bones which careful investigation assures us have been roasted. Huge cooking places they must once have been. The bones strewing the ground after a carouse seem to have been a special feature of a Danish feast. We have only to recall the death of Elphage, the patriot archbishop of Canterbury, in the days of Ethelred, who, although a prisoner in the Danish camp, steadily refused to deliver himself by ransom, saying it would be treason in him to pay the enemies of England. "Gold, bishop, gold!" shouted the Danish throats, thirsting more for gain than blood, until, irritated by his constancy, they ran to a heap of bones and horns of oxen—the relics of their repasts—and showered them from all sides upon the aged Saxon. Elphage soon fell half dead, and was dispatched with an ax by one of the pirates.  
 We may gather some idea of these gigantic Yule fires from the ancient edicts and the allusions in the sagas to the important duty of kindling the beacon fires at the approach of an enemy. Whenever the Norsemen settled these beacon fires were established and their wardens appointed. Olaf Magnus and Snorro both prove that large trees were cut down in the nearest forest and piled upon the beacon hill until the blazing pine wood must have resembled a burning mountain. Yet the king's fire at the feast of Thor exceeded the beacons on the Norway headlands, as it burned for weeks, for the feast of Thor was also the appointed time for regulating all home affairs.—Notes and Queries.

#### One or the Other.

"It's hard to give satisfaction," said the new congressman wearily.  
 "It's very difficult to tell what people are going to say about you," assented his wife.  
 "Yes. But it's pretty sure to be one of two things—they'll either say you're extremely ordinary or else that you're a freak."—Washington Star.

#### LOSS OF THE LUTINE.

MORE THAN \$1,000,000 WENT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Only Two Survivors Picked Up, and They Soon Died—Of the Vast Treasure \$500,000 Has Been Recovered—Extensive Operations Under Way to Secure the Rest.

There is an oaken chair in the office of Lloyds', in London, the great maritime firm, which has a strange and romantic history. It was made from the rudder of the king's ship Lutine, which, in 1799, was wrecked in the North sea, with the largest amount of gold on board that ever went to the bottom. The secretary of Lloyds' recently gave to the public an interesting account of this wreck and of the numerous attempts to find her lost treasure. The Lutine was a 36 gun frigate, captured from the French in 1793.

"In the autumn of 1799 it was necessary to send a large amount of specie across the North sea, and, as usual, application was made to the admiralty for a king's ship. This method of conveyance was thought the best guarantee for honesty, the best assurance against capture by foreign foes. Although some money is supposed to have been transmitted by the Lutine to pay British troops then serving in Holland, the bulk of the treasure was forwarded for purely commercial reasons.

"London merchants trading with north Germany in those days were in the habit of sending their goods and then drawing bills for their value upon Hamburg and other houses at so many months ahead. By the time the bills fell due the goods had been sold for cash, which was paid into the banks to meet engagements. But a protracted frost in the early part of 1799 had so long sealed the Elbe that the merchandise had been detained ice bound and could not be landed or disposed of in time.

"The London traders, to save their credit and escape the expense of protest, providing new bills and other probable commercial disasters, resolved to send cash across to cover their drafts as they came to maturity. So grave was the crisis, so great the sum to be embarked, that a king's ship was asked, and nearly every banking firm in Lombard street dispatched a member in charge of its own cash contribution.

"Moreover, as many legal questions might arise, an experienced notary—his name is preserved, Mr. Schabrach—was secured to accompany the party and advise in any difficulty. The precious cargo was insured principally at Lloyds'.

"Various ideas, and nothing quite authoritative, prevail as to the exact amount on board the Lutine. Some say the specie, which was in coins of all sorts, gold and silver, guineas, golden piasters, double louis d'or, Sicilian goldpieces, silver piasters and dollars, also in gold and silver bars, reached a total value of upward of a million.  
 "In October of that year the Lutine was ordered round to Yarmouth to take treasure on board and proceed to the Elbe. Her captain was one Lancelot Skynner, R. N., an officer of distinction, and no doubt his mission was much to his taste. The short voyage was likely to bring him considerable profit, for it was the rule to pay naval captains a commission of 1 per cent on the total value embarked.  
 "On the evening of the 5th of October the Lutine lay in Yarmouth roads with a merry party on board. The captain, no doubt in excellent spirits, had given a grand ball to the leading people in and about Yarmouth. The last of the guests had hardly gone ashore when peremptory orders came from the admiralty that the Lutine should forthwith go to sea. She sailed in the early morning of the 6th, and from that time very little was heard of her.

"It is, however, known that she steered a straight course for Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, wind strong from north northwest, and greatly in favor. After landing passengers and treasure the Lutine was to convoy a fleet of merchantmen to the Baltic.  
 "Soon after midnight, going free and under full press of sail, she struck on the outer bank of the island of Vlieland (Flyland), the next to the Texel and one of the ring of islands that hem the mouth of the Zuyder Zee. She must have been slightly out of the course, and it is said that there was a strong lee tide running. During the night she went down with all on board. Another king's ship, the Arrow, Captain Portlock, was in company, but she could give no help, nor the 'scoots' or fishing boats of the coast, and when day broke there was no Lutine. Only two survivors were picked up by a Dutch lugger at daylight clinging to the wreckage, one of whom died almost immediately, and the other, Mr. Schabrach, the notary, very soon afterward died, but not until he had told the little he knew.

"Repeated efforts have been made to recover the money. In the year immediately following, when the whole thing was fresh and before the sand had settled or drifted over the wreck, the Dutchmen fished up some £55,000. Then more systematic and some really costly efforts were made, and by 1857-9 another £50,000 was recovered.  
 "The present operations were begun in 1892 by an English engineer, Mr. Fletcher, who had been engaged on the Dutch coast in raising a sunken dredger. He became interested in the Lutine, and associating himself with another eminent engineer, Mr. Ripples, they have approached the business in a novel way. Their idea is to clear the ship of sand, but to inclose her in a central area or dock faced by sandbags, which will prevent further silting, while they ransack the interior of the wreck by divers. This area is 300 feet in diameter, from which the sand will be removed by powerful suction dredgers."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The second Seminole Indian war began in 1835 and lasted until the close of 1842. The total number of men enlisted for this war was 8,667.

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