

THE CAIRO BULLETIN. DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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Prayer.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

My daughter, hence and pray! see, night is stealing o'er us. Golden the planet dawns to pierce the clouds before us!

"SAUCY EYES."

A Story of Summer Masquerading.

She came smiling across the fields, her arms laden with hawthorn bloom. Harold Carleton, as he saw her, thought her the very incarnation of spring.

Harold was fresh from Cambridge, and at eighteen thought himself quite in another sphere, even in point of age, from the rustic of thirteen.

"What's the hurry, little Saucy Eyes?" he said, "Stop and give a fellow a kiss."

"My name isn't Saucy Eyes, and you know it, Gentlemen," and she emphasized the word, "when they speak to me call me Miss Kent."

She had stopped to say this, and she now walked on with head erect, and the air of a born princess.

"Whew!" whistled Harold, "but I've made a mess of it. No cottager's daughter has an accent like that. Who the deuce can she be? A regular little spitfire, though."

He ventured to ask the landlord about her, at the small inn where he lodged. He had come to this picturesque, hilly region on a trout-fishing excursion, and knew no one there.

"O, that's the minister's daughter," was the reply. "Had her arms full of hawthorn, you say? Yes, there's plenty of it about here; one of the few places there is. We've miles of hedges. Miss Kate was taking the bloom home to decorate the parlor. She's a rare one for flowers. You should see her decorate the church at Christmas. All the young ladies give way to her in that, though she is but a child as yet."

"If she grows up as pretty as she is now, she'll make many a fellow's heart ache," said Harold, philosophically, as he helped himself to another brook-trout; and in five minutes more, so excellent was the dinner, he had forgotten all about the child.

Years passed. Harold had taken his degree and was now studying law, the profession of his father, Hugh Carleton, and his grandfather before him. Just before the summer vacation began he had a letter from home.

"We shall certainly expect you, dear," his mother wrote, "this year, and will take no excuses. It has been two years since you were home, remember. We have had such an accession, too, to our society. Our new rector is a most excellent man, and has such a charming daughter, a very pretty girl, and so bright, intelligent and high-bred."

Now Harold, who had gone the summer before to France and Germany, had thought this year of going to Norway—had almost given his promise, in fact; but at this appeal he wrote back that he would come home and spend the whole vacation at "Inglewood," for that was the name of Hugh Carleton's place.

"Dear mamma, it was so hard on her last year," he said to himself. The very day that Harold came home the rector went away on a four weeks' visit with his wife, and the last words he said to his daughter, as he got into the carriage, were:

"Good-by, Katie, and don't forget to go up to Squire Carleton's and ask to have the gardener come to see the garden. The squire told me to send for him only yesterday. With his aid we can manage to keep the garden very nice."

"I suppose I might as well go at once," said Kate, when the carriage had disappeared. "Dear old papa, I'm sorry you and ma have gone; but one bit old Nannie to look after me," and her eyes fairly danced with the mischief of eighteen.

Harold Carleton himself was in the garden when Katie came in. He had arrived unexpectedly the night before, a week sooner than he had expected. He was fond of a little amateur gardening at times, and was just now bending over a moss-rose bush, hoe in hand. His back was toward Katie, and she,

supposing him to be the gardener, called out: "O, Adam—that's your name. I hear—please ask Mr. Carleton if he can spare you for a couple of hours this afternoon. It's Dr. Kent's, you know, at the rectory."

Harold glanced mischievously at the pretty face half hidden by the tall lilies, which she had stopped to smell as she was speaking. There was a chance for some sport. Kate had never, probably, seen the new gardener, who had only come two days before. Why could not he personate the old fellow? It was fortunate for him that he had an old coat on, he thought.

So, calling Adam, he took the old man into the plot, giving him a crown for hush-money, and in the afternoon made his appearance at the rectory, and knocking at the back door, asked for orders.

"O, Adam, is it you?" cried Kate, coming forward. "Let me show you your work. I'll put on my garden hat, and be out in a minute."

Harold presented rather a curious appearance as he followed Kate down the long walk. His usually elegant attire had been exchanged for a jacket and trousers of coarse jean, and his dark curling hair was covered by a red wig, similar in color to Adam's fiery locks. He had assumed the same shuffling, awkward gait also.

"Here is your work, Adam," said Kate; "tie up the roses, and then weed this bed of hyacinths; train this wistaria, and, if you have any more time, come to me for further orders."

Harold bowed awkwardly, while a mischievous gleam shot from the brown eyes as he proceeded to tie up the wayward roses.

"This is getting interesting," he observed. "I wonder what my next order will be? By George, but Miss Kate queens it well! What a perfect little beauty she is! Whew! how hot it is!" He wiped the perspiration from his heated brow.

"I begin to understand how the original Adam must have felt when commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. There, the wistaria is tied up. Faith, mum," he said, as Kate appeared, "I was just comin' to see whatever else there was to be did."

"How nice you've made things look!" cried Katie, as she glanced at the roses and wistaria. "But it's warm work, isn't it? Adam's your name, I believe. I am glad," affably, "to make your acquaintance, Adam."

"Faith, mum, but it is that same as you say," replied Adam, drawing his straw hat further down over his eyes, still more to hide his face.

"Well, Adam, train up this hedge, and then you may go," she answered, and then swept away.

Several days went by. The pretended Adam never failed to be on hand in the afternoon. But in the morning Harold Carleton, in his own proper person, had fishing, boating and picnic excursions, most of which Katie attended; for by this time the squire's wife had called, bringing her son, and of course, after that, Katie was included in everything that went on.

Katie, too, learned to like Harold Carleton very much, for no one more genial or whole-souled ever existed. He was generous to a fault, frank and open-hearted as the day, and had outgrown the conceit and coxcombry of his youth.

One morning, when Katie went into the garden unexpectedly, she found Adam fanning himself with his straw hat, which was usually drawn so close to his eyes, and she caught a quick glance that reminded her of Harold. But it was only for a moment.

He had not seen her, nor did he see her when she quietly seated herself in a vine-covered summer-house, and took out some pretty, graceful work with which she soon became quite absorbed.

The long, drowsy afternoon was wearing away. Nothing but the tinkle of the little brook back of the rectory, the sound of the scythe which Adam was wielding, and the murmur of the bees, broke the silence of the place. Suddenly Katie's ear was arrested by a clear, manly voice, singing a bar from a favorite opera, in a rich, ringing tenor.

She started to her feet and looked out. Only last evening she had sung, with Harold Carleton, that very song, and this surely was his voice again. But no one was in sight except Adam, who was industriously hoeing peas. The truth was, Harold, ignorant of Katie's presence, had forgotten himself; but he was now furious at his indiscretion, for he had heard Katie, and knew what called her out.

"Adam, has Mr. Carleton been here?" she asked. "I thought I heard him, just now."

"No, mum, it's not yet that I didn't say him," said the apparently stolid Irishman.

"I was sure it was his voice," said Katie, looking just a trifle disappointed.

He would cross-examine Katie a little, and thus discover her real feeling toward himself. So he asked, carelessly, though his whole heart was in her answer:

"Did yoes wish to say him, miss? For it's mesilf as will be afther sinding the likes of him to yoes?"

"No," said Katie, decidedly. "Stop talking, and go to work. I am afraid you are getting lazy!" and Katie walked off with her most queenly step.

"Whew!" whistled Harold. "She's too bright to be caught in that way. Think's Adam will tell on her. Getting lazy, am I? Well, it isn't because I don't work hard enough," with a doleful gaze at his blistered hands, as he set vigorously to work, adding, "Even as Adam, I must win the good opinion of my Eve."

The next afternoon Katie went to call on a friend, and Harold discontentedly watched her departure. It was so pleasant to know that she was in the summer-house or about the grounds that he did not like to have her go away.

He did not notice her return, nor that she came to the arbor soon after. But when he had finished his last order he threw himself down on a mossy seat, and tossing his wig off, began fanning himself vigorously with his straw hat.

"I can't wear that confounded wig even longer!" he exclaimed. "Its color isn't enough to set me on fire. Now being back that wig. What if your mistress should come? Must I chase after that dog this scorching day?"

Beppo, Katie's dog, had run off with the wig, as the reader has conjectured, and on chase being given to him, rushed to the summer-house and laid the wig at his mistress's feet.

"Why, Beppo, what have you there?" she cried. "It looks like the scalp of old Adam. I wonder if—"

And she broke into a fit of ringing laughter as she met the astonished Harold face to face.

"Mr. Carleton!" "Miss Katie!" Then, unable to resist it, he also broke into a hearty laugh.

"O, so you're not Adam," said Katie, demurely, at last.

"No, but I will be if you'll only be my Eve!" he cried, with a touch of his old boyish impudence. "O, Katie! Miss Kent, darling, I've learned to love you so dearly—say you will. We'll make another paradise where we can be happy together, and I shan't be obliged to work so hard," breaking into laughter as he saw Katie's roguish look, and wiped his dripping forehead.

"Very well," said Katie, "I'll think of it. But you must remember that it was not a woman who made trouble in the garden this time." And she added, archly, "But I'll forgive you for deceiving me, if you will forgive me for—"

"For what?" asked Harold, as she hesitated.

"For not letting you know before that I guessed your secret. I knew from the beginning that you were not Adam. That first day when I pretended to be smelling the lilies I had seen you were, at least, not Adam."

"And you let me work all this time? And it was so hot," with a crestfallen look.

"Yes, you deserved it for your trick. But I am glad you can work and obey orders. You may have to do so some time, you know."

"Every man has, they say, when he falls in love," he retorted.

"Yes," she said, sardonically, "and you mustn't hope to be an exception. But there, there, isn't that quite enough?" for he was devouring her with kisses. "I declare you're as impudent as you were five years ago."

"Five years ago?" "Yes, O, you've forgotten. Men always do. It is only women who remember."

"What do you mean?" "Her eyes danced with mischief. She was enjoying his perplexity to the full.

"Well, I'll tell you a fairy tale. Once on a time—there, stop now, or I'll never get on—there was a little girl coming across a field with her arms full of hawthorn bloom."

He gave a quick start, Katie went on demurely.

"And she met an impudent young fellow, a collegian, who thought himself a prince, but wasn't. And he called her 'Saucy Eyes,' the conceited—"

"What! You're 'Saucy Eyes,' are you? O, I remember it all. Who'd have thought it? Why, it's the jolliest fairy tale I ever heard. Only, then she wouldn't let me kiss her, and now—"

"Now somebody will get his ears boxed if he doesn't behave himself. One must draw the line somewhere, and hair a hundred, surely—"

"Well, since you are so cruel. But when did you first recognize me?" "The first day I saw you at leisure; the day you called with your mother."

"And," said Harold, reflectively, "there was always something in your face I thought familiar. Yes, after all, you are 'Saucy Eyes.'"

It is an old story about the countryman who invited two girls into an ice-cream saloon and called for a small glass and three spoons, though, of course, everybody takes it for a newspaper yarn; but it can be discounted by an actual occurrence at A. D. Husell's recently. A young gentleman came into the store with three young ladies and inquired the price of soda water. "By gosh!" he exclaimed, "5 cents a glass! Well, give us one glass; I guess it will go round." And one glass of the refreshing beverage was actually divided among the crowd.

The Use of the Walrus. Were it not for the subsistence furnished so largely by the flesh and oil of the morse, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the Esquimaux of North America, from Behring Straits clear around to Labrador, could manage to live. It is not to be inferred that walrus meat is the sole diet of these simple people, for that is very wide of the truth; but there are several months of every year when the exigencies of the climate render it absolutely impossible for the hardest native to go out and procure food, and then the value of the cocho of walrus meat is appreciated, when for weeks and weeks it forms the beginning and the end of every meal.

The walrus responds to as many demands of the Innuits as the camel of the Arab, or the cocoa-palm of the South Sea Islander. Its flesh feeds him; its oil illuminates and warms his dark hut; its sinews make his bird-nests; its tough skin, skillfully stretched over the light wooden frame, constitutes his famous kayak, and the serviceable komiak, or bidarran; its intestines are converted into water-proof clothing, while the soles of its flippers are transferred to his feet; and, finally, its ivory is a source of endless utility to him in domestic use, and in trade and barter.

Walrus families among the Esquimaux have been recorded in pathetic legends by almost all of the savage settlements in the Arctic. Even now, as I write (November, 1880), comes the authentic corroboration of the harsh rumor of the starvation of the inhabitants of St. Lawrence Island—those people who live just midway between the Old World and the New, in Alaskan waters. The winter of 1879-80 was one of exceptional rigor in the Arctic, though in this country it was unusually mild and open. The ice closed—so firm and unshaken by the mighty powers of wind and tide that the walrus were driven far to the southward and eastward, out of reach of the unhappy inhabitants of that island, who, thus unexpectedly deprived of their mainstay and support, seem to have miserably starved to death, with the exception of one small village on

the north shore. The residents of the Poonook, Pogovolyak, and Kagalegak settlements perished, to a soul, from hunger—nearly three hundred men, women, and children.

I was among these people in 1874, during the month of August, and remarked their manifold superiority over the savages of the northwest coast and the great plains. They seemed then to live, during nine months of the year, almost wholly upon the flesh and oil of the walrus. Clean-limbed, bright-eyed, and jovial, they profoundly impressed one with their happy subsistence and reliance upon the walrus herds of Behring Sea; and it was remarked then that these people had never been subjected to the temptation—and subsequent sorrow—of putting their trust in princes; hence their independence and good heart. But now it appears that it will not suffice, either, to put your trust in walrus.—Scribner, for July.

Snow-White Waters. With reference to what is known as the "white water" of the Arabian Sea, a correspondent writes to Chamber's Journal as follows:—"If the call of duty or pleasure should at any time induce any of your readers to overtake the overland journey to India they must not fail to give instructions to be called from bed should the nocturnal phenomenon of the 'white water' occur. It is more frequently seen in the months of July and August, and is principally confined to a narrow belt to the eastward of the island of Socotra, known in the charts of that sea as the Line of the Strongest Monsoon, and wherein the rain-clouds on quitting Central Africa on their passage eastward are apparently confined. Should the moon be above the horizon, an undisturbed night's rest may be anticipated, as the writer has never known the phenomenon to occur in the presence of that orb.

To give the reader some idea of this remarkable and striking appearance, we will suppose ourselves in a steamer, about two hundred and fifty miles to the eastward of Socotra, in the position named, and in the latter end of July, time, 1 a. m. The monsoon is blowing strongly and steadily, the night starlight and clear, a light fleecy sea occasionally passing rapidly to the eastward, and the good vessel bowling along at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles an hour. Suddenly we discover a light hue in the water, which in a short while assumes a snow-white aspect, and in the course of a quarter of an hour extends to the horizon in all directions. The transformation of the water is perfect, the usually green color of the sea having been replaced by an appearance of whiteness like that of milk. And yet, if you draw a bucket of water for inspection and analysis, you will find that it is beautifully clear, not a vestige of anything white being visible; nor can the microscope discover anything over and above the ordinary quantity of minute life always present in sea-water within the tropics.

The deception seems to me to admit of easy explanation, it being the result simply of reflection of color. The vessel is passing through a light misty atmosphere, inappreciable to the eye while within its influence; and the white, watery vesicles held in suspension are, in some favorable condition of air and water, reflected on the surface of the latter. When the phenomenon has lasted about an hour and a half to the experienced eye signs of its dissolution will become visible; the vessel is in fact passing out of its influence, the sky line of the horizon marking the limit of the mist. When clearly defined the horizon-limit assumes an intense blackness, through which the stars shine brilliantly, and when at length the ship apparently shoots through it, the transformation seems to have been effected by magic. Looking astern the misty atmosphere through which we have passed is distinctly visible; the intensely black sky is gradually lowering as the steamer speeds onward, presenting a dipping below the horizon, and obliterating all traces of the weird and impressive scene."

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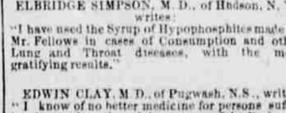
(Extract from a letter.)

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