

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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THE KAHN'S DEVIL.

The Kahn came from Bokhara town to Hamza, santon of renown.

"My head is sick, my hands are weak; Thy head, O holy man, I seek."

In silence marking for a space The Kahn's red eyes and purple face,

"Thou hast a devil," Hamza said.

"Alah forbid!" exclaimed the Kahn, "Didst me of him at once, O man?"

"Nay," Hamza said, "no spell of mine Can leave that cursed thing behind."

"Leave fast and wine, go forth and drink Water of healing on the brink"

"Where clear and cold from mountain snows, The Nahr el Zeben downward flows."

"Six moons remain, then come to me; May Allah's pity go with thee!"

Awe-struck, from feast and wine, the Khan Went forth where Nahr el Zeben ran.

Roots were his food, the desert dust His bread, the water quenched his thirst.

And when the sixth moon's scimitar Curved sharp above the evening star,

He sought again the santon's door, Not weak and trembling as before.

"But strong of limb and clear of brain; 'Behold!' he said, 'the fiend is slain.'"

"Nay," Hamza answered, "starved and drowned, The curse lies in death like sound."

But one breaks the strongest gyves, And jinks like him have charmed lives.

One breaker of the juice of grape May call him up in living shape."

"When the red wine of Hades' banquet Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan!"

"With water quenched the fire within, And crown each day thy devilkin!"

Thereforward the great Khan shunned the cup, As Saitan's own, though offered up.

With laughing eyes and jeweled hands, By Yankand's maids and Saracand's maids.

And, in the lofty vestibule Of the madress of Kaus' Kodul,

The students of the holy law Golden-lettered tablet saw,

With these words, by a cunning hand, Graved on it at the Khan's command:

"In Allah's name to him who hath A devil, Khan el Hamza said,

"Wise old Prophet cursed the vine; The fiend that loves the breath of wine"

"No prayer can slay, no manarab Nor Maccan dervish can drive out."

"I, Khan el Hamad, know the charm That robs him of his power to harm."

"Draw him, O Islam's child! the spell To save thee lies in tank and well!"

—J. G. Whittier, in Youth's Companion.

IN THE WINTER.

In the winter, clearest Jasper Over the lonely valley smiles;

In the winter, both the winter and the summer, Never bud the woodland aisles.

In the winter, down the hill-side Gaily comes the gentle snow;

In the winter, softest sky-down All the cedar pines tips;

In the winter, the pedestrian On the coal-beds covers slips.

In the winter, on the window Recently shines each frosty gem;

In the winter, fond Leander Leaves his girl at 2 a.m.

In the winter, to the open A. Augustin Maudslayi takes;

In the winter, Georgia Bustles over the backwater cakes;

In the winter, silver sleigh-bells Ring sweetly over the snow;

In the winter, both the snow-balls Elevate the silk-tide.

In the winter, lobes and sparrows Round the goblet chirp and prank;

In the winter, there are the winter, Put some skeletons in the bank.

In the winter, shrill winds whistle Through the lover's summer nook;

In the winter, there are the winter, Things enough to fill a book.

GENIUS II. POPKINS, GROCER.

I had been devoting myself too assiduously to my work—embroidering in silk—and in consequence my eyes began to fail.

And the oculist to whom I applied for advice, assured me that nothing would save my eyes but wearing a bandage over them for a month at least.

Perhaps more, and then using them with great care in the future.

"And that month, Miss Sprague," he added, "should be spent in some quiet country house, where you could have perfect rest."

Luckily, just before this mandate was issued, a young actress for whom I had embroidered a dress, had made a great hit in the play in which she wore it, and was pleased to declare that half her success was owing to the pink rosettes and blue forget-me-nots that were scattered in artistic confusion all over the white satin (the design was my own) and in the kindest manner she offered me \$500 in advance for the price agreed upon for my work.

S. I. I was well able to follow the Doctor's advice as to myself, and to pay Mrs. Bainsfather for taking care of Spiny while I was away.

And I was thinking in what paper or papers I had better advertise for the quiet country house, when Mr. Popkins came in and said—

"But before I tell you what he said I'll tell you a little more about myself at that particular time."

I was an orphan, without kith, except Mrs. Bainsfather and Mr. Popkins, and a young man who boarded with Mrs. Bainsfather—or kin, but Spiny—Spencer first, then Spenny, then Spiny, my 10-year-old brother—in the great city where I lived.

My father, had been lost at sea when I was 12 years of age. My mother died when I was 18. Until that time I had lived in an old-fashioned cottage in a pretty village in Connecticut—mother receiving a pension from the ship owners in whose service my father lost his life, which, together with the money we earned with the aid of the cow and the chickens, earned me a very comfortable life. But when mother died the pension died with her, and the cottage was let and the cow and chickens were sold to a young couple who had long looked upon them with longing eyes.

And I, with what little money our effects had brought, started with Spiny, two years old, to seek my fortune in busy, noisy New York.

I had one friend there, at least. She had been a friend of my mother, and had paid us short visits every summer as long as I could remember. Mrs. Bainsfather, and to her house I went. It led lodging, somewhat in the English manner, being an Englishwoman, albeit as her name indicated her ancestors were Scotch, and, fortunately, the second-story back room—with a bedstead that pretended to be a chest of drawers in the day time—and a hall bedroom adjoining were unoccupied, and in them I was installed with much kindness by

THE MOTHERLY LANDLADY.

and a few weeks I got some baby caps and cloaks to embroider (ever since I could use a needle) with great satisfaction.

"Yes," and I told him about the young actress, saying nothing about the last line in her note, of course; and, much to my surprise, instead of looking pleased he looked rather glum.

"I was hoping you hadn't," he said at last.

"Hoping I hadn't, Mr. Popkins?"

"Yes; and then," wiping his brow with his handkerchief, and speaking with still greater haste, "I was going to ask you to marry me and let me pay all your bills in future."

"Oh! Mr. Popkins," I gasped, "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, I am, but I couldn't think of such a thing, under any circumstances."

"You object to my hair, perhaps," said he; "I'll shave my head."

"No-o-o," said I.

"To my laugh? I'll never laugh again."

"No-o-o," said I.

"To my name? I'll have it changed by act of Congress."

"No-o-o," said I.

"To my nose? I'd look worse without it."

"No-o-o—that is—yes—I mean no," I stammered.

"There is some one else?"

"No-o-o."

"And you don't care a fig for me?"

"I regard you as a friend—a very dear friend."

"And you couldn't bring yourself to think of me as a husband? Oh, I see you couldn't. Good-bye. I'll supply you with groceries all the same."

And away he went, and I was become that I remembered his many kindnesses to Spiny and myself, felt inclined to drop a tear or two; but I conquered the feeling and commenced to pack my trunk instead.

Most of my answers to Mr. Popkins, I must confess, had not been exactly true, including the one about "some one else." There was a young man boarding at school hang 'round when I brought it out at lunch-time! Yes, indeed!

And one afternoon, about a week after the box of prunes, my room door was suddenly thrown open and Spiny appeared, leading a smiling gentleman by the hand, and called out (Spiny always shouted at me as though I were half a mile away), "Hello! Mr. Popkins! here's Mr. Popkins and he says may I go to the circus?"

"Genius II. Popkins," I thought to myself, "and what a queer-looking 'Genius' he is."

And he was. Red hair which, unlike any I had ever seen before, curled part in one direction and part in another; small twinkling blue eyes, which, although disappointed when he laughed, his laugh, by the way, began with a loud guffaw and ended with a low chuckle; a double chin; a ruddy complexion and an extraordinary nose. It wasn't Roman, it wasn't straight, it wasn't aquiline, it wasn't snub; it was simply Mr. Popkins's nose, and was short and fat and wore a blue flannel suit, and I couldn't help thinking if he and his clothing were well blended what a gorgeous purple would be the result.

"Hope I don't intrude," said Mr. Popkins.

"Not at all," answered I, "if you will pardon my going on with my work." I was embowering a pair of suspenders which some young lady was going to give her sweetheart on his birthday, and which he, no doubt, would think, and she, no doubt, would allow him to think, the work of her own fair hands.

"Very beautiful work it is," said Mr. Popkins, "and I should like to have a pair exactly like them."

And that's the way my acquaintance with Mr. Popkins began. And after that—that what a kind uncle I thought him—he was always having some pretty little article of dress embroidered for some one of his numerous nieces. And it was while finishing one of these one evening, Mr. Popkins was taking a cup of tea with Spiny—that the kind-hearted bachelor said to me, "I have a proposal to make to you, Miss Sprague; your tea not being the very best suggests it to me. Suppose I supply you with groceries in part payment for the fiery you make for me? I'll let you have them at wholesale prices."

I gladly agreed, and dear me! I was surprised to find, at the end of the week, how much cheaper it was to buy at wholesale prices. My table, although everything was much better than I had ever had, cost me no less than it had ever had cost, and in consequence I was enabled to procure many a little delicacy for Spiny and myself which I could not have seen dreamed of before. In fact good luck seemed to have walked in with Mr. Popkins the first time he entered my door. It was he who introduced the young actress to me who gave me the highest price I had ever received for embroidering a dress. By-the-by, the note she sent with the money ended rather oddly. "As you value sardines and olives smile sweetly upon old Popkins."

"Old Popkins," only five and thirty after all. What was the young lady thinking about? And why did she imagine I valued "sardines and olives?" I didn't—I don't—and if I did, in what way would "smiling sweetly" upon Mr. Popkins affect "sardines and olives?"

And now I'll tell you what Mr. Popkins said to me, with a good-sized basket on his arm—made his appearance just as the Doctor slammed the street door.

NO USE TO HIM.

An old-fashioned citizen of Detroit who had been having a fireplace put in his house yesterday called on a dealer in wire goods and said:

"My wife has been teasing me for a whole week to call and look at what she calls a spark arrester for our new fireplace. What is the darned thing, and what good is it?"

The dealer brought out one, showed how it fitted around the grate and asserted that no fire could reach the carpet through it.

"Don't want one; wouldn't take it as a gift," was the decided reply.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough. If I'm sitting on the lounge and throw a quid of tobacco into the fireplace I've got to get up and move that blamed thing away or else let a window from the top. Spark arrester be hanged! I put that fireplace in for solid comfort!"

—Mrs. Read says, in Dr. Foote's Health Monthly for February, there are conditions of the system where there is more genuine rest than in any sleep than in anything short of sleep itself. It should be made as quickly as possible and drank immediately—for if it stands long it becomes bitter—and sugar and milk for accompaniments.

Coffee Cake.—1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup butter, 1 cup strong coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, a grained nutmeg, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 small teaspoons soda; stir in four until the mixture will drop from the spoon. This receipt will make 2 cakes.

For that coughing if you do not get it may kill you. A Bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup only costs you 25 cents, and it timely may save your life.

Camels in Arizona.

The Yuma Sentinel a few days ago contained the following: "A herd of camels was driven from Nevada nearly two years ago. Finding no profitable work for them, their owners turned them loose along the Gila to the eastward of Yuma. There they have been living and breeding, looking fat and sleek all the time. For a while they were in danger of extermination. Whenever they put in an appearance along the wagon road they frightened mules and horses beyond control of the drivers. They soon earned the everlasting hatred of teamsters, some of whom acquired a habit of shooting camels on sight. Since, however, the railroad has been delivering freight, Alouette, the route along the Gila this side of that place has been comparatively abandoned by teamsters, and the remaining camels have now a good chance to show what they can do in the way of propagation. The waterless desert of Sonora, south and southeast of Yuma, is known to possess immense deposits of sulphur, borax and soda. Its mountains are also known to carry extensive deposits of metals. To these camels we look for eventually making these treasures accessible and available."

How Espartero Won Peace for Spain.

I have perused many an obituary notice on Marshal Espartero, but I have seen nowhere the real story of the great achievement of his life, the pacification of the Peninsula. The Carlist army had suffered great losses but could still have held the field for some time; on the other hand, the Liberal army, after seven years' campaigning, felt truly sick of the business. Don Carlos had gone to France for a holiday; on each side the leaders of the army had a desire for following example. It was under these circumstances that Espartero had a conference with Maroto, the Carlist General, for the purpose of negotiating a truce.

They were old chums of the South American wars, but since that time they had exchanged only cannon balls in addition to mere threats and promises. When they met in a lonely farm at night, in the greatest secrecy, it was feared by many lest a quarrel, or even perhaps a personal encounter, might arise from the occasion. Both entered a lower room, in which a table had been disposed of, and the paper, pens and ink, and then were left alone. For more than five hours they were there closeted. What were they doing all this time? Simply this: On seeing Espartero, whom he knew well for the greatest general that ever lived, Maroto had taken out of his pocket a pack of cards and challenged his foe to a truce. Espartero had always been lucky. He won first all the cash of his opponent, then he won his own terms for the truce, then, article after article, he won the entire submission of the Carlist army. Maroto paid his debt, like a gentleman, within twenty-four hours, and so ended the first Carlist war. —London Truth.

A New Testing Machine.

A testing machine designed by Albert Emery has been set up at Watertown Arsenal. Its delicacy is such that while it pulls apart a five inch bar of iron registering a strain of 722,000 pounds, it breaks a horse-hair and registers a force of two pounds. It crushed a pine block four inches thick and two feet long into a board two inches thick; and then a hen's egg was taken and inclosed in plaster of Paris, with two small holes at each end, and pressure being applied the contents were forced out of these small apertures at a strain of 32 pounds, and such is the command over the action of the machine that the pressure was stopped in an instant, and the yolk ceased to be expelled, the shell of the egg remaining unbroken. —New Bedford Standard.

Coffee Cake.

1 cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup strong coffee, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, a grained nutmeg, 1 cup seeded raisins, 2 small teaspoons soda; stir in four until the mixture will drop from the spoon. This receipt will make 2 cakes.

Lemon Cake.

2 cups sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 cup of water, whites of 5 eggs to be beaten, 4, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 of cream-tartar, bake in jelly-plate 20 minutes. Add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and yolks of 2 eggs, beaten, and sugar enough to stiffen. Orange cake may be made in the same way; substituting orange for the lemon.

A Terrible Set-To in Which Many Teeth Were Lost.

The Virginia (New) Enterprise this: Sam Davis, of the Evening Star, is taking boxing lessons and tying up a big muscle and reputing a hard hitter. Steve Gillis, the editor of the Enterprise, though weight, is a heavy hitter. Sam's fight has long been so to train as to be able to get away with Sam morning or two ago we met Sam looking very fierce and showing the swag of an established des

His first words were: "I was Gillis."

"Any thing particular?" asked "Well, there's bad news for that's all."

"What! Any of his folks dead?"

"O, no; I believe not, but if any way related to Bob Slade 'em's pretty sick this morning."

"You will be good enough plain."

"Certainly. See this" an clenched and held out what he his "right manly." "Now, w motion—the upper cut!"—and the action to the word he span on his heel, at the same time station Chinaman in the "bread-basket" landed him across the upper stoop apple-stand.

Paying no attention to the Chinaman or to the swearing keeper of the stand, Sam said: "one o'em. That's what fetch the first time. I tried it on Hot under the left jaw and spun him like a top. He spat out a double I was sorry, but he picked up the put it in his vest pocket and me red-hot. I gathered myself gave him the upper cut with taking him after under the right arm and my teeth. I was badly hurt—that's all." With that he let me, and I had to defend myself made it so hot for me that I had sort to the upper cut again. I meant to do it, but I took him square the point of the chin—a life if me a perfect shower of of my out of his mouth and hail of the floor in all directions. There have been two dozen—double teeth, wisdom teeth, teeth with 'em, and all manner of teeth went to pickin' 'em up and tried me to stay and give him a chance even, but I got out of there.

"I believe another upper cut would have knocked out his whole jaw-bone."

"The only wonder is that you didn't kill him, Sam!"

"It is a wonder! How he stood it with his teeth knocked out so is more than I can see—I don't believe he has three teeth left in his head," and away Sam went to hunt up Gillis in order to take down on the man's name and introduce him to the "upper cut."

Half an hour later we met Bob Slade, who began to tell about the big fight he had with Sam Davis the night before. Said he: "You see I put up a little j. b. on Sam, just to encourage him a little in his new hobby. I room next to a dentist shop, so I went in there and borrowed a handful of artificial teeth and

"Has honesty fled out of this country?" asks the New York Tribune. Not at all, Mr. Reid, not at all. He's down in Missouri lecturing just now, but letters addressed to him at the Hawk-Eye office will reach him, just the same as though he was at home. —Durington Hawk-Eye.

The boy who was getting a little too large to enjoy the flattery of his monthly sisters, said he had got "sycophants" long ago.

Advice to Consumptives. The celebrated physician, Dr. Paul Meyer, gives the following valuable suggestions to persons suffering from consumption: "The patient must with scrupulous conscientiousness insist upon breathing fresh, pure air, and must remember that open-air rooms is always more or less bad. No man, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they bathe. The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night air is fresh air without daylight. In close, crowded rooms, the patient suffering from lung complaint, breathes constantly. By taking these precautions and using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pills, fully one-half of the cases of lung complaint would be cured in six months. For cough and irritation of the lungs do not always indicate the presence of consumption, although it may result in that disease, and if consumption has not already become deeply seated in the system, the patient must keep a constant course of treatment that can be pursued outside of any institution that provides special facilities for the treatment of this disease. Dr. Pierce's celebrated Invalids' Hotel is such an institution. Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet containing a complete treatise upon consumption, explaining its causes, nature, and the best methods of treating it, together with valuable hints concerning diet, clothing, exercise, etc. For consumptives, Address: Faculty of Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

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