

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, and not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith in the matter.

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 of thine."

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

"Where's 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 bed, 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 fiend lies in death-like sound."

But erst 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 Badkshan Sparkles for thee, beware, O Khan!"

"With water quenched the fire within, And down each day thy devils kin."

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

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

And, in the lofty vestibule Of the madress of Kaush Koudi,

The students of the holy law A 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."

"Wisely our Prophet cursed the vine; The fiend that loves the breath of wine"

"No prayer can slay, no manarab Nor Mavecan dervic can drive out."

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

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

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

THE MOTHERLY LANDLADY.

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

"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 begone 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 with Mrs. Bainsfather—Arthur Leroy by name—a very handsome young man—straight nose—cream-and-rose complexion—fair hair—light blue eyes—his forehead was rather narrow, to be sure, and the lower part of his face somewhat heavy—who had paid me a great deal of attention, and I had been in love with him a thought I was. And I had every reason to believe—short of a formal declaration—that he was in love with me. And so, as far as that goes, there was "somebody else."

I advertised—at least Mr. Popkins did. I was astonished to see how little the advertisement cost; and out of some fifty answers, which one of Mr. Popkins's clerks brought me, I selected—that is, Mr. Popkins—the good-natured fellow was still as kind as before my emphatic discouragement of his suit—selected one which was the very place I was seeking.

And on going to see it I was not disappointed. A dear, little cottage, owned and occupied by an old German couple, who spoke just enough English to enable me to make my wants intelligible, at the foot of a high hill covered with green grass, wild flowers and young trees, with a tiny brook leaping down the hillside and running gaily through the finely laid out garden—no other house in sight save the precisely similar cottage next door—far away from any public road. I decided immediately to look no further.

And to Westbrook I moved one lonely day. Arthur Leroy kissed my hand at parting and said he should be desolate until my return—and that very afternoon the bandage was placed over my eyes to remain there until my physician consented to its removal.

"Perfect rest!" I certainly had in my spirit like to be perfect for an active and busy life. And had it not been for the singing of the birds, the cluck of the hens, the lowing of the cattle, the hum of the bees and most of all the people next door, I should have fled after two or three days back to my room at Mrs. Bainsfather's.

The people next door proved to be excellent company, though we were totally unknown to each other.

The two gardens were separated by a board fence, loosely put together and overgrown with a luxuriant growth of morning-glories and passion flowers. And my favorite retreat in our garden on the hot July afternoons was a tiny arbor covered with Ayrshire roses and honeysuckles, and apparently the favorite retreat of the people next door was a similar arbor at the corner of their garden and so it came to pass that hearing their conversation—I didn't exactly listen to it at first, but as Mrs. Cluppings of Pickwickian memory, remarked, "it forced itself upon my ear."

"I came to think of them as the happiest family I had ever heard of. There was a husband and a wife, a girl and a baby, and they were all fondly in love with each other and constantly telling each other so."

Therefore, I was much surprised one day—it was about two weeks after my arrival at Westbrook, and I'd been rather homesick for Spiny and disappointed that I'd heard nothing from Arthur Leroy, and sorry about Mr. Popkins—I was sitting beneath the roses and honeysuckles—to hear the little wife next door (I'd quite made up my mind she was a little woman) suddenly burst out with: "Oh! Low, dear, to think that once I thought I never could love you!"

"Because I wasn't handsome and because I had such a queer name, Minnie," he said with a laugh.

"Because I thought you were not handsome. You know, darling, all girls think of him as blue-eyed, golden-haired, golden-stemmed, with complexion to match, or raven-haired and dark-eyed, with complexion to match, and when I first knew you you were neither."

"And I am neither now, Minnie."

"I know that, silly, but to me you have the dearest face in the world, and I'm so thankful baby looks like you. She has your own bright Auburn hair and lovely gray eyes. As for the name, it is funny, but I don't mind it. I'm Dutch—but I wouldn't change it for the most poetical title ever known."

Well, the days passed on, and I was trying my best to be patient and not succeeding very well, when on the third Sunday of my banishment Spiny came down to see me.

"Popkins wouldn't come," he began, after he'd hugged me 'till I nearly choked. "Said you wouldn't care to see him. Sent you a box of candies, though. May I have all the gum-drops, and Leroy's gone away. Ain't coming back, neither."

"Gone away?" repeated I.

"Yes; gone away. You know, I didn't like him much. And I heard him talking about you to another fellow that of July. I was a-hidin' 'hind the door, 'cause Bob Smith was goin' to throw some torpedoes at me, and Leroy he comes up the stoop and says: 'Gertie's a nice girl, and a pretty girl, but may be

she'll be blind, and who'd want a wife?

"And I don't want a wife as how and she's getting too fond of me, and I'll leave her. He didn't say so, but he meant it. And I say, Gertie, you ain't too fond of him, are you? And why wouldn't you care to see Popkins? He's my man, he is. He takes me to the Aquarium, and Coney Island, and all over. Don't you like Popkins, Gertie?"

"Like him very much, Spiny," said I, with burning cheeks.

"Well, I'll tell him so," said Spiny, "and 'praps next time he'll come along."

After Spiny went away I had an angry cry over Arthur Leroy's impertinent remarks, and forgot him, so I could not have been very much in love with him after all.

And then I began to think about Mr. Popkins. I said, I could think of nothing else. The blinding of my eyes for so long a time seemed to have suddenly made my mental vision unusually clear, and I saw "with my mind's eye" many things which, perhaps, otherwise I might never have seen.

I saw the groceries, instead of being sold to me at "wholesale prices," had been sold at a price set by Mr. Popkins, and that price not half their actual value.

I saw that the pieces only existed in the brain of Mr. Popkins, and that the little dresses, and aprons, and what not for which he had paid me so well, were stowed away in some closet in his apartment. I saw that the boasted friendship with the "newspaper man" was a myth, and I saw that to his thoughtful and careful I owed the many comforts 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.

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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 trying up a big muscle and reputa-

tion. Steve Gillis, the editor of the Enterprise, though weight, is a heavy hitter. Sam's training has long been so strict as to be able to get away with a morning or two ago we met Sam looking very fierce and showing the swag of an established fighter.

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 mauley." "Now, watch motion—the upper cut!"—and the action to the word he span on his heel, at the same time striking a 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 in Missouri lecturing just now. I 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 left, and I had to defend myself made it so hot for me that I had sort to the upper cut again. I mean to do it, but I took him square the point of the chin—a life—if it were a perfect shower of rain, I'd be out of his moth and hail of the floor in all directions. There have been two dozen—double teeth in '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 manna 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 jolt 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

"You need not proceed," said we, "Sam has told what followed."

"Funny, wasn't it?"

"Yes, and Sam is now in search of Gillis, confident that his 'upper cut' will whip all the science in the country."

"No?"

"Yes!"

Camels in Arizona.

The Yuma Sentinel a few days ago carried 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 along 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."

No Use to Him.

An old-fashioned citizen of Detroit who has been having a fire pipe 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.

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 82 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 flour, a grained nutmeg, 1 cup seed raisins, 2 small teaspoons soda; stir in four until the mixture will drop from the spoon. This receipt will make 2 cakes.

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

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Patience is the best of all virtues. It is the best of all graces. It is the best of all gifts. It is the best of all blessings. It is the best of all mercies. It is the best of all favors. It is the best of all gifts. It is the best of all blessings. It is the best of all mercies. It is the best of all favors.

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