

In Bohemia.

I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land:
For only there are the values true,
And the laurels gathered in all men's view.
The prizes of traffic and state are won
By shrewdness or force or by deeds undone;
But fame is sweeter without the feud,
And the wise of Bohemia are never shrewd.
Here, pilgrims stream with a faith sublime
From every class and clime and time,
Aspiring only to be enrolled
With the names that are writ in the book of gold;
And each one bears in mind or hand
A palm of the dear Bohemian land.
The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modeled in clay;
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord—
And the player is king when the door is past.
The ploughman is crowned, and the lord is last!
I'd rather fall in Bohemia than win in another land;

There are no titles inherited there,
No hoard or hope for the brainless heir;
No gilded ducal, native born
To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn;
Bohemia has none but adopted sons;
Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs;
Its honors, not garnered for thrift or trade,
But for beauty and truth men's souls have made.
To the empty heart in a jeweled breast
There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest;
But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know
The moistureless froth of the social show;
The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep aloof,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat,
Oh, I long for the glow of a kindly heart and the
Grasp of a friendly hand,
And I'd rather live in Bohemia than in any other land.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE EMERALD BEETLE.

(BY RICHARD MACE)

Randolph was not in the habit of getting up at four o'clock in the morning, but the tiny, closet-like stateroom on the Hudson river boat was close and stifling, and already the noise and odors of the docks were beginning to force themselves upon his consciousness. He had been spending Sunday with his mother up the river, and he thought happily of his pleasant, airy bachelor apartment in the right part of New York.

Randolph was supposed to go up "home" once a week. He kept up a fiction, even with himself, that he intended doing so, and that the lapses were wholly without his consent—the result of gratuitous meddling of circumstances; but the fact remains that he drew a sigh of relief as the long country Sunday ended.

He did not even take time to bath his face in the thick steamboat wash bowl. He turned fastidiously from the water that had stood in the ewer all night, and gave himself a happy reminder of his big porcelain tub up town. He threw his clothes on, and making his way through the ill ventilated "saloon," walked over the dock out into the street, to wait for a car. Perhaps it was his recent visit to the country that made him look about at the soggy men and women who were making their way home at this hour, and think of times when he had turned over a board or a stone that had lain on the grass long unmolested. In the earthy bugs and worms that had gone scurrying out of the sight of the blessed light of day, he could see a disgusting similitude of these children of the city's darkness.

He had not one bit of sentimentality or romance or imagination in his make up, and even this ugly thought surprised him. He was simply a New York bachelor of thirty seven, who never bought anything on a margin, and who looked into the character and personality of any company before he invested in its securities.

As an open "belt line" car came along, Randolph swung himself on board, taking a back seat, and lighting a cigar. He was the only passenger save one, a half drunken sailor, who turned at the scratch of Randolph's match, and taking a villainous pipe from the pocket of his jacket, lighted it. The conductor gave him a "Hi!" and called him back to the smokers' seats. He put himself immediately in front of Randolph.

The air blew the smoke ahead so that there was no necessity for moving, and they rode along the river front and up through the tenement district, almost touching each other, these two type of worlds as far apart as the planets. Men were still sleeping in the doorways, or sitting up rubbing their eyes to begin another day's existence, whose only want was food.

The sailor leaned back.
"I've done that," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the ragged, yawning men, "but I ain't goin' to do it any more. I've got what!" and he slapped the breast pocket of his jacket. "You've got on a pretty breast-pin there, but it ain't nowhere by the side o' mine."

Randolph was looking coldly and quietly into the man's eyes. He was simply a spectacle to him, one with which he had no sort of sympathy, any more than he would have had

with any other sort of an unclean beast. The sound of his voice, and the look of his coarse person, were offensive; but Randolph's nerves were strong. He did not look underneath and see the man that might have been. That was not his way.

But that he noticed him at all was sufficient encouragement to the sailor. He was in the maudlin state when there was nothing to resent short of a blow, and he had some one to talk to. He pushed his fist down into his pocket, and brought out a wad of dirty canvas, stained brown. With nervous, awkward fingers he unwound it. Randolph had continued to look on, expecting to see some gaud from a water front shop, when the last wrapping came off, and the man held on the end of his finger a jewel that made Randolph draw his breath.

It was a beetle carved from a single emerald, an emerald that was a shimmer of pale sea green light. He knew the form, and in an instant he saw the character of the cloth. It was a piece of mummy wrapping. The jewel had lain upon the mummied breast of some Egyptian king.

Randolph put out his hand, and the sailor let him take it. It seemed to him that there came up his finger and along into his brain a sort of electric shock.

As the sailor saw the jewel on Randolph's hand, a change passed over his face. New lines, about his mouth, and some of the silly coarseness seemed to melt away. It may have been the freshness of the morning air that was blowing away the fumes of drink. A look of loathing, if that character of face could hold such an expression, was in his eyes as he looked at the emerald.

"Ah—do you want to sell this thing?" Randolph asked.

"Yes, I do," the sailor said firmly. "A mate of mine got it somewhere, and when he died he gave me the thing. There's no luck in the thing. You may have it for ten dollars."

Randolph reached his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and brought out a little bill book. He felt in a measure ashamed of himself. He knew that the emerald was worth many hundreds of tens, and he was not the man to cheat anybody, but this man would only throw the thing away. Why should he not have it? Still holding the jewel on his finger, he laid the leather of the bill book on his knee and drew out a crisp, new ten dollar bill, which he put into the sailor's hand. The man opened his mouth as if to speak, and then, without stopping the car, swung himself off the side and disappeared, while Randolph put the emerald in his pocket and went on.

Suddenly it seemed to him that the world looked different. Ideas came into his head that had never been there before. He had a large transaction on hand that morning, one in which all his powers would be exercised to make two men see the justice of their differences, and come to an amicable settlement. They were old friends of his, and he had meant to devote all his mind to their case. But now, suddenly, he saw how by leaving out a certain argument here, he could permanently divide them, and by his knowledge of affairs gather in a large reward for himself.

He shook himself together, sick at his evil thought. He changed cars for his own part of the town, and with an impulse he had never had in his life before, walked into the hotel and asked for a morning cocktail. As he came out, a tiny little brougham went by on the crossing, and for an instant a little gleaming face like a cat's looked at him through the window, the sleep wanting eyes, with darkened lashes gazing into his. Then a row of white teeth gleamed at him.

"Confound it!" he said savagely. "What was there in my face to call out that?"

* * * * *

Three months later Randolph stood on the hearth rug in his apartment and looked away down into two burning sticks his servant had laid on the irons. It was early winter, but the air was chill after dark, and it was after dark that Randolph was beginning to live. The cozy bachelor apartment had taken on some changes in the past few months. Where there had been a leather covered lounge, upon which he used to fling himself with a new magazine when he came in tired in the evening, there was a broad, silken Turkish couch piled with embroidered cushions, and a French novel or two lay among them. The sober engravings and etchings on the walls had been half hidden or taken down to give place to some water colors, and one or two oils that were of the same school as the fiction. A palm in a great Chinese bowl stood by one silk draped window, and there was about the whole atmosphere of the room a luxury, a pampering of the fleshly side of life, that made the man coming in at the doorway stop and hold his breath as though he was entering a place of strange odors.

He dropped the curtain that fell over the door, and met Randolph in the middle of the room.

"My dear fellow," he said heartily, "you are so lapped in luxury here that I hardly knew the place. When did you do all this?"
"Oh, bit by bit," Randolph said carelessly. "The old way seemed bare, somehow. When did you come home?"

"Yesterday. How is your mother? I want to go up tomorrow and see her." The words were said carelessly, but Randolph sprang up as though he had been stung.

"Now see here, Carston, I know mother has set you at me just as well as I know anything. That's just exactly what she would do. I want to say right here that I am old enough to take care of myself."

"She hasn't seen you for three months."

"I've been so confoundedly busy."

Carston did not smile at this excuse. His errand was too serious. Randolph was his cousin, and Randolph's mother was his best friend, and he had come to do what he could.

"Your mother thinks, we all think, that where the honor of the name is at stake, your mother, who gave you to it, has some right to speak. They say you are going to marry"—Carston stopped as if he could not utter the name.

"Have it all out. They say I am going to marry the French dancer at the Casino. Well?"

"I will not believe it. I have known you, boy and man, Randolph."

"They have also told you, I suppose, that I advised Melton and Clay out of the Western Land Company and swallowed the company. Oh, yes, the public prints keep me advised of my doings."

Carston looked at the strong figure before him in the evening dress, and wondered what had come over the man that had been his cousin. The door opened again, and with her mouth full of words a maid ran into the room.

"If you please, Mr. Randolph, mademoiselle said would you send her, right away, the little box you promised her. I've got the carriage below, waiting;" then she stopped with a little creak of surprise at seeing Carston.

Randolph walked over to his desk, and opening it, took out a dirty bit of cloth and unrolled it. A gleam of green light came to the eyes of the man and woman across the room. He put the gem into a new velvet box, evidently prepared for it, gave it into the maid's hands, and pushed her gently from the room. Next he turned around and looked at Carston in a dazed fashion for a moment. Then walking rapidly to the broad windows, he threw them up, so that the crisp, cold air of the evening came rushing in.

He stood by one of them, and a fit of trembling took him. The handkerchief that he passed across his brow was moist.

"Carston," he said, do you believe that in centuries of evil association inanimate things may become so saturated with it that they give it out like poison?"

"I am not fanciful," Carston replied, "but there are queer things. People believe in the influence of holy relics. Why not the other thing?"

"Let's go out," Randolph said abruptly. "I want fresh air. I will go up home with you tomorrow and stay a month. That will surely relieve my mother's mind."

"I knew they were lies," Carston said under his breath, as he grasped his cousin's hand. "I had known you too long."

Men in Mars.

The astronomers are diligently watching the planet Mars, which is nearer the earth than it will be again in several years, and have seen what they suppose to be signals. Three bright lights in a triangular position shone for a time and then went out, and dark spots have appeared on the snow at the south pole of the planet. Mars, unlike our moon, has an atmosphere, and is well watered. It follows, as the night the day, that it must have animal and vegetable life. If the conditions are favourable to the existence of a more highly organized race than inhabits the earth—a race with greater power of vision, with greater intelligences with deeper insight into the forces of nature and greater power in utilizing them—such a race unquestionably exists there. It may, therefore, be true that the people of Mars have discovered that the earth is inhabited by intelligent beings, and that they are signalling to us. They may have powers of vision so great, or telescopes so powerful, that they actually see our great cities and other evidences of human activity. —Chatham World.

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