

POETRY.

THE CALM THAT COMES AT EVENING.

There's a calm that comes at evening, When the weary day is o'er, That's as soothing as the lullaby Our mothers sang of yore.

SELECT STORY.

QUEEN OF HIS HEART.

CHAPTER IV.

"I know of no one else in Leicester," she ended with a sigh, little heeding how the words cut him.

"You know I am always ready and glad to come," he said quietly. "What can I do for you now?"

"Only advise me," and then related the events of the past evening, there were so many sides to the question, so much to be thought of and talked over, that after a while Carlyle suggested they should go for a stroll.

"You are looking pale and fagged, and the air will do you good," he said. "It was such a glorious day it seemed a sin to stay indoors, and Evelyn was not wanted by the sick woman up stairs just then, for a trained nurse had come from Leicester early that morning, and Mrs. Gordon was quite happy with her, relating the many love scenes she had gone through.

They walked slow, talking earnestly. On either side grew high hedges of elder flower, roses and honeysuckle; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers; bees were humming in the sunshine; and high over head, a speck in the misty blue of heaven, a lark was pouring forth his song.

The indescribable peace of the summer's morning calmed and soothed Evelyn's vexed mind as nothing else could have done. By degrees conversation flagged between them, and they were soon sauntering along in comparative silence.

"Is not this a perfect view?" Evelyn said, presently passing by a low white gate on the top bar of which Nigel rested his arms, furtively watching his sweet heart's face, while she surveyed the broad stretching fields of ripening corn, and the distant picturesque village peeping through the trees, and beyond more fields and woods making into a golden haze.

"Would it not make a picture?" Evelyn went on dreamily and Carlyle answered, "Yes," without glancing at it.

"To him she was infinitely more charming and beautiful than any landscape. He never wearied of watching her, and as he let his eyes dwell upon her now, he thought he had never beheld a fairer sweeter woman; then suddenly he saw the wistful dreamy expression change to one strained and painful; every trace of color fled from her face, leaving it like one carved in Parian marble; only for a second thought, and the color was ebbing back again, and the blue eyes had darkened to blackness. Poor Carlyle! he said no word, but his lips closed in a firm hard line, for through the nodding rustling corn a man was coming towards them—a handsome haughty looking man whose tanned skin took a dull red hue when he perceived the couple at the gate.

Evelyn bowed and turned to go, but Carlyle said with a short laugh— "You cannot run away from your friend like that."

He was close to them then, and the girl shook hands and introduced the two men and after a few words they parted. "A fine looking fellow," Carlyle remarked after some minutes.

"Yes." "Have you known him long?" "Yes—at least since last autumn."

"Then he is a Brighton man?" "Yes—that is he is often at Brighton I believe. I knew his aunt very well at one time," Evelyn said, wishing he would not take such an interest in Sir Ralph; but after those questions his curiosity seemed satisfied for he said no more.

CHAPTER V.

A few weeks later and Grey Friars was in confusion; the carriages, horses and furniture were all to be sold. Evelyn had taken a cottage in Devonshire where she, her mother, the nurse and two servants were going to stay for a time.

The wedding had not yet been fixed for any date; in fact that meeting with Sir Ralph, Carlyle had made no direct mention of the future. He was as devoted as ever, but less lover-like, and Evelyn seeing the difference thought he too was growing tired of her, and the thought that she was unable to keep any man's love gave a tinge of bitterness to her otherwise gentle nature.

As for Carlyle—he knew the end was at hand; he had never forgotten Evelyn's face as Sir Ralph had come to her through the ripening corn; he told himself it was engraved on his heart, burnt in with the fierce agony he had endured during those few seconds. He felt it would be impossible to marry her now, to call her wife and to know that there was a man living whose very presence could rob her face of its color, and make those eyes which were his heaven, blacken beneath their long lashes. Before he believed that she had loved; now he knew she loved, and his heart sickened within him as he realized that she was lost to him forever.

Never in all this wide world could she be other than a friend; never anything nearer or dearer. The great love, the grand passion of his life was wasted. He intended that, when she was settled in her new home, he would write and set her free, give her back the liberty he knew she would rejoice in. And yet, after all, he did not wait, but acting on a generous impulse, played into his rival's hands.

He firmly believed Sir Ralph cared for Evelyn; he loved her so well himself, he could not understand any man passing her by. So when, on one occasion, he overtook the baronet whilst riding, he pulled up his horse and addressed him, asking a trivial question about the road to some village.

"You will find it rather rough," Sir Ralph replied coldly. He could not bring himself to be friendly with Evelyn's lover, and hardly stopped his horse allowing it to move impatiently forward.

FROM SANTOS IN 111 DAYS.

Grossome Stories Told by the Tramp Dorset's Skipper.

The British steamship Dorset, with a crew recruited from nearly all the nations of the earth, had just enough steam in her patched and leaking boilers to get her up to Quarantine, New York on Sunday morning last. She had been all the morning creeping along the Jersey coast. Her stokers toiled and sweated as they never had before to keep the propeller turning, and they were exhausted when the hapless tramp got aboard of Quarantine. Her boilers gave out completely then. Captain Daniel Couch summoned three tugs, the Dalsell, the Lohman and the Atwood, and after the Health Officer had passed the ship they brought her to the city.

Never had any steam craft spent so many days on a voyage from Santos, Brazil. The Dorset's usual time from the fever-infected port is twenty-one days. This time she made it in 111 days. She left four of her officers and five of her crew in the graveyard at Santos. The officers were Chief Mate S. W. Page, Chief Engineer R. Peters, Third Mate Peel and Donkey Engineer Van Dorn Winger.

Capt. Couch caught the fever first. He spent two weeks in hospital at Santos, and several weeks recuperating in the highlands of San Paulo. The larger part of the Dorset's crew left her at Santos, and shipped for this port on the steamship Sham-pore.

Capt. Couch says he received little attention at the hospital, where there were no physicians who could understand English. He tells some gross stories, many of which his nautical countrymen were the heroes. This is one:

"An apprentice from a bark that had lost nearly all of her crew by the fever was reported dead and buried by the Santos authorities. Next day he turned up aboard ship. He wore only a winding sheet. He said he had been carried off to the dead house under a layer of two of corpses. He knew this but was unable to move or cry out. After he had been shut in fifty or more corpses for several hours he suddenly gained strength, got up and walked through the streets down to his ship. He got well."

It was suggested to the captain that he might be able to recall other remarkable recoveries from the fever. Thereupon he satled himself more comfortably in his steamer chair and spun this yarn:

"All the bodies of the poor who die of the fever are buried in trenches outside of Santos. Sailors who leave their ships and fall victims to the disease fare like other poor folk. The bodies are carried to the trenches in the same manner. They are used over and over again. Not far from the cemetery is a tavern, and whenever the driver of the dead wagon takes a load from the dead house he stops at the tavern for a drink. Just before the Dorset left Santos an English seaman, who, it was thought, was dead, was riding in a cart and walked through the streets down to his ship. He got well."

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THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

Nature's Best Gift to Primitive Man—Food, Clothes, and Many Luxuries.

The bread-fruit tree, Artocarpus incisa, seen in the island of Bora Bora, one of the islands of the South Seas, grows forty to fifty feet high, the fruit being round or slightly oval in shape, first green then brown, and turning yellow when fully ripe. It is from five to eight inches in diameter, and tastes insipid when cooked. I could not determine what the taste was like, unless it were grocery store brown paper. In Samoa and Tahiti the tree yields a succession of two or three crops during eight months in the year. It is fruitfulness is said to exceed even the generous plantain upon which the natives of the tropics subsist almost solely where the bread fruit is not grown. It dispenses entirely with the labor of the agriculturist, the miller, the baker; there need be no care for seed, time or harvest; there is no thrashing, no grinding, no kneading; in fact, the islanders of the South Seas have their bread ready prepared, and have only to place it on the coals as they need it," says Ober.

This placing on the coals is a picturesque affair, like a Rhode Island clam bake. The fruit is cut up in the core removed, and hot stones having been placed in a hollow in the earth and covered with leaves and hot stones, on which more bread fruit is laid, then another layer of leaves and stones, and on top of all earth is heaped to a depth of six inches or more. The hot-stone bake lasts about thirty minutes and the result is a brown piece of natural bread, white, or perhaps yellow inside and very nutritious. Some think it more like the plantain than wheat bread. It is almost tasteless, green, but is highly appreciated by experts when allowed to ripen just a little; not to the yellow state, however, when it has a decayed flavor. I found it impossible to like it very much in any state, but it seems to be acquired taste with some whom I have heard praise it. This is the seed-bearing bread fruit which grows throughout Polynesia, but the true bread of the Moluccas, which is propagated only by cuttings—the seeds being entirely aborted by cultivation—is a different plant.

If a Polynesian plants twenty ordinary bread fruit trees he is independent for life, unless his enemy destroys them. The constant feuds of various tribes in the same group, and on the same island, tend to famine, as they wantonly destroy each to a depth of six inches or more. The hot-stone bake lasts about thirty minutes and the result is a brown piece of natural bread, white, or perhaps yellow inside and very nutritious. Some think it more like the plantain than wheat bread. It is almost tasteless, green, but is highly appreciated by experts when allowed to ripen just a little; not to the yellow state, however, when it has a decayed flavor. I found it impossible to like it very much in any state, but it seems to be acquired taste with some whom I have heard praise it. This is the seed-bearing bread fruit which grows throughout Polynesia, but the true bread of the Moluccas, which is propagated only by cuttings—the seeds being entirely aborted by cultivation—is a different plant.

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