

Indian Summer.

Oh! these days, Autumn days! When the languid earth lies dreaming, In a sort of golden haze;

When amidst the verdant woodlands Stand the maples all ablaze; Gold and crimson, brown and orange,

How they rise, Glowing pyramids of color, To the skies

When the summer tasks are done, And the song-bird southward's gone, And no sound

Stirs the voiceless, breathless forest, Save when, far away and seldom, The ripe acorn strikes the ground;

Or when leaves, With a melancholy rustle, And untried by any breeze, Circling downward from the trees,

Spread around A rich carpet brighter tinted Than the cunning Persian weaves.

Oh! these days, Autumn days! Who can part the glow and glory Of these halcyon autumn days?

THE ROYAL ZULU.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT. Beneath the shade of a grove of palm a Zulu maiden knelt in prayer on the morning of the fatal twenty-second of January, 1879.

Her face was pretty beyond most of her countrywomen, and her small hands and feet, her distinguishing ornaments and graceful form bespoke her the daughter of some powerful chief.

But strange, considering her nationality, were the words of supplication which flowed from her lips as she raised her clasped hands to heaven.

Not from witchcraft or enchantment, or from the equally powerless deities of her nation, did she seek for help, but from Him only, the one true God, Jehovah.

"Father!" she cried, "to whom all the ends of the earth look for help in trouble, hear me for the sake of Jesus. The evil spirit of war and persecution has come down and entered my father's kraal, and Cetywayo has folded his hands and bowed his ear to listen.

He has sworn to drink the blood of the white men, and set up all the Christian Zulus of his nation. Oh, Great Father! in this hour of trial, keep Cassatonga and me faithful to thyself!"

At this moment a movement beside her caused the worshiper to turn around, and she beheld a stately warrior standing near her, leaning on his black shield. His eyes were fixed with unspeakable love on the youthful form before him.

The blood of the lion-like founder of her dynasty flowed in Luola's veins, and though convinced of imminent danger, she was not wanting in courage.

Remounting, they rode on till they came to the edge of the wood, when a new danger menaced them, which tested to the utmost the fleetness of their steeds.

Barely out of range of rifle shot, some scattered parties of Zulus were coming toward them. Cassatonga knew well he could give no reason for not being with his troops, and the daughter of the king was not unknown.

Wer she seized and conducted back to her father he dared not think of her fate. Urging his horse to a gallop, he cleared the wood, and by carefully placing every hill and clump of bushes between him and the savages, he succeeded in making several miles undiscovered.

But just as he and Luola were beginning to hope they might escape unnoticed a yell in the distance told that they were seen. Now was the hour of trial for horse and riders. The noble animal seemed hardly to touch the ground as he flew over the plain, the wild yells of the Zulus ringing behind.

At length the banks of the Buffalo rose high before them, and Cassatonga realized with horror that he had not time to look for the ford, and that he must only trust his nearly exhausted companion and headless horse to the portals of a plunge from those lofty banks.

But it was their last hope of safety; they must do it or die. At length they reached the bank, which rose full six feet above the stream.

Cassatonga held the princess tightly in his arms, and the horse's nostrils dilated and his eyes shot fire as he gazed on the torrent beneath. But not a second did the noble animal waver; obedient to his master's hand he bounded from the bank, and in another minute tossed his noble head above the wave as he bravely breasted the stream.

In a few moments, however, his feet touched the bottom; the ford was found, and the worst of the terrible strain was over. At length they gained the opposite bank, up which the weary horse toiled slowly; and soon, to his rider's great astonishment, the small English camp lay before them.

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It is needless to give a description of the night that followed. All the world knows how through the darkness the tide of battle surged up, wave after wave, against the weak barriers of the little fort, and was again and again repulsed.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The towing of vessels on canals by means of locomotives has recently been successfully tried in France.

In Turkey, where wine and intoxicating drinks are forbidden by the Koran, the juice of the grape is boiled down in great quantities and commonly used in the household, much as we use jam, answering the purpose of both butter and jam.

Professor Swing wisely remarks that it will be a great misfortune if the return of good times shall bring back the old mania for real estate speculation.

A correspondent writes: I see the rumor is revived that the ex-Emperor Eugenie proposes going into a convent.

The speed of carrier pigeons appears to depend as much on the clearness of their sight as on the strength of their wings.

Calistoga is a famous mineral spring resort, sixty-eight miles from San Francisco.

M. Sebillot, a French engineer, has a plan of alternate ship railway and canal for crossing the Isthmus of Panama.

Both of the towers of the New York and Brooklyn bridge rest on sunken caissons, which were substituted for the solid foundation which the engineers were unable to obtain.

In one of the suburbs of London, the other day, a medical district officer called in to see the children of a man named Bailey sick with an eruptive disease.

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loathsome malady; the bread-winner lost his situation and two weeks' pay, and the local authorities, by way of compensation, magnanimously offered the sum of five shillings in money, two shillings worth of groceries and four loaves of bread.

The production of nickel in Norway has become an industry of considerable importance of late years.

The Siberian exiles, when released from prison and the mines, have had to choose between starving or stealing the means of subsistence.

It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself.

Words of wisdom. Adversity is the balance to weigh friends. To him that lives well every form of life is good.

The Great Bridge. Both of the towers of the New York and Brooklyn bridge rest on sunken caissons, which were substituted for the solid foundation which the engineers were unable to obtain.

A number of prominent citizens of New York, have formed a company, with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, for a conservatory and zoological garden in that city.

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A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Curious Machine that an Altoona Man has been Working on for Seventeen Years.

For the past seventeen years a gentleman of this city has been engaged in the construction of a curious clock which he expects to have completed by the first of January next.

It consists of sixty-five automatic figures and workmen. The base represents a hill of stone upon which is a large structure. To the left is a beer garden with beer on draught which one figure occasionally draws and passes to another near by.

Two more figures, a lady and a gentleman, are seated beneath a tree in the attitude of lovers. The lady is reading and at intervals turns her head toward her companion as if for his approval.

The next representation is of an old fashioned lined-oil mill. Here the workmen engaged in the various parts of the business. One carries a large vessel and empties it into the hoppers to be pressed by the stampers.

Adjoining this is a blacksmith shop, in the background of which are workmen heating iron, who change the pieces after allowing it to heat.

Over the lined mill is the gristmill. In front is a miller dressing a stone; another comes out of the room and empties a large vessel into the hopper.

A Wonderful Georgia Parrot. Some months ago, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, I met a gentleman from Alabama who related the following parrot story.

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