Midnight, June 80, 1879.

Midnight-in no midsummer tune The breakers lash the shores; The cuckoo of a joyless June Is calling out-of-doors.

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own To that which looks like rest, True brother, only to be known By those who]love thee best.

Midnight-and joyless June gone by, And from the deluged park The cuckoo of a worse July Is calling thro' the dark

But thou art silent under ground, And o'er thee streams the rain, True poet, surely to be found When truth is found again.

III. And now to these unsummer'd skies, The summer bird is still. Far off a phantom cuckoo cries From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun Of sixty years away, The light of days when life begun, The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with

And all my hopes were thine-As all thou wert was one with me, May all thou art be mine! -Alfred Tennyson, in Harper's Magazine.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

"An old bachelor?" said Honora Maywood.

"That's what he told me, just in so many words," said Mrs. Pennypacker, who stood on the threshold of her test room, with her head tied up in a pockethandkerchief and a hair-broom in her hand wherewith she gesticulated, after a tragic fashion, as she talked, while Miss Maywood, tall and slender as a wild lily, stood in the hall, with a roll of music under her arm, and her slight figure wrapped in a shabby black shawl. "And he's willing to pay my price, cash down, every Saturday night. Never attempted to beat down a penny, if you will believe it, my dear."

'Why should he?" said Honora. "Most people do, my dear," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "A wrinkled old widow like me, who has her living to earn, is mostly fair game for everybody. A real gentleman, my dear-every inch of him. But he's a little particular, I'm afraid.' "I suppose most bachelors are," said

Miss Maywood, smiling.
"Yes, my dear—yes!" nodded Mrs. Pennypacker. "But this gentleman is beyond the average, I think."

"And if he is?"

"Nothing," says Mrs. Pennypacker, making aldab with her broom-handle at a stray mothmiller, which was fluttering blindly against the garnet damask window curtains-"nothing except that one don't quite know where to have him. He drinks old English breakfast tea, and he wants his pie-crust made with the best Alderney butter, instead of lard as is good enough for other people; and he must have ventilators to all the windows, and an open grate instead of the base-burning stove; and-I hope you'll not be offended, my dear-but he particularly dislikes a piano."

"Dislikes, a piano!" said the little music-teacher, reddening in spite of herself.

"And he says, says he, 'I hope there's no piano in the house. 'A piano,' says he, 'plays the deuce with my nervous system, with its everlasting tum tum! These were his very words, my dear. So I courtesys, and says I, 'You will not be troubled with one here, sir. And so, my dear, I'll be grateful if you won't mind doin' your 'practicin' until he's out for his daily walk; from one to

three, just as regular as the clock." "Miss Raymond looked up piteously in the old landlady's face.

"I will do anything to oblige you, Mrs. Pennypacker," she said, earnestly. "I haven't forgotten how much I am indebted to you, both in actual money and in kindness, which money can never repay."

And the soft blue eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't say a word," said Mrs. Pennypacker, hastily. "You've been sick, and you've got a little behindhand, and its quite natural you should be a little low-spirited now and then. But you mustn't get discour aged. Things will look up after a while And you're quite welcome to stay here until you are able to settle up your little

Honora Maywood sighed, as she remembered how often her little advertisement had been inserted in the daily newspapers, without attracting the least notice from the world of patrons and pupils. There were so many capable music teachers, willing to give essons at moderate prices, nowadays, and how was any one to know how sorely she needed the money?

And as the time crept on, and on upils came, Honora began seriously to k herself whether she could go out in some menial capacity, or stay genteelly at home and starve.

"Clothes, ma'am !"

Honora started from her reverie, as banged herself, like a human battering-

"Yes," said Honora, coloring. "Put them down, Sally. But I-I'm afraid it isn't convenient to pay your mother to-

"Mother didn't say nothing bout the pay," said Sally, wiping her forehead with a whisk of her arm and sniffing herself well-nigh off her feet. "I was to leave the clothes; with her 'umble duty and she 'oped they'd suit; but it was that damp and muggy on Monday and Tuesday, as starch wouldn't stick, and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes as they shall be done better next time."

"I dare say they are quite right," said Honora, with a little sigh, as she marveled at this unexpected excess of courtesy on the part of her laundress.

But when Sally had stumped off downstairs, her flapping slippers beating sort of tattoo as she went, and Miss May wood took off the fringed towel that covered the basket of clothes, she gave a

little start. "Shirts," said Honora, "and sock and turn-over collars, No. 16, and great big pocket-handkerchiefs, like the sails of a ship, and white vests, and—goodness me! what does it all mean? Mrs. Mulvey has sent me some gentleman's wardrobe by mistake. I must send these back at once."

But then Miss Maywood looked down at the articles in grave consideration.

'I never had a brother," mused Miss Maywood; "and I can't remember my father; but of this I am quite certainif I had either one or the other I should hank any girl to mend their dilapidated wardrobes if they looked like this. And Mrs. Mulvey can't send before nights and unfortunately I've nothing to do, so I'll just mend this poor fellow's clothes whoever he may be. A half-starved theological student perhaps, training for the Polynesian islands, or perhaps a newspaper reporter, or a pale clerk under the dazzling skylights of some dry goods palace. At all events he's worse off than I am, for he can't mend his own clothes, and I can."

And the smiles dimpled around Honora Maywood's little rosebud of a mouth, as she sat down to darn holes, sew on tape, and insert patches.

"He'll never know who did it," said Honora to herself; "but I dare say he will be thankful; and if one gets a chance to do a little good in this way, one ought not to grudge one's time and trouble."

But as Honora stitched away, she mused sadly whether or not she ought to accept a position which had offered itself of assistant matron in an orphan asylum, where the work would be most unendurable, and the pay next to nothing, with no Sundays or holidays, and a ladies' committee, consisting of three starched old maids, to "sit" upon her the first Friday of every month.

"I almost think I'd rather starve," thought Honora. "But, dear me! starving is a serious business when one comes to consider it face to face."

Sally Mulvey came back, puffing and blowing like a human whale, in about two hours.

"Mother says she's sent the wrong basket," said she, breathlessly. "I thought it very probable, Sally,"

said Miss Maywood. "And mother's compliments," added Sally, "and she can't undertake your things no longer, Miss Maywood, 'cause

nothing been paid on your account since last June." Honora felt herself growing scarlet. "I am very sorry, Sally" said she.

Tell your mother I will settle my bill as soon as I possibly can." Sally flounced out of the room, red and indignant, like an overcharged

thunder-cloud, and poor little Honora, dropping her hands, burst into tears.

Mr. Broderick, the old bachelor, to his landlady. 'Do you mean-"

"I mean the young lady-boarder of yours that I see on the stairs now and then," said Mr. Broderick. "Nice figure-big, soft eyes, like a gazelle. Did some one tell me she was a music teacherP

"That's her profession," said Mrs. Pennypacker. "But there ain't many pupils as wants tuition, and poor little dear, she has a hard time of it."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Broderick. "What fools women are not to have some regular profession! If I had a daughter I'd, bring her up a self-supporting institution."

And Mr. Broderick disappeared into his room, in the midst whereof stood a girl with flapping slippers, a portentous shawl and a bonnet which had originally been manufactured for a woman twice her size.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr Broderick.

"Please, sir, I'm Sally-the washervoman's Sally," was the response. "And what do you want here?" said

Mr. Broderick. 'Please, sir, I've come to bring your things," said Sally, chattering off her lesson like a parrot. "And please sir, her 'umble duty, and 'opes'they'll suit, but it was damp and muggy Monday and Tuesday, and starch wouldn't stick; and she 'opes you'll excuse all mistakes, as they shall be done better

next time, sir-please, sir." "Who mended; them?" demanded Mr. Broderick, whose hawk-eye had already caught sight of the dainty needlework on his garments.

"Nobody mended 'em," said Sally, the washwoman's stumpy little girl "and mother says it's easy to see as the banged herself, like a human battering new gent is a bachelor, on account of ram, up against the door, with a the holes in his heels and toes, and the preposterously large basket on her arm. strings off his dickeys."

"I can tell who mended 'em," said Mr. Pennypacker, " for I see her at it, the pretty dear-Miss ; Maywood. And says she, 'I don't know whose they are, Mrs. Pennypacker; but,' says she, 'they need mending-and a kind action never comes amiss.' No more lit does, sir, Lord bless her!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Broderick; "she's right-no more it does. And she is a regular little scientist at the needle, is Miss Maywood. Just look at that patch, Mrs. Pennypacker! Euclid's geometry could not produce a straighter line or truer angles. See the toe of that cl ng! It's like a piece of Gobelin tapestry. That's the way I like to have

things done!" And Mr. Broderick never rested until he had been formally introduced to Honora Maywood, and had thanked her with equal formality for the good services she had unwittingly rendered him.

It was a golden October evening that Honora came down into the kitchen where Mrs. Pennypacker was baking pies for her eccentric boarder, with the crusts made of the best Alderney butter

instead of lard. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Mrs. Pennypacker; "what a thing it is to be an old bachelor."

"He won't be an old bachelor much longer," said Honora, laughing and coloring, as she laid her cheek on the good landlady's cushioning shoulder.

'What do you mean?" said Mrs. Pennypacker. "He has asked me to marry him, aid Honora, "after only two weeks' acquaintance. He says that a girl who can mend stockings as I do needs no other test. And he says he loves me;

nd-and-"Well?" "I almost think I love him!" whis-

pered Miss Maywood.

How the Infanta of Spain was Christened.

A foreign correspondent of a New York paper writes: The wife of a diplomat told me how the new-born infanta came to receive the name of Mercedes. King Alfonso wished her to be so called. He was overruled, 'because Oueen Isabella is on bad terms with the Montpensier family, and was on worse terms with them during the triumph of Dona Mercedes. The list of names was to have opened with "Maria Isabella Jacinta." Queen Isabella has repented bitterly of the uncharitable pirit which she harbored against her first daughter-in-law, and has done penance to expiate it. She felt that she ought to make a still greater sacrifice. As godmother, she was asked to name the infanta, which she carried in her arms with maternal pride to the font. Instead of saying "Maria Isabel," etc., she said: "Maria de las Mercedes Isabel Theresa." In a letter to the Temps, from its Madrid correspondent, it is stated on the authority of an official present, that the king was moved to tears when he carried his little daughter into the room where the great dign taries of the state and the ambassadors were waiting to see her. The newborn babe was in a gold basket-an heirloom of the Spanish monarchyand lying on a silken cushion, quite naked. A gauze veil was thrown over the babe, who was perfectly tranquil she does cash business, and there ain't and coiled up. Each witness lifted the gauze covering. The king was not able to speak, and hurried back to the queen's room with his precious charge directly the ancient-and, to an affectionate father, trying-ceremonial was at an end. Queen Isabella ordered the baptismal suit in London, at the baby linen warehouse patronized by the royal n lace veil, and was very costly. "Pretty girl that-very pretty," said The ladies at the christening were in trains and low-bodied dresses, and crowded on their finest jewels.

Pay the Piper.

Although the story of the "Piper of Hamelin" is well known to many persons, perhaps some of our young friends are not familiar with the tale.

Many hundred years ago, the good people of this German village could have no rest, on account of a host of rats that overran this little country town. One day there appeared a strange man among them, who offered, for five hundred guilders, to rid them of the rats. The people accepted his proposal. Then the man began to pipe. Instantly, thousands of rats came out of their haunts and followed the piper, who led them to the river, where they

were drowned. As soon as the pest was removed the villagers refused to pay the piper, saying that he was a "wizard," and they would not "encourage him." He went away vowing vengeance on them, but he returned one festive day, and played a different tune. When the children of piper then played, they ran merrily after him. He led them part way up a hill, when suddenly a door opened in the hillside. In went the piper and the children-troops of them. The door closed, and the dear little ones were never again

seen by their loving friends. Now, children, this is not a true story, but we believe the adage, "Always remember to pay the piper" grew from the sad experience of the people of Hamelin .- Golden Rule.

An elderly person was approached by an agent for a cyclopedia. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly person, and frankly added: "I know I could never learn to ride one of the pesky

A Woman of Grit. A woman with fa will can make her way in the American world. In Ulster county, New York. there is a woman of real grit who inherited fourteen years ago a large estate, consisting principally of farming property, heavily incum-bered with debt. It was the old homestead, and she could not bear the idea of seeing it pass into the hands of strangers, and was determined that it should not. Although then only twenty-four years old, and with no more practical knowledge of life than an ordinary country lass, she assumed sole charge of the estate, determined to clear it of debt. Having an old mother sixty-two years of age, a half sister, also helples rom old age, the two orphan children of a deceased brother, and a brother in the last stages of consumption to provide for, this made her task doubly hard. A little experience taught her that it was impossible to support her large family and keep up the interest arising from the heavy indebtedness of the estate from the resources of the farm. She decided upon school teaching. She was engaged to teach in her own neighborhood at \$8 per month, and her salary in a short time was raised to \$40 per month. She has continued teaching ever since, directing the work of her farm, and during the summer vacations going into the harvest field with the farm hands to pitch on hay, rake, bind She has earned from teaching school over \$3,500, paid off the debt of the old homestead, and greatly improved the property. She has been an extensive stock raiser. Her wheat crop averaged this year forty-two bushels to the acre, the largest yield in the county. A short time ago she learned that a brother-in-law living in Pennsylvania was in destitute circumstances. went to him and found him helpless from an incurable disease, with a family dependent upon him. "Ben," she said,
"what can I do for you?" "Nothing.
Libbie," was the reply. "You have
your hands full already. We will have to go to the county house, I suppose. Never, Ben, as long as I live. and enjoy the comforts of the old home stead with me. I will keep you and your family as long as you live.' She says she has enough to do now without having to support a husband too, which she might have to do if she were married .- New York Tribu .c.

An English Opinion of the United States

Senate. The American Senate was founded for a treble purpose—to act as a check upon hasty action of representatives, to contiol the executive authority of the President, and to uphold the rights of individual States belonging to the federation; in other words, to protect local interests against undue encroachments from the imperial power. The House of Representatives was to represent the Union; the Senate, the States composing that Union. Senators hold their seats for six years; Representatives only for two. One-third of the Senate, however, is renewed every two years. Mr. Gladstone has described the American Constitution as a masterpiece of human wisdom. Its framers certainly achieved one signal success; they devised a second chamber, at once popular and efficient for the purposes for which it was de-The Senate has frequently signed. thwarted the action of the House of Representatives; yet no cry has ever been raised against its privileges, and no American dreams of abolishing it The same can hardly be said of any

senate in the old world. The United States Senate may be called the model upper house. Francewith all the political genius of her sons has never been able to create an as ladies of the English court. It was of sembly possessed of the like prestige and white satin and Honiton lace, and a popularity. The second republic contented itself with a single national as sembly. Napoleon III. re-established a dual legislature, his senate being constructed on the simplest of all possible plans. It consisted of 150 mem b named for life by the emperor, at his own discretion. Cardinals, marshals and admirals were 'also ex-officio senators. As the pope confers the red hat, the curious spectacle was then presented of members of a national legislature appointed by a foreign prince .-London Daily News.

Gladstone's Readiness as an Orator.

Of the many anecdotes that are current illustrating his amazing power of rising to an occasion, one of many may be given which has the merit of being true. On the afternoon when he was to make an important motion in the house of commons, a friend, happening to call on him between two and three o'clock, found him just sitting down to make some notes of the coming speech. He laid aside his pen and talked for a while, then jotted down a few heads on paper, went down to the house before four o'clock, found himself drawn into a preliminary controversy of a very the villagers heard the air which the trying nature, in which he had to repel so many questions and attacks that it was past six before he rose to make the great speech. He then discovered that, as he had left his eyeglasses at home, his notes were practically useless, put them quietly back into his coat pocket, and delivered with no aid to his memory, and upon that one hour's preparation, a powerful argument interspersed with passages of wonderful passion and pathos, which lasted for three hours, and will always rank among this finest

J. Landerer has stated to the French cademy reasons for believing that the materials of the moon's surface are analogous to those of the silicate rocks se abundant on our globe.

How a Man was Proved a Pauper,

A writer in Fraser's Magazine on English Pauperism," after explaining that the Friendly societies of England and Wales have a membership of 4,500,-000 persons, relates this experience: Some years ago I was traveling in a third-class carriage in the south of England. I was alone in my compartment, while the other one became nearly quite filled up at one of the stations where we stopped, by a number of builders' men. One of these, who seemed not too sober, shortly began to utter a volley of the most horrible foul language. I called over to him in a quist way: "Neighbor, will you be kind enough to use language a little more decent? for your's is distressing for other people to hear." He turned round to "tackle" his in-

terlocutor, very indignant indeed that I should venture to take him to task; and his companions seemed to prick up their ears in an amused and sympathetic interest. "I should like to know," he said, "what the whatty what business the likes of you has to find fault with the likes of me. I'm a free-born Englishman, and I'll say just what I choose.

"Well, but," I rejoined, "I'm a freeborn Englishman, too, and I'm not bound to listen to the foul language you use, and I won't."

"Well, if you don't like my language, what business have you here? I don't see what right a gentleman has in a third-class carriage."

"If you come to rights," I rejoined, 'you'll allow that if you choose to take a first-class ticket, you would have a right to take a first-class carriage? You wouldn't stand my telling the guard to put you out, would you?"

"Certainly not," he replied; "I'd just like to see him try."

"Then, surely, if I choose to spend my money in a third-class ticket, I have a right in a third-class carriage."

"Well, may be so; but then you must take your chance of the conversation. You're a gentleman, I suppose; and I say again a gentleman has no business in a third-class carriage."

A hum of applause followed this piece of logic. "My good fellow," I said, "you have

no right to call names." "I didn't call you no names," he re joined.

"You did," I said; "you called me : gentleman. How dared you do it?" "Well," said he, quite taken aback

vou're a parson, I suppose?" "Yes," I replied; "but you called me a gentleman. What do you know about me-you who have never seen me in your life before-to have the impudence to call me such a name? But," I added, "fair is fair. You have called me a name that you can show no reason for. Now, I will call you a name and give a reason for it, and your mates shall judge between us, and if they say

I'm wrong I'll beg your pardon." "All right, master, that's fair enough," said one or two of his companions, and the rest sat watching us with pricked-up ears.

"Well," I continued, "my free-born Englishman, the name I call you is a

He jumped up, as it to scramble over and strike me, and his comrades began to look very furious. I jumped up, too, to meet him, with a studied alacrity, which, I rightly judged, would tend to check his ardor, and crying out "Fair play; I'm coming over to prove my words," I sprang across into the one vacant seat of the partition, among them all, and faced my opponent.

"My lad," I said to the man on my right, " are you in a club?"

"Yes." he said, "the Foresters." "And you?" I went on, to the man on Engineers."

"And you," I asked a third; " what

club are you in?"

"The Hand-in-Hand." The fourth and bfth were Odd Fellows, and so on. As I happened to have heard and noted their conversation when I entered the carriage, and had them. gathered that they were all about to make payments to their clubs, excep my rhetorical friend, who had mentioned having dropped off from his club two years before, I came to him at last

"What club are you in?" I asked.

"I'm not in any," he replied. "I suppose you've got some pounds in

The rest laughed, for they had heard (as I had heard) him asking to borrow from two or three of his companions.

" Not I," he answered gruffly; "I've enough to do with all I carns.' "And if you break your leg as you get out of this train to-day," I asked,

where shall you be in a week's time?" He hesitated. Come, my lads," I said, "where will

he be?" "In the workhouse, of course," they answered.

"Then, am I right or wrong?" I rejoined; "is he a pauper or not? You are all providing yourselves against sickness, and you are independent; but hehe is depending on the rates, upon me and upon you, and he is a pauper, nothing more nor less. Need I beg his pardon for calling him by a wrong

They agreed, as I knew they would. that I was justified in my epithet, and the little encounter gave me an opportunity of a very pleasant conversation with these worthy fellows. They clustered round me like bees, and began to question me very busily and anxiously about their own insurances.

"Sir," said one poor fellow, as he shook my hand, "I'm sure we're all thankful that it was a gentleman in our third-class carriage that wasn't ashamed to talk to us poor fellows for our good; and you've told us a lot to make us think about; and God knows none of us wants to be a pauper."

Paper Making Industries in China. The commissioner of customs at Wuhu

(China), in a report recently issued. states that paper is very extensively manufactured in the numerous little villages situated in the valleys among the hills, about eight miles to the south east of the city of Kinghien. It is made from the bark called T'an-shu-p'i, the paper-mulberry tree bark, and wheat raw, which after having been well washed and boiled with a certain proportion of lime, is again washed, and then exposed to dry for a whole year on the sides of the hills, in spots where the grass and brushwood have been previously cleared away for this purpose. After the year's exposure it is washed once more, and then pounded on a stone with a large wooden hammer; it is supposed to require 1,400 blows from this hammer to reduce it to the necessary consistency; after which it is removed to another building, and left to soak until it becomes quite a pulp in a large earthenware vessel, containing a liquid glue made from boiling the branch of a tree called the Yangkowt'eng, a species of hooked vine. This pulp is then put into a cistern of water, and well stirred up with a stout stick. A finely-made bamboo frame, or sort of long oblong sieve, is taken by two men, one at either end, and dipped twice into this liquid, which is made to run equally over the whole surface, somewhat after the maner in which the photographer allows the developing solution to run over his plate. By this means a thin and tolerably even layer is left, which soon partially dries and forms the sheet of papers and which is removed by mis rply versing the frame. As soon as a sufficient number of sheets has been made, they are taken to the drying room This room contains a large brick oven, coated on the outside with lime, and built up to within a few feet of the roof. Upon the top of this oven the paper is placed, in parcels of about a foot in thickness, until perfectly dry; after which sheet by sheet is damped once more, and while still moist is by means of a soft brush made to adhere to the sides of the oven for a short time to undergo its final process of drying. It is then taken away to the packing room and made up into bales, weighing from 80 to 120 catties each, the catty being equivalent to one and one-third pound voirdupois. The largest sized paper is about one "chang" (113 feet) long, and is worth one dollar a sheet. This particular size of paper is made entirely from the "T'an-shu-p'i," but the smaller sizes are composed of a mixture of the above-mentioned bark, or the bark of the paper-mulberry tree and wheat straw. This paper is known by the name "Suanchih," and is considered a good quality paper in the Chinese markets.

Just What the Mule Would Say.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Times tells this anecdote of one of the officers of "the old army." The scene is laid in Mexico, during the Mexican

war: Twiggs belonged to the "army of invasion"-that is, he was on Taylor's line in the beginning of the war.

One day when a long train of wagons was toiling up a steep hill at Camargo, and the mules were straining their utmost on the traces, he noticed a teamster who was carelessly walking beside his animals carrying in his hand a small my lett.
"Yes; I'm in the Amalgamated were fariously cracking their whip. switch, while the rest of the drivers As Twiggs eyed the luckless man his ire was raised, and he launched a tor-

rent of abuse upon him. The teamster, aroused to his peril, and hoping to atone for his supineness, stooped down, and, picking up a stone, hurled it at his mules, striking one of

In an instant Twiggs was off his horse, and, grasping a stone, took deliberate aim and sent it flying through the air. striking the teamster fairly in the back. The man threw up his arms with an "Oh!" as he looked behind him and saw the general.

"Just what the mule would say, my man, if he could speak," remarked Twiggs, coolly, as he mounted his horse and rode away.

Did It With a Toothpick.

The lion forbore to set foot on the nouse and the grateful little anima chewed asunder the meshes of the net that held captive the king of beasts. This ancient historical fable teaches us not to despise small things. Fitzgerald, a condemned criminal, had a harmless ooking toothpick in his mouth. He was taking a little pleasure excursion per railroad with the sheriff toward State prison, in New Jersey. With the inoffensive toothpick he picked the lock of his handcuffs, jumped from the train and escaped.

The discovery of phosphorescent bodies has been traced back to the year 1602, when a cobbler of Bologna, pur-suing the philosopher's stone, found a very heavy mineral, which, after being heated with charcoal, became luminous in the dark. The mineral with which the Bologna cobbler attained so remarkable a result was barium sulphate, which, by the operation in the crucible, was changed to barium sulphide, one of the most phosphorescent subs