The Comet.

Mercy love us!
Far above us!
See the comet slashin' round;
Fifty million
Million billion
Billion miles above the ground.

With a tail,
Like a whale,
See it scoot and whiz and rear;
With its flipper
In the Dipper,
How it roiles the Major Bear.

Now it's tryin'
For O'Ryan
(Irish chap that killed the bull),
And the moon,
Pretty soon,
Gives the comet's tail a pull.

Here and there,
Everywhere,
Restless sprite of sky ideas;
Awful pert,
See it flirt
With Helen Potter's Pleiades.

Unbeliever!
Famine, fever,
Plague and pestilence and war;
Fret and worry,
Trouble, hurry,
That is what a comet's for.

Lots of debt,
Too much wet,
Rain and hail and sleet and flood;
Burning drought,
Torrid south,
Sun-baked fields and seas of mud.

Blood and bones,
Tears and groans,
Gnashing teeth and horrid cries;
Howls and yowls,
Frowns and scowls,
That's about the comet's size.

Everything
It will bring
That is bad beneath the sun;
How it hums!
Here it comes!
Goodness gracious, let us run!

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The Two Orphans.

A STORY OF A PROMISE.

She came flying down the path, her long, straight black hair streaming behind her, her great eyes sparkling, the dark, thin, irregular features fairly alive with vivacity. She looked to the very life like the wild little creature that she was; but into the face of the beautiful, fair-haired girl whom Nell Haviland was coming to meet there flashed such a look of love that a stranger would have known that the girlish sister was very near to the heart of Alice Haviland.

The two were orphans, supported by the industry of Alice, the oldest, who was well known in town as a very skillful teacher of music. The younger was of an entirely different nature from the quiet, steady, lovable Alice. The townsfolk said that her baptismal name of Eleanor was altogether too grand and stately for such a hoidenish creature, and so it had become shortened to the monosyllable "Nell."

"Alice," said Nell, "you cannot guess what I have done?"

"Something impossible for any one else to do, I presume," said the sister, smiling into the eager eyes.

"I climbed into the old oak and tied my handkerchief to the top," said the girl, pointing triumphantly to the fluttering white morsel.

"Did' you?" asked Alice, absentmindedly.

"Oh, dear!" said Nell, pettishly, "you don't hear a word I say. You are thinking of Goddard Tressil. I wish you were not engaged to him, Alice, for you don't seem to care a bit for me nowadays."

"Nellie," the love in the tones rebuked the girl, "I shall always love and care for you, darling sister, come what may;" and putting her arm caressingly around Nell's waist the sisters went into the house.

The humble supper was over. Alice was sitting at the little piano, weaving a sweet harmony from the ivory keys, when she heard a step on the walk which summoned her to the door.

"Alice!" and her hand lay in the hand of her betrothed, Goddard Tressil.

The tall, handsome young fellow that stood before her was the heir of the "Cliffs," the great mansion, around which lay its extensive farms—"the best place in the country."

"It is too fine a night to remain indoors, Alice. What do you say to a moonlight row?"

"It would give me much pleasure," she said; and, running upstairs for a shawl, she paused a moment, and opened the door of Nell's chamber. The sound of her low regular breathing satisfied her, and she ran downstairs to rejoin her lover. hey walked slowly down the path, drinking in the intense loveliness of the night.

The moon was at its full. Great golden stars seemed melting into blue ether, and white weird drifts, like phantom fleets, floated across the sky.

The calm ocean ended their walk. Each of its waves seemed tipped with a diamond crest, and the reflexes trembled in pearl and azure.

Assisting Alice into the boat, Tressil pushed out so as to clear the shore. The little skiff rocked lightly on the slow, outgoing tide, and the oars splashed with a musical rythm very pleasant to hear. A silence fell over the two. It was broken by the voice of Tressil:

"Alice, I have something important to say to you to-night."

"What is it about?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"About—Nell." The words were said hesitatingly, as if he was nerving himself for an effort.

"About Nell?" she repeated, in surprise.

"Yes; where is she going to live after we are married?"

"Going to live? Why, with me, of course," said Alice, wondering what would come next.

"It cannot be, Alice. She must be sent to a boarding-school or somewhere."

"Why, Goddard, what put that into your mind?" exclaimed Alice; "she would not stay at a boarding-school one moment. It would kill her to separate us, for I am all she has in the world, and I promised mother, when she was dying, that I would never leave or forsake the child-sister intrusted to my care."

"But, Alice, mother and Isabel said—"

"Goddard, please tell me precisely what your mother and sister have said, so that I may know just how the matter stands."

"Well, they say that they can welcome you very gladly, as a daughter and sister, but they cannot endure the idea of having Nell under the same roof, and she must abide somewhere else."

"And you—Goddard?" said Alice, imploringly.

"What can I do, Alice?" said he, in a sort of helpless way that struck a chill to the girl's heart.

"So it is a question of decision on my part between you and my sister Nell?"

"Yes, Alice."

Alice fought a desperate battle between love and duty.

"Goddard, I have chosen. I cannot leave my sister."

He tried to break this decision by passionate pleading; but the tones were firm and unshaken, as she said, at last:

"Goddard, it would be unjust to say I do not love you, for you know that I do, but I cannot be false to my charge."

And they parted—he to walk home as if pursued by furies, thinking bitterly of "woman's obstinacy," and yet in his secret heart honoring the girl who walked so unflinchingly in the path of duty.

Alice went upstairs, and burying her face in the soft cushions of an arm-chair, nature took her revenge for the self-control of the last hour. Her eyes throbbed and burned like balls of fire; her heart beat in high, surging waves, but the hand was icy cold that she placed over her mouth for fear that a cry might escape her lips that would awaken Nell. But despite all her precautions there came a sound of bare feet on the floor, and a little white-robed form knelt down beside her, and the dark face with its weird eyes peeped into hers.

"What's the matter, Alice?"

"Why, Nell, I thought you were asleep. Come, dear, go back to bed; you will catch cold up here."

"I don't want to go. What is the trouble, Alice?" persisted the girl.

And Alice told her all. Nell kissed her sister passionately, then, clinching her little brown fists, she said, fiercely:

"I hate those proud women! I hate Goddard Tressil! And I will pay 'em back for what they have said, for every word!"

"Hush dear!" and Alice dried her tears hastily. "Nell, I want you to promise me something. Will you, darling?"

"Anything!" said Nell impetuously.

"I want you to promise me that if it ever lies in your power to do me a favor for any one of the Tressil family I may depend upon your performance of that favor?"

"Oh, Alice, anything, anything but that."

"Promise me, Nellie?" a ring of decision in her voice.

There was a silence for a few moments. Then in subdued tones, came the words:

"I promise."

* * * * * * *

The September sun, with its ripening tints of amber, lay warm and golden on the garden walk and the terrace of the cliffs. The waves of the ocean crept shoreward, drifting into fantastic shapes, and then breaking, scattered the pearly spray far up on the land.

"Mother," and Isabel Tressil stopped before the open door of the pleasant sitting-room. "I lost my bracelet down in the cove this afternoon, and I did not notice that it had slipped off until I got home. I must go and recover it before the tide comes in."

"Cannot Goddard go for you?" said her mother.

"I don't know where he is."

"Very well, be careful about the tide," said the mother, anxiously.

"I will be careful," said Isabel, confidently. "Adieu, Ma Mere."

She went down to the foot of the cliffs, which gave her home its name, by a broad, gently-sloping path. Then her path lay along the sands to the cove. The long parallel walls of rock made off from the shore, and during high tide the little cove thus formed was a mass of tossing foam, but now it was a long, narrow stretch of sand. Isabel Tressil at length reached the cove, and began to search anxiously for the missing bracelet. It was a present from Goddard, and she valued it very highly. She was about giving it up for lost, when suddenly she caught sight of it, almost hidden by a mass of sea-weed.

Isabel caught the bracelet up hastily and turned to go, saying to herself: "I must hurry or be caught by the tide."

At the thought her eyes turned toward the termination of the point around which she must go. Her heart almost froze with horror at the sight that met her gaze. The waves curled at the foot of the point, soft as "carded wool."

* * * * * *

"Help! Help!"

The cry sounded faintly above the beating of the tide on the rocks, and reached the ear of Nell Haviland, who stood watching the waves as they slowly encroached upon the sand.

"Some one in the cove," said the girl, and running along the edge of the cliffs, she bent over the rocky precipice. She saw a woman evidently half dead with terror crouching at the foot of the cliff.

"She will be washed away before I can get help. I must help her myself," said Nell to herself.

There was an almost imperceptible path down the precipitous wall. Though she was as used to climbing as a goat, Nell found it no easy task to descend. When she had nearly arrived at the base she called: "You must climb up this path. I will show you how."

The woman, who had not heard Nell before, turned at the sound of her voice, and Nell Haviland stood face to face with Isabel Tressil.

"Oh, Nell! dear Nell! save me!" she cried, clasping her hands imploringly.

A vow registered itself in Nell's soul. "I will keep my promise if I drown."

"Take hold of that little bush," she said, "and put your foot there," pointing to a little projecting stone.

Isabel's terror caused her to catch at the guiding hand instead of at the seemingly insecure bush, and her excess of weight caused Nell to fall downward. A stone dislodged struck Nell's foot, and to her dismay she found herself unable to step. She braced herself against the wall and urged remorseful Nell to scale the cliff. She tried in vain. The unused muscles refused to perform the task given them. Then with cold, crawling waves around them, they screamed in unison. No answer. At last, with a moan of utter despair, Isabel gave it up.

"Nell, it is of no use; we have got to drown. But I cannot, cannot die! Oh, God, have mercy!" and in an abandonment of agony she buried her face on Nell's shoulder.

The words of the grand old hymn she had often heard Alice sing came into Nell's mind. She put her arm around the trembling form of the terror-stricken woman, and then the strong young voice rang out clear and sweet as a bugle call, flinging a grand defiance into the very face of death.

Jesus, lover of my soul.
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

The cold spray struck the brave young singer harshly in the face, as if to stop her utterance, but the next second the words,

While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high,

floated over the water. Strength came back to Isabel; her voice joined Nell's, and steadfastly they awaited the seemingly inevitable.

* * * * * *

"Goddard!" The anxious face of his mother startled him as he entered the hall. "Do go and look for Isabel. She went down to the cove and has not returned."

He waited to hear no more, but in a moment was running in the direction of the cove. Hark! Above the roar of the surge, steady and clear, sounded the death-song,

Oh, receive my soul at last.

He reached the cove and commenced descending the path at a breakneck speed, as his horrified gaze discerned two women at the foot. They both looked up as he called, "Hold on for a moment!"

The possibility of being saved took away Isabel Tressil's strength, and her horror-stricken brother saw her fall forward into the embrace of the foam-crested wave that had just swept up. But no. The pale face of Nell Haviland gleamed from the water, and the almost exhausted face said:

"Take her, quick!"

Tressil snatched the senseless form of his sister and groaned.

"Oh, God! must I leave you to be drowned, Nell?"

"You cannot take us both. Tell Alice that I kept my promise."

And Nell turned her eyes away to watch with a curious sort of expectancy the gigantic billow slowly crawling toward her. It swept over her, and then she felt herself lifted up and borne off; but to her benumbed sense of hearing it seemed as if an agonized voice called "Nell, my darling!" and then darkness—nothingness.

Was it Providence that called Alice Haviland to the cliffs at that moment? For she bent over them just as Goddard Tressil began his ascent. What was that object buried almost in the water below him? She recognized it. Only an angel could have steadied the feet of the light figure that swung itself recklessly by Goddard Tressil and his burden. She reached the end of the path just as the wave bore away the form of her sister, and a great cry broke from her lips:

"Nell, my darling!"

The covetous waves dashed the helpless body at her feet, and then strove to bear away two victims. But the soft arms of Alice Haviland seemed to have been endowed with the strength of iron, for seizing Nell in a strong embrace she fought the billows until they shrank back conquered by the power of love. Soon Goddard Tressil relieved her, and how, she never knew, she reached the top of the cliffs, but when there unconsciousness overtook her.

Slowly Alice drifted back to life. She found herself in a large pleasant chamber.

"Where am I?" she questioned, feebly.

Goddard Tressil bent over her.

"You are at the Cliffs," he answered.

Recollection came back, and starting up, Alice exclaimed: "Where is Nell? I must go to her."

"She is doing well, and mother is dividing her time between Isabel and sister Nellie, that is," he added, implor. ingly, "she will be my sister if you can forgive my cowardice of three months ago."

If we failed to surmise Alice's answer the wedding bells that rang out so merrily six months afterward would tell us whether she refused to forgive him or not. And among all the kinsfolks that assembled at the Cliffs to witness the marriage of Goddard Tressil and the fair young music teacher, none was so near to the heart of Mrs. Tressil as "Daughter Nellie, who nearly lost her life to save Isabel's," and happy Nellie Haviland never regretted that she faithfully redeemed her promise.

Senators Who Have Resigned.

The national government has been in existence for nearly ninety-two years, and since its organization there has been up to the present date two hundred and eleven United States Senators who have voluntarily resigned their seats in the National Senate. The striking fact in the case is that a large proportion of them came from the thirteen original States. The list is as follows; Maine, 9; New Hampshire, 8; Vermont, 6; Massachusetts, 17; Rhode Island, 7; Connecticut, 6; New York, 13; New Jersey, 9; Pennsylvania, 8; Delaware, 11; Maryland, 9; Virginia, 14; North Carolina, 8; South Carolina, 15; Georgia, 14; Alabama, 4; Kentucky, 11; Tennessee, 11; Ohio, 8; Illinois, 1; Arkansas, 1; Michigan, 2; Mississippi, 9; Louisiana, 6; California, 1; Iowa, 2; Minnesota, 1; Kansas, 1. This last resignation was made under compulsion, that is to say, the incumbent had the choice of resigning or meeting the alternative of expulsion.

John M. Berrien, of Georgia, resigned on three different occasions—1829, 1845, and 1852. This is the only case in the history of the Senate. When he tendered his resignation the second time the legislature accepted it, but he was immediately re-elected by a nearly unanimous vote. He was a man of the very highest order of ability, his public and private morals above reproach. The following-named Senators, the most of them distinguished in the annals of fame, each resigned their seats on two different occasions: "Daniel Webster, Hannibal Hamlin, Simon Cameron, John M. Clayton, John Forsythe, Jefferson Davis, George W. Campbell, Andrew Jackson and ohn J. Crittenden.

When General Cass was nominated for President, in 1848, he resigned his seat in the National Senate, deeming it a proper and dignified course. This act elicited much comment from the press of that day, and the whig papers especially predicted his defeat for the presidency, and as a candidate for re-election to the Senate; but when the legislature of Michigan assembled in January following, he was re-elected to complete his original term, it being nearly as long in duration as that of Mr. Conkling when he recently surrendered his senatorial trust to the appointing power.

Brick making along the Hudson is a most important industry. One yard last year made 18,000,000 bricks. In this yard 120 men are employed and a large number of horses. The total production of eight brick yards is 2,000,000 bricks per week.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Home Friendships.

If we cultivate home friendships with the same assiduity that we give to those outside, they will yield us even richer and fairer returns. There is no friendship so pure and beautiful in its nature, so rich and full in its power of blessing, or so singularly rare in its occurrence, as that between parents and their grown-up sons and daughters. Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that higher and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper or more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier in this loving and abiding union.

Religious News and Notes.

The District of Columbia has ten white and thirty-two colored Baptist churches.

The Presbyterians have now two colored churches in Houston county, Texas.

The Baptist denomination is reported as having spent $68,000 last year in planting and sustaining Sunday-schools in the South and West.

At the commencement of the Crozer Baptist Theological seminary, at Chester, Pa., fifteen young men received certificates. The John P. Crozier hall, erected at a cost of $10,000, was dedicated.

The Freedmen's Aid society of the Methodist Episcopal church has been in existence fifteen years. In that time it has received over $900,000 from the church, and expended it in the acquisition of property and support of schools of various grades in the Southern States.

The Missouri Lutheran synod has resolved to erect on the site of the present edifice, at St. Louis, Mo., a new theological seminary building at a maximum cost of $100,000, not more than ten per cent. of this to be expended in architectural embellishments.

The membership of the United Presbyterian church in the United States has been increased by profession 3,807. Of these, 3,345 are of Christian parentage, and 462 have been brought in from the world. The increase by certificate is 3,812. The losses reach the sum of 6,875. The net gain is 744, and the present aggregate 81,564.

The statistics of Protestant Sunday schools in the city of Paris show 89 schools, having 7,596 scholars and 675 teachers. The Protestant population of the city is estimated at from 40,000 to 60,000, or between two and three per cent. of the whole number of souls. Fifteen Protestant periodicals are published in the French capital.

The statistics which have been issued by the synod of the Presbyterian church of England with respect to congregational matters show that in England there are 273 congregations, with 136,896 sittings in churches, of which 63,227 are let. The churches and manses are insured for $3,810,000, with a debt against them of $621,000. There are 1,602 elders, 615 deacons, and 2,011 managers. The number of communicants in 1880 was 55,201, and in 1879 54,487. There have been 602 marriages, 3,199 baptisms, and 768 deaths. There are 1,572 district visitors, 3,276 members of Dorcas societies, 6,139 Sunday school teachers, 61,962 Sunday-school scholars, 6,338 scholars in day schools, 3,640 in young men's societies, and 6,852 in Bible classes. The total amount raised for all purposes in 1880 was $1,027,430, against $901,345 in 1879.

Why She Stole.

Instead of the silk dress with a shirred front and bead embroidery which Eva Hirsch, alias Eva Jacobs, alias Clara Morris, the pretty young woman, wore when sneak thieving in New York and Brooklyn, she wore in Raymond street jail a calico wrapper which the matron had furnished her, but she had it fastened at the neck with a gold fan and tied at the waist with a velvet band. She said to a reporter that she was ready to plead guilty to two of the robberies, but she denied that she had stolen $3,000 worth of property, and said that the amount would probably not exceed $300 worth. "I was at different times in the public schools," she said. "My mother died when I was young, but I kept house for my father until three years ago. I found it dull, though, to be at home so much, and I ran away and got employment in a lace factory. I was led away by bad associates. I needed to dress well to keep the friends I had made, and I took up that plan to get dresses, because I could not earn money enough at my employment. I wished the floor would open and swallow me when I was in court, because I saw there in one corner of the room my old employer. I never expected, when I worked for him, to be in this place."

In Germany sugar is made from old rags. Here is a scheme for the utilization of our tramps which should not be allowed to pass unheeded.

The Metallic Fly of India.

One of India's pests is the metallic blue-fly. You sink the legs of your furniture into metallic sockets filled with salt and water, and pack your clothing in tight tin boxes, to prevent the incursions of white ants; but you have no remedy against the metallic blue-fly, which fills every crevice, every keyhole and every key itself with clay. The fly is an artistic as well as an industrious worker, and he works always with an object. He first selects a hole, a keyhole, or an empty space in any metallic substance is preferred, but, in the absence of any such material, the holes in the bottom of a cane-seat chair, or any perforated wood, will answer the purpose.

After seeing that the hole is cleaned and in good order, he commences operations by laying on the bottom a smooth carpet of clay; then the bodies of several defunct spiders are triumphantly placed upon the clay carpet. On top of these spiders the eggs of the female fly are deposited. The tomb is then ready for closing. The top is neatly covered over with clay, but it still has an unfinished look. This is remedied by a thin coat of whitewash, and then the fly looks upon his work and pronounces it good.

When this tomb is opened there are more metallic blue-flies in the world than there was before. You are anxious to examine or wear some of your valuables, which you always keep under lock and key, and you take your key and endeavor to unlock your trunk, but it is only an endeavor. There is resistance in the keyhole. You examine the key, and find that it is nicely sealed up with clay, and the keyhole in the same condition. It is a work of patience to destroy the nursery of the poor insect, and lay his castle in ruins; but a determined will can accomplish much. Cane-seated chairs are sometimes so occupied by these clay homes as to make it hard to determine what the original substance was.

Making Things Over.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now there's my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Jones. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you could not do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," grumbled Jones, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April. One warm day in May Mr. Jones went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find and turning things generally inside out.

"Maria!" he screamed, "where's my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, there's the brown linen one I bought last summer?"

"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs Jones, who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one."

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Jones.

"Cut them over for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband; then in a voice of thunder "Where have my blue suspenders got to?"

"Hung the baby-jumper with them."

"Maria!" asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh! no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully, "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants and looks lovely." Mr. Jones never mentions the word economy or suggests making over—he has had enough of it.

—*Detroit Post.*

A Swarm of Bees in Broadway.

Several hundred persons might have been seen at Broadway and Park Place, New York, with their heads inclined as if making astronomical observations. Instead of star-gazing, however, they were looking at a strange black mass in the air, which proved to be a swarm of bees. The keeper of the fruit-stand on the corner, who had an eye for business, proceeded to capture the swarm. Turning an old fruit barrel bottom-side up, he performed frantic incantations over it with a green bough. The insects were soon borne off in triumph. A reporter followed the fruit-dealer to the office of The *Bee Keepers' Journal*, where the rebel colony was safely lodged on the roof, along with about seventy-five other communities. After the editor, A. J. King, had given the fruit man $1 the reporter asked him why he kept so many bees "To raise queens," he said, "some of which are worth $20 apiece." An incident similar to this happened in the Strand, London, some weeks ago.—*New York Sun.*

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.