

Mad River, in the White Mountains.

TRAVELER.
Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, Oh Mad River?

THE RIVER.
Oh stranger from the city?
Is it perchance some foolish freak

TRAVELER.
Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,

THE RIVER.
A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling

TRAVELER.
I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blinding

THE RIVER.
I heard the distant ocean call,
Implying and entreating;

TRAVELER.
Men call me mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,

THE RIVER.
Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.

TRAVELER.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;

MY WEDDING.

How Cupid managed to send Stephen Barker after me I never could find out; but that is between themselves, and is none of my business.

Then I began to consider. I had loved Norman Strong ever since I could remember, and Norman had been my friend when no one else said a kind word to me.

Now uncle did not approve of Norman. In fact, uncle never approved of any one that I liked. But with Stephen Barker disapproval was out of the question.

After this public avowal of our intentions the marriage was considered inevitable by every person but me.

I think it was no later than the third night after Stephen had spoken to my uncle that I frankly told him I thought I ought not to marry him.

"And you love Norman?" he asked, bluntly.
"So I answered, "Yes, I love him, and he loves me, and when he got the position of cashier in your bank, he wanted to marry me; but uncle said we were neither of us to be trusted with my \$25,000."

"So you have \$25,000?"
"Papa left me that much; but Uncle Miles can keep it until I am thirty-five, unless I marry to please him, or unless he is so satisfied of my good sense that he voluntarily gives it up to me. He will never do that."

Stephen was silent a long time, and then he said, a little sadly: "You are a good girl to be so honest with me. If your uncle could be made to give up your little fortune, do you think you could use it wisely?"

"I could—with Norman to help me."

Then we had a long conversation, which it is not necessary for me to repeat; it will be understood by what follows. There was no change apparent between Stephen and I. He behaved exactly as a lover of his age and character would be likely to behave.

Everything went on with the greatest propriety. I had announced my intention to have an extraordinary trousseau, and this being a point on which aunt could feel with me, the next four months were pleasantly spent in shopping and sewing.

It was about this time that Stephen Barker said to my uncle: "I understand Frances has \$25,000. I wish her to have it so settled on herself, and for her own absolute use, that I propose, Mr. Miles, if you are willing, to add \$10,000 to it, and buy for her the Stamford estate."

"Your word is sufficient, Mr. Miles."
So in about two weeks the transfer was safely and amicably effected, and Stamford Hall and estate were firmly and surely made over to Frances Halliday, spinster, for her and her heirs forever.

At length the wedding day drew near. It had been arranged for Wednesday morning, and we were to leave for New York immediately after the ceremony. Cousin Jose, who had prepared himself to look down on all the world from the pulpit, was to perform the ceremony.

It helped to swell the list of my presents, and they certainly made a goodly show. First there was the Stamford estate from my father and Stephen Barker, and the settled bills for \$1,000 worth of new furniture which Stephen had sent to make the old rooms pretty and comfortable.

For Stephen had proposed to send all my trunks to our New York hotel two days before we left, in order that we might have no concern about them, and that I might be sure to have all I wanted on my arrival.

Norman Strong called that night, and was in remarkably high spirits. He wished me every happiness, and was very attentive to Malvina. Aunt thought his behavior charming—so unselfish—and I was also very well satisfied with it.

"I shall call you about 8 o'clock, Frances," said my aunt, as I bade her good-night; "the hairdresser comes at half past 8."

I said, "Very well, aunt," and went to my room.

The first thing I did was to pack my wedding dress in as small compass as possible, and then put on my traveling costume. This done, I sat down in the dark. About 1 o'clock I heard the signal I watched for. I went softly downstairs, unlocked the back door and walked out. Norman was there. We did not speak until we were outside the grounds.

In the meantime there was trouble enough in Millford. Our flight was not discovered till near 8 o'clock, and then Uncle Miles sent word at once to Stephen Barker, who secluded himself for that day entirely.

During that month things settled down a little. I did not expect to be forgiven all at once, and I was not; but then I was in a position not to worry particularly about it.

That was the way the men took it, and Norman pretended to be satisfied. The women acted with a great deal more intelligence. They all came to see me, and though I did not give them all credit for the very kindest of motives, I made them all welcome.

Just let them say you jilted me, Frances, if they please to do so. We know better, and we will keep our secret until Uncle Miles comes round."
Aunt and uncle both came round sooner than we expected. When it was known that Stephen spent so much of his time with us, Aunt Miles considered the advantages of having her daughters brought familiarly in contact with him, and for their sakes she came to see me and give me the kiss of reconciliation.

And the preparations that are going on for the marriage quite amuse me, who might have been the banker's wife myself. Dear me, I think Love must often laugh at the kind of people he comes in contact with. But I hope Stephen will be happy; I do, indeed.

That is all I have to say about my marriage. I think it was rather peculiar. Some women will doubtless say they don't believe such men as Stephen exist. But let a girl when she discovers she does not like a man, tell him so, and ask his advice and help, and ten to one she will find another Stephen. How can men be chivalrous and self-denying if women don't give them opportunities? I think that is wrong, and I intend always to give Norman every chance to cultivate such noble qualities.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Jay Gould has established an experimental farm on the Staked Plains of North Texas. The section is known more familiarly as the "Great American Desert," and the general idea is that it is sterile and uninhabitable.

Electricity has been adapted to purposes of personal adornment. At the London Crystal Palace exhibition there is a diminutive breast-pin, which can be illuminated by a two-inch Faure battery carried in the pocket of the wearer.

The great comet of 1882 will come within a thousand miles of the sun. A magnificent display will take place about the middle of June unless astronomers are at fault.

The cultivation of broom-corn is being tried with great success on many farms in California, the crop being very productive and commanding a high market price, as the following facts and figures show: An acre of land will yield one-half ton of corn and a ton of seed.

Portions of the West seem to be unusually favored this season. In Kansas they are counting on large crops. The mild winter and heavy spring rains have been of incalculable advantage to the farmers, and from reports obtained from twenty-one counties in the State it is evident that the outlook for winter and spring wheat, corn and grass, and the prospect for the farmer and stock-raiser generally, was never so flattering as now.

The machines ordered by the United States government for testing iron and steel structures are being built, and the tests are to be in more capable hands than those who conducted the boiler explosion experiments some time ago. The lives of millions of people depend daily on the strength of iron bridges.

An exchange, referring to the enormous investments of capital which our industrial system is bringing to this country, states that the purchase of great blocks of land in the Southern States by European capitalists has been a marked feature of the past few weeks.

In an interesting article on the recent auroral displays an exchange says the cause of the auroral outburst is a question of universal interest. There are now huge spots on the sun, and a condition of great disturbance agitates his fiery mass.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. His would be a monotonous life, indeed, were it not for the kindness of a few hundred people who call upon him every day to enliven his dull life with stories of their grievances, and of their brand new enterprises, and with antediluvian anecdotes.

rom the darkness, and the secret of the sun's physical structure will be comprehended.

Sheriff Whitehill, of Grant county, New Mexico, has in his possession a letter written by Secretary Hoffman, of the American legation at St. Petersburg, in behalf of a Russian lady of rank and wealth, whose wayward and adventurous son came to this country years ago.

Latest mails from Australia describe the fearful heat and drought which still prevailed at the time of their departure. For several months scarcely any rain had fallen, and widespread disaster seemed unlikely to be averted by the steady and lasting downpour which alone could prevent it.

Insect Pests in South America.

Mr. Ernest Morris, the young American traveler and naturalist, who recently returned from Brazil, repeats the general observation of explorers that the exuberance of insect life is the principal obstacle to the enjoyment of a sojourn in that part of the world. Cockroaches swarm in every house despite the inroads of an army of spiders which sally forth from every chink to prey upon them; scorpions are intrusive and dangerous; a small red insect called the "meecum" is an intolerable annoyance; at certain hours of the day the air is black with flies and mosquitoes; and ants are a universal plague.

The Editor's "Treats."

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The business of the editor is to entertain itinerant lecturers, book canvassers, exchange fiends and other philanthropists. He gives his whole days to these. He writes his editorials at night after he has gone to bed.

Opportunity.

In harvest time, when fields and woods
Outdazzle sunset's glow,
And scythes clang merrily through the land,
It is too late to sow.

In wintry days, when weary earth
Lies cold in pulseless sleep,
With not a blossom on her shoulder,
It is too late to reap.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

It may not be amiss to inquire if a kettledrum is a pound party.

Oleomargarine, despite its high-sounding name, is butter fraud after all.

The absent-minded hen is a great trouble to herself. She forgets where she laid her last egg.

Oscar Wilde has made \$25,000 out of his lecture, but none of his hearers could ever make anything out of it.

The safest way to curry a mule is not to begin the operation until you have etherized him. His natural sleep is treacherous.

A gentleman who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot. The evidence was conclusive.

A Cincinnati journal remarks that for men to stand in front of churches when the ladies are coming out is small potatoes. As if there could be no small potato mashers.

Sophronia—"Can the weather prophets foretell sudden rain storms in summer?" They could, probably, if they knew the dates on which Sunday-school picnics would be held.

A man does his courting in private and seclusion. John Henry, as a boy, goes behind the woodshed to suck his orange. Not because he is ashamed of it, but because he wants it all himself.

A little kiss,
A little bliss,
A little ring—it's ended,
A little jaw,
A little law,
And lo! the bonds are rended.

A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.

If a young man expects to rise in the world he should go West. In Wisconsin the other day, after a cyclone had passed over, it took the fire department half a day to get a boy out of the top of a tree, where he had lodged.

Brown pointed his gun at a partridge; the cap snapped and the bird flew off. "Just my luck!" exclaimed Brown; "miss fire every time." "Have patience," counseled Fogg; "you may have better luck in another world."

A little girl of seven exhibited much disquiet at hearing of a new exploring expedition. When asked why she should care about it, she said: "If they discover any more countries, that will add to the geography I have to study. There are countries enough in it now."

A stranger in a printing office asked the youngest apprentice what his rule of punctuation was. Said the boy: "I set up as long as I can hold my breath, and then ut in a comma; when I gape I insert a semicolon, and when I want to sneeze I make a paragraph."

"Some other folks would deceive you about these goods, but I have been in the business twenty years and never told a lie," said the guileless drygoods clerk. "And why do you begin now?" said the gentle fair one in front of the counter, as she gathered her draperies together and glided away.

The American palace hotel, to be built on the Thames embankment, London, will be nine stories high, accommodate 1,300 guests, and will be conducted strictly after the American fashion. An expedition will soon start for Africa in search of a suitable diamond for the clerk's breastpin.

Superstition in India.

The magistrate of North Arcot has addressed a very strong appeal to the government of Madras in favor of prohibiting the ancient religious rite of "passing through the fire," in consequence of the number of deaths which have been caused by its observance. He states that notwithstanding the progress of education, and the diffusion of enlightenment, the practice is still in vogue. The governor of Madras, however, does not consider the question as one in which the interference of the government would have a good result.