Little Tim.

Over the paling peeped little Tim, With a roguish look in his bright brown eyes; He called to the children to come to him And help him to catch the butterflies. Browned and burned by the summer's sun, Under a hat of plaited straw, Hopeful, healthy and full of fun, Was the cheerful face I saw.

I heard the hum of the honey-bee, The chirp of grasshoppers, shrill and clear, The robins singing amid the trees,
The clattering scythes in the meadows near, The rustling leaves of the apple-boughs, The murmuring sound of the hillside stream, The tinkling bells on the distant cows, While I sat in a sweet day-dream.

III. I fashioned a future for my boy, As only a hopeful mother can; My soul seemed filled with a sense of joy: I saw him grow to a goodly man. The prop and stay of my feeble frame, The pride and love of my later days: ounted the splendid heights of fame-Men uttered his honest praise.

To-day, while the winter wind blew shrill Through the moaning pines in the vale below We bore him sadly over the hill. And laid him under the drifting snow; Under the willows lone and bare Under the dark clouds cold and gray, Under the snowflakes white and fair. We buried our hopes to-day.

I dream again, while to-night I stand By my window and gaze at the howling storm Of my little boy in the better land: And I seem to see his shining form Through a rift in the clouds while I watch and

For the joyous summons to go to him. Yes! peeping over the golden gate, I shall meet my little Tim! -Eugene J. Hall, in Our Continent.

Restored to Reason.

It was September, and through the Jovely Kentish roads, from Westerham far away to the seashore, tramped parties of hop-pickers.

Among these was a party of three, a man and woman, and a girl of about eighteen. Though the moon had been up two hours they yet trudged on, weary-footed; heedless, except the girl, of the beauties around them ; she, occasionally lifting her head, seemed to drink in the sweet scents floating in

Halting, and raising her arms above her head as for relief from the fatigue oppressing her, she said : "It's been a long tramp to-day; aren't we soon going to rest?"

"Oh, you're findin' it out, are yer?" growled her male companion, short and clumsy built, with an expression resembling that of a bulldog. we shan't stop for the next two hours."

"It's your own fault, you know," remarked the woman; "nobody asked you to come ; you wasn't wanted.

"Maybe," replied the girl quietly; . but I've got to make my living, and I thought this way would be as good as any to turn an honest penny."

"Honest!" growled the man scorn-

"You going 'op-pickin!" put in the woman -" you as might ride in your

"You are an idiot," exclaimed the man. "A precious mistake we made when we thought you'd be a fortin' to

"Yes, you did," was the answer then, as they reached the top of the hill

they had been toilsomely ascending, the girl, extending her arms, uttered a "What's the matter with you now

Are yer mad?" "It's—it's the sea!" she gasped. "It

must be. How beautiful !"

Her figure, full, and roundly molded. was slightly inclined; her red lips were parted; her large, dark, beautiful eyes were dilated with an expression of reverential wonder as they gazed on the vast expanse of waters flashing beneath the moonbeams.

"Shall we go near it? Shall we?" she asked.

"Not by five miles. Come along, I thought you was tired."

The silence which again fell on the tramps was next broken by the beat of horse's hoofs coming rapidly along a side road. Before they were aware the rider had dashed round the corner and was upon them. The tramps sprang to the hedge, but before the girl could follow their example the horse had struck her, and she staggered and nearly fell.

'Can't you people keep to the right mide of the road instead of straggling all over it?" he had begun, when he beheld the lovely face of the girl. In an instant he had sprung down to her

"I am very sorry. May I help you?" he exclaimed, in concern

"It is nothing; I am not hurt. No. not at all," she answered. "I ought to have got out of the way?"

"The fault was mine, but I didn't think any one would be in the lane at

"On'y tramps," snarled the man: "and a course it's nothin' for a gentleman on'y be one less for the parish to sup-

The gentleman glanced from one to the other, but his looks dwelt longest on Janet. Could this girl be a tramp? Never had he seen a more graceful figure nor more charming features.

"All I can say is that I am sorry," he remarked, "and would gladly make compensation. There!" and he tossed a couple of half-crowns to the man, "that will satisfy you, I suppose. Then he turned to Janet, and continued in a lower, different tone: "You are very generous; far more than I de-I thank you. If I had hurt you I should never forgive myself."

And he rode away. Janet glanced after him. She was conscious of an agreeable feeling. Then she turned, attracted by the woman who was speaking.

"What an idiot you are, Bill! You might have made all this blessed tramp go for nuthin'! Are you blind? Didn't you see it was the son of Mr. Bridgnorth, whose hops we want to pick ?"

"Was it? Whew! Never mind, old woman; he ain't likely to say anything about it, and I'm five bots to the good."

Mr. Bill Morris was right. Not only, had it not been for Janet, would Henry Bridgnorth have quite forgotten the incident, but the harvest of hops was plentiful that year, and pickers were in demand.

The Morrises were instantly engaged. and soon Janet found herself at work in pulling up the long poles and gathering the hops.

At first it was not easy, and hurtful to the fingers, but Janet was not of a nature to give half services in anything, and she worked with a will. Besides, she was happy.

More than once she had thought of young Mr. Bridgnorth, and wondered if he ever visited the hop grounds, but that was all. Not so with Harry Bridgnorth himself. Janet had never been out of his mind since he had seen her. He told himself again and again that he never had beheld so lovely a creature.

"If I had seen her in a picture at the Burlington," he reflected, "the proud features, the ragged clothes worn with such dignified grace, I should have admired it, but laughed at the artist designing it 'A Tramp.' Surely such as she must have been the beggar maid who won the heart of King Cophetua."

Harry Bridgmorth, after a rather long search, came suddenly upon Janet. She was just finishing clearing a hoppole, and was alone. If he thought her handsome before, he found her more so now, with the red sunlight about her and the rich masses of black hair gathered neatly together low down at the back of her shapely throat.

As he stood admiring her, Janet pres ently looked up and saw him. A smile of recognition, free from embarrassment, came to her lips. She was glad to see him again.

"Still at work?" he remarked, advancing. "Surely there is no need, when the rest have ceased?"

"They work quicker than I can," re plied Janet. "As yet I am new to hop

picking, but I try to do my best.' "Well, you have done enough for the present. I want you to tell me how you are. I might have hurt you very much.

"You might," she smiled frankly, without constraint meeting his earnest glance; "but you did not. I told you I was not hurt yesterday."

"Yes; else I don't think I should have slept," he rejoined. "I certainly should never have forgiven myself."

"Why not? It was not your fault. Perhaps you were riding too fast, but you did not expect any one to be in the lane, Mr. Bridgnorth.'

"Assuredly not you. But you know my name ?" "My mother knew you. She has

been here before. "Your mother! Then they were your parents?"

"Yes," she smiled again; "why should they not be?"

"Because you are so different," exclaimed Harry Bridgnorth. "I can scarcely now credit it. You are so very unlike them," "Perhaps I may change when I am

as old as they and have seen as much trouble," she remarked, with a light laugh. "You?" he ejaculated. "You never

could grow like them. Do you know how beautiful you are?"

She looked at him with a half sad. half scornful expression.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I have been told it often enough-so often that I am sick of it. I know perfectly the value of that kind of flattery. Now, Mr. Bridgnorth, I must go, please; mother's waiting for me.'

"One instant. Will you tell me your

"Janet Harris."

"Then, Janet, believe me, for I am sure I understand your meaning; my words are not of the nature of those flatteries to which you refer. You will such as you to smash a score or so on not shun me; we may at least have a 'em. If you'd killed my gal, it 'ud chat together when we meet? I think I

might have killed you. Have I not a right to rejoice that you live? And I do rejoice indeed !"

This time the color rose to the girl's cheek, her long lashes fell; his tones were so soft and earnest, that her's be came less firm in consequence.

"You are very good. Indeed I would not shun you; but really I must go now."

"Good-bye, then, Janet." And after glance round to make sure that no one was near, he extended his hand.

"Good-bye, sir," replied Janet, quietly, and not heeding his outstretched hand, she moved away.

Harry Bridgnorth watched until intervening hop-poles hid her; then went off thoughtfully in the opposite direc-

"Was King Cophetus an idiot or a wise man?" he pondered. "Surely the beggar maid was not so handsome nor so queenly as Janet Morris? I must see her again." And he did, daily.

Janet Morris had found that instead of the sea being five miles off, it was not two, and when work was over in the twilight; she would hurry to the shore. Harry Bridgnorth had discovered this, and not an evening passed that he did not meet her.

At first she had treated him distantly, but conscious of her power of self-protection, finally had yielded to his coming; indeed, soon began to look forward to their meetings as eagerly as he. It was very pleasant, seated with him on the sea shore, listening to the break of the waves, or to his voice telling of so many things, or won into confidence by his pleasant manner, she herself relating episodes in her own wretched life, ignorant that her heart, which never yet had known love, was expanding now beneath its influence; and she, who had drawn back proudly, mistrustful of all who were her superiors, was confiding now.

One day Janet became aware of a ommotion among the gatherers.

"What is it? Is anything the matter?' she asked of one standing by her, "Don't you know? Ah, I forgot you haven't been here afore. It's only the mad lady."

"The mad lady!" ejaculated Janet. "Well, what is there wonderful in that? Ain't you never seen a mad person, eh?"

It was Bill Morris who spoke. He had come quickly to where she stood. "Tell yer what, though, you'd better

keep back, or them big eyes of yourn, staring like that, will hirritate the poor lady. They say as how if you stare at 'em it upsets 'em like scarlit do do a mad bull."

Janet shrank behind the poles, not taking the trouble to doubt Bill Morris' assertion. Her thoughts, indeed, were far otherwise occupied, for just then advancing toward them came the mad lady, a tall, handsome woman, attired deep mourning, that en-

hanced the delicate fairness her complexion. Her years could not have been much above forty, yet her hair was white as snow, with a tinge of sunlight upon it. Her expression was mournful; but it was only when you caught the vscant look of the clear, gray eyes that you perceived reason was wanting.

Who was she? Could she be Harry Brignorth's mother? for it was upon his arm she leaned, and the likeness between them was great. Slowly she approached, turning her gentle gaze on every side, and ever and again murmuring with a sad motion of the head, Not yet; not come yet! Where

where? Not here!" Then she passed on, and went slowly out of sight.

"Who is she?" asked Janet. "Is she Mr. Henry Brignorth's mother ?"

"No; his aunt. Something long ago sent her crazy, and she allus comes once like that when the 'ops is being gathered. I don't mind; she's 'armless.' That evening Janet Morris learned the

truth from Harry Bridgnorth. Years ago his aunt, Mrs. Auckland, young wife and mother, had her child stolen while staying with her brother, Mr. Bridgnorth. The nurse had taken it out as usual, and all that she remembered was that she had sat down under a tree while the child played about. Overcome by the heat, she fell asleep.

"It was a lovely little thing." cluded Harry Bridgnorth. "The only conclusion we could arrive at was that it had been stolen by gypsies. My poor aunt would have it that it was the hop-pickers, for it was the hop-picking season, and her brain gave way beneath her sorrow. When the hop-gathering time has arrived, she walks through the grounds that she shall find her child.

"Poor lady," murmured Janet. "It must be hard indeed to lose one you

love." Harry Bridgnorth looked hesitatingly down at her, as, seated on a portico of rock, she gazed seaward. Then, bending nearer, he said, "And you have never loved, Janet?"

She did not take the question in the eaning he intended. Shaking her head, she replied, sadly,

Never! who had I to love?" He bent over her, his hand on hers. " But, Janet, you are capable of lovel -surely, yes?

She looked quickly up at him, waves and the amazed, bewildered Janet had of color dyeing her cheek, and strove to free her hand.

"You must hear me-I must speak!" proceeded Harry Bridgnorth, excitedly, passionately. "Janet, I love you!"

He strove to place his arm around her waist; but, preventing him, Janet Morris rose. Inwardly she was agitated, but her voice, her manner, were calm and self possessed.

"Hush, Mr. Bridgnorth," she said ; you must not talk so to me."

"And why not, Janet?" he pleaded. "Because the love I need, you must not give; and the love you may, I would not accept."

"The love I give you is honorable and true!" he cried; but she checked him.

"Hush!" she repeated; "we will part now. You do not consider what you say. When we meet again you will have had time to reflect."

"But not to change," he exclaimed,

as she moved away. Janet determined to return to London on the morrow, but before leaving she would take a last long look at the sea: and in the morning she stole away from the hop-grounds into the lane leading to the shore.

She had no fear of meeting any one at that hour.

On reaching the sands she gazed breathless with admiration. She had never seen the sea, which was tumbling rapidly in, with the sunshine dancing on the waves as now. How beautiful it

was. As she stood a piercing scream broke the stillness; turning, she beheld on the rocks of a headland close by, the mad lady. The waves were stealing up around the base, and had surprised

The water as yet was shallow, and Janet dashed through the waves and climbed to Mrs. Auckland's side.

"Do not fear; there is no danger," she exclaimed, soothingly. " Come with me, we can pass easily through.' But the madwoman, her wild look riveted on the rising water, refused to stir. Fear was on her; she had even ceased to scream. All the heed she paid to Janet was to grasp her tightly with one hand, and point with the other to the rapidly rising sea.

"Look, look!" she screamed; "don't leave me! They are coming, coming! It's death ! Oh. Mabel. Mabel !"

In vain 'Janet implored, entreated, threatened; the madwoman would not stir. The girl saw that the sea was swirling round the rocks; soon it would be impossible to wade through it, yet she could not leave the poor madwoman, and called loudly for help.

The sound of her cries startled her ompanion; she turned, gazed wildly at Janet, then, with a shrill scream ending in hysterical laughter, fell insensible on the girl's bosom. Janet perceived that her case was now desperate. She had no strength to drag Mrs. Auckland through the waves; she could hardly support her. Already the water broke upon their feet.

Her brain reeled. Ah, 'tis a terrible thing to die thus. Yet the girl's beautiful face was firmly set. She waited death rather than leave the madwoman.

Again and again Janet raised her voice. Hark! Was that a shout? Yes; yes; and there was the sound of oars. A moment later a boat shot around the headland.

Their perilous position had been see by Harry Bridgnorth from the heights, and he was one of the rowers.

"Courage, courage, Janet Morris! he called, and seeing him she feared no ant cities for weekly report of shocks, longer. Silently she waited, and lent he has obtained a record of a large her aid to assist the madwoman into number of earthquakes for a very conthe boat; then, her hand in her lover's, followed. But after that her strength ports are of great value in enabling him failed, and she fainted.

It was Mrs. Auckland who first rearound, she exclaimed:

"Where is she? Where where has she gone? Not lost again?"

"Who, dear aunt?" questioned her nephew.

"Mabel-my child! I tell you I saw her just now! She tried to save me! Ah!" as, with a joyous cry, she beheld "she is her-my darlingfound!" And, flinging her arms about the girl, she kissed her rapturously.

"Aunt, do you know what you say?" exclaimed her nephew.
"Yes, yes! Look, Harry! Oh, yes!

am not mad now! Look!" Eagerly she tore from her neck a locket containing a miniature of her husband. "Harry, that is her father; do you think I, her mother, could be deceive "The likeness is wonderful. Oh, if

it were so! But, aunt, this girl's pa-"You mean the wretches who stole her from me," cried Mrs. Auckland flercely, clasping Janet to her. " Have

them arrested, for I tell you this is my

child-my darling!"

been conveyed to the house

But Bill Morrishimself had witnessed that scene in the boat, and had decamped ; thus only his wife was secured, and frightened by her arrest, infuriated by her husband's desertion, the woman confessed all.

Struck by the child's beauty, they enticed it away, such a child being at that time needed by a woman in London. On the Morrises' return there, however, they found the woman in the hands of the police, so had to keep the child, making a tolerable market out of her beauty, which ever obtained alms from the charitable.

"Till she grew up," concluded Mrs. Morris, indignantly. "Then she'd only do what she liked, and a hand we 'ad with her."

"You see I was not wrong," exclaimed Mrs. Auckland. "Mabel, dearest, you

hear you are mine-my child !" "Mother!" murmured the girl, timid-

ly, yielding to her embrace. That evening Harry Bridgnorth whispered to Mabel: "Dear cousin, do you remember that I said my love could never change? What do you reply

"That I am not yet fitted to be your wife. I have so much to learn."

" And when learned?" "Need you ask?" she murmured, with

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Lizards and crocodiles have two lungs, usually somewhat divided, and extending through the whole trunk. By their inflation the chameleon can give itself a plump appearance.

The Paris meteorologists are sending up balloons equipped with thermometers and other apparatus to make observations concerning the regions and currents of the upper air.

It is recommended that sickly potted flants be drenched with water heated to 145 degrees; it has the effect of removing from the roots poisonous acid secretions which may have accumulated there.

Mechanically speaking, a horse power is the equivalent of raising 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute of time; but the expression horse power is to be considered merely as a conventional term. The actual work of a horse is the equivalent of raising 25 000 pounds one foot high in one minute for seven hours out of twenty-four; but, since a steam engine will work continnously, one-horse power of the engine is equal to that of 4.3 horses.

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.-A few years ago M. Montigny called attention to the fact that the scintillation of stars is considerably increased during the aurora borealis. Further data on this subject are afforded in a recent issue of the bulletin of the Belgian Academy. Among other things he has observed that the phenomena is more pronounced in winter than in summer, and that stars in the northern region show the increased scintillation most. The author's general conclusion is that the effect is not due to direct influence of electro-magnetic light of aurora on scintillation itself, but to disturbances (probably a cooling) which coincides with the appearance of aurora in the upper regions of the air traversed by the star-

Earthquakes in Japan. For a number of years Professor Milne has made a systematic study of the earthquakes of Japan. By a plan of distributing postal cards to importsiderable extent of territory. to compute the source and extent of earthquakes. His catalogue for Hakocovered. Sitting up, gazing wildly date, in Yezo, shows forty-two earthquakes in the period from 1876 to 1880. Comparison with the catalogue for another place showed that ten at least of the Hakodate shocks were felt at Sapporo, eighty miles to the northeast, in the same island; and it was similarly shown that seven of the shocks were felt at Tokio, 500 miles to the south. One interesting result of these observations is the discovery that earthquakes seldom pass the barrier of mountain ranges. Mr. Milne has estimated that a distribution of instruments of ordinary sensitiveness throughout Japan would record at least 1,200 shocks per year, or about three per day, which is a number greater than that obtained by Professor Hein for the whole world.

Advertising The trouble with a great many busi-

ness men is, says an exchange, that they try a "dash in the pan" method of advertising, and because a single appearance of their advertisement in print does not bring in a regular throng As Harry Bridgnorth reflected, and tising does not pay. Advertising does contrasted Janet with Janet's parents, a pay. Every man engaged in a legiti-wild hope possessed him that the shock mate business ought to be a liberal, of the striking likeness, aided by ma-ternal affection, had restored his aunt's one's business that is sadly neglected. He determined using his Many men who spend much n father's authority as magistrate to se-cure Bill Morris directly Mrs. Auckland me'hod of applying their money. The King of the Plow.

The sword is re-sheathed in its scabbard.
The rifle hangs safe on the wall; No longer we qualf at the hungry Hot rush of the ravenous ball— The war-cloud has hurled its last lightning. Its last awful thunders are still, While the demon of conflict in hades Lies fettered in force as in will; Above the broad field that he ravaged,

What monarch rules blissfully a

The king, the brave king of the plow ! king! ay! what ruler more potent Has ever swayed earth by his nod? monarch! ay, more than a monarch A homely, but bountiful God ! He stands where in earth's sure prote te stands where in earth's sure protection.

The seed-grains are scattered and sown.

h! crown him with bays that are bloodles

To uprise in serene resurrection When spring her soft trumpet hath blown A monarch! yea, more than a monarch, Though toil-drops are thick on his brow; Oh! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat

The king, the strong king of the plow !

Through the shadow and shine of past age (While tyrants were blinded with blood), He reared the pure ensign of Ceres By meadow and mountain and flood-And the long, leafy gold of his harvests

The earth sprites and air sprites had spun, Grew rhythmic when swept by the bree

Grew royal when kissed by the sun; Before the stern charm of his patience What rock-rooted forces must bow! Come! crown him with corn-leaf and whe lesf....

Through valleys of balm-dropping myrtles, By banks of Arcadian streams,
Where the wind songs are set to the mystic Mild murmur of passionless dreams; On the storm-haunted uplands of Thule, By ice-girdled flords and floes, Alike speeds the spell of his godhood, The bloom of his heritage glows: monarch! yes, more than a monarch-

The king, the bold king of the plow!

All climes to his prowess must bow: ome! crown him with bays that are stain-The king, the brave king of the plow, Far, far in earth's uttermost future, As boundless of splendor as scope, see the fair angel—fruition, Outspeed his high heralds of hope; The roses of joy rain around him, The lilies of sweetness and calm,

For the sword has been changed to the plowshare, The lion lies down with the lamb! Oh, angel majestic! We know thee, Though raised and transfigured art thou-This lord of life's grand consummation Was once the swart king of the plow! -Paul H. Hayne,

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The fashionable shade this summer is the shady side of the street.

Food for reflection: Mince pie, cheese, lobster salad. No sleep. Time to think. Fogg says beef should be classed

under the head of game, because it is dear meat. "The parting gives me pain," as the man said when he had a troublesome

tooth extracted. Before marriage he thought she was little dear, but after marriage he found

she was very extravagant. Fashion at a picnic demands that a girl shall get wet sooner than hoist an umbrella that does not match her suit. Professor : "What Latin word meaning money shows the fact that formerly cattle were used as a medium of barter?"

Junior : " Bullion." "She struck him with a fiendish smile," says a sensational novelist. That's better than striking him for two dollars. - Derrick.

Young Swell: "Miss Matilda, may I offer you my arm?" Matilda: "Oh, this offering your arm is getting monotonous. Why not offer me your hand for a

"Were I to be candied I would say you were just about the nicest fellow I ever met," said she, while leaning on his arm in front of a confectioner's. He bought the tuffy. A fashion writer says "raised figures" produced excellent effect. Well, that

depends; if they are on a check they sometimes produce the effect of sending the raiser to prison. A school-teacher was asking her little girls the other day questions in regard to the growth of plants, and on putting

one of them presently answered, "the buds." - Oil City Derrick. In a certain street are three tailors The first to set up shop hung out his sign: "Here is the best tailor in town." The next put up; "Here is the best tailor in the world." The third simply had this: "Here is the best tailor

the question, "What makes the flowers?"

this street." A gentleman made a rockery in front of his house, in which he planted some beautiful ferns, and having put up following notice, found it more efficient and less expensive than spring guns or man traps. The fear inspiring inscrip-tion was: "Beggars, beware! Scolopendriums and Polypodiums are set here."

A busy retail grocer,
Whom we all surely know, sir,
Was asked one day in a friendly way
By a country chap who had come to stay
Till the mail came in at the close of day,
"What are your gross receipts, sir?"
"He, he! ha, ha! ho, he! sir?"
Laughed the busy grocer,
As he pointed out, with laugh and shout,
"You can plainly see, beyond a doubt,
What are my grocery scate, sir?" HIS GROSS RECEIPTS.