

### Sunshine.

Broad and bright the sunshine  
On the terrace lay,  
Touching with an equal ray,  
In equal gladness to illume  
Violet bed and yew tree's gloom.  
Yet, within the silent room  
Dimly rose the day.

Merrily the sunshine  
Caught the upper pane,  
But as yet it strove in vain,  
With its glitter to surprise  
The yearning in the lady's eyes,  
Who, lonely 'neath the sweet spring skies,  
Fought life's long fret and strain.

Lower crept the sunshine  
Down the lattice tall,  
Till it saw its radiance fall  
All along the silent floor,  
Past the heavy, close-shut door,  
Through the room that knew no more  
Light step or cheery call.

The triumphant sunshine,  
Flooding all it saw,  
Laughed at last her gaze to draw.  
From where the phantoms of the past  
An eternal shadow cast;  
And her chances fell at last,  
As in breathless awe.

Where the glorious sunshine  
Danced and shone and glowed,  
Where the treasured picture showed  
The tall cross that stood above  
All her best of life and love,  
And 'mid her bitter sorrow strove  
To point the higher road.

"And," said the happy sunshine,  
"Oh, hoary eyes that mourn,  
Oh, heart from its chief moorings torn,  
Look at the joy with which He bows  
The wakening earth and budding flowers;  
Trust to the God of sunny days,  
Nor dare in grief's keen scorn.

"To turn away from sunshine;  
Nor in the sense of loss,  
With reckless hand aside to toss  
The comforting through Nature given,  
The trials of our way to leave.  
See how the brightest gleam from heaven  
Clings longest round the cross."

—All the Year Round.

### A RECEIPT IN FULL.

The tins had been all scoured until she could see her face, or grotesque caricatures of her face, in each and every one of them; the window panes polished until they sparkled, or had spattered—for it was now twilight—in the bright June sunshine; the silver burnished until neither spot nor speck marred its mild luster; the loaves of bread baked until each crispy crust took on the right shade of tempting brown; and Molly was scrubbing the only unscrubbed corner of the kitchen, when Miss Cameron's deep, harsh, precise voice came to her from the dining-room: "Mary, are you not through yet?"

"Almost, ma'am," answered Molly. "I think it is high time you were quite," declared the voice. "You must make haste. We are going to the lecture this evening, Miss Georgette and I; and as Mr. Malcolm also wishes to go out, we will be obliged to lock up the house. Therefore it is necessary that you should leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am," said Molly, meekly, and finished her scrubbing with her tears falling fast and thick. Poor little girl! she had tried so hard to please her mistress, or rather her mistress—for Miss Georgette was but a reflection of her elder sister—and her efforts had been met with a grim silence that betokened a begrimed satisfaction, until the last few weeks; that is, in fact, until Mr. George Malcolm came there. Mr. Malcolm was a sort of step-brother to the Misses Cameron (his father, a widower with two boys, had married their mother, a widow with two girls), and they inheriting nothing in the way of property from their own father, he generously made them an allowance from the moderate fortune left him by his.

Generously and forgivingly—for they had not rendered a tithe of the respect, to say nothing of affection, which was his due, to their indulgent and kind-hearted step-father, choosing to look upon their mother's second marriage as an insult to the memory of the parent whose not at all amiable character had been his only legacy to them. The cottage in which they lived, situated in the prettiest part of Meadowville (the furniture therein being their own, the bequest of a maternal grandmother), belonged to Mr. George; and here he had come in search of solitude and quiet, for the first time in twelve years or more, to spend a month or two in thinking of and arranging plans for starting a large business in a neighboring city. And, as I have already intimated, things had changed much for the worse with Molly, the servant-maid, since his arrival. The grim silence had given place to most open fault-finding, when Mr. Malcolm was not within hearing. The coffee was too strong, the tea too weak, the chickens underdone, the steaks burned, the eggs boiled too hard, the rooms badly swept, the shirts poorly ironed; and all these complaints, with many more, the elder spinster, confirmed by the younger, gave her to understand originated with the guest.

"What a hard man to please, he must be!" Molly said to herself many times. "And yet he has one of the handsomest and kindest faces I ever saw; and he spoke right pleasantly to me

the first day he came, and even offered me his hand (how Miss Cameron did frown!); but I pretended not to see it, for I knew it was not my place to shake hands with him. It is strange he should have become so fractious. He was so good and merry and kind when I was a little girl. I've heard father say often he'd rather shoe a horse for him than for any one else in the village." And then she would fall to thinking how grand he used to look to her childish eyes when he came riding up on his bay mare to the smithy, where she spent half her time watching her father at the forge. And he always brought her a gay picture book, or a pretty ribbon, or a box of candies, or a bright new silver piece—one Christmas it was a gold one—and claimed a kiss (good gracious! how her cheeks flushed at the remembrance?) for payment when he rode away again. How happy, how very happy, she had been then, with that dear father and dear old Aunt Nanny!—so happy that she had scarcely ever felt the loss of the mother who had died in giving her birth. But when Molly was fifteen, the blacksmith, so strong and ruddy that it seemed impossible pain or sickness could ever come near him, fell sick, and after lingering, sorely crippled, for nearly two years, died, leaving nothing to his darling but hard work. Yes, there was one alternative: to become Mrs. Jake Willow, and mistress of the forge again; but Jake was a rough, vulgar fellow, and Molly, inheriting the delicate tastes and gentle ways of her mother (who had been a shy, pretty young governess before she married the handsome blacksmith), shrank from the loud voice and rude laughter of her would-be husband. And so, in preference to accepting Jake's offer, she became—and Heaven knows this was a hard enough thing to do—maid-of-all-work in the cottage of the Misses Cameron. Poor little Molly! prettier than many a princess, with lovely, black-fringed gray eyes, and hair of the very darkest brown—hair that would curl in spite of her, to Miss Cameron's great displeasure. "If I had such untidy hair," that lady would often declare, glancing approvingly into the mirror at the flat dyed bands that made a triangle of her high narrow forehead. "I'd shave my head;" and "We'd certainly shave our heads," would echo Miss Georgette.

The kitchen floor finished, the rugs shaken and returned to their places, the bread put away in the big stone jar in the cupboard, Molly sought her own room (which, to tell the truth, was to room at all, but a corner of the garret-reddened partitioned off, with only a small skylight to admit light and air—there were rooms, empty, unused rooms, in the attic, but "they were much too good for a servant," Miss Cameron said; and "very much too good for a servant," agreed her sister)—to make ready for her flitting. Molly looked around it as she tied her straw hat over her rebellious tresses, and again the tears filled her eyes. It had not been a happy place of rest to her, but it had been a place of rest and a shelter, and she had been glad to have it, fearing to leave it less worse luck lay beyond.

And she would not have been compelled to leave it had it not been for that unfortunate mirror, and the unceasing complaints of the old bachelor. Old bachelor! Why, he couldn't be so very old after all, for he was only one and twenty (she was then between five and six) when he gave her the ribbons and books and silver pieces, and she gave him the kisses.

But the sound of closing shutters broke in on her reverie, and reminded her that her departure was waited for, and taking her bundle in her hand, she ran quickly and lightly downstairs to the parlor, where the maiden ladies sat erect and stern, their bonnets already on in readiness for the lecture.

"I'm going now," said Molly, standing in the doorway, her sweet, pathetic face, with its pleading gray eyes and quivering lips, in no way touching what her mistress were pleased to call their hearts. "Good by, ma'am. Good by Miss Georgette."

But the only reply she got was: "Bear in mind that you are still indebted to us eight and twenty dollars. If, however, you should prefer to purchase a mirror yourself in place of the one broken by you, we will consent to receive it, provided it is in every way as good as that left us by our grandmother. And in that case we will agree to refund the eight dollars, your last month's wages, which we have retained as the first installment of your debt, which is really much more than could have been expected of us."

"Oh, yes, indeed, very much more than could have been expected of us," murmured Miss Georgette.

"For such gross carelessness—" Miss Cameron went on.

"Indeed, ma'am," interrupted Molly, her cheeks flaming and her eyes sparkling, "as I have told you, I never touched it; I wasn't even near it. I was sweeping the other side of the parlor when it fell, and the cord it hung by was all moth-eaten, and had

parted just in the middle, as I showed you at the time."

"Should be punished," continued Miss Cameron, not paying the slightest attention to the girl. "And one word more. Please to remember that we have your signature to an acknowledgment that you consider yourself responsible for the breakage."

"You frightened me so that I scarcely knew what I was signing," said Molly. "But as I have promised, I will pay you, for it shall never be said that my father's daughter broke her word. I'd give you the few dollars I have saved if I had not to keep them for my own support until I get another place. Poor Aunt Nanny can only give me shelter, for, as you know, she has depended almost entirely on me for food and clothes ever since my father died."

"Yes, and a very ridiculous thing for both of you," snapped Miss Cameron, with a cold snap. "She might much better sell the hut she lives in for kindling wood, and go to the poorhouse, and you might much better save your wages to pay for the things you break. For break you will to the end of your days. I never saw a person with such fly-away hair as yours that was not vain, careless and frivolous. You may go."

"Yes, indeed, you may go," added Miss Georgette.

And the poor child went out into the road, homeless and almost friendless, with a shadow on her fair young face and a pain in her heart. But she had only turned into the long lane that led to old Nanny's cottage when some one came quickly to her side, and said in a kindly voice, "Molly! poor little Molly!" and there was Mr. Malcolm. And Molly, in her grief, thinking only of him as the friend of her childhood, who had known her as the darling of the kindest of fathers, flung her bundle down, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"They were hard on me, your sisters, Mr. Malcolm," she sobbed—"very hard on me. I did my best for them. I worked—and I am not very strong, though I am a blacksmith's daughter—from morning till night, and yet I could not please them. And it was not my fault about the mirror. It was not—it was not—it was not. Though Miss Cameron insists that I stopped sweeping to look at my curly hair—I can't help its curling; I did everything to make it straight; I tied it back so tight, over and over again, that my head ached awful—and knocked it with the broom. She was a little better before you came; but after you came and complained so much about the tea, and the coffee, and your shirts, and—and everything—"

"I complain!" exclaimed her listener, breaking in on her rather confused narration of her wrongs. "Why, I never complained of anything! How could I?—there was nothing to be complained of."

"She said you did. But I beg pardon, sir"—suddenly remembering the difference between the candy-and-kisses time and the present. "She is your sister, and my troubles are nothing to you."

"She is my sister an extremely long step off," he replied, gravely; "and your troubles are a great deal to me; and furthermore, I think I see a way—a pleasant way—out of them. Let me walk with you to your Aunt Nanny's, and there, with her to advise us, we'll talk matters over."

"Oh, it's such a poor place, Mr. Malcolm! Miss Cameron called it a hut, and said it was only fit for kindling wood."

"I've been in much poorer places, Molly," said he, and picking up her bundle he walked by her side to the old woman's cottage.

Two weeks passed by. A poor drudge from the workhouse, whose chief (in fact whose sole) recommendation was "no wages," had taken Molly's place in the Misses Cameron's kitchen. Mr. Malcolm had gone away on business directly after coming, and on the evening appointed for his return the two sisters, attired in dresses of dull gray, unrelieved by a single touch of color, sat (everything in the house being in heart-chilling, dreadful stony order), one at each parlor window, awaiting his arrival.

"He must be coming; I think I hear wheels," said the elder, in her usual precise tones.

"Wheels," repeated her sister.

And "wheels" they were, but not the wheels of a carriage, but those of a truck, and this truck, on which lay a long wooden box, stopped before the cottage door.

"A mirror for Miss Cameron," the driver called out as he jumped down.

"A mirror!" repeated the spinster, unable to restrain a gesture of surprise. And "A mirror!" said Miss Georgette, with another gesture of surprise.

"Yes, ma'am; from New York. Where is it to be taken?"

"First unpack it out here," commanded the lady, recovering her self-possession. "I can't have the house littered up with splinters and shavings."

"No, indeed," chimed in Miss Georgette, also recovering her self-possession. "Splinters and shavings!"

So the box was unpacked at the roadside, and the mirror taken from it proved to be better and handsomer in every respect than that it had been sent to replace.

"I've brought wire to hang it with," said the man, as he carried it into the house; "so there'll be no danger from moths this time."

"Moths!" said Miss Cameron, glaring at him. And "Moths!" echoed her sister, also glaring. And they both continued to glare, as though called upon to superintend a piece of work highly repugnant to their feelings, until the mirror was hung and the driver again in his place on the truck.

"Of course George sent it," said Miss Cameron, when the man had driven away. "But Mary Brown must pay for the other all the same. Our having this makes no difference in regard to the agreement with her."

"No difference in regard to the agreement with her," assented Miss Georgette—when who should walk in, in a gray silk walking dress, a bunch of crimson flowers at her throat, and another in her belt, and the most coquettish gray hat, adorned with more crimson flowers, but Molly herself!

"Good-evening," she said, smiling. "I have called for a receipt in full."

"A receipt in full! And for what, pray? Have you brought the money?" asked her whilom mistress. And, "Have you brought the money?" echoed her other whilom mistress.

"No, I have not brought the money," answered Molly. "but I have sent you a mirror that more than answers all your requirements."

"You?" from both sisters at once. And again, for the second time in one short hour, they were guilty of being surprised, and letting their surprise be seen.

"Yes I. I have the bill with me. A receipt in full, if you please."

Miss Cameron arose, walked in a stately manner—Molly following her to her desk in the dining-room, seated herself, took pen, ink and paper, and began: "Received from Mary B—" when

"Stop a moment," said Molly; "my name is no longer Mary Brown."

"And what may it be?" inquired Miss Cameron, regarding her with lofty contempt.

"I'll answer that question," answered Mr. Malcolm, suddenly appearing, and passing his arm round the slender gray silk waist, thereby crushing the bunch of roses in the natty belt—"Mrs. George Malcolm."

The pen fell from Miss Cameron's hand, and for the first time in her life that estimable woman went into hysterics, whither her equally estimable sister immediately followed her.

And Molly, taking her leave at that moment, never received any receipt, in full or otherwise, after all.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### Birds and Electric Lights.

Denver is largely lighted by electricity. Out toward the suburbs are several lofty towers, upon the tops of which are powerful electric lights. They are visible twenty or thirty miles distant, and for a circuit of half a mile or more in every direction they give a light almost like day. These towers are an open framework of squared timbers and iron rods, built like an oil well derrick, but rising to a height of two hundred feet. About ten days ago one of the evening papers stated that a great number of birds were being killed about one of these towers, speaking of the destruction as "hundreds," and demanding that the electric lights be abolished if they had to be maintained at the expense of bird life. The electric light company claimed that it was unjustly attacked. I have since investigated the facts to some extent, and am of the opinion that the very bright light was the cause of destruction. The slaughter occurred mainly on one night, to some extent the succeeding night, and none is reported since. It is stated by persons living in the vicinity that on the night in question the light was excessively bright. Birds were flitting about, twittering and singing all night. They flew against windows that were lighted. In the morning dead ones were found in the neighborhood of the tower to the estimated number of three hundred.

Others were crippled, with broken wings or otherwise disabled. The dead were bruised and lacerated, with many bones broken. A wild duck was found to have its breast mashed to a pulp. In some the breast was lain open as though split by a knife.—*Letter to Forest and Stream.*

### A Shoemaker's Advice.

A sensible shoemaker, who made a large fortune by the sale of an extensively advertised shoestring of his own invention, wrote the following stanza as advice to those who wish to succeed in business:

"If you are wise and wish to rise,  
Then pitch right in and advertise;  
If you are not, then sit down set,  
And let your business go to pot."

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The horseshoe crab grinds its food between its thighs.

One-half the human family die under seventeen years of age.

There is now a new wine in France which is manufactured out of the common beet root.

The moa, or dinornis, was a huge bird of New Zealand, the largest specimens being three times the size of an ostrich.

In 1584 "cages and stocks," for the punishment of offenders, were ordered to be set up in every ward in the city of London.

Hippocrates, born at Cos, 460 B. C., was the first person to apply himself to the study of physic as the sole business of his life.

The island of Ceylon and the kingdoms of Pegu and Burmah contain almost the only ruby and sapphire mines of the world.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the river Kistna, between Beozrah and Sectanagram. It is more than 6,000 feet long, and is stretched between two hills, each of which is 1,200 feet high.

Ants have been known to build mud stables, where aphides are kept as milk cows. Being fond of a milky fluid which exudes from two tubes on the bodies of the aphides, they rub the tubes with their antennae to produce a flow of milk.

The Romans held peculiar views about ducks; they ate only the head and breast, the remainder being, according to Martial, the cook's perquisite.

In Russia, where card playing is carried on to a great extent, the manufacture of the cards is a government monopoly, and there is only one factory, from which 24,000 packs are turned out daily or over 7,000,000 a year.

It is suggested that the derivation of London is from the Celtic Luan, the moon, and dun, a city on hill. That it was "the city of the moon" is all the more probable from the tradition that the site of St. Paul's was formerly that of a temple of Diana.

The value of all farms in the United States is estimated at \$10,195,890,645; value of farm implements at \$406,516,902; live stock, \$1,500,487,187; fertilizers purchased and used in 1879, \$27,593,859; fence cost of building and repairing in 1879, \$77,765,723

A great comet, believed to be that of Halley, appeared in England in 1066, the year of the Norman Invasion. It was looked on as the forerunner of the conquest, and produced universal alarm. "The new star means a new king," was a common expression of the day.

Governments previous to and during the middle ages have been in most cases hoarders of metallic wealth, result of the theory that the masses had no right to property. As far down as the reign of Frederick, of Prussia, Henry VI., of England, and Henry IV., of France, accumulation of public wealth marks the progress of most of the kingdoms of Europe.

Poaching in England.

The penalty for poaching varies with the nature of the offense; the season of the year, the hours of the day or night, even religion, affecting it. As for instance, taking game on a Sunday or Christmas day subjects the taker to a fine of £5, and for killing game birds during the "close" season the fine is £1 per head of those killed. These penalties, however, are not special to poachers, the owners of the game itself being liable to them. The laws that more affect the poacher come under the heading of "Trespass," and he is termed a "trespasser in pursuit of game." When caught so trespassing in the day (which is defined as "from the beginning of the last hour before sunrise and concluding with the expiration of the first hour after sunset") the penalty is £5 and costs. If the trespass be by night it is punished not by fine but imprisonment, and the term is accumulative; for a first offense, three months, with sureties required at its expiration; for a second, six months, with double the amount in money securities not to offend again; and in case of a third or further trespass it is treated as a "misdeemeanor." And if the trespasser refuses giving his name to those who have the right to demand it of him, offer resistance to them or use violence, the punishment assumes a still more serious phase, especially if he be a known poacher; and above all, where there are several acting together and armed.