

### The Fall of the Rain.

The summer rain, the gentle summer rain!  
O'er the meadows, o'er the grasses of the plain,  
Falleth everywhere.  
It pours 'mid the chestnuts of the lane,  
O'er the hemlocks, the pine trees and the beech,  
And the orchards of the apple and the peach.  
Its soft, refreshing nectar it distills  
O'er the pastures, o'er the hollows of the hills,  
The trickling, shrunken current of the brook—  
A thread of silver gushing in its nook—  
With a rushing flood it fills.

Ah! the soft descending rainfall of the spring!  
Now it makes the forest melodies to ring.  
Now the birds with sudden rapture sing,  
While the swarming buds and blossoms  
Their verdant wreaths, their rosy garlands  
Throw

O'er the trees, till the woodlands are aglow  
With blossoms red as wine, white as snow,  
Delicious with perfumes.

The crystal autumn rain, how it pours!  
Thro' the foliage, o'er the grassy, forest floors  
Like a torrent it descends.  
It is color'd with the glories of the year  
With scarlet leaves and yellow leaflets sear,  
And when with the rivulet it blends,  
All its crystal, limpid purity is lost,  
Where in woods the currents turbulent are tost.

The winter rain, winter rain, how it sweeps!  
How it sweeps o'er the billowy, snowy heaps!  
How it freezes as it falls in the blast,  
Till a shield adamantine hard is cast  
Round the trees, like a burnished coat of mail,  
Iron-hard, form'd of ice-armor and the hail.  
Then bright jewels are form'd on each stem,  
Creamy pearls, and the pure-diamond gem,  
The topaz, the ruby crimson-bright,  
That twinkle and flash in the rosy light.

—Isaac McCallum.

### A LITTLE WILLFUL,

"Engaged!" said Mrs. Buddington, breathlessly. "And to a woman whom you know so little of! Oh, Frank, Frank! How recklessly you men fling your lives about!"

Doctor Buddington smiled. Men as a rule do not like to be lectured, but Doctor Buddington would endure more of this mental discipline from his pretty sister-in-law than from any other living person.

So he stood there, with folded arms, leaning against the ruby velvet draperies of the mantel, while Mrs. Tom Buddington clipped the dead leaves off her roses and shook her little crepe head at him warningly.

"I don't suppose I know all about her," said he. "But a man might have a society acquaintance with a girl for ten years and really acquire very little knowledge of her true self. We all have to take our risks, Georgie, you know."

"One of your charity patients, I suppose," said Mrs. Buddington, scornfully.

"You are wrong there, Georgie," said the doctor, with invincible good humor. "I met her first at one of the Thursday evening readings at the hall." "Oh, I forgot your philanthropic enterprises," said Mrs. Buddington, elevating her pink nose—"where the lame, the blind and the halt are all tumbled in together!"

"She is a working-girl," said Doctor Buddington. "And she is in Madame Favassi's embroidery and worsted store, and her name is Angela Adams. And she lives with her mother in a cheap boarding-house on Eighth avenue. And now you know all about it!"

"All!" Mrs. Buddington made two round arches of her eyebrows. "I suppose—although you haven't mentioned it—that she is pretty?"

"As beautiful as an angel," said Doctor Buddington, enthusiastically.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Mrs. Buddington, shaking her head. "I'm afraid you've arrived at the desperate stage of the disease, Frank! A shop girl in an avenue boarding-house, and beautiful as an angel!"

And she drew a long sigh of despair. Just about the time Doctor Buddington was running the gauntlet of his sister-in-law's half-serious criticisms Angela Adams was confiding to her mother the new life which had just dawned on her life.

"Angela, you don't mean it!" said poor Mrs. Adams. "It can't be possible!"

Mrs. Adams was pale and attenuated and shabby, with great hollows under her cheek-bones, and eyes that glowed beneath their brows like smoldering fires.

Angela was tall and graceful, with shining nut-brown hair, limpid brown eyes and a delicate complexion, "where rose and lily strove together for mastery," as the old poet says:

"I do mean it!" said Angela. "And it is possible! He loves me and wants me to be his wife."

"Oh, heaven be praised for this!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Adams. "Doctor Buddington is a rich gentleman, who can place my jewel in a casket worthy of her brilliance. He has both social position and dignity. He is one whose notice would be a credit to any girl. Did you tell him, darling, how honored you were at his preference?"

The sudden crimson flamed into Angela's cheek; her eyes glittered.

"Honored, mamma!" she exclaimed.

"I? Indeed, no! There is no man living by whose gracious preference I should feel—honored!"

"Angela!"

"Doctor Buddington is very kind," said the girl, recklessly. "And I do not deny that I like him. But he is one of our uncanonical saints. And I am human. I like to dance, to go to parties, picnics, excursions. I delight in admiration, spirit, life. And," with an uplifting of her lovely young head, "I do not propose to take the veil during all the rest of my life under the pretense of marrying. He need not think that because I went once or twice to the evening readings that I intend to devote the rest of my days to theology. I am not one of those soft, malleable human creatures who can be molded into any shape or form. I am Angela Adams. And those who cannot take me just as I am had better let me entirely alone."

Mrs. Adams looked fairly appalled. "Angela!" she cried. "Daughter! Are you crazy?"

Angela laughed. "Mamma," said she, "I did not intend to indulge in such a tirade when I began. But I have only expressed my real sentiments, and now I must go back to the store, so good-bye!"

And with a loving kiss she left the warm little room where poor Mrs. Adams spent most of her time on a not particularly comfortable sofa.

Angela Adams was not unlike a half-tamed wild animal. Shy, sensitive, distrustful of herself, almost more than of others, capable of almost limitless affection, yet cold by intervals, her moods varied with kaleidoscopic suddenness.

"Yes," she said, within herself, "I love him! But—does he love me? Am I worthy of a place in his heart? Once enthroned there, am I capable of retaining my position? For I would rather never be loved than, once having loved, to lose my scepter of command. Doctor Buddington is grave, silent, self-contained. I am a trivial-natured, untrained child; nor would I for worlds have him think me better than I am!"

And so, naturally enough, there came a time when their two natures jarred inharmoniously.

"Of course, Angel," said Doctor Buddington, unconsciously using her name, "you will not go to the 'Summer Night Festival'?"

"Why shouldn't I go?" retorted Angela, all the rebellious instincts of her nature rising up against his words.

"All the other shop-girls are going. And the Hudson by moonlight would be worthy of an artist's finest pencil!"

"Won't it be rather a mischievous crowd?" said Doctor Buddington, critically.

"I do not plume myself on being an aristocrat," said Angela, coldly.

"It isn't that, dear," argued the doctor. "But the Favard girls and Miss Belmont are going, with their cavaliers—at least so I am told—and they are scarcely the associates with whom I could wish you to mingle."

"We think differently on that, as on many other subjects," said Angela.

"Do not go, Angela!" coaxed Doctor Buddington. "To oblige me, abandon the festival!"

"Not I!" said Angela, lightly. "I love music and I am devoted to the water, and I exult in moonlight. I shall go!"

Doctor Buddington looked sadly at the sweet, defiant young face. Was Georgie right, after all? Was there an inharmonious chord in Angela's nature which would scatter discord through their whole future lives?

He was a man who, although gentle, slow to decide, and judicially impartial, was apt, now and again, to act on the spur of sudden impulse; and thus he spoke.

"Do as you please," said he. "But remember, Angela, that if you go to this summer-night picnic it will be in defiance of my plainly-expressed wishes, and I shall interpret it in but one way."

So he went away, leaving Angela more determined than ever.

"I am not to be coerced like a child," she said. "And I will go!"

What a glorious night it was! The moonlight like beaming gold, the trees along the river bank full of mystic shadows, the band playing Strauss' sweetest waltzes. The fact that Kate Belmont had brought with her the brother whom Angela so vehemently disliked, was only a temporary damper to her enjoyment. And she danced, dreamed, watched the golden line of ripples that followed in their wake, and tried to forget Doctor Buddington's face—and all the time she was miserable.

"We are to stop here for water," cried Kate Belmont rushing up to her, "fifteen minutes. And there is a glen with an ice-cold spring, and Dora Favassi and I are going ashore. The captain says there will be plenty of time to gather maiden-hair ferns at the spring. You will come with us, Angela?"

And scarcely pausing to think Angela joined the cluster of tumultuous young girls who were hurrying across the plank into the woods.

"Kate!" she cried. "Dora, wait for me."

But almost before she knew it she

was by Hugo Belmont's side, in the darksome recesses of the glade.

"Where is the spring?" she breathlessly demanded. "Where are the others?"

"It will be all right!" said Mr. Belmont, with the smooth, plausible smile which she so disliked. "Don't hurry, I beg! There is plenty of time. Take my arm. I know of a short cut which—"

"But I don't like short cuts!" said Angela, angrily, as she remembered that she was alone with this man in the woods. "Take me back at once!"

Mr. Belmont laughed in a sinister fashion.

"You don't like short cuts," said he, "and you don't like me! But I like you, my pretty princess, and Kate has been obliging enough to play into my hands. There they go back to the steamer. They have hardly had time enough to get much maiden-hair fern, eh?"

"Let us hasten!" cried breathless Angela. "There the boat whistles now!"

But Mr. Hugo Belmont planted his stalwart figure resolutely across the path.

"We are not going back," said he. "Now don't tremble so, Angela—I know some very pleasant people who live down this road, and I am going to take you there to spend the evening. All is fair you know, my dear, in love and war."

Angela burst into a wild shriek.

"Help!" she cried, spurning the sneering villain away—"help! help! Oh, is there no one to hear me?"

At that self-same second a tall, dark figure seemed to glide like a shadow across their path—Hugo Belmont fell backward like a log, measuring his length on the dewy grass, and Angela felt her arm drawn resolutely through that of—Dr. Frank Buddington!

"You here?" she cried, with a little hysterical gasp. "Oh, Frank, I am so glad—so thankful!"

"We must walk quickly," he said, in a low voice. "The steamer has already sounded her signal of departure—we have not a second to lose."

It was like a troubled dream—the shifting moonlight, the dewy thickets, the glisten of the river, the consciousness that they were once more afloat, with the sweet clamor of "The Beautiful Blue Danube" again chiming in her ears, the colored lights of the boat shedding a rainbow-like glory on the thronged deck.

Doctor Buddington led her to a secluded seat, and stood in silence beside her. She was very pale—she wrung her hands.

"How came you on board?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Because, Angela, I felt that you needed a protector—because I did not dare to trust my treasured lamb among wolves. Do you know, dear," he added, impressively, "that you have had a most narrow escape?"

"Yes," she answered, shuddering.

"Oh, Frank, I have been so mad, so willful, that I almost deserved the worst which fate could award me. I have been trying an experiment with my own heart, and it has failed me. Dear Frank, can you forgive me? Can you credit me when I tell you that I shall never defy your better judgment again?"

He stooped down in the shadow and tenderly kissed her brow.

"My own darling," he said, "I can credit anything which is good and true of you! You are only a little willful, that is all."

"But I never will be willful again," she whispered, "for I love you, Frank; and if my folly had estranged you, I should have been wretched for life."

And that was the end of Angela's experiments; and Mrs. Dr. Buddington is the most graceful and dignified of young matrons, so that even Mrs. Georgie says, wonderingly:

"I never could have believed that she could turn out such a perfect woman. Frank, you were right, after all."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

### An Editor's Fright.

A Paris editor was much bothered by one of his staff who was constantly in debt. At last to the gentleman's horror he one night caught sight of the following paragraph in type for the next morning paper: "The creditors of M. X— are hereby informed that he has decided upon paying his debts, and that they may, therefore, present themselves at the caisse of this journal to-morrow at 2. They will form a line along the Rue Rossini, Rue Chanchant, Rue Lafayette and Boulevard Hausseman. A piquet of sergeant-de-ville will keep order. The Marsailles will not be allowed." Against at this he went to see the chief. He had gone from the city, leaving express orders that the paragraph should go into next morning's paper. It was only until the moment of going to press that that sub-editor discovered that he had been made the victim of a practical joke which was intended as a lesson.

"Ah, ha," said Mrs. Partington, "it takes all sorts of folks to make a world, and I'm glad I'm not one of 'em."

### Boots vs. the Guillotine.

During the French Revolution, a few filletomists named Schlaberndorf, who possessed considerable ability as a writer, by heartily espousing the cause of the Girondists in all that emanated from his pen, rendered himself obnoxious to Robespierre, and at the dictation of that fierce leader was incarcerated.

When the death-cart, one morning, came to the prison for its load of those who were that day to be mercilessly butchered, Schlaberndorf's name was on the list of the victims. The jailer informed him that such was the case, and he dressed himself for his last ride very nonchalantly and—he was extremely fastidious as to his personal appearance—with great care. His boots, however, he could not find. Here, there, everywhere, assisted by the jailer, he looked for them to no avail.

"I am quite willing to be executed," said he to the jailer, after their fruitless search, "but really I should be ashamed to go to the guillotine without my boots. Nor do I wish to detain this excursion party," smiling grimly. "Will it make any difference if my execution is deferred till to-morrow? By that time I shall probably succeed in finding my boots."

"I don't know that it will matter particularly when you are guillotined," replied the functionary. "Suppose we call it to-morrow, then?"

"All right," and the jailer allowed Schlaberndorf to remain, not unwillingly, as, owing to his universal good-humor, he was especially liked by jailer and prisoners.

The following morning, when the cart drew up before the prison door for its "batch" of victims, Schlaberndorf—dressed cap-a-pie—stood waiting the summons of the jailer to take his place therein. But his name was not called that morning nor the next nor the fourth, nor, indeed, ever again. For, of course, it was believed he had perished on the original morning.

Till the sway of Robespierre ended he remained in prison; then he regained his liberty as did the rest of those, once prisoners, whose heads had not fallen beneath the blood-stained ax.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Cultivating the Cork Oak.

In the "cork tree," that species of oak whose elastic bark is of so much practical value in the manufacture of the familiar stoppers to the millions of bottles and jars in which it is becoming more and more the custom to preserve all kinds of eatables and drinkables, many of our colonies might find a profitable object of agriculture. The cork harvest in Spain, which, with France, Portugal and Italy, is the principal source whence we derive our supplies, is becoming every year more scanty, owing to the greed of growers who have injured the stock of trees by stripping them of their bark too frequently. The tree which produces the most valuable cork does not come to maturity for a quarter of a century, and can only be barked to advantage every eight or ten years; but the temptation to make rapid profits has been too great to withstand, and the result has been the injury or ruin of many plantations. Some of the quick-growing varieties produce an inferior, porous kind of corks, but the best are the slowest of growth. England alone imports some 10,000 tons of cork per annum, and the quantity is yearly increasing, notwithstanding the introduction of many substitutes for corks, such as plugs of wood, whose fibers have been specially softened for the purpose, india rubber and other contrivances. The French government, seeing the desirability of securing as large a share of this trade as possible, have for several years past given special encouragement to the formation of plantations of the cork oak in Algeria, and the same thing will, no doubt, be done in Tunis, but the tree will grow equally well in India, Central America, the West Indies, many parts of Africa and Australia, and in the South Sea islands, and planters in our possessions there might lay the foundation of a profitable industry by introducing some of these trees and starting their systematic cultivation. The tree, besides being a most valuable one and easily cultivated, is of magnificent growth, and would form an ornament in any landscape.—*Colonies and India.*

### Finishing a Canal Begun 2,500 Years Ago.

Speaking of the Corinth canal, which has just been commenced, a London paper says: Perhaps the most interesting feature of the work is to be found in the fact that General Turr is following, without the variation of a foot, the route laid out by the engineers for Nero 1,800 years ago. Nero was not the earliest worker, however. Perlander is said to have projected such a canal 2,500 years ago, and three centuries afterward Demetrius Polioetes revived the scheme, but was dissuaded by the representations of his engineers that, as the sea in the Gulf of Corinth was higher than in the Saronic gulf, the water would run through the canal and drown out Ægina and the other islands on the east. Caesar had a plan for canal-

izing the isthmus, and Caligula sent an officer to explore the route, but went no further. Nero made a serious endeavor to perform the work, which endeavor is thus described: Having raised a hymn. Lucian tells us, to Amphitrite and Poseidon, and sung a brief song to Melicerte and Leucothea, he thrice struck the ground with golden spade, and set his army to work at the trench, while a corps of convicts tackled the rocky ridge. After twelve days' work, however, Nero left Greece to quell an insurrection, and the cutting was abandoned. The lines of the trench in the low land still remain, the ditch being 130 feet wide, and there are cuttings in the limestone at different levels, all of which, with the twenty-six wells sunk to try the rock and the large cistern to furnish water for the workmen, have been utilized by the French engineers. According to Dio Cassius, when Nero turned the first sod blood gushed from the earth and dismal groanings were heard; and Pausanias records that all the presumptuous engineers and contractors had been slain by the gods. It is likely enough that the Corinthian priests worked on the fears of the superstitious to prevent the construction of a canal which would make the stay of visitors briefer and their offerings smaller in amount; but the people were always convinced of the importance of such a work, and indeed built a diocles or polished way across the isthmus, on which ships were drawn from one harbor to another. As, according to Pausanias, the Isthmian sanctuary was situated at or very near the shortest line across the isthmus, it is not unlikely that in the work of cutting the canal important Græco-Roman archeological discoveries may be made.

### What Italian Doctors Claim.

Three physicians in the city of Milan, Italy—Professor Gervasoni, Doctor Tucco and Doctor Krebs—claim to have discovered an infallible cure for hydrophobia. Nothing is given out as to the nature of the remedy and treatment, but the physicians named propose to afford the world—at least the American part of it—indubitable proofs of the value of their discovery. They are willing to come to any city of America, and to allow one of their number to be bitten by an unmistakably rabid dog, and to perform the cure publicly and under the eye of the most capable observers. A New York journal says: "They exact three conditions before coming: 1. They want to be sure that their cure, if successful, will be generally accepted. 2. That after the first favorable trial even greater experiments with animals and human beings shall be made, they agreeing to find the human victims. 3. That their success shall reap a substantial pecuniary reward. They appeal to all persons interested in the cause of humanity to aid them in the realization of this project by communicating with them."

### A Mexican Graveyard.

It may have been the doleful effect of the sermon that decided us to drive over to the Mexican graveyard, says a correspondent. It is of small compass and rests on the side of a mountain. The Texans tell us death occurs here from the too frequent use of the six-shooter, rather than disease. The size of this graveyard, or "el murto," corroborates this statement. It seems impossible for the Mexicans to free themselves from adobe, even after death. The bodies are placed in adobe tombs to keep them from the coyotes that infest this region. Some of these tombs are already almost completely demolished by these hungry animals. The brick work light and as though easily crumbled, but on trying to move one I found it as heavy as a stone of the same size. Blocks of wood, bearing Spanish inscriptions, were inserted in the heads of the tombs. They take no pains to beautify their "el murto." Inside a green railing was buried an American mother and child. The gate of the lot was padlocked, an unnecessary precaution, as the railing was low enough to scale or light enough to be taken up and carried off, padlock and all.

### Heathen Children and Tomato Catsup.

Sometimes things get mixed, and nicely too, if not quite so neatly as was done by the printer of a Canadian newspaper who tagged part of a receipt for tomato catsup on the opening paragraph of an article on Catholicism in Africa, with the following result: "The Roman Catholics claim to be making material advances in Africa, especially in Algeria, where they have 183,000 adherents, and a missionary society for Central Africa. During the past three years they have obtained a firm footing in the interior of the continent, and have sent forth several missionaries in the equatorial regions. They are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way to prepare them is to first wipe them with a clean towel; then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender. Then you will have no difficulty in rubbing them through the sieve, and will save them by being obliged to eat them in slices and cook for several hours."

### STIRRING ADVENTURES.

Some Predicaments Out of Which the Actors Got by the Skin of Their Teeth.

Three lads, James Horan, John Ebart and Hensel Woods, were attempting to cross the Ohio river at Louisville in a skiff when their boat was drawn by the undertow into the rapids above the falls. People on the shore saw the boys suddenly bend to their oars as if rowing for life. They pulled long and hard, but were drawn down. In the rapids at this season of the year the yellow water is beaten into white foam and whirlpools, seize whatever comes in their way. The spectators saw the skiff sucked under by one of these whirlpools, its occupants also disappearing. A moment later the boat came to the surface bottom up and the boys were seen clinging to the keel. The current was drawing them straight toward the falls, where death was certain unless they should be rescued. Rescue was attempted by the life-saving crew at the station there, but the life-boat got into a whirlpool and made no progress. Seeing that help must be rendered quickly, two young men—Philip Ernest and Olin Ally—shoved off in a third boat, while the excited crowd cheered repeatedly. Then there began a close race for life, the overturned boat being near the falls and that of the rescuers shooting down the rapids like an engine down an incline. When the latter had won and the half-drowned lads had been drawn into the third boat the outburst from the shore seemed greater than the roar of waters. The row back was slow and as full of danger as the czar's path, but the shore was gained in safety.

While Engineer Webb was driving his detached locomotive along the track near Hartford, Conn., the other day, he saw that the locomotive of a train on a siding projected somewhat upon his rails. He knew that there must be a smashup and so jumped for his life, the fireman following. The released engine at once started on a wild run. It struck the projecting locomotive, but kept the track. The shock threw open the throttle and let on a full head of steam. Away then went the runaway like a flash. A telegraph operator saw the curious accident and hurriedly dispatched for everything to clear the track. A switchman who saw the runaway coming at the rate of "thousand miles a minute," as he expressed it, tried to switch the locomotive off, but was not in time. The wild steed rolled on into the Hartford depot yard. Engineer Newton and his fireman were just getting their engine and tender off the main track. Huge masses suddenly appeared in air amid a cloud of steam, smoke and dust. Then it was seen that the runaway had struck Newton's tender, that both had been derailed, and that Newton's locomotive had in turn been sent rumbling away without a man to direct or check it. But the second runaway was short-lived, for Newton's engine struck and demolished a third, bringing things to a stand-still. There were lively times all along the track, yet no one was killed.

A number of carpenters began tearing out the floor of the old Campbellite church in Dallas, Texas, the congregation having sold the property to a business firm. While the removal of the floor was going on a piece of oil-cloth about three feet square was discovered, and in the folds of the cloth was some hard substance. The workman who had found the object drew his fellow around him by his exclamations and unrolled the cloth in their midst. Three round packages were revealed. The finder did not know what the packages contained and was about to toss them into a corner when some one shouted "That looks like dynamite!" The man who held the explosive had sense enough to place it softly down during the stampede that followed. Afterwhile the workmen mustered up the courage to look further. Each piece of dynamite was more than a foot in length and two inches diameter. Two bottles of nitroglycerine were found also, as was a full set of burglars' tools. The carpenters were so much excited over their narrow escape that they hesitated awhile before they could be induced to go on with their work. It was evident that burglars had used the church as a hiding-place.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, according to the Liverpool Courier, is financially ruined by the failure of the Ragby colony in Tennessee. It is alleged that Mr. Hughes was duped and flattered into the enterprise by sharpers in the United States.

A way has been found for making old postal cards useful. Cut lengthwise into strips about an eighth of an inch wide they make excellent lamp-lighters, which burn readily, do not throw off sparks, and leave scarcely a trace of ashes.

There is a boy in Columbia county, N. Y., who has living a great-grandmother, three great-grandmothers, two grandmothers, and two grandfathers. If that boy isn't spoiled it will be a miracle.