



RAINY DAYS.

The spring day deep from her sleep, in the room, dim caverns of mist, with the walking water to keep the mist and her eyes closed weeping.

The world had dreamed of the meeting from the first of the farthest years; but her hand was cold to his greeting, and her cheeks were bitter with tears.

For forth from her tears came flowers, and out of her grief delight. And the birds swelled under the showers; the blossoms with sandale white.

Mr. Marchell's Bound Girl. "I think I'll take that one," said Mrs. Marchell, pointing with the end of her finger in one particular direction.

It was quite a little life-picture—the row of eager-eyed girls, standing in the stuffy little reception-room of the orphan asylum.

Deborah Dove, a stumpy girl of thirteen, with enlarged fingers and a blunt nose, looked up at Mrs. Marchell's preference or neglect.

"I don't matter how you go," said Mrs. Marchell, "nor how long you see me real excellence and learn the folly of your silly aspirations."

"But," faltered Phoebe, "why should I be a good player some time, too?" "Why should the sky fall, and we all catch rain?" contemptuously retorted Mrs. Marchell.

"She's got a capital idea of music, Phoebe has—" "Nonsense!" said Mrs. Marchell. "And a very decent voice, if only it was cultivated."

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Marchell, and she flounced out of the shop in a rage. But if Mrs. Marchell was the child's maternal mistress, music was her spiritual one.

"I can't have been mistaken," said Mrs. Marchell. "It ain't the time of year for tree-blossoms, and with-out-the-wisps don't go dancing and twinkling round our barn."

"Fiddlers!" said Mrs. Marchell, sleepily, from the exact center of a downy feather pillow. "There was two men asked for a drink of milk, at the buttery door, just about the time you were here."

"I mean to harm," faltered poor Phoebe. "I hired the violin from the village music store, with the dollar Mr. Marchell gave me for my expenses."

"Phoebe Lockett crimsoned to the very roots of the hair. "I can't go!" she said. "That is not with you, I promised Mrs. Marchell to go to her house, but perhaps she will take me."

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thing to surprise you. But you'll be still more surprised when—" "Charley, don't!" cried out Phoebe, growing rolier than ever.

"I say, Jim," said Ned Dalton, as he poked up the camp fire, "why didn't Bill Bates and Sue Parker get married. When I was at the Snake Creek protracted meeting last spring, it struck me that they were going to."

"Well," said Jim Walker, as he puffed his head on a saddle, "that was the general calculation, but it got busted up on account of what happened at the fish fry the other night down at the San Bernardo camp on the San Bernardo."

"What, Bill didn't get on no hifalutin' brazeo, like he's allers dot, and stir a row?" inquired Ned. "No, it wasn't that," replied Jim, "but it might just as well have been, 'cause Bill Bates' predilection would've knocked any courtin' match high'n'er kite."

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Sudden Ingenuity. There are times and occasions in the lives of most individuals when a sudden call is made for the exercise of readiness or prompt ingenuity, the importance of which may be very great.

A few years ago, an iron bridge of considerable length, the weight being about two hundred tons was constructed in this country, and erected in a remote part of Germany.

The walls of a large building in Paris were observed to be giving way by bulging outwardly, and the problem was to bring them back to their original position.

What ever practices are resorted to for the purpose of destroying wasps, whether by the use of arsenic, or what the insect is stung with, or what the insect is stung with, or what the insect is stung with.

It was during the Crimean war that three officers, an Englishman, one a Frenchman, and the other a Yankee, who had joined the allies, got into a dispute as to which was the best swordsman.

Dame Barbara Fischer lives in the wilds of Pennsylvania. She is a witch woman. By far the most interesting feature of this life is her art of breaking charms.

I had much talk with a miner who was on his way back to Georgia with his family after a residence of many years in a coal-mining region of the south.

"Not long ago," he continued, "some English fellers came out that an' they must have a big mine. They wanted to buy the mine, but I wouldn't sell 'em."

are stored away in secret and dark places, and are only read midnight. Those who desire the aid of these old women in the performance of evil work must be well acquainted, and must possess the confidence of the old women.

To secure jealousy is one of the chief objects of many visitors, and to effect this the fairies play a very unique and most absurd practice. To separate man and wife, the fair of a woman opposite in color and complexion must first be obtained.

There are several charms intended for young lovers who have had quarrels and who desire to make up their differences; for the lass who wants to know whether her laddie is sincere; for the jealous girl, who is afraid of her rival.

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A Broker's Mistake. Shortly after the close of the war with Mexico many Spanish and Mexican silver dollars found their way into the United States, and were bought up by bankers and money dealers all over the country.

At the close of a rainy day, during which Mr. Drexel—then doing a very modest business on Third street as a money and exchange broker—had been a large buyer of Mexican silver, and while he was engaged in counting and passing preparatory to settling his cash account.

Mr. Drexel, without raising his head, replied: "I'll give you fifty cents for them!" "No," said the man, "I've sold all the others at seventy-five cents and only have a few left."

Mr. Drexel, without withdrawing his attention from the counting of his purchases of the day, called to his son Frank to "bring a tray." When a tray was brought, it was found to have a large crack in it, which the man strenuously objected to.

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Drugged Wines. As France has kicked up a row about American hog meat, which extended even to ringing bells through the villages warning the citizens, it is entirely fair to warn the American people against the drugged wines of France.

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NEWS IN BRIEF. —Robert Bruce succeeded to the throne of Scotland in the year 1329. —The silver 3-cent piece were first coined in 1851.

—The first fire engine drawn by horses was used in Cincinnati. —Governor Plafsted, of Maine, has quit the newspaper business.

—The famous destructive earthquake which occurred at Lisbon was in the year 1472. —Bradstreet's estimates the total yield of the cotton crop of 1881 at 6,385,403 bales.

—The gold obtained at the Philadelphia mint amounted to over \$1,250,000 in March, 1881. —A granite monument is to be erected on the spot in Mexico where Maximilian was executed.

—Between 300 and 400 Hindoo families in Belasore, India, have recently abjured heathenism. —No more five-cent nickels will be coined at present, the country having abundant supply.

—A French engineer proposes the construction of a railway viaduct across the English Channel. —Miss Clara Louise Kellogg has been contracted to sing twenty nights in Paris.

—In London there are said to be 100,000 holders of Scotch blood, or a Scotch population of 400,000. —New York lights 4 1/2 miles of street, two and one-half miles of pier and sixty-one acres of parks.

—Abram Johnson, a survivor of the war of 1812, died in Wayne county recently at the age of 108 years. —The beautiful city of Florence, Italy, was founded in the century before Christ's time on earth.