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RAINDROPS.

A LOVE SONG.

Shining and clear two raindrops lie
On the glowing leaves of a rose;
Low and sweet the night winds sigh,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these do the raindrops care,
So far they seem and yet so near,
Just the heart of the rose between.

Tearful and sad the maiden's eyes,
Pale she looks by the red, red rose;
Low and sweet the night wind sighs,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these does the maiden care,
Estrang'd her love, and yet so near,
Just the bloom of the rose between.

Eager and glad the lover pleads,
Strong he stands by the red, red rose;
Low and sweet the night wind speeds,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these does the lover care,
He breaks the rose! He is so near!
Not the shade of a rose between!

Shining and clear the raindrops glow
In the red, fresh heart of the rose;
Sweet and low the night winds blow,
Far away the river flows;
Twines the rose in the maiden's hair,
Hearts and lips, they are near, so near!
Just the breath of the rose between!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

Maggie Denne was standing on the terrace in the rectory garden at Whittlesleigh gazing over the lovely bay, when a young man came close to her and gently placed his hands over her blue eyes.

"Frank, now dare you!" she exclaimed; "let me go this instant."

The hands were immediately withdrawn, and the young girl turned round, half angrily, to encounter the rude disturber of her reverie.

"Why, Algy, is it you? How did you get here? I thought you were at Motcombe This is a surprise," she added; "papa will be so glad and Frank, too."

"And you also, Maggie," said Algy, as he shook hands with her warmly, venturing on a gentle pressure of her taper fingers.

"Of course I am delighted, particularly as Jessie Hamblyn is coming to-day. You recollect her?"

"Oh, perfectly; she used to be my ideal of beauty until——." He stopped.

"Until that terrible attack cost her her eyesight, you mean. Yes, indeed, she was a lovely girl. I admire your taste Algy."

"I did not exactly mean that," he replied; "I meant——"

"Never mind, just now; but tell me, like a good fellow, is that the smoke of the steamer over there? If so I must go and tell Robert to get the pony-chaise ready."

Algy shaded his eyes from the glare and bent all his powers of vision upon the tiny cloud on the horizon.

It was indeed a fair scene upon which his eyes rested. The blue waters of the bay were flecked with foam, as the brisk breeze met the restless sea on the flood tide. Till now, Maggie had in vain sought for a token of the vessel, and with shaded eyes had watched the whole expanse, at times almost despairing. But now all doubt was removed. The black streak grew more and more defined; a long trail of smoke extended far across the blue distance.

"Come along," said Maggie, "we must tell papa and Frank. They will be astonished to see you. By the way, do you generally greet your lady friends at Motcombe as you did me just now?"

Algy blushed as he replied: Of course not; besides, I have no particular friends there."

"Oh! Not Miss Luttrel? and Miss Alice—is it Alice—Carrington? Fie, Algy, fie! what would they say to hear you disown them thus? But here is Frank."

As she spoke her cousin, Frank Carson, appeared. He walked slowly, and with a peculiar, watchful gait, but he turned his head neither to the right nor left, as he approached the merry pair.

"Well, Frank, old fellow, how are you?" exclaimed Algy heartily, as he extended his hand.

"Why Algy Vernon, back already! We thought you were studying medicine, or cutting people's legs off to keep your hand in for surgery. Oh, you truant!"

The young men shook hands warmly.

"Have you been here long this time?" inquired Algernon.

"About a fortnight," was the reply; "Maggie's school chum is coming—I am very anxious, indeed, to make her acquaintance. I understand she's lovely—not that her good looks matter to me—"

Algy was about to make a reply when Maggie made a sign not to speak.

"Will you come and meet her, Frank? We are going."

"Of course. I shall be delighted to welcome her. I'll go and get some flowers for her—a bunch of roses will do," and as he spoke he walked quietly away.

"What did you mean by telegraphing to me in that mysterious manner?" inquired Vernon.

"Frank doesn't know that Jessie is blind now, so don't tell him. She may recover her eyesight, the doctors say. Perhaps your skill will prove of use."

"Not much, I am afraid," said Algernon, sighing. "But I've made the eyes my study too. Now your eyes—

But whatever sompliment he intended to convey was cut short by Maggie's sudden departure.

In half an hour the party were all ready to proceed to the wharf. The pony-chaise led the way at a brisk pace, while a cart for the visitor's luggage followed more soberly.

The steamer soon came alongside and Maggie's quick glance at once descried her friend.

"There she is Algy, and Barton is with her as usual. What a kind creature she is!"

Barton recognized the party at the same moment, and told her young mistress, who turned round and waved her hand.

Jessie Hamblyn must have possessed no ordinary share of beauty before the fell ravages of small-pox had deprived her of sight. Even now her almost classic features were very striking, and her open lids at a distance did not betray the terrible trial to which she had been subjected. Fortunately the disease had not marked her to any perceptible extent, and had her eyes been spared, her beauty would have remained almost unimpaired. Her tall, well-formed figure was drawn up as if in defiance of the pity she knew was left to her, and of many kind expressions which her quick sense of hearing caught and resented. At first she had rebelled terribly against the Will that had mercifully chastised her, but lately she had bowed her head to the decrees of Providence and almost without a murmur.

"How glad I am to see you?" she exclaimed—"I mean to know I am with you once again, dear Maggie! How kind you are!"

"Dearest Jessie," whispered her friend, "we are all delighted you have come, and looking so well, too. Here are two young gentlemen waiting to be introduced; though I think you have met Algy Vernon before."

"Oh, yes! I recollect Mr. Vernon quite well. We had a famous picnic to the Glen, I think it was."

"Quite right, Miss Hamblyn. What a memory you have!" replied Vernon, as he shook hands with her.

"This is my cousin, Frank Carson, of whom you have heard," continued Maggie. "He has brought you a bouquet."

Maggie took them from her cousin and placed them in the blind girl's grasp. Jessie inhaled the perfume for a few moments, and then placed them in the bosom of her dress.

"Oh, what lovely roses!" she cried. "Thank you so much, Mr. Carson!"

"Now, dear, let me escort you," said Maggie. I see your invaluable Barton has already got your luggage ashore. This way, dear."

"Algy, you and I must follow, as we cannot lead," said Frank, as he took his friend's arm. "I say," he whispered, "what a beautiful voice she has got, hasn't she? You'll be falling in love, old fellow, eh?"

"Not I," replied his friend; "I'm not equal to a goddess like Miss Hamblyn. Besides you know—" He stopped suddenly, remembring Maggie's caution.

"Well, besides what? Don't mind me," said Frank.

"Oh, dear, no; the fact is, I'm rath sweet on some one else, you see. She was delighted with those roses, I can tell you. What a thoughtful fellow you are! I never can do those things.

"Then, friendly Algy, take a lesson now and a rose next time."

They all drove rapidly back to the rectory. Mr. Denne met them on the steps.

"Welcome to Whittlesleigh," he exclaimed in his cheery voice. "Jessie, my dear, I am delighted to see you. Come in," and pressing a fatherly kiss upon the wide forehead, he led his beautiful visitor into the drawing room.

"Luncheon is ready," he said, "so when you young ladies have exchanged confidences we will sit down. Do not be too long, dear," he ad led to his daughter.

"We shall be ready in a minute, papa," returned Maggie.

"Scarcely, I think," said the rector, laughing. "But do not forget I breakfasted at 7 this morning."

"What a nice fellow your cousin must be, Maggie! Fancy his taking the trouble to gather these lovely roses! I wish I could see them," she added with a sigh. "But Maggie, dear, what do you think? One doctor in London told papa that perhaps I might some day recover my sight—I do so hope he is right. He wanted to galvanize me, or something."

"Of course he is right, dear; he never would have been so cruel. He could not have held out hopes if he were not quite sure."

"Oh, Maggie, fancy, just fancy being able to see the sea, the sky, the flowers, and you, darling, once again. But it is too good to be true. It is quite impossible!" A weary sigh closed the sentence,

"Not impossible, dear. So let us hope for the best. Hope and pray, and trust in God s mercy."

Jessie bent down and kissed her kind friend and then the two girls had a "good cry" together.

Nearly two months passed away and still the party at Whittlesleigh Rectory remained the same. To those of my readers who have stayed in sweet South Devon, I need not explain the pleasant life which young people can, and I believe do, lead in that land of picnics. Love in these latitudes ripens with the strawberries and comes as natural as cream; so the young couples at the Rectory paired off almost unconsciously. Such an arrangement in the case of Algy Vernon and Maggie Denne was not surprising, for they had been acquainted since childhood. Mrs. Vernon and the late Mrs. Denne had been schoolfellows. They had never severed the friendship thus initiated, and what was more natural than that the affection entertained by the parents should descend to the children? At any rate, Algy was deeply in love with the pretty Maggie; and she, though not preoccupied respecting him, thought her old friend very nice indeed, and, if the truth must be told, preferred him to all her numerous admirers.

But Frank Carson and Jessie Hamblyn had no excuse. Yet the influence of the Devonshire air was such as to kindle a spark which showed symptoms of bursting out into a very decided flame indeed. The train of sympathy was laid; it required but the spark to be applied to it, and then the barriers of prudence would give way before the explosion. If Algernon and Maggie understood each other, so did Frank and Jessie, and the numerous excursions and picnics in which they passed the afternoons only served to rivet their bonds closer.

One sultry afternoon a last excursion was planned to the Fairy Glen. The party had been increased on this occasion by three couples from a neighboring parish, and despite the threatening appearance of certain huge masses of cloud, the expedition started. The romantic spot which Maggie—no mean judge in these matters—had selected for the afternoon meal was one of those lovely bits of landscape so familiar to many of us. A brawling stream makes its sparkling way amid moss-covered boulders, over pebbly shallows, and swirls beneath the wild flowers under its banks. Then gliding calmly into an unruffled pool, it lazily creeps beneath a picturesque bridge, through the single arch of which ancient structure the moor is seen extending its wild and undulating curves. And then the water, secure in its pride of high birth in yonder hills, takes no heed of the narrow passage till, ere it is aware, it is caught in a rapid, and hurled over the cascade to the sea, where it is lost forever.

Such was the feature of the wonderful dining-room on that eventful day—a day never to be forgotten by any member of that merry party.

"The cloth soon was laid beside the stream, and, when all was ready, full justice was done to the *al fresco* meal. More than once a muttered growl or subdued roll was heard over the hills, but the sound was merely the echoes of the blasting operations at the quarries, or the rattling of the trucks on the neighboring tramway.

The air got more and more sultry, and even the insects seemed to sleep. The trees whispered to each other, and their topmost branches waved a gentle welcome to the scarcely felt breeze that stirred the leaves. The picnic party broke into groups after dinner, the groups into pairs, each cautioning the others not to go too far, as there was a storm brewing. Frank and Jessie did not wander away. Escorted by Algernon and Maggie to a rustic seat above the stream, close to a tall and sheltering tree, they sat together, while the more venturesome of the party climbed the tall rocks or wandered up the stream, leaping from stone to stone, where assistance and much holding of hands was a necessity.

"Oh, ye Devon streams, for what are ye not responsible? How many happy faces ye have mirrored in your sparkling waters?

Frank and Jessie chatted for some time on different subjects, until at last she sighed deeply, and said abruptly:

"Oh, how very sorry I shall be to leave here, I have been so happy." Then she added, "Everyone has been so kind to me."

"I am dreadfully sorry you must go," he said, with an answering sigh, and as he spoke, he knew not how—how does it ever happen? their hands touched; his fingers clasped hers, and hers were not withdrawn. The train was fired.

"Jessie, dearest Jessie," he whispered, "can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

There was no reply, unless an almost imperceptible pressure of the taper fingers could be so termed. Frank took it for assent, and bending down he kissed the lovely face once, twice, thrice, till her cheeks were as brillant as the crimson roses she wore in her dress.

"My own, my darling!" was all he said. A sharp peal of thunder passed away unheeded as he spoke. After a pause he resumed:

"So you do love me, Jessie! I never thought you would care for me, dear."

"Indeed I do," she whispered; "why should I not? But I often wondered that you selected me as your companion all the weeks, for I am so unfortunate."

"Why, my darling, how are you so unfortunate?" as he passed his arm around her taper waist.

"Because—because—oh! I cannot bear to mention it; though I do not mind now; at least not so much."

"But what is this terrible reason why I should not love you Jessie? Tell me dearest."

"Oh, Frank! that is like your kind sympathy for me. Of course, you guess. It is because I am blind."

Frank recoiled as if he had been stung; a choking gasp escaped him, and he could not speak for a moment.

"Blind!" he repeated at length, as if in a dream; "blind! Oh, Jessie! So am I!"

It was too true. Blind from his birth, Frank Carson had never dreamed that Jessie was afflicted like himself. Maggie had never told him this, and the terrible fact was revealed to the lovers for the first time. Frank's knowledge of the ground and neighborhood in which he had lived for years had enabled him to keep Jessie in ignorance of his infirmity, which she, of course, fancied he was aware of.

And had it come to this after all!

Jessie seized his hand. "Oh, do not tell me that! Frank, dear Frank, say you can see me. Have you never seen me, never at all?"

She waited breathless for an answer. It fell almost like a blow.

"Never!"

And this was the end of her dream of love! She had been so happy to think that one man at least had been so kind and sympathetic; that one man had seen her vacant eyes and scarred face, and had loved her for herself alone; not for her beauty and her wealth. But now—the charm was snapped—the golden bowl was broken. She bent her head. A great warm drop fell upon her hand, now clasped in his once more. She started as she felt it. He was suffering too. She drew herself up, a beautiful smile upon her face, then bending toward him she pressed a kiss, the first kiss of her pure lips upon his forehead.

"For better, for worse, till death do us part, dear Frank I am yours, if you will take me so!"

"'Till death do us part,'" he repeated, solemnly, and he in turn was stooping to his love, when—

A hot and brilliant flash of light rent the cloud overhead, a rattling peal of thunder followed to the earth, and Frank and Jessie lay extended beneath the riven trees, hand in hand, to all appearance locked in sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

Till death did them part! Was this to be their parting—on the threshold of their lives?

Peal after peal of thunder rattled overhead, the lightning flashed around them, the rain poured down in torrents, and there they lay unconscious of the elemental war—asleep,

* * * * * * *

"Merciful heavens, have pity on them!"

It was the rector who spoke, as he and some others of the party came suddenly upon the forms beneath the trees.

Was the prayer heard? We dare not speculate on such subjects as this. Who can tell?

The bodies were borne to a cottage close by; the light clasp of the fingers was unloosed at length. Jessie, the bunch of roses contrasting so with her pallid face, was laid upon a bed. Frank was in the next room, insensible still.

A stifled sigh first proclaimed to Maggie Denne that her heartful prayer had been answered; and Jessie sat upright. Turning to her kind attendant she said faintly: "Maggie, dearest!"

Maggie, full of joy, hastened to the bed. There was Jessie Hamblyn, indeed; but it was the Jessie of old. Her eyes were open wide and full of life.

"It is true, Maggie, darling; it is true, and I can see you once again—I can! I can! Look, here are my roses, there you stand. Oh, thank heaven, I can see the sky once more!"

She fell back exhausted, then, rising again, cried:

"Is it true about Frank? I love him, he loves me; the lightning struck us—yes, but gave me sight for him. Thank God! Where is Frank?" she inquired after a pause.

"In the next room," said Maggie, as she wiped away her happy tears. "Oh, Jessie! how thankful we all are. We feared the worst for both!"

At this moment the rector entered, softly.

"Oh, come in, papa, come in; darling, Jessie can see us all again. Is it not wonderful? I am so thankful!"

"It is indeed wonderful," replied Mr. Denne. "And now," he said, after he had affectionately congratulated Jessie. "I have more good news; Frank has recovered, and has asked for Jessie. May he come in?"

"I will go to him," she said, raising from the bed. And before they could stop her she had hurried away to the next room where, lying upon a sofa, was poor Carson. She hastened toward him. "Oh Frank," she cried, "dearest Frank, I am so glad." Then blushing rosy red, she whispered, "Till death do us part. God has given me my eyesight once again, to nurse and tend you all my life. Dear, dear Frank!"

He said no word till, raising up, he knelt beside the sofa, and Jessie's thanksgiving and his went up to heaven together.

But little remains to be told. The lovers were united before many months had passed. Algernon and Maggie soon followed the good example set them by Jessie and her lover. On the former wedding day the only gift, presented to the lovely bride by her devoted husband, Frank, was a bunch of roses.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

BABY'S TOILETTE.

One is often obliged to wonder, concerning the directing causes of the dress of children, whether they originate in fashion, in convenience, or in the fitness of things, for it is almost impossible to trace the course of any single law in relation to them. One would suppose that these tiny people were exempts of fashion, and that the eye of the capricious dame would hardly rest on such small deer; yet when we see the prevailing bonnet of the little girl this year, an Anne Boleyn cap, and last year a Mary Stuart, and next year a Normandy, we are forced to confess that the infantile head-dress has already come under the yoke; and when we see all the children of the country decorated with ribbons and sashes of a certain color, perhaps a sombre one at that, and its nature incongruous with childhood, we give up the case, and declare that fashion has marked even the babies for her own. Still more is this felt when we look at the frocks of the children of wealthy parents, where linen cambric, with costly lace insertion, is worn over colored silk slips, making a charming effect—a dress in which the child looks more like some lovely flower than ever, but in which it is hardly possible for him to take any pleasure suitable, the dress being utterly unfit for playing and romping according to the nature of children. Yet, nevertheless, with such exceptions as these destructible slips, high-heeled shoes, crimped forelocks, and a few other follies—the subservience to fashion being always allowed for meanwhile—it must be admitted that there is much common-sense in the major part of the dress of children nowadays. The short skirts that prevent stumbling and afford no bar to active exercise; the long stockings gartered at the waist, that leave no bare skin to be rudely visited by the winds, and impede no circulation; the loose waists that allow full play of muscle; the high necks and long sleeves—all these and other details are certainly great hygienic improvements upon the dress of ancestral children whose little waists were sheathed in buckram, whose heads were made tender with caps, whose skirts trailed on the floor as those of their elders did, enforcing staid behavior; while the boy of the period, too old for petticoats and too young for the mocking dress of a miniature man, is quite as picturesque as he would be in the doublet and hose of boys three hundred years ago, and considerably more comfortable.

The dress of boys, however, always granted them a liberty of movement denied to girls; and doubtless the dress of women in general has always so hampered activity as virtually to enforce seclusion, in more or less degree like that of the harem. Yet even this very matter of convenience fashion takes into her hands and moulds. A few years ago the skirts were so exceedingly short and so very full that our best-dressed little children were like a swarm of ballet dancers; now, on the contrary, while still neerly as short, they are so scant and well fitted that we seem to see Ariel and Mustard-seed and Peas-blossom in their traditional garb about the family hearth. Full or scant, short or long, the little bodies are mightily particular concerning them and all the rest of the toilette; each object of that toilette is as much a matter of importance to them as corresponding objects are to their mammas; the color and cut have become a subject of discussion, and the doubt as to whether or not it is going to be admired by companions weighs in the balance as the world does with the rest of us, while you shall see missie turn herself before the glass for rear and side views with the ease of practice, and feel satisfied, being well dressed, or else exquisitely uncomfortable with the consciousness of falling below the standard of her age and coteri, quite as intensely as you feel it all yourself when subject to the close scanning of the insolent eyes of women of the world, and perhaps even more so, owing to the absence of powers of comparison and better compensations.

It is chiefly in view of this acuteness of their feelings in relation to dress that we allow children so frequently to appear like popinjays, and it is to be wished that they could be led to think less of its appearance, or to understand the reasons why a simpler dress is more suitable and healthy, and therefore better for them to have, no matter what "the girls" say about it. For our own part—acknowledging some weakness in the matter, rather of pleasant fancy than of utility—we can never think any dress so pretty for a child as that of the infant princess in Northcot's picture at the Exposition. The little maid of four or five years is pledging her marriage troth to her eager pretty lord and master a year or two her senior, under instruction of monk and bishop, and with the crowd of family dignitaries in the rear, and the ardor of the young lover and the faithful determination of the baby bride to do whatever is expected of her could be set off by no laces, frills and feathers half so well as by the little, close, demure cap from which the golden rings of hair escape, and the little straight gown that, just touching her toes, gives her a sort of womanly charm even in her babyhood.—*Harper's Bazar.*

STORM AND HEAT PHENOMENA.

The Mississippi Valley has always been subject to hurricanes. Their tracks are traceable in every State from Ohio to the Black Hills, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, through riven forests and desolated villages. But this year will be long remembered for the great number and terrible character of its storms. It has produced more of them than the preceding ten years, and with a frightful loss of life and property. And now, directly after these great storms, which should have cooled and purified the air, comes the equally startling phenomena of heat, the intensity of which has not been before experienced by the oldest settlers. The number of people struck down by this cause in the city of St. Louis since last Friday must have been three or four hundred—a third of them fatally. Doubtless there occurred other hundreds of cases in the smaller towns and in the harvest fields, not reported; for the high temperature extends as far up the Missouri Valley as St. Joseph and Omaha, and from Southern Illinois to Chicago, where a range of 91 degrees on Monday caused three cases of sunstroke, the lake influence being overcome by the heated atmosphere upon the land. These heated spells are commonly, in the Western States, followed by great storms of wind and rain, disastrous to the crops outstanding. The corn crop has already suffered from this cause, and if it should be repeated again, many millions of dollars would not cover the losses of the farmers. California and the region between the Sierra and the Rocky Mountains are happily exempt from these fearful phenomena. We have never heard of a well-authenticated case of sun-stroke in this State, nor of a wind strong enough to destroy a well-constructed building. Yet it is not unusual for the mercury to rise as high as 112 degrees in the shade in the foot hills, and 106 to 108 degrees at Sacramento and Marysville. In June, 1859, from the effects of a sirocco then blowing this way from the Colorado desert, the thermometer marked 122 degrees at Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus county, and 133 degrees in the shade at various places in San Bernardino and Santa Barbara counties. In the era of active placer mining 110 to 114 degrees in the shade was not at all uncommon. Yet in this intense heat (such is the purity and freedom of our atmosphere from malaria and humidity) thousands of miners worked in the sun all day long without prostration or suffering.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A TURKISH STORY.

The kind of government which Lord Beaconsfield's "British protectorate" is about to supersede in Asiatic Turkey has seldom been better exemplified than in the following story, which is literally true: Some few years ago a wealthy Jew of the Damascus district purchased a piece of ground with the intention of building a house upon it, and made all the necessary preparations with the greatest care except, indeed, the most essential of all—viz., offering the customary bribe to the Turkish Governor.

The latter, however, was not the man to let himself be balked of his perquisite with impunity, and his proceedings were not less prompt than characteristic. One dark night he sent out two of his servants, with orders to bury a quantity of human bones in the Jew's ground, just where the workmen were digging the foundation of the new house. The latter were not long in coming upon the remains; and, the news getting abroad, the unfortunate Jew was dragged before the Governor by an infuriated mob on the charge of having profaned a Mussulman burying-ground. "The case is clear," said the conscientious judge. "We cannot have the bones of our brethren disturbed by an unbeliever. You must just clear off your ground and take away your materials before worse comes of it." Matters now appeared desperate. But the Jew knew his man, and, humbly remarking that his Excellency's troubles in this affair ought not to go unacknowledged, laid a heavy purse on the divan. The Turk nodded approvingly. "That alters the case a good deal," said he. "Go and bury a wooden cross where the workmen will be sure to find it, and then the report will go abroad that the burial-place is a Christian, and not a Mussulman, one, and you'll have no further trouble." The Jew took the hint, and finished his house without molestation.

—A summary account of Dr. Schliemann's recent excavations at Olympia says that the number of marble objects found during the last three winter's is 904; of bronzes, 3734; of terracottas, 904; of inscriptions, 429, and of coins, 1270. All the more important ruins have been photographed, and the third volume of the official account is about to appear. An exhibition of all the casts taken will shortly be opened in Berlin.

—Did it ever occur to you that Romeo, in the garden scene, had just run himself clear out of breath, in a wild chase about five feet ahead of a vicious old goat belonging to the Capulet estate, when, in pleading accents addressed, not to the light breaking from Juliet's window, but to the pursuing goat, he exclaimed "But soft!"—*Hawkeye.*

—Bayard Taylor's recent illness was quite severe. His doctor forbade all reading, writing and brain work of any kind. He has been to Friederichshroda, in the Thuringia Wald, with his family, but has returned to Berlin.

—Men often escape lightly from the first imprudence, and suffer terribly from its repetition; for folly repeated becomes sin, and sin is always punished. There is no variableness in the government of God.

Varieties.

—Always look on the bright side of everything.

—A Boston paper says that the Earl of Fife has insured his life for $2,500,000.

—The sum of $150 has just been received in Washington as "conscience money."

—The number of foreign vessels tha arrived at the port of New York during August reached a total of 755.

—A Liverpool young lady lately saved a girl from drowning by swimming out and rescuing her after she had sunk twice.

—Asa Gray, LL.D., of Cambridge, Mass., has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences.

—An aged clergyman, who had known not one day's illness, was asked his secret. "Dry feet and early rising," was his reply; "these are my only two precautions."

—Two more persons have just died from injuries received by the late tornado at Wallingford, Conn., making 32 deaths in all.

—Country exchanges says that the finest crop of apples ever produced is now being gathered in the northern countiee of Pennsylvania.

—The immediate effect of the Anglo-Turkish treaty, so far as Liverpool is concerned, has been to quicken Mediterranean business and give great activity to freights. Several mercantile firms in Liverpool and in London are arranging for resident representatives in Cyprus.

—It is stated in Berlin papers that since the 2d of June, the date of the attempted assassination of the Emperor William by Dr. Nobiling, there have been 563 arrests of persons in Germany for insulting the Emperor. Of this number 521 have been convicted, including 31 women. The aggregate of the sentences of imprisonment imposed is 811 years. Five of the accused committed suicide before trial.

—Poverty, or even extreme indigence, though it may be hard to encounter, and sometimes distressing to bear, fortunately detracts nothing from personal merit in the eyes of those whose opinion is worth regarding; nor does it attach any disgrace to the characters of worthy people thus unfortunately situated; while no amount of wealth or excess of personal embellishment can lend dignity to dishonorable conduct, or render men of disreputable character respectable.

—A prize-fight between women took place lately at Cobridge, Eng. Two women, both married and with families, arranged to fight. They tied up their hair, and having made every preparation, went to a piece of waste ground where a ring was formed, each woman having her partisans. Teeth as well as fists were freely used, and after three rounds one of the women, whose nickname was Brunty, was severely bitten and retired.

—After all, France has not been forgotten in the parturition of Turkey. Tunis is to have a protectorate, and in the event of any difficulty through the misbehavior of either the Turks or Tunisians the territory of the Bey is to be annexed to Algiers and become a province of France. If the annexation does not occur in a few years it will not be the fault of the French and English Viceroyal Commission which is to superintend the government of Tunis henceforth.

—A man named O'Connor lately made his appearance at Oswego, N.Y., who has been absent since 1863, most of which time had been spent in prison. He found his wife, who had long believed him dead, married to another man, with whom she decided to remain. O'Connor, who had received $25,000 as his share of the proceeds of a bank robbery, and subsequently largely increased his gains in Brazil, is said to have given his wife $10,000 and started immediately for South America.

—One of Her Majesty's grand-children has recently appeared in print as an author, or at least translator. Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the grand duchess of Hesse, has published a translation in German, of a sermon to children, preached in Westminster Abbey, by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, honorable chaplain to the Queen. The work, which is published in Darmstadt for a charitable object, does the greatest credit to the royal and youthful translator.—*London Times.*

—An Owatonna (Minn.) despatch to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: "A few days ago a tramp made an agreement with Dr. Morehouse, of this place, to work for $2.50 a day and board. He told the doctor he should want three meals and two lunches a day, and the doctor agreed thus to feed him. They started together in a wagon for the farm, and when a little way out of the city, the tramp asked the doctor what kind of meat he fed his workmen with, adding that he would not eat pork, but must have beef. The doctor replied by ordering the tramp out of his wagon without a moment's delay. The tramp obeyed, and the doctor came back to the city for other help."

—Some of these beautiful evenings a man with a wilted-collar and a sprinkled coat will mutter an old fashioned bit of profanity between his teeth; he will scud swiftly across the street; he will pick up the boy that is manipulating the side-walk hose; he will twist his head around five times; he will jam his head into a crack in the fence and kick his whole body through after it, and then that boy will learn that it is not right nor safe to glue his eyes into the top of a tree while he sprinkles the streets, the sidewalks and the citizens, indiscriminately and impartiallr. Mind, we do not advocate the reckless, extraagent or wanton killing of boys but these are revolutionary times and the temper of a down trodden people is restless and unsafe.—*Hawkeye.*