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THE END OF THE DROUTH.

The streets are hot and dusty. The grass is parched and dry, he summer sun is shining From out a cloudless sky;

To quench the peony's thirst, The gentle showers are vanished

The giant oak is waving Its arid leaves in air; The elm trees and the apple

Are growing brown and bare;
The buttercup and wild rose,
With anguish mute, complain,
"Our father Sun abides with us,
But where is mother Rain?"

No longer leaps the river In gladness to the sea; But in the muddy channel It tickles sluggishly.

The brook along the meadow

Has ceased the song it sung, The cattle find no water To cool their parching tongue.

But see! among the hill-tops The ebon clouds arise, And soon their golden edges Sweep upward to the skies. The vivid lightning flashes, The solemn thunders roar, And from the heights above us

The drops in torrents pour. The earth drinks in the blessing; The flowers all rejoice; Again the river splashes; The brook has found its voice.

And downward through the tree-tops Still falls the welcome rain-The burning drouth is over With all its heat and pain.

#### A SMALL IMPEDI-MENT

What a be e-e-sutiful girl Miss Adleman is!' said Mrs. Smalley, as the individual aluded to 'swept' out of the room, to use a favorite expression of novelists in describing their heroines, who are never expected to speak or move like ordinary mortals, though we are forced to acknowlede that, "whiskey" in this case, would have been nearer the mark.

As Mrs. Smalley said this, she glanced ross the table to where her other hoarder, Mr. John Saunders, was sitting, a quiet reserved-looking man, but who made no reply, perhaps considering what was so em phatically asserted to be too self-evident to need confirmation.

"She's one among a thousand," chimed n Mr. Smalley,

"Such a spe-c-lendid figure!" continued the first speaker.

"And such magnificent hair," responded her echo.

"All her own too," triumphantly asserted Mrs. Smalley, who having been with the lady in question when it was bought, could speak by anthority.

"Curious that she has never married. isn't it, my dear?" said Mr. Smalley, following the direction of his wife's eyes, who now glanced across the table to see what effect all this had upon the party, for whose benefit it was designed.

"Most extraordinary, and so many offers as she has had, too. But Miss Aldeman is ery particular; it's not every one that she would take up with,"

"If Mr. Saunders was not pretty well acquainted, by this time, with the charms and perfections of Miss Adleman, it certainwas not the fault of Mr. and Mrs. Smalley, who dinned there into his ears upon all occasions, and frequently where there was

Mrs. Smalley was a natural matchmaker one of those women who are never so happy as when they have induced some deluded individual to commit matrimony; constantly sheming to bring those together, in that most intimate of all relations, whose sympathies, tastes, and feelings, were as op.

posite as the poles. No sooner had she set eyes on Mr. Saunders, and ascertained that he was a man of means, than she was seized with the inward conviction that he was destined to be the busband of ther dearest Matilda Jane, as she fondly termed Miss Adle-

Thi conviction was duly confided to the dearest Matilda Jane,' aforesaid, together with her solumn belief that their being brought together was a sort of Providence as it were, which it would be a sin and a shame to fly into the face of.

To all which Matilda Jane very readile agreed, not manifesting the slightest wish to fly into the face of Providence in regard to such a pleasant, and to her, satisfactory

young as she had been, and having been for some time in the matrimonial market, her value had proportionately decreased, so that she was more inclined to regard Mr. Sanders' appearance as a Providential interposition in her behalf.

ighest testimonials as to character and

He was exceedingly reticent in regard to out any near ties or kindred, as he never alling. luded to any.

Mrs. Smalley prided herself on her natural acumen in relation to such mat-

'He's a bachelor, you may depend,' she, said, in one of her confidental talks with Matilda Jane; 'a widower would never have so many little fussy ways, and be so very precise, trust me for that! And mind what I tell you, you mustn't be too shy and offish with him; bachelors need more encouragement than widowers."

Miss Adleman was not slow in following this advice. It certainly could not be said of her that she was at all 'shy or offish' with the gentleman in question; on the contrary she gave him all the encouragement that could be desired. But Mr. Saunders either did not under-

stand, or failed to appreciate all the happi-ness in store for him, and which could be his for the asking. Mrs. Smalley that these two should be

constantly thrown together. They had the same seat at the table, while in the parlor Mr. Saunders rarely had an opportunity to speak to any other lady. On all festive occasions-picnics, excur-

sions, &c .-- he was invariably appropriated by Miss Adleman, until he was finally considered to be her especial property, and treated accordingly.

Mr. Saunders fell readily into all these little arrangements-was polite and attentive to her on all occasion; talked, laughed, and flirted with her; but in spite of all the encouragement held out to him-the many proofs afforded him that 'Barkis' was more than 'willin',' he could not be lured into committing himself. At last it was mutually agreed by the

conspiring parties that 'something must be done to bring him to the point; and as Mrs. Smalley felt fully equal to the occasion, she was not long in concecting a scheme to that It was to be put into execution at the

earliest possible moment, this occurring at the dinner table, on the day that our story

Mrs. Smalley followed, after having given vent to her feelings of enthusiastic admiration in the language above describ-She gave her husband a meaning look

as she arose from the table, and which he well understood. Upon which he immediately proceeded to put into execution his part of the programme alluded

'On my soul, Saunders you are a lucky dog! It isn't given to every man to be so

ceeded to bite off the end of his after-dinner

Why, in winning the affections of a girl ike Miss Adleman.' 4 didn't know that I had,

Pshaw! man, you can't be so blind as not to see what every one else in the house has discovered, that she has singled you out from all her admirers as the one she considers worthy of the priceless wealth of her

This eloquent sentence had been the joint product of the three, and it had been the joint product of the three, and it had been conned over and rehearsed by the speaker until he had caught the right emphasis and expression, which would make it irresistable.

But it did not seem to have the expected

'Good? she's one among a thousand!

was the enthusiastic rejoinder. She may be one among a million, for nght I know to the contrary,' said his companion, tranquilly puffing away at his

She'll make a wife of which any may would be proud!

I don't doubt it in the least, sir,' said saunders, his face brightening, as he caught glimpse of the coach that was just turning the corner; but unfortunately, or otherwise, there is a small impediment in the way of being my wife.' 'A-s small impediment?' faltered his

Well not so very small either; weighs a handred and fifty pounds,

As Mr Saunders said this, the coach stopped at the door, and out of it he bolted with a anddenness that made his companion think him temporally bereft of his

He returned almost imms diately, with plump rosy woman on his arm, say-

iment alluded to, my wife, Mrs. Saunders

Mr. Sanders had been in Bangtown only I should have notified you of her coming, few months, but he brought with him the | but she has arrived a few days earlier than I expected.

At this moment, a loud shrick was heard in the adjourning entry, at the door his own affairs, but was believed to be with- of which Miss Adleman stood listen As he opened the door, she fell forward.

manifest embarressment and discomfi-Mrs. Saunders, who had more than an

inkling of how matters stood, flew to the rescue, proving herself fully equal to the oc-Filling a cup from a streaming urn on he table, she dashed it into Miss Adleman's

This being rather warmer than was agreeable, had the desired effect bringing the interested patient out of Mr. Saunders' arms to her feet, And, on perceiving that the resolute-looking lady opposite her, was about to repeat the precription, with a cry -londer than the first-she broke away and fled to her own room.

Nor did she again make her appearance, until after Mr. Saunders' departure, taking with him the rather formidable imp diment to his marriage to her, and whom she did not care to encounter

# Reading for Little Folks. THE NEW SCHOLAR.

'Oh! girls, what do you think?' said Mary Martin, running all breathless into the school room, where four or five little damsels were deliberately hanging up their hoods, and storing their lunch-baskets safey away in their desks, until the noon lunger should come on, 'What do you

'Lizzie Parker's new dell has come from Paris! said Josie Lynn. Miss Allison is going to give us a holi-

day, guessed plump, little Effie Johnson. 'We are to have a pic-nic in Deerbrook woods, cried Julia Snow. 'No-no-every one of you, no,' answer ed Mary. But Cora Lyle has had a pres-

ent-a birth-day present-of a beau-tiful boat, all painted a lovely pale-lilac, with a gold band running around it, and CORA in gold letters at the helm! Oh! oh! and we are all to be rowed over to Weeks' Island in it on Saturday, and have our dinner of berries and cream and sponge-cake, and play croquet and doll-house, and do just whatever we please, all day long! Cora told me so, her own very self."

The little girls gathered around Mary Martin to hear all the particulars of this new and delightful scheme; but just as she was in the midst of her tale the school-bell sounded 'kling!' and Miss Allison summoned all the little noisy flock to their

And then, for the first time, they noticed 'Why so?' returned Saunders, as he pro- that a strange child was standing beside the teacher,-a girl of ten or eleven years old, in a brown calico dress, with bair shingled close to her head, and a healthy, sunburned complexion.

'Children,' said Miss Allison, laying her hand kindly on the young stranger's head, we have a new scholar here, named Patty Price; and I hope you will all be kind to her. Here is a seat for you, Patty, next to Julia Snow.'

And Patty went shyly to the seat pointed out to her, looking at the other little girls under her long brown eyelashes.

But Julia turned up her pug-nose, and whispered to Josie Lynn, who sat on the other side of her:

'It's the fisherman's girl that lives down by the Point. Her father sells fish to mam, ma; and yesterday she brought a basket of

lobsters to the kitchen door!' 'Well, what's the harm of that?" said Josle, preparing to sharpen a new slate

'It isn't genteel to sell fish!' said Julia scornfully. Why isn't it just as good to sell fish as it is to sell cloth, like your papa, or planos,

like mine ?" Because it ain't ? said Julia, sharply, Hush! Miss Allison is going to read prayers

Little Patty Price had come to school prepared to have a very nice time, and enjoy herself very much with the other little girls; but she soon discovered her mistake. Nobody except Josie Lynn would play with her. Mary Martin turned up her nose, and said, 'Faugh! I smell fish-scales,' when she came near-a joke that Patty couldn't appreciate at all, although it master the other girls laugh very much; and when she asked Effic Johnson to show her where the water pitcher was kept, Effle answered, sudely: Find it yourself! I didn't come here to

wait on a fisherman's daughter." So Patty sat down in her solitary cornto her books, resolutely winking back the

I won't cry, said Patty to herself; I won't please 'em so much. Father sent me here to learn, and grow like a buly, and I the houtman, and but been terrible fright

won't give up just because a lot of hateful, saucy girls make fun of me!

Saturday came, and the party of little girls assembled at the river steps on Mr. Lyle's beautiful grounds,] where the fine new boat awaited them. The sky was bluethe air soft and warm, the river smooth as glass, and the woods, all along its courses, directly into Mr. Saunders arms, to his pink with wild roses and awamp honeysuckles. Jim, the gardener, was loading baskets of fruit, cake, and sand-wiches into the end of the boat, and Cora's mother had walked down to see the party start.

4 say,' whispered Julia Snow to Mary Martin, 'what's that big tea chest, with elbows to it ?"

'Don't you know?' said Mary, somewha scornfully, 'that's the ice-cream !

'Oh! oh! ain't it nice!' Julia, skipping round. 'I do so like ice-cream.' But girls, said Mrs. Lyle, 'where is the

What, Patty Price? cried Effic Johnson 'The fisherman's daughter!' echoed Cora. 'Oh, mamma, we never could invite

Why not?' 'Because she's such a common girl,' said Cora. 'We don't any of us speak to her at school, unless Miss Allison commands us to. Come, Jim, aren't you most ready?"

And the delight of the children was com pleted, when they were just landing on the beautiful green shores of Weeks' Island, to see Patty Price rowing by, all alone, in her sober, unpainted boat.

'Where are you going, little girl?' said Jim, the gardner. 'I'm going to take father his dinner, off on the Point, said Patty, smiling at the

smi'ed back to her. 'I hope she saw the strawberries, and ice-cream, and cake, said Julia, spitefully.

The lunch under the green trees was delicious-the berries sweet, the cream nicelyflavored, and the lemonade just what it ought to be-and while Jim was packing away the plates, and glasses, teaspoons, the children all scattered around to play.

'Oh, Let's jamp into the boat,' said Julia Snow to Cora Lyle .- 'See how beautifully it rocks on the water! It can't get away -don't you see it's tied. Come!"

And the two children skipped into the

'Now, I'll be the passenger,' said Julia, and you shall be the ferryman, Cora, and rock about nicely!" 'But, Julia,' cried Cora, 'we're away from

the shore! Look, look! Sure enough they were drifting fast away -the treacherous mooring-rope had come

cose in some unaccountable fashion, and the two poor, little adventures were affoat on the stream.

They shouted and called at the top of noisy game of blind-man's-buff with the rest of the children, and heard not a sound of their calling-and farther and farther away they floated, at the will of the tide. 'Oh, Julia, shall we be drowned?' falter-

ed Cora, very pale. 'No,' cried Julia, bravely; 'some one will ee us, I am sure!"

But Cora begin to cry. 'You forget, Julia, the great mill-dam we shall come to that pretty soon, and over we shall go, and be dashed to pieces among the logs! Or, maybe we shall float on till we come to where the river joins the sea.

and perish all alone! And she began to cry and scream pite-

But this was not the worst of it, for al this while the sky was darkening with heavy, black clouds, the distant thunder muttered, and great drops of rain began to

plash into the water around them. 'Girls ! girls !' cried a loud, sweet voice where are you going ? and where are your pars? Here—wait until I come alongside! And little Patty Price's brown boas swung up close to them. Amid tears and

amentations, they told their sad tale. 'Oh, you needn't cry,' said Patty. 'Father's house is close by, and I'll takel you there dry and warm, and I'll row over to the island and bring Jim back after you. Here's father's big waterproof showl to put over you; now lie still in the bottom of the

boat, and I'll soon row you to a snug place."

And Patty Price was good as her wordand when the poor, frightened children were dry and warm once more, they looked consciously at each other.

'If Patty chose, she might have let us drift out to sea, and never be heard of more,' said Jolia But Patty was too good-hearted for

that,' said Cors, 'We've used Patty very bally,' said Julia. And I think we ought to ask her pardon,

'So we will,' said Cora. 'And we'll ask her to my party next week!" T think she's a splendld girl, said Julia.

'So do I,' said Cora.

ened at missing the boat and the children, Cora and Julia begged her forgiveness for all their rudeness and unkindness. And Patty kissed them, and said she would nevor think of it again.

And after that, the favorite of all Miss Allison's school was Patty Price, the fisher. man's daughter. For she had overcome evil with good"

History of Nicholas Wells,

This noted robber was a native of Kent, nd, in the character of a traveling merchant, assisted his grandmother in supporting two sisters after his parents were dead. Leaving that employment, he learned the trade of a butcher. It was also his good fortune to marry a woman with a hundred and twenty pounds of portion. This might have proved a competent stock for a butcher, and he might have made a respectable igure among his honest neighbors. But Wells knew not how to husband so much money. His wife and he were pretty comfortable until the money was totally spout which was not, indeed, long. Then he showed, by his conduct, that he had courted her for money, and not for love. aban-

doned company for no honorable exchange Unable to pursue his own business, when all his stock was exhausted, he was constrained to drive a cart to a woodmonger In this character one day he went to deliver a cart of faggots to a gentleman, and, finding means to get into his parlor, he stole a gold watch, several diamonds, and two hundred and fifty guineas. With this sum in his possession he forgot to return to his master.

His next adventure was with the hand other little girls. But not one of them ome Fielding, riding over Patney Heath. Wells knocked him off his gelding, tied his hands and his feet, and, robbing him of twenty guineas, burst forth into the following exclamation: 'Oh, gold almighty, thou art good for the heart-sick at night, sore eyes in the morning, and for wind in the stomach at noon. Indeed, thou art a neverfailing remedy for any distemper, at any time, in all cases, and for all constitutions. Meanwhile, Fielding recovering his enses, quoth he:

'Sirrah, dost thou know on whom thou hast committed this insolence?" 'Not I, nor do I care, for it is better you

ery than I starve!" 'I'm General Fielding, who'll make you dearly suffer for this, if ever you come into

'Art thou bean Fielding? I've heard thy fame and shame long ago. I think thou art one of those amorous coxcombs who never go without verses in praise of a mistress, and write elegies upon the mighty misfortune of losing your buttons. Thou art one of those whinning pupples that waste day and night with her that you admire, taking up her gloves, and robbing her of a handkerchief, which you'll pretheir shrill voices for Jim, but Jim, on the tend to keep for her aake. In fine, let me other side of the little islet, was having a tell you thou art translated out of a man

into a whimsey.' Thus leaving bean Fielding, he wen home to his landlord and landlady, who were overjoyed at seeing his booty. Nor was any member of this fraternity of vilpainy without a part of the speils of Wells.

Though our adventurer often risked his neck, yet it is said he was destitute of real courage. He would often boast that he was ready to enter the lists with those who were noted for their cowardice, when he was certain that they would not fight any man. Like every coward, he was blood-

One time a woman, of the name of Elizabeth Herman, was condemned for picking the pocket of Samuel Wigfield; and such was her implacable malice, that she could not die satisfied unless she had the blood of her prosecutor before her death Communicating her desire of revenge to Wells, he agreed with her to murder him for three guineas. He accordingly went to his shop, under pretence of purchasing a lock, and, watching his opportunity, when Mr. Wigfield was going home about twelve, he stabbed him through the heart, and the

unfortunate man lostantly fell. He was at last apprehended for robbing a butcher of thirty guineas, a watch, and some money. After his sentence he con-fessed the fore-mentioned murder. He was executed along with one Noble, an attorney, for barbarously murdering one John Sayer,

In the village of Baraon, in the district of Shababad, a tiger of large size was sitting in a gugar-field. The alarm was given and brought together many people, among whom were two Gowalla youths who had been tending their buffalos close by. While the whole crowd dared not approach the tiger, one of these young men procee bareheaded, towards the ferocions which in one leap brought him under his body. The man, although in such position had the presence of mind to catch hold the foreign of his adversary, while to ther youth with unparelieled boldness a dexterity, ran and took hold of the the neck. A sculle ensued, and the aperates now leading their assistance, the brave Gr walla youths came out victorious wit their adversary slain and fallen at their

#### A Thundering Lie

A party of young blood were once bled in the chamber of the ber engaged in telling stories. at gradually drifted into pretty wild exaggerations, and before long it seemed to be a point with them to see which one could tell the most unre able lie. As one story after another wa told, it became doubtful to whom the championship would be adjudged, so outrageous were they all. Tom Temple had as yet told no 'whopper,' and now he was bauter-ed to try his skill.

Well, I never was much attelling stories anyway, replied Tom; and, besides, I cannot hope to compete with any of the accomplished gentlemen here, as I could never

tell a lie." At this there was a short of laughter, and everal of the party were for adjudging Tom the champion then and there without a

'I don't think I can tell a regular story,

continued Tom, looking as honest as Cooper's cow; 'but I will tell you what happened right here in our boarding house 'What was it?' asked several.

You know we had a terrible thund storm last night, and that the strongest of us felt a trifle shaky as crash after crash and peal after peal awoke the in neighborhood. Well, that war of the elements was so dreadful, so awe-inspiring that the hair in Mrs. Jones' butter actually turned white during the night. Fact. Leave

it to Mrs. Jones herself.' Tom Temple wears the champion belt

A Strong Hint. A friend of mine being very much annoyed by a sewing machine agent who had some slight acquaintance with him, and who always made it a point to call shortly before dinner, and just as often as he could arrange to do so, and these happenings' became a bore, and he resolved to put a stop to it if possible. One day dinner was served ahead of the usual hour, on account of the expected call from the agent, and when he arrived it was over with and the table cleared away. This fact he was not long in finding out, whereupon he set bimself to work to unearth an invitation to dine, even if he had to take 'pot hick', a dinner be

ing an important thing to him. Ab, said he, 'neighbor, I would like very much to water my horse This was hint number one.

All right, there is the pump you der, said his sometime victim, perfectly This was not gaining much, but sadly he

I tell you, neighbor, I would like a few

led his horse towards the trough.

apples to eat was his next move.

on an empty stomach.

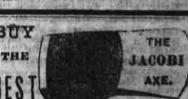
Oh, certainly, by all means. Go right into the orehard and help your-Well on second thought, I guess I won't eat anyapples. I believe they are not good

Well, they act differently on different people, and you must be your own judge, replied my friend, not even taking notice of this last and strong It is needless to say that he did not tarry

ong after his last hint failed, and conclud-

ing that his presence was not welcome he

was very much more charry with it there



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