

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountain mingle with the river; And the river with the ocean; All things of heaven mix forever With a sweet emotion.

The Model for "Sunshine."

The picture was finished, and the painter stood for a moment before it with the quiet satisfied air of a man who knows his work is well done.

him, like the water that rushes from the rock at the touch of Moses' rod? "Yes, Hester, rest. I know it makes you smile—a lazy man like me. But not another stroke of work will my paint brush do until—"

"Until what, sir?" "Until I have found the model for 'Sunshine'!" He was standing close to her now, and the bright smiling smile that won the hearts of all who knew him woke an echo in Hester's heart, for the clouds lifted a little, and she smiled back at him.

"When do you think you will find her?" "I fancy I see her coming in the distance even now." "Whom is she like?" "Did you ever read Tom Moore, Hester?"

Poor Hester! the only poets she had ever studied were such obscure singers as Milton and Cowper, and Dr. Young, volumes lent her by the minister, who would not have allowed the presence of a line written by the merry Irish bard in his house.

She shook her head. "Well, my 'Sunshine' will be like young Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem. Dark-eyed like an Eastern beauty, with clouds of dusky chestnut hair, she shall possess, not

"Does it please you, sir?" "Yes, Hester—and you?" "It is like me," answered the girl, blushing. Then she gathered up that mass of dark hair that the painter had disarranged to suit the purposes of his picture, and turning slowly away, asked him, "Do you need me any longer?"

"Not to-day, thank you." Hester Deane went away from the old parlor, and the artist's indignity had converted into a temporary "studio" and proceeded to take up the "model" of life again. They were very busy hours, those she passed in that shady old room while the magic touches of the painter's brush transferred her pale features to his canvas—happy, because they were quiet. But this burden of life pressed sore upon Hester's shoulders, and the lash that drove her on from one arduous duty to another never rested.

Hester's home was an old farm-house in New England, perched upon a bleak New Hampshire hill. Her only companion was an invalid stepmother, whose bitter tongue stung her quivering soul with wounds no less hard to bear because the instrument that inflicted them was so compassionate. Her father was a good man, but cold and hard as the rocks that surrounded his humble dwelling; and Jim, the only other member of the family, was a thoughtless boy, whose mischief and carelessness made Hester many an extra hour of labor.

Several admiring eyes had been turned upon the magnificent basket bouquet which a quiet-looking gentleman carried on his knee in a crowded South-Side car one evening, and several long-drawn nasal inhalations testified the pleasure its perfume afforded the hot and wearied company.

"I wish you wouldn't jam up against me, so!" remonstrated a particularly dapper young man, whose clothes were conspicuously plaid. The cars had not gone more than three blocks, and the woman had been jostled by its bumping over a stone.

"I don't see why they let people carry bundles on the cars," chimed in the dapper party's companion, who was also young, and wore a suspiciously gold-looking watch-chain, to which was appended a ponderous locket.

He of the bouquet had caught the little conversation and looked around. It was evidently his first observation of the woman. He arose at once. "Take my seat, madam," said he, with a little motion of his hand.

She was not a lady, for she said, "Thank you, sir," very earnestly, as she accepted his invitation.

The two young fellows were of the pachydermatous sort, too common here, but the sting of this reproach penetrated even their hides, and they looked a trifle sheepish in spite of the scowl they wasted upon the gentleman—wasted, because, before the woman was fairly seated, he had resumed his talk with his friend. It was nearly a mile further on that he pulled the bell-strap, before an elegant house in an elegant neighborhood, and then, deftly pulling out two regal roses from the bunch, he handed them to the washerwoman, with a smile and a bow, as though she had been a young girl of his own circle.

"Where is she?" asked the girl, as she looked around the shabby room that contained no other woman's form but her own.

"You shall see her presently," said Henry Spencer smiling as his glance met Hester's puzzled look.

Habits of Insects.

Many insects prove that their parental instinct is strongly developed by taking care of their young after they are hatched—of this kind are several solitary insects, and those which live in societies, as bees, ants, some wasps, etc.

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of France clearly shows. It is not too much to say that the folly and extravagance of Imperialism plunged that country into misfortune from which the thrift of the working classes extricated her. There are no such hoards in England. If we had an indemnity to pay, we should have to make a hard bargain with those capitalists in whose hands the wealth of the country is accumulating with geometric speed.

Allowing Children to Play on Sunday. If the play of little children is in itself innocent, and not of a nature to disturb others (I mean seriously, for some people are much too easily disturbed), why not let them play on the Sabbath? But the example, says one. The example? It is just what it should be. It is an example of "sweet reasonableness," worthy of imitation.

Remarkable Shower of Ice-Pertils of Rocky Mountain Railway Traveling. At Potter station, on the Union Pacific Railroad, recently, a train was just pulling out from the station when a storm commenced, and in ten seconds there was such a fury of hail and wind that the engineer deemed it best to stop the locomotive.

Of the Hair. It is stated that the transactions of the British Royal Society, extending over two hundred years, contain no instance of any sudden change in the color of the human hair—a circumstance regarded as conclusive that no such change has ever occurred, for had it ever been undoubtedly witnessed it is not likely that it would have remained undescribed.

After Thoughts. A marvellous piece of mechanism in the way of clocks has just been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight-day instrument, with dead beat escapement maintaining power. It chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three tunes every twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a month; one, once a year.

Improvidence of English Workmen. There is no saving among the working classes. The traditional picture of the British tar of a century ago, whose eccentric extravagance has been the source of inexhaustible laughter for several generations, would be no unfitting representation of the more prosperous section of the British workmen of the present day. Much has indeed been done in the direction of thrift by the great benefit societies, but their action has been greatly checked by the fact that even the best of them is based upon statistics which do not command the confidence of those qualified to form an opinion of their stability.

The Blood. If a cup is filled with small shot, held up and tilted over, they pour out as water, and so with the sands in an hour glass. The blood is composed of globules, little globes like shot or sand; all liquids are similarly composed, the thinner they are the smaller are the globules, so small that they cannot be distinguished with the naked eye, but seem to be one mass. The globules of fresh blood are so small, that if laid side by side in a straight line, it takes three thousand of them to make an inch in length. Unhealthy blood, "bad blood," is thick. The spectroscope makes visible one-half of a healthy blood globule, hence the time may come when the character of a disease will be indicated by this instrument.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Boston has one hundred and eighty nine newspapers and periodicals. —Barnum's hippopotamus has a baby and it weighs more than ten pounds, too. —The Lake Superior mines since 1866 have yielded nearly 7,000,000 tons of iron.

—A Boston philanthropist had left a fund to supply theatre tickets for the poor. —The Jute growing interest promises to become a very great one in South Carolina. —Col. John S. Mosby is going to practice law in Washington during the coming winter.

—Mr. Learning is a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wisconsin. —Business is reviving in Chicago. Since July 1 the city clerk has issued 1,900 saloon licenses. —Chicago has a Women's Hotel, which consumes two car loads of hair-pins and chalk daily.

—It costs Canada \$2 a piece per annum to board her Indians. It costs the United States over \$30. —The United States has four hundred religious journals, and still shows few signs of improvement. —A burglar in Ottawa went through six houses lately in one night, and took up a collection of \$125.

—Chicago will have 10,000 more dwellings the first of next year, than she had the first of this. —Instruction in swimming is to be added to the curriculum of the Holyoke Mass., female seminary. —The greatest depth of the Titanic ocean as found by the British ship Challenger was about five miles.

—W. R. Allison of the St. Louis (O) Herald, has paid \$40,000 for a controlling interest in the St. Louis Times Telegraph. —The oil springs of Pennsylvania were known to the whites as early as 1620, but the full uses and value of petroleum were not known for 200 years afterward. —Gov. Osborn says that the surplus grain raised in Kansas this year, if loaded in cars would make a train 1,400 miles long.

—There were 434 deaths at Grand Rapids, Mich., last year, an annual average of seventy-four in each thousand population. —Duluth, the head-town of the Northern Pacific Railroad, has perfectly honest city officials. There are no public funds to steal. —Reno, Nev., will be heard from some of these fine days. A powder-mill and a nitro-glycerine factory are being established there.

—Nearly one-half of the bridges in Washington county, Nebraska, were either washed out entirely or rendered impassible by recent rains. —La Crosse has gone mad with extravagance; the purses offered for a horse trot at the country fair, were eight, six, and four dollars. —The good do not die early. There is Mrs. Finch, of Rutland, Vermont, who has had but one bonnet in twenty years, and never complained. —First-class Chinese hotels have raised the prices of board to twenty-eight cents per day and tourists should make their arrangements accordingly. —A thief in Montreal has been sent to jail for three months for stealing a crane from the door of a neighbor where there was a death in the family. —East Rock, which overlooks a number of cottages near Great Barrington, Mass., is so shaky in its balance that the cottagers are becoming alarmed. —The hard times have made granite so cheap in Vermont that thirty people there are dying of rapidly, just to take advantage of the bargains offered. —An Ohio man named his daughter Proclamation Emancipation. "He might have done worse," says a crony and commentator, "he might have named her Maud." —A Troy, N. Y., woman, determined to love somebody, has ensnared a poor old man who is in his 73rd year, and who had to borrow some clothes to wear at the wedding. —On a charity patient in a Baltimore hospital recently, more than \$400 in money was found. "He is an owner of two farms near the city, but had been living by begging." —John Wiles, the balloonist, is going to enter the field as a weather prophet against Prof. Ties and Mr. Hamill. As a case his theories prove correct he will be acknowledged to be a weather-wiseman. —The name of "Towne, Scientific School" has been given to the scientific department of the University of Pennsylvania, in honor of the bequest of about \$1,000,000 left to the University by the late John H. Towne. —Neal Dow advocates the adoption of the English system of paying the quarterly instalments. Portland has turned and stared at Neal, amazed that so sensible a proposition should emanate from him. —The call for a Constitutional convention in Kentucky was defeated in the August election. The affirmative votes of a majority of all the qualified voters was requisite, and only 48,000 of a total of 288,316 voted in its favor.