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Honeyuckle. How fair they were, my darlings twain, Who walked along the grassy lane That sunny August day!

Was it because they were my own, I fancied even their lightest tone More sweet than other sounds?

Was it because I gave them birth, I thought that nowhere on God's earth Could fairer things be found?

Was it but doing mother's love? Or were my darlings fair above The playmates of their time?

It is so many years ago— They scarcely reached their prime.

But this I know, 'twixt them and me Hollis yet the awful, timeless sea That parts their world from this.

But o'er my honeyuckle wreath My weaved heart will often breathe A prayer for those bright bowers,

THE ARTIST'S STORY. It was always a queer love affair, that between Agnes Ballentyne and me.

One day Mr. Ballentyne came to me and gave me an order which almost promised my fortune.

But something froze my tongue: I felt an intense embarrassment, a fear of Agnes.

However, when I went down to the land's house to copy the pictures, she was there, the very pride and pleasure of an elegant society.

After she had gone I looked on the floor, near where she had sat, and saw a bright, sparkling thing lying on my humble carpet.

And to add to my anguish and self reproach, a love, fiery, impatient, heart-rending, for Agnes took possession of me.

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Agnes made my fortune; Agnes was my better angel. She was the peerless and the perfect. She had promised to marry me. Was this true?

What mean and sneaking devil in my heart made me go, in a secret and false and furtive manner, to see Tilly MacTavoy?

That night came a great fire in Glasgow, and up went my studio and all my 'work.' Each had featured old dame and maid of the Ballentyne persuasion went up to heaven, like the prophet of old, in a chariot of fire.

The next day I received a letter from Agnes, dated Paris.

'I know all, Archie. I know that you love Miss MacTavoy. Did you think to deceive me? I who have known everything which was to happen to me almost from my birth, how coming events cast their shadows before, or are you under a spell? You know I believe in such things. Perhaps it was destiny. I was to turn from those who loved me dear to one who was to be loved, but who loved me not. Thank heaven! I have made my career. You have orders enough now to make you the most successful man in Scotland, and my father's order (dear, generous papa he never would have thought of an ancestor but for me) has made you comfortable for the present; but please return the letters, the gifts and the portrait of Agnes Ballentyne.'

Except the letters, which, by my only good fortune, I had kept in the humble lodging where my poor dear old mother and I lived, amongst the quiet people of Glasgow, I had nothing to return. She had not heard of the fire, dear Agnes.

I was sitting in the small studio, which I had fitted up after this great cloud of fire and mist had overtaken me, some weeks after this, when a knock came to the door, and, as I opened it, I saw Agnes.

She floated in, so changed, so otherworldly, that I doubted a moment whether it was a real woman or a ghost.

'I am going, you see, Archie,' said she. 'The blow struck here, where I never was strong.' And she laid her hand on her chest. 'It was not your fault that you did not love me. Love goes where it will with your whole nature; you did love me a little—here her sweet wild-rose color came high up in her cheek—at one time, did you not, Archie? But with me it was a complete passion; I loved you wholly, and when I felt here that you loved another, I began to die. It has not been a very remunerative passion to me,' said she to me, half laughing and blushing, and as she said so, a tear fell from her eyes and glittering like a diamond, it slowly trickled down her dress.

I knelt at her feet, I buried my worthless face in her robe. What did I say? How did I ask her to forgive? What could a wretch say, who had received everything and had given nothing?

We had one of those interviews which cannot be put upon paper; she begged me, I remember, as the last wrench of my degradation, to take the check for the burned pictures.

'It was not your fault that they were burned,' said she.

I tore it in small pieces; that was all the comfort I had out of that piece of paper.

After she had gone I looked on the floor, near where she had sat, and saw a bright, sparkling thing lying on my humble carpet. It was a diamond—perhaps her tear crystallized. As I took it in my hand, a severe magnetic shock ran through me; the stone had some mystic power, perhaps from the touch of Agnes, I felt as I looked at it, all the great shame and enormous folly, all the inconsistency and the coarseness of my own nature. I had loved this beautiful creature as well as an imperfect nature can love a perfect one. It was the earthiness revolting against Heaven which had driven me to the side of Tilly MacTavoy; yes, from the feet of one whose face was irradiated by the light of Paradise.

And to add to my anguish and self reproach, a love, fiery, impatient, heart-rending, for Agnes took possession of me. I remembered all her grace, her superb beauty, and felt as if my wife, my bride, were being torn from me by that bony rival, Death. I could not bear the idea.

Oh, God! Who can tell what a man suffers when his a finds him cut! I held in my hand the sparkling stone. I seemed to fasten itself to my flesh. I took it to the window. Yes, it was a diamond of great value, singular luster and purity.

That, at least, I would retain. I walked toward Mr. Ballentyne's great house in one of the fine streets of Glasgow. His only daughter, the heiress of vast wealth, lay dying within. I had killed her—I, the poor artist from the back street, who had been raised to the best place by her hand, that gentle hand which I had spurned!

'Your diamond,' said I, as I held it up before her. 'You dropped it in my studio.'

'No,' said she, with that crystalline calm of hers, 'I never had such a large check.'

'But I found it where you sat, and where you wept,' said I.

'Then keep it,' said she, 'for it must have been that tear. Tears have come hard, Archie, hard as diamonds. It is a cruel death to die; a serious thing, a heart break, Archie, to love and to not be loved. But we were neither of us to blame. Console Aunt Elspeth and poor papa, Archie. Paint them a picture of me, and keep the crystallized tear; it will make your fortune! And with her old playful smile, she leaned back against my shoulder, put her hand in mine, and died.

Terrible Fate of an Elephant. One of the amusements of the show of Bailey's mammoth menagerie traveling through the country, is an immense electric apparatus which is used in connection with the electric light that supplies illumination for the entire circus of the circus. This machine consists of a large magnet and an immense armature, which is made to revolve two hundred and fifty times in a minute, by means of a thirty-five horse power engine. The apparatus is of intense electrical power, a knife-blade held within two feet of it becoming so heavily charged with the current that it can be used thereafter as a loadstone. When getting ready for a performance in Booneville, Mo., the man in charge 'fired up' the boiler and put the machinery in motion, and strolled off, and had not his attention called to the machine again until he heard an unearthly roar and a crash coming from the direction of the battery.

On approaching the vicinity of the electric machine Romeo, the favorite and most docile of the ten performing elephants, was found in the throes of the death agony, and with his trunk torn away by the roots from its base. The poor beast lay there shorn of its strength, and presenting a horrible, mutilated appearance. Everything was done that it was possible to do for the dying animal, but its agonies were terrible, and when at length it gasped its last there was a feeling of relief among those who surrounded its mountainous corpse.

The leader of the band, who witnessed the accident, says that Romeo, who was roaming around in the tent with his nine giant companions, stumbled up to the machine, and was snuffing at the armature when its trunk was caught in the revolving apparatus, and the animal was thrown violently to the ground and the trunk carried away by the whirling machinery.

A Robbery Traced Out. Heranab Chapman, who last September pretended to have been robbed of \$14,000 belonging to the United States Express company, and was tried and acquitted of the charge of stealing the amount, has been again arrested at La Salle, Ill. Proof has been obtained that the robbery was planned and executed by Chapman himself. Some of the letters are from Chapman's wife and some are from his mistresses, but nearly every one of them makes allusion to the lost money. A portion of the lost \$14,000 has been recovered, but from having been buried in the ground so long it is rotten and crumbles to pieces when exposed to the air. Both Chapman and his wife had always stood high in religious circles, and much sympathy has been wasted over what was considered their misfortune.

An Author's Constancy. In the 'Life of Charles Lever,' just published, occurs this pleasant paragraph about the bright novelist: 'To judge from the exploits of Lorrequer or O'Malley in the field of fiction, Lever might well be supposed to have had considerable experience and aptitude as a Lotherio; but his companion from youth, Major D—, assures us that this was in reality not the case, for, although delighting in female society, he seems to have never had but one real love affair—the one which began in his boyhood, and ended only with his life.'

Ladies in the Surf. There is a decided difference in the 'make up' of the bathers. Some of them look worse to a searcrover, and others have evidently taken pains to look 'stylish' even in the water, and have a jaunty air, in long navy blue stockings, sailor suits, bangles and Pinofare hats.

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Nihilist Revenge. A romantic explanation of the assassination of General Messeroff last spring is offered by a Russian journal. Three Nihilists condemned to Siberian exile wished to marry, and fixed upon three girls of their own political persuasion, who agreed to follow them to the place of their banishment. Marriages of this description are tolerated by the laws of Russia; and the three convicts in question received permission from the competent authorities to be united to the objects of their choice. Accordingly they were wedded; but their sentence of banishment was immediately afterwards changed into one of solitary confinement in the central prison at St. Petersburg. Upon learning this their wives sought and obtained audience of Nabokov, the minister of justice, whom they entreated to reverse the last decree, and to send their husbands, as at first determined, to Siberia, whither they could accompany them. Nabokov replied he could not assume the responsibility of altering the modified sentence, and referred the three women to the chief of the secret police. To him, therefore, they applied; but he angrily rejected their petition, telling them that he was quite aware how cunning was the political party to which they belonged, and how eager to increase its numbers by marriage and the results of that union. He should, therefore, treat them as persons outside the law, to be dealt with in an exceptional manner. As soon as this decision was known in Nihilistic circles he was at once condemned to die as the most inveterate and dangerous enemy of the cause; and three days later, he perished by the hand of an assassin.

Sitting Bull's Forces. A correspondent, after visiting the camp of General Miles and the brave little force with which he drove the Sioux across the line into Canada, accompanied Major Walsh to the encampment of Sitting Bull, on British territory, and says that from personal observation he knows the Teton or hostile Sioux camp to number at least eleven hundred lodges. They have from twelve to fifteen thousand ponies at the latest calculation, and their arms and ammunition are of the best quality. No more American regiments, or portions of two American regiments, could beat the 3,000 aboriginal warriors of that camp, not to speak of boys, who would be no contemptible allies in the skirmishing tactics of Indian warfare. Perhaps the Sioux, for want of provisions, cannot hold together long, but when starvation comes, the correspondent hardly believes they can be restrained by the small force of Americans now in the field. It is not necessary to be a West Point graduate to learn that six repeating rifles in Indian hands are superior to one breech-loader in the hands of a white soldier. That is about the proportion of the respective forces.

A Husband's Revenge. A strange method of retaliation as practiced by a gentleman who had been despoiled of his wife's affection, is told by a private detective: A couple of years ago a well-known vocalist ran away with an equally prominent artist's wife, and for a time the guilty couple could not be found. Finally the husband came to me, and, by aid of my books, traced the wife and her paramour to a street near the Albany depot. From there they fled to Chicago, and now the husband keeps track of that singer, and wherever he has an engagement he writes to the manager detailing the facts in the case. This usually terminates the vocalist's engagement, and to day he can hardly get a chance to sing in any first-class concert. The artist is not altogether vindictive in this matter, for he has notified the destroyer of his home that 'when he will leave the woman, return to his own deserted wife, and make a written acknowledgment of the wrong he has done, he will receive his pardon.'

Remarkable Recovery. An account from Manchester, Ohio, says that Mrs. Clay Cooley, a most estimable and devoted wife and Christian woman, has been afflicted with spinal disease for ten years, unable to stand herself in her bed, and could not stand alone without her braces. On the night of the 12th she prayed all night, and next morning she said to her husband, 'I am cured! I am cured!' and 'I am hungry.' Mr. Cooley said, 'I will get up and get breakfast; you have not rested any; lie down and I will bring you breakfast.' After the meal was ready, he came in and announced to her: 'I will get up and go to it.' Her husband got her braces for her, but she said, 'I don't want them; I can walk; and at once rose up, when she turned deathly sick. She lay back and offered up a fervent prayer that she might get up and walk. After the prayer she rose up, got out of bed, and dressed herself. Her little family, astonished, gathered around her, she telling them that she could now walk as well as they. After breakfast she said, 'I must let my neighbors know,' and out she went, walking and shouting into their houses. She is still walking to-day, and to all appearances as well as anybody could be.

For the Girls. Rose Terry Cook, preaches this little lay sermon on household industry that ought to make an impression upon every girl in the land. She says: 'I shall never forget my own childish tears and sobs over my sewing. My mother was a perfect fairy at her needle, and her rule was relentless. Every long stitch was picked out and done over again, and neither tears nor entreaties availed to rid me of my task till it was properly done; every corner of a hem turned by the thread; stitching measured by two threads to a stitch; felling of absolutely regular width, and patching done invisibly; while fine darning was a sort of embroidery. I hated it then, but I have lived to bless that mother's patient persistence, and I am proud to day of the six patches in my small girl's dress, which cannot be seen without searching, than of any other handiwork—except, perhaps, my bread.'

Lightning struck a cotton field in Georgia the other day and scorched a quarter of an acre.

The Much Abused Fly. A writer in St. Nicholas answers the question which arises in the mind of most people, when annoyed by a pertinacious fly, of 'What use were flies created?' as follows: Well, this fly, of course, had a mother fly, and she laid a lot of very small, shiny, brownish-white eggs, and when each one of these little eggs hatched, there came out a little yellowish-white maggot, not very active, but very, very hungry. The appetite that these little fellows have is something really wonderful, and this it is that helps them to be of such good use to man. For while they are maggots they live around the barns, and eat up old decaying material that is filling the air with poisonous gases which might bring sickness to a great many of us. One little maggot could not eat very much of course; but there are so many of them, that what they all eat amounts to a great many wagon-loads every year. This is the good work that the fly spoke of when he said that he had done a great deal for us before he became a fly; and you see he is right. After the little maggot has eaten all he can and has grown all he can, he is about a third of an inch long. He then becomes shorter and stouter, stops eating, remains quiet, and in a few days changes into a small dark reddish brown chrysalis, about a quarter of an inch long. He only lives from eight to fourteen days as a chrysalis, and then, some bright morning, the skin cracks all along the back, and out comes Mr. Fly. He is a little stiff and lazy at first; he comes out drowsily, stretching his legs, and slowly waving his wings, after his long sleep of nearly two weeks. But the warm sunlight soon takes the cramps out of all his joints, and, spreading his wings, he takes his first flight.

Advice for the Sick Room. Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Unluck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way, and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him; the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins; standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly change the pillow cases.—Scraper.

Manfield La., exhibits a three pound bat. The drought in North and West Texas is becoming something fearful. Honma, La., has a cypress tree seventy-two feet in circumference. Richmond, Va., is agitated over the Sunday law, which is being rigidly enforced. America will raise wheat enough this year to supply the world. This is a new country, but an exceedingly well-bred one. The whole of the United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists; one half the number of France, with ten times the acre.

The London Spectator says there are a million of working people of the metropolis who have no churches to go to, and are so utterly careless of religion that they want no churches. Lightning descended on a flock of sixteen sheep at South Sterling, N. J., killing thirteen of them. Strange to say, a boy who was milking a ewe and another boy who held it were unharmed, while the sheep was killed. Accounts from the famine stricken portion of China are ghastly reading, embracing as they do recitals of parents feeding on children, and brothers on sisters. All humanity was obliterated in the presence of ravenous hunger. The bed of the river along the front of New Orleans is being covered with thick mats of cane, strongly wired together, and weighted with bags of sand. The object is to protect the shore from being washed out by varying currents. A passenger from Liverpool lately had a false bottom ripped out of his trunk by the New York custom officials, disclosing a mine three inches deep with gold watches and other trinkets, concerning which the owner had not paid the duty. Thirty-two tramps took possession of Humboldt Wells, a mining town in Nevada, stripped themselves of clothing, and declared their intention to sack the place, but a party of mounted men drove them naked into the hills and whipped them soundly. S. Don Robinson, the eminent agriculturist, says he has seen as fine looking tree growing in Florida as ever China produced; but owing to the manipulation or some other cause, he never met a person who cared for a second cup of the decoction prepared from it, from which he concludes tea culture can never succeed in this country. During the year 1878 there were 2,768 medical students graduated from the 59 colleges of the United States. As the statistics show that in this country an average of 500 people support one physician, there must be a constant supply of over 13,000 patients, who must pay the handsome sum of \$1,976,000 a year in order to allow each doctor only \$2 a day. The latest ministerial scandal is the imprisonment of the Rev. George A. Simpson, in East Boston, as a horse thief. He was detected in the act of taking a horse from the barn of Benjamin Trean, at West Mansfield. As he assaulted Mr. Trean and his son with a loaded pistol, and fired at them when detected, he will probably be locked up for a long time. A Memphis paper speaking of the terrible scourge in that city says: It is sad to see well conducted young men who, two months ago would have slandered at a proposition to go in and 'quench' now look the admiring dispenser of liquors boldly in the eye, and call for whisky straight. Youths drink now who never drank before, and those who drank before still drink the more. Former Griffin led melons from his patch at Sandersville, Ga., and planned a joke on the thieves. Young Yarbrough, his nephew, was to join them in a midnight raid, and fall down with a cry that he was shot, when Griffin fired a revolver into the air. Griffin fired at the proper time, and Yarbrough fell with a cry that he was shot, and a crowd of boys by chance entered his head, making a normal wound. A useful device for preventing a class of accidents by which so many people have been killed or crippled for life has been introduced on the Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railway cars. It consists of movable steps, which at the stations are let down within one foot of the ground. When the cars are in motion the steps are lifted high, so that it is impossible to jump either on or off. The wheat crop of Illinois this year, according to figures received by the State board of agriculture, amounts to a total of 42,041,252 bushels; an average of nineteen and two-third bushels per acre, and is valued at \$37,266,757, or an average of eighty-eight cents per bushel in the producers' hands. It is considered the largest and most valuable wheat crop ever raised in the State. The total land sown in wheat was 2,137,083 acres. The experiments with the Krupp gun at Essen have had most important results, which, if maintained, may show that the whole English ordnance system requires reform. The Krupp cannon have proved equal in penetration to Woolwich guns of twice their weight. In one case at a range of 2,700 yards the horizontal deviation of the shot was only two feet and ten inches and the vertical deviation nine and a-half inches.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST. Manfield La., exhibits a three pound bat. The drought in North and West Texas is becoming something fearful. Honma, La., has a cypress tree seventy-two feet in circumference. Richmond, Va., is agitated over the Sunday law, which is being rigidly enforced. America will raise wheat enough this year to supply the world. This is a new country, but an exceedingly well-bred one. The whole of the United States have but 3,000,000 proprietary agriculturists; one half the number of France, with ten times the acre.

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