NOONDAY.

I hear a bird, sweet singing near the hot,
And see the sunshine on the water's breast,
Out of among the grass so tall and hot,
That hold their shattered heads up to the west;
I am a listener, a weary, lone listener,
That drops its head and hears its heart beat by;
Not far but out the meadow lies so near,
Scarcely divided from the sunshine at its side,
A rail to bar the grass in quiet;
In lower pastures it is of stone split;
And to the south the heavens, morning saddle,
With their still and soft and wild, hot sky one.
Are tears of the overabundance of love?
I would that wife and child were by me now.

A JAPANESE CURIO STORE.

A Disregard of Modern Ways—Stocked Full of Relics and Oddities.

A correspondent that most delights my heart is kept by one Hori, a Japanese gentleman of the old school, who still shaves his head in a singular style, tapers off his hind end until it terminates in a pigtail, and wears the most extreme type of the ancient costume. Hori shuns displays of modern ways and, besides selling Japanese bric-a-brac and old curios, has a large and valuable collection of Japanese antiques. Hori shuns displays of modern ways and, besides selling Japanese bric-a-brac and old curios, has a large and valuable collection of Japanese antiques. He has a number of old suits of armor, a lot of ancient swords, and a great many old pictures and books. Hori is a Buddhist and has a temple and burial ground in the rear of his store. Here he is buried, and here his ancestors lie. Hori's store is a veritable museum of curios. Besides the armor, swords, pictures and books, there are old vases, old idols, old coins, old musical instruments, old pipes, old clothes, old everything that is old and Japanese. Hori is a bachelor, and lives alone with his curios. He is a man of about 50 years of age, and is very fond of his curios. He is also very fond of his