

RAIN AT MIDNIGHT.

Oh midnight Rain,
Heard 'mid the restlessness of weary pain!

In this dim town,
I hear thy thousand streamlets trickle down;

The green fields gleam
Before me, as to thy sweet rhyme I dream;

More bliss than these,
I feel the fragrance of the summer seas;

Lying here still,
Thoughts of the ocean make my sad heart thrill—

Each gem long sought,
From dew-drop or from distant waters brought,

Oh gracious Rain! through thee I grow content,
Thy calm-voiced spell

Watching through night,
Many with me await the morning light

For not one drop
Falls from the cloud upon the bare hill-top—

On or on the sea,
Or on the murmurous thickly foliaged tree,

And shall the tear,
Shed by the Father's well-loved children here,

THE SCARLET GLOW.

"I wish I could take you both with me," said Mr. Hanway, as he kissed his children good-bye, and stepped into the carriage that was to bear him up among the mountains to a visit to an old friend;

Fletcher was ten and Amy eight, and the two, with their father, who was a widower, were stopping at a cozy little hotel on the shores of a lovely lake in Switzerland.

It was only on very rare occasions that Mr. Hanway permitted himself to be separated from his children during their travels abroad, but as the hotel where they had now been staying for nearly a week was a very home-like one, and as he expected to be back in time for supper, he felt that he could safely leave them to amuse themselves for a few hours.

Thus cast upon their own resources, the brother and sister read story-books and played in-door games until dinner-time. At the table were some American tourists just from the summit of the highest mountain in the place, and to their lively descriptions of the views to be had therefrom, and of the pretty nooks scattered all over it, both children listened with eager ears, and when one of the young ladies held up a bunch of "just the loveliest wild flowers" which she had gathered by the roadside, Amy whispered to her brother that she really must go a little way up that very afternoon.

"But papa isn't here to take us," objected Fletcher, who longed to go as much as his sister, although he was old enough to understand that his father would not like to have them leave the hotel in his absence.

"Papa didn't tell us we mustn't climb mountains—only boats," returned Amy, cunningly. "And, besides, didn't he say you could take care of me? and don't you think you can?" and the artful little tease looked up at her stout young brother with a most confiding air.

Under these circumstances, what could Fletcher reply but that he was most certainly able to protect her, and that he would do so for a little way, a very little way, up the mountain, as they must be sure to be at the hotel when father came back.

Greatly delighted at having gained her point, Amy ran off for her hat as soon as desert was over, and having stuffed a paper of candy into her pretty little arm-basket, announced herself ready. And then the two set out, Fletcher, with his alpenstock, leading the way up through the town, on by the winding path through the woods, up, up, until the beautiful lake came into view below them.

"Let's rest here a minute," proposed Fletcher. "This flat rock'll make a nice seat; and while we eat some candy, I'll teach you the names of the snow mountains over yonder."

So the expedition halted while the Captain pointed out what he thought was Mont Blanc, the king of all the peaks; the beautiful Jungfrau, with its silver horn, and— But turning to see if Amy was looking in the right direction, Fletcher found her eyes closed, and her head just sinking to his shoulder.

"Poor little thing, she's tired out. I'll set her a short nap before we start down again." So, while Amy slept, her

brother ate chocolate drops and studied the Alps.

Now, it would have been quite romantic and Babes-in-the-Woodsy if he, too, had been overcome with drowsiness, thus leaving them both lying there asleep on the mountain-side until an elf, giant, or some other rarely seen creature, came to wake them up and conduct them to a wonderful grotto, studded with diamonds and paved with pearls. But as this is not a fairy tale, nothing of the sort occurred, for Amy presently woke up of her own accord, and finding the basket empty, recollected what she had come for, upon which the two began searching for wild flowers.

At first Fletcher rather affected to despise the occupation, but after they had gathered a few, he found them so pretty, and it grew to be so exciting to wonder where they would chance upon some more, that he speedily became as absorbed in the hunt as Amy herself, and both wandered over the mountain in every direction.

At last the pretty little basket was filled to the top with still prettier contents, and at the same time Fletcher noticed that the sun was very near the tip of one of the snow mountains.

"Come, Amy," he exclaimed, "we must hurry back, or papa'll be there before us;" and taking her by the hand he set out for the path by which they had ascended.

"But why can't we go down right here?" asked Amy. "It'll be such fun to go sort of sliding down hill."

"I guess we needn't slide," returned Fletcher, "for here's a kind of path we can take; so now hold on to me tight, and be careful not to slip;" and down the two started over the rough way, for the mountain side was covered with stones, little and big, which the feet of the children sent rolling and crashing on ahead of them in quite a noisy fashion.

With each advancing step the path grew fainter and fainter, until it finally disappeared entirely, and nothing was to be seen but trees and rocks and stones.

"Shall we go back, Amy?" asked Fletcher, as they both came to a halt; and then he added: "But no, we haven't time; so we must keep on."

"All right; but you don't think there are any snakes under these stones, do you, Flet?"

Then they went on down again, but the way grew ever rougher and rougher, and the stones slipped from under their tired feet more and more frequently.

"O dear! ain't we 'most there?" half sobbed Amy, as she stubbed her toe against a rock in front of her, while a stone rolled down on her heel from behind.

"I guess so. Shall I try to lift you over this place? See, there must have been a brook here in the spring;" and Fletcher pointed out a shallow ravine that crossed their path obliquely, and which was choked with stones and brush-wood.

Without waiting for an answer, the kind-hearted boy threw his alpenstock across, and then picking Amy up in his arms, started over himself. He reached the opposite side in safety, and was about to step up to level ground again when his foot caught under a stone, and in trying to keep his sister from being harmed by his fall, he left no hand free with which to save himself.

"O, Flet, are you hurt?" cried Amy, as she quickly scrambled to her feet.

"Not much; only my ankle." But the "not much" proved to be a sprain serious enough to prevent his walking a step, and after attempting to do so once or twice, the brave little fellow was forced to fall back upon the rocks, with an expression of pain which he could not repress.

And now the children's situation became quite a grave one. They were as yet, as well as they could judge, a mile or more above the town, the sun had already vanished behind the snowy peaks opposite, the autumn twilight was rapidly closing in, and, worse than all, Fletcher could not and Amy would not move.

"How can I go away and leave you here?" she would say when urged to hurry back, so that father should not worry.

"But I'm all right as long as I sit still," her brother would reply. "Besides, the sooner you go and tell them at the hotel, the quicker they can send somebody up for me."

At length, convinced that under the circumstances this was the wisest thing to do, Amy set bravely out, but had not proceeded more than twenty feet before she came screaming back, declaring she had seen a snake, and that she could never, never go on through the dreadful woods alone.

"Let me stay with you, Flet," she begged. "I'm sure when papa misses us he'll come right up here;" and her brother, seeing she had no doubts on this point, thought it best not to remind her that it was just as natural to suppose that he would look in a dozen other directions for them first.

So the two sat together there on the mountain-side, watching the stars come out, and wondering if this was their punishment for being naughty.

But presently Amy's eyelids grew heavy again, and leaning her head against Fletcher, she asked him to wake her "as soon as papa comes," when suddenly a reddish glare flashed forth out of the darkness beneath them; portions of mountain and lake appeared distinctly as by day, while trees and rocks and bushes stood revealed in startling vividness.

"O, what is it, Flet?" cried Amy, hiding her face in terror.

"Don't be afraid," he answered. "I guess it can't hurt us, whatever it is." Still the boy had dreadful visions of earthquakes and volcanoes, which he

somehow imagined were much more common in Europe than in America.

And now the red light had changed to green, this in turn to blue, then back to red again and so on, until the brother and sister became completely mystified.

On a sudden, while the red glare lit up everything around, there was a sound of rolling stones, a man's voice exclaimed: "Thank God for St. Jacques!" The next instant Mr. Hanway's strong arms were about both his children.

"O, papa, I knew you'd come!" cried Amy, joyously. "But now you must put me down, and carry Flet, 'cause I was naughty, and he's hurt, and all from 'sisting me.'"

Then the situation was explained. Two young gentlemen from the hotel tenderly raised the helpless boy and carried him between them, and thus, the happy father still retaining his little girl, they started down the hill again, guided by the strange lights safely to the town.

Fletcher soon recognized in his bearers two members of the party from the mountain-top that had been so enthusiastic at dinner, and they furthermore told him that it was at their suggestion that Mr. Hanway had first directed his steps to the hill-side, "for," said one, "we noticed how eagerly your little sister listened to my cousin's description of the wild flowers."

"And did you have those funny lights lit so's you could see us?" asked the boy.

"Not exactly," was the laughing response. "That is the illumination in honor of St. Jacques, whose several-hundred-and-something-or-other birthday it is to-day, I believe."

"But how do they make the lights, and who is St. Jacques?" pursued Fletcher.

"They have different colored 'fires,' as the preparations are called, which are touched off at the same instant at various points about the lake; and as for St. Jacques, that is the same as St. James in English."

"That's what papa's queer speech meant, then, when he found us."

"And I say 'Amen' to it," returned the young man, huskily, "for I believe we'd have gone right on past you both if it had not been for that scarlet glow from the fire of St. Jacques."—Harper's Young People.

That Hired Man.

A good old Wethersfield farmer, led by the lack of help, told his son to go down to New York and hire a hired man.

But before he started he cautioned him to look out and not get mixed up with a dead-beat, adding: "There are sharpers there who will beat you and give 'em half a chance. You'll tell one of them air beats as far as you can see him. Hire some good, jisty young fellow—a greenhorn if you can—any one but a dead-beat."

In a couple of days the new man was at work on the farm, and with a little practice would have broken in all right, but the old farmer, who was fretful and impatient, disliked his ways, and so he shipped him. The young man went to a neighboring place and hired out, and the old farmer started for Gotham himself to get the right kind of a hired man. He came back with one last Thursday, stopping in Hartford to buy him some new clothes, the price of which was to be deducted from his wages. The new help wanted some pretty good clothes, and quieted the old farmer by telling him he could take the price out of the earliest earnings.

Friday morning he set him to work in the garden in the rear of his barn. In about an hour the old farmer went out to see how he was getting along. He found him lying on some hay on the barn floor. "What is the matter?" said the farmer.

"I'm feeling bad—don't know what ails me."

"Do you ever drink?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, an' I s'pose that's what's the matter. I've been drinking purty hard of late."

"Why didn't you let me know it?" said the other, "and I would have fixed you up sunthin'. I'm a temprance man, though I always have a drop in the house for medicine. The old farmer went in and made a rum punch and gave it to the fellow. This had an inspiring effect, and the hired man said he felt better and started for the house. In a few minutes he came out dressed up in the new suit and started down the road toward Middletown, much to the old man's surprise. "Where you going?" sang out the farmer.

"To New York," was the prompt answer, as the pedestrian struck a five-mile gait.

The old farmer's feelings may be better imagined than described as he saw twenty dollars worth of his clothes on the road to New York, but at this moment his son came along, and, with a twinkle in his starboard eye, quietly said: "Where's the hired man, father?"

The old man, with eye still on the retreating figure, pointed to him and answered: "There he is! Don't you see him?" Then, after a short pause, he added: "But, my son, he would have been a good one if he had stayed."—Hartford Times.

The United States Consul at Prescott reports that \$1,200,000 worth of eggs were imported the past year from Canada to the United States free of duty. He recommends that a duty of one cent per dozen be laid on eggs, and asserts that this duty would pay the expenses of the customs district of Oswegatchie and Champlain, N. Y., and the district of Vermont.

Scientists now concede that parts of Kansas, the adjoining States of Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska, were once covered by a fresh water lake.

Youths' Department.

OUR POLLY.

Polly, napping,
Hears a rapping,
On her chamber door;
Polly, fretting,
Slowly getting,
Out upon the floor,
Shivers, crying:
'Snow's a-lying!'
Can't go out to-day!
Wonders whether
Winter weather
Ever'll go away.
Hate this washing,
Spitting, splashing,
Water cold as ice!"
Nurse says: "Hurry!
How you worry;
Polly, 'tisn't nice!"
Polly grumbles,
Trips and stumbles,
Then her finger pricks;
Frowns and pouts,
Sole and mittens,
Cross as seven sticks
Naughty Polly
Seizes dolly
By her flaxen wig,
Pokes her in a
Basket with a
Long-tailed rat and pig.
Melancholy
Little Polly
Down to breakfast goes,
Thanks the weather
Altogether
Dreadful—'em, as it snows!

Polly, waking,
Hears a shaking,
Of her chamber-door;
Never fretting,
Polly, getting,
Out upon the floor,
Kneels to say her
Little prayer,
Sees gently and low,
Picture saintly,
Robed so quaintly,
Gown as white as snow.
Says our Polly:
'This is my
Rising with the sun.'
When the washing
And the splashing
Nurse has neatly done,
Round and rosy
As a poppy
Pretty Polly stands,
While so briskly
Nurse dries quickly
Dimpled cheek and hands.
Red her dress is,
Flaxen tresses
(Glanced above her brow),
Big white collar
(Cost a dollar!)
Nothing's lacking now.
Happy Polly
Kisses dolly
On her scanty wig,
Then flies, prancing,
Hopping, dancing,
Like a whirligig!
Such jolly
Little Polly
Down to breakfast goes,
Scattering kisses—
None she misses—
Sweet as any rose!

—Harriet Trachbridge, in N. Y. Independent.

MARY JANE TELLS ABOUT THE SPICEERS' COWS.

They had lots of cows, the Spiceers had—and they passed most of their time in our garden. The reason they didn't stay in the pasture was because the fences were all broken down; for the Spiceers were the most shiftless folks in Tuckertown. Why I cared about the cows was because I had to drive 'em out.

Well, one day Grandpa said: "If those cows get into my corn again, I'll drive 'em up to the pound."

"What's the pound?" asked Dot. "It's a pen," said Grandpa, "where you can drive any cattle you find on your land; and the owner can't get them out without paying a fine."

"Oh, I think that's elegant!" said I. "I know lots of people's cows I should like to get into the pound."

When Grandpa went out, I said I would go and tell Sarah Spicer just what he had said.

"Now, Mary Jane, you just stay where you are. You want your fingers in everybody's pies." It was Aunt Jane—who might know—who said that.

I might have answered that she was so sparing with hers (especially mince) that I never could touch them. But I didn't. I often think of real smart things, and it's mean that I can't say them.

But I declare, there is never any use at all in my arguing with Aunt Jane; for, when I get the best of her, she always stiffens up and says: "There, that will do, Mary Jane! Not another word!"

Besides, it isn't right to answer back. So I just said nothing, but took Dot and marched straight off to the Spiceers'.

We found Sarah and Sam playing in front of their house.

"How'd ye do, Mary Jane?" said she.

"How'd ye do, Miss Spicer?" said I. "Mersey me, Mary Jane! what airs!" said she. "It's no use to put 'em on here in Tuckertown, I can tell you, for folks know all about you."

"There, that will do," said I, as like Aunt Jane as ever I could. "I only came over here to tell you that we are going to have your cows put in the pound, the very next time we find 'em in our garden."

"Poh!" cried out that Hop-o-my-thumb of a Sam. "Your grandfather has said so, lots of times, but he never does."

"Doesn't dare to!" snapped Sarah. "I was just boiling mad. The idea of my being treated so by those low Spiceers!"

"Dare to?" said I. "I wonder who you think would be afraid of such a poor, shiftless set?"

And then I took Dot's hand, and just ran for home, so as not to give Sarah a chance to have the last word.

Oh, but don't I 'spise her! Well, that afternoon, Dot and I were in the barn playing with all our might, when Aunt Jane screamed out:

"Mary Jane! Mary Jane! The cows are in the garden. Run and drive them out."

"It's too bad!" cried Dot. "Those Spiceers' cows spoil all our fun."

"I'll tell you what," said I, after I had sho'd 'em into the road. "I'm going to drive 'em right up to the pound. I'll show that Sarah Spicer—"

"Why, Mary Jane Hunt!" cried sily

Dot. "What'll Grandpa say? I won't go."

"Say? Why, that he is much obliged to me." Dot trotted after me, as meek as a lamb.

It wasn't far to the pound; but there was one cow and her calf that wouldn't hurry, and, besides, we walked very slowly along the sunny parts of the road and rested every time we came to a shady place; so it was late in the afternoon when we left the pound, and turned to come home.

We came quite a distance by the road, and then through Mr. Hall's corn-field and the woods beyond, and right out in the Spiceers' pasture. Dot and I noticed that there was only one cow left now in the pasture.

"I hope Sarah and Sam will have a good time hunting after the others; and good enough for 'em," said I. "Perhaps her father is just scolding her now for letting 'em stray away."

"Well, he isn't, for there he is now." Dot pointed, and I saw Sarah in the swing on the butternut tree in front of their house, and her father was swinging her up ever so high.

When she saw us she jumped out and ran to the fence.

"Hope you'll find your cows to-night, Sarah," said I.

"You had better go for 'em," chimed in Dot.

"Hope you'll find yours," retorted Sarah. "If you don't keep 'em out of our garden we are going to drive 'em to the pound."

"Te, he," giggled Sam.

Although we hurried so, it was late when we got home. We were afraid that supper would be all over, and Aunt Jane would scold us for being late. But though the table was set and Grandpa was home from work, no one had sat down to it.

"Been waiting for the milk," said Aunt Jane. "But, la, it's no use to wait any longer. I'll use morning's milk."

"Yes," said Grandpa, who was washing his hands at the sink. "Do let's have supper. Children, have you seen the cows?"

"Why, no," I answered, "not ours; but Dot and I drove the Spiceers' cows up to the pound."

"Those that were in our garden?" demanded Aunt Jane, looking straight at me.

I nodded.

"Well, of all the little mischief-makers! Those were our cows."

"My gracious, goodness me!" said I; "and Grandpa's got to pay a fine to get his own cows out of the pound! Oh, dear! I do hope Sarah Spicer won't find out about it."

And so Dot and I had to go to bed an hour earlier than usual; but Sarah Spicer doesn't know anything about it.—A. G. Plympton, in St. Nicholas.

Susie's Little Sister.

"Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away."

"Give away your little sister Elsie!"

"Yes, I'm just tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much."

"Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying, either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture-book she had torn. In half an hour she came back to the sitting-room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked.

"Come and see," her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her little sister's place.

"Oh, mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—"

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" and Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries, or pull my playthings away from her, or—anything."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddy home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said, over and over again. "because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder; and perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did."—Zion's Herald.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the discovery of a seam in the rocks near Fultonville, Montgomery County, N. Y., said to contain valuable minerals. The seam is twelve feet wide, and on either side of it is solid lime rock. The mineral has every appearance of containing lead, silver and gold.