

Adonais.

*** Thamus came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day."
—Milton.

Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding
of the sheaves,
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low,
When he orchard paths are dim with the drift
of fallen leaves,
As the reapers sing together in the mellow
misty eve?
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!

Love met us in the orchard ere the corn had
gathered plume—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
Sweet as summer days that die when the months
are in their bloom,
When the peaks are ripe with sunset, like the
tassels of the broom
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low.

Sweet as summer days that die, leaving sweeter
each to each—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
All the heart was full of feeling; Love had
ripened into speech,
Like the sap that turns to nectar in the velvet
of the peach,
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low.

Sweet as summer days that die at the ripening
of the corn—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
Sweet as lovers' fickle oaths sworn to faithless
maids forsworn,
When the musty orchard breathes like a mellow
drinking horn
Over happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low.

Love left us at the dying of the mellow autumn
eves—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
When the skies are ripe and fading, like the
colors of the leaves,
And the reapers kiss and part at the binding of
the sheaves
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low.

Then the reapers gather home from the gray
and misty morn—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
Then the reapers gather home, and they bear
upon their spears
Love whose face is like the moon's fallen pale
among the spheres
With the daylight's blight upon it as the sun
sinks low.

Faint as far-off bugles blowing soft and low
the reapers sung—
Oh, happy are the apples when the south
winds blow!
Sweet as summer in the blood when the heart
is ripe and young,
Love is sweetest in the dying, like the sheaves
he lies among
In the happy harvest fields as the sun sinks
low.

WALTER BRADLEY'S SECRET.

When Asa Bradley was sentenced to the State's prison for life for the double crime of forgery and manslaughter, many people said that a wicked man was now where he could do no harm; but it was a dreadful misfortune to his wife and son. Six months afterwards, Mrs. Bradley died, and the friends of the family asked, "What will become of poor Walter?"

But this little burst of sympathy was all "poor Walter" ever got of them; and when the boy was sent to the almshouse, it was agreed that the place was good enough for the son of a convict. For five years the almshouse was Walter's only home. Then the overseers of the poor informed him that he must be "bound out," and earn his own living. Young as he was (he was scarcely thirteen), Walter had a stout heart, and it needed only this sudden send-off to rouse his latent sense of independence. For the first time he realized his position clearly, and found his native pride. He declared with spirit that he would no longer be beholden to pauper help, or would render pauper service, and with this resolution he went his way to fight the battle of life alone.

He little knew the difficulties he would have to meet and conquer. After applying in vain at several places in town, he went to Rockland, a thriving factory village, and spent three days in a fruitless search for work. Weary and discouraged, he finally met a farmer who wanted some help in his haying.

"I'll work for you cheap, and hard, too," said the boy, with a brightening eye.

"That sounds well. Where do you live?"

"I came from Stony Brook."

"Come a little nearer. I want to take a good look into your face."

Walter approached the wagon for inspection.

"You look willing, at any rate. What's your name?"

"Walter Bradley, sir."

"I hope you ain't no way connected with Asa Bradley, who killed Thomas Iding?"

"I am—his son," faltered the boy, with averted face.

"Well, that's unlucky! I want to hire a good likely boy, not a son of—"

Then came a long embarrassing silence.

"Well, I guess on the whole I won't hire you," said the farmer, reflectively.

"I know you ain't to blame for what your father did, but I guess I'll look a little further." And starting his horse, he was soon out of sight.

Poor Walter! A sharp pain shot through him as he recalled afresh how hard and unjust the man's decision was, and his own friendless condition. But at length his elastic spirit took hope again, and he walked resolutely on to the next village. Here he was more fortunate. A placard with "Boy wanted" was conspicuously displayed in the window of a large dry-goods store; and he applied for the situation. His open, manly face made a favorable impression on Mr. Lewis, the merchant, and he agreed to take him on trial for one week.

Walter was active and faithful, and gave perfect satisfaction. But Mr. Lewis chanced to hear that he was "the son of the forger and murderer, Asa Bradley," and when the week was out, he coldly told Walter he could look for a place elsewhere.

The boy took this dismissal grievously. Knowing as he did the reason, it touched him like a death-chill. Was he to be crushed through life for inheriting a name loaded with disgrace? The thought filled his soul with bitterness, and prepared him for the stern, almost fierce, determination which followed. This tainted name should no longer be a hindrance to him. He would discard it forever.

Walter's maternal grandfather was Gilbert Henshaw, a man whose character was above reproach, and to be called after whom would be an honor to any descendant. Henceforth he would be no more Walter Bradley, but Gilbert Henshaw. He would go where he was unknown, and the secret of his old name should be revealed to no one.

More than three hundred miles he traveled on foot, begging food by the way after the little money Mr. Lewis had given him was gone, and often at night having only the damp ground for his bed. He reached the boundary line of Ohio, and at once began anew the weary search for employment.

One warm summer evening he entered a field, and found rest and refreshing sleep in a heap of new-mown hay. The sun was far above the hills before the tired, footsore boy awoke. Old Mr. Gardiner and his man came out with forks in hand to open the hay.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Abel; "if here ain't a boy asleep, and I came near a-pitching my fork right into him!"

Walter opened his eyes and looked wild and frightened.

"What are you here for?" demanded Mr. Gardiner, gruffly.

"I—I—I am going to Ashburton, to try and find work. I hadn't any place to sleep, or any money, and laid down here for the night."

"You won't get work in Ashburton. The mills have stopped," said Mr. Gardiner, in a mollified voice.

"Do you know any one who would like to hire a boy? I'd be glad of even a small job, for I must either work or starve."

The farmer gave a sharp look into the boy's face.

"Well," said he kindly, "go in and get some breakfast, anyhow; and if you're a mind to, you may stay here to-day, and I'll try you. What's your name?"

"Gilbert Henshaw," replied Walter, with a reddened face.

He toiled faithfully all that day, and did so well that old Mr. Gardiner decided to keep him a week; and when the week was ended, Mrs. Gardiner had found him so obliging and useful in the house that she said to her husband:

"I think we better keep this boy till the harvesting is over. He's very handy, and will save us a great many steps."

"Yes," responded Mr. Gardiner; and the matter was settled.

Weeks and months passed. Gilbert was happy in his adopted home, and the comfort and plenty around him made the long autumn like a continued holiday. Old Mr. Gardiner and his wife grew more and more attached to him, and their kindness to him was unfeigned. One peculiarity in the boy, however, puzzled the worthy couple and piqued their curiosity. Gilbert never alluded to the past, and never would tell directly where he came from, or if his parents were dead or alive. But they were considerate enough not to press him, and preferred to think that he had some sad reason for his silence which involved no blame of his own.

When winter came the Gardiners were less inclined than ever to let Gilbert go. He stayed with them, attended the village school, and worked morning and evening, taking care of the cattle.

One day Mrs. Gardiner was looking over a large mahogany box which contained valued family relics. She took out an ambrotype, and after gazing at it long and tenderly, she said to Gilbert, who was near, with much emotion:

"This is the picture of my only brother, Thomas Iding. He came to a dreadful death. A wicked man, named Asa Bradley, murdered him."

Gilbert's knees shook under him. He gasped for breath, and his face looked wild and white.

"The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter," she continued, "but it was murder—deliberate murder!"

"Why, Gilbert, how pale you are! What is the matter?"

"I—I don't feel very well. I guess I will go out." And hurrying from the house the poor boy, overwhelmed with horror and distress, went to the barn and sat down alone.

That his best friends, his benefactors, who of all the world had in his need given him employment and a home,

should prove, after all, to be the sufferers by his father's crime, was too much. How would they feel if they knew they were harboring the son of their brother's murderer?

It seemed as if he must fly from the place at once—fly to the ends of the earth, hunted by a paternal ban. But calmer thoughts returned, and he succeeded in quieting the tumult of his feelings. To run away would be a suspicious and cowardly act; to confess who he was could do no possible good. There seemed to be nothing left for him but to seek to atone, as far as possible, for his father's crime by self-sacrificing devotion to those whom that crime had so terribly afflicted. He could do this, though he should never break to them the dread secret of his real name and kindred.

Winter and spring passed, and summer came again. One morning, as Gilbert was returning from the post office, he saw a man riding up the street whom he instantly knew to be Peter Harrington, one of the overseers of the poor in Stony Brook. Great was his consternation. If Mr. Harrington should recognize him, and reveal that he was the son of Asa Bradley, and had lived five years in the almshouse, all his present hopes and happiness would be at an end.

He quickly turned his face away, and stood leaning over the railing of the mill-stream bridge, gazing intently into the water.

Mr. Harrington stopped his horse. "Boy," he said, pleasantly, "which road must I take to go to Ashburton?"

No answer. Gilbert seemed not to hear him.

"I say, boy! which is the right road to Ashburton?"

Still no reply.

"Can't you speak, or don't you know?" touching Gilbert's shoulder with the handle of his whip.

Still Gilbert neither moved nor spoke.

"He either can't hear, or won't hear," muttered Mr. Harrington, as he started his horse and rode on.

Gilbert stopped to call on a sick friend, and an hour later reached home. As he entered the sitting-room, the first person he saw was Peter Harrington, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. With a crimson face and wildly-beating heart he slipped out by the nearest door. As Mr. Harrington had merely glanced toward him, he hoped he had escaped recognition.

But Gilbert was mistaken. Hardly had the door closed after him when Mr. Harrington asked, in much surprise,—

"Is that boy, Walter Bradley, living with you?"

"That lad's name is Gilbert Henshaw," replied Mr. Gardiner. "He has been with us over a year."

"Ha, ha, ha! You have been well duped. He is the son of Asa Bradley, who killed your brother, Thomas Iding."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, simultaneously.

"It's a fact," persisted Mr. Harrington. "I knew Walter Bradley well. He was in the almshouse a long time. Over a year ago he disappeared, and most people thought he'd gone to sea. So he has passed himself off on you as Gilbert Henshaw? A pretty bold push, I call it."

As may be supposed, Mr. Harrington left the Gardiners greatly disturbed in mind. Their astonishment upon learning that they had befriended a son of the dreaded convict, Asa Bradley, seemed overpowering.

"I understand now why he never alludes to his past life, and will say nothing about his parents," said Mr. Gardiner, reflectively.

"And this explains why he turned so white when I showed him brother Thomas's picture, and told him he had been murdered by Asa Bradley," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Well, wife, this boy's father took the life of your brother, and it's for you to say what we shall do with him."

Mrs. Gardiner was silent a few moments.

"Husband," she said, at last, "Gilbert has lived with us over a year, and all that time he has evidently tried his best to be a good boy. We have caught him in no wrong-doing; and have seen no signs of a bad disposition in him. He has been industrious and faithful. All we can charge against him is that he came to us under a false name. He has been an outcast once; it would be cruel to send him adrift again. Let him stay."

"That's just my mind!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner, fervently. "We have no children, and it may be that God has given us this boy. We will not turn him away for his father's sin."

When Gilbert came in to dinner, he cast an anxious look into the faces of the old people, but no trace of any revelation was visible. They were even more gentle and tender toward him than they had ever been before.

Five years passed. Gilbert lived, happy and beloved, under the roof of the good old Mr. Gardiner and his wife. He had attended school, and received a good education in the ordinary branches. His benefactors had no cause for regret for taking the friendless youth to their home and hearts.

One night Gilbert suddenly awoke, and was startled by a strange glare of light. Through his window he saw the elms and poplars outside glowing lurid red. He sprang up, and hurriedly raised the sash.

The shed was on fire, and the flames had just seized the house.

Gilbert rushed down stairs, shouting the alarm, and in a moment every sleeper was awake. The family worked valiantly to put out the fire, but in vain. A fresh wind was blowing, and in half an hour the house and all the out-buildings belonging to Mr. Gardiner were in ruins. The good old man and his wife were homeless.

"It came hard to pay the interest on the mortgage," said Mr. Gardiner in a

hollow tone, "and now we haven't a place to lay our heads."

"God will provide," responded Mrs. Gardiner, trying for his sake to stifle her own sadness.

"You have me left to you," said Gilbert, tenderly. "I am strong to work, and you shall never want while I live."

A portion of the furniture had been saved. This Gilbert removed to a little unpainted house offered by a neighbor, and the old couple were as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

A month later the following letter was received:

"FRIEND GARDINER—If the boy who called himself Gilbert Henshaw is with you, or you know anything of his whereabouts, please inform him that his great-uncle, Joshua Bradley, has lately died in St. Louis, without family, and has left no will. By law he is one of the heirs to the property. I regret your loss by fire, and believe me

"Truly your friend,
"PETER HARRINGTON."

The next day Gilbert started for Stony Brook, and was absent two weeks. Then again his happy face brightened the old people's humble home.

"I have news for you," he said, "which will give you both pain and pleasure."

"Give us the worst first, and the better last," said Mrs. Gardiner, smiling.

"I have a secret to divulge which will distress and astonish you. In all the time I have been with you, I have never told you my real name or parentage. I am not Gilbert Henshaw. I am—"

"We know who you are!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner. "You are Walter Bradley, son of Asa Bradley."

A look of utter astonishment overspread Gilbert's face. How had they fathomed his secret?

"Mr. Harrington told us all about you five years ago," said Mrs. Gardiner. "And you have given me a home, and love, and sympathy, knowing all this time I was the son of your brother's murderer!" said Gilbert with moistening eyes.

"Dear boy," returned Mrs. Gardiner, fondly, "we could not drive you from us for your father's sin! You have been a constant comfort and blessing to us—the child of our old age, given us by the Lord."

"And I shall not forget your generous kindness and true love. My share in Uncle Joshua's estate is five thousand dollars. We will build a new house on the old site with our money," said Gilbert.

The worthy pair looked at him in delighted wonder.

"Your money, my boy," they both said.

"No, ours. What is mine belongs to you—to my second parents—who made my hapless, forsaken life happy again."

In a few months a commodious house was erected where the former home of the Gardiners had stood, and the old couple moved into it with their "son."

Gilbert gained a right to his adopted name by making application through form of law, and he is now a prosperous farmer—a generous, noble-minded man—in whom the unfortunate and destitute always find a friend.—*Youth's Companion*.

Bismarck's Courage.

It was in 1866. Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the palace, where he had been to see the king. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Under den Linden, and near the place where Hoedel and Nobiling have since attempted the life of Emperor William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver, was aiming at him. He strode at once up to the man and seized the arm that held the revolver, while with his other hand he grasped the throat of the would-be murderer, who had had time to pass his weapon on to his left hand, and now fired three shots in quick succession. Bismarck felt himself hurt in his shoulder and in one of his ribs; but he held his furious assailant fast till some soldiers came up and took hold of him. Then Bismarck walked home at a brisk pace and reached his own house long before anybody there could know what had happened. The countess had some friends with her when her husband entered the drawing-room. He greeted all in a friendly manner, and begged to be excused for a few minutes, as he had some urgent business to attend to. He then walked into the next room where his desk stood, and wrote to inform the king of the accident. Having attended to this duty, he returned to the drawing-room and made one of his little standing jokes, ignoring his own unpunctuality, and saying to his wife: "Well! are we to have no dinner to-day? You always keep me waiting." He sat down and partook heartily of the dishes spread before him, and it was only when the dinner was over that he walked up to the countess, kissed her on the forehead, wished her in the old German way, "Geseignete Mahlzeit!" (May your meal be blessed!) and then added: "You see I am quite well."

She looked up at him. "Well," he continued, "you must not be anxious, my child. Somebody has fired at me; but it is nothing, as you see."—*Blackwood Magazine*.

The public debt of Europe was divided as follows in 1876: France, \$4,687,921,400; Prussia, \$229,852,375; Italy, \$2,000,000,000; Russia, \$1,254,810,000; Spain, \$2,650,000,000; Turkey, \$927,000,000; Great Britain, \$3,884,852,720. These are the heaviest debts, and they bear hardest on Turkey, Italy, Russia and Spain. While some of the debts may have slightly decreased, in the last two years, others have greatly increased, as in the cases of Russia and Turkey.

Life's West Window.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the days that are gone;
Remembering the coming sunset.
We too must remember the morn;
But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for its vanished promise
Of honor, ambition, and truth
But our hopes will fall and pride decay,
When we think how soon we must pass away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch our children's faces
The noontide of sparkling day;
But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows;
And we know we would not again
Look forth the eastern lattice,
And live over all life's pain;
Though life's sunlight be brilliant, its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

Item of Interest.

Object of interest—To swell the principal.

Cheap out-of-door breakfast—A roll on the grass.

An experienced boy says it is a mistake that misfortunes never come singly.

Agricultural fairs are making sad havoc among pop corn and red lemon, ade.

A storekeeper advertises thirteen pounds of sausages for a dollar. That's dog cheap.

The papers speak of a man who has "turned up missing." In other words, he was found lost.

Moore county, N. C., has twenty-eight gold mines, six silver mines, eight copper mines and ten iron mines.

The ware called "tin" is only a wash of tin over sheet iron. As well might we speak of plated ware as being silver.

The seven colors of the rainbow are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The three primary colors are red, blue and yellow.

George Lewis, a London lawyer, has such an extensive business that his staff of clerks and employees number 250 and his receipts are \$250,000 a year.

We gain nothing by being with such as ourselves. We encourage one another in mediocrity. I am always longing to be with men more excellent than myself.—*Lamb*.

The Duc de Lorraine, a French nobleman of the last century, had his first wife's body reduced to a small compass by some chemical process, and wore it set in a ring.

Sparrows in search of building material will, we are told, tear up door mats. Yes, and if they keep on, by next spring they will be pulling our front door bells and asking for our stair carpets.

An inquiring man thrust his finger into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The inquiring horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

The Suez canal is ninety-two miles in length. It is not broad enough in some places to let two vessels pass, and many sidings have been made for this purpose. Vessels measuring 430 feet in length and drawing twenty-five feet nine inches have passed through.

Mary Haley, a supposed widow, was killed in Steubenville, Ohio, by a railroad accident. Her baby was left to the care of her brother, who sued the railroad in its behalf, securing a verdict of \$5,000. Soon a husband turned up to claim the custody of the child and the money. Afterward another husband came, with an insurance policy of \$5,000 in his favor on her life. Both men had parted from her years before, but were ready to profit by her death.

TREASURE TROVE.

Something I've found on my way
Through earth to-day;
Something of value untold,
Brighter than gold;
Something more fair than the tint
Of morning glint;
Something more sweet than the song
Of feathered throng;
Something that lovelier glows
Than queenly rose;
Something more sparkling by far
Than your bright star;
Something I cherish—how well?
Words cannot tell.
Something—oh, can you not guess?
Then I confess.
Some one has said "Love is blind;"
Yet do I find,
Deep in the heart of my love
My treasure trove!

Miss Osborne's Restored Scalp.

The New Haven *Palladium* says: "Miss Lucy A. Osborne, of New Milford, whose scalp, right ear, and part of the right cheek were torn off in September, 1874, by machinery in which her hair caught, and who has since been at a New York hospital, is now at home. A new scalp has grown upon her head by the grafting thereon of minute bits of skin. The pieces were contributed from the arms of the hospital surgeons. The total number of pieces used in this operation is 12,000. One of the surgeons contributed from his person 1,202 pieces, and another gave 865. The appearance of the scalp now is similar to that of a healed wound. Of course, there can be no growth of hair thereon. The eyes still present a slightly drawn appearance. The wounds of the cheek and ear have been neatly dressed, the former leaving scarcely a scar. In the first of the grafting process bits of skin the size of nickel pieces were employed, but not with good success, and at the suggestion of an English surgeon much smaller pieces were substituted, and with excellent results. Miss Osborne is now twenty-two years old."