

THE SPELL OF NIGHT.

The faded roses drift along the west,
To die in silver windrows on its rim;
Pale gauzes drop across the meadow's
breast;
The flocks of white petunas are dim,
And shadows sooth them into fragrant rest.

A nighthawk's signal quivers in the gloom,
A clear, sharp lance of sound; then droops
the wing
Of silence, dipped in forest born perfume,
Where flavor of the dawning summer cling,
Blent with the breath of spring's departing
bloom.

My soul is restless for, I know not what—
Cool, mossy walks; the drip of woodland
springs;
Some half remembered, half imagined spot,
A scarce caught echo in the silence brings,
A glimpse, a dream, a something I have not.

Dark violet, the mighty heavens sweep
Behold, the pain is soothed, and peace is
here.
Pure mists of dew the drowsy flowers steep;
The balm of rest for weary hearts is near;
God lights the stars and sends the world to
sleep.

—Hattie Whitney.

Not Spontaneous.

A group of literary men were discussing the other day the rarity of spontaneous eloquence or wit.

'I was at a dinner once in New York said one, 'and was seated next to Major Hay, who, you know, had been Lincoln's secretary. Somebody making a speech exclaimed:

'In genuine eloquence the words came hot from the heart. No nobler speech was ever uttered in America than Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, and I am assured it was wholly spontaneous. He had not given it a thought before he rose to speak.'

'While he was delivering it,' said Major Hay to me, aside, 'I had the fifth copy of it in my pocket!'

'I, too, remember a dinner in New York,' said another, 'at which all the foremost men in journalism and literature were present. The speech of the evening was made by George W. Curtis. It sparkled with wit and apt allusions to the men present, evidently inspired by the moment. Once he stopped, interrupting himself, and exclaimed:

'I see my friend, Judge D., looking at me doubtfully, but I must remind him that he, too,'—going on with some brilliant raillery that brought down peals of laughter. As we rose to go out I said to the editor of a Boston paper:

'Who but Curtis could pour out impromptu wit like that?'

'Impromptu?' said the newspaper man. 'I had proofs of all the speeches given to me this afternoon to send to Boston tonight. Let us look at his.' We looked and there it all was, word for word, even to the 'I see my friend, Judge D., looking at me doubtfully, etc.'

'I knew Artemus Ward, said a third man, 'when he was a reporter on a Cleveland paper. One evening in the office he told a story, apparently a mere trifle, the flash of a moment.

'Brown, said the chief, 'how can you say such clever things offhand?'

'Offhand! muttered Brown. 'I told that to myself about fifteen times this afternoon! Ten years afterward

I heard him tell the same story to a brilliant London audience without the alteration of a comma.

'Even to make a good joke, remarked a listener, work apparently is needed as well as genius.'—Youth's Companion.

Scientific Facts.

The eyeball is white because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

A rough calculation has been made that there is telegraph wire enough on this planet to reach 20 time from here to the moon.

It is estimated that the amount of water precipitated on the globe annually in the form of rain, snow, etc., is 29,000 cubic miles.

Liquid hydrogen, now producible in any quantity, is found by Dewar to have a boiling point of about 240 degrees below zero C. and the unexpected density of about six-teuths that of water.

A Cause for Grief.

A Chinese of 40 years old whose mother still flogged him daily, shed tears one day in the company of friends. 'Why do you weep?' asked one. 'Alas, things are not as they used to be!' he lamented. The poor woman's hand grows feebler every day.'—Household Words.



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