

## Windless Rain.

The rain, the desolate rain!  
Ceaseless and solemn and chill!  
How it drips on the misty pane,  
How it drenches the darkened sill!  
O scene of sorrow and death!  
I would that the wind awaking  
To a fierce and gusty birth,  
Might vary this dull refrain  
Of the rain, the desolate rain;  
For the heart of the heavens seems  
breaking

In tears o'er the fallen earth;  
And again, again, again,  
We list to the sombre strain—  
The faint cold monotone,  
Whose soul is a mystic moan  
Of the rain, the mournful rain,  
The soft, despairing rain.

## A Receipt for a Racket!

What does it take to make a racket?  
Well, bless me, I certainly ought to know,  
For I've made them a score of times or so!  
Here's the receipt—and I can't be wrong—  
Formaking them hot and sweet and strong!

What does it take to make a racket?  
Two small boys in pants and jacket;  
An empty room and a bare wood floor;  
A couple of sticks to bang the door;  
A chair, or two to break and to swing;  
A trumpet to blow and a bell to ring;  
A stamp and a tramp like a great big-man,  
And, when you can get it, an old tin pan;  
A flight of stairs for a climb and a tumble;  
A nursery maid to growl and grumble;  
A chorus of howl and cry and shriek  
To drown your voice if you try to speak;  
A dozen good blows on knees and back,  
Each one coming down with a terrible  
whack;

A couple of falls that would crack a nut,  
And one good bump on your occiput;  
A rush and a skurry; a tear and a clatter;  
A mamma to cry, "Now what is the mat-  
ter?"

You take these,  
And shake these,  
And put in a packet,  
And you'll have just the jolliest kind of a  
RACKET!

Of course I am bound to confess  
You can manage to make it with less,  
(For this is a regular, rich receipt,  
For padding and sauce and all complete.)  
And still have a very good show,  
If you follow directions below:

You can leave out the room and the floor;  
The bumps and bangs on the door;  
The bell, and the sticks, and the stairs;  
The trumpets, the howls, and the chairs;  
The whack, and the fall, and the rise;  
The shrieks, and the groans, and the cries;  
Mamma, and the pan, and the tramp;  
The nurse, and the growl, and the stamp;  
—but one thing you must have, however  
you get it,  
(Or else, if you don't, you will sadly re-  
gret it—  
For remember my words—if you happen  
to lack it  
You never can have the least bit of a rack-  
et—)  
And that is, *Two small boys in pants and  
jacket!*

## Can I Forget Thee?

Can I forget thee? Tell me can the sun  
On this fair earth forget to shine?  
Can the wild songster at Aurora's dawn  
Forget its notes of praise resume?  
Can the gay bee forget the sweet-lip'd  
flowers?  
Or can that flower forget to bloom?  
Can the full moon's rays forget to dance  
With light step o'er the rippling stream?  
Can it forget to 'tune' night's sparkling  
gems?  
Or can night's gems forget to beam?  
Can the rivulets' flood, the ocean's tide,  
Forget its constant flow and swell?  
Can the fierce waters of the Alpine fall  
Forget its course down the dell?  
Can Nature vast forget its time of change?  
Or fleeting time its guest record?  
If these unchanging truths could thus for-  
get,  
By some revulsion, their first law efface,  
E'en then would my fond heart abrupt re-  
fuse  
To thus forget thee—Candace.

—M. A. B.

## What Became of the Berries.

BY KATE SUMNER.

Bridget was ironing. Teddy was sitting in the doorway eating cookies and wondering what he should do to amuse himself next. All at once he heard his mother's step.

"Teddy," she said, opening the kitchen door.  
But Teddy had suddenly concluded to go over and play with Timmy Jones, and was beating a hasty retreat through the yard.

"It is but the minut ago he was here," said Bridget. Mamma hurried to the door just in time to catch sight of him flying round the corner.

"Teddy!" Teddy came to a sudden stand-still. There was no mistaking the meaning of that "Teddy" of mamma's; it meant, "Don't try to run away, for I know you hear me."

"Did you call me, mamma?" he asked very innocently, as he retraced his footsteps.

"Yes; I want you to go over to Mr. Stone's and get some strawberries for tea."

"It's very hot," said Teddy plain-  
tively.

"But no hotter than it was this noon when you were out playing with Timmy." Realizing the truth of this remark, Teddy thought it wise to pass it over in silence.

"Must I get the pail full?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, it does not hold quite three quarts, and we shall want them all."

"But it will be very heavy."

"You can ask Mr. Stone to take out a large saucer full, and you can go without. Now run on."

How unreasonable mamma was! Teddy took the pail, and trudged slowly and disconsolately off. He almost wished there was no such thing as berries.

"Hullo, Ted! Where you going?"  
"After berries," was the brief reply.  
"I say," he added, brightening up,  
"you come with me."

Timmy swung to and fro on the gate reflectively. "I was going to the pond."

"Oh! its too hot to go there; you come with me and we'll have lots of fun!"

So, after a little persuasion, Timmy came down from his perch, and the two set forth, not without sundry misgivings on Teddy's part lest mamma would have preferred him to go alone.

Just exactly everything those boys contrived to think up in that short walk I could not begin to tell, but it took them over an hour to go a ten minutes' walk. At last, however, they were really started homeward with the berries.

How fresh and nice they did look! Teddy took off the cover to see if Mr. Stone had given him good measure. On the whole he was glad there were berries. Tim looked over into the pail also.

"Folks don't have 'em to our house" he remarked sententiously.

"Then I guess my mother would like to have me give you a few for coming with me," said Teddy, beaming with benevolence. "And I had to come, so I can have a few. You take a handful, and I will."

Two rather dirty hands disappeared in the pail in less than no time.

"We didn't have very many. I don't believe you hardly know how they taste—do you?"

Timmy confessed he was not sure. Doubtless Teddy was not either, for each took another handful.

"I'm drestful thirsty," sighed Teddy presently. "And we can't stop to go to the brook. I guess we'll have to eat a few more."

"Mamma," said Nell, coming up stairs just before time for the tea-bell to ring, "Bridget says that nothing has been heard from Teddy or the berries yet."

"Where can he be?" said mamma anxiously, putting by her work; "its almost three hours since I sent him."

Half an hour, went by, and still no

Teddy.

Pappa came; but who could think of sitting down to supper with Teddy among the missing? They hunted the house and yard all over, calling him continually by his most endearing names. Nell searched the neighborhood, and papa went to Mr. Stone's.

Teddy had been there? Oh yes, and started for home all right. Some one had seen him on the way, beyond that the urchin could not be traced. Where could he be?

"An' shure," said Bridget, coming in from the woodshed, where she was looking because she could think of no other place she had not looked in, "an' what is it but this that I was after finding on the bench?"

The very pail Teddy had started out with so reluctantly a few hours ago!

Mamma took off the cover; there was about a pint of berries there.

Mamma, papa and Nell all looked at one another.

"He'll die before morning. To think of those two boys eating over two quarts of berries!"

Mamma went sadly upstairs into Teddy's room, and there, in his white clean bed, lay Teddy himself, his face stained with berries and pretty well covered with dirt, and sound asleep.

"Teddy,"  
Teddy stirred a little, rubbed his eyes, and finally looked up at his mother.

"I—ain't very hungry, and I was tired, you know. You'd better go go down and eat."

"But where are the berries?"

Teddy nestled about uneasily. Why couldn't mamma look somewhere beside just at you when she asked the question?

"I—there wasn't many—Mr. Stone sold lots to day, you see—and I put 'em on the bench, but I don't want any."

Without a word mamma turned away, and went back down stairs.

As for Teddy he became very wide awake all at once, he was not used to having any one turn away from him like that.

He sat upright and listened, they were eating supper without him.

Then, after a while, he heard them in the sitting-room. Sister Nell was playing and singing, mamma and papa were talking with each other, but no one came near him, and Teddy sobbed as though his little heart would break. Wouldn't they ever come to him again?

It was getting dark too. Usually mamma left the door ajar, but to-night it was closed.

It was more dreadful than anything Teddy had dreamed of in his short life.

All at once he sprang up, and ran down stairs, into the sitting-room, into mamma's arms.

"I—eated—them,—me and Timmy. Mr. Stone had lots. Oh—dear!" They all killed him. Mamma even cried a little over him and petted him to his heart's content.

And he was not sick, after all, not a bit.

But he never forgot the misery of the lonely, forsaken half-hour upstairs, and nothing could tempt him to tell a wrong story after that.—*S. S. Times.*

LAKE LEMAN.—A controversy is in progress at Geneva, Switzerland, as to whether its lake should be called Lake Lemman or Lake Geneva. The latest authority has discovered that in the oldest view of the town, engraved in Venice in 1567, this sheet of water is known as Lago de Losana—Lake of Lausanne. In the seventeenth century the larger part was called Lake of Lausanne, and the western portion Lake of Geneva. The same authority suggests that as there is now a third capital, Thonon, and as the Valaisans might in time claim a portion of the spoils to illustrate their chief town, it would be simpler to come back now to the old Latin name, known in the days of Julius Caesar, Lake Lemman.—*Ex.*

## An English Proof-Reader

The proof-reader on a great daily journal is a very different being from the man associated with proofs in the ordinary offices where the average weekly paper is printed. On the dailies the chief proof-reader is generally a man of education, and often a broken down gentleman.

He is the son of a house which has come to grief, or he has constructed his own grief for himself. Having received a good grounding in a grammar school, he has passed some time in a respectable college, or perhaps he is a graduate of one of the universities. Any way, he has a fair acquaintance with Latin, some faint reminiscences of Greek, and a decent smattering of French. Beside which, he is well supplied with general information, and has a tenacious memory for names proper.

He has also a quick eye for form, and can detect a turned "s" or "l" from a wrong font; can tell at a glance the "1" from the "I," and perceive when the line is too close or white, or when a patch of type looks spotty. He must be a supreme master of the art of that art which has no fixed laws,

and which is more at the mercy of the individual than any other—punctuation. It may safely be asserted that no two writing men out of a hundred would punctuate a column of a morning paper identically. The proof-reader of a good daily journal must be always able to punctuate so that the matter may read intelligibly, and when an author tries to insist on some unaccustomed form of pointing, the reader must be ready to fall back on the rules of the office, real or imaginary, to repress eccentricity.

He must, of course, be perfect in spelling, or nearly so. His knowledge of grammar must be accurate, and he must have as quick a scent for doubtful or ambiguous grammar as any school master. Beyond grammar his domain reaches. He must have a moderate knowledge of style, chiefly with a view to perspicuity. He must never allow a sentence he does not understand to pass without quering it.

The cry of "fire" in the front, the shout of "murder" in the back of the place he works in, does not attract his attention half so much as a turned comma, or a battered capital letter. All the other men may run to the back or front, he will not stir. There he sits slowly following the printed lines on the long proof-slip, now and then asking the copy-holder a question, now and then making a hasty mark on the slip.

There is a story told of an attorney's copying clerk who was so subjected to the mere art of copying and legal form, that his master bet a legal friend that he would draw up a marriage certificate between Adam and Eve, keeping the items such as would suit the condition of our first parents, and that the clerk would copy it out, and detect nothing unusual in it.

The settlement was drawn up, and handed to the clerk to copy. When the clerk was handing the clean draft back to his master, the latter said to him: "Did you notice anything peculiar in the sentiment?"

"No," answered the clerk, "but that it seems very binding on the man's side."

One might go farther than this with the ordinary proof-reader, and say that he would read the proof of indictment for murder against himself with as little concern as he would the proof of the multiplication table.

Day after day he reads and reads, seldom more than a quarter of an hour at a time the same matter.

Now it is the title-page for a prayer book, then the advertisement of a hatter, then half a chapter of a story for boys about pirates, then a review of a new translation of Plautus, then a portion of the prayer-book, then a galley of "spicy" paragraphs, then the advertisement of a new pill followed by a list of the diseases it is com-

petent and anxious to cure.

During his labors he has for a companion a boy of melancholy voice, and weak and gentle manners, who "holds copy," that is, reads out in a dead level monotone the manuscript of which the printed copy is before the proof-reader.

From this manuscript the crushed boy never lifts his eyes. Whether it is a "comic copy," or an account of an exciting fight between pirates and Midshipman-Jack's command, that boy's tone never varies. On straight he goes, getting no more excited over the appetizing list of sweetmeats kept in the store than over the host of diseases which the pill is able and anxious to stay.

This man and boy never weep, never laugh, never smile at any matter coming before them in the routine of their profession. Like police magistrates, they are wholly unmoved by anything they hear while on duty; but unlike police magistrates, they have no audiences, and would gain nothing by affecting the virtue of sympathy when they have it not.—*London Hornet.*

## Contents of a Girl's Pocket.

The contents of a boy's pocket have been frequently exhibited in the newspapers. One boy's sister thought she would call her mother's attention to the stuff Tommy carried in his pocket. She deposited on the table a mixed lot, and the family were amused. But Tommy, so the *St. Louis Evening Post* narrates, captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress and showed its contents to his mother. The knick-knacks were as follows:

Three hair-pins, a soiled glove, piece of chewing-gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate-pencils, another piece of chewing-gum, photograph, piece of orange-skin, a love-letter, broken tooth-brush, more chewing-gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickel, two sour-balls, gaiter-heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter-buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handle pen-knife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting-cards, belt-buckle, box of rouge, a cigar-holder stolen from "Charley," a piece of damasso silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's silk dress, and a slip of paper containing directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph.—*Companion.*

## A Cricket Concert.

A cricket concert is thus reported by the *Philadelphia Times*:

Miss Lucille Clinton, a young artist of New York City, while a wee girl at school, read Dickens' story of the "Cricket on the Hearth," and at once fell so much in love with crickets that she soon filled a large "fernery" with the insects.

One evening last week, Miss Clinton gave what she called a "cricket soiree," or cricket party, a number of her friends being invited to her house to hear the crickets sing.

One hundred of the music-making little things, took part in the concert. The gas was turned-down, and everybody kept still.

By-and-by a chirp, coming from the chimney-corner, was heard.

Then another chirp broke the silence and again a third chirp, until within a few minutes the whole room was filled with that sound of cheerfulness which brings sweet heart's-ease to the home.

—When a man tells you he doesn't believe in the Bible, quote something from Aristotle or Shakespeare, and ask in which portion of the Scriptures the same passage occurs, and ten to one he will assure you that he has often read it in the sacred Book, but he cannot recall the chapter and verse.—*Norristown Herald.*