The Laws of Motion Illustrated.

He'd just returned from college,
In Physics learned and wise;
When, in the yard a-washing clothes,
The laundry maid he spies.

"My dear," he said, quite lovingly,
"Your cheeks are far too pale;
To redden them I know a way,
'Twas never known to fail.

"And now by Physics we are taught
We never can expect,
Without some good, sufficient force,
To cause the least effect.

"Of Motion's laws this is, my dear,
The hardest and the worst;
Permit me, then, to illustrate
This law, that's called the first."

He stooped and kissed her on the cheek;
The red flush quickly mounted,—
Thus showing, too, the second law,
On which he had not counted.

She waited for a moment then,
Far too surprised to speak;
Then turned, and quick imprinted hard
Her fingers on his cheek.

And now his face grew red in turn,
While she heard him slowly sigh,
"I am a fool; I quite forgot
That the third law might apply."

Which?

OW it did rain! Just as if it had not been
raining for the past month about as hard
as it knew how. All the low lands were
flooded, the river having risen quite above its
banks. Great was the strain on the many
dams which stretched across the stream at this
point, and many fears were entertained lest
they should prove unequal to the great strain
put upon them. Consequently, the lower part
of the village was deserted, for should either
of the upper dams burst, that part of the vil-
lage must of necessity be swept away. One
of the inhabitants, however, did not think it
necessary to move either himself or his family.
This was the night watchman at the cotton
mill just above the village. He thought that
in case an accident happened he would be
able to give warning in time to his wife and
children. As he trudged along to the mill
that night the water ran in torrents down from
his hat to his shoulder, and thence in huge
rivers to the ground. Nothing could be seen
through the darkness except here and there a
light which shone dimly through the rain. Not
a creature that could help it would be out on
such a night. The mill was reached at last,
and after a tour of inspection he settled him-
self by the fire in his little room on the ground
floor, from whence at short intervals, as the
night wore on, he would make short expedi-
tions out into the storm. He had just come in
from such a tour, and was shaking the rain
from his oilskin coat like a dog who has been
in swimming, when he was startled by a loud
crash. He did not need to be told what it
was; he knew only too well that the upper
dam had burst, and as he rushed out a second
crash told him of the advance of the flood and
of the fall of the railway bridge. Not a
moment is to be lost; his wife and children
must be saved. Hardly, however, has he
reached the corner of the building when he
hears the shrill whistle of the night express as
she rounds the curve. Unless she is stopped
she will plunge into the gap left by the fallen
bridge; but if he stops to signal the train he
will be too late to save his wife and children.
An instant he pauses, irresolute, and then with
all speed he rushes forward.

The Merrimack Circuit.

[CONCLUDED.]

AFTER a cool night and a refreshing sleep
camp is broken, and they swiftly glide
down the river to Lawrence, and carry into the
Essex Company's canal to be locked out at the
lower end, and continue down the river as far
as Ward Hill.

In 1886 some of the party stopped at this
place, and greatly to their surprise they were
remembered by the natives.

Ward Hill is not a hard place to leave; so
without a tear it is left the next morning, and