

AUTUMN DREAMS.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR. When the maple turns to crimson, And the aspens drop like hail, And the drowsy air is stirred...

When the chestnut burrs are opened, And the acorns drop like hail, And the drowsy air is stirred...

Through the rustling woods I wander, Through the jewels of the year, From the yellow uplands calling...

Through the smoke of burning Summer, When the weary wings are still, I can see her in the valley...

For the shores of earth and Heaven Meet and mingle in the blue; She can wander down the glory...

So I think when days are sweetest, And the world is wholly fair, She may sometimes steal upon me...

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her, And to hold her gently fast; Till I blessed her, till she blessed me...

A DETERMINED WOMAN.

BY MAURICE SINGSBY.

In one of the back settlements of South Carolina, in the days which rendered the name of Marion, and other heroes, forever glorious in the annals of their country...

Abigail and Abigail Hart were scarcely past the prime of life, although they had been blessed with a large family of children...

The elder son would have been two and twenty had his life been spared; but eight months before he had fallen an innocent victim to the rage and malice of the Tories...

Upon these murdering wretches, who had thus wantonly deprived them of their eldest born, at a time when he might have been of inestimable service to them, the father and mother, and only remaining son, Silas, now in his nineteenth year...

The moment the Tories perceived the deadly purpose of the gaiters, the three nearest the window sprang to their feet in terrified astonishment.

"Stand back!" she cried, in a threatening tone, presenting one of the loaded carbines with an air of resolute determination.

"The first villain of you that stirs a step, I'll shoot; and the first one that touches another mite of that pork I'll blow his brains out!"

Without heeding her blazing eye, or her stern verbal warning, the Tory leader sprang fearlessly toward the stack of arms; but before he could reach them there was a report of a carbine, and the advancing ruffian fell to the floor...

"The woman shrewdly surmised who that officer might be who would be coming along in that direction, and promptly inquired if the horse he rode was a sorrel one.

"Then he has rid into the swamp yonder, by a cartpath that leads on to the Beechknoll road," answered the quick-witted woman, with an admirable presence of mind...

"Leah blow the dinner-horn!" cried the mother, in a tone of resolute triumph.

"It is safe now to call in Silas and your father."

The young girl, half terrified out of her wits, promptly obeyed the maternal command, and a long, winding blast echoed and re-echoed through the intervening woods.

She had left the house and joined her mother on the outside before she essayed to blow it, as she lowered the horn from her lips now rendered colorless from her recent fright...

"How can I give you dinner when I've nothing to cook?" retorted the resolute-looking woman, angrily.

"Just at this point they heard the ringing sound of a horse's hoofs in an opposite direction, and turning suddenly, Leah beheld her lover dashing furiously toward the house.

"Oh, mother!" she burst out, excitedly; "Randolph is coming—see! He is just leaving the wood. Isn't it lucky for him to come just at this time, when we had no reason to expect him?"

"I expected him," said Mrs. Hart, with quiet assurance. "I knew it was he the Tories were in pursuit of, and I was determined to outwit them, if it lay in the power of a woman to do it."

"While the lovers were thus preoccupied, Abijah, Silas and the negro arrived, fearfully excited and wholly out of breath.

"Silas recovered first, and was about to shoot down one of the Tories, when his mother resolutely interfered.

"Don't shoot them! Leave them to me, Silas. I will mete out their punishment to them. We haven't forgotten Eben's murder yet, and shooting is too good for 'em."

"Why, you squint-eyed old beauty," retorted Tory, mockingly, "I took you for a hangel, but I find you are wickeder than a she wolf with whelps!"

The rest of the gang laughed boisterously at this weak attempt at wit. Then turning to Leah with a gallant smile, the Tory inquired how long it would take to pluck and cook the fowl.

half-dozen such dirty rascals as you are." "Silence, woman!" thundered the Tory, in a commanding voice...

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How the Census is Taken in Europe.

Census taking in Prussia dates from the time of Frederick William II. The Prussian census of to-day is very exact and complete.

It is taken by civil officers in one day by means of printed schedules. The first census in Austria was taken in 1754, and for 100 years was taken every three years for military purposes only.

In Sweden the science of statistics has been particularly cultivated, and Belgium ranks among the first nations of the world in completeness of its national statistics.

In Italy the returns of this character are very complete, the range of inquiries having been greatly extended. The movement of the population is determined from civil registers kept by the municipal authorities.

In Turkey enumeration is imperfect, the chief object of taking it being to provide a basis for taxation and conscription.

In France the first census of which records are extant was taken in 1700.

Of course, as in everything pertaining to statistics, work of that kind is thorough in France. The first census of Great Britain was taken in 1801, and embraced the sex but not the age, of all subjects.

The families and occupations were classified, so as to exhibit the number employed in agriculture, in trade and manufactures or handicrafts and those not comprised in the classes.

Blanks or householders' schedules are left all over the kingdom by an army of enumerators, and these are required to be filled upon the night of April 2nd, and are collected by the enumerators the following day.

The police assist in enumerating the houseless population. The army and navy are returned by the naval and military authorities.

"I performed an experiment the other day," said a man, "which was undoubtedly cruel, but which was highly entertaining to me."

I was sitting on my veranda sipping a mint julep, and had just placed the glass on a stand when a grasshopper coolly jumped into the glass.

I left him there to enjoy the julep, as long as he had jumped my claim. He seemed to like the drink as well as most julep drinkers do, and would dip one of his legs into the liquid and then place it in his mouth.

Mr. Grasshopper repeated this operation until he began to get rather foolish. He was pretty groggy when I fished him out and set him down upon the smooth table.

He tried to walk, but seemed to find this rather difficult. He was so drunk that I fancied I could see him leer at me. His attempts to hop were simply ludicrous.

His feet went in all directions, and he finally rolled over as if to go to sleep. When he got up again he was unsteady on his legs, and gravely felt of his head.

I took a drop of the julep on a piece of mint and placed it near his mouth. He turned away as if in disgust and staggered across the table, falling into the veranda and making a wild attempt to keep in the air.

My shout of laughter brought out my wife, who declared that I was a brute, and took the drunk and disorderly grasshopper and carried him out into the grass, where I suppose he fell into a drunken slumber.

"The Kind She Wanted." Katie lives in the suburbs of Boston and her small head is not infrequently badly mixed upon things that relate to the difference between the ways of the town where she lives and the ways of Boston.

She has always a great scorn, however, for having things different from city fashions, and this shows itself in the most unexpected ways.

Not long ago a traveling photographer came along and established himself not far from her father's house, and her mother decided to improve the opportunity to have some pictures of the children taken.

"Come Katie," she said one morning, after it had all been talked over before the child, who had made no comment whatever, "go to nurse and get on your things and come with baby and me to have your tintypes."

But Katie drew back. "No, mamma, dear," she said, gravely. "I will excuse me, I won't have any tintypes taken. I'll wait, if you please, till you can take me to town and get a telegraph of me."

"Gold Plowed Up." Nicholas Boswein, an old German farmer, while plowing in his field near Portsmouth, Ohio, recently turned up a heavy, rust-eaten iron lid, beneath which was a vessel containing \$9,000 worth of Spanish gold coins, most of which bore dates over 100 years old.

No living soul can tell how it got there. It may have been buried by one of the early French settlers, who was afterward killed or driven away by the Indians.

Some years ago strange parties were in this vicinity digging in different places after night.

It was ascertained that they had a chart of mysterious directions, which had been left by a man convicted of highway robbery, who died in the Ohio penitentiary a great many years ago, after having confessed to having buried stolen money in the vicinity.

So far as known the strangers never succeeded in finding the object of their search. This may have been the treasure. At any rate Mr. Boswein is some \$9,000 richer by the accidental work of his plow.

"BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One quart flour, three large teaspoonful baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt mixed well together. Add one large tablespoonful of butter and enough sweet milk to make a soft dough.

Roll out into half-inch pieces. Peel and quarter some good tart apples. Put each quarter in the square of dough, sprinkle over it sugar, and press the edges firmly together. Place in a deep pan, sprinkle over sugar and a little cinnamon and put a bit of butter on each. Fill the pan with water (boiling) just leaving top of dumplings uncovered. Serve with sweetened cream or hard sauce.

—After spending two or three months and hundreds of dollars in litigation as to the ownership of a dog, two Chicago gentlemen are now advertising for the dog which has mysteriously disappeared.

The Stimulus of Debt.

An Incentive to Save Will Make Anyone Independent.

A young carpenter, with wife and three children, became tired paying house rent. His savings amounted to \$100. He purchased a lot in the village for \$300, going in debt \$200. This was four years ago.

He erected a small house the first season and moved into it. He continued building until now he has a nice large house, an excellent poultry house, and a work shop. His real estate is worth \$3,000, and he is entirely out of debt.

He did every bit of labor within his own hands, even to laying the basement wall and painting the structure; meantime he labored at his trade every day his employer could give him work.

His own work was done morning and evenings and at odd spells. This is a notable example of wise economy of assuming indebtedness and of praiseworthy perseverance in working one's way to the blessed privilege of independence.

Another case: A man who had himself acquired a competence by running in debt (I have heard him say that one makes all the better business man by having a debt hanging over him), purchased a salt manufactory for \$3,000, paying only \$200 down, and then gave it to his two rather wild boys as it stood, saying, "Now take that, and pay for it if you have any snap in you; I shall not help you further while I live."

The young men cut off their useless expenses, went to work with a will, paid for the property, branched out into other business, and became men of wealth.

"If a young man has a good head on him it is not only safe, but advisable to assume financial obligations where a man can be seen through it by perseverance and economy. A fool can do nothing either in debt or out. Debt is a stimulus to exertion. The hammer of the mechanic who has purchased his little home on part credit is heard to resound in the morning and latter in the evening. He expends less money for frivolities, because that mortgage must be met."

The merchant in debt takes better care of his stock in trade, buys closer, and is more agreeable to his customers. The farmer goes to town less, makes fewer purchases not absolutely needed. Debt is a wonderful stimulus to thrift.

There are few farmers who do not get into debt for their farms. It enabled them to secure a home at once, and instilled into them good habits to pay for it. It is wise for a young couple to purchase a modest home, and then go to work and pay for it. They will thus acquire habits of economy.

Most couples have a desperate enemy in debt. It enabled them to secure a home at once, and instilled into them good habits to pay for it. It is wise for a young couple to purchase a modest home, and then go to work and pay for it.

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Spawls from the Keystone.

The grip is at Reading. The brick output at Reading was about 30,000,000.

Incendiaries are making excitement at Erie. There are nearly 25,000 school teachers in the State.

A Pittsburg compositor committed suicide with his necktie. A runaway horse at Reading jumped into a canal and was drowned.

A calf born near Allentown was found to be without a stomach. Retail liquor dealers at Homestead are fighting the wholesalers.

Daniel Heiler dropped dead at a political meeting at Bollsburg. Elizabeth Schneck, of Pottstown, has a kraut knife over a century old.

Diphtheria is still epidemic at Bangor and Penn Argyl, Northampton county. Joseph Smith, of Mountainville, picked up a three-foot copperhead snake for a stick.

A 60-year-old man at Pittsburg is held on a charge of assault made on a 13-year-old girl. During the past year there has been an increase of 119.5 pupils in the schools of the State.

A crazy Chinaman recently terrified the residents of Fort City, near Carbonade. The temporary buildings erected during the flood at Johnstown are just being demolished.