

THE AUTUMN DREAM.

I overheard the Wind today. Telling the Stream The tragedy of Failing Leaf. And Autumn Dream.

THE COURTSHIP OF MR. PHILIP JOHNS

"I will stand it no longer!" said Mr. Philip Johns, striding to and fro in deep indignation. "She's kept me dancing long enough. Here I am fifty odd and no more, and trailing at the heels of a woman's frock!"

Christmas was nearing before Mr. Philip Johns rode up our lane again. We watched with anticipation the gray mare, her sober head downcast, waiting under the locusts, the bare branches of which streaked her light flanks with shadows.

"How is Mrs. Hatcher?" There was no use withholding the polite question; the flood of confidence was already upon us. "She's pretty deep in her study of Jeems Henry. I don't know what she's doing, but she's a good one."

"I've tried reasoning with her. I brace myself up and walk over from the tavern; I draw my chair up beside hers, and take her hand, and I say, 'My dear cousin, matrimony is a serious thing.'"

"What was Mrs. Hatcher's answer?" "She wanted to know why I had observed 'em so closely."

One day, in the warmth and quiet of the April noon, we heard his voice summoning Ben, the negro boy, to take away his horse. There he stood at the block just dismounted, his long gaiters buttoned above his knees, his greatest throw across the post.

"Ah, that was mine!" Mr. Johns' tone

became brisker. "We used to take it out and look at it, Saunders and me, during the long winter evenings we were together. Po' ole Saunders! He died in Mexico of fever, when we were in front of Vera Cruz."

He fell into a melancholy strain, and shook his head. Mr. Johns bent forward, and with his long fingers tapped my father on the knee, saying with severity:

"What do you suppose she is contemplating now?" "Impossible to imagine," said my father truthfully.

"She has had me at her beck and call ever since Hatcher's death; now who could come along as suitor except Jeems Henry Lewis! And, sir, she favors him as she never favored me in my whole life!"

"But I've done with it—all the idiot's tasks and fool tricks I've been set on, mark my words!"

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Major Kills His Son.

Young Rockefeller was leading a Filipino Command. Father Drops out of Sight. Boy was Struck from Parents in China and Identified After Death.

A strange and terrible story, hardly surpassed in the imagination of writers of fiction, has come to light in partial explanation of the disappearance of Major Charles M. Rockefeller, of the famous Ninth United States Infantry.

In a word, he disappeared from the army after killing his only son, who was leading a Filipino command. The son had been taken from his home in infancy by a Chinese nurse, and after long years of search Major Rockefeller made the terrible discovery that the Filipino officer was the man for whom he was searching.

It was while second lieutenant, according to the story now told, that he married, in 1870, a boy named Robert, who was born in 1852. The Chinese nurse engaged to look after the boy disappeared with him. Search was made high and low for the kidnaper and the child, but no trace could be found.

"No management at all, my dear; no management at all, Gad! sir," turning to my father, "the thing happened of its own accord. Thursday evening I paid my weekly visit, as usual; and when I walked in, tharits Jeems Henry, who was inflicting on my eyes as Tuesday was his eyes."

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The Shrine of St. Anne.

A Place Sought by Many in Search of Health. One of the most famous shrines in the world is that of St. Anne de Beauraup, about twenty miles from the St. Lawrence river in the city of Quebec, where has been the rendezvous of devout pilgrims in search of health for over 250 years.

The story of the shrine begins in the early part of the seventeenth century, when one very stormy night a crew of Breton sailors were caught on the waters in a terrific tempest. Hour after hour their boat rolled at the mercy of the wild waves, and all hope seemed lost to them.

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Census of Mexico.

The results of the general census of Mexico, taken in 1895, which have just been published, show a population of 12,491,573, almost equally divided between males and females. Only two states—Jalisco and Guanajuato—have a population of more than 1,000,000, while the state of Mexico has about 500,000.

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Made the Dog Laugh.

One day I sat upon a piazza overlooking our large back yard, while beside me Pat, my terrier, was busily tearing to pieces a palm leaf fan. Suddenly he became perfectly still, staring so intensely into the yard that I turned to see what attracted attention.

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