

AUTUMN.

The bees in the meadow are merrily humming... The crickets chirp shrill on the leaf... The woodpecker down in the pine-tree is drumming...

HIS WIFE.

He was a shabby, little, middle-aged man—one of that innumerable host whose dull, irresolute eyes and lax, lethargic bodies pathetically pallid their faces...

These thoughts of his seemed, as he went on his way to attract toward him for his notice countless tangible examples of the conditions which he was hating...

There, in an evening mist made luminous by glittering lamps and the brilliant facades of wonderful hotels and shops, he moved like a man in a strange, superior land, bewildered, oppressed by a sense of his own miserable insignificance...

He passed from the refracted section of that avenue into the quieter, darker parts. Here were silent stretches of massive and harmonious dwelling-houses, solemnly grand, suggesting discreetly for him, just by the illuminated richness to their wide doorways and drawn window-curtains, untold magnificence within...

ing, but just instinctively that he had come across this weapon for revenge. If he had known how terrible a weapon it was!

As he was going along the hall on his way to some one called to him from the private office, the open door of which he was just passing...

He stopped, forgetting everything else in a sudden thrill of unreasoning, unreasoned fear. For he was, at best, always secretly apprehensive of that private office or, rather, of those in it.

He was sitting on the floor, his head on his hands, his eyes staring at the ceiling. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

of the wide staircase. His impression was merely of the unexpected, unnecessary vastness and richness of the place which for him in his ignorance assumed a sort of splendid, public quality, as though it might be the foyer of some elaborate hotel—as though, indeed, it could not reasonably be part of a private house.

The servant led him hastily up the polished stairway to a second story, no less largely beautiful, and as deserted. In an ample, golden-brown place where soft firelight was reflected from countless gilded backs of books and blankly shining picture-glasses, he set to work as his measure-

With his back nearly finished and escape at hand, all at once in the silence he heard behind him a soft, suggestive rustling and a little, low, feminine exclamation of surprise. Turning involuntarily, he saw in the doorway, looking at him, a lady.

She was a beautiful person, tall, slender, and delicately blond. She was dressed for the evening in a low-necked gown whose peculiar, frosty richness so harmonized with herself that, as perhaps was intended, it seemed something almost less alien than it was—nearly like a subsequently created part of her.

When this wonderful lady learned the reason for his intrusion she asked, in a voice pregnant for her bearer with such unexampled softness and refinement that it added to his confusion:

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

him to become what he was; they had been responsible for that, had done that for him. There, at last, through a rift in the dark obscuration of unreasoning class hatred, shone the answer to everything.

Walking on slowly, he remembered, in dismal co-ordination of this, how everything he had ever undertaken, in all his life, had failed. He remembered how everything with which he had ever had personally to do had been infected by his own perpetual failure.

And he, all their life together, had been dragging her down with him through the gloomy paths of his perille, profitless career. If she had begun then with heedless, youthful certainty of the future, with vague, but trustful, young optimism, how long had it taken to show her the mistake of that, to wear such tenacious things out, to give her, in place of them, all their antitheses?

He had made her so. He had made her what, but a little while ago, he had loathed her for being. He had made her what, but a little while ago, he had loathed her for being.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out. He was waiting for the door to open, for the man to come, for the punishment to be meted out.

Our Ex-Presidents.

There is a widespread impression that Cleveland lived longer than any other president after leaving the White House. It is true that he lived longer after retirement than any other executive since the Civil War, with the exception of Hayes, but the records of the lives and deaths of the American presidents show that Mr. Cleveland did not come near the record of having lived in retirement the longest of the ex-presidents.

That credit belongs to the first John Adams, who left the chief magistracy in March, 1801, and did not die until July 4, 1826, at Quincy, Mass., general debility being the cause. He attained the ripe old age of 90 years, having lived five years longer than the next oldest president, James Madison, who reached 85. John Adams, therefore, lived 25 years and four months after leaving the presidency. He had seen the three double-term administrations of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe follow his own and before his death he saw his son, John Quincy Adams, enter the White House. This is a record which probably will never be equaled.

Next to John Adams the president to live longer after leaving the White House was Martin Van Buren, who went out in March, 1841 and lived until July 24, 1862, when he passed away at Lindenwood, New York, an asthmatic catarrh, at the age of 79. He lived 21 years, four months and 20 days after giving up the first position in the land. After stepping out of the presidential chair he lived to see it occupied successively by Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln. He is the only man as ex-president who witnessed the election of eight of his successors.

The short-lived president after his retirement was Polk, who vacated the office in March, 1849, and lived only until June 15 following, or just three months and 11 days after becoming a private citizen. The next shortest-lived was Chester A. Arthur, who gave way to Cleveland on March 4, 1885, and lived just 1 year, 8 months and 13 days.

Cleveland went out of the White House March 4, 1897, and lived, therefore, 11 years, 3 months and 20 days in retirement. Benjamin Harrison lived 8 years and 9 days, having died at Indianapolis, March 13, 1901, immediately after the second inauguration of McKinley. Hayes, who lived longer than any other president who had retired from the White House since the Civil War, did not pass away until January 17, 1893. He, therefore, lived 11 years, 10 months and 13 days after relinquishing the office.

Great died at Mount McGregor July 23, 1885, 5 years, 4 months and 19 days after his successor was inaugurated. Lancaster Inquirer.

Great Find in Wyoming. New light upon the prehistoric inhabitants of the United States, as well as surprising evidence of a northern habitant by tribes which always have been regarded as confined to the southern edge of the United States, is expected from a discovery just made in northeastern Wyoming by Harlan I. Smith, assistant curator of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, says the New York Herald.

Pewter.

Antique pewter is on the high road to popularity, notwithstanding the fact that as a commodity it has little intrinsic worth. Its quality makes it valuable to the collector, for, formerly being of small value, it had little care, and while much pewter simply wore out with hard usage, many hundreds of pounds were melted for bullets in the Revolutionary war, and many more pounds were thrown out for the junkman to carry away.

This metal-mixture of colonial days stands alone. It possesses a sheen peculiar to itself, and its unpretentiousness is its most valuable recommendation. Nearly every domestic utensil is represented in pewter, including jugs, flagons, spoons, forks, plates, tankards, tapers, snuff pots, snuff boxes, money boxes, ladies' coffee urns, tobacco jars, beakers, sugar bowls, trays, cups, and portirringens.

Historically, antique pewter is valuable and interesting, as certainly the larger share of it has seen the "light of other days." There is a considerable amount of "faked" antique, but these pieces are comparatively rare, as the process of manufacture is long and the demand small. Occasionally pewter is found bearing the trademarks of the maker—a castle on a rook, a rose, a thistle and crown, a tree, bird, or bell, but practically there are no hallmarks. One must learn by experience what pieces are really old and what are spurious.

We are told that the knowledge of the manufacture of this ware goes back to the tenth century, and that it has been made in China, Japan, France, Spain, Germany, Switzerland, and England. In America it is the eighteenth century pewter which is most prized, as it was this output that was especially connected with Colonial history. Not only was pewter used for domestic service, but during these pioneer times the communion wine was greatly valued as heirlooms by old New England families.

Whether it is possible for rats to transmit leprosy to human beings is a question which says a San Francisco special in the New York Herald, has come up pointedly here, following a report made by Dr. Geo. McCoy, past assistant surgeon of the Marine Hospital Service, to Surgeon General Wyman. A peculiar disease similar to leprosy has been discovered, among the rats in San Francisco, and experts are now considering whether it could be transmitted to persons.

The question immediately arises as to whether the disease of the rat may not be human leprosy occurring in such an animal. Of course, with the data now available, it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question, but the geographical distribution of the disease speaks against an affirmative reply. It seems more probable that rat leprosy is to human leprosy as is glanders to human leprosy, and transmissible between two species.

The White Birch. The white birch of our northern woods seems to hold within its veins more of the elixir and ancient Pagandom than any other of our impulsive, untamed wood-growths. Its waving elegance, its white smoothness of limb, even its shy preference for untrodden earth and unappropriated hillsides, gives it a half-fetters suggestion of the fabled days when nymph and faun danced with the shadows of the song-battered forest.

Continuation of the 'Pewter' article, discussing its history and uses in detail.