

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year. Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and dead.

THE SAD SHEPHERD.

Out of the Valley of Gardens, where a film of new-fallen snow lay smooth as feathers on the breast of a dove, the ancient Pools of Solomon looked up into the night sky like dark, tranquil eyes, wide open and motionless, reflecting the crisp stars and the small round moon.

staring while the robbers searched their master.

"This is a stray dog," said one, "he has lost his collar, there is not even the price of a mouthful of wine on him. Shall we kill him and leave him for the vultures?"

trouble to save a tiny scrap of worthless life.

Even when a man does not know or care where he is going, if he steps ahead he will get there. In an hour or more of walking over the plain the sad shepherd came to a sheep-fold of gray stones with a rude tower beside it.

To the Citizens of Bellefonte.

[Second Article Contributed by the Woman's Civic Club.]

A walk on Water street between High and Lamb streets, at ten o'clock of a week-day morning, impressed one thought on my mind most forcibly. Tennyson never would have written "The Brook" had he had the Bellefonte creek for his inspiration.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country, A Land Where People Love to be Sick. Women are Extremely Thin. Rud to Grow Flowers. Good Cooks Scarce. Peculiar Burial Rites, Etc.

JHANSI, OCTOBER 9th.

Dear Home Folk: There is scarcely a day goes by that Dr. McMillan or I are not called out to see a woman who is having a case of hysteria and the entire family are standing about simply frightened to death, not knowing what to do, and finally running for a doctor whom they hope will cast a spell over the woman and make her well again.

tive houses I was surprised to see some men working with what looked like a small ladder, having about four rungs; at the end of each cross-piece was a stick standing upright, with a silver knob on the end, and above this was a little red paper flag.

Other men were sitting under a near-by tree, showing interest in their work, but nothing more. Just behind the men was a table one and one-half feet long and one foot high, covered with a brilliant red cloth spangled in glass, and standing on the top were two vases of poor looking flowers and about six balls of candy. I happened to look behind this and there lay a body, merely covered with her own old "sauri" and I was told "she died at the hospital last night, her name is —."