DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky deep, intense and wondrous blue, With clouds that sail the heaven's through And mountain slopes so broad and fair, With here and there among the green A maple or an ask tree see In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade, With cattle resting in the shade: Far mountains' touched with purple haze; That, like a veil of morning mist, By gleams of golden sunlight kissed, Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew Since shining scythes did cut it through, And corn fields with the harvest fair, And golden-rod upon the hill, And purple asters blooming still, And sunlight melted into air,

A Young Wife at Richmond.

Mr. Thomas Bilbury is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne & Co., tea merchants of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr. Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew; and until a year or two ago there was a third member in the firm in the person of Thomas' uncle, Mr. Babbington Blackthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr. Blackthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and Bass' ale, and ate too much curry and too many "Bombay ducks;" the result being that at the age or fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate. This alarming despatch arrived at a Thomas Bilbury had on the day pre- den. vious, married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lapples by name; and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly-made husband-who, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage-should, without a moment's delay, take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta. The affair was pressing. Mr. Blackthorne's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of

"Go at once, my dear boy," wrote Mr. Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the Isle of Wight, "and send your wife to me. I will take care of her, and see her settled in your new home at Richmond. I would go myself, but have not the pleasure of knowing your my gout won't allow me. And, above | name." all things, take care of your liver."

bury, Jr., felt that he must go; so go slight pause, "is Tilbury." he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and his wife. "Yes; I can readily believe to amuse her, as there was no one else tender good-bye to his poor little wife. that people coming home from India in the honse except the servants. This He escorted her across to Portsmouth, find this climate very trying at first, style of conversation made Tom more put her into a London train, kissed her, even in Summer. My husband writes and more reckless; and at once he saw her off, and then took the next | than the heat in Calcutta has been ex- | launched out into an account of an imtrain for Dover.

Richmond Hill; and he for many of him? I hope so. I thought that months afterward worked hard at his his last letter was not written in very desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly good spirits." affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress, and love-letters to Lydia. not altered her love for me."

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England, and then he returned, as he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free; and, unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward-bound steamer, which, so it happened, was also talking to Richmond a letter, written a few days earlier, in which Mr. Bilbury, among other matters, regretted to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a

He traveled home without adventure, landed in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without having written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill. Why he did not write or telegraph, we cannot say; perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would agreeably surprise his wife; or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all. But in any case, he neither wrote nor telegraped a single word of prepara-

It was a fine sunny morning in Summer; Mr. Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding; and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze toward the upward the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure which was watering some flowering plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognized the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation when he suddenly became conscious that she did not re-

pretend to be some one else-a friend, from loss of blood, with his right arm in my experience. But if I thought to see her as such. Of course the troyed, and the calf of his left leg-ah thy"would at once recognize his voice; but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure would be the more complete if he thus deferred them. He knocked, therefore, at the door, and to the servant who appeared announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs. Bilbury. He gave no name, but he was admitted and hown into the drawing-room, where, n some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom left hand." he had been so long and so cruelly sepa-

"I suppose that she will know me," he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; "but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks I am still at Calcutta, for she must have had my last, of it. letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her, I must be careful."

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sounds of rustling skirts in the passage without; and as the door opened he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

"May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you will find the open window too much for you," said a soft

voice behind him. "Oh no; not at all!" he returned. facing his wife for an instant, and then particularly inopportune moment. Mr. hastily resuming his survey of the gar-

> Mrs. Bilbury did not in the least recognize her husband. "Do let me order a fire to be lighted," she added.

> "Oh no; not for world!" ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness. "But the fact is, Mrs."-

> "My name is Mrs. Bilbury !" "Oh! thank you-yes! The fact is, Mrs. Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I-ah-that is to say a man who has existed in groves of mango-ah-and has lived on curry and chutnee-ah-with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is-ah; but I dare say you understand !"

"Who am I?" thought Mr. Thomas There was no help for it. Mr. Bil- Bilbury. "Myname," he said, after a

"What a curious similarity?" said cessive. Possibly, Mr. Tilbury, you She settled down in her new home on | may have called to give me some news

"That is satisfactory," thought Mr. Bilbury. "The lapse of two years has

"Yes," he said aloud; "I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta."

"Indeed? How delightful! Do sit down, Mr. Tilbury. It is delightful to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently, for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was

Mr. Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined for the present to retain his incognito.

"He was," he said with deliberate hesitation, 'as well as could be expected."

"As well as could be expected ?" repeated Mrs. Bilbury with alarm. "Do you mean that he has been ill ?"

"Well, not exactly ill," prevaricated Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him ?"

Mr. Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his band !" added Mr. Bilbury. wife would recognize him and settle the his neck.

"Nothing very serious," he said. "I dare say he has told you that he has be- me? Life is still before me." come very fond of tiger-shooting ?"

tell me!" "Well, he went outtiger-shooting one with me. I will draw her on a litday as usual-ah-he was accompanied | tle." cognize him, for with graceful modes- only by his servant. They entered the ty she withdrew from the window and jungle! Suddenly, and without warn- happiness within your grasp, and you disappeared as soon as she became con- ing, a huge female tiger sprang upon can make another happy. It is not million habit ye stan' ten to one to die." scious that he was watching her. An your husband and bore him to the earth. every man who is so fortunate as to "Well, Uncle Mose, I'se jes made up ships and the water. Conversation to a perfect road ever seen in the United idea struck him. It was a foolish, but The native fled for assistance; help ar- meet with a woman like you. Now, my mind ter take de odds."-Texas Siftnot wholly unatural, one. He would rived; and the victim was found faint I confess that I have been unfortunate inco.

say, of her husband's-and would ask | torn out at the socket, his left eye des- | that I might hope for your sympa--deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster."

"Dear me, how alarming !" commented Mrs. Bilbury; but the exclamation seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story that Mr. Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. "That fully accounts," continued Lydia, "for

his bad spirits. His right arm"-"Yes, torn out at the socket, Mrs. Bilbury. He has learned to write with his

"Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?"

"Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fel-

low." "It must be agony! And his leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you left him, Mr. Tilbury, how was he? Will he survive 2"

A new light seemed to break upon Mr. Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure

"It is impossible to say with certainty," he said; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Bilbury; to keep up your spirits." "Indeed! Then he had not quite for-

gotten me."

"Forgotten you?" repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. "Oh, no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her,"

"And of but few men to have a

"So charming," said Mr. Bilbury, fin ishing the sentence.

"Oh, Mr. Tilbury! But excuse me. Of course you will stay to luncheon. Do; to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than smallpox. One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders." And Mrs. Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

"Well, this is awful!" reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. "She doesn't recognize me, and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose, means if I would only die and liberate her she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithlessness of women. Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that. I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love "Oh perfectly, Mr. - I think I her more than I ever did. No, I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then-"

> His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best aginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where-so he let it appear-he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

> "It must have been very delightful," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course I know every one in the neighborhood, and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come some night, Mr. Tilbury, and sup with us afterwards."

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. "I'm afraid I shan't be here for long," he said bitterly. "I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere,"

"You are worried, I see," said Mrs. Bilbury. "I can sympathize with you." "Yes family matters and disappoint-

ments you know." "Disappointments! But you are young; and if you will excuse me, not bad-looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"Oh, no," he replied. "And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about."

"Don't be cynical," said .Mrs. Bilbury with a smile." "Perhaps you expect too much from women,"

"I expect sympathy, fidelity and consideration," answered Mr. Bilbury,

"But the probable death of your hus-"Oh, I am philosophical. We were difficulty by throwing her arms round only together for two days, we only knew each other for a few weeks.

What am I to him? What is he to "That is rather plain speaking," "Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr. Tilbury, thought Tom. "I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation

"Surely, Mr. Tilbury, it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it."

"This," thought Mr. Bilbury to himself, "is my faithful and devoted wife !" yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist. "Dear Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "I love you! Do you, can you love me ?"

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent; and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted

"Mrs. Bilbury," he said, "what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him !"

She looked up, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Ah! if you were only a good woman!" And he approached her and took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus; then he raised the hand and kissed it, and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

"Are you going, Mr. Bilbury?" she

asked. "Yes; I had better go; it is for the best. We could not be happy. Goodbye!" He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding

"Good-bye!" she echoed. "But," she continued in another voice,

"Tom !" "Tom!" repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and coloring. "Who told you my

name was Tom ?" "You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago."

"And you know me, Lydia?" he cried, as he quickly returned to her. "You have known me all along ?"

"No; I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is, therefore, almost impossible to chronicle what they said but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill .- Chambers'

Scraps.

-The fashionable tendencies are so running to enlargement, that it is feared another season or two will see the female head-gear adorned with the entire | company the plain goods. ostrich instead of the feather.

-The editor of a French newspaper, speaking of the dedication of a new cemetery near Lyons, said that "M. Gescoigne had the pleasure of being the first individual who was buried in this delightful retreat.".

-A young lady and gentleman, taking a romantic strole together the other evening, walked into a well which some one had carelessly left uncovered. Their emotions were too deep to reach the sur--The new western weather prophet

editor of the Boston Post, who evidently has some faith in weather prophets, thinks he can tell which way the wind will blow. -"Man should always be graceful,"

says Dr. Armitage; and the doctor will please rise and explain how a man can be graceful when he steps on an orange peel while carrying a basket of

-"Yes, gentlemen," said the barroom orator; "my father could raise finer cabbage and bigger beets than any man in this section," and the orator wondered why everybody laughed.

-There was a reward offered the other day for the recovery of "a large leather lady's traveling-bag." Whether or not the large leather lady has got it back has not yet been stated.

-An American lawyer is now attorney general of the Sandwich Islands, If in two years he doesn't own the entire country and hold the king's note for a large sum, he is no credit to the Ameri-

HE TAKES THE ODDS .- "Drap dat million. Jeemes, drap dat watermillion. Don't ye know dat de cholery is in Europe ?" "No, is dat a fac ?" "An' it's gwine to come here." "Is dat so?" "It is fur a fac', an' watermillions am de wussest kind ob fruit to bring on de cholery. Han' dat million ober heah, I'se done had de cholery wunst, an' I ain't afeered." "Does folkses hab de cholery often ?" "Nebber but wonst, nebber but wonst. When it strikes a nigger he's mos'ly done dead de fust clatter." "Don't it kill dem as don't eat watermillions ?" "Ha!" he said aloud, "you have "Yes, it do, but it's wusser on dem as eats de fruit. If he hab de water-

For the Fair Sex.

-A pretty material for evening dresses is Melbourne foulard. It makes up very stylishly in cream color, with draped scarfs trimmed with wide loops and ends of ruby velvet.

-The economical will be glad to learn at Lyons at cost price.

-The only wraps which young girls wear are the pelerine pelisse, the paletot, and the Carrick, which last is a

-Little girls of from 4 to 8 frequently wear the Louis XV jacket with large revers forming a collar, and pockets in the same style. Under the loose waistcoat is worn a plaited skirt.

-It is not at all likely that the Jersey will remain a fashionable garment, fortune as the basque and the polonaise and the blouse waist have done. The Jersey is easy and delightful wear for a good figure and for informal occasions. It fits like a glove, yet admits of much freedom of movement; its elasticity does away with all sense of binding or pressure; but for this very reason a round, flexible, graceful form is an indispensible qualification in the wearer, and no angular or made-up figure should ever attempt a "Jersey."

Domestic Goods. The American manufacturers come to the fore this season, surpassing all previous efforts, and fairly rival those and beauty. The superb brocades on sprays of shaded roses and other flowers. On black satin grounds enormous jardiniere designs are in high relief of cut velvet on plain velvet. The American satin marveilleaux, satin armures, armure Dijons, plain satins and velvet, gros-grains are equally elegant of the above described shades. These are all duplicated in delicate colors for evening toilets, such as a brilliant golden olive, manila, eglantine pink, light blue, creamy white, the pale milky way, and

rials in the way of placing the figured posited in the trays, which are then subfabric below and the plain above will be ected to a heavy pressure in a rude revived, with also the fashion of wear- press. After pressing the raisins ing plain velvet basques with a different | are dropped into the boxes for marskirt. Some of the new fabrics for the | ket. cold season are excessively coarse and rough, like blankets. Wide stripes ac-

Ribbons. Two kinds of ribbons are used-the very narrow satin ribbons for garniture and the very wide for sashes; there is a medium width employed for belts, but these hardly count. The "happy thought" of clustering very narrow satin ribbons in different shades and colors as rosettes, bows and groups of loops with ends, has revived that formerly highly favored kind of garniture, and given it a stimulus unknown before. Four hundred yards has been put, it is said, on one dress, and that may not represent the maximum, since is proud of his name—Straw, and the the furor has only just set in. It is more than probable, however, that it will soon expend itself, as the violence of a storm is its own prophecy of speedy

In sash ribbons are some new styles of unexampled beauty. The exquisite late patterns seen in brocaded silk and velvet upon some rich fabrics, have been transferred to elegant ribbons with great success, entirely covering ruby and rese-pink or wine-colored surfaces with a frost-like tracery which perfectly reproduces the rarest fabrics, the house like an angel's dream, and There are other ribbons which are bro- tell the sad-eyed poet that cold weather caded so as to represent the finest hand | food is about due, and that shortly the embroidery of a conventional kind; and still others in duchesse satin with a full blossom. striped centre of moire in the solid

Interesting.

-Sponge is woven into cloth in France.

-We have now a scientific gentleman of advanced researches and conclusions, who holds that the earth is not liquid, as commonly supposed, with a crust a few miles thick around it, like a cream cake, but a solid body, as hard as an ivory, steel or glass ball.

-The engineer of the gas-burning locomotive, which was tried last week, in New Haven, says that he has, at times. put out the fire on trips with loaded cars going up grade, let her run for some the track. Seeking an introduction, time on the strength of the accumulated | the man of riches married her in a few steam, and then relit the jets in time to | weeks, and now every time a train keep the engine working.

-The telephone has been successfully used in France to communicate between a vessel being towed and one towing. The wire was carried along one of the hawsers, and the circuit was completed

was carried on distinctly. -Among the recent improvements mile.

in fire escapes is to be found the extension ladder, patented by Mr. Joseph Spangler, of Rock Island, Ill. The invention consists in contrivances for raising and lowering, and for locking and unlocking the ladder. A seat is arranged on the upper end of the section to enable the ladder to be used as that silks will be cheaper than ever in an elevator to facilitate the ruscue of the fall, as thousands of pieces of last persons unable to descend by the years silks have lately been purchased ladder. The ladder is also adapted for the use of painters, builders and

HOW RAISINS ARE PREPARED .- A strip of land bordering on the Mediter double cape with a ruche around the ranean, somewhat less than one hundred neck, and fastened with a bow of miles in length and in width not exceeding five or six, is the raisin-producing territory of Spain. Beyond these boundaries the muscatel grape, from which the raisin is produced, may grow and thrive abundantly, but the fruit must go to the market or the wine press. When the grape begins to ripen in August the farmer carefully inspects the fruit as it lies on the warm, dry for it has already become common; but soil, and one by one clips the cluster it has made a certain place for itself, as they reach perfection. In almost all and will remain through fluctuations or | vineyards slants of masonry are prepared, looking like unglazed hotbeds and covered with fine pebbles, on which the fruit is exposed to dry. But the small proprietor prefers not to carry his grapes so far. It is better, he thinks, to deposit them nearer at hand, where there is less danger of bruising, and where the bees and wasps are less likely to find them. Day by day the cut bunches are examined and turned, till they are sufficiently cured to be borne to the house, usually on the hill top, and there deposited in the empty wine-press till enough has been collected for the trimmers and packers to begin their work. At this stage great piles of rough of foreign manufacture in magnificence | dried raisins are brought forth from the wine-press and heaped upon boards. ottoman grounds are strewed with One by one the bunches are carefully inspected, these of the first quality being trimmed of all irregularities and imperfect berries and deposited in piles by themselves. So in turn are treated those of the second quality, while the clippings and inferior fruit are received into baskets at the feet of the trimmers and reserved for home consumption. A quantity of small wooden trays are now brought forward, just the size of a common raisin-box and about and inch deep. In these papers are neatly laid so as to lap The odd conceit of uniting two mate- over and cover the raisins evenly de-

Signs of Autumn.

When the fashionable sample-room dispenses soup to customers at noon. When the pique scarf is cast rudely aside for one made of satin with a

patent-leather finish. When it gets so cold that trout won't bite, and anglers are obliged to tell

pickerel lies for a change. When the turkey struts around and wonders why in the world his food has been improved and multi-

When members of street bands give up the midsummer troubadour act and sink into oblivion for the winter.

When the pumpkin-pie blossoms on the pantry shelf until the small boy comes along and cuts it down in its bloom.

When the young lady looks up to speak to her brother in the apple tree, has her back hair broken down by a descending apple. When the forest is spoken of as being

ablaze and wrapt in haze, and the whole business is summed up in the term "melancholly days." When the divine fragrance of the sausage and the pork chop float through

roast duck and the ditto goose will be in And When the small boy howls because his father won't allow him to go barefooted any longer; but the small boy takes his shoes off after he gets out of sight, and carries them under his arms, and is as happy as a king to thing that

on ash-heaps covered with broken medicine bottles. Then we may know autumn is here .---

he can run over sharp stones and dance

A FEW months since, when a train passed Fargo, a wealthy passenger was struck with admiration over the tender manner in which a young lady left her aged grandmother along a path near pulls into that burg at least a dozen maidens can be seen trotting their old grandmothers up and down the

-The National turnpike over the Alleghany Mountains, from Cumberthrough the copper on the bottom of the | land to Wheeling, the nearest approach States, cost \$1,700,000 or \$13,000 a