

WHEN AUTUMN PASSETH BY.

When purple elderberries vie With shumach's crimson stain, A flood of mellow minstrelsy Overflows the winding lane, A myriad insect voices flute, And rival throats repress, No tree, no tuft of grass is mute When autumn passeth by.

The evening was in spring, genial and balmy, their little home a wilderness of blossoms. She prepared his supper with her own hands, she adorned the rooms with the flowers he loved, and even laid out his gown and slippers and drew his armchair beneath the window. Then she went to her chamber and put on the dress she liked to see her wear, a mauve silk with dainty lace at the throat and wrists, and jet and gold ornaments, her glossy brown hair held back by sprays of heliotrope and sweet verberna. Surveying herself in the mirror, she smiled and blushed, remembering his words when she had first worn the dress.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DEVOTEES of the dance take timely warning! While Richard Schlingensiepen, of New York, was waltzing with a young lady at a party the other night she fell on him, and he is now in the hospital with a broken leg. Don't delay to see all the notable mountains of the world as soon as possible. M. de Lapparent, the French geologist, estimates that all the mountains will be worn down to the level of the surrounding plain in 4,500,000 years.

The fire in a Boulder County (Col.) coal mine, which has been burning for thirty years, now covers an area of about 200 acres, and spouts flame, cinders and smoke through numerous outlets. It has destroyed property worth millions of dollars. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, in his new residence at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street, New York, the most magnificently furnished and costliest private house in America, has a piano which cost \$15,000, while for the piano-stool, which goes along with the instrument, \$2,000 is said to have been paid.

jurisdiction of the Delaware River opposite New Castle and for some distance above and below. New Jersey insists that her jurisdiction extends to the middle of the river there as elsewhere, while Delaware claims jurisdiction at that point clear across to the New Jersey shore. Charles II. granted to his brother James, Duke of York, about the year 1683 a portion of the Delaware peninsula. The grant specially gave James a circular piece of land twelve miles above New Castle, all islands in the river falling within the circle, and seemingly from the language the land to William Penn, and this land afterward became the State of Delaware. It is upon the language of this grant that Delaware claims jurisdiction over the whole river opposite New Castle. The matter was once brought before the commissioners from the two States.

INDIA has been densely populated for thousands of years, and at this time it contains very nearly 300,000,000 inhabitants. Yet large regions of the country are haunted by ravenous beasts and by poisonous reptiles which destroy human life. We learn from a recently printed British blue book upon Indian affairs that, in the year before last, as many as 22,000 people were killed there by snakes and wild beasts, eighteen-twentieths of them, or over 19,000, by snake bites, and over 1,200 by tigers and leopards. These ferocious enemies of mankind are not less the enemies of tame cattle, 67,000 of which were destroyed by them and 4,600 poisoned. This terrible destruction of human beings and domesticated animals in India is largely due to the Hindoo doctrine of the wrongfulness of killing any living thing, on account of the danger to souls in the course of transmigration. A pious Hindoo would rather be poisoned by a snake or eaten by a tiger than kill either of them. The British-Indian authorities have long striven to reduce the number of hostile reptiles and beasts; but the figures given in the blue book here spoken of are not evidence of their success down to this time.

The Electric Light. It is probable that large numbers of the German soldiers will be equipped with portable electric batteries weighing about half a pound. A small lamp goes with it, and the invention will be of great value to the men employed about powder magazines. They are also to be used for signaling from balloons at night, and can be fixed to the helmet when the men have to dig trenches after dark.

This Reads Strangely. A primary school has been opened at Nazareth.

Faith Cures. These very confident people are strangely self-deluded until danger to life looms up, as when the cardiac pangs of many years endurance attack the heart, like rheumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that St. Jacob's Oil will cure, because it has cured all those painful ailments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have never in it obtained any permanent cure, those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

In Olden Times. People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, will inform people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

It is said that the secretary bird in attacking a snake uses one wing as a shield and the other as a club.

\$100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for List of testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The abbreviation "gent" was formerly used in England, as a title of respect, not as slang.

Good Men Profitably Employed. "Yes, sir, we have a number of grand, good men working for us, and they are making money, too, doing better for themselves than they could in any other line." That is about the way Mr. B. F. Johnson, of the firm of B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in referring to their advertisement for representatives to devote all or part of their time in the interest of their business.

Diamonds, so small that 1,500 go to the carat, have been cut in Holland.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There was not a public library in the United States 100 years ago.

It is of No Use to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Rinses Tablets for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tablet gives relief.

It's a good plan when you get the worst of it to make the best of it.

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.

California sea lions are champion climbers and jumpers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Ten is cut every forty days the year around in Japan.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's E. S. Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Candy should not be eaten just before meals.

A LOW WATER LEVEL.

In Rivers, Ponds, Wells, and other sources of drinking water threatens danger from malarial germs. This condition is usually found in the Fall, and it points to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard against attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and thus guards the system from all these perils. It creates an appetite and gives sound and robust health. "I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla occasionally for the last three years. I have suffered from malaria fever for five years, and have tried many kinds of medicine, but found no relief till I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have all confidence in it, and believe it to be far superior to any other tonic." P. J. FITZGERALD, 121 Ninth St., So. Boston, Mass. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

For Breakfast To-morrow. Heckers' Buckwheat. MAKES Delicious, Wholesome cakes, at a moment's notice. No Salt, Yeast or Baking Powder required—Nothing but Water.

After Five Years.

"Six years to-day! What a long time!" sighed Maud Merin, sinking into the low seat by the window and pressing her sad white face against the glass. "Ah, me, how happy I was; but it is all over. I shall never be happy again."

Her dark eyes overflowed with tears, and her memory went back to the scenes of her childhood, the great, rambling country house, with its spacious rooms and blazing fires and large-hearted hospitality. She could see the old garden, with its winding borders and cool retreats, and catch the sweet odor of the pinks, and the drowsy murmur of bees, and there was the woodbine arbor, beneath which she and Harry had sat so often together. How well she remembered one evening about all others—an evening in royal June. The air heavy with spicy odors and a full moon pouring down its glorifying light upon the awny billows of orchard bloom, and the long hedges of crimson roses, weighted down by their own intense perfume. On that evening she had listened to the story that has been so often repeated but which never grows old. "Maud, my darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?" She recalled the very words, she seemed to hear his dear voice, and see his tender eyes. The betrothal ring was still upon her finger just as he put it there that night, and beside it another, even yet more sacred, her wedding ring.

And this stormy, desolate night was the anniversary. Six years ago and the old homestead had rung with music and revelry. Every window blazed with light, and every broad hearthstone glowed with flaming logs. For on that night, robed in white and adorned in blossoms as spotless and sweet as her own virgin heart, and the beauty and belle wherever she went, became a bride. Bidding farewell to the old home and the old friends, Maud went forth with her husband, thenceforth and forever to be the light of his home and the inspiration of his life. One year—one short, sweet, happy year, that went by like some rare, rich melody, without a single note of discord to break its divine perfection, and then the trouble came. The bare remembrance of it blanched the wife's cheeks and made her breath come in quick, painful gasps. At the close of that short, happy year of her wedded life her husband received information concerning the illness of an only brother residing in California. He was dying of a slow but sure disease, and wished to see his brother's face once more. Harry Merin did not hesitate an instant. The path of duty was plain—he must go. Maud entreated to be permitted to accompany him, but he was inexorable. The risks and hardships were too great.

Left alone Maud was not the woman to give way to despondency. It was her nature to keep her face to the sun. She kept herself busy with the duties of her household, and at last the dreary days went by, and tidings from Harry came. He was safe at the journey's end, but his brother was dead, leaving Harry, however, the inheritor of a considerable fortune. Just as soon as his business matters could be arranged, Harry wrote, he would start for home. Soon after a second mail came, bringing intelligence that Harry, in company with quite a party of brother travelers, had set out, taking the overland route. Maud counted the days with throbbing impatience. The parting had been so long. She pined to see his dear face and hear his voice once more. She worked from morn till night, filling the rooms with little ornaments and getting up little surprises against his return. She cultivated the flowers he loved and sang the ballads he admired. Never did woman count the passing moments with such loving expectation. At last the day came. She had received no intelligence, but she felt sure that he would come.

"Mr. Rutherford, is it you? I am looking for my husband. What do you think can detain him?"

The man stood still, his face full of silent, unspoken pity. Something in his expression caught her quick eyes, and she sprang forward and grasped his arm.

"Mr. Rutherford, you bring me tidings. Speak; don't keep me in suspense."

"Oh, sir," she entreated, "don't trifle with my feelings. Do you know anything concerning my husband? If you do for mercy sake speak out!"

"Madam, I have heard—that is, there is bad news," he began, his voice husky and broken.

"Her face grew as white as death, but her eyes were clear and calm and her hand strong as she grasped his arm."

"Sir, if you pity me, tell me the worst at once. I can bear it."

"Well, madam, your husband and his party have been waylaid and murdered by the Indians."

"All? Did none escape?"

"Not one!"

She turned sharply, leaving him without a word, and he saw her enter the house and close the door after her, and that was the end. He would never come back any more, no matter how patiently she might wait and watch. He would never know that he had a son, never look upon the little chubby face, with its bold, blue eyes, and sunny curls, so like his own. From henceforth her heart and home were desolate.

And this was the anniversary of her wedding day. Six years ago and she was a happy bride. Five years she had been a heartbroken widow. Her boy slept in his little bed, and she sat there thinking, thinking, and gazing out at the low leaden sky and the wind tossed trees. The night was closing rapidly—a night of storm and darkness. The rain came down in great smoking sheets, and the wild, wailing winds rushed round the gables and went shrieking over the hills like human souls in agony. Her heart ached with a desolation that seemed almost insupportable. Life was so hard, yet for the boy's sake she must endure and live on.

She looked down at her sable garments with hot, blinding tears. Six years ago, and she was robed in gems and blossoms. His face, his very voice, seemed to come back to her, and she fancied that his spirit might be near her. No matter how high above her, how happy, she knew that he loved her still, and his glorified spirit may have left its home of bliss to keep with her that sacred anniversary. The fancy consoled her beyond expression. She glanced over at the sleeping boy with a dim hope that his father loved and watched over him. Then a sudden impulse shot across her mind. She would not keep the anniversary of her wedding day in the garments of her widowhood; she would put on the robe he loved. If he knew aught of her poor, sad life he should see how sacredly she remembered and observed his simplest wishes.

Stealing up to her chamber, she took out the mauve silk and the dainty laces, growing yellow and timeworn, and a pretty jet and gold ornament, and arrayed herself as in days gone by, and the old bloom came back to her cheeks and the brightness to her eyes, and she seemed to drop her years and her widowhood, and to spring out afresh into the rare beauty of her early maidenhood. Thus arrayed, she went down softly and seated herself before the blazing fire, her face tearful and expectant. If his soul was near—she clung to the hope that it was as she clung to life—he should see how tenderly she remembered him.

The anniversary night wore on, wild and dark with storm, and still the poor wife, half dazed by her terrible sorrow, sat by her lonely hearthstone, robed in her festive garments. At last there came a step

without, a sharp, impatient step on the gravel, but she did not hear it. A weary, travel worn man, bronzed by exposure and pale with long-endured grief, came up to the front entrance and paused beneath the low window. Through the parted curtains shone the ruddy firelight, revealing the warm, attractive room—the old, familiar room, with his hat upon the wall and his books and meerschaum on the mantle, unmoved, as he had left them; revealed the kitten purring on the rug, and the little curtain bed in the distance, and the dear, sweet face, wet with tears, and the dress he loved in happy days, that seemed too far back to the poor wanderer to be real.

Was it all a dream? Was that the wife from whom he had so long been parted, whose face had been with him through all his lonely hours of peril and imprisonment? Was she waiting and watching and keeping his home bright for his return?

He left the window, stole softly to the porch and approached the side door. He raised the latch. It opened and he stood upon the threshold.

Intent upon her musings, her own sweet memories and sad reflections, Maud heard no sound. Her heart was far back with the husband she loved so well. The old dress had revived old associations and his very presence seemed around and about her. She looked up with clasped hands and streaming eyes.

"Oh, Harry! Oh, my husband!" she murmured, "if you knew how I love you, how I mourn your loss, surely your soul might speak to mine and tell me that you are near me!"

"Maud, my wife, my darling!" She started to her feet, with a wondering, startled face. There he stood, worn and weary, changed from the man he had been, but the wife recognized him in an instant. For a moment a solemn awe filled her eyes, and her love hesitated and trembled in the presence of a spirit from the other world, but the next instant she held him in her arms with a wild cry.

"Oh, Harry, my husband! You are not dead; you have come back to me!" His passionate kisses on her face, his strong arms and throbbing heart answered her as no words could have done. He had come back to her from imprisonment amid the wild western mountains, from perils and dangers and death itself.

For awhile, after she had heard his story and fully assured herself that he was really flesh and blood, and not a spirit, as she had first believed him, she lay quietly weeping on his bosom. Then she arose with a solemn tenderness in her eyes, and leading him to the little couch, drew aside the curtains, revealing the little face, flushed and dimpled in slumber, and the small, chubby fists fast clinched together.

Harry Merline looked on without a word, then, bending down, he kissed the little sleeper with a joy and thankfulness in his soul too deep for utterance.

And on this stormy night, after weary years of imprisonment amid barbarous hordes, after having endured trials and hardships and almost death itself—this was how Harry came home.—[Pittsburg Leader.

Speed in Railway Travel.

A great deal has been said and written about the coming flyers and the tremendous rate of speed that will be attained by them in the near future. But before these rather exaggerated figures can be reached, there must be a complete reconstruction in track-laying and road-bed arrangement. A degree of solidity and firmness not yet secured and an almost absolutely straight track are imperatively necessary if one would send a train over the earth's surface at such a high rate of speed. Experts have decided that a train running at the rate of 100 miles an hour would be flung from the track at the first curve. It therefore appears that the present existing tracks are not at all adapted to such rapid transit as the hundred-miles-an-hour enthusiasts are talking about. The probabilities are that the elevated track in some of its forms and the tunnel are the solution of the high-speed problem. Only by bridging valleys with trestle work and cutting through hills can the average level be reached and curves be dispensed with. It would be necessary to run air-lines without regard to intermediate stations, leaving these to be connected by ordinary roads. It would take something over a mile in which to stop one of these flying trains, and the nerve required to run it would be something far beyond that possessed by the average engineer.—[New York Ledger.

Value of Peanut Meal.

European governments have been experimenting with peanut meal as a food substance for the use of the armies. As this nut has a large amount of nitrogenous matter in it, and nearly fifty per cent. of oil, it is a very rich food, being far more nutritious than flesh meat. The oil cake after two-thirds of the oil has been expressed, is found better than the whole nut, and when mixed with flour and made into biscuits is very palatable, and takes the place of preparations of meal. This meal is now coming into use as a food for dairy cows, for which purpose it is far better than any of the oil-cake meals.—[American Agriculturist.

ONE GETS LEFT.

She—It takes two to make a bargain, you know. He—Yes; but only one gets it.—[Boston Courier.

A SALVATION Army crusade of a novel character is being conducted on the high seas somewhere in the Pacific, and it may continue clear round Cape Horn and across the South and North Atlantic. Capt. Guthrie, of the British ship Macmillan was converted and joined the Army in San Francisco, and sailed with his ship for Liverpool two days later. Promptly on his conversion he was made a Captain in the Salvation Army Naval Reserve. He declared his intention of conducting a vigorous campaign among his crew during the voyage, and his hopes to bring into Liverpool a converted ship's company.

THOUGH little is said or written about the Grangers nowadays, they still keep up their organizations in the northern New England States, notably Maine, where they are an important social if no longer a political factor in rural life. At their meetings, usually occurring twice a month, the discussion of agricultural topics is followed by singing and recitations, and, among the younger folks, by rustic games. Often the entire fringe of one town will be entertained on a stated evening by the grange of another, and thus neighborly feeling is promoted as well as the improvement and elevation of the farmer's vocation.

If the present war between China and Japan continues much longer tresses and wig hair will be a glut in the market. A very large percentage of the natural human hair imported to this country comes from China. In ordinary times the number of executed persons among the celestial empire's 400,000,000 people is sufficiently large to guarantee a supply of queues adequate for the purposes of the civilized world. But now with a hot war on hand, with hosts of deserters and troubled by internal dissensions, China, it is feared, will have a supply of queues from decapitated heads so great as to choke the market and tear down prices to a minimum.

THE ways of the schoolmaster in Montillana, Province of Granada, Spain, are hard. The school-house in this particular place is used as a granary during the summer vacation. A few days ago the schoolmaster wished to begin his instruction again, and wrote letters to the villagers who owned the grain in the building, asking politely that they remove it. The answer was unexpected. The peasants, angry at the "assumption" of the fellow, stormed his house, pulled him out into the street and beat him badly. The excitement soon extended to all the people in the hamlet, and a large mob of howling men, women and children gathered about the house of the Mayor. This doctory ruler brought order out of chaos by ordering two of his servants to chase the schoolmaster out of town. He will not teach the young idea how to shoot in Montillana this winter.

THE people of New England have taken a great interest in the recent occupation of old Fort Ethan Allen, near Burlington, Vt., by four troops of United States cavalry. The movement to build this post was first started in Congress while Senator Proctor was at the head of the War Department, and was pushed along under his successor. It is held that the best way to protect the northern frontier of the country is to have a force ready for cutting the Canadian canals, so that in case of war British gunboats cannot make their way into the chain of great lakes. As the past history of the country shows, the Lake Champlain region is one of great strategic importance, whether from offensive or a defensive standpoint. The Plattsburg barracks have accordingly been enlarged so as to accommodate a regiment instead of merely a company of troops, and this new post established is on the eastern side of the lake.

ONE of the oldest boundary disputes in this country is that between New Jersey and Delaware over the

Mystery of the Blue Bean.

At the great Fruit Show to be held in the Crystal Palace will be shown the English blue bean, which, when introduced by the proprietors of the Horticultural Review, caused much commotion in the horticultural world. At Earl's Court, shortly afterwards, the blue bean was the centre of attraction in the pavilion devoted to the fruit and flower shows, the table on which the dishes containing the delicately tinted pods were displayed being thronged throughout the day by an enthusiastic crowd of amateur and professional gardeners, all bent on solving the mystery of the blue bean. The secret of the blue bean's blueness no man knows. It is of a most exquisite tint, and every part of the skin of the pod is both evenly and perfectly dyed. Inside, the flesh and seeds are of the usual green tint, and from a culinary point of view the bean is everything that could be desired.—[London Daily News.

Valuable Deposits of Saltpeter.

Deposits of saltpeter that promise to be the most valuable in existence have been discovered in Cape Colony, South Africa. They are claimed to be true potassium nitrate, which is one of the chief ingredients of gunpowder, and is worth about \$50 a ton. The principal supply at present is from Chile, but the "Chile saltpeter," as it is called, has to undergo a costly chemical process before use. Nitrate of potash is found in but small quantities as a rule, as it is soluble in water, and is therefore washed out of the soil by the rain. The dryness of the South African climate is supposed to account for the richness of the latest find, which, it is stated, will reduce the price of the mineral one-half.—[New York Mail and Express.

The "fly eater" of Cuba is one-third the size of the humming bird.