

An Autumn Song.
 'Twas in the spring we met, my dear,
 One showery April day;
 The grass was full of violets
 And pretty buds of May.
 I looked at you, you looked at me,
 The birds began to sing,
 And on each bush rain-jewels hung
 When we met in the spring.

'Twas in the fragrant summer, dear;
 The roses everywhere
 Were blushing with a proud delight
 To find themselves so fair,
 When I your sweet red lips, my dear,
 No longer could resist,
 And you confessed you loved me, dear,
 In summer when we kissed.

'Twas in the lovely autumn, dear;
 The fields were rich in grain,
 Bright berries gleamed on wayside vines,
 And glowed along the lane,
 And all the trees were gayly dressed
 In russet, gold and red—
 In autumn, when the grapes were ripe,
 And we, my dear, were wed.

Then blessed be spring, for it first showed
 Your sunny face to me;
 And blessed be summer, for it heard
 You vow my love to be;
 And doubly blessed be autumn for
 The crowning of my life;
 It saw that happy day, my dear,
 When you became my wife.

—Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.

THE RING AND THE ROLL.

Of all people that make trouble for themselves the jealous can take the palm; and of all the jealous, Mr. Donald McDonald was able to get the most torture from the least material.

When Lucia fell in love with him, she did not dream of this affliction, for he seemed about as indifferently cool and haughty a man as one could picture. Perhaps she flirted a little recklessly with one and another lest he should divine her secret; perhaps on that account he thought the only way to get her was to take her by storm. She did not flatter herself that she remembered her when out of his sight, till one day on the piazza a party of them having been talking gayly of their possible futures, and all having left but herself, he came back, and leaning against a pillar, and pulling down the rose-vine, "What is that you are doing, Lucia?" he said. "Does it require all your attention? Look at me, Lucia," and she thoughtlessly obeyed. "When we were all speaking of our paths in the future, was there any seriousness in what you said? Did you suppose I would ever listen to any plan of a future for you in which I was not a part?"

"You!" looking up at him where he towered above her dark and superb as Lucifer.

"I. And I tell you now, Lucia, you are going to marry me or nobody. You are to be my wife, or no man's wife." And many of Lucia's distresses came from that acquiescence in which her glad heart stood still a moment before it beat upon her lover's, in which her hand lay trembling in his, while he slipped upon its finger a curious gem-ring of rubies and brilliants. If she had rebelled, if she had coquetted or dallied, she might not have remained in the half-humble light which made her more like a slave than a wife; if she had obliged him to sue instead of allowing him to claim, he might hardly have ventured on such a lordly and dictatorial demeanor. He hurried the wedding so that she had no time to perceive anything but his passion for herself. And now that regret was too late, all there was for her was as straight a path, looking neither to the right nor the left, as a wealthy woman in society could walk. But to a friendly beautiful creature like Lucia, who liked everybody, and whom everybody liked, this was no easy matter. Nor especially was it easy when some of her former lovers came along, to whom she felt it right to be particularly gentle in view of their regret and her felicity.

For Lucia was really happy. She desired no indiscriminate admiration; her husband's was enough for her. She had his adoration, and she knew it, and he was her all in all; nothing more grand and noble and beautiful than he was possible to her conception of a human being. She loved him so that if he had trampled her heart out of her body, she would have thought it but a fit service she rendered him in suffering it. And it cost her nothing to relinquish all companionship but his, for she wanted no other.

The one hinderance to her happiness was that her husband failed to recognize all this, and seemed to have a constant fear of loss of her affection if she became aware of the existence of anybody else. She knew that his bursts of anger through suspicion did not mean that he loved her any the less, but they frightened her and they caused her unwisely to conceal any attention, flattery, or kindness that she received. She tried to frost her manner, but it only acquired an icy sweetness that made her all the more attractive, and her house was thronged, and her invitations were a multitude.

Nevertheless, Lucia almost forgot

herself one day when the servant announced Mr. Dunstable. "Tom Dunstable!" she exclaimed before she thought. "I am delighted." And she held out both hands to this old school-mate and sort of cousin, and was eager, her face aglow, to hear what account he had to give of himself, asking if he remembered this, and replying as to whether she remembered that, laughing over circumstances occurring before her husband's reign, and all at once starting and looking about for her husband, beckoning him, and when he would not stir, taking Mr. Dunstable over herself, and introducing him, with another grand mistake, as a dear old friend who was one of the family, but not a scrap of relation.

A dear old friend, one of the family, and not a scrap of relation! Nothing more was needed to kindle Mr. McDonald's altar fires. He was flint and steel already. "Wasting her sweetness on a curmudgeon," said Mr. Dunstable to himself. And if for a minute he had a mind to give Mr. McDonald something to fret about, in another minute he thought he would cut off his hand before making Lucia any trouble. "So," he said to her, when Mr. McDonald had walked off and left them as a great dog leaves a couple of children that have disturbed him, "you have a jailer—"

"I have the best of husbands!" she exclaimed. "And I adore him. Besides—"

"Besides, I mustn't talk to you in that way. Well, I won't. I shouldn't like him to speak so to my bonny Kate. I am going to be married to Kate Despard—the sweetest girl! I must come and tell you about her to-morrow, Lucia. What hour shall you be alone?"

To-morrow? Lucia had begun to recollect herself sufficiently to know that her husband's wrath would be a bright and shining light to-morrow if such an interview took place. "To-morrow?" she said. "But I have an engagement. How long are you to be in town? Only two days? Let me see—I shall be at Aunt Marbury's to-morrow at three."

Ah, Lucia, Lucia McDonald, her inner consciousness cried, a clandestine meeting at another person's house! No wonder if her husband were angry! And yet it seemed hard if she might not hear about the marriage of one for whom she had such an innocent attachment. And she hated equally that any one she honored should think her heartless or see her husband's one weakness. The fact that she felt a little guilty made her humility and sweetness incarnate in her manner toward her husband; and the fact that she was so sweet and submissive made him a trifle lordlier than before. She knew the drift of his thoughts too well, and he need not have taken the trouble to formulate a pronouncement, as he did at dinner.

"A married flirt," said Mr. McDonald, apropos of little or nothing, "ranks with the monstrous. Once convinced of such a deformity in a woman's character, I would not live with her an hour."

"By the way," said Lucia, the least bit tremulously, "Tom Dunstable is going to be married."

"You are very familiar, Lucia. But why 'by the way'? Is Mr. Dunstable a flirt?"

"He? Oh, no; but Kate Despard is, and he is going to marry her."

"He is to be pitied then," said Mr. McDonald, with asperity.

"Yes; Tom is the most faithful fellow in existence. He will never forget the time I saved him from Master Brownlow's rage by taking the furling myself."

"You, Lucia? And the bound let you! Well, I would thank him to forget. I want no man with reminiscences of my wife."

Lucia did not remind him that it would be difficult to blot out her past existence. She only laughed, and said: "Oh, it makes no odds, for it is not the same person. I am a totally different being from that one. It hardly seems as though I had been, alive before I married you, Don." And anybody not luxuriating in jealousy would have melted at the smile she gave him.

But the next day she was at her Aunt Marbury's to find Tom there before her, and to listen to his enamored account of Kate Despard, his marriage, his hopes, his plans. "I gave Kate a plain ring to wear as a wedding ring by-and-by," said Tom. "I want an engagement ring for her that has never been on anybody's finger, and made like one you wore just before you married—the quaintest thing! You have it on now, Lucia, perhaps?"

"Yes, indeed. Don gave it to me. It was my engagement ring, Tom."

"Then you would not care to lend it for the goldsmith to see?" asked Tom.

Lucia hesitated. She did not want the ring her betrothed gave desecrated by passing from hand to hand. To tell the truth, she had a little rather neither Kate Despard nor another had a ring just like it. And then Don would be certain to misconstrue. But Don need not know. She hated to disoblige Tom. It would be away only a night. She slipped off her glove and gave it,

"Kate will thank you so much," said Tom. He took her hand a moment. "It is a kind little hand," he said. "It will always wear the pearl of great price. Once," he added, half laughing, "before my darling Kate's was promised me, I had hoped to call this hand my own." And they looked up, to see Mr. Donald McDonald towering like an avenging deity in the doorway. He had heard only the last phrase.

"Do not let me interrupt you," he said, in his loftiest accent of withering scorn.

But Lucia was too quick for him. "Good-bye, Tom," she cried, regardless of appearances.

"Good-bye. I suppose we meet at Mrs. Maynard's dinner to-night?"

But she was at the carriage, beside her husband, before the words had passed Tom's lips.

"Aren't you going to help me in, Don?" she asked.

"Do you wish to enter?" asked the Grand Llama.

Why, certainly I do. I told John to drive round, and wondered he was so slow.

"Slow! Too quick, I should say," he answered, while John shook his white reins to the prancing beasts.

"Oh, now, Don," she exclaimed, "you are angry at poor Tom's palaver."

"I don't know any right your poor Tom has to be talking palaver to my wife."

"He was telling of his happiness with Kate Despard."

"I don't know any right my wife has to receive confidences from another man."

"Don, aren't you ashamed?" cried Lucia, desperately. "An old friend, all but brought up in the house with me—"

"Is that any reason he should be saying to you that once he expected to call your hand his own? You, a married woman, listening to him! And for all I know he has kissed your hand. It is shameful! it is monstrous! it is abominable!"

"He never kissed my hand,"

"Why is your glove off?"

"Oh, Don, my darling, how ridiculous you make yourself!"

"Answer my question. Have you been exchanging rings with that rascal?" he cried, his eyes blazing in his white face. "By the Lord, if that is so, I will have his life! Where are your rings, Lucia?"

"Gracious, Don, what a flame you can blow up from a spark! Do you expect me to wear my rings about like so many fetters? Rings hurt one's hands under gloves, and I don't always wear them."

"You will let me see"—his eyes growing blacker and blacker, as if his wrath condensed its darkness through them—"every ring I have given you, the moment we enter the house, whether you find them fetters or not!"

And the brilliant and ruby gemmel in Tom Dunstable's pocket! What on earth was she to do? Why had she not told him the whole story at first? Now, under threats, it was too late. He would not believe her. He would be only the more infuriated.

"Do you mean to say, Donald," she exclaimed, turning on him her beautiful eyes, "that you are accusing me, your faithful wife, of anything your words imply? Then the worm turned." "How long do you think you can keep my affections—"

"I don't imagine I can keep them. I don't imagine I have kept them—"

And when, as just at that instant they reached their own door, a band of music set the horses to dancing, the carriage wheels ran up the stepping-stone, and a crash ensued, out of which she was lifted in a dead faint, Lucia counted it one of the good fortunes of her life.

Of course, with the servants running this way and that, and with confusion and cries in the house, rings and reproaches were forgotten, and Mr. Donald McDonald, calling himself a brute, hung over his wife in despair, and Lucia had a delightful hour of recovery and devotion; and then, against her husband's remonstrances, proceeded to dress for Mrs. Maynard's dinner.

"Ah, what a hypocrite and actress I am becoming!" she sighed to herself. "And what a coward! And all because I love him so."

But nobody would have thought the lovely creature sweeping into Mrs. Maynard's drawing-room, in her white gold-embroidered satin, was any of the horrid things she called herself. They were the last arrivals, and when Lucia went out on Mr. Maynard's arm, she found herself, in a little spasm of fright, with Tom Dunstable at the other hand, and her husband nearly opposite. It was a moment of absolute terror to Lucia. She knew that the sight of Tom Dunstable would bring back all her husband's mood. She saw the black cloud shut down over his face instantly, and she felt that her least motion would be watched with lynx-like narrowness.

But she must get that ring, and be sure she put on her gloves again. "Tom," she whispered, not looking at him, scarcely moving her lips, and her face

placid as sunshine, "give me that ring at once, as you value my life."

"Great heavens!" murmured Tom; "it is at the goldsmith's."

The consternation and pleading in her eyes would have ruined her had not her husband trodden on Miss Ormond's train in the general seating, and been a moment preoccupied. In that moment Tom, nodding excuse to his neighbor and to Mr. Maynard, slipped into the hall, and was back again before the rustle had quite subsided. It seemed to Lucia as if every oyster were a turtle; sipping her soup was like the effort of the old woman to sweep the sea from her door. Through roast, entree, course by course, what interminable torture was this she endured! She would have declared they had been at the table half the night. All the time she felt her husband's glance pursuing her, while she manipulated her hand to evade it; and all the time she had to talk with Mr. Maynard, and give her reports on this side and the other, as if the gayest of the gay, with no more idea of what she was saying than if in a trance. What an eternity it was becoming! what a reckoning was to follow! She was receiving the punishment of her deceit a thousand times. Dazed and dizzy, a scarlet spot on either cheek, she felt hardly able to keep her chair. She wanted to scream out to her husband the whole story; she was afraid she should.

The prairie-chicken was being served, when she saw, as if in a dream, a waiter, who had just come in, stooping to pick up Tom's napkin, and a side-long glance showed her Tom fumbling with a tiny parcel. In another breath it was all right. The color left her cheek; she understood what was said around her; the prairie-chicken had some flavor. She stretched her hand for a bit of bread. "I beg your pardon," said Tom, "this is your roll, I think." And she crumbled the roll between them, and the ring touched the tip of her finger, and with the help of the crust and the table-cloth she worried it into its usual place while answering Mr. Maynard's question as to her preferences regarding game. And as she raised her hand to brush back a love-lock falling too low over her beautiful eyes, Mr. Donald McDonald saw the blood-red flash of the ruby gemmel-ring.

But it was not till a year and a day that he heard the story from his wife's lips, and forgiving her for her part, promised better fashions for his own.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Sit Down, Robert."

Elder Traverser, who lately died in Buffalo, old and bent and full of years, was once the most noted man in Eastern New York as a camp-meeting leader. He had a powerful voice and was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to get away with his meeting.

The elder was once holding a camp-meeting at Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, but when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slung-shot in his sleeve, the elder didn't grow pale worth a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a forward seat. When the crowd began to sing he began crowing, and thus created confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man," was the reply.

"Sit down, Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out the crowd!" crowed Bob, as he pulled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and as he fell over a bench he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi-unconscious state he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was first to come forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and said:

"Robert, are you in earnest?"

"I am."

"Are you really seeking for faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday, I am bound to have it, if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the meeting lasted.

A Butter Test.

This test of butter will be read with surprise by some. It is from the Paris *Journal de Pharmacie*: Rub some of the suspected butter on a piece of broad-cloth. If the butter disappears without leaving a stain it was pure, however poor. But if it leaves a "greasy spot," it had been more or less mixed with fats. Perhaps readers will now recall to mind how singularly free from spots of any kind the clothing of dealers in butter usually is, although these men in sampling their goods not unfrequently find that some butter had been dropped on their dress. The fact is that butter instead of soiling broadcloth is useful for cleansing it.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Cutting inkstands out of coal is a new industry.

Oil of turpentine is recommended to keep harness free from mold.

M. Gaattier states that the tannin of Chinese galls is chemically distinct from that found in Aleppo galls.

Arteriography is the name Dr. Comte, a French army surgeon, has given the process of tattooing to save life.

Two ice machines in France are operated with sulphurous acid, one of them producing 2,425 pounds of ice an hour.

There are in Russia phosphate deposits of sufficient magnitude to supply the wants of Europe for an indefinite period.

We eat much more albuminoid food than we require, partly because it produces an agreeable physical and mental condition.

In any steam engine the heat which leaves the cylinder is cooler than that which enters, by exactly the amount of work done.

Snails and chameleons have been known to exist years on air. Mr. Bates kept a beetle shut up for three years without food.

Granite begins to yield at a temperature between 700 and 800, sandstones show greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater and marble the greatest. Conglomerates are among the weakest stones.

Edison has among his exhibits at the electric show at Paris a one-horse power engine operating nine improved lamps, each of which is to burn nine months. Edison also proposes to show his autographic system of telegraphy, by which he produces by telegraph fac similes of handwriting.

The suggestion of Dr. Eby that comets are lenses, and that the tails are merely the effects of the sun's rays shining through them, has been met before. The contention is upset by the fact that with some comets the tails are turned toward the sun, and with others are set on at every conceivable angle with our central luminary.

European Barbers.

What European barbers, are W. A. Croffut describes in a letter from Naples: I have now been shaved in seven kingdoms and in six languages. They all perform the ceremony differently. But they all, from Scotland to Naples, insist on sitting you in a plain, straight chair, and bending your head over back until your spine howls in agony. And they all agree in another custom—they never wash off the soap they have put on. But they bring you a bowl of water, hold it under your chin as you are leaning back and insist on your washing your own face then and there. If you object to the attitude, they shrug all the upper part of themselves and sling a disdainful smile at you; if you comply, little rivulets run pleasantly down inside your shirt, and some of the soap they have generously swoggled into your ears gets into your stockings. I have seen no barber wash his victim's face since I landed in Glasgow. Prices vary. In London they charge a shilling (twenty-five cents) for a shave; in Naples, they will, for fifty centimes (ten cents) shave you, cut your hair, wash your face and hands, curl your eyebrows and wax your mustache till you look like Victor Emmanuel and can pass for a prince on any of the side streets. Yesterday I was shaved for ten centimes—about two American cents—but I took the balance out in garlic, of which I had a generous bath in the form of respiration. In Verona, the city of the loved and loving Juliet, the barber asked me if I would have my feet washed and my toe-nails cut! That, certainly, is going to extremes.

A Waltz in His Head.

Strauss and his wife were enjoying a quiet walk in the park at Schonau the other day, when suddenly the composer exclaimed, "My dear! I have a waltz in my head; quick, give me the inside of a letter or an envelope to write it down before I forget it." Alas! after much rummaging of pockets it was discovered that neither of them had a letter about them—not even a tradesman's account. Johann Strauss' music is considered light, but it weighs heavy as lead on his brain till he can transfer it to paper. His despair was heartrending. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy linen cuff and Johann smiled. In two minutes it was MS. Then its mate shared the same fate, then Frau Strauss' collar, then not another scrap of starched linen on which to conclude the composition. His old linen was limp-colored calico—no hope there. Johann became frantic. He was much the worse for having been allowed to write three-quarters of the waltz. He was just on the point of dashing off home like a mad man, when another happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She plunged her hand into a capacious pocket, fished out a purse, opened it, and displayed to his delighted gaze a brand-new hundred-golden note. Harrah! The entire finale was written on the bank note, and then Johann Strauss relapsed into his usual placidity.—*London Court Circular.*

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

If bitten by a mad dog the wound should be cut out as soon as possible, thoroughly washed with aqua-ammonia, or for want of that in a solution of potash or common salt. The bite of a rattlesnake and most common bites and stings may be cured in this way.

The following is a French remedy for neuralgia and rheumatism: Take ten grains of salicylic acid three times a day for three days, and if very severe take the same amount four or five times a day; take in a little cold water. I do hope all who are afflicted with neuralgia and rheumatism will give this recipe a trial. I know it will help you. The salicylic acid can be obtained at any drug store.

ETHEL MAY.

If any person is threatened or taken with lockjaw from injuries of the arm, hands, legs or feet, do not wait for a doctor, but put the part injured in the following preparation: Put hot wood ashes into water as warm as can be borne; if the injured part cannot be put into water, then wet thick folded cloths in the water and apply them to the part as soon as possible, and at the same time bathe the backbone from the neck down with some laxative stimulant—say cayenne pepper and water, or mustard and water (good vinegar is better than water); it should be as hot as the patient can bear it. Don't hesitate; go at work and do it, and don't stop until the jaws will come open. No person need die of lockjaw if these directions are followed.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The *Medical Press and Circular* contains some good suggestions about the hygienic treatment of sleeplessness, which are summarized as follows: Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons prefer cold. To those who suffer from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy has proved an especial boon.

SOME VERY OLD PEOPLE.

John J. Wilder, of Mansfield, Ohio, was 101 years of age.

Mrs. Susannah Schafer, of Carthage, Ohio, is 102 years old.

When John Hubbard died in Worthington, Ohio, recently he was rounding the century.

Betty Miller, colored, is a resident of the county of Pennsylvania, near Chalk Level. She is 113 years old.

Polly Black, once the slave of General Cleaver, died recently in Frankford, Pike county, Mo., aged 102 years.

Hannah Faust, of Columbia, S. C., was said to be 111 years of age when she died, and left surviving her a daughter aged ninety years.

Frank R. Hinnell, of Niles, Michigan, was ninety-six years old when he died, and Mrs. Englehart Wagner, of Starkville, N. Y., was 109 years old.

John Houston, the brother of General Sam Houston, living in Chicago, is fast verging on his 100th year. His limbs are palsied, and he is probably on his death-bed.

A man turned up in Troy who claims to be the father of forty-four children, and to have had eight wives. His name is John Pasco, and he avers that he is ninety-nine years of age.

Mrs. Cox, of Holderness, N. H., was said to be 105 years of age when she died recently. On the centennial anniversary of her birth she sat for her photograph, and was in possession of all her faculties.

It is said to be a fact that Nero Griswold, of McMinnville, Tenn., beat the drum for Washington's army during the Revolution, and knew Washington well. He is the oldest man in Tennessee, and is said to be 120 years of age.

Many of York's (Pa.) best citizens and several hundred people followed the remains of Charles Granger (colored) to the grave, although he had been an inmate of the county house many years. He was formerly a slave, and was 108 years of age.

Mrs. Maxey, of Pace Bend, Texas, is 111 years of age, has been married four times, had fourteen children, and survived all of them but two. She can see better than she could twenty years ago. She waits upon herself, and is still in health.

Oliver Bragdon, of Franklin, Me., who is above ninety years of age, was taken prisoner during the war of 1812 and carried to Halifax, where he was kept till the close of the war. He is still in excellent health, retains all his faculties, and is able to perform daily labor.

Elected to Congress in 1819, argued a case before the Alabama supreme court in 1879, when he was 92 years of age, and a soldier in the war of 1812—such is the record of John A. Outhurst, of Mobile, Ala., who claims to be the oldest ex-Congressman and the oldest practicing lawyer in the country.