

### The Autumn Wind

Yon maple grove in robes of peerless dye;  
The emerald sweep on softly sloping hills;  
Transparent streamlets swiftly sloping by;  
Each later bloom beside the placid rills—  
And blue dome rounding silently above,  
Disclose, in measures more than we could ask,

The perfect manifest of heaven's love,  
The new accounts from Nature's golden task.

Gliding through this unblemished autumn light,  
There comes a poet from the arctic lands;  
And though his form can never meet our sight,

His voiceless harp, as swept by cunning hands,  
Now seems to mourn a dirge for summer's death,

And now to gayly lead the harvest songs;  
But when the leaflets feel his sudden breath,  
They flutter down in rainbow-shaded throngs.

Oh valiant northern sprite of autumn wind!  
I love thy music and thy nerving touch;  
And when thy monarch, Frost, shall come, and bind

Earth's many forms within his certain clutch,  
Then ringing skates and sleighbells' merry chime,  
And glad huzzas of urchins just from school,

Shall tell the regal pleasures of our clime,  
While ancient winter holds his sturdy rule.  
—Addison F. Browne.

### FLORENCE'S WAGER.

"And so you have really and truly enjoyed this month in the country, Cousin Clive?"

"I have, indeed, Florence; and the only thing that takes the sting from regret at leaving this dear old place, is the thought that you are to return with me, and that I may try my utmost to make you enjoy the next month as I have done this."

"To introduce me into society, to bring me out I suppose?" said Florence. "But don't you think I am rather old for that sort of thing? I have seen twenty, Cousin Clive."

"Without one season in New York," said he: "without one admirer save the clownish young men of the neighborhood, without a single offer of marriage, if I mistake not, Floy, it is really shocking to bury your beauty for so long in such a remote place as this."

"As to offers of marriage, you are wrong," replied the young lady, laughing. "I have been honored by two—one from Mr. Sam Gregory, who, with a great deal of bashfulness and fidgeting about, asked my consent to be Mrs. Sam, and the other from the Rev. Westrop Dean, a poor curate who couldn't sound his r's. I didn't accept either."

Mr. Clive Hardinge lifted his hand with a gesture of disgust, and shaking his head, replied, dolefully: "Which it will eventually come to, perhaps, if you are not quickly lifted out of this mediocre class into that higher grade of society to which you are entitled by birth and position. I am very glad you are going to my mother for a little time; for, although there is not, my dear cousin, a more perfect lady in all New York than you, yet the constant companionship of this so-called upper class of the village might in time cause you to forget that your superior birth precluded the possibility of your ever choosing a husband from among the young men of the families you are in the habit of visiting; for it would ill-beseem the blood of a Hardinge to mate with one beneath her."

The hot blood flew up in a torrent to the girl's face as her cousin uttered these words, for she knew that her mother had been so considered to demean herself, when, two-and-twenty years before, she disobeyed the command of a stern parent and a sterner brother, and proudly placed her hand in the strong, warm grasp of a man who had no sin against him but his poverty, his ambitious day-dreams and his love for her. She remembered how, in this obscure spot, they had eked out his meager pittance; how the glorious productions of art that his glowing imagination had vivified into almost living creations had passed away, and left the noble face drawn and sad, and the large, eloquent eyes, that had fought so bravely for them, a closed volume of blindness and death. Then the struggle for life, for existence, the long years of suffering and sorrow of her early life, and subsequently the one thousand dollars a year that some unknown relative, dying, left them.

She had never seen a single member of her mother's family until a few months before, when Clive Hardinge, son of that brother who had sealed up his father's heart against his sister all the days of his life, came suddenly upon them in their quiet country home, was struck with the refinement that pervaded the atmosphere in which his aunt and cousin lived, and charmed with the rare grace and fresh beauty of the young girl. He hastened to create an amiable understanding between his mother and Mrs. Lysle, which, being easily effected, as Mrs. Hardinge entertained no feeling of resentment against a woman she had ever seen,

he suddenly fancied that the cool, fresh breezes of Hillside might have a beneficial influence on his town-bred constitution; and, therefore, without any circumlocution, he gave a broad hint to that effect. His aunt took the hint and invited him. During his stay he and Florence had been a great deal thrown together, and, with a constant interchange of thought and opinions passing between them, grew in a month pretty well to know and appreciate each other.

Clive Hardinge was neither handsome nor young; but he possessed that which our people, and our women especially, value more in men than correctness of feature, or even youth—strength, courage and manliness. Five-and-thirty years had rolled over his brown head, and left the wavy hair still brown, and the gray eyes undimmed in the fire of their boyhood. He considered himself a middle-aged man now; and, if any midsummer day-dream ever had tinged with a transient brightness the even tenor of his life, it was long since rolled up in the forgotten past. He took an interest in Florence, a deep interest, by reason of her beauty, her innocence and her unpretension. Man of the world as he was, thoroughly understanding all the ins and outs of society, he felt that his cousin was no common girl—that she was at once adapted to fill a higher position than that in which she had yet moved. He took this interest to heart, and acted rather vaguely upon it.

In the pause that succeeded this last remark his keen discernment instantly detected the insult he had unintentionally offered her, and, with a slight embarrassment in his face, he bent forward and said: "Forgive me, Floy; do not misunderstand my meaning. I am referring to yourself. You will be engaged before you leave New York. Mark my words."

The flush died out of her face and a merry sparkle danced in her eyes as she said, gayly: "What, in one month! My good cousin, how quickly you are going to dispose of me! Make no such rash prophecy, thou oracle of evil."

"But I do," said Clive. "Let me bet you a dozen pair of gloves that my prediction will come true."

"Against what?" she asked.

"Against—a kiss," he replied.

"Sir, you surprise me!" said Florence. "But you would lose your bet."

"If I lose I will pay," said he; "and if you lose you must pay."

"But I shall not lose, Cousin Clive," said Florence. "I am sure that none of the gentlemen to whom you introduce me will satisfy my fastidious taste."

"Wait until you see them, my dear child," said Clive. "You are very unsophisticated. I only fear they will find too easy ingress to that little untied heart of yours."

She laughed a laugh that had a ring of scorn in it, which made him look up with a puzzled expression, as though he could not quite fathom her, as she left the room.

Mrs. Earldale's saloons were crowded with fashion, beauty and wealth. It was her last ball of the season, and the most brilliant she had given. Among the assembled ladies it was evident that one was the center of attraction, the dazzling star around which the smaller stars ceased to shine. She was quite surrounded by gentlemen obtrusive in their attention and tiresome in their flattery. She seemed to feel it acutely, as she stood, with heightened color and disdainful lips, mutely in the midst. She scarcely lifted the curling lashes from the dark black eyes, or gave the least movement to the hair that covered her white shoulders like a golden veil. She was perturbed and distressed, and wanted to get away from them. All the evening she had been herself merry and gay; but her most careless glance had been met by one almost passionate in its admiration, her laughing tones answered by the most fullsome flattery, that, angry with herself and them—having aptly learned in three short weeks to heartily despise the hollow mockery of what the world calls pleasure—she now stood this last hour in the ballroom in anything but a happy frame of mind. At last there was a break in the circle, and the low tones of the votaries of fashion ceased for a moment, as a young man of quiet gentlemanly bearing made his way up to the young lady.

"Miss Lysle," said he, "permit me to conduct you to the conservatory. You were speaking of—"

They had passed through the rooms, and she turned to thank him for bringing her away.

"But where is Clive?" she asked. "Are we not going home? I am so tired, Willie."

"Tired of dancing, or of New York dissipation, Florence—which?" he asked.

"Both," she replied. "I wouldn't

live here for worlds, if I am to be dragged about night after night like this."

"Then such a life has no charms for you?" he said.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "I am disappointed in Clive Hardinge. I thought him superior to such frivolity. He seems to like it."

"There you mistake, Floy," said her companion. "It is society that courts him—not he who courts society. As you say, he is superior to it."

"Then why does he go into it so much?" she asked.

"He is performing a sort of penance," was the reply, "and mixing in gayety, which he detests, for the sake of one he cares for much, to see if the pure gold of spirituality in her heart will stand the test of the scheming world."

She looked up into the clear dark eyes of Clive's dearest friend; but beyond the smile upon her lips, and the slight pressure of her hand upon his arm, she could read nothing.

"I am going home in five days," she said, as they passed through the rooms.

"Are you sorry or glad?" he asked.

"I shall be glad to see my mother again," she replied; "but I shall be sorry to leave my aunt, she has been so kind to me—and—Cousin Clive."

"He is rather old, don't you think, Floy?—something of the old bachelor about him—too old to marry, in fact."

"Who—Clive?" she said. "He is not old—is he? I never noticed it. His hair is not gray, and his face is not wrinkled. He is very handsome, is Cousin Clive."

"Handsome, Floy? You must have put on love's spectacles, surely; friend as he is, I could never call him handsome yet."

"Don't talk nonsense, Willie," said Florence, pettishly. "I repeat Clive Hardinge is handsome. He has more strength, might and majesty in his countenance than a dozen ordinary men. Here he comes; now, judge for yourself."

If a very weary look and a pale face denoted a handsome physique, Clive Hardinge certainly possessed it at that moment. He came forward to Florence.

"Would you like to go now?" he said, kindly; "my mother is already cloaked and waiting for the carriage."

She quietly took the proffered arm, and, extending her hand to Clive's friend, bade him good-night.

Miss Lysle sat at work in her aunt's morning room the day before her departure home. The blue cashmere robe she wore suited well the purity of her complexion and the rich curls of glittering hair. She looked marvelously pretty, and so thought Clive Hardinge, as he made it his special business to visit the room that morning. But her eyelashes were wet; she looked as if she had been shedding a tear or two, silently, there to herself; and, perhaps, the softness and tenderness in her face made her appear more beautiful still. Clive carried a long, narrow box in his hand, of blue enamel and gilt, and placed it under her eyes.

"The bet, Florence," said he. "Had you forgotten it? You have won it quite fairly, or you will have done so to-morrow, for there remains yet one more day before the month is completed. Now, will you tell me why you have so quickly declined the two offers of marriage you have been honored with since your stay with us?"

"I have not felt myself honored," she replied. "One was from a spendthrift and debauchee; the other from a brainless fop who possessed but one idea in the world—that of admiring his own figure."

"But you have repelled admiration so persistently," said Clive; "others who certainly admired you, might have—"

"Thank you, Cousin Clive, for the bet. May I look?" interrupted Florence Lysle, as she put out one hand for the box.

"Certainly not, until to-morrow," was the reply; "then you may wear home the prettiest pair of gloves the box contains, if you like; and when you are gone, perhaps I shall be able to get back my rest again and my appetite. You have robbed me of both since you have been here."

"Cousin Clive!" she exclaimed.

"I say you have robbed me of both," repeated Clive. "Before I saw you I was able to eat like any other ordinary mortal; but now the dazzling things at the table are not the plate and crystal, but a pair of snowy hands that keep moving up and down, and mesmerize my black eyes to look at them. Before you came, I could sleep soundly enough at night, and wake refreshed in the morning; but now my dreams are wild and feverish, of bewildering eyes and glittering golden hair, and one ethereal form that comes between me and slumber."

"Please don't, Clive," said Florence. "But I will," said he. "Oh, you shall fairly win your bet, my little Floy. I am a cross old bachelor, cousin; but for all that, I mean to tell you that I love you with all my heart and soul."

Her head dropped down suddenly, and the long hair fell over her cheeks, and her hands trembled and clasped themselves together on her lap.

There was a painful pause; and when Florence dared to lift her eyes she saw Clive Hardinge's face buried in his folded arms, quiet and still. She rose hesitatingly, and then went up to him, placed one soft hand on his hair, while with the other she extended the unopened box.

"I don't want your gloves, Cousin Clive," she said.

"Why not?" he asked, with white lips.

"Because I have lost my bet," she replied, turning away her shy face.

"Florence—my darling Floy, have I won it?" he exclaimed, rapturously, starting up and catching her hand.

"Yes, and me, too," she murmured, as she lifted her blushing face to his, and his arms closed around her in a tight embrace.

### Rugs.

When an American buyer arrives in the heart of the rug-making country in Asia he selects the best agent he can find and gives him an order for, say, 100 rugs, of about the colors and sizes of certain samples which he may find in the bazaars. The Turkish agent then employs natives of the villages where the kind of rugs selected are wanted, giving to each a bag of gold and instructions to order four rugs. The subagent then goes among the families and talks rugs with them, drinking many cups of coffee and discussing the price for days at a time. When a bargain is concluded some money is furnished the family for wool, dyes and food, and the agent goes away sure that in the course of a few months the rug will be ready. Upon a carpet measuring eight feet by twelve a whole family will work for months. The cotton or woolen threads which form the groundwork or warp of the fabric are stretched upon a huge frame the width of the rug, and the family, or such members of it as are able, sit on the floor and tie knots in the warp threads with the colored wool tufts, tightening the finished fabric now and then with a rough comb.

Each worker takes about twenty-seven inches of the rug and works along this strip. From two to four inches a day is the speed at which the rug advances if the family is large enough for the whole width of the rug to advance at the same time. A rug eight or nine feet wide requires four persons, who work side by side. The finishing of the rug, smoothing, clipping, etc., is a work requiring skill and judgment. The wages are very small and the payment is according to the number of square feet. The workers know certain patterns by heart and dye their own wools. The old dyes have in some instances been supplanted by aniline colors, which do not keep their tones, and fade without giving to the rug the softness of tint which is the chief glory of a fine Eastern rug. So many merchants have refused to buy the carpets in which aniline dyes have been used that the use of them may eventually be stopped.

The rug-makers as a class are poor in money, very ignorant and very religious, but live comfortably. Especially around the borders of the Caspian sea, in the country watered by the rivers from the Caucasian mountains, are the people in comfortable circumstances, although about three centuries behind the rest of the world. The rugs and carpets are brought in from Persia and the neighboring districts on camels' backs, the arrival of camel trains being one of the curious sights of the town.

### A Helpful "O"

An eminent clergyman was in his study, busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room and, holding up his finger, said, with an expression of suffering:

"Look, pa, how I hurt!"

The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with just the slightest tone of impatience, said: "I can't help it, son."

The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out, he said, in a low voice: "Yes you could; you might have said, 'O.'"

"Didn't you tell me, sir, you could hold the plow?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Ar-rab, be aisy now," said Pat; "how the deuce can I hold it and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me into the barn and be jabbers I'll hold it with anybody."

### THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

**VINEGAR FOR THE SICK ROOM.**—There is a French legend connected with the preparation called vinaigre quaire voleurs. During the plague at Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar; cover closely, and keep near the fire for four days; then strain, and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing in the sick room, and is of great value to nurses.—*New York Tribune.*

**BURNS.**—Protect from the air by cotton wadding or lint saturated with olive oil, linseed oil or glycerine, containing five drops of carbolic acid to the ounce of oil or glycerine; or apply common baking soda, well powdered, and cover it with a wet cloth; or apply a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water, with twenty drops of pure liquefied carbolic acid.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

**MEDICAL USES OF LIME WATER.**—If good milk disagrees with a child or grown person, lime water at the rate of three or four tablespoonfuls to the pint, mixed with the milk, or taken after it, will usually help digestion and prevent flatulence. Lime water is a simple antacid, and is a little tonic. Pure lime water, even though pretty closely corked, soon deteriorates by carbonic acid in the air, which unites with the lime and settles as an insoluble carbonate. To have it always ready and good, and at no cost, put into a tall pint or quart glass bottle of any kind a gill or so of good lime just slaked with water. Then fill the bottle nearly full of rain or other pure water, and let it stand quietly, corking well. The lime will settle, leaving clear lime water at the top. Pour off gently as wanted, adding more water as needed. Some carbonic acid will enter, but the carbonate will settle upon the sides of the bottle, and freshly saturated water remain. The lime should be removed and a new supply put in once a year or so, unless kept very tightly corked.

### New Wheat Districts.

According to the *Farmer*, an extensive wheat-growing district is about to be opened up in India. The paper says: The India office is lending its sanction just now to an enormous scheme for the reclamation of the waste lands of the Punjab. The waters of the five rivers which give the name to that region flow wastefully away to the sea, leaving a large tract of desert land, some of which was once fertile, to be the home of nothing and nobody. Those same rivers are sufficient to make that same desert blossom as a rose. The work of cutting canals which would afford means both for navigation and irrigation would be enormous; but so far is it thought feasible that the India office has undertaken to use the canals, paying tolls for its transit, and to buy the irrigation water, undertaking on its own account to collect the water rent from the natives. Engineering experts declare that the special work can easily be done, and reports have been made to the India office which show that the land to be reclaimed has soil so rich in alluvial deposits from the Himalayas that we may reasonably anticipate the time when a great region now suffering only from want of water will become the great wheat-bearing territory of India. Some portions of the great doab which it is proposed to reclaim—a doab of 50,000 square miles in extent—have undoubtedly been both inhabited and highly fertile in their day. In some places the canal is almost made, the unused bed of diverted rivers lying ready to be again filled with the life-giving stream; so that the earlier portion of the great work will be comparatively easy. But whether easy or hard the reclamation of 50,000 square miles of land in an over-populated country, the irrigation of a tract so enormous in a country visited by famine, is a task the magnitude of which, from an engineering and from a political point of view, almost overweighs the imagination.

The only woman in the Vermont State prison is Mrs. Meeker, the murderer; and as she is to be hung next April she knows of no inducement to behave herself, yells hideously at night, and is so savage and intractable that she is kept locked in a solitary cell.

### The Pilot.

From Jersey to Manhattan shore,  
Across the Hudson's pulsing tide,  
The pilot, skilled in nautic lore,  
Revolves his wheel from side to side.  
In silent ways he wins his bays,  
His mold is strong, his face is dmn,  
Bronzed by the kissing, amorous rays  
Blown from the nostrils of the sun.  
When Night's brown hand uncoils her hair,  
And spreads it o'er the waters blue,  
The pilot's eye she fires with care,  
And binds his breast to duty true.  
The lazy fog is dimly starred  
With balls of red and blue and green,  
And screaming whistles startling guard  
A passage felt, but all unseen.  
All groping through the masking mist,  
The steamboats near, like pressing sin,  
And cling to souls that would be lost,  
One day, one hour of life to win.  
The life that fills the pilot's hand  
Responds to hearts with bated breath,  
While faith ascends to his command,  
And doffs its phantom raiment, death.  
—Hugh Farrar McDermott.

### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The gilded youth of the present generation is generally lined with brass.  
One of the most aggravating of bores is a spiral stud on a close-fitting shirt bosom.  
Man proposes and woman diagnoses. More particularly so if it's a plate of vanilla cream.  
Tears are merely a leakage of the eyes. Onions, when young, are a species of leek.  
"This is an early fall," as the man said when he dropped on the 5 o'clock banana peel.

The artist who painted "the perfect picture of despair" was the first man to draw a long face.

Many a man is not satisfied to live on the face of the earth. He tries to live on his own face.

A young man at Chester, Pa., got mad and fled to parts unknown because his girl would not pay for his wedding suit. Such a stingy girl does not deserve a husband.

Economy is certainly an excellent thing, but it has never succeeded in making corned beef and boiled cabbage taste quite so good as tenderloin steak and mushrooms.

"Do you own this fence?" savagely inquired a farmer of a tramp who was hanging over the structure. "No, I don't own it," grinned the nomad, "but I've got a lean on it."

"I like your new hat very much," he said; "it's 'chic,' there's a sort of 'abandon'—"  
"There isn't any sort of a band on it," she said, pouting, "it's a real ostrich feather."

Says Josh Billings: When a man kums to me for advice, I find out what kind of advice he wants, and I give it to him; this satisfies him that he and I are two-az smart men az there is living.

Ah Yu Sing, the secretary of the Chinese legation, has thirteen sons and eleven servants. If he were an American with so many children and servants he would at once change his name to Ah Yu Sigh.

The retort courteous: He (after proposing and being rejected)—"I suppose in the end you will be marrying some fool of a fellow—"  
She (breaking in)—"Excuse me, if I meant to do that I should have accepted your offer." [Silence].

A fashion item says the belle of the period now wears at her waist-belt a little music-box, faintly playing a single tune. We suppose this is to enable the gentleman to explain to anybody who comes along unexpectedly that he was winding the box.

"Pray," said Mr. — to a gentleman he overtook on the road, "will you have the complaisance to take my great coat in your carriage to town?"  
"With great pleasure, my dear sir; but how will you get it again?"  
"Oh! very easily," replied the modest applicant, "I shall stay in it."

**HONEY AND MONEY.**  
I love you, love, for good or ill,  
As brown bees love sweet honey—  
I love you, love, soul, heart and will,  
For sober skies or sunny.  
And yet I pause I falter still,  
For O! one doubt, one fear doth thrill  
My darling, my darling,  
My darling have you money?  
My darling, my darling,  
My darling have you money?  
I love you, love, I love you, love,  
But O you must have money—  
A red rose is a rose, my love,  
But if it hold not honey,  
The busy bee, he will not stay,  
But humming airs he hies away,  
My darling, my darling,  
My darling have you money?  
—Joanna Miller.

Does the weather change with the moon? Sir William Thompson tells the British Science association that there is no connection between the two things, as far as he can discover, and he has studied them.

Hale county, Ala., is looking out for her most industry, and is gathering thousands of tons.