

Glorious Autumn.

Crim on autumn, golden autumn of our Northern time, Spring they say's a splendid season, but you beat it every time. Season of delightful evenings, charming mornings, gloriously noons, Purple dawns, rosy sunsets, tender starlight, mellow moons. Crim on autumn, golden autumn, autumn of our Northern time, Life is sweet and worth the living when we see you in the prime. In the autumn days we suffer neither from the heat nor cold, And there are no flies upon us while the scaptee she doth hold. Let the poets sing of spring time, let them, we don't care a rap: Hoary winter: glorious autumn, never lingers in your lap. Colds, nor chills, nor dread pneumonia ever do your reign molest, Sunmer tells her arms around you and expires upon your breast. Dies upon your bosom, autumn, leaving you the wreath she won, All the riches that she gathered 'neath a fiercely burning sun. But you freely share them with us till old winter in his rage, Hoary winter comes to rob you of your precious heritage. In the autumn 'twixt the winter's cold and summer's parching heat, We are assailed with questions as we pass along the street. Questions foolish, idiotic, answered not except by te, So as, "Co'd as blazes, ain't it?" or, "Is't not enough for you?" In the autumn when the glory lies upon the woods and hills, We've no more ice cream to pay for, no more ice man's monthly bills. In the autumn comes rejoicing, for the picnic season's by, And we run no risk of sitting on lemon-squash, or custard pie. Crim on autumn, purple autumn, golden autumn, season blest, All the days are full of pleasure, all thy nights are full of rest. And the fowl which (so the story hath been handed down to us) Saved the city built by Ramus and his brother Romulus. At an altitude suspended, such as gives to mankind cheer, In the autumn, gorgeous autumn, gladdest season of the year. —From the Boston Courier.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

The sun's rays bent down with scorching ardor from the dark blue sky, but a rising sea breeze refreshes the atmosphere impregnated with fragrance grafted from the orange trees growing in terraces along the hillsides of Upper Mustapha. At the head of the bay, where the waves breaking monotonously on the sandy beach, line the shore with a silvery crescent of foam, are laid out the drill grounds, toward which a swelling crowd in cosmopolitan array are wending their way. Skinny horses come galloping down the hillside, dragging behind them dusty corricolors. Native soldiers file by and form a line in front of the governor general's tent, each tribe distinct and bearing aloft the prophet's banner, while the rude Arab instruments fill the air with shrill music. Squadrons of spahis in red, of chasseurs in blue, and hussars in green uniforms debouch in turn, and form a living hedge around the race course. The topmost tiers of the public stand are thronged with the prettiest women in the colony, in the midst of whom are a number of those mysteriously veiled Moorish ladies, with heavy silver bracelets around their ankles. All are animated by the noise made by the firing of guns, the beating of tambours, and the guttural exclamations of the native horsemen, riding around at full speed, making the spectator feel dizzy as his eye follows them around the giddy curves of their frenzied course. The fantasia had ceased for a few minutes to let the riders catch their breath, when the groups open to make way for a proud Amazon, escorted by two distinguished looking gentlemen—one gray haired, sporting the rosette of the Legion of Honor; the other younger, bearing on his sun-burnt features all the marks that go to show great decision of character. As they go by every head is uncovered with respectful politeness. Miss Genevieve S— at this time, just after the coup d'etat, was regarded as the queen of Algiers. Actuated by a love of pleasure, she was the leader at every ball in the governor's palace, and in every hunting party at Cape Matifou she was always in the front rank, surrounded by a host of admirers. With a complexion of milk and roses, hair slightly tinged with gold and twisted into a graceful coil, an air of pride heightened by a rare perfection of form, her beauty was as radiant in riding habit as in ball attire. She cap-

tivated at first sight, and though a trifle haughty toward her equals, those beneath her always found her more than kind.

Her father, one of the two horsemen following her, at the time filled an important post, in the colony. He was a widower. His wife a lovely American girl from New Orleans, had bequeathed to her daughter the graceful manners and high spirits that characterize the Creoles of that latitude. The other, and determined looking person, who had pressed his horse forward so as to be at her side, was her affianced husband, Mr. Raoul de L—, one of the richest colonists of the country, who, after sowing his wild oats in Paris, had come to the conquered pioneer, to build up a fortune on the ruins of the one he had dissipated. Success had crowned his efforts, and, at that time, he was the principal purveyor to the army, and had the reputation of being one of the few whose integrity was above reproach. He had succeeded in winning the love of Miss Genevieve. The bans had already been published, and the marriage ceremony, set for the following week, was to take place in the cathedral of Algiers.

There was a general movement in the crowd. The greater part hurried to the road of the Jarden d'essai, over which the coursers were to pass. Miss Genevieve beckoned to her two companions to follow, and the three set off, at a slow pace, in order to avoid running over those who were trudging along foot. As she passed, every eye gazed with admiration upon the dashing amazon.

Vanity, the great feminine weakness could not allow Miss Genevieve to remain insensible to the mute homage tendered on every side. As she was riding along, a smile of triumph on her lips, she was thunderstruck on hearing in pure French this exclamation:

What a pretty girl. What a divine mistress she would be! Stung to the quick by this brutal remark, the young girl turned to the side whence it had come. Raising her riding whip, she was about to chastise the insolent person who had uttered the words, but let it fall abruptly without inflicting the intended blow, and rode off at a gallop. Raoul, who had heard and seen all, soon overtook her, and the riders disappeared in a cloud of dust raised by the horses' feet.

Algiers has assumed a holiday appearance. The brilliantly colored lanterns, swinging from every arch between Bab-Azoun and Bel-el-Oued, illuminate the streets, making them light as day. In the Government square a military band is discoursing sweet music, a grateful relief after the singing of the mezzin, chanting to the four points of the compass from the roof of the grand mosque. At the right hand corner, facing the sea, stands the Cafe de la Perle, where the better class of citizens are accustomed to meet. Just as the last notes of "Il Trovatore" are dying away, Raoul appeared in the saloon. Casting a searching look about the place, he walked straight to a round table where three Arabs were silently sipping an iced beverage.

Pardon me lieutenant, said he, addressing himself to one of the three, was it not you who said at the race, a while ago, what a pretty girl! what a divine mistress she would be?

In reply to this question, put in a very low tone of voice, one of the natives an imposing looking Arab, with turban on his head and attired in the red spencer of an officer of spahis, the cross of the Legion of Honor sparkling on his breast, arose and said: Yes, sir; it was I.

Well, lieutenant, the woman you insulted would have chastised you as you so well merited had not the sight of that cross you wear there checked her arm. What she would not do, I will, because I deem you unworthy of wearing that cross.

With these words Raoul snatched off the emblem and threw it upon the table.

The insult was too public for those around to remain quiet. Everybody arose and waited in great agitation the answer of the spahi. The Arab made no motion. For awhile the two adversaries stood facing each other in silence; then Raoul turned on his heel and walked off before those around had recovered from their stupor. Some, prompted by a feeling

of disdain for the conquered race, approved the insult, while others could not find words enough to express their censure of an act that dragged the Legion of Honor into a private quarrel, the cause of which all ignored. The insulted officer exchanged a few words in Arabic with his two companions, who arose quietly, and the three passed in silence through the crowd, which seemed to be assuming a threatening aspect.

The news of the scandal soon spread throughout the city, and, as is usual in such cases, two parties were formed. The colonists supported Raoul. The officers, actuated by a feeling of fellowship, felt aggrieved by the insult, offered to one of their number, even though the offended person was a native. The women were especially bitter against Raoul, either because of jealousy, born of a feeling of envy of the beauty of Miss Genevieve, who they accused of being too free in her ways, or through sympathy for the caid of Boghari, Ahmed-bel-Adji, one of the best known officers of the colony.

Just before dawn the next morning a sentry, posted in the lower Mustapha quarter, saw several bodies of horsemen, civilians as well as military men, riding in the direction of the Maison Carree. Daylight revealed an unusual scene going on in the plain near Raoul's house. Lists were being inclosed as in the palmy days of chivalry. The caid and his antagonist, both mounted on superb chargers, facing each other at a distance of about 200 meters apart, waited the signal for the onset, while those who attended through curiosity, flanked the lists a prey to varying emotions.

The condition of the duel made the fight a serious matter, consonant to the offense given. The two antagonists, bearded, were to fight on horseback until disabled, the privilege being accorded to both to use either sabre or cavalry pistol at their option thus equalizing the combat to the Arab whose inferiority to the European in sword play was well known.

The drama began. The two horsemen, sword in hand, rushed together, and a furious fight began. In a moment Raoul's blade flashed like lightning above the head of the caid, who by a dexterous use of his spurs, caused his horse to rear up and receive the intended blow, which would certainly have been a mortal one. Placing his sword between his teeth he drew a pistol and fired at arms length. Raoul fell forward on the neck of his horse, with a hole in his forehead. The news spread through Algiers like wildfire and created a widespread sensation. Miss Genevieve was nearly crazed with grief. Soon after this she entered a convent to become a nun, and when, at the expiration of her novitiate, she pronounced her final vows, the heartfelt sympathy of all went out to her. As for the caid, he fell into disgrace and was exiled to the smalah of Laghouat.

Five years gone by. The booming cannon is still belching flame and thunder upon Sebastopol, whose heroic resistance is daily growing feebler. A long train of ambulances, freighted with wounded or sick soldiers, is descending the heights which overlook the devastated plains of Inkerman. It comes to a halt on the inhospitable shores of the Bay of Kamiesch. What a painful embark- ing in the offing of the harbor. Standing up in the lighters herded together like cattle, burning with fever and chilled by the mist, the poor souls are assisted up the side of a steamer which awaits their arrival to convey them to the hospital at Constantinople.

They are hoisted up the ladders as well as possible by the sailors, now and then bruised against the netting or drenched by the surf. For two days they steam across the Black sea, beneath a wild sky, and amid the roar of the tempest, many a suffering soldier breathes his last, and is consigned to a watery grave in the briny deep. The reverse side of a medal gained in times of war is not always pleasant to contemplate.

At last they glide into the calmer waters of the Bosphorus, regaining their wonted spirits as nature seems to present a more smiling face. At dusk, in rough wagons drawn by oxen, they are jolted up the abrupt slopes

of Pera. Military nurses await them at the doors of the hospital, and the weak and fainting soldiers are carried to beds where, too often, nightmare and insomnia are rendered more frightful by the groans and death rattle of the dying.

Quiet seems to prevail in this long, whitewashed hall, dimly lighted by the flickering flames of the night lamps only when, like guardian angels, hovering over the sufferer's couch, the Sisters of Charity with their great white, winged bonnets, move noiselessly from one bed to another, on their mission of mercy.

To the dying come tender memories of their native land, an inexpressible consolation in their last moments; to the living a future prospect of a return to their distant homes is opened as they gaze upon the placid features of the holy daughters of mercy.

How many owe their moral as well as their physical resurrection to the tender care of Sister Theresa. An independent nurse, she glides quietly from bed to bed, her calm sweet face resembling some hieratic figure.

Of chaste and severe style of beauty, purified by worldly sorrow, she seemed one of those Druidesses of ancient Gaul, so great in this respect she inspires, as she moves about the hospital with her rosary dangling from her waist. No trouble is to great for her, and when the hot south wind makes the wounded and sick pant like thirsty beasts, she is seen in the shade of the gloomy cypress trees, with a care as tender as that of a mother, bathing the wounds of the prisoners, upon whose flesh worms are already beginning to feast.

All day the simoon had blown continuously. The house surgeon of the hospital, calling on Sister Theresa, inquired: What news, sister? It has been a bad day, major, replied she. When the body suffers the mind is apt to be irritated.

At the end of his visit he recommended to her particular care an officer of the African corps, who had been brought to the hospital that morning, and who was threatened with tetanus, in consequence of an operation had been performed on him to extract a bullet from his shoulder.

At dusk Sister Theresa, lantern in hand, directed her steps to the officers' pavilion. As she entered the light fell full on the wounded man's face, furrowed by lines of suffering. Before her, half seated in bed, already writhing in the spasms of the dreadful disease, his pale face standing out in high relief from the white pillow, his fingers cramped, was Caid Ahmed-bel-Adji, staring at her with frightened eyes, as if she appeared to him a ghost.

She stopped short, as if thunder-struck, her heart throbbing with anguish. As a lightning flash returned to both the bitter memories of the past; the brutal insult in Algiers, the death of the be-othed, the regrets of the one and the remorse of the other. All the bitterness of days gone by, not completely obliterated, came back and aroused anew resentment of the woman who had been so cruelly struck in all that her heart held most dear.

Pardon, oh! pardon me, cried the wounded officer in a voice followed by suffering. He had abruptly raised himself to a sitting posture as if laboring under a hallucination, but fell back inert after making this supreme effort.

Then Sister Theresa, mastering her feelings and banishing the thoughts that were torture to her soul, went to the bedside of the dying man, and placing her hand upon his fevered brow, said in a soft whisper: Die in peace; I shall pray for you.

The face of Ahmed-bel-Adji seemed transfused on hearing her gentle voice. Brave as are all Mahometans on the approach of death, he endured this terrible sufferings with great fortitude. He seemed to grow more quiet each time that Sister Theresa put the cordial to his lips. At day-break his head fell back heavily in a spasm.

As the caid had breathed his last the praying nun arose and pinned to the sheet of the dead man, just over his heart, the cross of honor that was hanging at the head of his bed.

I'm a lily, said the tramp. I toil not, neither do I spin, but I'll bet my boots that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like me.—Philadelphia Call.

UNDER A HEDGE

If the race of gypsies is not celebrated for cleanliness, it can certainly claim the healthful advantages to be gained from life in the open air. The author of "Our Gypsies" dwells upon their repugnance to the very idea of living in a house. One man, belonging to a wandering tribe, was heard to say, with strong emphasis, and apparently with great sincerity: Thank God that I am not compelled to live in the fifth and foul air of towns! A young girl belonging to a gypsy train was only elaborating the same feeling when she declared: I should pine away and die indoors, just as a lark would if you put it in a cage. I was born in a tent, I have lived in a tent, and I hope to die in a tent. No one who has a real drop of Roman blood in him ever yet willingly took to the life of a house-dweller.

Meeting in London an old umbrella mender, who looked as if he might belong to the race of wanderers, our author accosted him.

Am I right in supposing you to be a gypsy?

Oh, yes sir, you are quite right, he replied. I was born under a hedge, and very nearly the whole of my lifetime I've slept under one, excepting now and then, and especially the last six weeks during which I've slept in a house.

I'm glad to hear of it, because I think the change you have made in your sleeping place is a step in the right direction.

You may think so, said the man, rather superciliously, but we differ in our opinions on that point. I like the hedge a great deal better than I like the house, aye, that I do, however.

What are your reasons for what seems to me a strange preference?

I have two I can give you for that, he said, very emphatically. Now, sir, listen to me. You see, sir when you sleep in a house you don't always know who you sleep after, and that is what I don't like at all; but if you sleep under a hedge you do know it's clean, and there's no danger of being teased out of your life by the company of bed fellows which are much too lively to be agreeable.

Another gipsy authority quotes a discussion held on the same subject by old women of a wandering tribe. Both were sun-bronzed, and both wore coral ear rings, and their sun bonnets were backside in front. One was seated in a barrow; the other was squatted on a wisp of haybands, by the side of a recumbent donkey, whose four legs hedged her in. She had utilized the flanks of the docile creature to serve as a dinner table. Bread and butter were spread on it, and about a quarter of a peck of radishes. There was a bald shiny patch on the donkey's hip set round with hair, and this was made to contain salt. Every time his mistress dipped a radish into this extemporized salt cellar, and proceeded to "scrunch" it, there was an expression in the animal's half closed eyes that betrayed his consciousness of the enjoyment, and the satisfaction it afforded him.

And how's old Cooper a doin' since he gave up the wan, and took to the house? asked the woman in the wheel barrow. He's growin' wus and wus, replied her friend, with a grim scerne him right expression in her beady eyes. zic was right enough on wheels why didn't he stay on 'em?

Ah, to be sure! I know what I should expect would shortly happen to me if once I trusted myself between lath and plaster.

But it ain't the laths, and it ain't the bricks my dear, rejoined her friend. It's summit in the mortar which works its way into your cistern and that's what'll bunnick old Cooper up, you mark my words.

So though the word "system" is not always considered as interchangeable with "cistern" it is evident that the gipsy had an original theory of diseases.—Youth's Companion.

THE BEDFORD SPRINGS OF THE FUTURE.

The Bedford Springs Company have obtained a charter and are preparing to transform the Springs into a modern resort. The purchase includes 1,600 acres of land which

belonged to the Anderson family for a century past. The gentlemen who form the present company will at once proceed to rebuild the hotels, and likely erect others at different points. Heretofore it has been almost impossible to procure the mineral waters anywhere except at Bedford. Last week the contract was let to a New York firm to put a bottling plant up at once, and in a short time the waters will be placed upon the market in attractive shape.

HIGH LICENSE? FOR WHAT?

Michigan has tried it as a tax. The courts say it is not a license, to avoid the odium of a sanction. The manufacturer pays \$1,000, the seller of malt liquors \$200, of spirits \$300—shops closed at eleven, and on election and holidays and Sundays.

Results in ten years, in round numbers:

- 1. Six thousand pay United States tax; 2,000 more than pay State tax.
2. Sales more than doubled.
3. Paupers and criminals increased.
4. New wrecks of rum require new jails, more poor houses and asylums.
5. State taxes more than trebled, being carried up from \$500,000 to over \$1,600,000.
6. The traffic usual through the back door all days when the front is closed.
7. Drunkards reel on our streets day and night.
8. The traffic is recruiting men to its awful work—to think it can't be helped.

Brooklyn, Mich., March 26, 1887. GEORGE C. BUSH.

CHANGE OF HEART.

Husband—My gracious, we'll be late, get your things on.

Wife—My dear, its raining pitch-forks and wind is blowing a hurricane.

We have strong umbrellas. My dress will be ruined.

Wear your waterproof. And you know you have a cold.

I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that opera for —

Opera? This is not opera night; its prayer meeting night.

Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stay out of the house such a night as this.

An astonishing firearm has been introduced in France. It is of French origin, and is wonderful in the results obtained. At 3,000 feet distance 98 per cent of the balls hit a number of baskets representing a company of soldiers. Col. Lebel, the inventor, stood within ten feet of a target while one of his friends fired at it 6,000 feet distant.—Chicago Times.

De Soft—Uncle Cabe you haven't quit working for Colonel Broke have you?

Uncle Cabe—Oh lor! yes, honey. I've dug quit workin' to' him.

De Soft—What did you quit for; wasn't he good pay?

Uncle Cabe—Oh yes, chile he was splendid pay; but since de flection he keeps his bottle in a different place.

Bunyan's Genius.

We hear that Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into Japanese, and that it is illustrated in a very curious way, by native artists. Christian has a close-shaven Mongolian head, Vanity Fair is a feast of lanterns, with all the popular Japanese amusements, the dungeon of Giant Despair is one of those large wooden cages well known to Eastern criminals, and the angels waiting to receive the pilgrims on the further side of the bridge over the river are dressed after the latest Yokohama fashions in the gorgeous costumes and head-dresses of great Japanese ladies. It is the best of proofs of Bunyan's genius, that his work is found so truly human, as to adapt to the sentiments and associations of men in all lands and climes.

The German Ocean.

Discussing the Picturesque quality of Holland, George Hitchcock says in Scribner: The shallow, stormy German Ocean, breaking in ceaseless beauty on its white sands, is always a picture. Its waters often mixed with sand, always in storms, make up in fine color what it lacks in transparency—from pale blue to warm red in the wave-shadows, yellowish foam, and yet withal gray and harmonious. In high winds it breaks miles from the shore, when all the light in the picture seems to be in the mass of rushing, foaming water; then if through this comes the black hull and russet sails of a fishing-boat, making for a place—certain death to any other model—it is indeed a picture. The size of these boats makes them most useful; large enough to compose well, and yet their feeling and pathos not lost in too great evidence of safety. The almost daily going and coming of the fishers from the hazy villages, the departure for the herring-fishing, with the group of desolate white waves and swiftheads, the rise and fall of the tide, with ceaseless change of color and conformation, are a never-failing source of interest.