

AUTUMN DAYS.

On autumn days, in woodland ways, I lie beneath the trees...

"BABY."

If there hadn't been Reggy and Psyche and Pat, I wouldn't have minded...

I did love Reggy. And Rex said I might—that was really only natural...

But I named him Cyrus, for my father, and called him Psyche—in a spirit of revenge.

And then Pat came! Rex wiped away my tears, and said it was a shame...

We had a happy little home—just a bit of a house in the midst of a big patch of garden...

Rex was a lawyer, with a fair amount of income, and my happiness was to make the nicest of homes possible...

The "incident" was—baby. I had somehow always thought of Baby as a girl!

With all my experience, too! I don't wonder you think I was stupid. But I crocheted "her" diminutive saucers in palest of blues...

Reggy was fourteen then, and went daily to the Boston Latin school, and Psyche was twelve and Pat over seven...

It was the only time I ever knew him to be quite heartless, but he grinned to a breadth that alarmed me for his beauty...

I gaped forth that I did not believe him; and the nurse said: "For shame, Mr. Thayer!"

It was then I vowed I would not name baby. And Rex said, indeed we had done our duty in culling boys' names from Webster's Unabridged...

baby-blue ribbons tied in a bow at his chin, made him quite as sweet and pretty as any girl in the land.

When he got to be five, though, it was puzzling. Clearly, he ought to be donning kilts very soon.

Baby had not been sent to school, but now began to have daily lessons with me, and on sunny afternoons played with the rector's little girls next door.

It was when he was five that I attended him one afternoon in a pale blue cashmere frock, with full gathered skirt and a bit of a yoke...

Psyche came in and joined me. "Now, isn't it funny," I mused aloud, "that we can make such a perfect girl of him!"

"My Baby an idiot!" I indignantly exclaimed. "He's much the cleverest of all of you, Mr. Cyrus Thayer."

But into my stitches I put many very serious thoughts that afternoon, for surely the problem grew ponderous; and while I hated to give in, it was quite evident that petticoats and Baby would soon be ludicrously incongruous.

It was quite late when my millinery and mending were completed, and I hastened to dress for seven o'clock dinner before Rex should arrive.

I recollect accurately just how near the pin was to the clasp, and exactly which hairpin was put in too loosely; for I felt a premonition that something remarkable was about to occur, and I stood hesitating a moment before I responded.

Rex had just come in from the rain, and when I reached the stairs was standing in the library doorway laughing so heartily that the tears rolled down his cheeks.

But above all, shrill, excited, and defiant, came Baby's tones, declaiming against some "mean old boobies!"

"Yes," screamed Baby, the words coming in such a fury as I never heard from him before, "you're all mean old boobies! And Tommy Taylor said every boy every where laughed at me—"

I had reached the door before Baby finished his harangue. I did not interfere or reprove the boys for their continued mirth. Rex put his arm around me, for I looked a little faint, but he never stopped laughing for a moment.

My beautiful Baby! Could any of you have seen him! Such a fantastic sight as met my bewildered gaze!

He stood in the centre of the room, one foot thrust forward and used in vehement emphasis at frequent intervals. His clear, white skin was flushed a vivid crimson, and he gesticulated wildly with two very muddy—paws.

No blue ribbon adorned him now, and not a curl—one might almost say not a hair—appeared on that tiny little ridiculous scalp.

I stumbled into the room, caught him

in my arms, and fled through another door with him. The boys started in gleeful pursuit, but I heard Rex stop them.

"No, boys," he said very positively, "leave him to mamma. Get ready at once, all of you, for dinner."

But he motioned me sternly away, and stood before me with his head thrown back in a queer little way Rex has when I sometimes displease him, and said: "Mamma, you did it to me! You named me Baby, and that is a girl!"

Information has been lodged with the Board of Health about a pitiable fraud that is practiced on the hard-worked horses of this town and perhaps of other towns, in the adulteration of their feed.

Meal is the chief ingredient of this kind of feed. The kind of greed that wastes at the bungalow what it saves at the spigot has now found a way of swindling the poor beast as well as its owner by substituting ground cocoon shell for the meal.

How extensively the fraud is practiced is yet to be a matter of inquiry. The mills that carry it on are said to be across the river, in Brooklyn, where they cannot be reached by the New York authorities.

Adulteration with ground cocoon shell is said by the health officers to be not uncommon in the manufacture of spices, and in other branches of industry where the swindle does little direct harm.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland John O'Groat and his two brothers—Malcolm and Gavin—arrived at Caithness and bought the lands of Warze and Dugisby, on the beach at the mouth of Penland Firth, the northeastern extremity of the mainland of Scotland.

The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners.

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The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished, on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance.

The Havana markets are very attractive for the variety and abundance of fish, vegetables and tropical fruits. We visited the plaza del Vapor, formerly known as the Tacon market, in early morning. It occupies an entire square, opened all around; it is surrounded by all kinds of stores, with the greatest assortment of goods and novelties.

The fruit department attracted most of our attention. Pineapples, like poets, appear to be the best advantage at home. The Cuban pineapple is another creature from that strange, sour, indigestible thing which we get in the States. It is unquestionably the king among tropical fruits.

A German periodical gives statistics concerning the frequency of thunder storms in various regions of the world. Java has thunder storms on the average 97 days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindostan, 56; Borneo, 54; the Gold Coast, 32; Rio de Janeiro, 31; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; South Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurtemberg and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and South Russia, 16; Spain and Portugal, 15; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss Mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In East Turkistan, as well as in the extreme north, there are almost no thunder storms.

The northern limits of the thunder storms are Cape Ogle, the northern part of North America, Iceland, Novaja Semetj and the coast of the Siberian ice sea.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A Troy (N. Y.) electric car cost \$10,000. Water power runs the Dover (N. H.) electric plant.

Harvard College is having constructed the largest and finest photographic telescope in the world. The electric light plant at the palace of Vienna is to be extended so as to make a total of 4000 incandescent lamps.

A resident of Evert, Mich., has invented a device whereby brakes applied to a locomotive will operate every brake on the train.

A Frenchman has invented an improved method of telegraphing so that it is practicable to transmit 150 words per minute on a single wire. The message when delivered from the machine is typewritten.

Artificial grindstones, which outwear by years any natural stone known, are made of a mixture of pulverized quartz, powdered flint, powdered emery or corundum and rubber dissolved by a suitable solvent.

Owing to the rapid destruction of the pinions, the running of armatures at 1000 or more revolutions per minute is being done away with. Slow speed motors, with a normal speed of 400, are now considered the best practice.

The longest shaft in the world in one piece, or in any number of pieces, is in the Washington Navy Yard, Washington, District of Columbia. It is 3 1/2 inches square, 460 feet long, and transmits power to traveling cranes. It runs at 160 revolutions per minute.

It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about thirty pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about \$12 per ton, and there being 10,000,000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,929 tons of sulphate, of the money value of \$1,607,148, are produced.

The question why a piece of solid iron floats on molten iron has been satisfactorily answered by Dr. Anderson and Mr. Wrightson. The cold metal is really heavier than the molten, and when first placed in the latter it sinks by virtue of its weight; but growing warmer it expands, and thereby becoming specifically lighter it rises to the surface.

Some of the most prominent founders are introducing a new and simple practice in order to secure stronger castings, the method in question consisting in placing thin sheets of wrought iron in the center of the mold previous to the operation of casting. This method was first resorted to, it appears, in the casting of thin plates for the ovens of cooking stoves, it being found that a sheet of thin iron in the center of a quarter-inch oven plate rendered it practically unbreakable by fire.

History of Lighthouses. The history of the lighthouse goes back to the time when your neighbors didn't fling things into your back yard. It is claimed that Virgil had knowledge of a lighthouse, and that he stated that one was placed on a tower of the temple of Apollo, on Mount Leucas, the light of which, visible far out at sea, warned and guided mariners.

Preserving Iron From Rust. The beautiful ironwork so much in vogue nowadays, is generally finished, on account of its susceptibility to rust, with a coating of black lacquer, or some other preparation, which is not only inappropriate but gives to the metal an unnatural appearance.

A Foot-Measuring Machine. A Baltimore man has recently taken out patents for a machine that takes the measure of a foot just as the familiar apparatus used by the hatmaker measures and draws a diagram of a man's head.

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

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White gloves grow daily more fashionable. Long ulsters are most used for sea voyages. The prettiest parasols are unlined chiffon.

A novelty is a parasol composed of ribbons. Rough straw hats are now all called beach hats. Bonnets no longer necessarily match the gowns.

Flaring jet collars are inappropriate for summer. There are about 20,000 cash girls in New York City. Yellow revers and cuffs are put on to blue serge coats.

Plain velvet dresses are no longer considered matronly. An Ohio girl has married the tattooed man in a neighboring dime museum.

The women of Mexico are taking great interest in the woman's work of the exposition. White lace gowns are pretty this season, and make exquisite toilets for all occasions.

Shirts made with several rows of shirring below the waist line are not unbecoming. Camel-hair suitings in very beautiful summer tints are among the handsomest of the season's fabrics.

The season's parasols are either very plain or very ornate, the latter mostly of chiffon with prettily carved rustic handles. In early times the Greek ladies, when called upon to take oath, would swear by some male god whose name was frequently taken in vain by their liege lords.

The fashions are so simple now that any clever woman with the aid of her maid can vary and originate toilets almost in profusion, even to dinner dresses. The new American prima donna now in London, Miss Snyder, is described as above the middle height, slender, graceful, with a pale, oval face, gray eyes and dark hair.

The abnormally high sleeve is passe, and a few very new French tailor gowns show a close coat sleeve lightly trimmed on the top of the arm, with a corresponding trimming at the wrists. Miss Sophia G. Hayden is the gifted young woman whose design for the Women's Building at the World's Fair Grounds was awarded the premium of \$1000. She is still a very young woman.

While Oriental silk is much worn, made up with green or blue velvet sleeves and deep belts, or sometimes trimmed with fine silk floral embroidery applique on the fabric. White is always effective. "Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the originator of the famous woman's temperance crusade of fifteen years ago, has returned from a trip to Europe. Her temperance addresses in Paris are said to have been the first delivered by a woman in that city.

It is rumored that the present style of dressing the hair low and long is the precursor of that monstrosity of coiffure, the chignon. It is difficult to believe it will ever return with all its horrors. The spectacle, common enough at one time, of a woman's head disfigured by a mat, measuring ten inches down, usually palpably false, was one to make the gods weep. Its heralded return even is alarming.

A wonderful mantle has been evolved by the genius of Worth, the immortal, for a new Eisa in "Lobenegrin." It is made entirely of cloth of gold with white embroidered fleur de lis at intervals. The border, also white, is thickly studded with pearls, rubies and emeralds, while the lower part is composed of nine large hand-painted medallions, representing saints. So heavy is this gorgeous garment that two stalwart pages are required to bear its weight.

Miss Green, of Detroit, a granddaughter of Robert McClelland, who sat in Pierce's cabinet, is the latest American beauty to catch the favor of London society. Miss Green is a tall blonde girl, and her glory is her luxuriant golden hair. Her eyes are brown. She was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Ascot a year ago, was presented at court the same season, and "caught the eye" of the Emperor William in his recent visit to London.

The pioneer woman lawyer of America, Arabella A. Mansfield, was admitted to the bar in 1869. Ten years later women were permitted by statute to practice before the United States Supreme Court, and there are seven women who have been admitted in Washington. Mrs. Myra Bradwell edits the Chicago Legal News and Catherine V. Waite the Law Times. Bessie Heimer has compiled, unaided, ten volumes of Bradwell's "Appellate Court Reports." In a single decade the number of women lawyers increased from one to seventy-five.

Summer Weakness. Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, and That Tired Feeling are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The World's Postage.

There was recently published by the French Ministry of Finance an interesting pamphlet in relation to the cost of the world's postage, which gives some very significant figures.

The total cost of the postal service, the world over, is a little less than \$500,000,000. Of all nations the United States is the most liberal patron of the postoffice, with an annual expenditure of \$66,000,000. Germany ranks second, spending \$50,000,000; but this also includes the telegraph service, accounts not being available for the separation of the two services.

Great Britain spends \$49,000,000 for postal service, and France about \$28,000,000. Thus it can be seen that the United States is far in the lead. Another feature of our service that renders it better than that of any other country is that the department does not wait for a demand to spring up, but that in all of the less settled sections of the country, the postoffice has preceded the population, and immigrants are never without postal facilities.

In this we differ widely from Europe, where only considerable villages have regular postoffices.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Curious Case of Color Blindness.

The London Lancet publishes a curious case of color blindness. The patient was an engine-driver in Russia, about forty years of age, whose vision was perfect until 1889. Then he began to suffer from violent headaches, due to over-exertion and insufficient sleep, which were followed by a loss of all power to distinguish colors.

Everything appeared to him to be red, and he was obliged to throw up his position. Dr. M. Reich, who examined him, could discover no disease, but found his sight, focus, and sensation of light normal. In May, 1890, the man again submitted himself for examination, declaring that his sense of color had been restored. This proved to be the fact. The Lancet thinks that "this case seems to show that sensation of color is perfectly independent of physiological function."

Eton, or the collection of schools which constitutes what is popularly known as Eton, has 1000 scholars. J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says "Hall's Cataract Cure cured me of a very bad case of cataract." Druggists sell it. KEUFFEL will put up a gun foundry in China.

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