

A HAUNTING MEMORY.

Wild rockets blew along the lane;
The tall white gentians too were there,
The mullen-stalks were brave again;
Of blossoms was the bramble bare:
And towards the pasture bars below
The cows went by me, tinkling slow.

Straight through the sunset flew a thrush,
And sang the only song he knew,
Perched on a ripening elder-bush;
(Oh, but to give his song its due)
Sang it, and ceased, and left it there
To haunt bush, blade, and golden air.

Oh, but to make it plain to you!
My words were wrought for grosser stuff,
To give that lonely tune its due
Never a word is sweet enough;
A thing to think on when 'twas past,
As is the first rose on the last.

The lad, driving his cows along,
Strode whistling through the windy grass;
The little pool the shrubs among
Lay like a bit of yellow grass;
A window in the farm-house old,
Turned westward, was of glaring gold.

I have forgotten days and days,
And much well worth the holding fast
Yet not the look of those green ways,
The bramble with its bloom long past,
The tinkling cows, the scent, the hush—
Still on the elder signs that thrush.

—Lizette W. Reese.

A MODERN CINDERELLA

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

An artist's studio, on a delicious June day. It was like a picture, with the streams of gold and violet light pouring down from the odd-shaped casements, and the treasures of art that were scattered here and there, from a tapestry brought from Armenian looms to an ancient suit of armor wrested from the keeping of some old Italian family—and Ernest Evandale was himself the handsomest feature of all the sumptuous room.

An artist need not necessarily be an Apollo. But an Apollo in a garnet velvet negligee coat, with wavy hair, and eyes like pools of brown water, ought, by all the indications of nature, to be an artist—and Ernest Evandale had fulfilled his destiny. Just at present he was absorbed in a reverie, apparently induced by the letter which he held in one white, shapely hand, while the brown eyes were fixed thoughtfully on a gorgeous stuffed peacock in the angle of the wall.

"To marry," he said to himself, "or not to marry—that is the question! She is assuredly a pearl among women; and yet, hang it all! matrimony is such a perilous business, and once embarked on the stormy wave, there's no backward tide. She is beautiful—that's a positive necessity in an artist's bride; she belongs to the Brownes of Brown; Barton; she is well connected, and she has a disposition like an angel. All these are winning cards. Yes, I believe the 'to marry' have it. Here's her letter, written on monogrammed paper and perfumed with hiotropine, hinting in the prettiest fashion how much she would be pleased to have me visit Newport, while she is there with the Van Der Heydens. A guest of Mrs. Van Der Heyden must surely command any place in the social scale—and I really believe I am as nearly in love with Belle Browne as a man needs to be. It's scarcely a year since first she came to my studio to take lessons, yet it seems now as if I had known her for half a life-time—my keenly Belle!"

He rose, a soft light shining in the dark eyes, and took a photograph from his desk-drawer, intently scrutinizing it.

"You almost speak to me, Sweetlips!" he murmured. "What is that you would say? Will you be mine, now and forever?"

Even as he spoke the words, the sun, suddenly emerging from behind a cloud, threw a gleam of light over the picture. It was as if the fair face smiled back an answer.

"I accept the omen," he said, radiantly, and in the same moment there came a soft tapping at the door.

"Enter!" he called out, and a tall, slim young girl came hesitatingly in.

Tall, slim, young; yes, and very pretty—in a strange, gypsy fashion—with long-lashed blue eyes, peachy cheeks and scarlet lips curved like Cupid's bow. She was dressed after an unconventional fashion, in a gown much too dark and severely made to suit her youth and freshness. The lace collar she wore lay over her shoulders like a costume limned by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and her pretty hands were cased in black lace mitts embroidered after the style of her grandmothers. Mr. Evandale looked at her in a puzzled way. It seemed as if he knew her well; yet he was equally certain that he never had set eyes on her before. He eyed her curiously, wondering if she had stepped out of the frame of an old engraving. She returned his gaze with solemn intenceness, as a child might have done.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Evandale, by way of breaking the spell.

"Oh, I beg yours," said the girl, suddenly rousing herself. "Is this Mr. Evandale, the great artist?"

"My name is Evandale," he returned, half laughing, "and I am an artist. In what can I serve you?"

"Please," she began, hurriedly, "will you come to our house? There has been—oh, such a terrible accident there, and it was all my fault!"

The round chin quivered; a dew of tears obscured the dark-blue eyes with the long lashes.

"Awfully sorry, I'm sure," said Evandale, more and more puzzled, "but I am an artist, not a surgeon."

"Oh, it's a picture, it isn't a person," said the girl, catching her breath. "Oh, please do come. You're an artist, and you can tell me what to do. Can you come now, at once?"

Swept away by the torrent of her strong, young will, Mr. Evandale exchanged the velvet negligee for a tweed coat, reached down his hat and placed himself under the girl's guidance.

"Though I don't know who you are," said he, "nor where we are going!"

The blue eyes flashed up into his face. "Didn't I tell you? I am Beryl Browne. My sister Annabelle is one of your pupils. She is in Newport, now. We live at 18 Cooper Court. It isn't so very far from here. That's why I came to you, because I know you were an artist, and could tell me what to do. I've three dollars of my own saved up, and I can pay you what you ask."

"Oh," said Evandale, comprehending at once why it was that the oval face and Irish-blue eyes had been so familiar to him at first. Belle's sister! Why had Belle never told him that she had a sister like this? 18 Cooper Court! Why had Belle given him to understand that she lived on Lexington avenue, close to the park? Cooper Court was a respectable little street where milliners hung out their signs, and board and furnished rooms could be had at reasonable rates, but he could hardly understand Mrs. Van Der Heyden's guest living in that locality.

All this while he walked along with Beryl Browne flitting at his side.

"We keep boarders," said she, in a matter-of-course way, as if she had said, "it is a fine day"—"and we have to clean house when we can, and mother and I were taking down the curtains in Belle's room, to get it ready for a new gentleman and his wife, and I hit my elbow against the picture as it stood on the mantel and knocked it over against the carved chair top, and"—clapping the mitted hands tragically, "it went—right—through the 'Guardian Angel's' face! Oh, here's the place! Do come in! Mother, this is Mr. Evandale, Belle's teacher. The great artist, you know!"

Little Mrs. Browne, who looked like a Dutch doll seen through the lens of a magnifying glass, courtesied low.

"Oh, sir, could—it could be repaired, so she won't know!"

Mr. Evandale smiled. Before him on the table lay a canvas with a jagged hole through its centre—the canvas whose ornamentation he himself had supervised—Belle's own work.

"No," said he, quietly; "it cannot be repaired."

"Then," said Beryl, her eyes larger and more solemn than before, "please could I paint one exactly like it?"

"Do you also paint?" he asked.

Beryl hung her head.

"If you won't tell Belle," she whispered—"yes. I wanted to take lessons, too, but Belle scolded and said I was vain and presumptuous to fancy that I could do such a thing; so I never dared let her know of my endeavors. But I bought some paints and brushes, and I used to experiment sometimes when she wasn't at home."

"Let me see your efforts," said Evandale, more and more interested in this peculiar peep behind the scenes; and Beryl made haste to produce her unpretending portfolio.

"This is Spot, the cat," said she, "and this is a bunch of roses that some one gave Belle, and this is a copy of Beatrice Cenci. And here is the Coliseum by moonlight, only Betsy, the girl, says it isn't moonlight at all; and Nicole, the ashman, says it doesn't look like the Coliseum—and he's an Italian and knows. Could I copy the 'Guardian Angel,' do you think, Mr. Evandale?"

Evandale shook his head.

"No," said he. "These pictures are full of spirit, and I think, Miss Beryl, you have it in you to be an artist; but you are not yet up to such a picture as that."

"Then," she said, "will you copy it? In three days or a week? I've got three dollars, and mother will give me some of the housekeeping money to help, I'm almost sure. Mother is as afraid of Belle as I am," she added, with a nervous little laugh. "Belle does scold us so awfully. Belle thinks we are none of us congenial to her. And we are so glad that she has got that situation as companion and reader to Mrs. Van Der Heyden's sister in Newport."

"Oh," said Evandale, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or frown.

Beryl nodded her head.

"The salary isn't much," said she; "but Belle says the Van Der Heydens are away a great deal, and she can use the carriage as if it belonged to her. Half the Newport people believe she's a visitor there, just the same as Miss De Raven and Miss Marchant, the great heiresses. Belle always did enjoy a masquerade."

"Yes, Beryl dear," mildly interposed Mrs. Browne; "but the picture?"

"Oh, yes; the picture!" cried Beryl, eagerly lifting the big eyes to Evandale's face. "Will it cost five dollars, Mr. Evandale, to paint the picture over again on a new canvas, so that Belle will never know what I have done?"

Evandale thought of the check which old Farron, the picture dealer, had just mailed him for a little twenty by twenty-four inch canvas—two hundred dollars—and inwardly smiled.

"I'll see what I can do," said he.

"But we want it at once," persisted Beryl, as loftily as if she were Charles the First giving an order to Van Dyke—"just as soon as we can get it. If Belle should find it out—Oh, how cross she would be with poor mother!"

"My dear," cautioned Mrs. Browne, and Beryl closed her lips with a pretty, panic-stricken grimace, only to add:

"Mr. Evandale knows all about Belle and her temper, mother. Don't you, Mr. Evandale? And we do so hope, mother and I, that Belle will never know what I have done!"

She came home. Belle adores wealth and luxury, and she'd make such a splendid wife for a millionaire! Mr. Evandale silently put the factored canvas under his arm. Beryl followed it longingly with her eyes.

"Oh, if I could only have painted it!" sighed she.

"Would you like to see me paint it, Miss Beryl?" asked the artist.

The girl clasped her hands in an ecstasy.

"You have genius, child," gently spoke Evandale. "Come to the studio to-morrow. I have still a pupil or two at noon, and you shall learn the lessons."

The first thing he did on reaching home was to tear the star-eyed photograph in two, and fling the fragments into the scrap-basket.

"A girl who is ashamed of her belongings," he said to himself—"a girl who scolds her mother and bullies her sister, and masquerades under false colors—that isn't the girl for me. Little Beryl, the family Cinderella, has all Belle's beauty and twice her sense and temper."

Annabelle Browne detected the pious fraud at once, as Mr. Evandale had known she would.

"You—paid—Ernest Evandale—five dollars for that?" she almost screamed.

Beryl got behind the door, frightened at the tempest that she had unwittingly evoked.

"Yes," she answered. "It was all that I had."

"But you know—"

"I know now, Belle, but I didn't then."

"And how are you ever going to pay him?"

Beryl's blue eyes sparkled, a smile curved the coral red lips.

"I—think he will be satisfied, Belle," murmured she.

"I don't think you know what you are talking about," snapped Belle.

"Tell her, mother," whispered Beryl.

"They are engaged, Annabelle," said Mrs. Browne, with maternal pride.

"Mr. Evandale asked her to marry him last week."

Belle turned scarlet, then white. She laughed a shrill, strident cackle.

"Only an artist!" said she. "Well, if it suits you, Beryl—But if I could do better than that—"

Was it a laugh or a sob with which she turned away? Well, she had made a valiant show of scorn, but from that moment the heart within her bosom was cold and dead as a stone.

For in every page of the world's history there is the story, constantly repeated, of "Little Cinderella." And nobody pities the haughty sister.—*Fire-side Companion.*

James Monroe.

The fifth President of our country was James Monroe. His ancestors were Virginians, but we have no memorials of them. They were, however, among the first settlers of America.

James Monroe was sent to William and Mary College; but when eighteen years old he left it and joined Washington at New York. He was present during the fighting and retreat across the Jerseys, and in the battle of Germantown, Brandywine and Monmouth his bravery and skill were conspicuous.

Then he began the study of the law with Jefferson; but when Arnold and Cornwallis invaded his native State he was quickly found among her volunteer defenders. At the age of twenty-three, in 1772, he was a member of Virginia's Legislature, and was again elected in 1787. Then he was Minister to France, and two years after was made Governor of Virginia. Minister to Spain and England followed, and in 1811 he was again Governor of Virginia.

Soon after President Madison called him to the duties of Secretary of State, in 1816 he was elected President, and again in 1820. In his first term, Illinois, Mississippi and Alabama were admitted as States, and Florida was ceded to us by Spain. His second term was so unimportant that he had but one dissenting vote—that of New Hampshire. It was during his second term that Lafayette made his interesting progress through the country.

When very young he married Miss Kortright, a lady of New York, whose beauty and excellence have been greatly praised by John Quincy Adams. For nearly fifty years they lived together in the greatest happiness and death only separated her from him for a few months.

Monroe, like Adams and Jefferson, died on the Fourth of July, and was buried with public honors in the Second Street Cemetery, Washington, 1831. In 1858 his remains were removed by the State of Virginia to the cemetery of Hollywood, overlooking the City of Richmond, being escorted to their final resting place by the Seventh Regiment of New York.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Prehistoric Stone Roadway.

Evidence of the occupancy of the Illinois River Valley by an ancient race of some culture were uncovered at Marseilles, Ill., eight miles east of Ottawa, on a recent morning. While workmen were excavating for new gates just above the Marseilles dam they discovered what appeared to be a stone roadway. Further investigation disclosed some fifty feet of a well-made roadway of slabs of stone, each stone being some twelve feet long, from one to three feet wide and over two inches in thickness, with a break here and there filled in with cobble stones, which were also laid in regular courses. The roadway, so far as uncovered, is almost as perfect as if laid down ten years ago. It is of a uniform width of about twelve feet and laid upon a foundation of gravel and broken sandstone. The depth at which it appears is from four to six feet. As it is beyond possibility that this roadway could have been built by any of the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Marseilles it is not at all improbable that it was built by the Aztecs or the Tezucunons, who were driven from that region by the Indians.—*Chicago Post.*

Lengths of Rivers.

In Europe—The Danube, 1800 miles; Dnieper, 1260; Don, 1120; Rhine, 691; Elbe, 800; Rhone, 650; Volga, 2800.

In Asia—Ganges, 1970; Irrawaddy, 2600; Indus, 2300; Euphrates, 1750; Amoor, 2800; Yang-tee-Kiang, 3300; Hoang-Ho, 2700; Zambezi, 800; Yenessei, 3250; Obi, 2700.

In Africa—Nile, 2800; Niger, 2600; Senegal, 1900; Gambia, 1700.

In America—Missouri to the Mississippi, 3100; Missouri to the Gulf, 4350; Mississippi, 3149; Amazon, 3600; River de la Plata, 2240; St. Lawrence, 2100; Orinoco, 1500. Rio Grande, 1800.—*Day's Statistics.*

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

GLUE FOR BATH-TUBWARE.

To make a glue for earthenware, put a piece of white flintstone into the midst of a fierce fire. When it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which the water must be carefully poured off. Now melt white rosin in an iron pot, and stir the flintstone powder in it till it becomes a thick paste. Warm the edges of the articles to be mended and join neatly together.—*New York Press.*

GOOSE FOR THE TABLE.

Goose is not an especially popular bird on American tables, unless in the state of "green goose," where it is under six months of age. The best geese for table use are the wild geese, and when young and tender they are not such strong and coarse food as our barnyard fowls of the same species. A wild mongrel goose which comes to our market in the winter is especially prized by epicures, and still fed specimens from Rhode Island bring as high as forty cents a pound. It is not an unknown thing for a wild goose to be domesticated by accident or otherwise. A pretty story is told of one which was wounded in the leg, and which a farmer took home and placed in the poultry yard with his other fowls. By the time the leg was healed and the bird was again able to fly it had become fully domesticated and showed no disposition to leave its comfortable quarters. In the following spring, however, when the wild geese flew over the yard on their way to the north she heard their familiar call, and flew away to join the flock. In the autumn, when the geese were returning from their northern homes to the south, the goose returned to the poultry yard with two young geese which she had reared during the summer, and made the hospitable poultry yard again her winter home.—*Boston Transcript.*

BEEFSTEAKS.

Steaks are more in demand than any other form of beef. In buying either rump, round or tenderloin, it must be remembered that they are almost clear meat, and so a less amount is required than of sirloin or porterhouse, only a small portion of which can be eaten.

Never allow a round steak to be cut with the grain. It curls up when broiled and is tough and unsatisfactory. Cut across the grain it costs from four cents to eight cents more a pound, but is worth the difference in price, as none need be rejected. Let it be remembered, also, that the third cut of the round is the best and juiciest steak. The top is tender and the bottom tough.

When both are cut as one slice, the price ranges from fourteen to eighteen cents a pound; if the bottom is removed, from eighteen to twenty. It is cheaper to buy the whole cut, using the lower part for a stew and the upper for a steak. There is more real nourishment in a pound of good rump or round steak than in three of tenderloin, which though exceedingly tender and soft has almost no flavor, and ranges from thirty cents to \$1 a pound.

Sirloin is best liked, as it includes a portion of tenderloin, and the price of this ranges from twenty-five to thirty cents a pound. In all cases it is better to trim off every superfluous bit of bone or gristle and add it to the stock-pot, using also the bone rejected in carrying, which will serve to add flavor. A little experience will show uses for all; and, though it is the most expensive form of meat, this fact makes it, in the end, the most desirable.—*St. Louis Republic.*

RECIPES.

Roast Turkey a la Reiniere—Surround a baked turkey with small, inch-long, fried sausages alternated with large, blanched Italian chestnuts cooked whole in broth. At each end of the dish lay a little mound of watercresses and serve a gilet tray in a boat.

Broiled Sausages—Split them in two, lengthwise, place them between a double-wire broiler, and broil on the flat side first, and then turn and broil on the other. Turn a mound of hot apple sauce in the centre of a hot, flat dish, arrange the sausages upon it and serve.

Ginger Drops—One cup New Orleans molasses, one cup brown sugar, one cup lard, one teaspoonful of ginger, one scant teaspoon of salt, one cup of boiling water, one tablespoonful of soda, five cups of flour. Mix and stir well. Drop in pans and bake in a quick oven.

Pumpkin Custard—To one large cupful of stewed pumpkin that has been cooked without scorching and drained until dry, add one pint of milk, four beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, half a teaspoonful each of mace and cinnamon, a little salt, one teaspoonful of ginger and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Bake in shells of paste.

Consomme a la Royale—This is a favorite soup with which to preface a dinner. It requires a quart of good beef soup, a teaspoonful of beef extract, a pint of milk, and salt and cayenne to taste. Beat light the yolks of two eggs, add half a gill of broth, and a seasoning of nutmeg and white pepper. Pour into a small, greased pan, and place this in another tin of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven until firm like custard. Cut into small squares, put into the consommé and serve at once.

Chicken Croquettes—One cup cold roast chicken, one half cup stuffing, one egg, white sauce, salt and pepper. Chop the chicken very fine, mix it well with the stuffing and beaten egg. Cook one tablespoon of flour in one tablespoon of hot butter, add hot milk gradually, using enough to make it thick. Mix with the chicken with the sauce, add salt and pepper to taste. When cold and hard, shape into rolls, cover them with fine bread crumbs, roll in beaten egg and crumbs, and fry one minute in deep fat, hot enough to brown bread while counting forty.

GRAND ARMY COLUMN

THE 100 DAY'S MEN.

A Brief Sketch of Their Services for the Union.

The Editor of the "The National Tribune," being requested by a correspondent to give an account of the One Hundred Day's Men and the good they accomplished, replies as follows:

The 100 day's men were entitled to a great deal more credit for their service than has usually been accorded them. They were made up largely of men having families and large business interests, who felt that they could not leave the one or sacrifice the other and enter the field as regular soldiers, but would place themselves in such a position as to be available for service around their homes. This service was very much needed at the time, owing to the raids by Morgan and others in Ohio, Indiana and other States.

It was also felt that the Government was being crushed under a pecuniary obligation resulting from payments to support so large a body of men in the field. These volunteers were to receive nothing from the Government, except while upon actual duty.

In the spring of 1864 the Government proposed to hurl its entire armed force against the rebellion, and was sanguine that peace could be established in at least 100 days. In order to concentrate its forces in the field, it was necessary to relieve a large number of well-trained troops who were employed in guarding prisons, fortifications, and the long line of communications.

Seeing this the Governor of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin agreed to offer the National Guards of their States to the Government, to replace the regiments engaged in the above duty for 100 days. The offer was so liberal that the troops were not to receive any bounty, or be credited against any draft registration.

The offer was promptly accepted by the Government, and the Governors ordered the National Guards to prepare for immediate service. There was naturally an irritation among many of them on account of this special order, since it came to them just at the opening of their season's business or crop planting time, and it involved a great pecuniary loss to most of them.

Notwithstanding this they responded with great promptitude, and within a week were on their way to their appointed places. Other States joined in the scheme. New Hampshire sent 107, Massachusetts, 6,809; New York, 5,640; New Jersey, 769; Pennsylvania, 7,675; Maryland, 1,297; Ohio, 36,254; Indiana, 7,197; Illinois, 11,328; Wisconsin, 2,184; Iowa, 3,901, and Kansas, 441; making a total of 88,612.

These regiments performed admirable service everywhere. In the East they guarded the Baltimore & Ohio road from the Ohio river to the ocean; garrisoned Washington and many important points along the base of operation.

In the West they did similar service. In Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri they guarded the long line of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad from Memphis to Chattanooga; and they relieved many of the veterans who went to take part in the Atlanta campaign.

Many of the regiments were not at all content with service in the rear and applied to be sent to the immediate front, and in some instances their requests were granted. Five regiments from Illinois volunteered after their term had expired and marched to the relief of Rosecrans, in Missouri, who was closely pressed by a large force under Sterling Price, mustered for the invasion of that State. A number of attacks were made upon those who were garrisoned, and in every instance they conducted themselves like true soldiers.

Of the Ohio regiments, the 130th was put in the Tenth Corps in front of Petersburg, and did its share of fighting with the rest of the troops. The 133d was with the Eighteenth Corps at Bermuda Hundred. The 135d was with the Tenth Corps in front of Petersburg. The 134th took part in the fight at Port Walthall, and lost two men killed and three wounded.

Several companies of the 135th were in a blockhouse in Shenandoah Valley, which was attacked by the rebels, and after fighting an overwhelming force for five hours they finally surrendered, and were sent to Andersonville, where many of them died. The remainder of the regiment lost six killed, nine wounded, and 27 missing in the fight at John Brown's School house.

The 138th was at Bermuda Hundred. The 141st had active service hunting bushwhackers in West Virginia. The 142d was put in the rifle-pits in front of Petersburg. The 143d was on the same duty. The 144th was in the battle of Monocacy, and lost 50 men in killed, wounded, and missing. It was again engaged at Berryville, where it repulsed an attack of the enemy, losing five killed, six wounded, and 60 missing.

The 148th was engaged at Bermuda Hundred. The 149th was at Monocacy, and received the commendation of the commanding officer for its gallantry. It lost 30 killed, wounded, or missing. The 150th lost several men in the defense of Fort Stevens. The 152d had several skirmishes with the rebels in defending the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The 153d lost several killed and wounded at the skirmish at North River Mills, Va.

The 154th assisted in repulsing the rebels at New Creek, Va., and behaved well. The 155th served at White House, Bermuda Hundred, and at Elizabeth City, N. C. The 156th was complimented for its steadiness and soldierly conduct at the time the rebels were repulsed from Folk's Mills. One hundred of the 156th were mounted at

Monocacy, and conducted themselves so well as to receive the official compliments of the Commanding General.

The 160th rescued a train from Morgan's guerrillas at Middletown, saving a large amount of property after a sharp fight, in which they killed 14 rebels and wounded a much greater number. The 161st had some sharp skirmishing in the defense of Harper's Ferry.

The Brigade Commander's report of the 168th says "they comported themselves like veterans" in a reconnaissance on the Petersburg & Richmond Railroad, in which they had a sharp brush with the rebels. About 500 of the 168th were attacked by Morgan at Cynthiana, where they made a stubborn resistance until the rebels set fire to the adjoining buildings, and their ammunition was exhausted, when they were obliged to surrender. They lost eight killed and 17 wounded. The 170th lost four killed and 19 wounded in the fight around Harper's Ferry. The 171st was in the fight at Keller's Bridge against Morgan, and made a strong resistance until entirely surrounded. It lost 13 killed and 54 wounded.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Simply a Chemical Change in the Coloring Matter.

Donald Mitchell, in one of his delightful essays, has characterized the brilliant display which marks the progress of fall as the "Autumn miracle." Certainly there is much about this transformation of the foliage, this lavish spread and swing of color, that stamps it as such. The touches of this mysterious painter for this year are already seen on the neighboring hills and wood. The pale greens and yellows, usually the first in order, have appeared, and the flush of the plinks in many places begin to deepen to a dead red. Science, with its learned explanations, has never been able to efface all the romance which surrounds this change. There is something interesting, to be sure, in the relations between the fruit and the leaf. They are really twin brothers, it seems, only the one has been given better opportunities than the other, and so makes the earlier show in the world. Their course in life, however, is the same. They mature, change color, and then fall, alike. This fancied touch of the painter is only a chemical change in the coloring matter of the chlorophyll, and the flush on the cheek of the peach is not at all different from that on the autumn leaf. This is science, but it does not afford half the pleasure that did the thought that all was due to the sturdy breath of the north wind. However, cold weather has little to do with the work of transformation. One of the most brilliant autumnal displays is that of some dozen years ago. The whole sides of many of the hills seemed to have been converted into sheets of flame. Heightening the effect was a ground covered lightly with the fall of first snow, the scarlet hues of the foliage flashing within this chaste setting. The explanation was that the cold weather had set in unusually early, while the leaves had been late in ripening. Leaves are attached to their stems by a series of thickened cells. As these grow old and hardened, the leaf is released and thus falls. Oak leaves, however, are not subject to this change of color or falling in the autumn. They are like certain kinds of apples; ripening has no effect upon their appearance. Oak leaves this season present a dead and decayed appearance, while all their neighbors are flashing in the brightest raiment. Boston every year sends delegations to New Hampshire to witness the autumn miracle. Notable in their devotions are many of the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Preparations are now being made for the fall pilgrimage.—*Boston Journal.*

His Awful Disease.

"You are in an awful condition," said the Esculapius to the bore. "I can see by the color of your eye that you have a violent attack of the 'vox populi.'" "You don't say so," exclaimed the pale young man as his face grew even whiter; "what shall I do for it?" "Oh, I would not dare prescribe for you; you'll have to go to some man with more experience than I've had. Go see Dr. —; he may be able to help you." Straight to the old doctor the scared young man went and told him what the young doctor had said. "Vox populi," the old man echoed as he took in the situation, "vox populi! you've got something worse than that. You are in the last stages of vox del. There is only one thing that will help you, and that is a powerful dose of similia, similibus curantur." "Give it to me quick," said the young fellow as he was about to faint. "I'll take it if it chokes me. I want to live the week out, anyway."—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Corrosion of Girders in Tunnels.

A number of steel girders in the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel extending from Collierville street to Paris, in Philadelphia, have corroded to such an extent during the five years in which they have been exposed to the smoke, gases and dampness within the tunnel, that it has been found necessary to take some means to prevent a further loss of strength from this cause. Each girder is, therefore, being thoroughly scraped and all the rust has been removed, and is being covered by fire brick, which is so carefully placed in position that the girders are to all intents and purposes hermetically sealed from any outside agency which would tend to corrode them. This work is being carried on without interfering with the usual traffic through the tunnel.