

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Do you see the bright-red Autumn tints in the woods? ... The clouds, a gorgeous pavement, cold with gold.

JOHN DORN'S SON.

The tide was out in Great South Bay, Long Island, east and west like wavy fields of green and yellow.

him in the water, ditches of mud or bunches of seaweed. Between him and the cluster of wild flowers was Dead Man's Creek.

Our Young Readers. MY LITTLE HERO. I know a little hero, whose face is brown with sun.

BABY'S TROUBLES. Of course all babies have troubles. Anybody who has not been a baby knows that, but without doubt the Baby Guillemot has more trouble and excitement than any other kind of a baby.

Temperance. HIS REASON. No, Tom, I thank you, but one drop of whisky, for me, is like a dose of poison.

THE DRINKING HABIT. Its Habits, as Work Among Different Classes of People. It is a habit which is not only a social evil, but a national one.

His Probable Future Self. He was a youthful, smooth-faced prisoner and stood awkwardly at the Yorkville Police Court building yesterday.

Frank the Cause.

Quite an affecting scene occurred at the visiting window of the Maiden Lane Jail this morning.