INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers.
And before they are buried in snow
There comes a festive season,
When Nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystic splendor
That rivals the beauty of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
That borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

O! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year;
Though darling whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature.
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost though a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a word-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more;
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightness and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Her Husbands Letter.

IT is best on the whole not to read your husband's letters until he hands them to you, and it is much the best not to examine his pockets, except for holes, and then set aside whatever you find there without examination.

I believe that Mrs. Elliott would give any young wife that advice today; but there was a time—we are all fallible, being mortal—when she had been married about two years, that she made herself an amateur detective so far as her Frank went, and had found holes that she could not explain—one that had something in it about Clara particularly. It was only half a letter, but it was suspicious.

Naturally jealous, she was too proud to betray the fact intentionally; but there is no keeping a secret of that sort from the servants. They knew it, other people guessed at it.

Her fancies about Clara—oh, who was Clara?—made her heart ache but rumaging and prying did not help her.

When her husband was away—as he often was—she suffered tortures. He might, for all she knew, be leading a double life, and as she steamed all his letters open before she forwarded them, and now and then found something that might mean more than it said; and so we come to an afternoon when she—Mrs. Elliott—came down stairs dressed for dinner, for which she always made a careful toilet, and met the waitress ascending the upper floor. The girl's place at that moment was in the dining-room, and Mrs. Elliott knew that nothing was needed or forgotten that pertained to the dinner; moreover the girl had an air of secrecy about her, and seemed to be hiding something under her apron.

"What's that you have there, Rosa?" Mrs. Elliott asked a little sharply.

The girl stopped, looked down, and answered:

"Only a letter, ma'am."

"For yourself?" asked Mrs. Elliott.

"No, ma'am, for master," said the girl.

"Well, give it to me," said Mrs. Elliott.

The girl hesitated.

"Indeed, ma'am, the lady said to give it to himself," said Rosa.

"A lady? A beggar with a petition, I suppose," said Mrs. Elliott.

"A lady, ma'am, and she's gone," said the girl. "She wore a blue veil; but I never saw her before, I'm sure."

"Oh, very well," replied her mistress. "Give me the note. Mr. Elliott is shaving and would not wish to be disturbed."

The girl gave a little impertinent toss to her head as she obeyed and flounced downstairs in a way that made her mistress resolve to give her warning.

The trouble was that the lady in the blue veil had given Rosa some money; had whispered, "Mr. Elliott, and no one else," and had hurried away in a suspicious mannner.

Mrs. Elliott meanwhile stood turning the envelope over. The address was merely her husband's name—Mr. Frank Elliott—and the edge of the flap was still damp, as if sealed at the door. It would open at the touch—she could read it and know its contents if she chose.

"I do chose," she said the next moment, and the edge of the envelope rolled back and a slip of paper fell out. On it was written these words:

"DEAR FRANK: Meet me at the usual place if you can dodge your wife.

A moment more and the letter was resealed, and Mrs. Elliott, trembling with anger, stood leaning against the window frame. She felt that the dread that had been upon her had taken shape at last.

However, she would not be hasty. She would wait until she was sure that he desired to receive the letter. If he did not obey the summons it would prove to her that he was true to her. Then she would tell him what she knew and ask his confidence.

She carried the letter down-stairs with her and placed it at his plate, and as he opened it she watched him closely.

It certainly did not seem to please him. He frowned, changed color, and thrust it into his pocket; but he went on with his dinner without any remark.

Mrs. Elliott, however, could not remain silent.

"You look as though you had received a plumber's bill,' she said.

He laughed.

"It's not a bill," he said; "it's a note, and it vexes me because I shall have to change my plans for tonight. I intended to take you to the theater; now I can not do it. I shall have to leave you, and, what is more, I shall not be back until tomorrow night. I'll send a messenger to Uncle James. He will escort you to the theater and——"

"I will not go with your uncle James," said Mrs. Elliott, sharply. "You must take me; I will not be used in this way; you must go with me."

"My dear, I can not tell you how it vexes me to have to leave you," said Mr. Elliott.

"Frank," she answered, "I have always said that there are some things which a wife should not endure."

"Lizzie, my dear, listen. I will take you to the theater tomorrow night or the night after; we will enjoy ourselves quite as well. I think it will rain tonight, anyhow."

"Do you suppose I am a baby to fret about not seeing a play?" said Mrs. Elliott. "No Frank, only you must tell me [illegible] you break the engagement a[illegible] [illegible]ere you are going."

"Business [illegible] dear, business," said Mr. Elliott [illegible] artifical manner. "I'll explai[illegible] [illegible]e day. Business is business. [illegible], be quiet and comfortable, like a good girl. Good-night."

He tried to kiss her, but she pushed him away. Then he took his hat and overcoat and left the house with a little laugh not like his own.

Hardly had he passed the threshold when his wife sprung to her feet, slipped on an ulster that hung in a closet in the dining room hall, donned a little round cap and gray veil, and sneaked out of the basement door—sneak was the word.

"She's following him this time," said Rosa to the cook.

"Jealous again," said cook.

"I guess he's giving her reason," said Rosa.

"It's something dreadful," said cook, "the way married men go on."

Meanwhile Mrs. Elliott lurked in the shadow of the stone balustrades and saw that her husband stood under the gas-lamp at the corner examining the note which he had received.

Well, wherever he went there also she would go. Whosoever he might meet should also meet her. This was the end of everything, the finale. But she would not weep—she would have long years for that. She would behave as an insulted wife should.

He was about to enter a car; she also hailed it. An ulster and a thick veil reduce all women to one level. He would not know her even if he saw her. She sat in her corner and saw that he stood on the platform smoking. Which way the car was going she scarcely noticed. He left it at last and entered another; so did she. Again he smoked on the platform, but at last "Fort Ice ferry!" shouted the conductor and she followed her husband into a ferry-boat. It was dark, and though it did not rain the air was full of moisture. There were very few people upon the boat, but several of them were brutal-looking men, and they stared at her, seeming to wonder at her thick veil. She had forgotten her gloves and her small, white hands glistened with rings, some of them very valuable.

As she left the ferry and, following her husband's figure, crossed the great track of a railroad she trembled with terror. As he ascended the bluff she kilted her skirts and followed.

Who could Clara be? What manner of woman was she to appoint a a rendezvous like this? It was a nasty, slippery, unpleasant place. There was a drinking saloon hard by which seemed to be full of rough men. She drew so near to her husband that she could have touched his coat as they passed this place, but he did not look around. And now it began to rain in earnest, and the road they had turned into seemed to be two feet deep with mud, and still Mr. Elliott marched on. At last a frightful thing occurred to Lizzie. She wore upon her feet a pair of patent leather ties, and with all this climbing and straining of the shoes the ribbons had come undone. Suddenly the mud caught at them with that curious power of suction which mud seems to have at times, and the shoes came off. In vain she felt around for them; they seemed to have vanished. Just then:

"Halloo!" said a voice near her; "what's the matter with you, young woman?"

"I—nothing!" gasped Mrs. Elliott. A large policeman stood before her.

"This an't no place for young women to be kiting around alone," said the policeman. "It's dangerous if you're a decent girl. What's happened? Lost yourself?"

"No," said Mrs. Elliott, "I'm not alone; there's my husband! Frank! Frank! Frank!"

Mr. Elliott turned and walked back.

"Left you behind did I Lizzie?" he said.

"You're a mighty careful husband," said the policeman, "I do think," and strode away.

Then Mr. Eliot who was a strong man, simply picked his little wife up in his arms and carried her back to the grounds which encircled the tavern. Here he set her down upon a wooden platform. Then for a moment he vanished and returned with a glass of wine, which he made Mrs. Elliott drink.

"I've hired a cab," he said; "we'll drive back to the ferry. It's too stormy a night to go looking for Clara; besides, she's thousands of miles away."

"Clara!" cried Mrs. Elliott. "Don't speak of Clara—how dare you?"

"She very nearly ruined me, my dear. I threw away lots of money on her," said Mr. Elliott, "but she is looking up now. My dear, I know you've been rummaging my pockets and reading my letters for two years, but I only found out what you suspected when my mother told me that you had asked her if I had ever known a lady named Clara before I met you."

"Oh, Frank, don't try to deceive me!" sobbed Lizzie. "I read the note the woman left tonight—I—"

"Oh, I knew it," said Mr. Elliott; "it was fixed for you to read. I wrote it to myself, and my mother left it at the door at dinner time. I gave her a signal from the window that she might know you were coming downstairs, and I've kept an eye on you—I've watched you ever since you left the door. My dear child, I never knew a Clara in my life; I never had a doubtful love affair even as a boy. The note you saw was about an oil-well in which I had shares—the Clara. She was a fickle creature, I admit, and made me anxious, but since you were bound to be jealous——"

"Carriage, sir?" said the driver.

Mr. Elliott lifted his shoeless wife into the vehicle, and half way home she vowed that she would never forgive him, but the other half she wept upon his vest.

"I felt so helpless without my shoes," she declares, "that my spirit was fairly broken."

But at all events she was never jealous of Clara again.—Fireside Companion.

An Old Skipper's Yarn.

Dow nSouth street, the other day, they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner, and said:

"Captain H——, it seems to me I've read or heard of you brig being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn-spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point Aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case, that. Probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidship and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck my fore-to'-gallant-mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."

A Terrible Superstition.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries sends the following extract from a letter received the 13th of June from an English merchant at Pernambuco in Brazil: There has been quite a reign of terror here during past fortnight, owing to the disapearance of about a dozen children, who have, it is said, been kidnaped, some say to be trained for the circus, others to be killed for the benefit of sufferers from leprosy, for which disease there is no cure, but an old superstition is that a cure may be obtained if the persons attacked eat the internal organs of a young, healthy child, wash themselves with its blood, and make grease of its body for anointing their bodies. Whether there is any truth in the presumed connection between this belief and the disappearance of the children I cannot tell: any way, report says there is the demand, and that the price paid for a child is £10. It seems really too horrible to be true; anyway, a panic exists, and hardly any children are now seen out, and the public schools have been almost deserted. Some people who were supposed to have bought some children had their carriage stopped in the street and were stoned. Our children now go out for their walks attended by two servants."—St James's Gazette.

A Eulogy on Silk.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy article. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull services of wool are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, and will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it like woolen or linen without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange, grotespue fashions originating in the use of linen would never have been invented during the more general employment oi silk. The fluttering of ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our customs more natnral and pleasing to the eye.—Exchange.

Strangers and Mourners.

The "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" was exemplified this summer in a little Swiss village. An American gentleman travelling for his health, accompained by his sister, died suddenly of hemorrhage at the village inn. A temporary interment was necessary, to permit communication with friends this side of the water. At the simple service in the little cemetery on the mountain side the bereaved sister noticed with surprise four gentlemen, evidently not natives, standing a little way from her, with uncovered heads. She found afterward that of these self-imposed mourners, one was a Scotch-man from Glasgow, another an Englishman from Sheffield, and the others two German gentlemen. The latter were travelling in company, but were strangers to the others, who in turn were unacquainted with each other. Yet all of them had delayed their departure over one diligence to pay a tribute of respect to the unknown man, dead in a strange land, and the solitary mourner far from home.—London Letter.

HE SAYS FAREWELL.

Talmage Embarks for a Trip to the Holy Land.

He Addresses His Friends Through the Press in a Sermon of Unusual Interest--Troublous Storms on the Great Sea of Life.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, on his embarkation on the steamer City of Paris, for the Holy Land, addressed his millions of friends through the press, taking for his text Acts XX, 38: "And they accompanied him unto the ship." His sermon is printed below at full length:

To the more than twenty-five million people in many countries to whom my sermons come week by week, in English tongue and by translation, through the kindness of the newspaper press, I address these words. I dictate them to a stenographer on the eve of my departure for the Holy Land, Palestine. When you read this sermon I will be mid-Atlantic. I go to be gone a few weeks on a religious journey. I go because I want for myself and hearers and readers to see Bethlehem, and Nazereth, and Jerusalem, and Calvary, and all the other places connected with the Savior's life and death, and so reinforce myself for sermoms. I go also because I I am writing the "Life of Christ," and can be more accurate and graphic when I have been an eye witness of the sacred places. Pray for my successful journeying and my safe return.

I wish on the eve of departure to pronounce a loving benediction upon all my friends in high places and low, upon congregations to whom my sermons are read in absence of pastors, upon groups gathered out on prairies and in mining districts, upon all sick and invalid and aged ones who cannot attend churches, but to whom I have long administered through the printed page. My next sermon will be addressed to you from Rome, Italy, for I feel like Paul when he said: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." The fact is that Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

When the vessel went scudding under bare poles Paul was the only self possessed man on board, and, turning to the excited crew and despairing passengers, he exclaims, in a voice that sounds above the thunder of the tempest and the wrath of the sea: "Be of good cheer."

The men who now go to sea with maps and charts and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland and from island to island, and not long after spread their sail for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and, the ship having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off, they at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to get into another place. The ship from which Jonah was thrown overboard, and that in which Paul was carried prisoner, went out chiefly with the idea of taking a cargo. As now, so then, vessels were accustomed to carry a flag. In those times it was inscribed with the name of a heathen diety. A vessel bound for Syracuse had on it the inscription "Castor and Pollux." The ships were provided with anchors. Anchors were of two kinds: those that were dropped into the sea, and those that were throw up onto the rocks to hold the vessel fast. This last kind was what Paul alluded to when he said: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail." That was what the sailors call a "hook anchor." The rocks and sand bars, shoals and headlands, not being mapped out, vessels carried a plumb line. They would drop it and find the water fifty fathoms, and drop it again and find it forty fathoms, and drop it again and find it thirty fathoms, thus discovering their near approach to the shore. In the spring, summer and autumn the Mediterranean sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hied themselves to the nearest harbor, although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter, all over the wide and stormy deep, there float palaces of light, trampling the billows under foot, and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tippeted and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written, in scrolls of foam and fire: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women and children on the beach of the Mediterranean. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-by, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. I expect to sail over some of the same waters over which Paul sailed, but before going I want to urge you all to embark for heaven.

The church is the drydock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor timber ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibbooms into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's Word are what I mean by floor timbers. Nothing but oaks, hewn in the forest of divine truth, are stanch enough for this craft.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride nor Ambition nor Avarice will do for a rudder. Love not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye and tingling in the hand—Love married to Work, which many look upon as so homely a bride—Love, not like brooks, which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but Love like a river that runs up the steps of mill wheels, and works in the harness of factory bands—Love that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying, "Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern. There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is Christian perseverance. There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil; and that is a well built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have been put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must conquer. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war steamer.

Have a good strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbor of eternal rest if you all the way drag your anchor.

But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the topgallant, the skysail, the gaffsail and other canvas. Faith is our canvas. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvas than faith will be slit to tatters by the first northeaster. Strong faith never lost a battle. It will crush foes, blast rocks, quench lightnings, thresh mountains. It is a shield to the warrior, a crank to the most ponderous wheel, a lever to pry up pyramids, a drum whose beat gives strength to the step of the heavenly soldiery, and sails to waft ships laden with priceless pearls from the harbor of earth to the harbor of heaven.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew lines and such like. Without these the yards could not be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvas in anywise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tackling you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whither. The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a halliard.

One more arrangement, and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog, and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures. "Box the compass."

Let me give you two or three rules for the voyage. Allow your appetites and passions an under deck passage. Do not allow them ever to come up on the promenade deck. Mortify your members which are upon the earth. Never allow your lower nature anything but a steerage passage. Let watchfulness walk the decks as an armed sentinel, and shoot down with great promptness anything like a mutiny of riotous appetites.

Be sure to keep your colors up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown and a dove; and from the masthead let float the streamers of Immanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say: "There goes a Christian, bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back or laboring under great stress of weather—now changing from starboard tack to larboard, and then from larboard to starboard—look above the topgallants, and your heart shall beat like a war drum as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

Before you gain port you will smell the land breezes of heaven, and Christ, the pilot, will meet you as you come into the Narrows of Death, and fasten to you, and say: "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Are you ready for such a voyage? Make up your minds. The gang planks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for Heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. Oh, how I wish that as I embark for the Holy Land in the east, all to whom I preach by tongue or type would embark for heaven! What you all most need is God, and you need him now. Some of you I leave in trouble. Things are going very rough with you. You have had a hard struggle with poverty, or sickness, or persecution, or bereavement. Light after light has gone out, and it is so dark that you can hardly see any blessing left. May that Jesus who comforted the widow of Nain and raised the deceased to life, with his gentle hand of sympathy wipe away your tears! All is well.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the people who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been purified by the fire. After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundredth time, a company of musicians came under his window in Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves. But amidst all the applause and enthusiasm, Rossini turned to a friend and said: "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable, when he says:

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march, amidst great privations and hardships, they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a large flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them; and the Israelites ate and ate, and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh! my friends, it is not hardship, or trial, or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian's life; it is the quails! it is the quails!

I cannot leave you until once more I confess my faith in the Saviour whom I have preached. He is my all in all. I owe more to the grace of God than most men. With this ardent temperament, if I had gone overboard I would have gone to the very depths. You know I can do nothing by halves.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that any one of my friends had been as unworthy a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub it all out. And now give us (for I go not alone) your benediction. When you send letters to a distant land, you say via such a city, or via such a steamer. When you send your good wishes to us, send them via the throne of God. We shall not travel out of the reach of your prayers.

There is a scene where spirits dwell,
Where friend holds intercourse with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat.

And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on the raptures that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak or write. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, an affectionate and a cheerful good-by!

FOR THE FARMER.

Some Picked up Pointers.

Ploughing for spring crops is now in order and can be done better and with less hurry than next spring.

* * *

This is the time to ditch, drain, repair buildings, and make improvements generally.

* * *

The next meeting of the National Grange will be at San Francisco, Cal., beginning November 13.

* * *

If wheat is to follow corn the latter shonld be now cut at once and removed from the field.

* * *

All root crops liable to injury from the frost should be gathered without delay.

* * *

Mr. E. F. Stevens, of Dickey County, Dakota, in a letter to the Rural New Yorker says, "I planted our field potatoes somewhat after the Rural New Yorker's trench system: result, I have potatoes to sell to my neighbors who planted theirs in the old way and hilled them up.

* * *

A little dry earth is necessary for fowls in Winter to roll themselves in, and there is nothing better than dry road dust gathered in barrels and kept in convenient place for use when needed. It has also some manurial value, as it is on much travelled roads always mixed with the droppings of horses driven thereon.

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"I made a test plot by planting every other hill of potatoes, with a teaspoonful of sulpher sifted in planting time," says a Forrestville, N. Y., farmer to the Rural New Yorker. "The potatoes in the sulpher hills came out perfectly clean, while those in the other hills were badly scabbed."

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As soon as frost comes either remove the cows from pasture or give them additional feed to make up for its lack of nourishment. Frost is not like the drying up after cutting, which turns grass into hay. Frost disintegrates the particles of matter, and when rains come the value of the grass for nutrition is soon washed out, and the grass after that is nearly worthless as food.

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If a farmer's time is valuable he cannot spare much of it to gather leaves merely for their manurial value. If bedding is scarce it may be worth while to gather them as an absorbent in stables, but to merely rot down into leaf mold, leaves are worth more where they lie in the forest than anywhere else. There they serve as a mulch and protection to the soil they cover.

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Any lot of slop, by the combination of various grains and meals, can be improved for the pig by a liberal addition of whole or skim milk. Any farmer who annually raises a lot of pigs will find it to his advantage to keep a sufficient number of cows to have a good supply for the pigs after the wants of the family are met.

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If you wish a superior kind of corn husks for mattresses, writes a farmer, do not loosen the husks from the ear, but press it close to the base and break it off. The rough, coarse husks will be left on the stalk and all the finer sort on the ear. Throw the ears in a pile and when enough are broken off husk them, sort out the 'silks,' and you will have a very superior article.

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In our experience the late crop of white turnips generally does better among potatoes than among corn. So soon as potato tops die the turnips have all the soil from which to draw, and they are rather benefited by the stirring of the soil required in digging potatoes by hand. If a horse potato digger is used, no turnips can be grown, as the digger necessarily upturns the entire soil, including turnips or whatever else may be growing on it.

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A fowl fancier pertinently declares that, no matter who runs the poultry branch of the farm business—whether the boss, the good wife, or the boys—it is well to remember that this is the proper time of the year to get rid of the old inferior fowls, and the surplus cocks and cockerels. It is a dead loss to feed either of these classes through the Winter. Better eat them or sell them for what they will bring before they "eat their heads off."

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In passing any piece of sowed corn late in the growing season, it is easy to see what will and what will not make good feed. That which has been thickly sown, especially on poor soil, is a light yellow color, tasteless, and nearly void of nutritive value. That sown in drills and cultivated once or twice, is large thick-stemmed and dark green in color. Taste it and you will find the sweetness that with a little more room and time would be transformed iuto the starch of the perfected grain.

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Some of our women poultry-keepers are quite expert in inducing their hens to lay during the winter, writes a farmer. I have tried several different kinds of food for my own hens, and find that they lay as well on a diet of mixed corn and oats and what they pick up about the yard as on anything. When allowed the run of the place they will eat only enough to keep them in good trim, even when the food lies before them in heaps. When yarded, however, I find it necessary to feed them only a limited quantity or they quickly become too fat and lazy to lay.

A Nervy French Editor.

We spoke of Etienne and of the first empire. At that strange period in the life of the Debats there is linked a characteristic feature whose details are not here out of place. It was in 1813, the period when the nerves of Napoleon were most irritable. Tormented by frequent visits of the ambassador of Austria to Marie Louise, the hostile inspiration of which he suspected, the master, who did not consider it beneath his dignity to take the pen sometimes, white with anger a violent article against his father-in-law, and sent it to Etienne by an aid-de-camp, with an order to publish it the next day as a leader in the Journal de l'Empire. The next day Napoleon opened the paper with a trembling hand. The article wasn't there. White with rage he called an orderly and shouted in a voice of thunder, "Go and say to M. Etienne that if the article does not appear to-morrow morning I will have him sabred like a pandour." Then he awaited with impatience the next twenty-four hours' grace.

The next day, like the day before, no article. Napoleon could contain himself no longer. His anger burst forth in formidable accents, and he shouted to his officer, "Bring Etienne here, dead or alive!" With flashing eyes he paced up and down the room. Etienne arrived with a pale face and stood erect in silence.

As if he had not seen him, Napoleon continued to pace up and down, while the spectators of the scene wondered in horror what was going to happen. Suddenly the emperor darted straight over to the man like a bullet, seized him by the arm, and shook him with force. "I thank you, sir," said he hoarsely, and quitted the apartment, leaving Etienne stupefied.

Superb and Vacuous Orientalism.

I have seen certain dancing girls who balanced themselves with the regularity of a palm tree. Their eyes, of a profound depth, express calm only—nothing but the calm, the emptiness of the desert. It is the same with the men. What admirable heads! heads which seem to be turning over with the grandest things in the world. But tap on them! and there will be only the empty beer glass, and deserted sepulcher. Whence, then, the majesty of their external form? of what does it really hold? Of the absence, I should reply, of all passion. They have the beauty of the ruminating ox, of the grayhound in its race, the floating eagle—that sentiment of fatality which is fulfiled in these. A conviction of the nothingness of man gives to all they do, their looks, their attitudes, a resigned but grandiose character. Their loose and easy raiment, lending itself freely to every movement of the body, is always in closest accord with the wearer and his functions; with the sky, too, by its color; and then the sun! There is an immense ennui there in the sun, which consumes everything.—Cor. M. Gustave Flaubert.

Her Pretty Teeth.

In a Vine street cable car, the other day, were an old gentleman with an ear-trumpet and a very pretty young woman, accompanied by a little boy. She smiled at intervals on the boy and showed her pretty teeth in a bewitching way. All at once the old man, in the way peculiar to so many deaf people who do not know how to modulate their voices, said, in tones so loud as to be audible all over the car; "I only paid $5 for my upper teeth. What did yours cost?" To say that the pretty woman was mad is putting it mildly. She flounced around with a flush of anger blazing in her cheeks, and signaled the conductor to let her out at the next crossing.— Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Tom Ochiltree Story.

A man in Texas was accused of stealing a horse. It is scarcely necessary to say that immediately there was a lynching bee. At the conclusion of the entertainment the participants found that they had hanged the wrong man, and the high minded citizens who had managed the affair were filled with remorse. They determined that the dead man's memory was entitled to vindication and therefore a committee was appointed to wait upon the widow. They found her weeping. The chairman, with an awkward wave of his slouch hat, said, in a somewhat embarrassed manner: "Marm, we hanged your husband, but he was the wrong man. Marm, the joke is on us."—Philadelphia Times.

Storm Formations.

Conclusions arrived at in relation to storm formations show that theories thus far advanced are extremely unsubstantial, and that above all things positive information of the processes going on in the upper strata is necessary; that the dependence of the generation of storms on temperature distribution in a vertical direction appears open to doubt, and that, reasoning from the behavior of thunder storms, it seems possible that some electrical action not thoroughly understood supplies the force which keeps up their energy.—New York Telegram.

The Blind Tiger.

The latest development of the drop-a-nickel-in the-slot principle is puzzling the United States courts in Alabama. For several months past, in a thicket at the foot of Sand Mountain, a large box has stood, bearing the inscription, "Drop a coin in the slot and draw out whisky at the rate of $2 a gallon." This automatic bar is known as "a blind tiger." The man who arranged for running this bar-room has escaped conviction, as it is imposible to prove his ownership.