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 inr-spreading landscape
In bues that bewilder the eyes.

The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay.

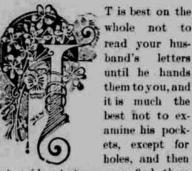
And dreams that his favorite children
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

O' beautiful Indian Summer! Thou favorite child of the year:
Though darling whom Nature enriches
With gitts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thes to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile.
For our hearts, like the sweet hannes of

Rejoice and grow young in thy smile

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

Her Husbands Letter.



whole not to read your husband's letters until be hands them to you, and it is much the best not to exets, except for holes, and then set aside whatever you find there

without examination.

I believe that Mrs. Elliott would night." give any young wife that advice today; but there was a time-we are all fallible, being mortal-when she had a little laugh not like his own. been married about two years, that she made herself an amateur detec. tive so far as her Frank went, and it about Clara particularly. It was sneak was the word. only half a letter, but it was suspi-

Naturally jenious, she was too proud to betray the fact intentional ly; 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. help her.

When her husband was away-as He might, for all she knew, be leadall his letters open before she for-behave as an insulted wife should. warded them, and now and then toilet, and met the waitress ascending the upper floor. The girl's place at that moment was in the diningwoom, 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 "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. "Alady. 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 mis-ress. "Give me the note. Mr. Elli-

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

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 around for them; they seemed to sealed at the door. It would open at the touch—she could read it and "Halloo!" said a voice near her; know its contents if she chose.

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

"DEAN FRANK: Meet me at the usual place if you can dedge your wife. A moment more and the letter was seeded, and Mrs. Elliott, trembling ith anger, stood leaning against the indow frame. She felt that the read that had been upon her had

a shape at last.

owever, she would not be lasty.

would wait until she was sure

he desired to receive the letter.

did not obey the susmanus it

if prove to her that he was true

to her. Then she would tell him man, simply picked his little wife up 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 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 Mrs. Elliott, however, could not re-

main 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 have to change my plans for tonight. I intended to take you to the theater: I can not do it. I morrow night. I'll send a messenger 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 al ways said that there are somethings which a wite 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

must tell me why you break the enamine his pock- gagement and where you aregoing. Business, my dear, business," said Mr. Elliott, in an artifical manner. 'I'll explain some day. Business is business. Now be quiet and comfortable, like a good girl. Good-

> He tried to kiss her, but she pushed him away. Then he took his hat and overcoat and left the house with

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 lithad found holes that she could not the round cap and gray veil, and explain-one that had something in sneaked out of the basement door-

"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 exbut rumaging and prying did not amining the note which he had received.

Well, wherever he went there also When her husband was away-as she would go. Whosoever he might he aften was-she suffered tortures, meet should also meet her. This was the end of everything, the finale. ing a double life, and as she steamed But she would not weep—she would have long years for that. She would

He was about to enter a car; she found something that might mean also hailed it. An ulster and a for a child is £10. It seems really too sarere than it said; and so we come to thick veil reduce all women an afternoon when she-Mrs. Elliottto one level. He would not exists, and hardly any children are know her even if he saw her. She now seen out, and the public schools came down stairs dressed for dinner, sat in her corner and saw that he have been almost deserted. Some for which she always made a careful 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 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 ofrough men She drew so near to her husband that ott is shaving and would not wish to 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

'what's the matter with you, young

Woman? "I-nothing!" gasped Mrs. Elliott. A large policeman stood before aber.

"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 hap-

pened? Lost yourself?"
"No," said Mrs. Elliott, "I'm no alone; there's my husband! Frank! Frank! Frank!"

Mr. Elliott turned and walked back. "Left you behind did I Lissie?" he

in his arms and carried her back to the grounds which encircled the tavern Here he set her down upon a woodes 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

"It's not a bill," he said; "it's a dear. I threw away lots of money note, and it vexes me because I shall 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. shall have to leave you, and, what is but I only found out what you sus more, I shall not be back until to- pected when my mother told me that you had asked her if I had ever to Uncle James. He will escort you known a lady named Clara before I

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

"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 oilwell in which I had shares-the Clara. fret about not seeing a play?" said She was a fickle creature, I admit, Mrs. Elliott. "No Frank, only you 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 halfshe 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.

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 behaf and the disappearance of the children I cannot tell: any way, report says there is the demand, and that the price paid horrible to be true; anyway, a panic ople 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 Enlogy 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 natural and pleasing to the eye .- Ex-

A Modern Tantalus, From the New York Sun.

At the centennial banquet a lady, when told that Gen. Sherman often

attended 15-course dinners a week, asked how he managed to escape

gastronomic suicide.
"I do not eat 15 per cent. of all the dinners I go to," he said. "I go to see the dinners and enjoy their enjoyment, which I never could do if I were foolish enough to treat my stomach disrespectfully. You see, it has been too staunch a friend to has been too staunch a friend to neglect. I eat to live, and am satis fied with the simplest kind of food. Then I take great pains to give hunger a show, and while I believe most thoroughly in the value of regular hours for meals and rest, I have learned how to go through a dining room without eating a morsel without being detected, and without being detected, and without has the tasts of the hosters."

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Boy Builds a Locomotive.

Stories About Bears, Dogs, and How Two Ill-Behaved Boys Were Given a Lively Ride.

Little Jo and Mary Ann.



Little Jo was a little man And his little pal was Mary Ann; It tickied Mary Ann and Jo When they found their neighbor's wheelbar row, Ha! ha! ha! laughed the little man, Ho! ho! ho! laughed Mary Ann.



"Will my lady ride?" said courteous Jo, "Then hop right into the wheelbarrow, It's not a gilded paiankeen, But it's got a cheerful mise en scene. Will my lady ride:" said the little man. "You bet your life!" shouted Mary Ann.



Assisted by her smiling Jo Mary Ann climbed into the wheelbarrow. Chockful of joy it made her feel As the barrow waltzed round on its Right happy was the little man And ditto, likewise, Mary Ann.



But alas! alas! for little Jo And alas! for Mary Ann also. In the midst of all their merriment Over the barrow and contents went



For Mary Ann came berdad, Pedro. New, far spart, their tearlets flow As they sit the stinging switch below.

A Future Stephenson

His name is George Kilberg, and his age is 16. He lives at 225 Twenty-sixth street, Chicago, and it is a neighborhood where he sees numberless engines pass-ing and repassing. With his fancy for mechanics it is no great wonder his young mind turned to them as the height of mechanical skill. A locomotive never stopped where he could examine it, but he did so, and the time came when with as old bank book he spent his leisure hours about the round house or at any point where he could copy the various parts of the machinery. se sketches he took home, and from them made draughts drawn to a perfect scale. He has had no more schooling in draughting than that received in the public schools, and yet his work on

paper shows his genius.

From drawing the youthful mechanic imbibed the desire to construct, and the locomotive he has at his home testifles to his perseverance and to his ability. It is complete in every detail, and, be-sides some lathe work done for him by his brother Richard and the castings from the foundry, the patterns for which he himself cut out of wood, no one has put a hand to the construction. one has put a hand to the construction. The locomotive, which was bailt at the works of Vierling, McDowell & Co., is of the mogul consolidation and of the latest design for road freight engines. It is fully equipped with all the necessary requirements for an engine of its class, and every part works perfectly. It weighs when empty 360 pounds, 250 pounds being on the drivers; is six feet six inches long, and the gauge of the pounds being on the drivers; is six feet six inches long, and the gauge of the strack is seven and three-quarters. The driving wheels are six inches in diameter and have called rims, and the cylinders and three-six teenths inch bore and have culled rims, and the cylinders are two and three-sixteenths inch bore by three inch stroke. The boiler is made of three-sixteenth wrought iron and carries forty pounds working pressure to the square inch. The safety valve is set to blow off at forty-five. The pump, which is under the engine, between the links, is worked by an eccentric on the forward axle and is nine-sixteenths bore by one inch stroke.

links, is worked by an eccentric on the forward axle and is nine-sixteenths bore by one inch stroke.

A steam pipe heats the water before it reaches the pump. The engine is fitted with steam brakes, which are placed between the middle and back driving wheels. There is also a cylinder under the cab which draws up the brakes on both trucks of the tender. The brakes on the engine and tender operate at the same time. Under the working pressure the brakes can be put on with enough power to skid the wheels on the engine and tender. The bell rings by steam and is neatly finished. The frame of the engine rests on solid steel springs, connected with equalizing bars from the front trucks to the back drivers, thus allowing the model to run on very rough rails without danger of springing the frame. The driving wheels, when raised from the track, have made 1,030 revolutions per minute under a pressure of forty pounds on the boiler. The locomotive burns oil as feel.

The boy has worked steadily for seven

months, and the result proves how closely ne has watched the models from which he has worked. George says now that his great desire is to get into some locomotive shop where he can put to use the knowledge he possesses.

A Diabolical Merry-Go-Round

Until a few days ago a merry-go-round made a dismal vacant lot on Fifth avenue a very paradise to the young folks of Soho, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The man who owned the whirligin made lots of money while he tarried there. A gentleman who lives near by calcula-ted that no less than \$60 were exchanged for rides on the merry-go-round

every day that was fine.
Still the owner of the flying horses did not have things all his own way. Now and then a gang of toughs would descend upon him and insist on running things to suit themselves. After one or two such visitations the showman determined to give the toughs a surprise party the next time they came. A day or two afterward a dozen hard charac ters, ranging from 12 to 16 years, ap-peared upon the scene and a young fel-low with closely-cropped hair, a black eye, and a square chin stepped up to the showman and said: "Say, mister, we'se goin' to ride on dis yer machine an' we

ain't goin' to pay-see!"

To the surprise and even disappointment of the young sluggers their vic-tim smiled pleasantly and said: "All right-get on.

So the short-haired citizens mounted the flying horses, and the showman started the machine. Around went the toughs in great glee. The machine went a little fuster, and the riders howled for joy. Again the speed in-creased and the howls grew fainter and further apart. The showman turned on all the steam, and the merry-go-round whirled like a humming top at its first gait. The boys were shouting no longer. Silence would have reigned but for the rattle and creaking of the machine. For two or three minutes the Then like ripe apples the young toughs, with pale, scared faces, began to hustle through the air. They struck the ground anything but softly, but they usually got up quickly and staggered away. If they impered the staggered away. If they ingered away, showman helped them along with a showman helped them along with a showman helped them along the booking stopped only two desperadoes, looking deathly sick, still clung to the hobby They looked so miserable that horses. the showman allowed them to climb down and slink away without any assistance from his club. He was never bothered with the noble comrades of the owl gang again.

Applying a Principle.

Most of us understand a principle nost thoroughly when its applie to be found in our own line of thought

The members of a central High School, after a long debate, decided that the marking system was injurious and unfair, and petitioned the principal to abolish it.

"We know," said the spokesman, "whether we have prepared our lessons or not; the record of an accidental miss may be misleading."

There was a great base-ball match impending, in which the whole school

was intensely intersted.
"Let us try it on the ball-ground first," said the principal. "In the coming match keep no score. You will know whether you play well or ill, and as to errors, they are often purely accidental. Why record them?"

The boys withdrew without another word. They could appreciate the illustration.

Extraordinary Leap by a Dog.

A Boston (Mass.) dispatch says: Lieu-Regiment of Infantry, was out walking at Greathead, with his little daughter Grace yesterday afternoon. They were attended by a thorough-bred St. Bernard dog, the property of Lieutenant Shaw. While at the highest point of the chif. Grace went close to the edge, and the dog, seeing her danger, walked between the child and the precipice. The turf started and the dog lost his footing. Realizing his danger, he made a spring far out over the chilf. The child had turned to her father and was really out of danger, when the lost sprayer was sprayer when the lost sprayer when the lost sprayer when the lost sprayer when the lost sprayer was sprayer when the lost sprayer was sprayer when the lost sprayer was sprayer when the lost sprayer when the lost sprayer was sprayer when the lost of danger when the dog sprang up in front of her. He sprang clear of the rocks and landed on his feet on the beach, 120 feet below. It was a remarkable escape, for the dog is extremely large, weighing 165 pounds, and such a leap, without breaking limbs, seems impossible. Beyond a few cuts on his feet the dog was apparently unhurt.



The First Palse Step

It is a peculiarity of many criminals forgers, particularily, that they never drink nor smoke. This fact rather interferes with the theory of many tem-perance people that downward steps in a man's career can be traced back to liquor and tobacco. In our penitentiar-ies an interview like the following might be possible: Prison visitor (to convict)
"What was your first false step?" Convict—"Alsa! I refused to touch tobacco." Visitor—"What followed?" Convict—"The second step was easy after
that—I declined to drink?"

THE HOUSEHOLD

Read These Things by Your Firesis To arrest hiccough close ears with the fingers with prewhile a tew swallows of liquid taken.

Coughs may be much alley and dry throats be cured by gline and lemon juice taken at n The glycerine should be diluted.

To prevent cake adhering to pan when baked, scatter a little over the greased surface before I

Use a silver spoon when coo mushrooms. The silver will be b ened if any injurious quality is

It is a good idea for a tall wo

to have her kitchen table and ing-board higher than ordinary. will save her many a back ache. Embroidery and braiding will be largely used on stylish auti gowns, but more in separate spedesigns than in continuos patern

English walking hats have lo crowns than those now worn many have the brims turned up hind as well as on each side.

Old pieces of passementerie utilized to trim sashes of black me ribbon, the ribbon being cut as where passementerie is applied.

A very good liniment for sores bruises is made of one-half pint sweet oil, one ounce of laudant and a piece of camphor gum the of a walnut.

Leather bands are used as he cuffs, collars, revers and waistcoa upon walking and driving suits country wear, and may be procu in colors to match the costume. A salve that is good for all kin

of wounds, etc., is made of eq parts of yellow wax and sweet a Melt slowly, carefully stirring. Wi cooling, stir in a small quantity glycerine.

When you boil a cabbage tie a of dry bread in a bag and put in t kettle. French cooks say that all t unpleasant odor which makes a hou smell like an old drain will be a sorbed by the bread.

An excellent way of cooking eg is to break them in boiling milk with out beating; cook slowly, stirrin now and then. When done soft pot into a dish and add a little proper salt and butter.

Do not scrape the inside of frying pans, as after this operation as preparation fried is liable to cate or burn to the pan. If the pan he black inside, rub it with a hard cru of bread and wash in hot water to ed with a little soda.

TO CLEAN PAPERED WALLS.-WE down with a flannel cloth tied over broom or brush. Cut a thick piece stale bread and rub down with thi Begin at the top and go straigh down. Care must, of course be take not to wear upon the paper.

A rough and pimpled face may b improved by washing it in sour but termilk just before going to bed; the let it dry and rub it thoroughly with dry wheat flour. In the mornin bathe with cold soft water, and ru vigorously with a coarse towel.

DELICATE INDIAN PUDDING .- OR quart of milk scalded, two heapin table spoonfuls of meal, cook twelv minutes; stirinto this one tablespool tables, world tablespool tablespool tablespool tablespool tablespoon tablespool tablespoon tablespool tablespoon tablespool tab one hour.

To laundry red table lines " borax, which serves to set the color ber at every wash the linen separately an "Do you to quickly, using very little soap; rins marry you? in tipid water containing a little then he has a vaved her h tepid water with a little powder iron when nearly dry.

It is odd, says a writer of fashio how many famous women have ha auburn hair. Catherine, of Russi had brown hair just on the verged being red. Ninon de l' Enclos was equally proud of her warm tress and Mary Stuart seemed a daughts of the sun. of the sun.

In a report to the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Dietho Academy of Medicine, Dr. Dietho laurie."

says that diptheria and croup may be cured by the vapor from liquid tar and turpentine. A teaspoor to the care of the tar and turpentine is to be put into a pan and set on fix. A dense smoke arises which tends to destroy the fibrinous tissues which choke up the throat, and the paties immediately falls into a deep slumber, and in the course of the days will entirely recover from days will entirely recover from diptheria. The pan containing the tar should be set into a larger paties to prevent fire, and everythis should be taken from the root that could be injured by smoke.

Let me a containing the larger paties and the clift in the

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