

OCTOBER WOODS.

A. B. Robinson in Chicago Tribune. October woods! where late the green of summer's livery was seen, The frost King laid his fingers cold, And a thousand hues unfold That veiled with rainbow's mingled sheen.

FOR ISOBEL.

By Maurice Thompson.

Not long since, it was while yet the public excitement ran high in connection with discoveries made when the old Bauderet house on Bourbon street, New Orleans, was torn down, I was told the story of Augustin Verot.

It was in the year of 1839, that this young man, rich, gifted and handsome, came to New Orleans to spend a winter with Charles Marot Bauderet, whose acquaintance he had formed in Paris.

The two men were of the same age, and their tastes were similar. Verot had had been captured by Bauderet's wit, learning and subtle personal charm.

When Bauderet left Paris after a year's sojourn there, he exacted a promise from his new friend that he should come to New Orleans and spend some months with him.

Charles Marot Bauderet, as some of my readers will remember, was a school-teacher, occupying the large, stately old house all alone, save that he was surrounded with many faithful slaves.

The house was a low, far-spreading, gloomy, brick structure, whose immensely thick walls and small windows gave it a jail-like appearance.

Bauderet was descended from a family of buccaners. His wealth was the result of ancestral piracy, murder and rapine.

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Verot followed, but not without a strange sense of insecurity. It was as if some treachery were about to be sprung upon him at every step while they passed through two or three dim rooms and along a low, narrow passage between dark brick walls, then into a bare windowless little room.

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thermore, instead of appealing to the code, the host who had been so cruelly robbed took the turn of affairs with a philosophic resignation truly admirable.

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fine stolen slaves while he was waiting a chance to run them off. Nobody living, save myself, knows that this room exists."

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Some time after the death of General Grant, a clergyman, himself an old soldier, was present at a large reception of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, given by Mrs. Grant, and formed her acquaintance with the latter.

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PROCLAMATION. WHEREAS, A joint resolution was adopted by the legislature of the state of Nebraska, at the twenty-first session thereof, and approved March 20th, A. D. 1889, proposing an amendment to the constitution of said state, and that said amendment shall read as follows, to-wit:

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