AUTUMN.

The autumn winds in the shivering trees
Are telling of the past;
There's music wild in the sighing breezes,
In the requiem tones of the blast!
And a change has come o'er early flowers,
For their odor and bloom are gone,
And the birds that sang in summer bowers
To summer climes have flown.

For thy spirit's hopes has the breath of years
Come like an autumn frost?
From thy dream of life dost thou wake in tears
To weep o'er bright flowers lost?
There's a lesson sad in the autumn wind,
When the summer's foliage fades,
And it leaves the broken flowers behind,
As it sweeps o'er valley and glade.

Dreamer! is there one cherished flower
Thou would'st not see decay?
Dost thou fear in some ill-fated hour
To see it fade away?
Lo! a fiercer spirit shall storm the air,
And sterner winds shall blow,
Till all that's left of the autumn fair
To the winter's breath shall bow.

—*Post and Tribune.*

A LITTLE GOLD OWL.

"Do you know what a famous Russian beauty once write in her album? No? Let me tell you, then: 'The Frenchman understands best the art of talking love, the Italian of acting it, but the German rocks it to sleep, while the Pole ruins all.'"

"And the American?" pleaded a musical voice in the ear of the first speaker.

The lady made no immediate reply. The pair stood in the wings of a tiny amateur theatre in one of our large cities, and the drama of "Matrimony" in which they had acted, was over. Both were artists in that intense sentiment of excitement which stirs the ripples of private life when theatricals and charades become the prevailing fashion.

Augusta Bevan, tall, slender and proud, had resumed her velvet walking dress, and toyed with a tiny muff of pink satin, which was suspended about her neck by means of a ribbon.

Capt. Hornblower, easy, graceful and elegant, bent over her in an attitude of devotion which he had assumed, with the facility of a glove, for the past fifteen years, in the ball-rooms of West Point, Saratoga and Newport.

"Your muff seems to be a sort of fairy casket," pursued Capt. Hornblower. "Give me a keepsake from one of the pockets, in remembrance of this night."

"What shall it be?" retorted Augusta Bevan, gaily.

She sought in the tiny pockets of perfumed and quilted satin, and drew forth a glittering object. This was a little gold owl, beautifully wrought, with ruby eyes and jeweled claws. When a spring was touched, a slender pencil case slid out of the bird's head.

"Here is my gift," she said, gently and the gallant Captain understood that her words meant capitulation.

Was he glad or sorry? He received the little gold owl with effusive gratitude, and kissed the hand which bestowed the gift; but it was in the nature of this military butterfly to doubt, at the moment, if he had acted with unwise precipitation, if he had not sold himself too cheaply in the matrimonial market, and if Augusta Bevan was as great an heiress as she was reputed to be.

"My children remember the Scotch proverb. 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout,'" said Mr. Riddel, behind him.

Mr. Riddel, who invariably enacted the part of benevolent old man, proffered his snuff-box to Capt. Hornblower with his quizzical smile.

"We are called out again!" exclaimed Mrs. Trentham.

There was a patter of applause, and the four emerged before the footlights making their salutations in the most approved professional manner. On the stage stood Mrs. Trentham in a superb toilet, Augusta Bevan, Capt. Hornblower, and Mr. Riddel. Beyond the circle of footlights was a fashionable audience, where blended satin, gold, feathers, and lace resembling a parterre of flowers, while the little theater, built for Mrs. Trentham, made a charming background for smiling faces. Certainly the two actresses looked their best, for Capt. Hornblower, deeply versed in such craft, had made up their complexion with the aid of rouge and other cosmetics, moist purple worsted furnishing the requisite shadows beneath the eyes.

Said Mr. Riddel, as he conducted Miss Bevan home: "You will not forget my proverb, Augusta!—'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

She glanced askance at him, and frowned. Mr. Riddel, divested of gray wig and paternal bearing, was a dignified gentleman of forty years, lawyer, and manager of the great Bevan property.

"You have always warned me of fortune-hunters and worthless suitors since I left school," she exclaimed petulantly.

Mr. Riddel remained silent, but the blood mounted to his brow.

Said Mrs. Trentham to Capt. Hornblower, at a little supper table in a fashionable restaurant.

"Take another glass of champagne, Captain. Augusta Bevan really did very well to-night for a novice, except in the awkwardness of her attitudes. Allow me to look at the gold owl she gave you behind the scenes. Ah! I saw it all. A manager must be everywhere, you know."

Very piquant looked Mrs. Trentham as she spoke, coquette of as many seasons as her companion had posed for a beau, an arch sparkle in her eye, more than a suspicion of malice in her smile, for to see any man admire another woman pierced her vanity, if not her heart, and she could not rest until she had lured him away from his allegiance or at least sown mischief in the path of possible lovers. Yet Mrs. Trentham was a most peculiar person and an acknowledged leader of society. Capt. Hornblower resisted for a time; but the enchantress was adroit, witty, flattering, and the supper good, and in the end he yielded.

The lady attached the little gold owl to her watch chain, and merged in the streets at 3 o'clock in the morning. When she reached her home the gold owl was gone. She had lost it during the walk.

Next day Mrs. Trentham sallied up to Augusta Bevan, at a crowded kettle-drum, took both of her hands, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my dear, I am so dreadfully sorry. I am always committing some folly. I do not deserve forgiveness. Capt. Hornblower gave me—I mean lent me—your little gold owl last night, and I actually lost it in the street."

The Sevres tea-cup fell from Augusta's hands to the floor. Mr. Riddel and Capt. Hornblower stooped for the fragments simultaneously, thus knocking their heads together.

"She is disillusioned," thought Mr. Riddel.

"The game is lost," reflected the gallant warrior, with unfeigned regret.

"Of course, no woman ever forgave that."

At 6 o'clock that morning a young Swiss maiden, by name Maria Hetzel, had gone on an errand to the market for her mistress. Marie was 16, with a round brown face framed in a fringe cap, and carried a basket on her arm. Her foot struck a small object, she stooped, and found a gold owl on the curbstone.

"Himmel!" exclaimed Marie, and sped with her treasure to the lager beer saloon where Fritz, her lover, was a waiter.

Fritz happened to be polishing the row of little tables placed in bowers of evergreen. He was a prudent youth of 19, with blonde hair and hard blue eyes. He examined the trinket and put it in his pocket. The gold owl would look very pretty suspended about Marie's throat, even as Roman women rejoice in their hair-pins and chains, or the Genoese in their filigree ear-rings; but money also could be made out of it—money to add to frugal savings wherewith to return to beloved Canton Berne as man and wife, and buy a modest farm.

Marie shed a few tears of feminine vanity, while yielding to logical argument, and trudged home with her basket.

Fritz sought a little den of a shop in an obscure quarter, and sold the gold owl to a Jew, after much haggling, for $5, which sum he consigned to a savings bank. Now, indeed, was the owl lost, hopelessly lost, for it had disappeared in the back ship of a wretched quarter, instead of reposing in the pocket of Miss Bevan's pink satin muff. It happened that the owl had never met with greater appreciation, however. The ruby eyes glowed like flames, while the golden plumage became luminous, and the ornament was passed from one dusky hand to another.

Finally the Jew took the trinket to a fashionable jeweler, celebrated for skillful workmanship in metals, and sold it for a considerable sum, Mr. Riddel, walking down town one morning, paused suddenly before the jeweler's window. He saw a little gold owl suspended by a hook, and radiant in the sunshine. He fancied the bird of wisdom actually winked at him in recognition. He entered the place and bought it promptly.

Augusta Bevan, pale, thoughtful, and with a new tenderness in her bearing, received back the little golden owl. "I have been thinking of so many things of late," she said, softly, placing her hand within the arm of this faithful friend. "I even remember your proverb; 'Those who fish for minnows never catch trout.'"

Mrs. Trentham tapped Capt. Hornblower on the arm with her fan at a reception where the lady was resplendent in Worth toilet of black satin and old gold. "Mr. Riddel and Augusta Bevan are engaged," she said, "I always knew it would be a match yet. Their property joins, you know, and water does flow to water in that way in our wicked world. Besides, he is really the only man worthy of Augusta."

Capt. Hornblower went his way, having been ordered to a fort in Montana Territory. His amiability was not increased by the discovery that his hair was turning gray, and that he experienced a twinge of rheumatism in his right knee.

Will Force—How a Distinguished Gentleman Stopped Smoking.

"I tell you," said Col. Holcomb "that smoking is the worst habit that a man can contract. You know I lean very affectionately toward literature, and that I write sketches occasionally. Several days ago I received an order from a literary paper for a story. I was flattered by the compliment and immediately began work. For years I have been an inveterate smoker, and knew that the effect of tobacco was injurious to my brain, and when I began the story I resolved to quit. I have a strong will, let me remark, but I was surprised at the ease with which I crushed the habit. I wrote with a vigor which I had never felt before, and when night came I went to bed feeling like a hero. I thought of men who struggle with the habit and smiled when I contemplated my superior strength. The next day I began work again. I wanted to smoke, but I frowned at the desire and bent my mental energies to the story. I soon conquered the desire, and worked with almost nervous rapidity. Looking up suddenly I saw my meerschaum pipe lying on the mantlepiece. My victor was not complete. 'Ah,' I thought, 'I'll show myself that I am master of the situation,' and, raising, I filled the pipe and placed it on the desk beside me. 'Now I am master,' I mused. 'The enemy is under my very nose and still I resist him. The victor will soon grow commonplace. I took up the pipe. I would go farther. I would light a match and hold it over the tobacco. I took the stem between my teeth and smiled again. Talk about conquering a desire. I struck a match and held it over the pipe."

"Well," remarked one of the company when the Colonel stopped.

"I smoked," he continued. "Who's got a match?"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Chess.

The announcement that a clergyman in the North of England is about to play a game of chess on his lawn with living pieces supplied from the children of his parish recalls one of the most amusing of the "Contes Excentriques" of Adrien Robert. The Thugs, according to the French writer, who wished to have it all their own way in India, having made five attempts to stab, poison, and blow the Governor of the East India Company, attributed their want of success to a talisman in the shape of his grey felt hat, unknown till then in India. His passion was chess, and it was determined by the chief of the sect to challenge him at that game. The stake was the governor's hat on one side, and the surrender of the ringleaders of the Thugs on the other. On the plains at Barrackpore a chess-board 100 yards square was marked out. There were elephants for the castles and knights in armor and living pawns. The governor's men were supplied at 425 apiece by his rival. The game lasted all day, for all the pieces were killed as they were taken. Just as the Thug Queen was in danger, having taken the White Queen, the impertubable governor adjourned to lunch, where he staid two hours. His rival was in anguish, for the queen was his wife. On the return of the Governor the White King advanced to take her, but the magnanimity of the Englishman stepped in, and he took her prisoner. This generosity so demoralized his opponent that in a few more moves the game was over, the conspirators handed over to the mercies of John Company and India saved from perishing.

Gen. Wolseley will enter the peerage as Baron Wolseley and Admiral Seymour as Baron Alcester.

On the Eve of Matrimony.

"Do they edit in here?"

The several occupants of the room looked round and discovered a young lady standing in the doorway. She nodded slightly to the horse reporter, and that individual returned the salutation with a pleasant smile and a half-over-eight-burdles smile whose grandeur of expanse would alone have made it noticeable.

"You are right this time, madam," he said. "This is the exact spot where the seething brain of the trained journalist proceeds to bubble, and the barges of Thought that pierce with unerring aim the brazen helmets of Wrong are held in couchant poise by strong arms ready to launch them forth at the signal of danger."

"Papa doesn't know I'm up here," said the vision of loveliness, "but mamma does. The very minute I told her that I was going to see an editor she said it was the best thing to do, but when I got to the door I just thought I should die."

"You don't look to be in danger of immediate dissolution," said the horse reporter.

"Oh, of course I don't mean exactly that," said the young lady, "but I was awfully nervous, you know—I always was that—and when I was a little girl my papa used to say that the only way to govern me was by kindness."

"Well, we'll be gentle with you," replied the personal friend of Rarus. Would you like to read the Hawkinsville Clarion, or the Cohoes Freeman?" and he pointed to a pile of exchanges.

"No, I don't care about it, thank you," was the reply. "You editors must have a hard time managing all the people who come up here."

"There is a managing editor for that purpose," replied the horse reporter.

"How nice! And do all these gentlemen edit?"

"Yes."

"I am going to be married next week," said the young lady. "Ain't it funny."

"Quite ludicrous, no doubt," was the reply.

"And I came up here," she continued, "to see if you would put a nice notice of the affair in the paper. Will you do it?"

"Certainly," said the horse reporter. "Would you like to have it referred to as 'another one of those delightful events in which the happiness of a trusting love finds glad fruition in wedded bliss,' or 'the marriage bells rang out merrily last evening, telling to joyful star-lit skies the tale of love's final triumph?" Both these sentences are kept in type, and you can have your choice."

"I rather like the last one best," said the young lady. "It is much more beautiful. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," replied the horse reporter; "there is a sort of curfew will not ring tonight tinge to it that lays over the other one."

"Well, then, I will take that. And will an editor be around to write it up?"

"Certainly."

"I will send you a piece of the wedding cake," continued the young lady.

"Do," said the horse reporter. "There is a dog up my way that needs killing."

Horrible Death.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and it is often more intense and exciting; certainly, if one encounters it. An overturned engine near Alameda, on the Pacific Coast road, California, held the fireman down by the side of the track, where the tide of the San Francisco Bar was rapidly rising. Unless he could be removed he would be drowned. Six men wrapped sheets about his body and exerted their combined strength to pull him from his appalling position. He cried piteously that they were killing him. They tried again and again in vain. A levee was built about his head to keep down the rising tide. Buckets were brought and by faithful bailing they attempted to keep the water from reaching his head. He was lying under the cab and a hole was cut through the cab, through which he could put his head, raising it above the water as much as possible. He remained thus two hours. At last the levee broke, and the men who were bailing out the water found that they could do no more. The water rose slowly about his body. They all caught hold and pulled desperately. It was in vain. They could not move him. They raised his head again. The water rose slowly but surely. It reached his chin. A friend held his hand over the drowned man's mouth. The water rose to his nostrils. Nothing more could be done and he was drowned.

Names of Countries.

The Phoenicians, who were a great commercial people in the young days of the world, are thought to have given the present names of most of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. The Phoenician language contained the words Europe, Asia, Africa, Italy, Spain, Gaul, Britain, Ætna, Sardinia and Siberia, as well as many others now used as the names of minor places. Europe, in Phœnician, meant "white complexion," and was applied to the country north of the Mediterranean because the natives were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Africa signified "the land of corn," and Asia meant "the middle land," being so named because it was between Europe and Africa. Italy was the "the country of black pitch;" Spain was the "land of yellow hair;" Britain, "the country of tin;" Ætna, "the furnace;" Sardinia, "a man's foot," and Siberia, "thirsty land," because it is so dry.

Melville's and Danenhower's Reports.

The secretary of the navy has received the official reports of Chief Engineer Melville and Lieut. Danenhower of the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette. Engineer Melville's report is a detailed narrative of his experience subsequent to the separation of the Jeannette's boats at the mouth of the Lena river, including the adventures of the crew of the whale-boat, the search for the lost party of Capt. De Long and the final discovery of their dead bodies. The report gives somewhat fuller details than have heretofore been published, but contains no fact of consequence which may not be found in the reports, letters and interviews already in print. Lieut. Danenhower's report is a detailed narrative of his journey home through Siberia from Bulun at the head of the Lena delta to St. Petersburg.

It all depends. Customer—"I don't know how it is, but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now you always make my friend, Captain Stollert's coat to sit so beautifully." Tailor—"Yes, sir; but he's got shoulder's to hang 'em on. If a gentleman's made like champagne bottle, no tailor can fit him." (Exit customer in high dudgeon.)—*Punch.*

A kind employer. Mose Schaumburg, the Austin avenue merchant, is strict in regard to the personal appearance of his clerks. He was very much opposed to his clerks wearing a moustache, and when one of them applied to him for permission to raise a moustache, "Dot vash all right," replied Mose, "you shoost raise so much viskers as you tam please, so long as you don't wear them in the store during pishness hours."—*Texas Siftings.*

Thoughts for the Season.

The "fall of the leaf" is the season of death and decay. The gorgeous coloring of the leaves and the changing hues of the leaves and the changing hues of the lower vegetation, are all significative of this. It is the ripening which precedes decay that produces the varied tints which clothe the woods and the shrubbery, and the beauty which pleases the eye is nothing less than the covering that hides the unpleasant and unwholesome ruins of the summer's verdure. The fall season, with its dying vegetation, its damps and fogs and dripping moisture and its sudden changes, is one that calls for special care and precaution. Decay and death reproduce themselves, and there is nothing so hurtful to life as dead matter. From it are spread upon every breeze germs which produce decomposition in living and disease in animal life, and unless pains are taken to fortify ourselves against these influences, we are in constant danger.

There are a few simple directions which might be usefully given just now that may, if noted and followed, prevent serious disorders, and first—because the most dangerous—the drinking water calls for the most serious thought. Do we ever think of what becomes of the myriads of insects that have until now infested almost every leaf, and that with all the filth they have produced, have fallen to the ground and have died and disappeared, and of all the dead, rotting matter under our feet everywhere? It is in greater part dissolved and carried into the soil, into streams, ponds and springs, and from all these we directly or indirectly procure our supply of drink. It is hardly safe to use any water, even from the deepest wells, because these are all more or less polluted by surface water at this season, without boiling it, and special care should be taken against drinking any water that has not been thoroughly boiled. It is just now that fevers, colds, sore throats and intestinal disorders become frequent, and a very little prevention may be more useful than a very large amount of cure.

The closest attention should be given to the health. The feet should be kept dry and warm, and a chill to the body be carefully guarded against. The perspiration throws off much of whatever unwholesome matter may be taken into, or produced in, the system, and a sudden stoppage of it throws back all this into the circulation and poisons the blood with it. The result may be what we call a cold; or it may be more serious and appear as a fever, or pneumonia or diphtheria, and all of these differ chiefly in degree and location, and not so much in character; for the former may easily change into the latter. The doctor is not always at hand, and so every person should be as much as possible his own and his family's doctor, so far as the prevention of sickness is concerned. Precautions and good nursing save more lives than medicines. A simple cooling laxative, a warm bath, a simple sweating drink of gruel and wrapping in a blanket and going to bed, will frequently ward off a serious illness and avert the danger, before the doctor can be reached. And to use these, no one need to wait for the doctor's orders. So that, to sum up, it may be repeated that at this season it is very safe to be extremely particular in regard to drinking water; to avoid damp or wet feet or clothing; to avoid getting heated and then chilled by cooling; to eat moderately and at the first intimation of anything wrong, to use the simple remedies pointed out, and then send for the doctor.

Points on the Hotel Business

The landlord, my dear children, is an honest man, generally; but unless you keep away from his house, he will take you in if he can.

But do not judge him too harshly. If he can put up with you, you shall be able to put up with him.

He is always ready to give everybody a warm reception, and puts you on the register as soon as you arrive.

The landlord is the head of the hotel. He is also its boniface.

The landlord, though usually a temperate man, is never so happy as when he is full.

Nothing pleases him so much as to see a host in his house, but empty though his house may be, still he is a host in himself.

In some hotels they have stated hours for breakfast, dinner and supper; but you can get meals at all hours.

The landlord is ever watchful of his actions, although the keeper of an inn is necessarily indiscreet.

Drinking habits are not necessarily prevalent at the hotel, but almost everybody's first care on entering one is to call for the porter.

The landlord will give you a room if he have it.

While you are at his house you are his guest, but probably you have already guessed that.

Some persons are very illogical in their treatment of landlords. I once knew a man who said that a certain hotel keeper's house was not fit to lodge in, and immediately afterwards lodged a complaint with him.

The landlord usually charges for extras, but he considers this honest and above board.—*Boston Transcript*

It is related of Siebenkees, an eminent German scholar, that having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with head bowed and eyelids cast down, he closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labors, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: "My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—there's a hole in it."

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

Hell Gate, at New York, is to be lighted by electricity.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.
GENTS:—I have been very low, and have tried everything to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.
W. H. WELLER.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say anything which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

OLD MORDECAI'S COCKEREL.

"Grand old trees," said Mamma," a fine view from the piazza, and pleasant inside."

"I see no fault," said Papa.

"Except that hideous little house at the foot of the garden," said Aunt Amy.

"And that horrible old man, sitting all day close up to the fence," said Bob.

"Both his legs is shorter than the other," said little Lucy.

"He sits on his own land," said Papa.

"And he minds his own business," said Mamma.

"Nevertheless, he is a very Mordecai at our back gate," said Aunt Amy.

But the summer went, and, despite the hideous little house at the foot of the garden, and the old man smoking his pipe so near the fence, everybody had seemed quite merry.

"I like Old Mortify," said Lucy; "he hands me my kitten when she runs away." She had grown used to seeing the old man walking from side to side, on his poor old rheumatic legs, and felt kindly toward him.

Now, the weather had become so cold that Mordecai no longer sat by the fence, or walked in his little garden.

In a week it would be Thanksgiving. The sky was gray and cold, and the tall trees waved their bare branches to keep warm until the snow should come to cover them.

"Everything looks awfully homesick," said Bob, standing at the window. "This is the meanest place I ever saw."

At that moment a loud, defiant crow fell upon his ears.

"There's Old Mordecai's cockerel," he said angrily.

"Yes," said Lucy. "I can see him down at the pile of leaves."

"I told him never to crow on our side of the fence," said Bob.

Lucy laughed.

"You may laugh, but you just see if he crows on our side again, Lucy Jackson."

Once again the cockerel crowed, loudly and triumphantly. Once more Lucy laughed. Bob went out, and Lucy saw the cockerel scratching the leaves. Then she saw Bob creeping toward him with a bow and arrow.

She was so much excited that she ran out at once, bare headed, to find Bob just drawing out the arrow from the poor fowl's breast.

"Oh, Bob!" she whispered, "that will hurt him dreadfully."

"Do you 'spose he likes it that way?" said Bob, sarcastically.

"Oh, Bob!" she continued, "I didn't believe you could ever hit anything."

"Nor I, either."

She turned away her head while he drew out the arrow. The cockerel flapped his wings a little, then closed his eyes and lay quite still.

"He's going to die," whispered Lucy. "That's just like a girl! Why don't you help a fellow out?"

"I will do anything you want me to, Bob."

"A girl ought to know more about such things than a boy."

"I know it," sighed Lucy. "I'm trying to think, but all I can remember is arsenicum and Jamaica ginger. He hasn't sneezed, so I don't believe it's arsenicum he needs. Shall I go for some ginger?"

"Do you think it would do any good?"

"He opened one eye; maybe, if he had some ginger, he could open both."

"Well, go get it; we can try it." And Lucy went for the ginger.

"Hope you staid long enough," said Bob, when she appeared at the stable-door with a cup in her hand.

"That mean cook wouldn't give me the sugar, and I hurried so I spilled the ginger in the closet. How is he?"

"He keeps on breathing, but he doesn't notice much."

Bob took the cup, and gave the cockerel a spoonful of the ginger. The bird staggered to his feet and flapped his wings. Lucy thought surely he meant to crow again as he went outside of the fence, but the next instant he lay motionless before them.

"He's gone!" said Bob, solemnly.

"I wish we had tried the arsenicum," said Lucy, sadly. "What will Old Mortify say?"

"I guess I shall be Old Mortify, if Papa finds it out. How strong this ginger smells!—how much did you put in?"

"Five spoonfuls. I thought he was so awful sick he ought to have a lot. Five spoonfuls! Then you killed him."

"Oh, Bob, don't say that!" she cried. "Run in the house," said Bob.

"What shall you do?"

"I am going to hide him under the leaves. And mind you, it's my place to tell of it, and not yours."

"But you are going to tell, Bob?"

"You run in, and wait and see."

She went in and stood by the window, and saw him come carelessly out of the stable and walk about the garden, then return with the dead cock and cover him hastily with leaves.

When he came in, he said: "Don't stand staring at that pile of leaves. It's done, and can't be helped. Nothing but an old rooster, anyway? No business crowing on our side of the fence. I gave him fair warning."

"But he didn't understand, Bob."

"Well, he does now," said Bob.

As the days went by, little Lucy felt more and more uneasy, as she thought of what lay under the leaves. Still she had kept quiet, waiting for Bob to speak.

She saw that Bob's conscience troubled him, and gained courage. "If you would only tell Mamma, she would tell you what to do. Oh, Bob! I can't walk on that side of the garden.

Rob looked down into Lucy's face, and then went back to the kitchen and got a large bunch of raisins and gave them to her, with a pat on the head, which she understood very well. "Too bad," he declared, "that you can't go out to-day."

A few minutes later, Lucy might have been seen running toward the provision store.

"Anything wrong, Miss Lucy?" said the red-cheeked boy who drove the wagon.

She went in timidly, and when she stood close by his side, she whispered; "How much do you ask for your roosters?"

"A hen wouldn't do?" he asked, laughing.

"No," she said, with a sigh, as she compared in her mind the proud strut of Mordecai's cockerell with the walk of any hen she had met, "I want a rooster."

"What is it for?" he asked, confidentially.

"For Thanksgiving."

"Oh! Why not get a small turkey? Just the thing."

Why had she not thought of it before? Perhaps that would help Mordecai to forgive them.

She began to blame herself with Bob, for had she not prepared the fatal ginger?

The red-cheeked boy held up a plump little turkey.

"Is that a dollar?" she asked.

"That's heavier than I thought," he said, after he had thrown it into the scales. "That will cost, all told—let me see—one dollar and thirty-eight cents."

She began feeling about her neck, as if she kept her money concealed somewhere about her jugular vein, and tears came to her eyes.

The red-cheeked boy became again confidential. "Come, now," he said, in a low tone, "how much do we want to pay? What is just the little sum we were thinking of, when we came in?"

"I have only one dollar," answered Lucy, with her hand still guarding a jugular.

"A dollar is quite enough to pay for a small, nice, plump little turkey, if the right person comes for it."

Lucy hoped she was the right person. "If you please," she said, as he showed her another turkey, the smallest one she had ever seen, "are you sure it's turkey? I don't want a rooster."

"My word for it, Miss Lucy, yesterday afternoon that fowl said 'Gobble.' Shall I send it to your house?"

"If you would do him up so he would look like a dress, I would be very much obliged to you."

Then she hurried home.

When Bob came in, she pulled him into a corner and whispered: "I have bought a little turkey, the littlest one you ever saw, but a real turkey, for Mordecai! Run out, before you take off your coat, for it's in the stable, in the oat-box; and will you take it to Mordecai's house? Go quick, before it gets dark."

"I have carried the turkey down," he said to Lucy on his return. "Now, tell me where you got the money."

"I had to take my gold dollar." Lucy could not keep the tears from filling her eyes.

"Whew!" he said, "the one on your chain?"

She nodded.

"Born with it on, weren't you?"

"I don't 'member when I got it," said she, a little more cheerfully. "Don't go out again, Bob," as he started suddenly toward the door, and she saw him run across the garden with his skate-bag under his arm.

He walked rapidly to Johnny Bang's house. The bell was answered by young John himself, whose eyes brightened as he saw the skate-bag; but he waited for Bob to speak.

"You said last night you would give me two and a half; say three and they're yours," said Bob.

"Do you suppose I made a half a dollar in my sleep?" said Johnny, with a grin.

"Can you give me three?"

"No, I can't."

"Jerry will; I came to you first, because you made the first offer. I must have three or nothing."

"You come in and sit down, and I'll see if I can work Mother up to it."

Johnny's mother proved a person easily "worked up," for in a few minutes he returned with three crisp bills in his hand.

He took the skates from the bag and handed them to his friend.

"Won't throw in the bag?" said Johnny.

"Oh, I'll throw in the whole family," said Bob, sarcastically, as he left the house.

The first call he made was on the red-cheeked boy at the provision store; then he went to the city.

After supper, when little Lucy was sitting with her father, talking about Thanksgiving, he came in, looking rather tired, and gave her a tiny box. She opened it and found first a note, which said to her:

"Dear Lucy: You did the square thing by me and I won't forget it. Hang these on your chain in remembrance of old Mordecai's rooster. "BOB."

And under some pink cotton lay her own little dollar, and beside it a small gold cockerel, as proud-looking as old Mordecai's before Bob's unlucky shot.—*St. Nicholas.*

Death of George Washington: "When did George Washington die?" asked an Austin teacher of a large boy. "Is he dead?" was the astonished reply. "Why, it is not more than six months ago that they were celebrating his birthday, and now he is dead. It's a bad year on children. I reckon his folks let him eat something that didn't agree with him."

Hope calculate its schemes for a long and durable life, presses forward to imaginary points of bliss, and grasps at impossibilities, and consequently ensnares men into beggary, ruin and dishonor.

Too Fastidious.

Some would be Byrons look on with disgust
At the rhymes of "Eclectic Oil" just;"
But we have the best article known to the world,
And indeed that all persons shall know it.
It cures coughs, colds, asthma and catarrh,
Bronchitis and complaints of that kind;
It does not cost much, though it maintains it cures.
The best oil in the world you can find.

The best medicines in the world are warmth, rest, cleanliness and pure air.

SPECULATIONS.

"Good morning, Mr. B., fine day!" "Yes, fine day." "Think it'll rain to-day?" "Well, hardly think it will rain to-day; still it may; hope not."

"Howdy do, Mr. C., cold isn't it?" "Well, yes, I should say it was cold." "Have some snow, I reckon?" "Wouldn't wonder at all; still it doesn't look like snow."

"Hello K., going to get a freeze, eh?" "No think not; the wind's going to blow up a thaw." "That's where you are wrong. I tell you its going to freeze."

The above are some of the empty whims and speculations so often on the tongues of the people. Questions of vital importance and with which they are intimately concerned, such as health, modes of living, and the treatment of disease, are passed upon little, if at all. How much more sensible would be a query, say like this:

"Well, Mr. B., how is your case of dyspepsia coming on? Have you found a remedy for it?" Or like this: "My liver and kidneys flag in their work. Is there a medicine that will assist them in meeting nature's requirements?"

If Mr. B., or the other party accosted, had used Burdock Blood Bitters he would have found a remedy true and good, one that has merit and is honest.

Let us add that the reputation of Burdock Blood Bitters is founded upon the solid floor of fact, nailed down and clinched by sincere conviction. For all disorders arising from or associated with the blood and stomach, this medicine is peculiarly adapted, and gives unvarying satisfaction.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Detroit, Mich.

The means to promote any end are as necessary as the end to be promoted.

Life's a Conundrum.

When judiciously used, BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are in themselves a remedy for all the evils arising from impurities of the blood, which never fail to make the patient long-lived and happy. Price $1.00.

We might as well have no opportunities at all as not to use the ones we have.

Small Comfort.

When you are continually coughing night and day, annoying everybody around you, and hoping it will go away of its own accord, you are running a dangerous risk—better use THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, an unfailing remedy in such cases.

Vanity and despondency are two counsellors whose suggestions are never wise.

Mother Shipton's prophecy is supposed to be about four hundred years old, and every prophecy has been fulfilled except the last—the end of the world in 1881. Buy your Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the great natural hair restorer, before the world comes to an end.

Trees in the forest may be barren, but trees in the garden should be fruitful.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, cold, sore throat, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption, in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood-purifier, and strength-restorer or tonic, and for liver complaint and costive conditions of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

Envy is a passion so full of cowardice and shame that nobody has the confidence to own its possession.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workingmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

In a crowd the average individual is small, and the purpose of parties is to take advantage of this fact.

Rescued From Death.

William J. Coughlin of Somerville, Mass. says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness."

Much learning shows how little mortals know.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

YOUNG MEN
THE GOLDSMITH Bryant & Stratton Business University, Detroit, is the oldest, largest, most thorough and practical, has the most able and experienced teachers, finest rooms, and better facilities every way, than any other business college in Michigan. Ask our graduates and the business men of Detroit, about our School. Call or send for Circulars. Shorthand by a Practical Reporter.

YOUNG MEN If you want to learn telegraphy in a few months and be sure of a situation at good wages, address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop B.
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALID'S FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

SAMARITAN
CURES AND
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE
THE DR. S. A. RICHMOND MEDICAL CO., Sole Proprietors, St. Joseph, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED FOR COBURN'S LINE OF Subscription Books
THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, and the fastest selling. Accurately written, clearly printed on fine paper, elegantly illustrated and beautifully bound. The books are low priced, and have no competition. Territory can readily be had by any Agent because they sell fast. The people are anxious to get them. Read list of new books:
"Newman's America." An Encyclopedia of Biography from the Landing of Columbus.
The Lives of the James Brothers. The only complete account of the Missouri Outlaws.
"The Jeannette." The only Narrative Exploration.
"Pictorial Family Bible." The only complete. Over 2,000 Illustrations.
Write quickly for circulars and terms. Territory is rapidly being taken.
COBURN & COOK PUBLISHING CO.,
98, 99, 100 Metropolitan Block, CHICAGO, ILL.

RUPTURE!
Cured without an operation or the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office 251 Broadway, New York. His book with photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure mailed for 10 cents.

A WONDERFUL

Patents
Do you wish to obtain good and valuable Patents? then write to or call upon THOS. S. SPRAGUE & SON, 37 West Congress St., Detroit, Mich., Attorneys in Patent Causes. Established 15 years. Send for pamphlet, free.

PATENTS
F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

BOUNTY
Not arrears of pay to volunteer soldiers charged with desertion. Honorable discharges procured for those who served until May 22, 1865, and then went home without leave. Act, August 7, 1882.
Apply to
MILO B. STEVENS & CO.,
Abstract Building,
Detroit, Mich.

BILLIARD TABLES.
Send for our prices & illustrated catalogue
SCHULENBURG M'F'G CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

This N. Y. Singer, $20
With $8 set of Attachments Free.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY. TRADE MARK
BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.
Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on the receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Buffalo, N. Y.
On account of counterfeits, we have adopted the Yellow Wrapper; the only genuine. Guarantees of cure issued by Farrand, Williams & Co., Detroit, Mich.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our Fall price List for 1882. Free to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for personal or family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

A Business Education should be possessed by every young man. The best place to acquire it is at the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Business College. Write for College Journal—sent free.

Glass
WILLIAM REID, Wholesale and Retail dealer in French and American WINDOW GLASS, PLATE GLASS, Ribbed and Rough Plate for Sky-lights, Cut and Enameled Glass, Silvered Plate Glass, Sash, Doors and Blinds. Also German Looking-Glass Plates, Lead and Oil Colors, Putty, Paints, etc. 73 and 75 Larned St. West, Detroit, Mich. For building and all want of anything write for estimates.

D. D. MALLORY & CO.,
Packers of the Celebrated Diamond Brand

Fresh oysters, Canned Fruits and Vegetables. Wholesale dealers in Foreign and Domestic Fruits. 55, 55 and 57 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.

M. R. F. 409.

Sample card mailed on receipt of twenty-five cents. By the Esterbrook Steel Pen Company. Ask your stationer for them.
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THORNDIKE NOURSE, DETROIT, MICH.
BY R. ESTERBROOK & CO.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.
A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of Iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other Iron preparations.
GENTLEMEN: I have used Dr. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this preparation has in my hands proved a Specific. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any Iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity.
DR. ROBERT SAMUELS.
St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 25th, 1881.
It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.
MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.