Title of Section
Return Without Fail.

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OCTOBER DAYS.

Out in the field is the golden-rod
Waving and bending its yellow plumes;
White is the silk in the milk-weed pod,
In the yellow days of October.

Crimson are trees of the forest land,
Berries hang red on the climbing vines,
Maples are touched by a golden hand,
And the nuts are ripe in their brownness.

Close to the grass are the asters white,
Brown on the ground lie the fallen leaves
Circling around summer's birds take flight,
And the quails whirr up near the fences.

Over the land is the autumn haze:
Slowly at eve comes the great, round moon:
Silent and sweet are the country ways
In the golden days of October.

EVA A. MADDEN in *The Ladies' Home Journal.*

A GENUINE HERO.

A sky of opal and gold, a deep trellised veranda, a novel, and a hammock slung at the most comfortable of angles. With these conditions, it was scarcely strange that Halcyon Hartford swayed delightfully between dreamland and the real world that June afternoon, with the fleecy gold of her hair, all guiltless of pin or comb, and the bell sleeves, falling enchantingly away from her round white arms, while one trim slippered foot hung from the edge of the hammock.

"Halcyon! Halcyon! Where are you?"

It was one of those exasperating voices which, once having been sweet, had now a vibrant jar to its tones, painfully akin to shrillness.

Halcyon frowned a little and raised herself on one elbow.

"Oh, Aunt Hal, don't scream so! I was just in a dream of delight."

"Well, you should have answered then!"

Aunt Hal came out of the wide, shady hall with an effusive swing of her draperies and seated herself in a bamboo chair close to the hammock.

She was comically like her neice—at least as much as a woman of thirty-eight could be like a maid of eighteen. There was the same yellow luxuriance of hai but harsher, drier, and suggestive of dye; the same pink and white complexion, artifically heightened; similar features, cruelly sharpened by the inexorable hand of time, and teeth just one degree too white and regular to be real.

The white dress she wore was painfully trying, and she was compelled to use gold rimmed eye glasses as she held up a letter to the view of her neice.

"What has happened?" drowsily demonded the latter, lifting a pair of blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes.

"The strangest thing!"

"Another offer of marriage?" hazarded Halcyon, settling on the unlikelist thing which could, in her opinion, happen,

"How did you guess?" with a little exultant cackle. "Exactly. The dear foolish lad—and he so much younger than I! Why, he couidn't have been twenty-one when he went to Bombay, and I was at least thirty then——"

"Thirty-five, Aunt Hal," said Halcyon the merciless.

Was it as much as that? Well, be seemed desperately in love then, though of course I never took any notice of the child But I suppose in that country of blackamoors one can't help thinkIng about all the women one has ever known at home, and he has written me two or three letters——"

"Has he?"

Halcyon sat straight up in the hammock now. Her blue eyes glowed. The heat had brought a flush to her cheek which all Aunt's Hai's carmine saucers could not rival.

"But I never told you," said the elder beauty, "because I remembered that there was a sort of boy and girl affair between you and Charlie Blesson when you were at boarding-school, and I thought you would be nettled. And here's the proposal at last, dear—with his photograph inclosed.

"Let me see?"

What a brave, good face it was—slightly older and sterner than she had looked upon when the Avancanian sailed away three years ago, but yet so strong and manly!

She laughed hysterically.

"Shall you accept him?"

Aunt Hal nibbled coquettishly at the edge of the envelope; the new false teeth gleamed in a smile.

"I—think—I—shall!"

"And you fourteen years older than he is?"

"People don't think about such things as they used to do," reasoned Miss Hartford, tne elder. "Eros is immortal, you know."

Halcyon sank back into the hammock and reopened her book.

"You must do as you please, of course," said she. "After that quotation about Eros, I have not a suggestion to offer."

"Jealous, poor darling!" thought Aunt Hal, with a thrill of pity. And she said:

"Well, of course one can't help those things happening to one, and your time will come soon, dear, never fear."

"It's a good thing," she added to herself, "she does not know anything about dear old Judge Flostroy. There's a difference in age, if you please, and the old pet is so infatuated about me! An old man's darling or a young man's slave—which?"

While Halcyon thought on her side:

"The silly goose! He has done it now! He has been making love to Aunt Hal, thinking he was courting me. Oh, I thought he knew her name was the same as mine. Didn't she stand godmother to me at St. Chrysoline's and give me a coral and bells and an embroidered christening robe? And now he has actually proposed to her! Well! if he is the man I take nim to be, he'll stand by his colors, cost him what it may. A man who could walk up to the cannon's mouth at Bey-Idonna surely won't shrink, even from Aunt Hal? And I'd rather know that he was a true hero than have a poltroon for my husband!"

And Halcyon turned her face toward the pillow and cried great sparkling tears like dewdrops.

* * * *

"So you're back again, lieutenant? Beg pardon; I'd orter said colonel, I do suppose," said the old cardriver at the station, whom Charlie Blesson had remembered ever since he was a child. "Well, I declare I shouldn't hardly have knowed ye! And come home to be married, eh?"

Blesson bit his lips, but he laughed carelessly. Jonas Hopper was a privileged individual, like the court jesters of old.

"How did you know, Hopper?"

"Oh, I dunno. Miss Hartford, she's been gettin' ready to be married this long time," said Jonas hoisting the colonel's luggage on the back of the wagon. "And dressmakers and milliners they will talk, you know, though I'm told Miss Hal took great pains to hide it."

Did she? (Aside: "The darling!")

"And a fine woman she is, colonel officiosly added Jonas, as he pushed in the last iron--clamped trunk. "A very fine woman, considerin' her age. I wonder she ain't married long ago."

Colonel Blesson opened his sleepy black eyes wide.

"Why, man who in the world are you talking about?"

"Why, Miss Hal Hartford to be sure?"

"Miss Hayclon or Miss Halliana?"

"There ain't no Miss Halliana, said Jonas. "They're both the same name, but we calls the aunt Miss Hal and the niece Miss Halcyon. My daughter, she's lady's maid there, and I'd orter know, if any one does."

"And which of them is it that going to be married?" breathlessly quired Blesson.

"Why, the old un, in course! Beg pardon!" hurriedyl" added Jonas' "I mean Miss Hal. Polly, she tells me there's twenty-four different gownds ordered, let alone the jackets and parasols and ten-button kid gloves to fit to make your hair stand on end."

"And Miss Halcyon—the young lady?" cried the colonel: "she is engaged too?"

"Not as any one knows on. That all, colonel? Got your telescope bag? Then we'd better be movin'."

Colonel Blesson pondered seriously all the way up to Hartford Cedars, oblivious of Jonas' incessant streams of talk. Could it be possible? No; that was utter nonsence! And yet!——"

He strained his eyes as he approached the house. Surely golden-haired Halcyon would be there, smiling, to meet him!

But no. In her place stood a middle aged charmer, rouged and powdered, with hair gleaming meretriciously and teeth just a size too large for a thin-lipped mouth.

In one hand she held his love-breathing letter, in the other his photograph. And during that second his heart sank like lead.

He did not know—ah, how much more difficult would it have been to bear had he known!—that Halcyon Hartford's eyes were surreptitiously watching him from the honeysuckle garlanded casement beyond.

"Dear Charles," the elderly damsel said, "you are here at last?"

He set his teeth, drew one long breath and allowed her to slip a caressing hand through his arm and lead him into the house, muttering some hoarse acknowledgement of her coquettish smiles.

"I've brought this upon myself," and I must endure it. The lady is not to blame—no, she is not to blame."

"He is a hero," Halcyon thought "yes a hero."

And then she burst into a passion of tears and ran up stairs to her room.

"But now I've got you fairly here," lisped Aunt Hal, more determinedly youthful than ever. "I'm really afraid dearest Charles, that there's a great disappointment in store for you."

"Eh?"

The young man had sat down in a rather listless manner. Aunt Hal held on to his hand, still all teeth and smile.

"And I may as well tell you at once," said she, "that I m already engaged to Judge Flostroy, of the Superior court. Of course, if I had known of your attachment in time there's no saying—"

"Oh, pray don't let me interfere with any existing arrangements," said Blesson, jumping up eagerly. "Perhaps under the circumstances will you let me have my photograph back."

Just then there came a ring at the door below as the maid announced:

"Judge Flostroy, if you please."

Before the slow and ponderous steps of the approaching visitor could reach the room Aunt Hal had thrust the photograph into Blesson's hand.

"A-hem-m!" sonorously coughed the luminary of the Superior court.

Aunt Hal tripped smilingly forward.

"Glad to see you, Judge," she cooed. "This is my old playmate. Colonel, you'll find Halcyon somewhere about the house."

"Disposed of in a short order," muttered Colonel Blesson. "Great heavens! what have I done to deserve such luck?"

Two hours afterward the young lovers sat on the veranda watching the evening stars rise over the hills, while the judge's basso profundo voice still rolled in the sitting-room like distant thunder.

"But wasn't it narrow escape?" gasped the young colonel, holding the girl's slim hands in his.

"Would you really have married her?" Halcyon asked.

"As a gentleman there was no escape for me, under the circumstance?"

"But would you really have married her?"

"Yes, I would!" with sternly set teeth and knitted brows.

"Then I'll marry you, Colonel Blesson," whispered Halcyon, "because you are a genuine hero, and because," with an arch glance, "I really think you need a wife to take charge of you."

"After the episode of to-day," said Colonel Blesson," "I really think I do."

—*New York Evening Sun.*

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warranted to relieve toothache, headl ache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds wire cuts, swelling, bites burns summer complaints, colic, (also in horses) diarrhœa, dysentry and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned. Sold by George & Redden.

Hallow-e'en Superstitions

Children born on Hallow-e'en are said to be able to see and converse with fairies, witches and other supernatural beings, which reminds me that I once went to a delightful impromptu and informal Hallow-e'en birthday party, writes Alice Willard in the October *Ladies' Home Journal.* The invitations were sent by telephone and messenger on the very morning of Hallow-e'en and all arrangements and plans for the evening's enjoyment were made on short notice. The rooms were lighted by candles instead of gas; pumpkin jack-o'-laterns stood in unexpected places about the halls and rooms. The mantels were stacked with brightley-polished apples, oranges, figs, dates and home-made candies were set everywhere about the rooms, and every one was expected to help himself to anything he wanted at any time. Apples were suspended from the gas fixtures, the "luggies three" were there, and quarts of chestnuts with which to discover at the hard coal fires, in the grates, whether lovers were true or not. All the old customs which were practicable in modern parlors were tried. The festivities ended with a dance, and at half-past eleven we turned our faces homeward, to arrive in time to see, if possible, some of the strange sights which are supposed to appear on Hallow-e'en at "the very witching time of night."

LITERARY NOTE.

ROOK NEWS (Phila.) is up to date every month with all that is known of the new books, their critical value, their prices, and their authors, and foreshadows coming events in the book world—innumerable almost at this season. The kindly countenance of Col. R M. Johnson, is presented in the frontispiece plate-portrait, the same that prefaced the Appleton edition of his "Dukesborough Tales." A sketch abridged from the CENTURY estimates the value of his work, and tells of his earty life in the "Cracker" region of Georgia. A portrait of "Margaret Sidney," the widow of the late D. Lothrop, publisher, also appears in this issue.

The Boston letter from Mr. Dole the "New Books" by Talcott Williams, the list, miscellany, etc., make up a remarkably thorough and quick means of learning the latest in bookish doings.

The Columbian Celebration in New York.

The Columbian celebration to be held in New York, October 9th to 13th, promises to be one of the most interesting occasions of the kind ever held.

The programme arranged for is as follows:—

Oct. 9. Religious Observances.

Oct. 10. School and College Parade. Art Exhibitions at the Academy.

Oct. 11. Naval Parade.

Oct. 12. Military Parade, Dedication of Columbus Monument—Grand Night Pageant, with display of Fireworks.

Oct. 13. The Banquet.

The Military and Naval Parade and the Night Pageant will be exceptionally interesting.

For this occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to New York from principal stations on its line at a rate of one fare and a third *per capita* for the round trip, the mininum rate being $1.00. These tickets will be sold and good going October 9th to 12th and valid for return until October 15th inclusive.

WANTED, a bright boy or girl in every town to send us a postal card asking for particulars of how, by a little pleasant work, they can earn a bicycle, a watch or choice library, without its costing them another cent.
7-28-6m BOX 46, BOSTON, MASS.

What is the Electropoise? and What Will it Do?

The Electropoise has been in use for four years and is well known in some sections of the United States, but there are a great many sufferers that have never heard the name. Those that have heard of it and seen something of its wonderful power, are curious to know how on instrument so small and so simple can accomplish cures so great. Now, while the Electropois is very wonderful, it is not at all mysterious. Its operations fall in with what we know o science, and any one at all familiar with the simplest facts of Bialogy and Physics can understand.

HOW IT OPERATES.—The way in which the Electropoise accomplishes its cures in very simple and natural. It consists of a polarizer, which is connected by a woven wire cord with a small plate and garter. This polarizer is immersed in cold water, or put on ice. The plate at the other end of the cord is attached to the warm body of the patient, generally at the ankle. From the inherent nature of this polarizer it becomes negatively charged. By the well-known laws of induction, the plate, and with it the body of the patient, becomes positively charged. The body thereby becomes a centre of attraction for negative bodies. Oxygen is the most negative form of matter in nature. Hence the body, bathed in the atmosphere, drinks in the life-giving oxygen at every pore. Every process of life is thereby qickened. The temperature rises; the pulse throbs with a fuller beat; the skin tingl s with new life; every organ acts with renewed vigor, and the effete poisonous products of the body are thrown off with ease.

That quickened change of matter which oxygen produces throughout the system, is accompanied by a largely increased genesis of **Nerve Force.** Organs half dead and stagnant are born again, and begin to perform their w nted functions. The heart, the lungs, the liver, the organs of the external senses, the organs of reproduction—all these throw off their derangement and weakness, and even the disordered intellect is oftimes re-enthroned. Where disease has not a ready made to great ravages, restoration to **perfect health is inevitable.** The Electropoise is generally used at night while the patient is asleep, but may be applied of course at any time, and to several persons during the twenty-four hours. It will last a life-time, never wears out nor loses its strength, never needs heading nor recharging.

One in each family will render that family largely independent of doctors and druggists, and thus will save every year many times its small cost.

NOT AN ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE.—The Electropoise is not in any way akin to the numerous electrical appliances, such as belts, insoles, corsets shields, etc., palmed off upon the public. It has no method of generating a current, nor means of conducting one. It acts upon well known biological principles, and is heartily endorsed by many of the best physicians in this and other countries, and is daily used by them in their practice. It is pronounced by them the greatest discovery in the history of medicine, in that it does away with the use of medicines

DIRECTIONS FOR USING.—Accompanying each instrument is a book of instructions fully explaining its uses. Its methods of cure is so simple and free from danger, that the uninitated and even children can use it with perfect ease and success.

Editorial in Boston Christain Witness and Advocate of Bible Holiness, September 3, 1891:

"A method of treatment of disease without the use of any medicines or drugs, which has been quietly extending itself over all parts of the United States during the past three years with very gratifyiug results.

We are slow to commend new discoveries of any kind for the reason that so many of them prove to be worthless. But we can commend the Electropoise as a safe and effective health restorer. We do not pretend to explain the philosophy of its workings, but, having realized its beneficial effects, we can speak of its results. About one year ago we recommended it to Bro. I. D. Ware, of Philadelphia, for his son, who was a great suffer from Sciatica. He had sought relief in various ways and found none. He was almost helpless and rapidly declining. The use of the Electropoise restored him to perfect health, and now after nearly a year he is rejoicing as one who has found great spoil. We have seen testimonials of most remarkable cures. This notice of the Electropoise is without solitation, and entirely gratuitous. We do it for the good of the afflicted. We have no personal interest in it, and are not paid for what we say in its favor."

The following editorial in Central Methodist, Catlettsburg, Ky., was written by Zephaniah Meek, D. D., editor.

"Unless about ten thousand men, mainly professional men, lawyers, doctors, editors, preachers, and all other classes, including the writer, are very much mistaken, the Electropoise effects cures and gives relief where all other known remedies have failed Especially is it efficacious in the case of delicate women and feeble children. I have used one for the past two years, and find it invaluble as a curative agent."

Names of prominent people in all sections of the U. S. generally can be furnished on application. Our cures cover all parts of the United States and Europe. Over 50,000 people have been treated with the most gratifying results. In the large majority of cases the cures have been speedy, but our claims are modest, and in long-standing, chronic cases you cannot expect speedy cures. We positiuely refuse to sell the Electropoise in hopeless cases.

For book of testimonials or for any information, send stamp or call at

Electropoise Treatment Co.
220 N. Charles St. Baltimore, Md.