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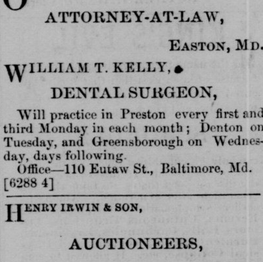
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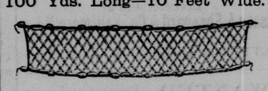
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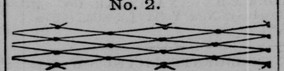
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An Autumn Scene.

The Indian Summer's vale of blue
Lies on the mountains far away;
And from the East, forever new,
Dawn ushers in the dreamy day.

The air is still, the rivulet gleams
In silver flashes through the vale?
The silken mist above the streams—
Fair path—shines like a glist'ning sail.

I see the squirrel skip and dart
Among the rainbow-tinted leaves
The glossy chestnuts fire his heart—
But as for him he never grieves.

Where red and russet orchards stand,
Bowing their burdens to the plain,
The lover takes his loved one's hand
And saunters through the orchard lane.

The clouds are soft that fleck the sky,
The dry leaves rustle past their feet,
But their unclouded reverie
And blissful dreams and visions sweet

Outdo the splendor of the day,
Surpass the glory of the dawn;
The world itself must pass away
Ere such delights are dead and gone!

I mark their measured steps—and slow—
The cottage gate, the parting kiss;
And think no Summers vainly go
That end in such triumphant bliss!

MARRIED IN HASTE.

The officers comprising the mess of the —— Artillery, stationed at Fortress Monroe, gathered around two tables at one end of the Hygeia dining room. It was a beautiful day in late October; Chesapeake bay, smiling and sunny, rolled before the windows, and joined Hampton Roads not twenty yards below, where grim Fort Wool marked the ruins at the Rip Raps.

They were a very good looking set of young men—young, since nearly every one wore the unadorned badge of second lieutenancy, though white spots were threatening some of their crowns, and in not a few cases gray hairs outnumbered the shining buttons. In his treatment of artillery officers Uncle Sam bears a striking resemblance to the mills of the gods, which are reported to grind slowly, but the philosophy of America lies in the army, where men early learn to take what they can get, and live cheerfully upon expectation. It is one of the conveniences for a second lietenant to be young. Age is admissible in a captain, but a lietenant de rigeur must have an airy lightsomeness, suggestive of newly-escaped cadetship. This accounts for the extreme satisfaction with which these mortals appear to regard their uniforms, as if gorgeous raiment were still a novelty. Otherwise, inconsiderate civilians might remember that the wages are slight, and thus the prestige of the army might suffer.

People from the gay world never by any chance visit old Point Comfort in October, and this morning, as the men were talking over a late breakfast, the dining-room was altogether emptied of other guests, and they were quite at liberty to discuss the approaching season. I shall not attempt to reproduce mess-room gossip. The discussion opened in this way:

"Next month," said Lieutenant Howells, "we shall have to be dodging brides. Your November bride always wants to be dodged. The January ones would rather be danced with, I wonder why?"

"I don't object to brides myself," said the amiable Lieutenant Gay. "But I do wish so many sick people wouldn't come. They make fellows nervous."

"Why don't you be honest, Mr. Waxy, and ask to have admission refused to all but young, pretty, rich girls, with the smallest allowable proportion of chaperons?"

William Gay, addressed as Waxy on account of the eagerness with which he had cultivated a moustache during his first furlough, was the youngest of the group. He was a little man, who had all his life surprised his friends with his achievements. When his mother supposed him to be cutting his first teeth he was having the measles, and before he had finished fractions he had fallen in love with a debutante, five years his senior.

At this point of the conversation Henry Lefay, who had just received his first promotion, interrupted: "I want to give you a hint, fellows," he said. "When you see me spooning this winter you may know that it means business. I shall be ordered away in June scandalously young and insignificant beside a man with strap across his epaulet. I did intend to wait for a captaincy, but I've been doing some work in applied mathematics lately, and I find that unless there is unusual mortality among my superiors I shall be an even 57 when that day dawns. So I'm going in now, where I can find the girl that can afford me, and, by Jove, she won't get such a bad bargain either, for I'll give her anything she wants, if she has the cash to pay for it."

A laugh at his high-minded generosity went around the table; then William Gay spoke with amusing seriousness.

"It's absurd, fellows, but do you know I never could go into it that way. Seems to me a man wants a certain re-regard for the girl he marries. Of course she would have to scrub, very likely, and turn over her coats and dresses, if she lived on a quarter of my pay, and I'd have to give up smoking and shoes and I don't know what else, to spare her that. I'd hate to see her scrub, but I declare I'd hate worse to have her run an independent machine and make a business transaction of er domestic bliss."

"Well said, Waxy," and Lefay patted his shoulder paternally. "You learned that about turning over dresses from Miss Madden last winter. She said the same to me, but I am a first lieutenant now and deserve better."

So they chatted from peaches to coffee, then went their several ways with no further thought of breakfast table nonsense, which would not have made part of my story, except that it dove-tailed curiously into an incident which happened some three months later.

—

The Hygeia in February is quite another affair. Over twelve hundred guests, the least of whom pays dollars and dollars for daily bread and nightly bed, make an aggregate of respectability awful to consider. They drive in the morning and doze in the afternoon, go to parade, dress for dinner and dance at night. There is always the energetic set who "do" the neighborhood, walk some and go boating. It is a paradise for women, with infinite occasion for display, a paradise for men, too, since there are never enough of them to go around. The season was at its height when a party of girls entered the hall one morning. They had arrived on the belated Baltimore boat, and were not essentially different from the three hundred and forty-seven young ladies already in the house. They laughed a trifle too loud, perhaps, but they were Tudors and Plantagenets in a social way, and dared if they chose.

One of them walked up to the pile of cloaks piled carelessly on a table.

"Girls," she said, oracularly, "you may have all the rest of the officers, but remember the one to whom this cape belongs is mine. I shall know him by this little hole in the lining, and I give you fair warning to leave my property alone."

Waxy was calmly peeling an orange at the moment. I dare say that he calmly peeled it without feeling the slightest thrill from the hand which touched his cloak. As for the little hole it was a great annoyance, but he could not give the tailor his one warm garment in February.

It was fully three days before Miss Camp (the lady was a Miss Camp) had thoroughly convinced herself that Waxy was the man. Her emotions were those of amused curiosity. but when I say that she singled out out William Gay for numberless flattering little attentions I do away with any necessity of calling in fate to place him immediately at her feet. He loved her so distractedly the morning that she appeared at guard mounting because he was officer of the day that in the evening he added up his pay account again, subtracted nothing for cigars, and inconsiderately divided the whole sum by two. Heroic—but it wouldn't do—the answer was too small; Waxy groaned, and smoked till midnight, when he went sorrowfully to bed.

Mrs. Camp was a well bred American mother, and concerned herself very slightly about her daughter's flirtations, and had not Morgan Jones, the millionaire widower, come down from New York and enlightened her as to his hopes and fears, it is extremely probable that Waxy's dreams would have remained smoke. The battle which ensued was interesting from the ability of the contestants. Morgan Jones was a business man, and used to success, and the spice of obstinacy with which Mrs. Camp had endowed her daughter had not at all depleted her own stock. Waxy was used as ammunition constantly but was not promoted to the rank of aid, and Miss Camp felt often a sickening consciousness that she was on weaker side.

"If Morgan Jones should actually say the word," she confided to her own soul. "I should give in. He always carries out his determinations, and it is better to yield first than last—and I feel a creepy sensation as if it were coming to-day."

With this thought still in her mind, she stood in the ball-room after breakfast, looking out over the water. A ball-room empty, and by daylight, is a dreary place at best, and she started a little nervously when a voice suddenly broke the stillness.

"Take a turn, Miss Camp?"

"Do people ever go over there, Mr. Gay," she asked irrelevantly, as she pointed to Fort Wool.

"To the Rip Raps?" he answered. "Oh, yes, its quite a favorite sail—strange that you've never been there. This is good weather—how would you like to go over this morning?"

"Just you and I—I should like it very much," she said, forseeing at least a respite. Lieutenant Gay was in that mental state which borders on ecstasy. "I can get a sail-boat and be ready in five minutes," he answered.

She looked over her shoulder and saw Morgan Jones and her mother engaged in earnest conversation. "Yes," she said, "I will be ready," and when Mrs. Camp and Mr. Jones, having matured their scheme, looked down the beach, behold the bird was flying. Some vigorous gestures of disapproval in which the mother indulged, strengthened Miss Camp's resolution.

"Lieutenant Gay," she said, as the wind caught the sail, and she felt the exhilaration of the motion and the morning, "it is an unmaidenly thing to say, but I shall thank you for every moment of to-day, that we are not going toward that hateful Hygeia, and if we should be capsized, and you should be as slow as possible about rescuing me, you will have saved me more misery than you can guess." Whereupon this beautiful, well-bred young lady burst into wretched, real and unbecoming tears.

Such unorthodox behavior is sadly justifiable, when maternity is perverted into mammon, but the situation was none the less embarrassing for the moment.

Then said Lieutenant Gay. "Miss Camp, I am your devoted servant; I will take you to the Rip Raps, to the Hygeia, or jump with you into the bay, as you command, but I would like first to suggest another plan. Let me instead drive the boat up this creek and land at the small town at the head of it. Then if you will go with me to the old church, the minister, who is an old friend of mine, will put you out of Morgan Jones' power, for ever. Into mine, you may say. Yes, but I truly love you so very much that I don't believe you'll find me half bad, when you're used to me—I really do—I have from the first and we'll get along some way—I may get promoted."

Indignant at first, Miss Camp's wrath had subsided before the end of his declaration. In the anxieties of the last few days he had been so wholly a side issue that this solution had not occurred to her. While she considered, the boat was scudding up the creek, and the little town was very near.

"Lieutenant Gay," she said finally, "a girl brought up as I have been can't fairly be expected to have very exalted ideas of marriage, but it seems to me that this would be more nearly sacred than a white satin sale to that nabob. I don't seem to be strongminded enough to stand alone, and I like you at this moment so infinitely better than I do my mother, that if you are quite sure that your motive is not mistaken kindness, I will."

The simple announcement of their marriage destroyed all the force of Mrs. Camp's wordy reproof to the runaways. The married air of superiority which most young ladies assume with the wedding ring, made Mrs. Gay quite another individual from Miss Camp. To the mother's protestations of despair and disgrace Lieutenant Gay made a speech which the men of the mess thought amazingly good. "Madam," he said, with an almost grown-up air, "your daughter has married a poor man, it is true, but I cannot allow you to intimate that she has lowered her position. The daughter of a queen need not stop to wed an American officer."

"The joke of the whole thing," said First Lieutenant Lefay, as he packed his solitary traps in June, "is that Waxy married a rich girl after all. The old lady stormed and threatened, but her husband was dead, and the daughter came of age in two months and her own money had to be given her. So she regards Waxy as kind of a savior, and he looks upon her as a marvel of injured innocence, and they have all the accessories of the dove business, and no need to worry about bills, either. Some men have all the luck!"—Harry B. Warterman in Springfield Republican.

The Prayers Were Mixed.

This summer some parts of our country being affected with drought special prayers have been delivered, the people imploring the Almighty for rain. We do not know whether the prayers have been answered everywhere as expected, but we do know that when the prayers for rain were first instituted there was trouble. On learning of the drought the Holy Synod composed special prayers for rain and sent them to all the priests in the country, directing them to deliver the prayers three times a day. In some parts of Russia the drought was quickly followed by a rainy season, which began to destroy the crops. The people grumbled against the priest, who they believe had invoked too much rain. Then the Holy Synod composed new prayers for fair weather and sent them to the priests as before. The peasants whose fields were yet scorching from drought were dumbfounded by the new prayers. At last the Holy Synod made a correct order, directing the priests to exercise their own judgment as to whether they should pray for rain or for fair weather.

A Tilt on the Tariff Question.

"Julia, I don't see why you are going to marry Harry Bascomb. He hasn't any money and it is not likely that he'll ever have any."

"Fanny, I'd scorn to marry for money. Harry is handsome and a fine athlete. He would bring to me a sense of protection—"

"Oh, that's all right, Julia. Every one to their mind. You may marry for protection; I intend to marry for revenue."

An Unreasonable Dictum.

Wife—This letter from mother is dated three days ago. If that is the best the new immediate delivery system can do they had better return to the old system.

Husband (who has carried the letter in his pocket two days)—Don't be unjust, my dear. The system is new yet, and probably not in perfect working order. Give 'em time, my dear—give 'em time.

It is well, in salting stock, to be careful that some of the animals do not get more than is good for them. Too much salt will give rise t scours.

A Legislator on Literature.

A gentleman from Northwestern Arkansaw tells the following joke on Congressman Peel:

"Peel, it is well known, is not a man of very high literary attainments, but, to appear well read, he professes to have gloated over every piece of literature that comes under discussion. Judge Pitman, who is a highly intellectual and well-read man, takes keen delight in talking literature to Peel. Some time ago, while a party of gentlemen were sitting around, listening to some of Peel's experiences in Congress, Judge Pittman asked:

"'Peel, you have read Tennyson, haven't you?'

"'Oh, yes, yes, and I like it very much.'

"'You have read Longfellow's Hiawatha, too, I suppose?'

"'What, Longfellow's High Water?' Oh, yes, and reckon from all accounts it was the worst flood ever seen in that country.'

"'Yes, I suppose so. Do you like Goldsmith?'

"'Dote on him.'

"'What do you think of that poem, Goldsmith's Maid?'

"'By George, sir, it is the best thing he ever wrote. I tell you what, Pittman, going to Congress whets a man's appetite for literature.'"

Trotting Horses.

In 1818 Col. Boyd, of Maryland, bet Major Jones, of Long Island, that "no horse could be produced that could trot a mile in less than three minutes." Boston Blue covered the ground in just three minutes. It was regarded then as a great feat, and the animal was taken across the water and exhibited to the noblemen of Britain. But now there are few local races which do not advertise 2.50 or 2.40 classes. There are lots of driving horses who easily trot in three minutes, and ladies drive them. About 1825 the New York Trotting Club was organized, and Tom Gallant made a mile in 2.40. The record was then broken by the famous Treadwell mare, and her 2.34 time was brought down in 1830 by Burster to 2.32, and two years later by Edwin Forrest to 2.31½. Then Flora Temple, Dexter, Goldsmith Maid, Rarus and St. Julien each became successful aspirants as record breakers, and Maud S. has brought the score down to 2.08¾.

The outlook for a mile in two minutes in the near future is extremely favorable.

A Sermon to the Jury.

Not many months ago a jury in one of the city courts could not reach a verdict, and it was necessary for it to be locked up from Friday to Monday morning. When Sunday came many of the members wanted to go to church, and they asked the colored bailiff who had charge of them if they could have that privilege. He was sorry that they could not. "But," said he, "gentlemen, if you want to hear a sermon, I'm a local preacher, and I can preach you one." Of course they wanted it. A pulpit was improvised in the room, and the bailiff took a text and preached for over an hour on Ingersoll and infidelity. "And it was a mighty good sermon, too," said one of the jurymen.—Baltimore American.

By Telephone.

Husband—"My wife has a severe pain in the back of her neck and complains of a sort of soreness in the stomach."

Physician—"She has malarial colic."

Husband—"What shall I do for her?"

The girl at the "central" switches off to a machinist talking to a sawmill man.

Machinist to husband—"I think she is covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over, and then take a hose and hitch it to a fire plug and wash her out."

Husband has no more need of this doctor.

That's Pa's.

They were young and romantic, and although the minute hand was pointing to twelve o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, pet, and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.

"Are you Sirius?" she cooed.

He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upward and said:

"That's Mars, dove."

"And that's pa's," she whispered. A footstep sounded inside, and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a twelve and a half, with a brass toe.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

To labor is noble, let our task be ever so lowly.

Indolence is the rust of the mind and the inlet of every vice.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and self-denial.

Make the most out of what God has given you, and you may be happy if you will.

Mistake not. Those pleasures are not pleasures that trouble the quiet and tranquillity of thy life.

Clues All Around.

A boy about twelve years old reported to a policeman the other day that a robbery had occurred at the house, under very mysterious circumstances. The sum of $25, which was in a china vase, on a bracket, had taken wings.

"Were any of the doors or windows found open?" asked the officer.

"No."

"Any visitors at the house who might have have taken it?"

"No."

"And you have not picked up any clues, eh?"

"That's the trouble, sir—there's clues till you can't rest. I want to go off and camp out, and dad thinks I cribbed the money. Dad wants to go to Chicago, and marm thinks he's got the boodle. Marm wants a new summer wrap, and dad says she clawed them ducats for sure. The girl is going to be married next week, and dad and marm and me believe she raked in the stakes to go on a bridal tour. Tell you, what, mister, when I see how many clues can be picked up on a little case like this it makes me anxious to know which of us will come out on top."

Beef Tea.

Prof. Roberts Bartholow, dean of Jefferson Medical College, says: "Nothing has been more conclusively shown than that beef tea is not a food. It is nothing more than a stimulant. In preparing beef juice the lean part should be selected. This should be cut into thick pieces, about the size of a lemon squeezer. The pieces should be next placed on a hot coal fire for a moment to scorch the exterior; the meat is then transferred to a lemon squeezer, which has been warmed by dipping in hot water, and the juice pressed out and allowed to flow into the glass, which has also been heated. The juice is seasoned with a little salt and cayenne pepper if the patient desires it, and taken immediately, In this way the nutritious elements of the meat are obtained, and the slight scorching develops constituents which give the peculiar flavor to cooked meat." This is a diet the principle of which is the administration of those elements which are disposed of in the stomach, and do not require the aid of the intestines in their digestion.

The Weight of the Sun.

An astronomer gives us an idea of the relative weight of the sun and the earth as follows: "Let us, to start with, weigh the sun. Suppose we have a balance gigantic enough for the purpose, and the sun is resting on one of the scales. You might as well weigh your head against one of the towers of the East River Bridge. Pile a hundred thousand earths into the balance, and the sun does not stir. There lies colossus immovable. But get together another hundred thousand, and stack them up in a pan against the sun. Three hundred thousand worlds up on one side of the balance and still the sun keeps them up. It would take 30,000 more, or 330,000 earths, to move the beam even against a single sun, and six sextillions is the number represent the weight of the earth in tons—a mass which is shooting through space at the rate of eighteen miles in a second."

Rates for Free Puffs.

A paper has established the following rates for puffs:

To call a man a "progressive citizen," when it is known that he is lazier than a Government mule, $1.75.

Referring to a deceased citizen as a "man whose place will remain unfilled," when he knows he is the best poker player in town, $2.17.

Calling a woman a "talented and refined lady; a valuable acquisition to society," with variations, $1.75.

Calling a man a liar during a campaign, to advertise him, 25 cents.

Calling a new-made lawyer a "legal light of whom the profession might be proud," $1.25.

Things You Never Meet.

A railroad without a mortgage.

A dude who never sucked his cane.

A barber who did not ask you, "Does it hurt?"

A cotton umbrella which was not a borrowed one.

A patent medicine that was good for every disease.

A circus agent who did not have the biggest show on earth.

A base ball club which did not have some excuse for losing a game.

A Republican office holder who has not been guilty of offensive partisanship.

"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining."

"Nope."

"And the sun is not shining."

"Nope."

"Then why do you carry it?"

"'Cause when it rains pa wants it, and when the sun shines ma wants it, and it's only when it's this kinder wedder that I kin git to it at all."

To study philosophy is nothing but to prepare one's self to die.

Put this restriction on your pleasures: Be cautious that they injure no being which has life.

Fogg speaks of the Government warehouses as Purgatory, inasmuch as spirits are there held in temporary bond.

A swarm of bees invaded a Maryland church on a recent Sunday, and the pastor had to admit, with tears in his eyes, no congregation was ever so moved by his very best sermon.

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