

Autumn.
The dying leaves fall fast;
Chestnut, willow, oak and beech,
All brown and withered lie,
Now swirling in the outting blast,
Now sodden under foot—they teach
That one and all must die.

This autumn of the year
Comes sadly home to my poor heart
Whose youthful hopes are fled,
The darkening days are drear,
Each love once mine I see depart
As withered leaves and dead.

But is it all decay?
All present loss—no gain remote?
Monotony of pain?
Ah, no! I hear a lay
The robin sings—how sweet the note,
A pure unearthly strain.

And of all flowers the first
Beneath these leaves in spring shall blow
Sweet violets blue and white,
So all lost loves shall burst
In springlike beauty, summer glow,
In heaven upon our sight.
—[Macmillan.]

The Answered Prayer.

BY M. CADY.

A little old French woman told the following story to the travellers who had been investigating the ruins and the chateau, as tourists always must, who obey Murray.

"My son, Jean Baptiste, never will believe it. Ah, they are such skeptics, these men!

"There in the churches we pray for them. There the sailor's wife kneels to ask for a good wind for her husband's ship. There the soldier's sweetheart pours forth her prayer, and implores the saints to ward bullet and sword point from her lover's heart. There I used to go, hoping that Jesus would not forget me and my Ansel; and he died in his bed, and was not smothered and crushed in the black mine, as so many are—my man Ansel, Jean Baptiste's father.

"Jean was all I had, in that old time long ago. He was young, strong, beautiful, when the hour came and he became a conscript. Ah, shall I ever forget the day? We were all upon the green, in the midst of the village—all who had sons and brothers and husbands and lovers, and some who had none, for the sakes of those who had, or for curiosity—how do I know which? And the great gendarme turned the wheel, and the blindfold boy drew the names and numbers, and my Jean was one of the unlucky ones—he our only child. Had I been a widow then, they could not have taken him; but I still had Ansel. And we all three knew that no substitute was to be had by us, for we had been unlucky and had no savings, and 't is not to be expected that a man will risk life and limb for a trifle.

"Only a mother could have had a hope under such circumstances, but, you see, I could not give my Jean Baptiste to the cruel war without a struggle.

"You should be glad that your brave son has a chance to do what he can for France and for his emperor," said the officer with the fur cap and epaulets, touching me on the shoulder, as I sat weeping and wringing my hands. But I pushed him away angrily.

"What is the emperor, whom I have never seen, to me? And why should I love France more than my own child?" I cried.

"And then a neighbor added:
"Bah! He will return with epaulets and a sword perhaps, and you will be very proud of him. Don't cry."

"They come back often without epaulets, do they not?" I said, and my heart was bitter as gall. "Generally they do not come at all. If they do, it is oftentimes on crutches, or blind like poor Pierre Latour. They shall not have my boy!

"And home I went like a mad woman. And I would have sold all I had to have raised the money, if it would have brought it. But we are only tenants, and our cow was poor and old; and I had no fine clothes, and only two golden earrings for jewelry. Poor Ansel just earned enough to live on. And what could we do?

"I went to my brother at—, walking all the way there and back. He could not help us. I went to my old mistress's house, where I had lived as a dairy maid before I married Ansel. Alas, she was dead!

"In a week the soldiers would march away, my Jean Baptiste with them, and

I should see his sunny face no more, unless I could in some way gain the money with which to pay the substitute. I had wicked feelings enough, madame, I can tell you. I did not feel that God was kind to me, as I had always felt before. I cannot tell you how I felt, for it is wicked to say any such words, but in the midst of my despair I met Father Ulric.

"You were not at church last Sunday, dame," he said.
"No sir," said I. "I have so much on my mind that I forget everything else. Jean Baptiste is conscripted, and we have no money to pay for a substitute."

"Is that any reason why you should not remember heaven?" said Father Ulric. "Surely God may well forget us if we forget Him."

"And though I did not feel as though I cared what Father Ulric said just then, I remembered his words when I was alone, in the dead of the night, and also that I had not prayed that Jean Baptiste might be spared to me; and I felt as though if I prayed heartily and from my soul, an answer might come, and I felt comforted. And next morning I dressed myself in my very best, and went across the meadows to the church, and then I knelt down and tried to remember the good words I had been wont to say. But I could not recall one, and I was forced to use my own poor language, and to say just this—no more:

"Heavenly Father, who knowest what a mother's love is, let me keep Jean Baptiste from the cruel war."

"I said it over and over again. There was no one near but one lady in deep mourning, and I could not see her face. She knelt also, and counted her beads. And all was still as death—only now and then I heard my own voice, as though it were another's. And something seemed to say that my prayers would be answered. And I arose comforted, and I went out into the church-yard, full of moss-grown stones, and walked there for a while. And the lady in mourning came out also, and laid a wreath of immortelles upon a soldier's grave, and kissed the stone, on which a sword was carved and his name, and went away. And I went home also, and my heart was at rest. And all day I watched and waited for some strange answer to my prayer, but none came. And I was sad of heart again when the twilight fell, and it was time to milk the cow. I took my pail and went to find her. She had strayed into a meadow hard by, and was cropping the sere autumn grass. I knelt down there to milk her, and my poor pail would not be full, I knew. It was another sign of our great poverty. I got my quart or so, and set it down and leaned against the fence and wept. And I said:

"There is nothing to hope for, and prayers do no good. Jean must go to the war, and his mother's eyes shall never see him again."

"And my eyes were covered with my apron, when a hand as soft as silk touched mine, and a voice—oh, so sweet and heavenly—said softly:

"No, dame, he shall not go. Hold your apron. This will keep him with you."

"And I looked up, and there stood a lady. Her face was so beautiful that it frightened me. And the sun was set, and the moon was up, and its whiteness fell over her. About her neck she wore a black cross, and golden hair rippled down over her forehead. She was like the Madonna in the picture in our church. I could not stir. I could not speak. She smiled upon me.

"Hold your apron, dame," she said.
"And I had just strength enough to do it. And then a shower of gold and silver trickled into it. And again she said:

"Your Jean Baptiste need not go, and was gone herself like a vision.

"And saved he was. God be praised for it!

"Never but once after that did I see a face like that I saw that night. It was when Madame La Fontaine, the widow of the brave soldier, whose tombstone with the sword upon it stands in our own graveyard, lay in her coffin, and we poor people went to look at her. Her hair fell over her forehead in just such yellow ripples, and her face was just as white and sweet. And my Jean Baptiste believes that she knelt near me in the church and heard my prayer, and be-

ing a charitable lady, and tender to all soldiers' wives and mothers, brought me the money with her own hands.

"As for Father Ulric, he tells me that, since it is God who answers prayers whatever the instrument, I need not trouble myself, but only remember that He can help me always, if it be His will.—[The Ledger.]

Poverty in India.

Poverty is the most striking fact in India. In the streets of the cities the rich are rarer than in the streets of East London. In the country the villages consist of huts of almost uniform smallness, and the fields are worked by farmers, most of whom are too poor to do anything but scratch the land.

In one city we went from house to house among the poor. A common friend gained us a welcome and we were everywhere received with courtesy. One house which we visited was entered directly from the street. There was neither flooring, fireplace, windows nor furniture. A few embers were burning on the mud floor, on which only it is lawful for a pious person to eat, and a few pots were standing against the walls, with, if I remember rightly, one chest.

It was a holiday morning, and the family which in India may include grandfather, sons, daughters-in-law and grandchildren, was gathered. The men had slept in the open warm air, and had come in to be served by the women with the morning meal of a few ounces of grain and butter. After the usual courtesies, and when we had told them about ourselves, the talk went thus:

"What is your trade?"

"Shoemakers."

"What can each worker earn?"

"About five rupees a month."

"What rent do you pay?"

"Eight rupees a month."

From which answer we gathered that not even a paternal government nor a system of land nationalization can prevent the growth of landlordism. The ground in this case probably belonged to the State, and had been let to some individual at a yearly rent, subject to reversion after thirty years; but the land had then been let and sublet till the rent paid by the tenant far exceeded that received by the Government.

In another house, or rather shed, lived a mill hand and his family. He too, was preparing to enjoy a holiday in "singing" and "seeing the lights," which on that night, in honor of the new year, would be placed in every window of the city. His earnings were ten rupees a month. Out of the margin, that is, out of about seventy-five cents a week he would have to support a large family and save enough to enable him in a few years to return and get land in his own village.—[Fortnightly Review.]

Greatly Encouraged.

The men who prosper in this world are the men who mind their own business, and keep on minding it. An exchange furnishes an example:

"Tatoes!" cried a colored pedler in Richmond.

"Hush dat racket. You distract de whole neighborhood!" responded a colored woman from a doorway.

"You kin hear me, kin you?"

"Hear you? I can here you a mile."

"Tanks! I se hollerin' to be heard. Tatoes!"—[Youth's Companion.]

A Great Success.

Briggs—"Do you always call on Miss Twilling in the same suit?"

Griggs—"Yes; I want to show her father I am economical."

Briggs—"I guess you have succeeded. He told me the other day that you were the meanest man he ever saw."—[Clothier and Furnisher.]

Hard Luck.

Interested Passenger (on shipboard)—"For a man who has never been to sea before you seem to have got the theory of navigation down pretty fine."

The Other Passenger (suddenly growing pale)—"Yes, but—I'm afraid—I'm not—going to keep it down!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

It is estimated that the coal mines already developed contain enough coal to supply the world for a thousand years to come.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HONEYMOON COUPLES WELL MATCHED.

The latest English *fad* in honeymoons is for the bride and groom to dress as nearly alike as possible. In the present state of the fashion it is easy to accomplish an almost Dromio-like similarity. Two costumes have been particularly affected. One is of white flannel, with double-breasted coat, left open to display a shirt of blue linen, with butterfly tie and "cumming" of black silk. With this is worn a white straw hat. The other is of dark blue serge, with a red necktie, brown suede gloves, and walking sticks exactly alike.—[New York Sun.]

EFFECTS OF COLOR.

Bright colors make a woman look young; white makes her look big, plump and clean; black makes her look slim, sad, heavy, old and doleful. Men and children are attracted by women in bright, light dresses; men are captivated by flowers, laces, ribbons and feathers, and under their poetic influence naughty boys and girls become good and obedient. Men respect and shrink from crape and mourning stuffs. A woman with a baby in arms and a woman in mourning always get a seat in a crowded car. Women who can wear white never stay unmarried. When a widow of the world wants a new name she wears cream-colored silk, merino or batiste.—[New York World.]

A WONDERFUL CARPET.

The South Kensington Museum in London has secured the famous carpet from the mosque at Ardebil, which is said to be the finest thing of its kind in the world. It measures thirty-four feet six inches in breadth. The fineness of its texture may be gathered from the fact that there are 380 (hand-tied) knots to the square inch, which gives 33,000,000 knots in the whole carpet. The design consists of a large central medallion in pale yellow, surrounded by cartouches of various colors, symmetrically disposed on a dark blue ground, covered with floral tracery. Each of the corners is filled with a section of a large medallion similar to the one in the center, surrounded by cartouches. The large border is composed of long and circular panels alternating with lobed outline on a brown ground covered with panel work. At the top of the carpet is a panel, which bears an inscription, of which the following is a translation: "I have no refuge in the world other than thy threshold. My head has no protection other than this porchway. The work of the slave of the Holy Place, Makoud of Kahan, in the year 942." (A. D. 1535). This wonderful carpet and remarkable work of art, owing to its enormous size, fineness of texture, beauty of color and splendor of design, must prove of the greatest value to carpet manufacturers and art amateurs. It is especially interesting in connection with the history of Persian carpets, as the inscription furnishes a clue for fixing the date and locality of the manufacture of examples of a similar kind.

WOMEN IN MONEY MATTERS.

Miss Amy Elizabeth Bell is a little English woman who has made a success of stockbroking. In a recent talk to women she said:—"I want to make women understand their money matters and take a pleasure in dealing with them. After all, is money such a sordid consideration? May not it make all the difference to a hard working woman when she reaches middle life, whether she has or has not those few hundreds? As a whole I find women are delightful clients, sensible, punctual and courteous; but of course there are exceptions; some are at once both cautious and reckless. They are reckless in taking what I term 'dinner table service.' They meet a gentleman at dinner—an entire stranger—who tells them that some mine or another is doing wonderfully well. Forthwith they put their money down that mine, and probably never see it again. But they will prefer to risk a large amount on their own responsibility, rather than pay the stockbroker's fee. There they become extremely economical. Then they dillydally over trifles. They will let a good investment escape them if the dividends are paid in January and July, when they

wish to receive them in April and October. On the whole, I certainly find that the rich women understand their financial affairs better than the poor. But this ignorance is very general. Many women are quite astonished when I explain business details to them and ask, 'But is that really all?' So many women you see, are not allowed to have the command of their capital. But in this, as in other ways, I rejoice to see that women are daily becoming more independent."

A WOMAN HORTICULTURIST.

The name of a California woman is now added to the list of successful feminine horticulturists. This one is Mrs. Henry Barroilhet. She is the widow of a San Francisco banker who gave up his entire fortune on the failure of his bank. At his death his wife set to work to supply flowers to the San Francisco markets, and she now owns 140 acres of fine land, all under cultivation. Seven acres are in orchards, and there is an immense violet bed twenty acres in extent. There are seven acres of chrysanthemums; roses, lilies and other flowers divide a good many more acres between them. Two thousand eucalyptus trees and three thousand pines, sequoias and other trees are very profitable, the branches and leaves serving for decorations.

Every day during their respective seasons 8,000 chrysanthemums, 2,000 bunches of violets and 800 to 1,000 Duchesse de Brabant roses are shipped to the city. Hundreds of other flowers, of course, go with them in fragrant company, but the specialties are violets at \$2.50 per dozen bunches, and chrysanthemums at from one to five cents apiece. Last season there were 18,000 chrysanthemum plants in bloom, including 275 of the finest Japanese varieties. When Mrs. Barroilhet was shipping 2,000 bunches of violets daily, she had only a five-acre bed. Since then she has enlarged it by fifteen acres, so that the number of bunches will be quadrupled. This flower plantation is said to be a perfect Eden. The proprietress personally attends to every detail of irrigation, cultivation, gathering, packing and shipping. Her success demonstrates what a plucky and intelligent woman can do when thrown on her own resources.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

FASHION NOTES.

Beaded hand-bags are in style again. Tight shoes, gloves and corsets are very bad form.

Ornamental buttons are used on many of the fine fall frocks.

A crepon dress trimmed with bands of yellow leghorn is an importation from Paris.

Ribbon-run tablecloths have had their day, and the pink and yellow teas are out of date.

White linen handkerchiefs, hem-stitched and bearing a monogram in white, are the nicest.

Unmarried girls should not wear tea gowns at home. This garment is exclusively for matrons.

Psyche knots surrounded by a ribbon filled with a rosette bow resting on top is a chic morning coiffure.

Leather belts are fastened with superbly carved silver buckles, lozenge-shaped, and as wide as an envelope.

Ruches and bows of white satin edged with black lace and laid in triple box plaits are the plus ultra of elegance.

One of the swell silversmiths has dainty pocket flasks in repoussé and handsomely mounted revolvers for feminine use.

The systematic girl of society keeps account of her expenditures in a Russian leather book which has her monogram in gold upon the cover.

Some of the gold hairpins worn every day by fortunate women cost \$60. The ornamented tops are made of fourteen-karat gold, hand carved.

"Cocked hats" are the extreme mode. The three favorites are the "Admiral," the "Napoleon," and the "Citoyen," made of velvet, black satin or felt, and worn across the head.

Serges are yielding their popularity to hop-sacking and basket-weavings. These woolen stuffs are forty-six inches wide and sell at \$1.50. They are serviceable and very stylish.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THE coke trade is improving. ENGLAND has 4000 mile telegraph. THE billion value of a silver dollar is now \$0.32.

THERE are fifteen crematories in the United States.

SALVADOR is going to try to borrow \$50,000,000 in Europe.

NICKERMAN'S Saturday Half Holiday law is optional for banks.

INDIAN schools of pugilism have been in New York waters of late.

TRAVELERS in Italy are seriously annoyed by the scarcity of small coins.

SOCIALISTIC disturbances are causing much trouble to the Government in Italy.

MRS. ANN HICKY recently died in Great Barrington, Mass., at the age of 104.

THE recently discovered gold vein in Itasca County, Minnesota, assays \$45 a ton.

BERLIN had last year 265 public and eighty-three private schools and high schools.

THE gold mining fever has again broken out in Brown and Morgan Counties, Indiana.

Of the issue of 3,000,000,000 of Columbian postage stamps, 1,300,000,000 remain unused.

THE Mississippi River Commission wants \$4,340,000 for improvements on the big river in 1894.

ST. LOUIS has just sold \$1,350,000 twenty-year four per cent. bonds at par in the London market.

THE Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce has elected Mrs. Popp to membership. This is said to be the first woman who has been elected to such a body.

STATISTICS of the yellow fever epidemic at Brunswick, Ga., show that the mortality among white was nearly four times as great as that among colored people.

WHILE returning from Napoleon, Ohio, Jacob Winnock, a land magnate of Henry County, quarreled with his wife and fired two bullets into her body. She is heavily injured, but refuses to prosecute Winnock on his agreement to give her 500 acres of his best land.

A HAVENHILL (Mass.) policeman chased a man who had stolen a package of meat from a market to his home. He found the child-firm eating the products of their father's misdeeds, so near starvation that they couldn't wait to have it cooked. He went back and paid for the meat out of his own pocket.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

BROOKLYN is still performing on the tight-rope in London.

ELIZABETH ISABELLA, of Spain, celebrated recently her sixty-seventh birthday.

THE income of Henry Labouchere from London Trust is estimated at \$50,000 a year.

PARLEMENT CARROT, of France, has finally decided to become a candidate for re-election.

SENATOR GALLINGER, of New Hampshire, has the blindest and smoothest head in the Senate.

MRS. GRANT, widow of the General, has determined to make her future home in Washington.

THE EMPRESS of Russia's physician when in attendance upon his imperial patient receives a fee of \$100 a day.

THE Rev. L. M. Wise, D. D., of Cincinnati, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a rabbi.

CRAMP, the great shipbuilder, says that he does not go abroad often because an ocean voyage prostrates him with seasickness.

WHILE he was in India the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand, shot 2300 head of game—including five elephants and twenty tigers.

COLONEL R. S. LAMIER, father of the late Sidney Lamier, the poet, died a few days since at Macon, Ga. He was a lawyer and eminent in his profession.

FREDERICK WOODS, of the Norman Church, though eighty-two years old, managed to get about the Chicago Fair as well as most of the younger visitors.

CHARLOTTE M. JONES, the English novelist, is seventy years old. Out of the profits she has derived from her thirty novels she has given 10,000 to charitable societies.

THE Sultan of Turkey is a monomaniac on the subject of carriages. He has been steadily engaged in making a collection of such vehicles for the past twenty years and now has nearly 300 of all makes and kinds.

FRANCIS MARR, of Wales, who is more like her father than any other of the Princes of Wales's children, inherits the paternal love of humor. She is an inveterate punster as well, and she and her father make a merry pair when they are in a joking mood.

THE LABOR WORLD.

BROOKLYN has 544 union frames.

JAPAN employs 231,000 cotton spindles.

CHICAGO reports 71,000 skilled men idle.

OMAHA, Neb., has a colored barbers' union. NEW YORK has over 300 labor organizations.

LAUNDRY hands will form a National union.

BROOKLYN has a Workmen's Free School.

HARTFORD, Conn., has 425 union carpenters.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY, California, has Indian hop pickers.

KNIT goods manufacturers employ 23,000 New Yorkers.

JULIET (Ill.) steel workers have had their wages cut 35% per cent.

THE Fall River Spinners' Union has donated \$500 to a bank member.

SCOTLAND has a bank operated by railroad employes. It has \$1,750,000 on deposit.

BROTHERHOOD trainmen pay out \$51,000 per month in death and disability claims.

A PITTSBURGH firm has paid all the wages temporarily withheld during the strike.

AMERICAN delegates may attend the convention of railroad workers in Paris next year.

A WOMAN walking delegates ordered a stride in a shoe factory at Middleboro', Mass., last.

CONSPIRACY now comes from New Orleans, La., that unemployed laboring men from the far West are swarming into that city.

LOWELL (Mass.) chrysomids will aid the unemployed by selling coal at wholesale rates and through other effective agencies.

SEWANTS in China receive from sixty cents to a dollar a month wages and board. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, etc., are glad to get \$4 a month and feed themselves.

WEEKY the great shirt, collar and cuff industries of Troy, N. Y., are running full time they employ from 15,000 to 20,000 persons, and the pay roll reaches \$4,300,000 per week.

THE irrigation congress at Los Angeles, Cal., represented thirteen States and five foreign countries.