

AUTUMN.

The Autumn time! The Autumn time!  
How softly steals its footsteps on,  
How gently fades the Summer's prime,  
And dims her glories one by one.  
The days are bright, and calm, and clear,  
It seems yet Summer time to me;  
But ah! a change is round me here,  
In faded flower and crimson tree.

PUTTING HIMSELF IN HER PLACE.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Mrs. Gray stood looking out of the window, while her husband put on his hat and gloves, preparatory to going into town. They had just risen from a nicely-spread table, and the room was neatly and tastefully furnished. There were no indications of poverty there, yet Mrs. Gray's voice and manner were faltering as she asked for some postage stamps.

"How many?" asked her husband, curtly.

"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

"Did you ever reckon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps in the course of the year?" asked Mr. Gray, as he lit his fragrant cigar.

"Well, let us see. You write, at least, five letters a week, which is fivepence, and fifty-two times five are twenty-one shillings and eightpence a year, to say nothing of paper and envelopes. I haven't a correspondent in the world, outside of my business."

"Your friends," said his wife, "live near you, while mine are in another country. Do you wish me to give up writing to them?"

And her face took on an extra tinge of color.

"By no means. I only mentioned the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good-bye."

"Albert," she said, timidly, but earnestly. Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can you leave me a sovereign? I want to go to town to-day."

"A sovereign!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, in astonishment. "What on earth can you want with a sovereign?"

"I knew you would wonder, but I have needed some money for a long time, to get some necessary articles."

"I gave you ten shillings last week."

"I know it; and I used it for materials to work up for our church fair."

"Church fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Gray, contemptuously. "Well, I can't see what you need a sovereign for."

"Here is a list of what I need," said Mrs. Gray, handing a little slip of paper to her husband:

1 pair kid gloves..... 4s. 6d.  
1 " slippers..... 4s. 6d.  
3 " Bathinggown hose..... 6s. 6d.  
Silkies..... 2s. 6d.  
Creme de lisse..... 1s. 6d.

Total..... 18s. 6d.  
"Creme de lisse! What is that?"

"Ruffling for the neck."

"Will it wash?"

"No."

"I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are! What would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white paper nothing around his neck that cost eighteenpence? And nearly half a sovereign for gloves and slippers? Well, I must say, Annie, you are growing extravagant. I pay for your dresses, bonnets and all the essentials, without a murmur; that is," said he, with sundry recollections to the contrary, "when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things, things which are of no earthly account, I should think you might do without."

"They are what no lady can do without. The slippers are to save my nice walking boots. You yourself noticed my gloves last Sunday, and said you detested a soiled or torn glove. Stockings are rather necessary in our land, and—"

"Say no more. But why is it that these wants come up all at once?"

"For the simple reason that, heretofore, I have bought them myself, with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness—in the Autumn—it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up."

Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horrified look.

"Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride."

"I had too much pride to beg of you for what I could earn myself," said she, with some spirit.

"Well, here are seventeen shillings. Try to make that do," and he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"He means well," she said; "but men seem to think women are like children—not to be trusted with any money."

Meantime Mr. Gray was soliloquizing.

"Strange, how extravagant women are. Annie is one of the best in the world, but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. That seventeen shillings will be all spent before night. Women can't keep money."

Mrs. Gray went to town as she intended; but she walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While in town she felt faint and hungry from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no money to spare.

"Oh, by the way, Annie, did you go to town to-day?" asked Mr. Gray, at night.

"Yes," she replied.

"Spent every penny, I'll be bound," jokingly.

"No, I have exactly fourpence left; but I walked both ways, got no creme de lisse, and went without luncheon, although faint with hunger."

Mr. Gray looked shocked.

"Why did you not come to me?"

"Because it was out of the way; and because, to tell the truth, I felt too cross."

"Cross with me?"

"Yes, with you," and poor Annie's grievances burst forth:

"To be going along the street hungrier than any beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket, because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you, I was in business, the same as you. That is, I earned my living by teaching, you earned yours by trading. Now, suppose when we married you had given up your business to assist me, or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend as you chose. I dressed you well, to be sure, but gave you no money, without the whys, wherefores and whithers being inquired into—in short, treated you as you do me?"

"You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and

women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood."

"But just consider the disadvantages of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?"

"Well, if I had only to ask, first rate."

"Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocket-book for a week."

"But, Annie, it isn't practicable. You couldn't attend to business at the warehouse."

"Of course not. It is only your personal expenses I will regulate. You come to me for what money you wish to spend for yourself, that's all, and give me your word that you will take no money from the office."

"All right. I'll do it, just to show you that it's easy enough. Here's the pocket-book." And he gave it into her hand. "But I'll take a shilling first to begin on."

"What do you want of a shilling?"

"Cigars."

"Well, there are two fourpenny-pieces. Try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost you in the course of the year? Let us see; you smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of fourpence apiece, which amounts to four shillings and eightpence a week. Now, fifty-two times four shillings and eightpence make twelve pounds two shillings and eightpence a year, to say nothing of those you give your friends. Twenty pounds will scarcely cover your expenses in that line."

"As our old friend Abigail Stillings says, 'Who'd a-thunk it?'" said Mr. Gray, laughing; but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning, Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house before he remembered that he had only tenpence.

"I'll risk it," he said, to himself. "Perhaps I'll not want to buy anything. I'll show Annie that a man can do without money."

"Hello, Gray!" cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. "What is the brain-study about?"

It was his old friend, Frank Raymond. The two men had not met since Mr. Gray's marriage, and, as Frank was to remain in town for a week, Mr. Gray invited him home. He lit a cigar and handed the mate to Frank as he did this. The two conversed of old times until they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated, Frank agreeing to be at the Grays' at six o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going home that night, as was his invariable custom, he ran into Benson's to buy some cigars. Benson was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had taken up.

"Are they not good?" inquired the dealer. "We think them our choicest."

"They are good; but, on second thought, I will not take any to-night."

Mr. Gray had always purchased his cigars as he used them; but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money and run out and fill his case without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind.

"Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat friends to cigars," he muttered.

Frank Raymond was already at his house, and Annie had a tempting little supper for them, and was looking her prettiest. When supper was over he took his wife aside and asked for half a crown, which she gave him grudgingly.

Then he excused himself for a moment, and bought some cigars. They were wretched affairs, however, and filled the house with a villainous odor, for he had to get them at a new place, Benson's being too far off.

The next day the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forgotten something, said:

"Excuse me a moment."

"I'll go back with you, if you have forgotten anything," said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Gray clasped his hand on his pocket.

"I thought I had forgotten my pocket-book, but I haven't," he said; "so it's all right," and then hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame at the deceit. But he could not risk having his friend go back with him and stand by while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half a dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked in the street after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day in the same way.

But on this day he realized the old adage, "It never rains but it pours;" for, from being asked to change a five-pound note to getting his coat ripped and asking for credit at his tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was unaware of all this; in fact, she thought her husband was failing to realize the situation. So when, at night, Mr. Gray asked her for money to spend the next day, she wicketly put him off with some excuse, and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

"I want a few shillings, Annie. Please get them for me," he said, in an off-hand manner.

"A few shillings! What do you want with a few shillings?"

"There, Annie, don't bother a fellow. I'm in a hurry."

But with grave deliberation she drew out a shilling and laid it down, then another and another, next a sixpence, next a fourpenny-piece, and last threepence in coppers.

"Let me see—three shillings—sixpence, a fourpenny-piece—a threepenny-piece, and here are threepence in coppers—four shillings and fourpence. Will that do?"

"Yes," and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket and hurried from the room.

He was in hopes his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the compact and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But Mr. Raymond did not make any remark. Instead, he thought to himself:

"Good gracious, what a horrid grind she is! And I thought her so pretty. I never supposed Albert would have made such a meek husband. Catch me getting married, and having shillings doled out to me in that way."

He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead, he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner, they met two mutual acquaintances. Hand-shakings and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say that Mr. Gray decided to send a note to his partner, and spend the forenoon with his friend.

Before separating, a little excursion to Brighton was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them, meanwhile, to spend the evening at his house. The evening passed was a pleasant one.

Annie was in excellent spirits, sang and played, and was altogether charming. Mr. Raymond, remembering the money, decided that matrimony was indeed a snare when women were so deceptive.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband two shillings. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrossed with the book he was reading. But he heard Mr. Gray ask:

"What's that for? Oh, the contribution box. Thank you," he said. But to himself he added:

"Why not save it to go with the one I have already, so as not to be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then, if I succeed in getting some for Monday's trip without the knowledge of my friends, this absurd farce will end without any more unpleasantness."

Monday morning came all too soon, for, try as he would, he could not get the attention of Annie when he endeavored to broach the subject of the projected trip. Fidgetting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat at last and in a nervous way made the plunge.

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows.

"To Brighton? Pray, for what? It is hardly the season for excursions."

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's evident distress, so he said, jokingly:

"Why, you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off for a time as we used to when we were boys."

The lady smiled grimly, and replied firmly:

"Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I cannot, in the present state of our finances, give my consent to his going."

With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving the gentlemen to themselves.

"By heavens, Albert, I never would stand that," said Frank, vehemently. "To be tutored like a schoolboy! Haven't you any money at the office? If not, call upon me for any amount, and let us hurry, or we shall be late."

"No; I'm afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any money from the office, and it would not be right to accept of any from you."

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told his friend the secret of his wife's conduct.

"Whew! so that is it?" said Frank. "Well, I'm glad to have my faith in womankind restored; but isn't she overdoing the matter?—Did you ever refuse her money before others?"

"I think I did last Summer, when Mrs. Osgood was visiting her. They wished to go and see a friend living in Kent. I thought it was foolish and told them so, and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is," apologetically, "I had met with some losses, and felt that we must economize."

"Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment? Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways," said Frank.

"I believe she said something of the kind. But, to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking that women need to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagances."

"It's a shame to treat a high-spirited woman in that way."

"I realize it now fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through with my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for the things she needed, rather than ask me for the money. I understand it now; for I would far rather have earned the money for our trip by sawing wood than have asked for it. Fancy having to always ask."

"Do you know, Albert, I am glad this happened. I may marry sometime—in fact, I'm thinking of it strongly—and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise, I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do."

"Do? Why, yes. My mother never had a penny without asking father for it, and she helped earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ah, here come our friends."

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great relief, said it would be impossible for him to go on the proposed trip, owing to unforeseen circumstances, whereupon Mr. Gray, in an off-hand manner, proposed that, as Frank could not go, they should all come to his house that evening again.

"My wife will be glad to see you," said he.

The week had passed, and "Richard was himself again," or could be if he chose. But his wife had mirrored his past actions so truly and forcibly that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagances by giving him always a little less than he had asked for, and invariably inquiring how much he had had each day with great exactness.

"Tis one-half to own it," and the other half to reform, we suspect.

"There, Albert," said his wife, "I am glad the farce is ended. Resume your prerogative."

It was Tuesday evening, at half-past six precisely, when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time she handed her husband his pocket-book, and then returned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles. This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife and placed one in her lap, saying:

"Henceforth we will share alike. Buy what you choose. I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not inflexible; why need I sit in judgment upon you?"

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness, as she replied:

"Believe me, Albert, you will never have cause to regret this, for now I shall have an opportunity to use my reasoning faculties."

He never did regret it.

PETROLEUM.—At the present time, 1,800,000 gallons of petroleum, or earth oil, are brought to the surface every day in the oil regions of Pennsylvania alone, and so lavish is mother earth of her hidden stores of oil that it is sent to the surface faster than it can be gathered, for it is calculated that at the lowest estimate 300,000 gallons run to waste every day. Certain companies own tanks that will hold 5,000,000 barrels of oil, and they are all full. For the paltry sum of fifteen cents, a gallon of refined oil can be purchased, and the cost of illumination afforded, in comparison with gas, as furnished at the lowest cost in cities, is as one to twenty in its favor. It is just now the most formidable antagonist of gas; and we can scarcely hope in the utilization of the electric force in the future to secure light at lower expense.

A petrified canoe of good size and shape has just been found at the bottom of Lake Neuchâtel, Switzerland. It must be thousands of years old.

An Englishman, hearing cackling in a poultry yard, exclaimed, "Oh, this is a really hen-chanting."

A FABLE.

BY ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likewise to a grain of tobacco seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad so that huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass, in the course of time, that the sons of man looked upon it and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly; so they put forth their hands and did chew thereof, and some it made sick and others to vomit most filthily.

And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said, "We are enslaved and cannot cease from chewing it."

And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul and they were seized with a violent spitting, and they did spit even in ladies' parlors and in the house of the Lord of Hosts, and the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby.

And in the course of time it came to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, inasmuch that their eyes were filled with tears and they looked exceedingly silly.

And yet others cunningly wrought the plant into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof and did look very grave and calf-like with the other end in their mouths, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business on the earth, and the merchantman waxed rich by the commerce thereof.

And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith; even the poor, who could not buy shoes nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it.

And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said, "Wherefore this waste, and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put the evil thing far from you and be separate, and defile not yourselves any more, and I will bless you and cause my face to shine upon you."

But with one accord they all exclaimed, "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing. We are slaves."

WOMAN'S RESENTMENT.—Entire reconciliation is difficult with a woman. She invariably keeps certain reserves. When she has once parted from you in spirit, she will hardly return. Though she seems to do so, she does not. She gives her hand again, perhaps her lips; but the heart is no longer in one, nor the soul in the other. Kiss her you have once roundly quarreled with—if it be not a mere lover's quarrel—and you will find the statue under the crimson curve, the chill of the marble through the bounding blood. A keen observer may determine in society whether you have had discord with a woman you meet. However perfect the breeding, however disciplined the manners, the past record leaves a shadow that will not be lifted. The old wound may be closed; it is not healed, nor can it be by the highest skill in spiritual surgery. Frequently men like one another better after fighting; women never, be the foe of either sex. With them, the bloom or favor is taken off not to be restored. They feel, though they may not say or even think it, that slight or injury admits no atonement.

HOW HE GOT AHEAD OF PROVIDENCE.—Many years ago there lived in Salem, Connecticut, an eccentric man named Amasa Kilborn, about whom numberless stories are told to this day. On one occasion, in Summer, he had a five-acre lot of choice grass cut and spread out to dry. In the afternoon a shower came up and drenched it. The next day the hay was spread out to dry. Another shower came up and redrenched it. On the third day the programme was repeated. On the fourth day, after the hay had been properly dried and raked into wind-rows, a cloud pillar moved up over the Western horizon, and a distant growl of thunder echoed from the hills. Kilborn was mad. He looked at the hay and he looked at the cloud. "Run up to the house, boy," he said, in a voice trembling with resentment, "and bring down a firebrand—quick, now!" The boy asked no questions. He came back with a blazing torch, and Kilborn touched off each wind-row. "There!" said he; "I'll see if this hay will get wet again!"

A little knowledge of chemistry and physiology would lead to the discarding of the blue veils of which some women are so fond. Blue is, of all colors, most readily affected by light, and a blue veil in sunny weather is very apt to make the skin tan and freckle. Freckles and tans are nothing more than the darkening of the salts of iron in the blood by the action of light. While blue produces this effect, yellow does not, and a little yellow net would save many a fine complexion.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads. The water for family use is always brought by the girls in earthen jars, carefully poised in this way. The exercise is said to strengthen the muscles of the back, while the chest is thrown forward. No crooked backs are seen in Hindostan.

A teaspoonful or more of powdered borax thrown into the bath-tub while bathing will communicate a velvety softness to the water, and at the same time invigorate and rest the bather. Persons troubled with nervousness or wakeful nights will find this kind of a bath a great benefit.

Cherry and black are the favorite colors for trimming hats for the country and seaside. These hats have wide drooping brims, which may be shaped to please individual taste.

The angel of midnight.—The woman who opens the street door for her husband when he is trying to unlock the bell-knob, and then lets him sleep on the hall-floor.

A much admired toilet at a recent hop at Saratoga was a white satin covered as thickly with water lilies as a pond in Summer. They were without leaves.

More people lost their lives in this country in 1879 by the burning of hotels than by the accidents of travel on railroads and steamboats.

Give a picnic party rope enough, and they will play Copenhagen.

Pressed for time—mummies.