

An Autumn Picture.
 How round red roofs stand russet stacks arow;
 Homeward from gleaming in the stubble wheat,
 High overhead the barns look saltish slow,
 And cupless acorns crackle 'neath your feet.
 No breeze, no breath, veereth the oasthouse
 hoods,
 Whence the faint smoke floats fragrantly away;
 And in the distance the half busy woods
 Glow with the barren glory of decay.
 Vainly the bramble strives to drape the hedge,
 Whose leafless gaps show many an empty nest;
 The chill pool stagnates round the seeded sedge,
 And as the sunset saddens in the west
 Funeral mist comes creeping down the dale,
 And widowed Autumn weeps behind her veil.
 —Alfred Austin in Saturday Review.

Two English Authors.
 I reached London just too late for the annual authors' dinner, which is one of the events of the season there, and on this account, and because my time was almost entirely taken up by the law business about which I had gone over, I did not meet as many of the literary men as I should have liked to meet. I saw a good deal, however, of Edmund Gosse, who is one of the most polished and delightful of men, and has always been very kind to me. His house is a sort of center, his Sunday evenings being delightful occasions where one may meet a score of writers, sculptors and painters.

Occasionally I met him at lunch at his club, where he would get Austin Dobson, who is, like himself, in an official position in Whitehall, and obtains therefrom the substantial of life which enable him to cultivate the muses on something a little better than "oaten reed." Both Dobson and Gosse are directly in line for the laureateship when it shall fall vacant, though no one knows who will get it. I am indebted to both of them for much personal kindness. Gosse is a good sized, handsome man, of the blonde English type, with the cheeriest face and voice, and wherever he goes it grows warm and comfortable. Dobson is somewhat older. Both of them strike me as being among the most cultured men I ever met. They have English literature at their fingers' ends, and dwell in an atmosphere which is redolent of the masters. —Thomas Nelson Page in Atlantic.

Stole Busts from a Cemetery.
 That too ingenious person who stole bronze and marble busts from the cemetery of Montparnasse, touched them up and sold them as effigies of famous heroes, statesmen or orators, has at last met with the punishment which his lugubrious labors deserved. Moreau, for so the new kind of "resurrection man," to adopt the phrase of Dickens, is called, came up before the eighth tribunal of police, and was soon sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

The singular thefts perpetrated by Moreau in the cemetery long passed unperceived. He was accordingly able to make some money by his dismal and deplorable transactions, and it is considered probable that many of his transformed busts now adorn not only the humble homesteads of artisans in Paris, but also the libraries and museums of some provincial towns. On one occasion he is said to have sold the effigy of a worthy professor of the Sorbonne at that of a famous general of the revolution, while on another he passed off the bronze presentment of a departed grocer as that of a Demosthenes. —Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Rare Fortitude in a Dog.
 Many of the sportsmen of Wilmington will perhaps remember Sailor, the fine pointer dog of Mr. J. A. Brown, of Chadbourne. He was an extraordinary hunter and retriever, with almost human tact, and his owner valued him at several hundred dollars. A few days ago this fine dog was run over by the train at Chadbourne, and his left fore leg was crushed off, leaving a piece of the bone protruding.

Mr. Brown hated to kill his valuable and faithful dog, so he got Dr. A. McKinnon to amputate the crushed member. When the operation was performed Sailor obeyed the command to lie down, and never even gave a whimper when the work was done. The poor animal's muscles were contracted with pain, but with a few sympathetic caresses from his master he lay perfectly still until the amputation was performed. —Wilmington Messenger.

Full of Enterprise.
 A boy with a mowing machine called at a house on Second avenue the other day, and asked the woman if she wanted the grass cut.
 "Mercy, no!" she replied. "No one cuts grass at this season."
 "I'll contract for next spring," continued the boy.
 "But—I may be dead by that time."
 "Then I'll contract to see that your grave is kept green!" —Detroit Free Press.

A search for the oldest clergyman in England shows that the Rev. John Elliott, vicar of Randwick, will be 100 in three months. He preached up to the age of 95 regularly, and occasionally last year. He goes to church now regularly every Sunday, and occasionally visits parishioners.

The 5th of November, which, even in the memory of those who do not consider themselves old, was generally observed in England as "Gunpowder Day," is said to be now almost ignored, even in London.

After exhaustive experiments the French postoffice has decided to substitute a copper coated steel wire in place of the ordinary iron wire for telegraphic and telephonic service.

The epoch of bigness has extended to every phase of neckwear. Some of the dress bows even are of unusual size, while the big ascot butterflies simply break the record.

Perique tobacco, which, it is said, grows to perfection only in St. James' parish, La., will be scarce next year, owing to the late floods.

A boy of 17 and a girl of 18 were married in the city of London.

A Strange Wager in Vienna.
 A curious wager is at present occupying the attention of such widely separated classes as our young noblemen and the Association of Hotel and Restaurant Waiters in Vienna. Several of the younger scions of the highest Austrian aristocracy, who were accustomed to dine in an old hotel of high repute in the Karntner strasse, took exception to the practice of the waiters, most of whom have seen twenty or thirty years' service, in dressing their mustaches in just the same fashion as the "noble swells" they had to serve. One of the high born customers accordingly laid a wager with some of his friends, which was immediately accepted, that within a given time the objectionable adornment should disappear from the upper lips of the waiters in all the fashionable hotels and restaurants in Vienna, otherwise the proposer himself was to shave off his own embellishment for a given period.

In order to effect his purpose the latter commenced by trying to persuade the hotel keeper in the Karntner strasse to forbid all his servants wearing mustaches on penalty of losing his aristocratic customers. In this case he succeeded, but the waiters, who were mostly married men, one after another gave notice to leave their places. They were at once replaced by younger men, who for a consideration submitted to the imposed humiliation. The same thing happened in a number of other hotels and restaurants, and the wager was nearly won by the layer when the proprietor of the Hotel Imperial, the first hotel in Vienna, flatly refused to comply with the whim of the Vienna jeunesse doree, whom he told outright that if they deserted his house he should readily find better customers.

The case was also taken up, "as matter of right and honor," by the Association of Waiters, which threatened to expel from the society any member degrading himself by humoring aristocratic caprice in this matter. Thus the matter stands at the present moment. The bet appears likely to be lost, and then will come the triumph of the waiters, who expect soon to have the satisfaction of seeing their would be dictator instead of themselves going about with shaven lip. —Cor. London Standard.

One on Mr. Depew.
 They say that when Mr. Depew came recently from Europe the usual swarm of yarn spinners gathered nightly in the smoking room to tell stories and chat about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a squint of the eyes any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door knob at the best stories. This conduct began to irritate Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final seance came around they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger.

"See here, my dear sir," said Mr. Depew, "won't you tell a story?" "I never told one in my life." "Sing a song!" "Can't sing." "Know any jokes?" persisted Mr. Depew. "No." Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated, and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum. "Give it to us," said Mr. Depew and the others in chorus. "What is the difference between a turkey and me?" solemnly asked the stranger. "Give it up," said Chairman Depew. "The difference between a turkey and me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive." —Illustrated American.

Double Cabbed Engines.
 At the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad company's shops at Utica eighty men, mostly skilled mechanics, are employed. At the present time they are working on a peculiar locomotive known as the culm burner. The engine is queerly shaped, having two cabs, one for the engineer and one for the fireman. Under the boiler and firebox the machine has six large driving wheels. The weight of these great mogul engines is between thirty-five and sixty tons each. They are made to haul heavy freight trains. The machinery is so arranged that the steam is never exhausted. They are valuable also for the reason that their fuel is the refuse coal from the mines, which could not otherwise be used without a great loss. —Albany Argus.

A Queer Mark Going.
 A historical curiosity of the oldest railway in Germany is about to be relegated to oblivion. When the Nurnberg-Furth line, the first railway on German soil, replaced the old Thurn and Taxis yellow post, a yellow stripe was painted on every car, and for fifty-five years it has remained a unique reminder of the ante-railway age. The Bavarian government, however, has just ordered that this stripe be painted out, in order that the Nurnberg-Furth cars may conform in appearance with all other railway cars in Bavaria. —Berlin Letter.

Left Hand Thunder's Swell Wedding.
 A wedding that developed considerable interest among the Sioux took place at Lower Brule agency Oct. 27. Chief Left Hand Thunder and a belle of the Sioux nation were united in marriage by a white clergyman. Representatives of various bands from all portions of the big reservation were present, and the feast given after the ceremony was the grandest thing of the kind ever indulged in by the noble red man. Left Hand Thunder is wealthy, and entertained his visitors royally. —Cor. St. Paul Globe.

Bird Dog and Bird Disappear.
 While some quail hunters were gunning near Edinburgh, Ind., training some young setter pups a large gray eagle pounced down upon one of them, for which the owner had paid \$100, fastening its talons in the dog's back and soaring away with its prize. The owner of the bird dog was so shocked that he shot at the eagle.

North Dalles to the Front.
 The sale of lots continue to increase each day as contracts are closed out for improvements. In a few days active work will begin towards erecting several fine dwellings. Several prominent gentlemen of The Dalles and Portland will erect residences at North Dalles.

Mr. O. D. Taylor, President & General Manager of the Interstate Investment Co., with Mr. S. L. Skeels will leave for the east in a few days with a view of meeting capitalists and closing out for manufactories.

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You will never again get lots as cheap as you can for the next few days, for the demands and the company will advance them soon. We would like to see every one of our citizens make money in lots at North Dalles.

Many letters continue to arrive from the Sound making inquiries and in most cases purchasing.

We confidently expect to see not less than fifty houses underway by the beginning of the new year. Mark what we say. Lots will advance rapidly at North Dalles.

For further information address O. D. Taylor, President & General Manager of the Interstate Investment Co., The Dalles, Or.

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