

BY THE RIVER.

River, O River, that singest all night,
Nor waitest for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the obill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, with swell and with fall,
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, a word thou must give
To help me to live.—
"Then sing on thy way;
Sing the joy of To-Day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow.
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.—
"What the mountains give me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life is only thine to bestow.
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rhythm of delight
Is my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and I go.

LUCY LARCOM, in *Harper's*.

HOW MR. COVILLE TOOK IN THE PIC-NIC.

The Sunday-school of the church which the Covilles attend had its pic-nic Thursday. Mr. Coville did not care to go, and would have refused his presence on the occasion, had not Mrs. Coville bitterly asserted that she never went anywhere, but had always slaved her life out, and he was always opposed when she wanted to take the least enjoyment as if she was nothing but a common drudge, as she had been all her days, and expected to be as long as she lived, but thanked heaven there was rest in the grave. Then Mr. Coville collapsed, and said he would go. And all during the day before the pic-nic Mrs. Coville baked and roasted, fumed and perspired, and when night came she had cake, pudding, pie, biscuit, and meat in tempting array for the excursion of the morrow. She went to bed early that night, so as to get up early, and at the first streak of daylight she bounced out of bed, and notified her sleeping husband that it was broad daylight, and if he did not turn out at once they would miss the train. As it was then not five o'clock, and the excursion did not start till ten, the necessity for intemperate haste did not become immediately clear to the half-awakened man, and in a moment he was sound asleep. There were four distinct awakenings before he could be got out of bed, and by that time Mrs. Coville was in a condition, using her own beautiful figure of speech, "to flood the house with tears." When Mr. Coville got dressed, he found that he had just two and a half hours to eat his breakfast, go down town to arrange business for the day, and get several articles for the pic-nic, which should have been procured the night before, but which had been pleasantly left to this time.

After breakfast he went to the store. Mr. Coville is so constructed physically, as to easily perspire. This he wished to avoid on this day. He knew by experience that sweaty underclothing is a deplorable sensation, and that a starched shirtfront wilted under the juices of the body is about as desirable an object under one's coat as a fresh eel would be. Calmness was to be his watchword to-day. Danbury will never forget the sultriness of that Thursday. The heat was oppressive. It came down in layers, each succeeding layer being thicker and heavier than its predecessor. Mr. Coville hastened to his store, found more to do than he anticipated (as invariably happens), and by the time he was ready for the errands he was in an advanced state of melting. He was surprised at the number of things to get, and at the progress of time, which always moves faster when one is not looking at it.

By the time he got home he felt the starch in his shirt begin to give, and this created a feeling of uneasiness which was somewhat deepened by the aspect of the two huge baskets which stood in waiting for them.

There was no time for general remarks; so merely observing,—

"Thunder and lightning, Hanner! we a'n't going to Nicisic!" he picked up the baskets and hastened to the depot, reaching there just in time to get aboard of the train. The cars were crowded. Mr. Coville could get no seat, and in this particular he had plenty of company. He put a basket under each of two seats, and then taking a strong grip on the ice-water tank (which, singularly enough, contained water of no kind), braced himself for the ride. In this position he was pinned in back of the door by the voluminous skirts of a fleshy lady, and every time the door was opened, which was about twice a minute, he was jammed farther into the corner. Mrs. Coville was, unfortunately, located at the further end of the car. We say unfortunately, because having much to communicate to Mr. Coville in regard to the location of the baskets, the condition of his shirt, the location of William, who had not been seen since the start, the possibilities of ever getting to the grounds without an accident, the dreadful heat in the air, and much more of equal importance, it necessitated considerable impotent pantomime and extraordinary exertion on her part to convey it to him over such distance.

And it may be doubted if Mr. Coville comprehended enough of this information to have paid for its outlay. What with holding on to the icewater tank, and dodging the door, and restraining himself from tumbling flat upon the fleshy lady, and staring vindictively at the back of the heads of the openers of the door, Mr. Coville had his mind and muscle fully occupied. To add to the intense interest of the occasion, the perspiration rolled in continuous drops from his face and down his neck, and he having no unemployed hand by which with a handkerchief to stay the current, the same slipped quietly inside his collar and went crawling down the sensitive surface of his body.

In the mean time William having provided himself with a bladder attached to a tube, which, when blown up, collapsed with a most dismal sound, was in the baggage-car with the peaches and another boy, where the bladder and the inviting openings to the crates made the hours golden with sunshine to his appreciative soul. This was a much different disposition of his person than his mother imagined, who, having become confident, that he had got under the cars in the start, was now firmly convinced that he had been run over by the wheels, and that portions of his mangled body might now be observed along the track by any one taking the trouble to look for them. This was a dreadful frame of mind to go to a pic-nic in, yet, after all, it was much better than to have no feeling at all, and so Mrs. Coville hugged the appalling delusion with as much tenacity as if it had been Mr. Coville himself, before marriage.

Arriving at the grounds, Mr. Coville found that his anxiety to get there was replaced by a most unaccountable regret that he had got there. The movement of the passengers, to say nothing of the movement of Mrs. Coville's sunshade, which she was vigorously shaking at him over the heads of the people, awakened him to the propriety of immediately securing his baskets. He made a dive for the same, but owing to the rush, at the same time, of the passengers, he was considerably retarded, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in getting hold of his charge. With a basket in each hand, he found himself hemmed in by the masses, who pressed his refreshments against his legs, and came very near to upsetting him entirely several times. Panting, butting, struggling, and squeezing, he finally found himself on the platform outside, but so bruised and wet, and heated and exasperated, that he hardly knew whether he was escorting two baskets or two buzz-saws. Under the guidance of Mrs. Coville, who had been greatly relieved, although very much astonished, by a view of William in a single unbroken piece, Mr. Coville reached the grounds, and got to a table, where he was permitted to deposit his load.

The worry, bother, and annoyance being over, the full enjoyment of the day began. It was a happy sight. The children romped and laughed and halloed; the older people moved quickly here and there, distributing the food upon the tables, and making arrangements for cooking tea and coffee; lovers paired off, and strolled away in happy oblivion. It was a scene of unalloyed enjoyment; and as Mr. Coville looked about him and sighed for a dry shirt, he thought of his childhood.

Presently he was sent after a pail of water. Even he admitted that water was a prime necessity in the performance, but was not as clear in regard to where it was to come from, being an entire stranger to the place. But after a long search, complicated by the advice of parties equally ignorant with himself, he hit upon the happy idea of secluding himself for a suitable length of time, and then returning after some one else had done the errand. With this view Mr. Coville looked about, and soon found a little dell in a clump of evergreens, where he was pretty sure to be free from observation. Here he secluded himself and the pail, and removing his hat, coat, and vest, calmly and peacefully waited for the necessary time to elapse.

In the general excitement his absence was not noted, and his plan worked admirably. Other parties, sent out on a similar errand, returned with a supply, and this tended to obliterate from even Mrs. Coville's mind the cause of her husband's absence. Otherwise she might have come to suspect that he had found a well, and was sitting on its bottom with a view to holding it for the exclusive use of his church.

So while the preparations were going actively forward for dinner, he was lying on his back, looking up into the dense mass of green, listening to the soft sound of the swaying branches, and smiling kindly but firmly to himself.

Mrs. Coville was very busy in setting the tables. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of her hopeful son, who swooped down upon her so frequently with either some new kind of eatable in his fist, or in quest of something of the kind, that his mother began to apprehend that he not only had a tapeworm of his own, but had borrowed a much larger and more active one of some other boy for the occasion.

Mr. Coville was looking up to the overhanging branches of his retreat. There was no smile on his face. The eyes, directed upward, had a strange, startled appearance. He jumped to his feet, rubbed his eyes, then his head, and stared about him in a very hard manner. He snatched up his hat, coat, and vest, and the pail, and started out into the open air. Here he paused a moment, to look around, as if to get the bearings of the place. In reaching the dell he had gone in numerous directions, and was now at a loss to determine the right way back. There was a feeling in the atmosphere as if

something of moment had taken place, or was about to be precipitated. Oppressed by a fear that he could scarcely define, he hurried forward. Despite this nameless dread in his heart, he was aware that the cravings of an appeased hunger were strong upon him, and he felt a tinge of reproach for having murmured at the supply of food his faithful wife had prepared. As fast as his size would permit he hurried forward, without thinking to put on the coat and vest. Suddenly he came upon the tables, but they were bare. A shooting sensation of pain passed through his soul, while the pit of his stomach experienced a shock which nearly deprived him of all power of motion. Rallying in a moment, he dashed madly to the front, dropping the pail in his fright, and came out of the grove in sight of the railroad, and at the same time in sight of the loaded train moving slowly away.

Then the dreadful truth flashed upon him with sickening force. The change in the atmosphere, which he had experienced on coming out of the dell, was due to the advance of the day. It was now six o'clock, and he had been asleep all the afternoon.

Yelling with all the strength his breast would permit, he tore down the path. No one heard him. The momentum of the train was increasing. His agony was dreadful. The atmosphere threatened to suffocate him. Yell after yell he emitted, as he plunged after the excursion. When about to give up in despair, his cry was heard. The train was stopped, and the unhappy man, more than two-thirds expired, reached the hind car, and was dragged up into it a pulpy, gasping, shrinking mass of flesh.

What Mrs. Coville thought, and what the passengers thought as they stared at him, was evident enough from the expressions of their faces and their speech; but what Mr. Coville himself thought, as he shrank into a corner of the car, was difficult to determine, although there must have been a great deal of it. He said nothing, but there was a look of sickening apprehension to his face, giving it a greenish hue, which colour remained unchanged during the journey, except when William unexpectedly observed to his mother, in that penetrating spirit adopted by a boy who has something of a confidential and highly disagreeable nature to impart, "Don't pa look hungry?" Then the tint visibly deepened.

With a discretion that did her infinite credit, Mrs. Coville made no response.

CHIFFON GOSSIP.

MURRAY HILL, Oct 13.

Manitoba has recently opened its "boite à surprises," and from its contents diffused over the country an assortment of uncomfortable blasts, only differing in degrees of cold. The result is discomfort to the denizens of the East, much indecision in regard to costume and a prevalence of influenza. The morning sultriness not infrequently betrays the incautious pedestrian into the anachronism of a straw hat in October; but, as the day wanes, a severe rebuke usually waits on such imprudence, and the heavy plush hats, with broad brigand-looking borders, are not viewed with the same disgust which their evident weight inspires at an earlier period. A successful compromise in the way of hats, a kind of half-way station between summer and winter wear, is reached in the feather toques. They are composed exclusively of variegated plumes, the breasts and wings of pheasants, peacocks, blue and other birds, and so can be easily adapted to the dress of the wearer. In shape too, as they are compact and small, they are more universally becoming than the audacious "Rembrandt" and the pastoral "Sorcière."

There is said to be some doubt in the minds of the great Parisian magnates of fashion as to the period of history which shall be illustrated in the costumes of the coming season. Opinion halts between the time of the Directory, the Court of Josephine and the Restoration. The two first are held to be impracticable for general use, and the last not sufficiently becoming. But the position, if difficult to define, is not new. The most striking features of these different periods have been already adopted during the last few years, so far as they have been found in accordance with popular taste and convenience, and it is probable that, without awaiting the nod of Olympian Jove, fashions will continue in the same groove, subject to certain modifications. The ancient and hitherto respected traditions concerning riding habits are partaking of the reigning emancipation of ideas, and their sombre and severe simplicity may be enlivened with a dash of colour without exposing the dashing equestrienne who attempts this startling change to a too severe criticism. A thick, soft material in pale grey, relieved by a delicate zigzag pattern in blue diffused over the surface, may form the skirt of the habit. A pelisse of cloth is turned back at the panier with blue surah, and bows of the same colour ornament the waist and sleeves. A Grecian cap, with a border of pale blue satin worked with gold thread and variegated silk, or a foundation of white surah, terminating in the back by ruffles of white lace falling low on the neck, is a becoming novelty. Slippers worked in gold thread to represent a buckle surrounded with a galaxy of crimson stars and trimmed on the instep with a knot of lace are much used. Work bags of a cylindrical form, made of red plush and adorned with flowers cut out of some old tapestry or from an india shawl pattern, are effective and fashion-

able. Knit worsted articles of warmth and convenience, such as socks to wear over slippers when stepping into the carriage, and under-vests and fichus of the same work, are more known in America than in Europe. The soft, fleecy fabrics replace the furs of trans-Atlantic countries, as being more adapted to our peculiar climate.

The chief feminine occupation of these autumnal days is the superintendence of house arrangements and redecoration. The counters where dress goods are piled up in seductive heaps, plush contending with velvet and satins with surah, are not so identified with the presence of the genuine New Yorker. On the contrary, the lifts which lead to regions above—to a Paradise hung with stuffs of Oriental gorgeousness, where no vulgar footfall penetrates the thickness of velvet carpets and Persian rugs to disturb the dream of luxury—are frequently filled with familiar forms and faces. Perhaps the true temptation of the æsthetic New York lies in this spot, and personal adornment sinks into insignificance when measured with the delights of decorative art. The babble of shrill voices responding in measured cadence to the joy of bargaining for gloves and fichus is hushed to a tone of reverential awe when hangings and tapestries are discussed. Social life in Gotham is necessarily in a dormant condition. The opera will, of course, unite some of the wandering elements, and marriages will bring from the four quarters of the earth the nomadic witnesses which the occasion demands.

A charming contribution from French society has sought our shores to renew the ties which joined us together a century ago. A wedding of two members of New York families will shortly be celebrated at Grace Church. The rare union of music and money will be allied to beauty and charm of no ordinary degree. A nephew of Mme. Paterson Bonaparte will next week marry a young girl belonging to a New York family. A rural or even provincial wedding is at times fraught with perils which are not to be apprehended in nuptials solemnized at the altar of a fashionable church in a great capital. The exciting air of the country impels otherwise quiet and unobtrusive people to actions strange and weird. A bride who should drive from the stately proprieties of a leading city cathedral, pelted with rice and mimic horseshoes, would doubtless entail on herself and friends the reproofs of the constabulary force. But in free, pastoral air, such eccentricities may pass for pleasantries of a high order. The experiences of a young married pair, however, who had traversed in safety all the possible pitfalls lurking under the nuptial ceremony, are somewhat discouraging to those following in their footsteps. A tall, spirited horse attached to a phaeton was brought to the door to convey the bride and groom to the first station of their wedding journey. The bridegroom proudly took the reins, the horse, conscious of its romantic burden, bounded forward, when some fair damsels, with misplaced zeal, darted from behind an impenetrable barrier of trees and, with a war-whoop of peculiar ferocity, saluted the phaeton and its occupants with a shower of rice and floral horseshoes. The noble steed swerved from his path in abject terror and fled madly from the grounds, leaving the bridegroom ignominiously standing on his head and his fair companion sprawling helplessly on the pathway. Although death did not ensue, it would have been better, perchance, than to have made another start, as did the noble pair, in a humiliating hackney coach, drawn by a lame horse.

ARABESQUE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ROSSI, the distinguished Italian actor, has been playing for the last two weeks in Boston.

MADAME PAULINE CANISSA FISHER, well known a few years ago as a prima donna in Italian and English opera, is about to return to the stage.

HUDDERSFIELD will, this year, have a musical festival, to be held in its new town-hall, on the 20th, 21st and 22nd inst.

M. COQUELIN, and about half the actors of the Théâtre Français will play in London during the second half of June, 1882.

THE popular *prima donna*, Miss Minnie Hauk, has on the eve of her departure from New York been married to the Chevalier Ernest Von Hesse-Warneck, a journalist of Vienna.

EVIDENCE IS CONSTANTLY ACCUMULATING in favor of the popular remedy for throat and lung disorders, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiffness, soreness, kidney troubles, piles, sores, scalds, burns and the maladies and injuries to which horses and cattle are liable.

Of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, Dr. Beaudoin, Hull, P.Q., says, "I have sold it for over three years and I have never sold a medicine which has given more general satisfaction."

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., states that he was "cured of Chronic Bronchitis that troubled him 17 years, by Electric Oil."

Joseph Rusan, of Percy, troubled with lameness for years, writes: "I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."

P. M. Markell, of West Jeddore, N.S., who "had a horse so lame he could hardly walk," states that "two or three applications completely cured him."

But why multiply proofs in behalf of a remedy so widely recognized as efficacious?

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Prepared by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.