

Thursday I killed the pig. Friday I licked the tramps. Saturday, what did I do Saturday?" In just ten minutes after the above conversation, Ham Cherry was holding up the whiffletree with one hand, and driving his team down the lane toward the field on a sharp trot.

We hope the poor "off horse," with the galled shoulder, really got a rest next day.

October

To many is the saddest month in the year; it presents to them nothing but dead and dying forms of vegetable life. But it is only in theory that this is a sad month, for, although the harvests are gathered in, the fields now bare of summer verdure, the woods in the first stages of leafy decay, the birds gone to more genial climates, the garden rusty and full of seedy or frost-stricken flowers, and everything telling of the departure of genial summer and the approach of chilly winter, there is an opposite side to this gloomy picture. No month is so full of rich and varied attractions, and none offers gratification and satisfaction to the diverse tastes of so many admirers. We should not see the dying flowers but the ripened seed-pod with its hundreds of infant forms, which we will tend in the cradle of our thoughts until the dawn of spring, when they will bring to us hundreds of joys for every sorrow we had for the loss of the parent plant. And still there is more life than death in the garden, field and forest, in October. To the eyes of all who love nature, October has cheer and delight; it presents not decay and death, but a rich display of nature's choicest beauties. Every tree is now dressed in its most glowing attire; it seems as though all the summer's warmth and the earth's richness had been collected and absorbed, only to be returned infinitely increased and improved. Change is manifest everywhere. The air feels its duties enlarged, and is no longer sultry and stifled, but transformed into blue and purple mists, that envelop the hills and fill the valleys. The hedge-rows that all summer long have been the home of the cat bird and the thrush, shielding them by its thick verdure, are now radiant with the Golden-rod, the Aster and the Gentian.

The richest beauty of October, however, is to be seen in the Birches, Maples, Chestnuts and Oaks; the Cedars festooned with the Woodbine, all blended together, and yet made more brilliant by the purple atmosphere, the spirit of beauty grows more and more wonderful and magnificent, till the splendors of the earth rival those of the sunset. It seems as if the consciousness of the long sleep of winter, now near at hand, had roused the material world to show its gratitude to its Lord and Master for His constant care and kindness—for the gentle rains and winds of spring—for the hot and stimulating suns of summer—for the bounteous harvests of autumn—in one resounding hallelujah, in whose song the voice of the smallest flower is not lost, though blended with the mighty tones of forest and mountain.

Theodore Hook addressed the following lines to Mr. Blank, who put over his door "Pen and Quill Manufacturer:"

"You put above your door and in your bills,
You're manufacturer of pens and quills;
And for the first you well may feel a pride;
Your pens are better far than most I've tried;
But for the quills, your words are somewhat loose;
Who manufactures quills must be a goose!"

Falling in Love.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; when it originates; how brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen, a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home, travelled a little, pursued their studies, attended parties, and been a good deal in the society of other young people, yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden all is changed. Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in; the whole world seems changed; life itself is changed; their whole being is changed to be like what it was, again, never more.

Love is often as sudden as this; but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been in each other's society, and been intimate all this time; but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship, when some incident—even a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love. Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight. It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Love lives to labour; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart, and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose services it finds its delight, at whose feet alone it discovers its heaven. There is no danger that language can be too strong, or too fervently used, to portray the service of love. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministrations of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a moot question. Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again, and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

At a wedding where the bridegroom led for the second time a bride to the altar, the officiating clergyman, with an intention better than his wisdom, thought it well to make a few remarks as the bridal pair stood before him, and he did so in these words:—"Dear friends, this is indeed a happy occasion; and all that is needed to complete this happiness is the presence of the first Mrs. Thompson."

The Old Front Door.

I remember the time when I used to sit,
A happy and thoughtless boy,
When father came home from his work at last
And I was tired of my toy;
I remember the time, and none more sweet
Shall I know forever more,
When I sat at eve by mother's side,
On the sill of the old front door.

I remember I'd sit till I fell asleep,
And list to their loving talk;
While the crickets chirped, and the fire flies
bright
Flew over the garden walk.
And often would father tell the tale
Of the time, long years before,
When he led his bride to a happy home,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

I remember when grandfather failed and died,
And eighty years old was he,
And well I knew that never again
He would ride me upon his knee;
And, though but a gay and thoughtless boy,
I wept, and my heart was sore,
When I saw them bear him slowly out,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

It is many a weary day since then,
And I, too, am old and gray;
But the tears come crowding into my eyes
When I think of that long past day,
And I only hope that whatever end
Fate may have for me in store,
I shall pass once more, ere I pass away,
O'er the sill of the old front door.

Things Worth Knowing.

There should be good news for sufferers from neuralgia, if the experiment of an eminent physician can be repeated. He has found that the application of a vibrating tuning fork passed along the course of the nerve relieves the patient completely in about half an hour. Sufferers will have to learn how to trace the nerves, and electricians will supply them with the means of keeping the fork in vibration; for, in the absence of any special mention as to the pitch of the fork, it appears that the relief is obtained simply by the effect of the vibration. It is a well-known remedy for sciatica.

Home-made peppermint drops are a harmless delight to children. With a little direction they can make them: Take two cups of sugar and half a cup of water; let this boil for five minutes; take from the fire and flavor with the essence of peppermint; the quantity must depend on the strength of the essence; a few drops are usually sufficient. Stir with a silver spoon until it is quite thick, then lay a buttered paper on a platter, and drop the mixture upon it in little circular-shaped pieces.

To clean stained woodwork which is also varnished, an old housewife recommends the saving of tea-leaves from the teapot for a few days. Drain them, and when you have a sufficient quantity, put them in clean, soft water; let them simmer for half an hour. When almost cold, strain them out, and, dipping a flannel cloth in the water, wipe off the paint, drying it with another flannel cloth. One cup of tea leaves to one quart of water is the due allowance.

It is not generally known that when coffee beans are placed upon hot coals or upon a hot plate, the flavor arising is one of the most effective and at the same time agreeable disinfectants. If no heat is obtainable, even the spreading of ground coffee on the object to be disinfected is most satisfactory.—[American Queen.