

Autumn.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Through the window shows the stain
Of the oak grown redly sere;
Autumn frost, and autumn rain,
Fall a month too soon this year—
Fall a month too soon, my dear.

Were you sitting near me,
O, my friend this dreary day,
Brownest fields would seem to be,
Sweet with speckled pinks and hay,
And the maples twice as gay.

In their yellow caps they stand,
Down the ridges two by two,
Looking very proud and grand,
As if God had made them new—
As I should be, loved by you.

From its bower of biting thorns,
Will the sweet brier break in May,
Like a thousand little morns
To one round and rosy day,
Never, with my love away.

A Cigar.

MR. M——, a skillful
a physician as New
York can boast of,
tells us the following
story, which the medi-
cine man vouches for, and which
we feel safe therefore in endorsing
for a fact.

Two or three years ago, a
Spaniard from Cuba, came to this
city to be treated for a disease of
the lungs. He came to Dr. M——,
described his symptoms, and put
himself in the Doctor's hands.

Well, said the Doctor, if I under-
take your cure, I shall be obliged
to impose one condition—and that
is a rather hard one for you to
comply with.

What is it? said the Cuban.

That you entirely cease smoking
until I give you permission to re-
sume.

Never! I'd rather let the thing
kill me. What pleasure is there
in life if one cannot smoke?

The Doctor was a smoker him-
self, and felt some sympathy. So
he said:

Well, perhaps that is beyond

your power. But you must solemnly
promise me to smoke but one
cigar per day, or I will not under-
take your case.

The Cuban promised; it was
his only chance. Four or five
days afterwards, the Doctor thought
he would call upon him as he
passed his house, and thus save him
a walk to his office for the day.
He walked up stairs—knocked—
come in—behold the Cuban with
a cigar about eighteen inches long
and a proportionate thickness!
He confessed that he had that
brand made to order for him—but
said he:

Doctor, I smoke but one a day,
as I promised.

Drunkenness in France.

IT is a great mistake to say there
is no drunkenness in wine
countries. Says Dr. F. R.
Lees, of England, to the *Alliance
Weekly News* :—

“The French, especially, have
no just views of Temperance: and
indeed are, in the strict sense, a
universally intemperate people. I
have indeed, seen less of sottish-
ness than in England, but far more
universal drinking of wine, and
beer, and *eau de vie*—far more
excitement.

But even drunkenness as we
have it is very common. In walk-
ing down the Rue Censier, near
the Jardin des Plantes, at four
o'clock in the afternoon, I met five
blouses reeling, two carters affected
with liquor, and several others
“merry with wine.”

Dogs.



MONG the mental pro-
blems which occupied much
of the attention of Ampere
was the vexed question of
the nature of the faculties
of animals. He originally
decided against their capa-