

OCTOBER.

On hills of green, in faded splendour drest,
Over the river and the skies of gold,
The weary Summer sinketh down to rest :
And Autumn comes her beauty to unfold.

O'er valleys green, and o'er the pine-clad heights,
A faded glory lingers lovingly,
And in the woods, in which no song delights,
The weary Summer sinketh down to die.

The drooping flowers sing farewells in despair—
'Good-bye, sweet Summer, from thy labours
cease.'—
And she replies, while glory fills the air,
'If Life be Love and Duty, Death is Peace.'
—R. M. M., in *U. P. Magazine*

MR. HARLOWE'S LESSON.

'Helen.'
'Yes, dear.'
'Will you come up stairs immediately !'
'Certainly.'

And Helen Harlowe dropped her towel and hastily laid down the silver she was wiping, for when her husband spoke in that tone some one had to hurry.

'You'd better not try to make me any more shirts. This one is enough to drive a man crazy. Just look at it !'

'Why, what's the matter with it, Horace?' asked Mrs. Harlowe, mildly.

'Matter? Why, everything is the matter. Do look at these sleeves, they're a mile too long. Neck is big enough for a twenty-inch collar instead of a fifteen. Too high in the back and too low in front. Guess you thought I was a delicate specimen of humanity, by the size of these wristbands.' And Mr. Harlowe derisively held up to view a neatly finished wristband, looking about the right size for an ordinary man. 'I repeat it, Mrs. Harlowe, don't try to make me any more shirts. This is the third time I have been called on to endure such martyrdom. If you can neither make a decent shirt yourself, nor get any one to teach you, I'll go buy me one; yes, I will.'

And Mr. Harlowe slammed the dressing-room door as he went in search of another, and, let us hope, less offending garment.

Mrs. Harlowe picked up the much despised shirt, and spreading it out on the bed deliberately proceeded to look it over, and, if possible, ascertain just wherein it failed in its requirements. As shirts go, it was a neatly finished and proper looking garment enough. Certainly it had cost her much time and thought.

When she had assumed the care of her husband's wardrobe a few months since she had found a dilapidated state of affairs prevailing. Not only were shirts much worn and frayed, but worst of all they were conspicuous by their absence.

Although Mr. Harlowe could not truthfully be said to have "not a shirt to his back," still the ones he did possess were but a poor apology for the round dozen with which tradition endows a man.

Mrs. Harlowe had straightway set herself at work to repair the deficiency. At first there were some mistakes made, but now she fondly hoped to suit her husband. Poor thing! she had yet to learn that a "prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people." Which being interpreted means that a husband's praise is quite frequently very sparing when it is his wife that is concerned, and criticism grows to be his almost second nature.

Mrs. Harlowe has been finding out things during her short married life. Among them she had found out that her husband had a temper. A fine thing to carry to the world's work if a reasonable one. A fine thing to help with all the trials of business, but a very poor thing to bring home to a tired wife, and to join in the discussion of matrimonial affairs.

Mr. Harlowe had a very disagreeable way of presupposing one's inferiority, and especially so was it the case with his wife. Whether he really thought so or not, the effect was the same on Mrs. Harlowe, and therefore she was exceedingly sensitive on the subject, and inclined to almost doubt her own ability.

Still, when the two traits joined hands as in the present case, her combativeness was roused. Ordinarily she was of fairly even disposition, not one of the women to fly into a passion or dissolve in tears because her liege lord expressed a contrary opinion.

Nevertheless, she was as nearly out of temper as she had ever been, and as she folded away the shirt she folded with it certain resolutions it were well Mr. Horace Harlowe did not know of. She was sure her husband's shirts were all right, and just what course to pursue she could not tell.

'O dear!' she sighed, 'if his mother had made them they would have been perfect, and he would have praised them to the skies. Yet I am certain he loves me, and I know he hasn't the slightest idea how terribly he makes me feel. But I'll think a way out of it yet, see if I don't.'

And Mrs. Harlowe went back to her silver, and if she rubbed the knives with unnecessary vigor, why it was all the better for the knives, and perhaps for the irate Mr. Harlowe, too.

But the more she tried to think her way out of the difficulty the more exasperated she became, and the little cloud of ill-fitting shirt bid fair to cover the whole matrimonial horizon. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her.

'Why hadn't I thought of Mabel before!' she exclaimed. 'If any one can help me out of this, she can.'

Hastily dressing, she left orders for Mr. Harlowe's dinner, in case she should not be home in time, and hurried out to

catch the morning train to Elmwood, where lived her friend, Mable Winthrop.

Rushing through the archway leading to the Central Station, she nearly knocked over a tall young lady who was coming towards her with equal rapidity. Turning for the usual apology, she recognized the friend she was seeking, who exclaimed:

'Well, Helen, I should think you were running from fate. What is the matter?'

'I'm only hurrying to meet you, my dear,' quietly answered our friend. 'I'm more than glad to have met you, too, for if I had gone to Elmwood I should have been obliged to be away at dinner, and my husband especially likes me to be there then, if possible.'

'You poor dear, what a tyrant. Does he expect you to always sit behind the teaturn? Don't I wish I had a chance to teach him a lesson on the rights of women, and his wife in particular.'

And Mabel Winthrop laughed merrily as she imagined herself training her friend's husband.

'But if you are so anxious to be at home and under the eye of the awful Horace, let's sit down here in this quiet corner and talk over affairs, for I am very certain some new home problem is the cause of that little pucker between your eyes.'

And Mabel critically surveyed Helen's face as she flushed a little under her searching eyes.

'Oh, it's nothing very serious. Just a little matter that puzzles me, and I am going to look to your quick wit to think out a course to pursue.'

'Well, you certainly look as if it did puzzle you. I should think you were trying to solve a problem in Euclid.'

'Indeed 'twould be far easier, I fancy,' answered Mrs. Harlowe.

The friendship of these two had been of long duration, and was the result largely of different natures; for while Mabel looked on the droll side of everything, and never doubted her own ability in finding a happy solution of every difficulty, Helen was more easily discouraged by things that go wrong. She grew to fear her own judgment in decisive steps, and at the present time she felt sure that Mabel would see just what to do, and could easily tell her how to do it.

'As I said before, it's nothing, really. But if you were fortunate enough to have a husband, and had made him three sets of shirts, to have each in turn called worse than the preceding one, what would you do?'

'Well, I don't know as I can pass judgment without knowing more about the particulars of the case, Helen. How did you get your pattern, and did you really try your very best?'