

OCTOBER WOODS.

The realization of the presence of autumn comes on by degrees, stealing alone almost insensibly at first, and growing toward its fulness with the ripening of the season. It never bursts into view with the changes of a single night, as spring sometimes does, when the starting of the buds upon the willows, the greening of the grass along the southern hill-sides, or the note of a robin on the morning air, tells us that winter has gone.

The year glides into its sere and yellow leaf by a series of gradations, slowly, as if autumn came with unwilling feet; then fast and faster, as though it would not longer lag superfluous. We see the meadows and the grain-fields lying bare and brown; a smoky haze pervades the air; the leaves of the maples flutter down, singly, then by twos and threes, finally in showers that make a rustling carpet under foot. Flocks of birds are seen flying south. The call of the katydid has fallen to the smallest possible chirp. Then on a gray day, when the sky looks cold but while the warmth of a summer sun still lingers through the early afternoon, we saw suddenly that autumn has come and almost gone, and so take ourselves to the woods for a last look before nature lays her drapery of the leaves aside.

That we have come upon melancholy days, that this brilliant plumage is but a festal garment that the trees put on, wherein to have one last fling before death comes, and which must be laid aside as they presently become in *extremis*, is arrant nonsense, and we will have none of it. These leaves about us, blown knee-deep in the gullies and into the corners of the fence-rows, making a carpet through all the woods, fluttering down through the mellow air, or still upon the trees, taking prismatic colors from the slanting rays of the sun, are not dead, but ripe—ripe as the apples are in Smith's orchard yonder, and their falling no more to be deplored than that ripe fruit should fall, or that the sap should ebb and flow again for next year's leaves and fruit. —Lippincott's.

The Normal and Industrial Institute for the colored people at Tuskegee, Ala., has just closed its thirteenth year. The institute began with just nothing, except an appropriation of \$2,000 from the State for tuition. It began in a little church and shanty, which it did not own, with one teacher and 300 scholars. It now holds property to the amount of \$200,000 free, including lands, buildings, live stock, apparatus, etc. It has 791 pupils and 48 teachers in the various departments. It has graduated 166 students, who are doing good work in the various departments of life as teachers, farmers, mechanics, etc., and its influence is felt among the colored people all over the South.

The truly generous is the truly wise; and he who loves not others lives unblest. —Horace.

A HOME COMPANY'S PROMPT ACTION.

The practical benefits derived from life insurance cannot be over-estimated. A policy of life insurance always proves a source of comfort to a bereaved family in moderate circumstances. The magnificent proceeds derived from such in a great many cases provide the family with the comforts they may have always enjoyed, while, if the policy had not been secured, the result would be otherwise.

The North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, Ont., has gained for itself an enviable reputation for the promptness displayed by its officials in the payment of claims made upon the company. The following letter has just been received from the beneficiary of a deceased policy-holder:—

"Chatham, N. B., Oct. 2, 1894.

"Hugh S. Wright, Esq., District Manager, North American Life Assurance Company, Woodstock, N. B.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your kind attention in assisting me to complete the necessary papers in connection with the claim under Policy No. 11139, on the life of my son, Rev. William A. Lawler, deceased.

"I must also thank the company for their prompt settlement of the claim. Proof papers were sent from here on the 13th of September, and I am in receipt of your check bearing date the 17th of September.

"Wishing you and your company every success, I remain,

"Yours very truly,

"MRS. W. LAWLER."

Our Young Folks.

TRUST THE CHILDREN.

Trust the children. Never doubt them; Build a wall of love about them; After sewing seeds of duty, Trust them for the flowers of beauty.

Trust the children. Don't suspect them; Let your confidence direct them; At the hearth or in the wildwood Meet them on the plane of childhood.

Trust the little ones. Remember May is not like chill December; Let not words of rage or madness Check their happy notes of gladness.

Trust the little ones. You guide them; And, above all, ne'er deride them; Should they trip, or should they blunder, Lest you snap love's cords asunder.

Trust the children. Let them treasure Mother's faith in boundless measure; Father's love in them confiding; Then no secrets they'll be hiding.

Trust the children just as He did Who for "such" once sweetly pleaded; Trust and guide, but never doubt them; Build a wall of love about them.

—New York Ledger.

"NAN'S WAY."

'Nan,' said Mrs. Hodges, as a tall slender girl came hurriedly into the sitting-room, 'wait a minute, dear. I have a letter here from your Aunt Fannie; and she says—'

'Oh, well, mamma, interrupted Nan. I haven't time to hear what she says now. I'm in a dreadful hurry. I've got my room all torn up, and I want to put it in order before school time. You can read it to me to-night just as well.'

'I think, dear, you better wait and hear it now,' her mother insisted gently; for she says she is coming to spend some weeks with us, and I am sorry, Nannie, but that means—'

'Oh, horrors mamma! I know what that means. It means I've got to give up my pretty room to her, and go in with Katie. I do wish we could have a house with a spare room in it, and not make me move all over the house whenever anybody comes! It's perfectly dreadful!'

'I know it, dear; and I'm sorry that it is necessary. But you must remember you took the spare room on condition that you would willingly vacate it whenever it was needed for guests. Surely, you can get along very nicely with Katie for a few weeks.'

'Oh, but mamma, you don't know how I hate it! She takes a half-dozen dolls to bed, and tumbles around nights, and pulls the covers every way! It's just horrid! And, with a shrug and a frown, Nan flounced angrily out of the room.'

'Mamma,' said little Katie, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, 'will Aunt Fannie stay long?'

'I don't know. Why dear?' asked the mother, smiling at the sober little face lifted to hers.

'Because—why, mamma, it isn't nice at all when Nannie rooms with me. She throws my dollies out of bed, and scolds me so.'

'Yes, dear, I understand; but you mustn't mind it, Katie. Nan does not mean to scold you; it is only her way.'

That noon Nannie came to the table with a clouded brow, ate her dinner in silence, and after the meal was ended, went up to her room where they could hear closet doors angrily opened and closed, and bureau drawers drawn noisily out and pushed in again with a bang. Her mother sighed, but, knowing the fit of ill-humor would be over all the sooner if no one interfered, left her to work it off alone.

The next day Aunt Fannie came; and from the moment of her arrival Nannie was the devoted admirer of this sweet-faced woman with gentle voice and quiet manner. It was certainly lovely to be sweet and gentle; and for several days Nan's abrupt movements were held decidedly in check, while the quick words and fretful tone, usually so ready in response to annoyance were seldom heard.

But one day all went wrong. It was rainy and cold for one thing, which always made Nan cross. Then she was late to breakfast; and, finding the coffee and the cakes cold, she first scolded the girl, spoke angrily to Katie, was impertinent to her mother, and

ended by rushing off to school in the worst possible humor. After that nothing seemed to go smoothly, and matters fell back into the old way, until certainly Jennie Clark was right, and nobody in her senses would have thought of calling her 'sweet.' Yet under all the fretfulness was hidden a loving heart, which expressed itself often in many thoughtful ways. She was so truly kind and helpful that they had come to overlook the crossness, and excuse it as Nan's way.

But Aunt Fannie saw with much surprise and anxiety how this habit of ill-temper had grown upon the young girl, until it bade fair to make herself and every one about her uncomfortable. One noon Mrs. Hodges came into the sitting-room, saying in a troubled voice:—

'Nannie, I wish you would go down and speak with Nora; for she is feeling very much hurt. She took such pains to do up your cambric dress just as you wanted it; and, when you passed through the kitchen yesterday and saw it on the bars, you said you could never wear it in the world, it was entirely too stiff.'

'Oh, nonsense, mamma! She ought not to mind a little thing like that. I know she's dreadfully touchy, but she ought to know me well enough by this time. It is just my quick way of speaking; and the dress was all right, after all. The old goose! I didn't mean to hurt her feelings; but I'll go down, and make it all right with her.'

Mrs. Hodges sighed as Nannie left the room, saying to her sister: 'I do wish, Fannie, that Nannie was not so impulsive. She makes a great deal of trouble both for herself and others. Still, she does not mean anything by it; for she has really a very warm heart, it is only her way.'

'Aunt Fannie, it is too dark to study and just right for a chat.'

'I was just wishing for you, dear,' was the reply. 'Your mother and I were out driving this afternoon, down by the Long Pond; and I brought home some plants for you to analyze.'

'O Aunt Fannie! How kind! Where are they?' Nan exclaimed eagerly; for just now she was very much interested in botany.

'Over there on the table, dear; and I think they should be put at once into water, as they must be somewhat wilted.'

Nan went quickly to the table, where in the dim light she could discern the heap of leaves and branches. Grasping them impulsively with both hands, to carry them to her room, she suddenly threw them from her, and rubbing her hands together, exclaimed angrily:—

'For mercy's sake! Why, what are they? My hands burn like fire!'

'Oh, I'm sorry, dear,' said Aunt Fannie, gently; 'but never mind. They are nettles, and that is just a "way they have." They are a very useful plant in many ways, and you must not mind if they do sting you a little. They don't mean to hurt you, Nannie, it is "only their way"!' "

Nan's cheeks flushed hotly; but she bit her lip, and, silently slipping the nettles on a paper, carried them to the room. After putting them in water, she stood a few minutes by the window, half vexed with the pain in her hands, but feeling a still sharper pain in her heart. Suddenly she felt herself folded closely in two loving arms, while a tender voice said:—

'Was the lesson too severe, dear?'

With quickly filling eyes, Nannie turned to her, saying:—

'O Aunt Fannie! Do you think I am like the nettle? Did you mean that?'

In the gathering twilight they sat down together for a long and earnest talk, in the course of which 'Nan's way' looked more hateful to herself than it could have ever seemed to any one else. Just before they separated Nan said earnestly:—

'Somebody once said of somebody that "her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace": I think that was lovely.'

'Yes, dear,' replied her aunt, stroking the fair head as it lay on her shoulder, 'Solomon said it of Wisdom, and many have found it true.'

'I know,' said Nan, catching the caressing hand, and playfully kissing it; 'but since then somebody said it of you, Aunt Fannie, and "many have found it true." If I thought that, by trying ever so hard, years from now people would say that of me! Aunt Fannie, you must help me, for it will be dreadfully hard; but I will try, for I want to begin a new way from this very night.' —The Advocate.

LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of La Grippe Developed Into Inflammation of the Lungs and Chronic Bronchitis—After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miraculously Restored. From LeMonde, Montreal.

Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs nor to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on an up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pant for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

One of the finest bridges in Europe is now being constructed across the Danube at Cernavoda, Roumania, by French engineers. It has a length of 2,460 feet, divided into five bays. Its height is 103 feet to the roadway and its highest point is 123 feet above high water. It is of steel and is supported on 30 piers. The effect is said to be "one of elegance and lightness, the lines standing out like delicate lacework against the sky."

A German has invented a means of making artificial whalebone. The material is leather soaked for two or three days in sulphate of potassium, and then stretched on a frame, slowly dried, and exposed to a high temperature. It is afterwards put under heavy pressure, when it becomes hard and elastic. —New York Post.