Autumnal Dreams.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassfras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster in the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer
When the weary winds are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can see her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss beyond our meetings,
In the autumns of the past!

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Dead at Thirty.

Just for the sake of being called a good fellow,
Just for the praise of the sycophant crowd,
That smoked your cigars, quaffed your rich wines and mellow,
You are sleeping, to-day, 'neath the soil in your shroud.

Just for the sake of being called clever—dashing—
By human hogs living outside of a pen.
The rain on your cold bed is ceaselessly splashing,
While you should be living a man among men.

Just for the sake of being pointed at—looked at—
By the false, insincere, hypocritical crew,
That grows on the follies of weak brains—like yours—fat.
You are dead as the dreams your boyish soul knew.

You feigned a contempt for the eagles of yellow,
And scattered them broadcast, with boisterous mirth—
Just for the sake of being called a good fellow!—
You are nothing, to-day, but a boxful of earth.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

List of the Great Officers of Victoria's Court.

The Duties Appertaining to the Several Offices.

The Queen's court is composed of officers, subordinates and attendants to the number of nearly a thousand, the majority receiving salaries that may be called more than liberal, says the New York *Sun*.

First and foremost comes the Lord Steward, whose office is a political one in the gift of the existing Ministry; his salary is $10,000 a year. He is the principal officer of the court, and has jurisdiction over the entire household. All officers and servants connected with the court, excepting those of the Queen's chamber, chapel and stable, are subject to his orders. He appears at court on all State occasions, and the subordinate officials of the household are appointed by him.

The active duties of the Lord Steward are performed by the Master of the Household, whose constant residence is within the precincts of the palace. Necessarily he has a large staff of officers to assist him, having full control over the domestic establishment. The salary of the master is $5,790 a year, and his private secretary receives $1,500 a year.

The Lord Treasurer ranks next to the Lord Steward, acts for him at all State ceremonies in case he is absent, and draws $4,520 a year; while to assist him he has the controller of the household, who also is paid $4,520 and likewise does nothing.

The board of green cloth is composed of the four above mentioned officials and adjudicates on offences committed in certain parts of the palace. To assist them in their onerous duties, they have a secretary at $1,500 a year, three accounting clerks at $1,000 a year each, divers other clerks to the number of six, and one female assistant.

The clerk of the kitchen is an important functionary, evidenced by the fact that he gets $3,500 a year and "found." Under him he has seven clerks to keep accounts, check goods as they are received, and give the necessary orders to the tradespeople.

The chief receives $3,500 a year, and his four assistant cooks $1,750 each, with the privilege of each taking an apprentice, the latter having to pay a premium of about $1,000. There are six other assistant cooks, and twelve helpers of different kinds.

The head of the confectionery department of the kitchen receives $1,200 yearly, and his assistant $1,950, they having six assistants; in addition there are the pastry cook and baker, with four assistants, and three women having charge of the coffee room. The linen is looked after in the "ewer" department, consisting of a yeoman and two assistants.

The chief butler receives $2,500 a year. He holds an important position, inasmuch as he selects and buys all the wines used in the royal household. To properly arrange the table before the Queen's dinner is served there are two principal table deckers with $1,000 a year each, and a second table decker at $750, a third at $450 and an assistant with $260.

The least liberal salaries probably are those paid to the three yeomen having charge of the plate pantry, whose united salaries amount to but $150, while the valuables intrusted to their care are estimated to be worth from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. They have six assistants. The care of Her Majesty's coals must be an arduous duty, as it is intrusted to no less than thirteen persons.

The first and second lamplighters receive $500 a year each and board money, and have seven assistants.

The court of the Marshalsea is a regular court of justice attached to the Queen's household, having jurisdiction over the places within twelves miles from Whitehall. The lord steward is the judge, the function of the court being to adminster justice between the Queen's domestic servants. This court was established by Henry VIII., and now costs the nation $9,620 a year, not including the salary of the chief of the police of this court, who is called knight marshal, $2,500 a year, and his eight assistants, with $500 a year each.

On Maundy Thursday of each year, and twice a year in Scotland Yard, alms are distributed to the poor. The almonry is the office that looks after these distributions, the principal two officers of which are called the hereditary grand almoner and the lord high almoner. Both offices are honorary, but they have a secretary, who receives $1,750 a year, about the amount distributed to the poor on Maundy Thursday.

The Lord Chamberlain receives $10,000 a year, and the Vice-Chamberlain $4,620. They superintend all the officers and servants belonging to the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the groom of the stole, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. All entertainments given in the palace are under their care, and they have to audit all accounts connected with royal marriages, coronations, funerals, etc. To assist the Chamberlain there are a controller of accounts, an inspector of accounts, three clerks and four messengers, their united salaries amounting to $15,550.

In this department also is the Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse, who receives a salary of $10,000 a year and a percentage on Her Majest's privy purse. He is the Financial Secretary to the Queen.

The Mistress of the Robes draws a salary of $2,500, and the Groom of the Robes $4,000 with three assistants. There are also eight ladies of the bed-chamber, who each in rotation wait on Her Majesty a fortnight at a time.

The Queen's maids of honor are eight in number, and receive $1,500 a year each. They attend Her Majesty two at a time for a month, thus serving but three months in the year.

The bedchamber women are the same in number as the maids of honor, receive the same salary, and serve in rotation in the same manner. They are only expected, however, to figure on state occasions.

Next we have eight lords in waiting, the grooms in waiting, the gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, daily waiters, grooms of the privy chamber, quarterly waiters, grooms of the great chamber, and thirty-two gentlemen of the privy chamber.

These last-named receive no pay whatever, except the honor of the thing, while the first mentioned cost the exchequer $55,965 a year.

A difficult position to fill is that of marshal of the ceremonies. He attends on all state occasions, and conducts foreign ambassadors, etc, to the Queen's presence. A thorough knowledge of the details of etiquette and, above all, of precedence, is absolutely necessary in this post. The salary is only $1,600 a year.

There are five pages of the back stairs, who receive $2,000 a year. Their duties are to wait on the Sovereign. Two State pages and a page of the chambers assist the five.

The lords, ladies and maids of honor have six pages of the presence to attend them at breakfast and luncheon. These pages are also required to wait on Her Majesty's visitors. They each receive $900 a year, and have pages, men to wait on them.

Eight sergeants-at-arms draw $500 a year apiece. Their duties are now nominal, though in the days of the joust and tourney they were to "hold watch outside the royal tent in complete armor, with bow, arrows, sword and mace of office; and to capture any traitors about the court or other great offenders."

Other relics of past ages are three kings-of-arms and six heralds.

Last in the Lord Chamberlain's department are messengers innumerable, palace inspectors, nine housekeepers, sixty house maids, three linen-room women and two attendants to show the public through Windsor Castle, with salaries ranging from a nominal sum to $1,500.

The ecclesiastics, with their necessary following, attached to the household are many in number and cost a large sum yearly in salaries. The list is as follows: "Dean and sub-dean of the chapel royal, St. James'; the clerk of the closet, three deputy clerks, a resident chaplain, a closet keeper, forty-eight chaplains in ordinary and ten priests in ordinary, with four chaplains, three preachers and three readers for the chapels at Whitehall Hall, Hampton, Windsor and Kensington; also a choir of boys, four organists, two composers, a violinist, a sergeant of the vestry and a master of boys."

For doctors, etc., $13,500 a year is paid.

The State band, although it is seldom heard, costs $9,580 a year.

We next come to the poet laureate, who draws inspiration from the State at the rate of $500 a year.

The master of the tennis court does nothing, for which he receives $660 a year. After him, with nominal duties, come the burgomaster and two watermen, whose united salaries amount to $2,000 a year; the keeper of the swans, a keeper of the jewels, in the tower, an exhibitor of the jewels, a principal librarian, a librarian in ordinary, a painter and a surveyor of pictures.

During the reign of Henry VIII., he instituted the corps of gentlemen pensioners, composed of members of the highest families, selected by himself. They bore this title until the accession of William IV., when it was changed to that of gentlemen-at-arms. The corps now consists principally of half-pay officers, but it still maintains its high tone, and under no consideration is a tradesman allowed to enter. The appointments in it now are regularly bought and sold, and bring good prices, the office of Lieutenant and Silver Stick having been known to bring $50,000. The cost of running the corps is $25,000 a year. The Captain and Gold Stick has a salary of $5,000, the Lieutenant and Silver Stick $2,500, and each of the forty gentlemen-at-arms $500, and $15 a day for travelling expenses when ordered on country service.

The beef-eaters, or body guard of yeomen, will be remembered by all who have visited the tower by their peculiar garb of the Tudor period. Their captain, always a peer, receives $5,000 a year, and the men $450 a year each.

The Master of the Horse spends $62,815 a year. Under him are different equerries and pages of honor, a sergeant footman, fifteen footmen, twelve coachmen, twenty grooms and fifty helpers.

A ROYAL WARDROBE.

The Many Dresses Left by the Virgin Queen of England.

When the bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, passed away she left in her wardrobe, according to the historiographers, two thousand dresses, says the London *Telegraph*. Chroniclers have augmented the royal trousseau to as many as four thousand dresses; but it is possible that the whole of Her Majesty's wearing apparel was included in this vast catalogue, and that it comprised not only veritable gowns of velvet, silk, damask and taffety, and double-wheeled fardyngales, but likewise mantles of vair, shapperoons or hoods, eschelles of ribbon, petticoats pranked with tissued panes, smocks wrought with thread of gold, fote mantels for riding on horseback, and furred flockets. In any case, the queen's maids of honor and the bed-chamber and tiring women must have had a good time of it when the spoils of Her Majesty were divided, or when, as is more likely, they were appropriated on the principle of first come first served, without any reference to equitable division at all. The strangest of vicissitudes must have been undergone by these scattered paraphernalia, which, but for the practice that prevailed down in 1830 of selling or otherwise disposing after the decease of the clothes worn by royal personages, might, to a great extent have remained intact, and have been preserved in local museums, even as the Marquis of Abergavenny has lent to a literary institution at Tunbridge Wells the peer's robes worn by his ancestor at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, at Fotheringay. Some of Queen Elizabeth's belongings passed, however, into safe hands, where they are as religiously treasured as the shirt and doublet in which Charles I. was dressed at this execution and the naval uniform worn by Nelson at Trafalgar. Among the relics of the attire of the virgin queen which have come down to us assuredly one of the most curious and most interesting is the silk stockings in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury, which he has recently lent to the company of framework knitters, to enhance the attractions of their display in the "Old London" section of the International Health Exhibition. It has been already pointed out that these stockings cannot be the historical hose celebrated by Stowe as having been presented to the Queen on New Year's Day, 1560, by her silkwoman, Mrs. Montague, which, after a few days' wearing, so pleased Her Majesty that she declared them to be pleasant, fine and delicate, and that thenceforward she would never wear any more cloth stockings, which promise she kept until her death, more than forty years afterward. The stockings, however, made memorable by Stowe, were, he explicitly states, of "black knit silk;" whereas, the hose which Lord Salisbury has sent to the Health Exhibition are of undyed silk. The circumstance does not in the slightest degree militate against the genuineness of the relic; as the Queen probably wore very many dozen pairs of silk stockings after New Year's Day, 1560, and the Marquis' loan may be of them.

Value of Buttermilk.

The Canada *Lancet* has a learned leading article on the beauties of buttermilk as an article of diet. It points out that the porridge eaters and buttermilk drinkers of Ireland and Scotland are not excelled by any other people in soundness of body and clearness of head, and gives many learned reasons why buttermilk should be in greater demand among Canadians that it is now. Buttermilk, says our contemporary, is a true milk peptonoid—that is the fashionable word of the day—milk already digested. It is good food and drink for young and old, sick and well. As it is food, it should not be often taken between meals, as it is the habit of many people. Being an agreeable drink, it is too freely used. Sick persons, who partake of little or nothing else, may partake much oftener, and more freely. Although containing about the same quality of nutrition as sweet milk, yet patients appear to be able to consume at ease at least double the quantity of buttermilk. Buttermilk is especially valuable as a laxative, and may be used with great benefit in cases of typhoid. This affords a hint for its use in habitual constipation. Buttermilk is a diuretic and may be prescribed with advantage in some kidney troubles. Because of acidity, it exercises a good impression on the liver, and is well adapted to many cases in which lime-water and milk are usually prescribed. It is valuable in the treatment of diabetes, either exclusively or alternately with skim milk. If these facts were generally known, the pigs might come in for a smaller share of buttermilk than they do, and it might be less used as a fertilizer of the soil, for in many farm-houses the milk is simply thrown out.

The Bantu Negro and His God.

I believe that much that is said about fetich-worship rests on no solid foundation; neither a kind of worship nor any serious service is addressed to the harmless toy we call a fetich, but only a mysterious good or evil spirit is fancied to dwell within it. A negro, as is his habit, is sitting and thinking about nothing. Casually he casts his eye upon a knotty limb of strange growth that may bear some indistinct resemblance to a human face. Amused at it, he takes a knife and makes an effort to help out nature by scratching the nose, mouth and eyes into plainer prominence. At last the thing appears so curious that he concludes he will take it home and set it up before his hut. It becomes his "fetich," and grins to-day pleasantly, to-morrow with a cross air, at him. To heighten the effect, he paints it red around the eyes, or adorns it with bright ornaments. In some such way as this, I believe, we may explain the origin of the first images of the gods, new illustrations of which we may still observe to be brought before us from time to time. I do not regard the process as a religious one, but rather as an instance of the development of the first idea of art.—*Max Buchner, in Popular Science Monthly.*

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has reduced the extra police tax assessed upon Limerick and will insist upon its payment.

A SENATOR'S STORY.

How Mr. Vance Sailed Between a Denominational Scylla and Charybdis.

I heard Zeb Vance telling how he captured the vote of a backwoods settlement in North Carolina when he first ran for Congress, says Bill Arp, in the *Atlanta Constitution*. He said he had never been in that settlement and didn't know the boys. He rode over the mountains and found about sixty sovereigns at a cross roads grocery, and he got down and hitched his horse and began to make their acquaintance, and cracked his jokes around, and thought he was getting along pretty well with them, but he noticed an old man with shaggy eyebrows and big, brass spectacles sitting on a chunk and marking in the sand with a stick. The old man didn't seem to pay any attention to Vance, and after a while Vance concluded that the old man was bellwether to the flock and that it was necessary to capture him, so he sidled up close to him and the old man got up and shook himself and leaned forward on his stick, and said, solemnly: "This is Mr. Vance, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said Vance. "And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said Vance, "that's my business."

"Well, sir," said the old man, "afore you proceed with that business I would like to ax you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," said Vance.

"What church mout you belong to!" said the old man.

That was a puzzler—Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and meeting was a big thing in the backwoods, and controlled their politics, but he didn't know what their religion was, for North Carolina was powerfully spotted. But he squared himself for the responsibility, and says he: "Well, now, my friend, I will tell you about that, for it is a fair question. Of course it is. Well, you see my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but saw no sign of sympathy with his grandpa.

"But my grandmother came from England, and over there every one belongs to the Episcopal Church." He paused again, and the old man made another mark in the sand and spit his tobacco far away.

"But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement, and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man, and so Vance took his last shot, and said: "But my good old mother was a Baptist, and it is my opinion that a man has got to go under water to get to heaven."

The old man walked up, and, taking him by the hand, said: "Well, you are all right, Mr. Vance," and then, turning to the crowd, said: "Boys, he'll do and you may vote for him; I thought he looked like a Baptist." And the old man slowly drew a flask from his coat-tail and handed it to Vance to seal his faith.

Indian Graves.

To the curious and those who wish to ponder awhile on the immutability of human things, there is no place where a better opportunity is offered than on the little islands in the harbor where lie the bones of hundreds of the departed noble red men, who have gone to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Lying promiscuously around are bleached bones and grinning skulls, remnants of clothing and fragments of the utensils of those that are placed there in rough wooden boxes. The ordinary Indian does not seem to have much attention paid to him, and part of him may be in an uncovered box and the rest scattered over the rocks, along with numerous shells. In several places the boxes are covered over and an effort made to preserve some idea of respect, while an occasional skeleton of a canoe will be found along with the bones of its former living owner. How their glory has departed! Those who were first in the chase and in war now lie there a neglected heap of bleached bones and corruption, while the remnant of the once wild and free race are gradually disappearing from the face of the earth by contact with the whites. Along the shores of the bay where once glided their swift canoes, are now built the wharves of the white man, and the sails of many nations flutter in the breeze. Truly this is a transitory state, and the weaker have to succumb to the strong and perish from existence.—*Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.*

Curiosities of Advertising.

One of the curious features of modern advertisements, says the Troy *Times*, is the tendency to use as signatures words that suggest a meaning, and sometimes a very obvious one. In one of these instances an advertiser for a boarding place requests all replies to be addressed to "Moderate." How suggestive of his expectation of reasonable terms! Then, again, the woman who advertises for assistance in her troubles gives "Unfortunate" as her address, in order to keep the latter in harmony with her appeal. "Non-inquisitive" is appended to another advertisement, and as the latter calls for rooms and board the signature suggests the nature of the case too clearly to require any explanation. Another advertisement of similar character bids the reader address "Discreet," a word which in this connection has a well-understood meaning. Another word which is often found among a certain class of advertisers is "Quiet," and it sometimes appears as "Very Quiet." In this connection it also has a conventional meaning so well understood that when a very quiet person advertises for board no explanation is required. Occasionally an advertisement appears offering board and bidding applicants address "Secluded." This at once suggests that concealment which is required by an evil life, and in this manner a single word is made to indicate a purpose.

The honeymoon of a Chicago couple was spent in the romantic and picturesque occupation of camping out on the shore of Lake Michigan; but the plan seems to have failed, for they finally emerged from the woods at opposite sides, and are to be legally separated by a divorce.

Turkish armorers no longer make a secret of their manufacture of fraudulent antiques. Visitors to Constantinople can see the ancient weapons of the Turks, Persians and Mongols in course of fresh construction.

THE INVETERATE "RUSHER."

How the American Brand Is Tamed in England.

My experience is that the most inveterate "rusher" in the United States gradually becomes subdued by residence in England. The atmosphere of deliberation enters into his active bones and conquers him, and, after a few months, he orders his existence so that it is never necessary to make haste over anything. He always catches his train, all the same, and he never misses the post; but of the fiery, untamed mustang of Wall street and Broadway, the alert, quick silvery "hummer" of Delmonico's and the cotton market, there is left no trace. He has replaced the fever of our existence at home by the normal temperature of life in England, a contrast and a change which is unspeakably grateful to people who have been bounding through space in the invigorating atmosphere of the western world. Sight-seeing here is only done, as a rule, by Americans on a visit. Those of older English growth only accompany them to watch their fresh enjoyment, or listen to their piquantly damaging comparisons. After a while, if they remained there, they would never go to see the sights—at least not unless they could do it most deliberately. It is only English people or Anglicised Americans who ever think—as a further illustration—of putting up at a hotel in Calais or Dover to wait until the channel calms down before crossing. The true and fresh American takes the first boat that leaves, though the heavings be as those of an earthquake and the shrieks of the storm mingle with the groans of the disconsolate French.—*London Correspondence.*

An Inhuman Funeral.

They had the poor woman in a $50 coffin. The beautiful bunch of white roses in the one hand that was exposed did not conceal the marks of toil on her fingers, the calloused places, the distended joints and the rough skin. Her iron gray hair was neatly brushed down on the sides of her wrinkled forehead, and the black silk gown folded so gracefully about her was full of lustre, brand new, and evidently expensive. There were ten hacks for friends of the family, and the hearse was driven by a man in livery and had eight costly plumes on top.

"How natural she looked, and what a lovely funeral," said a woman who had known the family.

"How unnatural she looked, and what an inhuman thing that funeral was," said a male cynic who accompanied her.

"Why?"

"Because. There was a good woman, a hard-working wife and mother, who never had a ride in a hack, whose fingers never pressed a flower and who never wore silk. She didn't have time and didn't have money. Now look at her. Flowers rare and sweet in her dead hands, lots of carriages following her hearse and a costly shroud for a body which in life was deemed none too good for a 30-cent worsted. A queer world this, which ignores fashion in life and falls a blind votary to it in death."

The Growth of Homœopathy.

According to the history of homœopathy it was not recognized by any chartered institution in the United States as late as 1844. The last reports show that there are now under exclusively homœopathic control 25 general hospitals, costing $2,300,000; 33 special hospitals, costing $1,600,000; 46 dispensaries; 11 colleges, with alumni of 5,825; 7,000 practising physicians, who are members of some medical society, and 3,000 who are not. The Ward's Island Hospital, New York, is perhaps the largest, having 420 beds. The death-rate among the 5,369 patients treated there was only 5 per cent., which is considered low. This is one of the points where it is claimed the opposition foisted bad cases on to them in order to run up the percentage of deaths. The Ophthalmic Hospital in New York is universally acknowledged to be one of the most completely equipped and successful institutions in the country.—*Philadelphia Despatch.*

Meant Business.

When Jerry McAuley, "the evangelist of the slums," died suddenly in New York, Thursday, the hard class of citizens among whom he labored felt his death deeply, and one of them pronounced a rough but eloquent little impromptu eulogy on him. "My, my!" said he; "so that's the last of him. I ain't much on the 'relige' myself, and I don't hitch with these singing and praying folks. But Jerry McAuley was a brick. He was, for sure. I've knocked around these parts some, and I was down in the swamp when he tried to give religion a show in the Fourth ward. Well, he never weakened there, but started among the worst dives going, and he gathered in a good many poor fellows that were all the better for it. I can understand a man like that. He means business all the time." Could a polished oration say more?

The Silent Beauty.

Let us royster with the oyster in the shorter days and moister that are brought by brown September with its roguish final R; for breakfast or for supper, on the under shell or upper, of dishes he's the daisy, and of shell fish he's the star. We try him as they fry him, and even as they pie him; we're partial to him luscious in a roast; we boil him and we broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him, and oh, he is delicious stewed with toast. We eat him with tomatoes and salad of potatoes, nor look him over with horror when he follows the cold slaw; and neither doth he fret as if he marches after lettuce and abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw. To welcome with September, to the knife and glowing ember, juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam! To the oyster, then, a boister, with him, in royal royster, we shall whoop it through the land of Uncle Sam.—*N. Y. Journal.*

It came out in a Tennessee lawsuit that the ardent letters sent by a girl to her lover had been composed for another fellow, but that, on transferring her affections suddenly, she had erased the original name and inserted a new one.

A Vermont parent has utilized his boy's bicycle by making it furnish motive power for his winnowing mill, corn sheller and grindstones. This he does by suspending it from the axle, removing the tire from the wheel and connecting it by an endless rope to his agricultural machines, then making his son mount and do the propelling