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### FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Severed from the noble branches,
Where they waved in beautiouos pride.

They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds, in sunny spring-time,
First their dulcet music ring.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door;
Pale and faded, like the loved ones,
That have gone forever more.

They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around;
Yet the faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the grassy mound.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Onward with the waters go.

They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep;
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, over falling,
When the Autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.

They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
When the tuneless winds and billows
Sadly sigh for evermore.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago.

And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted hopes and dreams,
Faded like the falling leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

## "UBERALL DU."

The girl was as gay as a lark; the ball had been a delightful one; the music still pulsed in her ear, until her very heart kept the beat. Young, beautiful, beloved and wealthy, this little Jennie of ours had the cream of this world at her feet, and as she took off her jewelry and flowers, and prepared herself for sleep, it was with a smile on her lips and a happy light in her dreamy eyes.

One piece of jewelry she held in her clasped hand lingeringly, as if it were too dear to lay aside. It was a pretty trinket, a gold clasp or bar, and swinging from it by two tiny golden chains a polished Florida sea bean, dark as ebony, mounted like a locket. A legend was engraved on the bar in a foreign tongue: "Uberall Du."

Jennie's eyes scanned the words intently. "How stupid I am not to be able to translate this German," thought she. "It is something dear, I know, and just the thing, or Royall would not have had it. I wish I could sacrifice my pride enough to ask him the meaning of it; but he thinks I can read it, and I am ashamed to let him know I'm such a dunce, after four years at boarding-school. Never mind, I shall discover the meaning some time," and, with a blush and a smile she kissed the trinket and put it tenderly away in her casket. It was a trifling thing, but even that is precious from the man you love. Royall Hamlin had been at her feet all winter. People said they were engaged, and considered the match certain, as people will when the principals in the game are not at all sure. It was not so in this case. He had not proposed to Jennie, though he was all devotion, and, to tell the truth, Jennie felt a growing uneasiness lest she was becoming fond of him too soon; but she could not bear to distress herself with the thought. So, when this eve at the ball he had pinned her clasp upon her shoulder amid her snowy laces, and murmured in her ear in their quiet nook in the window that he would have something to say to her when he returned to town next week, Jennie's heart had given quite a leap that had dyed her sweet little face, scarlet; and he, noting it, had gone off with eyes full of triumph. No wonder her locket seemed precious to her.

The next afternoon after the ball, as Jennie was walking with Ella Stuart, on the avenue, she asked her, as if it were a sudden thought, if "she remembered her German?"

"Not well, Jennie—pretty rusty! What did you ask for?"

"Because I have forgotten mine, and I saw a few German words in a love—love story—" stammered Jennie, "and I could not make out the sense of them, and you know how aggravating that is!"

"What were the words?"

"As near as I can remember the words," smoothly said our dimple-faced deceiver "they were 'Uberall Du'"—

"Uberall — Du — m—m—m," murmured Ella. "Why! I remember, it is a line out of German poetry! and means 'All is over with thee.'"

She looked round at Jennie, triumphantly, just in time to catch a perfect expression of dismay on a poor blanched face, enough to make your heart ache.

"Why, Jennie! what is the matter!" she exclaimed, catching her by the arm, Jennie just had strength left to totter into a shop near by, and sink into a seat, whispering she "was faint," did not feel well all day, etc., making at the same time a sign for her companion not to attract attention, which one Ella was quick to take, and carried out by an energetic chattering with madame with the friz, as to the equality of pink crush roses, which madame insisted were "French," as also her "whole stock of ribbons," etc.

Jennie grew better as suddenly as she had fallen ill, and Ella thought it only over-fatigued after the ball. What would she have thought had she seen our poor Jennie an hour later, sobbing, face down on her dainty bed, she locked in the sacred retreat of her chamber.

Poor child! she had her battle to fight, and well she fought it.

"So it is all over with me, is it?" thought she; "and I imagined he loved me as well as I did him! How ashamed I feel, that I did not hide my feelings better. Now I know he was just trifling. I'll never love a man again as long as I live! Never, never! and he shall never speak to me again—shall never see in my face how badly I feel!"

Poor Jennie. The day arrived upon which he had promised to be in town, and also to take her to drive. Jennie was in a fearful state of excitement all day.

That afternoon, late, a well known ring was heard at the door. Jennie's heart gave a perfect surge; but when the servant looked at her inquiringly, she answered his glance with a cool "Engaged John," and hurried to her room, to cry over her mortification.

Next day came a note in Mr. Hamlin's well-known hand, but she declined to read it, and sealing it in another envelope, she returned it, and with it the locket, "thanking Mr. Hamlin for his kindness in permitting her to inspect it, and pronounced it very pretty, and herself his respectfully," etc.—very "high and mighty."

She was horrible wretched the next few weeks, and did not go in society. She had a morbid idea her story might be out, and, as it was, Lent came just in time to give her an excuse for being so quiet.

She pined so visibly that her friends thought her health flagging, and sent her to visit some relations in another State. She tried to be happy, but was not particularly successful, in fact, her efforts were a miserable failure; it was hard to see which was preying upon her most, disappointed love or a perfect agony of mortification, at the thought how transparent her heart had been to him, and how he had treated it like a toy. She was always seeking a resolution of his apparently gratuitous insult, and she could not find it! Had somebody been laughing about her patent devotion to him? Did he mean to taunt her with the utter hopelessness of her love! She ground these bitter questions over in a hundred ways, and was like to break her heart.

Spring came and Jennie gradually regained a degree of her old serenity, but she did not wish to go home.

In the family of her friends was a charming girl of her own age, and they were fast friends, but Jennie never spoke of her mortification to her.

One day they were talking over the approaching marriages of Aunt Norah. "Jennie," she said, "I never showed you the dear ring Leonard gave me last fall, did I?"

"No! let me see it."

Norah brought it, it was a beautiful turquoise in a heavy gold hoop, and something was engraved inside the hoop. Jennie tried to read it; Norah caught the glance. "Uberall Du, Jennie, isn't that sweet in Len to tell me so in such a darling way."

"What is it?" asked Jennie in a quaking, uncertain voice, feeling somehow as if her life hung on a thread, that thread the significance of the words, "Uberall Du," words which had proved so fatal to her happiness.

"Why, 'Thee, over all.' Jennie, where have your eyes gone to? You studied German at Madam Armand's with me; forgot so soon?"

"So that was it, 'Thee over all,' and what a fool she had been, eh?" where Jennie's last cheerful thoughts as she slipped quietly down by Norah's side in a dead faint.

Miss Norah was horrified by Jennie's sudden attack, but when Jennie revived she assured her cousin she was in the habit of fainting at actually nothing, and the parlor must have been too warm. She deceived Norah thoroughly, but not her own poor heart.

Then she went up stairs and pondered upon "the situation."

The more she pondered the worse it seemed. She was too proud to own her mistake, and take back her hateful words and manner, and seek him in any way, and pride "carried the day."

Her father sent her into the mountains that summer, and, with a few friends, wandered about; but the grace and charm of God's country, of rocky ledge, and balmy whispering pine, and trickling mountain brook, cold and clear, had no charm for her. One day they planned a fishing excursion to a large forest stream which crossed the stage road a mile or two beyond the hotel.

Jennie crept away from the others with a rod and line, and strayed along the brookside, through quivering lights and shades among green leaves and shadowy places, she went so far she was lost without perceiving it.

As she stood quietly on the bank watching a floating leaf, a voice behind her made her start with astonishment; so well known was it—so dear.

"Can you tell me, miss, how far I am from the stage road?"

Jennie turned deliberately and looked into the face of Royal Hamlin. She actually relished his look of utter dismay and disconcertment.

"I—beg your pardon, Miss Dane," said the amateur sportsman, stiffly. "I did not recognize you, or I would not have intruded upon you."

"You did not disturb me in the least, Royall," said Jennie quietly, with scarlet face; "but I am sorry I cannot tell you which way the road lies. I think I have come so far I must be lost myself."

He stood gazing at her, speechless. At last he stammered: "Miss Dane — Jennie — you called me 'Royall;' you do not seem angry now. Tell me, in the name of God, what got you so furious at me last winter," and he pressed closer to her side by the brook bank.

Jennie hung her head.

Unresistingly, she permitted him to gather the little hand up in his strong fingers, and take a seat by her side on the moss, and draw her down beside him on the turfy bank; there they sat like a couple of idiots, for very gladness; Jennie's fishing tackle, fly, line and rod went sailing leisurely off down stream; Jennie struggled with herself, and finally managed to answer:

I misunderstood—something—I—couldn't read—that stuff on the locket, and—Ella said it was 'all over with me'—and—that would have been abominably impertinent of you, Royall! you know it would," she flashed through her tears at him, smiling in the most dazzling manner the next minute.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed excitedly, as a light dawned in upon him, "you don't mean to say my little German motto on that clasp was misrepresented and the cause of all this misunderstanding! "Why Jennie!" and his tone was full of chagrin, "why I thought it was so neat!"

So Jennie told him all about it as they nestled among the leaves, the hush, and dreaminess of the forest. The light and air that surrounded them, that bathed them in its waves, was not of heaven or earth, it was rose-colored! Jennie could complain no more of Royall's uncertainty, because he was very explicit in his remarks, and later, when they went hunting for the road, and found the rest of the fishers, Jennie's health was visibly improved, judging by her beautiful color and happy eyes.

It turned out Royall was due at her hotel, his baggage had already gone on, and he had left the stage for a ramble, intending to cross the road in time for the evening stage.

As it was, he rode home with the party. What need to tell any more?

Royall had "Uberall Du," engraved on Jennie's wedding ring, with the laudable intention of teaching her German more effectively than it is taught in boarding schools generally.

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"That is unremitting attention," the student said when his father forgot his usual allowance.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? Because it is not of much account without its tender.

A Sunday-school teacher asked her class the question: "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" said the little girl.

An Eastern paper advertises: "A pair of blue eyes for ten cents." In Chicago you can get a pair of black-and-blue eyes for less money than that.

Some vile old traducer says that for the period of a month before marriage and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

### The Epidemic of Fraud.

It is always impossible to take up a paper these days without seeing a report of some embezzlement. From every city and town comes up the story of some clerk, or manager, or treasurer, who has speculated with money that was not his own and has come to grief—in many cases damaging others as much as himself. It would almost seem as though an epidemic of fraud was sweeping over the country. Of course much of this may be simply the unveiling of a disease more or less prevalent at all times. Many of the forgers, peculators, and violators of trust funds have slipped into dishonest ways unintentionally—taking a false step, and hoping to be able to retrieve it. But in days like these, when financial affairs are very unsettled, dishonest people fail as well as honest ones, and then there comes a revelation of fraud which might under other circumstances have remained unseen.

But whether there is really more dishonesty abroad than usual, or only the average amount, it is a lamentable fact that there is much more of it than is agreeable. And the serious question arises in the minds of all comparatively honest people, is there no remedy for this state of affairs?

Some believers in the omnipotent force of education might be disposed to recommend the thorough study in all our schools of the elements of Moral Science. And there can be no question that a drilling in the fundamental principles of right and wrong would be a far better education for many young people than a mathematical or classical course. It would so strengthen their moral natures that in after years they would the more readily detect and the more easily oppose the incidious beginnings of evil courses which, if unheeded, lead on to death and ruin.

But it is to be feared that Moral Science would be unable to withstand the force of social customs and the extravagances of modern life. The desire to appear as well or better than our neighbors; to keep as fine houses, to wear as good clothes, to give as large parties, seem to have become part of our nature. Whether we have the means to do it or not is of secondary importance; we must keep up with what we conceive to be the requirements of fashionable life. Otherwise, our neighbors will think we are mean and stingy; or, worse than all, poor. The dread of our neighbors' sneer, no matter how undeserved it be, and the desire for our neighbor's praise, no matter how insincere and hollow it may be, are powerful elements in modern society, and are prime factors of dishonesty.

In this matter people of all creeds as well as of no creeds are alike interested. Indeed, it is a lamentable fact that too many of the convicted peculators of the present day are profound Christians. And this gives rise to the question: Can it be that the pulpit has been somewhat neglectful of its duty? Has it given too much attention to theology, and too little to morals?—too much to Faith and not enough to Works? Are our churches sometimes too desirous of worshipping in costly edifices?—and does the necessity of paying for a costly edifice sometimes lead church authorities to countenance doubtful methods of raising money? Example is said to be even more powerful than precept.

In the early days of the Christian Church its apologists pointed with pride to the wonderful effect which the religion of Christ had upon morals and conduct in an age preeminent for vice and fraud. Then they could ask, with triumphant voices, for the pagan world to point out a Christian who had substituted wills, who had forged notes, who had embezzled funds, who had robbed widows and orphans. But its days of boasting are gone. Why? Surely not because the Christian Faith in its simplicity and purity is less effective as a moral force to-day than it was eighteen centuries ago?

If, as is apparent, the religious life of Christian society has become faint and feeble, it is time for all who profess in any degree a belief in the faith, whether clerical or lay, to fan the dying embers to new brightness. Not that religious revivals may be developed, and churches built, and church members increased; but that the morals of society may be quickened, and fraud and dishonesty repressed. Instead of theological discussions, and denominational contests, and fierce struggles with so-called "unbelief" in its varying phases, could we not have a crusade against extravagance? against devotion to fashionable habits; against looseness of living; against the "white lies" of business and society; against that dishonesty which always commences by intending to "make it right in a "little while?" If Christians of all sects, Catholic and Protestant, could throw all their force into the effort to purify life and conduct, might they not give better evidence of the divine origin of their faith than can be found in all the theological sermons of the last eighteen hundred years? At all events, the experiment is worth trying.—*London Advertiser.*

### Household Receipts.

Homemade Bread.—Put seven pounds of flour into a deep pan, and make a hollow in the center; into this put one quart of luke-warm water, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and half a gill of yeast; have ready three pints of warm water, and use as much of it as is necessary to make a rather soft dough, mixing and kneading it well with both hands. When it is smooth and shining strew a little flour upon it, lay a large towel over it folded, and set it in a warm place by the fire for four or five hours to rise; then knead it again for fifteen minutes, cover it with the towel, and set it to rise once more; then divide it into two or four loaves, and bake it in a quick oven. This quantity of flour will make eight pounds of bread, and will require one hour's baking to two pounds of dough. It will cost about thirty cents, and will last about two days and a half for a family of six. In cold weather, the dough should be mixed in a warm room, and not allowed to cool while rising; if it does not rise well, set the pan containing it over a large vessel of boiling water; it is best to mix the bread at night, and let it rise till morning, in a warm and even temperature.

Pea Soup.—Use half a pint, or seven ounces of dried peas, for every two quarts of soup you want. Put them in three quarts of cold water, after washing them well; bring them slowly to a boil; add a bone, or bit of ham, if you have it to spare, one turnip and one carrot peeled, one onion stuck with three cloves, and simmer three hours, stirring occasionally to prevent burning; then pass the soup through the sieve with the aid of a potato masher, and if it shows any sign of settling stir into it one tablespoonful each of butter and flour mixed together dry, this will prevent settling; meantime fry some dice of stale bread, about two slices, cut half an inch square, in hot fat, drain them on a sieve, and put them in the bottom of the soup tureen in which the pea soup is served; or cut some bits of very hard stale bread, or dry toast, to use instead of fried bread. By the time the soup is done it will have boiled down to two quarts, and will be very thick and good.

Stewed Lentils.—Put a pint of plain boiled lentils into a saucepan, cover them with any kind of pot-liquor, add one ounce of chopped onion, two ounces of drippings, quarter of an once of chopped parsley, and stew gently for twenty minutes; serve hot. This dish costs about ten cents.

Stewed Tripe.—Cut in small pieces one pound of tripe, half a quart each of potatoes and onions, and put them in layers in a pot, seasoning them with one tablespoonful of salt, and level teaspoonful of pepper; mix quarter of a pound of flour with water, gradually using three pints of water and pour it over the stew; put the pot over the fire and boil it gently for an hour and a half.

Rice Pudding.—Put in an earthen pudding dish quarter of a pound of well washed rice, three pints of milk, four ounces of sugar, and a little spice, or flavoring; bake it in a moderate oven about an hour and a half. It costs about eighteen cents.

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Party ties—White cravats.

What is pity—Cheap charity.

An ill-bred act—Cheating the baker.

A highly intelligent dog—the type-setter.

Man respires, aspires, conspires, and expires.

A phenomonen of pottery—the ears of a pitcher.

An unpaid for yacht is now politely termed a floating debt.

Real case of kidnapping—When the baby is "cribbed" at night.

The ways of women—anywhere from ninety to two hundred pounds.

A father of a two weeks' old baby calls it "Ma's newly discovered satellite."

Take care of your health and wife; they are the two better halves that make a man of you.

"What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very cheap; I won't haggle about the price at all."

### Some Common Ailments of Horses.

Ringbone is of two kinds—true and false. The false ringbone is an enlargement situated above the middle of the bone. When very large, it may cause lameness. As a rule, however, it never gives inconvenience to the animal.

The true ringbone is quite another matter. There are two kinds—the high and the low. It is called high when it involves the bone immediately above the joint.

Ringbone, whether high or low, varies in size; but the degree of lameness does not depend upon the size of the formation. An animal may be very lame with but little deposit, and another may show but little lameness with a very large ringbone. Very often the circle of the ring is defective, and the deposit appears only on one side of the limb, or on both sides, and none in front. When at the side they do not cause the same degree of lameness as when in front.

Ringbones are not the cause, but the result of disease, being the result of an inflamation originating in the bone.

Shoulder Slip.—This is a sprain or laceration of the fibres of the spinatus muscles, together with, probably, the abductor magnus and teres exturnus. The humorous, lacking the tension of these muscles, rotates outward at every step with unusual freedom. Pain is expressed in recent cases, and wasting of the muscles just named. In the majority of cases actual lameness does not occur. There will be a hollow space upon either side of the scapular spine, extending its whole length.

Shoulder Lameness.—The gait of shoulder lameness is indicative of the seat of disease. The patient does not carry his limb straight forward, but with a rotary motion, the limb being thrown outwards, and the toe made to form the segment of a circle; in other words, he brings the leg forward, with a sort of sweep, and the toe is dragged or trailed on the ground.

In shoulder or knee lameness, the signs of pain are more discernible during the elevation of the foot from the ground; whereas, in foot and other diseases below the knee, the converse is the rule.

Stringhall.—An involuntary, convulsive motion of the muscles of one or both hind legs.

Speedy cut.—Is the name of an injury to the knee. It is inflicted by the horse striking his knee with the opposite foot. The symptoms are inflammation and swelling of the skin, collection of fluid in the sub-cutaneous areolar tissue, constituting a serious abscess.

Seedy Toe.—This term is applied to a perverted secretion of horn at the lower margin of the ospedis (lower bone of the foot), by which the crust becomes detached from the horny laminar.

Thorough Pin.—Thorough pin is a bursal enlargement situated on the lower part of the thigh and upper and back part of the hock.

Thrush.—A discharge of fœtid material from the frog.

Spavin.—A violent twisting or straining of the soft parts around the joints. According to the degree of the sprain, the fibrous parts of the joint may be simply stretched, or they may be ruptured. The symptoms are swelling around the sprained part, attended by lameness.

Sprain of the Metacarpi Internus.—This is visible over the trapezinn on the inner and lower part of the knee.

Sprain of the Metacarpi Extensor Magnus.—Indicated by a swelling in the front of the knee and above it.

Sprain of the Metacarpi Externus.—This is made visible by an enlargement on the outside of the knee, over the small metacarpal condyle.

Sprain of the radical Ligaments.—Is manifested by lameness, a difficulty in flexing the knee, with swelling, heat and tenderness immediately above the knee.

Sprain of the Psoa Muscles.—Inability to rise when down; a knuckling over at the fetlock joints when standing; when made to walk he drags his legs or trails them. There is scarcely any elevation of the foot or flexation of the joints, and a great tendency is shown to knuckle over at every step.

Sprain of the fetlock Joint.—In inflammation of the fetlock joint, from whatever cause, the lameness is characterized by inability to flex the joint, by heat, swelling, pain or pressure.

Wounds.—A wound made with a clean-cutting instrument is an incised wound. A wound inflicted by some blunt object, without perforating the skin, is a contused wound. When the skin is divided and torn, with ragged, uneven edges, it is called a lacera d wound.—*Chicago Fi. l.*