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WHOLE NO. 1007.

OCTOBER
Gently falls the Autumn leaves,
Lovely with their brilliant splendor,
While the soft wind sighs and grieves
Slightly I sit and ponder,
Of the beauties of October
With her glorious "Indian Summer,"
With its misty skies of azure,
And its treasures none can number—
Gold-crowned, crimson-robed
October!

And my heart with joy overflowing,
Throbs and swells with ecstasy,
And the earth, with beauty glowing,
Fills one's soul with melody.
O the beauties of October!
Nature reveling in grandeur,
Fills the lap of earth with treasures—
Luscious fruits and brown nuts
"Sombre!"
Where's thy rival Indian Summer
That can rival grand October?

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

It was a pleasant afternoon in the early part of June, when a large number of girls were assembled in the spacious, airy school-room, chatting and laughing in regular school-girl fashion. All were simply, but neatly dressed in white, with blue ribbons, for this was exhibition day; and a very pretty picture they made; at least so thought several young men, who occupied one corner of the apartment, waiting for the exercises to begin.

A sort of stage or platform had been erected, where the young ladies were to read their essays, sing their songs, and recite their volubilities; after which came the distribution of premiums and awarding of the gold medal; and many were the opinions as to who should be the recipient of this badge of honor. If Bessie Grey had any thoughts on the matter, she did not express them; and no one standing there listening to her lively prattle, had any idea of the wild tumult within her bosom, of which her laughing face gave no evidence, except the alternate flush and pallor of dimpled cheeks as hope or fear struggled for the mastery.

At last the bell sounded, once, twice, three times, and each girl took her appointed place behind the curtain, and when all was in readiness, the signal was given, the curtain raised, and the exercises began.

One after another performed her part until Bessie Grey stood alone before the audience to deliver the closing address. In a low, clear voice she recalled the many happy hours spent at school, thanked the teachers for all their kindness, and tears shone in her sweet blue eyes as she spoke of the parting at hand. But the momentary pang was quickly forgotten in the excitement which followed, as each went up to receive some reward of merit from her teachers' hand. Every voice was hushed, and each young heart almost ceased to beat as the gold medal was held on high, and the principal read in slow distinct tones, "The medal of honor is awarded to Miss Bessie Grey."

A loud shout of applause followed this announcement; then the good-byes were hurriedly spoken, and ere long the lately thronged school-room was quite vacant. But what of Bessie Grey? Her pretty face was flushed with happiness as she walked toward home with her parents, and they were well pleased with the daughter who had acquitted herself so creditably, and many a fond smile they bestowed upon her. But her joy was not alone because they were pleased. Uppermost in her thoughts was a mainly face upon which she had seen a smile of approval, as she gracefully accepted the long-toiled-for honor; and it was for that smile she had toiled so long and faithfully.

Bessie was an only child. Her father's pride, and the darling of her mother's heart; but like many another, she had bestowed her affections on one whom papa thought unworthy of his daughter's love. Therefore, unknown to either father or mother, she had promised to marry Guy Welton as soon as she should become eighteen years of age.

Guy was a rising young lawyer, possessed a good, moral character, and meant to make his mark in the world. His principal source of unworthiness was a lack of greenbacks, but both he and Bessie fondly hoped that within the year that must pass ere their fates could be united, he would be able to lay by sufficient to make a comfortable start in life.

Time passed on until winter's first snows were falling, then Bessie's trouble began. Mamma Grey was anxious that her daughter should make a grand match, so invitations to balls and receptions, where wealth and beauty assembled, were not to be slighted; and the winter moved on amidst a round of gayeties of which Bessie was fast becoming weary. One evening, while she and her mother were waiting for the return of her father, a messenger brought invitations to a grand reception, to be given by Mrs. Brown, on the following Thursday. Of course Bessie must go, for Mrs. Brown was a particular friend of Mrs. Grey's, and beside, the handsome and wealthy Harry Carlton would be present. Bessie would much rather have stayed at home, could she have found a reasonable excuse for so doing. In fact she dreaded a meeting

with the fascinating Mr. Carlton, for he had been like a shadow in her path during the last three months, and she well knew that he only waited an opportunity to lay his fortune at her feet. Then what would papa say when he heard that she had rejected the most eligible match in the city? But rejected he should be, for she must and would marry Guy Welton, let the consequences be what they might.

Thursday night arrived, and Mrs. Brown's parlors were filled to overflowing with the elite of the city. Bessie looked her prettiest, and endeavored to enjoy herself. But there was a ache in her heart, in spite of her assumed gaiety, and she would much rather have been sitting quietly at home. At last, weary of the excitement, she sought the conservatory.

"I will admire the flowers and think of Guy," she mused, "and let that odious Harry Carlton bestow his smiles on some one sensible of his charms." She walked from one plant to another, and had stopped to admire a rose, when she heard footsteps behind her. Imagine her displeasure, when, on turning round, she beheld the odious Carlton himself, not ten steps from her, bowing and smiling in his most fascinating manner.

"Wearing his Sunday grin, as usual," muttered she; but quickly hiding her displeasure, she commenced a lively badinage, determined, if possible, to give him no chance to make his declaration. But he was not to be thwarted, for, seating himself on a bench near which they were standing, and gently drawing her down beside him, he began:—

"Miss Grey, I have long waited for an opportunity to speak to you alone, but it seems as if fortune had not been inclined to favor me. Excuse my presumption, if such you deem it, but I love you more than words of mine can tell. May I hope, Miss Grey—Bessie, may I hope?"

A painful blush overspread her face as she slowly arose from her seat, but in a kindly manner she answered:—

"I am sorry, Mr. Carlton, that matters have come to such a crisis, but I can give you no hope. My affections have long been given to another, and even were they not, I am sure I could not love you; forgive me if I cause you pain, but I do not think I have given you any encouragement."

"No, Miss Grey, you have not encouraged me; but knowing that your parents regard me with favor, I have dared to hope. But your friends are seeking you; good night," and without waiting for any further reply, he was gone.

Bessie was glad when the hour of departure arrived. She was tired and weary, and her head had scarcely touched the pillow when she fell asleep. Next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Grey said:—

"Bessie, daughter, why did Harry Carlton leave so suddenly last night? A short time before he went, I was told that he was with you in the conservatory. I hope you did nothing to offend him."

"I told him that I could not love him," Bessie replied.

"What you rejected Harry Carlton? Bessie, I am astonished! The best match in the city! Why did you refuse to be his wife?"

"He did not ask me to be his wife. He merely wanted to know if I might hope, and I told him I could give him no hope."

"Well, I gave you credit for more sense than you seem to possess," said Mrs. Grey.

She deemed it prudent to let the subject drop here, however, for if Bessie had not refused point blank to become Mrs. Carlton, there might still be a little room for hope.

Four months passed rapidly away, and Bessie had one more week to wait before she would be eighteen years old. She was sitting in her room, thinking of the grand party which her mother said must be given on that day, when a servant entered and laid a note on the table. How her heart beat as she picked it up. It was from Guy and ran as follows:—

"My Darling Bessie:—I have completed all arrangements, and am ready to claim my bride. Answer this, and let me know when and where I shall meet you.

Yours until death, Guy."

After a moment's hesitation she wrote the following reply:—

"My Precious Guy:—We are to have a grand party on my birthday, which occurs one week from to-night. I will meet you the following evening, at seven o'clock, under the big elm, near the carriage gate.

Forever your own, Bessie."

It was a busy week which followed, and amidst the bustle and confusion, Bessie found little time to contemplate the step she was about to take. But at last the eventful evening arrived, and was hailed with joy by all except Bessie. She seemed sad and melancholy, though she strove to appear cheerful and happy. She had some twinges of conscience, and she could not banish the thought that perhaps, after to-night, she might never again enter the home which had sheltered her in childhood. Still she had no thought of retracting her promise to

Guy. The party was a grand success, and Mrs. Grey was happy, for Harry Carlton was present, and she could perceive no change in his manner toward Bessie. So she still cherished the hope of seeing him Bessie's husband. But within the next forty-eight hours she learned how vain was her hope.

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Grey went to take tea with a friend, Bessie declined going, and her parents supposed she was tired out with the previous night's excitement, they did not urge her to accompany them. As soon as the door closed after them, Bessie repaired to her room to prepare for her departure. She dressed herself very becomingly in a grey poplin suit, and wrapping a light shawl around her shoulders, she passed down the stairs and out of the door, not knowing when she should return. She had scarcely reached the elm tree when a pair of strong arms were thrown around her, and a well-known voice whispered:—

"My own darling Bessie. At last you will be mine forever."

Then gently releasing her, he drew her hand through his arm, and led her to the carriage which was waiting a short distance away. Entering this, they were driven to the home of a magistrate where they were soon pronounced man and wife. They then took the train for New York, visiting Newport and Saratoga, returning to settle down in the home which Guy had prepared.

There was great confusion in the Grey household when it was discovered that Bessie was missing, and the anger and mortification of Mr. and Mrs. Grey knew no bounds when they learned, from a note found on the table, that she had become the wife of Guy Welton. In fact, Papa Grey declared that he would never recognize her, much less allow her to enter his house.

So a month sped away, and it was rumored that in a few days Mr. and Mrs. Welton would return. Accordingly three days after, when the one P. M. train came puffing into the depot, it brought among other passengers the newly married pair. A handsome carriage, drawn by a spirited pair of coal black horses, was waiting to carry them home. Bessie did not expect to see such a splendid conveyance, but a much greater surprise was in store for her. The carriage stopped in front of a handsome residence; Guy assisted her to alight, and led her up the broad stone steps, where the door was thrown open, and an elderly matron, whom she recognized as Guy's mother, welcomed her home. Never was a bride more happily surprised, for a luxurious home it proved to be. The house was furnished with every comfort which wealth could procure, and when Guy explained her happiness knew no bounds.

Two months previous, a bachelor brother of Mrs. Welton senior had died, leaving Guy sole heir to a million of dollars. Wishing to surprise Bessie, he had said about his good fortune, but having purchased the house, he left his mother to manage the fitting up, while he and his fair young bride were off on a wedding tour.

When Bessie heard all, she proposed writing to her parents, which was immediately done. They wrote of their good fortune, asked pardon for running away, and ended by inviting Mr. and Mrs. Grey to be present at the dinner which would be served at five o'clock. The note was despatched by a servant, with instructions to wait for an answer. When he returned, he brought word that they would come at half past four, and at the appointed time Mr. and Mrs. Grey were ushered into the parlor. Bessie was embraced and forgiven, Guy was cordially welcomed as a son, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Bessie's after life was one of unclouded bliss; and she has never had cause to regret that she followed the promptings of her true heart.

A canon ball is worshipped as a god in Banavar. Until two years ago the people worshipped the canon itself; but the English Government, taking possession of the weapon, the ball was extracted and placed in a shrine.

The Council General of Gaudeloupe has offered a reward of \$20,000 for a new process to extract the juice of the sugar-cane, at cost not to exceed forty per cent. of the market value of the product. Here is a chance for American inventors.

Tobacco has been furnished to the Penitentiary convicts on Blackwell's Island for the past twenty-three years—so the warden says. Therefore it was not so very strange, when the supply was suddenly stopped as a measure of retrenchment by the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, that great There is a white man in this city, a sober, sensible gentleman, too, now in his forty-second year, who has a good education. He never wrote a letter in his life, never owned a postage stamp and never received but one letter. He states that the letter received never read by him, but was deposited in his pocket and packed around until worn out, and he does not know till this day the name of the author.—*Henderson (Ky.) Reporter.*

The number of pieces required to finish a camel's hair shawl is from five hundred to four thousand. Often twenty men have worked daily for twenty years in order to finish a first-class camel's hair shawl, the highest wages being four cents a day to the most skillful worker.

LADIES' COLUMN.

FASHION NOTES.

Very long mantles are the most elegant among the winter wrappings. They, however, cannot be worn on foot, but imply a carriage, and, consequently wealth.

Evening gloves show deeper tones each season; and with ten or twelve buttons in pink, coral, cream white, pearl and rose tints.

Young ladies are wearing kilt skirts to woolen costumes. They hang in straight plaits from the belt down, and their ornament is a scarf tash tied far below the hips.

New apron fronts for dressy black silks are of diagonal bands of embroidered crepe alternating with tulle bands that are also embroidered; the bottom is trimmed with wide tulle lace.

Dresses trimmed with jet or with chair de lune have wide side plaiting with a row of the broad trimming laid down each plait, and a broad beaded passementerie to the heading.

Trimming straight down the front skirts are seen on many new dresses. In some of these there is a seam down the middle, with square corners and revers turned out on each side. For evening dresses a broad vine of flowers extends down the middle of the front breadth.

Circular wraps are fashionably made in plaids and checks, but the new "rag carpet" cloth, which is introduced for these garments, will become popular as cold weather sets in. Some of these are lined with silk and others with dark opera flannel. The trimming is a fringe of wool, or silk and wool, matching the cloth.

The round skirts, or nearly round (and in this latter one raised in the back by means of three tiers), are becoming general in Paris. The skirt of these is made of a material with a train for walking dresses that the appearance of the train, for the street at least, cannot be doubted. In the drawing room it is another matter; the evening dress will remain long, but, on this subject, there are conflicting rumors.

For street wear the leading color is a dark shade of green, which shows a tinge of yellow when held up to the light. It is sometimes called "moss" green, and in the new tulle and knotted fabrics is combined with lines and dots of raw silk; with dashes of red, orange, and blue, and in lighter shades of green. Seal brown and navy blue hold their own, however.

The stylish Directorate costume as the vest front and lapels now so much in vogue, while avoiding the more masculine effect given to many such garments. This costume is different from others, in that the color, the vest and skirt of silk, and the overdress of cashmere; but it is the fashion of the season to have the vest in contrast to all the rest of the dress.

The Harris patent provent side-stitch gloves is the style for fall dress. This is not a new invention, but the buttons, which are raised, while the peculiar and perfect fit adds to the natural beauty and symmetry of the arm. They come in from 4 to 15 buttons in white, and in all the delicate light shades for parties, reception balls, etc.

Narrow, square or round box toes, with French heels, constitute the full-dress boot, while the material employed be silk or satin, in which case the box is not put on. Cork-soled buttoned boots of the Tampico pebbled goat-skin and calf-kid, foxed with velvet, lined with fur, are in much favor. In place of the old-time slipper for evening wear for a specialty known as the "four-sandal boots."

Among the travelling toilettes of the present a very practical style should be noted: short skirt of light cloth (short should be understood as signifying without a train), a long, circular, or chemise length without sleeves, a shawl in colors to match those of the toilette, and arranged in drawers on the skirt, being held in place merely by buttons, so that the drapery may easily be removed, carried, and packed in a trunk, and the shawl is wrapped about the neck, while the lower part remains draped and buttoned on the skirt.

Embroidered gloves are offered, but the refined choice is for plain untrimmed gloves, without ornamental stitching, and with the long wrists that make the hands look delicate. These fasten at three or four buttons are most used for the street. The greys are *clair de lune* shades, showing blue and steel-like hues. Old gold-colored gloves are the dressy choice for wearing with black and dark dresses. Medium dark colors—slate, brown, and the dark olive and night greens are for general wear and to match woolen dresses. Undressed kid gloves are more fashionable than at any previous season, and come in darker shades of robin's egg blue, *clair de lune* grey, seal brown, and mordore, gold, and green.

The length of polonaises, which have really become in short, princess dresses, has brought back the economical fashion of false skirts made of simple porcelaine or else of old silk, trimmed on the bottom with beautiful velvet or new silk. In fact, nothing is seen but the very bottom of the skirt, the polonaise being slightly draped and still less looped. The fashion of broad collars accompanied by very deep cuffs has caused the trimming of sleeves to mount toward the elbow, as the plain high cuffs really do not admit of any trimming beneath, and besides, the sleeves of dressy worn with these collars and cuffs are buttoned at the wrist, and are almost tight-fitting.

Velvet ribbon strings are seen on many bonnets; few bonnets are without strings of some kind, either plush, satin, or velvet. Velvet trims pale blue velvet bonnets with dark brown humming-birds resting on a golden branch. Mossy green velvet wreaths are also used on pale blue bonnets, and the face trimming is then of the mess green, either velvet or plush. Maroon velvet bonnets are trimmed with clusters of white roses; sky blue is also associated with maroon red. Spruce-colored hats have old gold and lacings of satin. Coronet bonnets are suddenly restored to favor. The coronets are very high in the middle, very plain, and close on the sides. Some of these are shaped so that they can be reversed, forming, when turned around, a jockey cap or a round hat with square fronts and rolled sides of the English walking hat.

Eccentric as is the fashion now in preparation, I must nevertheless mention it, having the conviction at the same time that it will not be adopted by many. I refer to the winter bonnets made of soft leather, such as undressed kid and chamois-skin, in all shades of ebru, light and pinkish chocolate, grey, beige, and, above all, seal brown. These bonnets are trimmed, like the others, with flowers and feathers. The ribbons employed for such bonnets are almost always of satin. These ribbons are used for every purpose,

being employed for collars composed of loops of all colors imaginable—red, dark blue, light blue, plum, straw, rose, etc., all combined; the same combinations is used for cravat bows, fustias, and plastrons of all kinds, and this trimming is also announced for ball dresses made of white goods.—*Paris Correspondence.*

SYSTEMATIZED COURTSHIP.

(Dedicated from The N. Y. World from "Puck.")

The process of courtship is, to all human beings, save those engaged therein, much more interesting in the novels than in real life. Some one has declared that it is "fun to watch other people plilander," though one would feel like a fool doing it one's self; but with all due deference to the said some one, we believe that the contrary is the case—that it may be fun for other people to plilander, but one feels like a fool watching them. The barter of chivving-gun and judo-vest, the joint occupation of an arm-chair or a front gate, the embellishing of conversation with sighs, "darlings," "owms," "pets," "loves," "sweetest," and such pepper-ginger-bread—these are doubtless the duties of courtship, occupy these in the widest night-mare of any rural lover of the present day, found out at last that much courtship was a seriousness of the flesh, and declared that there were two things which disgusted him, you three which he abhorred—the way of an arrow in the air when he was in his line of flight, the way of a ship in the sea with a stiff wind ahead, and the way of a man with a maid. His experience and opinion are those of all observers since. Mr. Jovous, in one of his most acute and pains taking essays points out that the process of courtship involves a positive and heavy loss to society.

"While the birds," says our author, "are mating, occupy themselves in the construction of their future habitations and the acquisition of household furniture, as moss, twigs, wool, horse hair, etc., the human lover invariably withdraws himself or herself from the ranks of the producers, during the period of courtship. Settling aside the increased consumption of articles of luxury, chocolate-caramels, cream soda, opera tickets, bear's grease and cologne, and the sentimental question of the discomfort of exclusion from parlors, sitting rooms, and other apartments of common resort, each pair of lovers form a serious drain upon the resources of the community. It is true that there is a small saving in gas or kerosene in making the burning of lamps during the night, but this is to be set off against the destruction of chairs, springs by the superimposition of excessive weight, the wear and tear of gate-langes, the expenditure for fancy stationary, and a hundred other items that will readily occur to each of my readers as he reads these things. Finally there is the item of the waste of time. The American Bureau of Statistics, in its last annual report, says, startlingly but accurately, that if the number of hours annually wasted in the great republic in courtship were spent in labor, as the sewing of clappers or doing of plain laundry work, the proceeds, placed in a sinking fund at 3 1/2 per cent., interest calculated semi-annually, would pay off the national debt in 3,216,648 years."

To this forcible presentation of the case we would hardly add a word, further than to remark that the Indians of the West have devised a plan whereby to avoid the losses and inconveniences consequent on unselective and unsystematized courtship. According to their practice, the forthright following the first snow of May in each revolving year shall consist of fourteen consecutive fasts of St. Valentine. All labor is suspended, and the unattached members of the nation, widowers and widows, superannuated bachelors and superfluous squaws, "Fourteen spring days to take."

During that period no work is demanded of the unmarried or the about-to-marry, they sit on the same log unambush, and paposes stint the whoop of mocking disapproval when their marriageable sisters exchange sylvan sweetnoats with their lovers—

"And dried locusts rush together at the touching of their wings."

The fortnight over, life in the camp resumes its wonted course, and for the next fifty weeks the Indian who internests his daily duties to cast sheep's eyes, clips or other tributes of savage affection at his unattached friends, and the latter, in turn, the introduction of this system seems to us most desirable. Every dog has its day; why not every lover? A close season of two or three weeks would enable amorous folk to make as much love as they could over the time distributed in dridlets of two or three hours a night throughout the whole annum. The loving luvvy would of course be complete and intense while it lasted, but the effect might be such a cure as is wrought on sweet-toothed apprentices whom confectionery is the key for, other common phrases in "For Christmas comes but once a year." "It's an ill wind that turns none to good." "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss." "Look ere thou leap, see ere thou slip." "It was Francis Babelais, a French wit, who, the forefather of Shakespeare, and father of the grand old English drama, who sang to the ladies, "Love me little, love me long," and told of "Infinito riches in a little room."

We owe to the prolific genius of Shakespeare, "This is the short and long of it." "The world's mine oyster." "Comparisons are odious." "As merry as the day is long." "A Daniel come to judgment." "It is a wise father that knows his own child." "And therein lies the danger." "Why, this is very midsummer madness." "The smallest worm will turn when trodden on." "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep." "So wise you young they say do ne'er live long." "The weakest goes to the wall." "We have seen better days." "This was the most unkindest cut of all." "stand not upon the order of your going." "A deed without a name." "Frailty, thy name is woman." "I am a man more sinned against than sinning." "They laugh that win," and a thousand more as good, though not as well known.

Francis Bacon, the "wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," said "Knowledge is power," and Beaumont and Fletcher pronounced that "What's one man's poison, is another's meat or drink." Milton tells of "Moping melancholy and moon-struck madness," and also of "A wilderness of wets," "All hell broke loose," and "The paradise of fools."

Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," dubbed a religious creed thus: "Twas Presbyterian true blue." Dryden says, "None but

the brave deserve the fair," and "sweet is pleasure after pain," and warns thus: "Beware the fun of a patient man." "All delays are dangerous in war," and thinks that "Men are but children of a larger growth." "Choose an author as you choose a friend," and says that "The multitude are always in the wrong." John Bunyan wisely reminds us that "He that is in doubt needs fear no fall," and Thomas Southern "That pity's akin to love." It was crazy Nathaniel Lee who averred that "When Greeks join Gaeks, thn was the tug of war."

Matthew Prior thought "The end must justify the means"; and Dean Swift said "Dread is the staff of life." George Farquhar called "Necessity the mother of invention"; Edward Young, a very sombre fellow, said "Death loves a shining mark"; he also thought that "Men want but little, nor that little long," and that "A fool at fifty is a fool indeed"; he also told of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"; Pope says, "To err is human, to forgive divine," and Thompson tells of "Cried out death and hungry on the grave." It was John Gay who said "While there's life there's hope," and Lawrence Sterne thought that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Benjamin Franklin, an English prelate, who in a sermon said "Vary the very spice of life"; Thomas Campbell that "The distance lends enchantment to the view"; he also said, "And coming events cast their shadow before"; Daniel Webster told of a "Sea of upstart marks"; and Washington Irving thought our idios was "The mighty dollar"; Byron says that war presents "Battle's magnificently stern array"; and Keats that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; and last, it was Bishop Berkeley, an English prelate, who in a sermon said "Vary the very spice of life"; Thomas Campbell that "The distance lends enchantment to the view"; he also said, "And coming events cast their shadow before"; Daniel Webster told of a "Sea of upstart marks"; and Washington Irving thought our idios was "The mighty dollar"; Byron says that war presents "Battle's magnificently stern array"; 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