

Summer is Going.

By GEORGE ARNOLD. Summer is fading; the broad leaves that grew so freshly green when June was young are falling. And all the whisper-haunted forest through the rustles rises in saddened tones are calling.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time, As it runs through the life of the human race, With a faintly rhythmic and a musical rhyme, And a broader sweep and a surge sublime.

There is a magical life on the River Time Where the soft airs are playing; There is a cloudless sky and a tropical climate, And the sun is smiling and the water is smiling.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore By the mirage is lifted in air; And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before.

There are temples, palaces and misty glades Of shapes we have beheld this, purple walls, Vines of hills and meadows of grassy glades, Dark forest solitudes and pastoral dales.

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one moment despair. I must now woo her humbly and reverently, as every man should woo his love. Certainly, as her husband did not stand in a worse position than when I was her fellow-lodger and old Teresa was following my every movement with her black, suspicious eyes.

I would win her, but until I could claim the rights which love would give, I resolved to take note of those with which the law had invested me. None saw this, and this only one.

"Pauline," I said, "will you kiss me? Only once I ask it. It will make me happier; but if you would rather wait until we are better acquainted, I shall not complain."

She leaned forward and kissed my forehead. Her young lips were red and warm, but they chilled me—in that kiss there was not a suspicion of the passion which she was thrilling me.

When she had done this, she turned to me, and with a pleasant smile she said: "I am very tired, Pauline," I said, "would you like to go to your room?"

"Good-night, then," I said; "to-morrow you will have to go, and we will look at the lions of the place."

She rose, we shook hands and said good-night. Pauline retired to her apartment which I went out for a ramble through the gas-lighted streets, and with a sad heart I returned to my room.

replied to—those outside it passed unheeded, or else she, his troubled eye sought for a moment the expression there, that look which she mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious inquiring look.

Yet she was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away the impression that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were as those of a perfectly sane woman; but as a rule her voice was only heard when the ordinary necessities of life demanded, or in reply to some simple question.

When she was the only woman I had ever seen, I found that she was more influenced by heat and cold than by any other agents. The sun would tempt her out of doors, or the cold wind would drive her in. She was by no means unhappy. She seemed quite content to sit by my side, or to drive with me for hours without speaking. Her whole existence was a negative one.

And she was sweet and docile. She followed every suggestion of mine, fell in with every plan, was ready to go here, there, or very where, as I wished; but her compliance and docility were as those of a slave to a new master. It seemed to me that all her life she must have been accustomed to obey some one.

And yet how fair the girl looked as she stood by my side on that wild platform! How strangely that air of reserve, that sweet reserve, that general indifference, contrasted with the busy scene around us as the train disgorged its contents. Oh, that I could sweep the clouds from her mind and make her what I wished!

I had found some difficulty in setting what course to pursue, but I had decided on a course of various schemes, that I would take Pauline to my own rooms in Walpole street. I knew the people of the house well, and felt certain she would be taken care of during my absence; for after a few hours' absence I would be back, and I would be in search of Ceneri. I had written from Edinburgh to Walpole street, telling the good people there to be ready for me, and whom to expect; moreover, I had again appealed to my faithful old servant, Priscilla, and begged her to be at the house awaiting my arrival. For my part, I knew she would show every kindness to my poor girl. So to Walpole street we went.

All was in readiness for us. Priscilla received us with eyes full of curious wonder. I saw that her sympathies were at once for me and for the girl. She explained as well as she could the history of the case. After a cup of tea, and something to eat, I begged Priscilla to lead my wife to her room, that she might take the rest she needed. Pauline, in her childlike, docile way, rose and followed the old woman.

leave of a dear friend. It may have been only fancy, but as I never before even fancied the expression there, that look which she mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious inquiring look.

Department of the C. P. R. Exhibit Car for the East. The new C. P. R. exhibit car, recently completed, and of which mention has already been made in these columns, left for the east Friday evening. The car will proceed to Detroit, and before it reaches there every thing will be in apple-pie order.

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FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Burnett and Her Ornamental Children. WHAT TO TEACH THE GIRLS. Fresh Fashion Notes and Cooking Recipes.

Our faces flowers with first, And faded leaves are left, Our hearts are full of bitter thirst For sweats that are bitterest.

Mrs. Burnett's story. Mrs. Burnett's story, the well-known authoress, is an exception to the ordinary rule, and her oration for the picture extends not only to her inanimate surroundings, but to her two boys. A lady who has recently paid Mrs. Burnett a long visit in her lovely home at the farm, which she is very handsomely equipped.

Personal Paragraphs. Agassiz is still in very poor health. Charles Stewart Parnell has received at one time and another the sum of \$200,000 as acknowledgment of his services in behalf of Ireland.

What to Teach Girls. Give your daughters a thorough education, said Mr. Caspel in a recent sermon. Teach them to cook, to prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make bread, and that a good kitchen lessens the doctor's account.

Lucie Toilettes. Lucie plays a very important part in the dressing of the day, and a very handsome walking and visiting dress is made of black silk and lace. On the lower part of the round skirt is a narrow silk fluting. Above this is a lace flounce. Down the front is a breadth of lace which forms two full puffs. Narrow flounces trim the back of the skirt to half its depth.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

It is fashionable once more to trim bouquets around the edge. Upon some very stylish-looking gipsy hats of dark green velvet are coronets of orange-colored nasturtiums, mingled with sprays of pale-green maidenhair fern.

Many draperies of autumn costumes are joined to the front of the overskirt with a band of ribbon, others with a flat-falting, and others still crossed like a braid. The fashion of cutting demi-toilet dresses square or V shape in the neck seems to be more than ever the vogue, and now comes the rumor that the bonnet strings are to be removed.

Embroidery patterns, worked either over the material itself or over bands to match, and represent Japanese devices and designs. The most primitive design, and no less strange-looking quadrangle, the whole outlined with narrow braid edged with gold thread. This style of embroidery is worked in all colors and produces a most unique and beautiful effect.

Beef Soup.—Four pounds of shin of beef, four parts of water, six onions, four carrots, two turnips, all chopped fine; pepper and salt. Put the meat to boil and at the end of four hours add the vegetables and cook one hour longer.

Preserved Apples.—Pare and core twelve large apples; cut each into eighths; make a syrup of one pound of sugar and one-half pint of water, and boil; put in much apple as can be cooked without breaking; remove them carefully when tender; after all are done, add to the liquid one cup of sugar and boil ten minutes slowly; flavor with lemon, and pour over the apples, or grate nutmeg on them instead.

Take all the Kidney and Liver Medicines. Take all the Rheumatic remedies. Take all the Dyspepsia and indigestion cures. Take all the Ague, Fever, and bilious cures. Take all the Brain and Nerve force revivers. Take all the Great health restorers.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

Fun for Everybody! Fun is just what every person is looking for, willing to pay for, and finds hardest to come by. We want a new process mill so that fun can be brought out by the ton and sold at close cutting prices everywhere.

Are never-failing causes of disease. At this season of the year neuralgia, toothache and a host of similar diseases are rampant. The greatest question, then, is to find the quickest, surest and most economical remedy. No medicine exactly fills these requirements. It is, in fact, a student and most economical, for it exceeds in power every known remedy, and is as cheap as inferior articles. A 10 cent sample bottle will give every person a chance to test it. Large bottles only 25 cents.

The secret of the large and constant sales of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound probably lies in the fact that whereas there are many "Bitters" and "Tonics" of equal value, but it more or less, the "Vegetable Compound" is so completely superior to all other preparations specially recommended for the needs of women that it has practically no rivals.

Conductor. "A Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train, in a loud tone of voice, 'are you sure we haven't passed St. Louis?'" "Yes, we are twenty miles this side, yet."

Scientific American takes Keely's "vaporous air" as nothing more than a chaffy air gun, and gives a description of how to prove it. Now let it print a map of the motor and the world will feel easier.

30 DAYS' TRIAL. VOLTAIC BELT. THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH. THE VOLTAIC BELT CO. OF MARSHALL, MICH. OFFICE: 100 N. WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. O. P. I am dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us had a hair's breadth of sickness since.