

WHEN AUTUMN PASSES BY.

When purple hills berries vie
With spruce and pine in State,
A flood of red and yellow hue,
And golden leaves fall,
And rivel threats reply,
No tree, no bush of green is left,
When autumn passes by.

A perfume rare of ripening leaves
On sepias phantoms tost,
And off the crest of browning sheaves
Blew with a mournful notes;
Each baying bough a sorrow swains
Beneath the dreary sky,
And at her feet rich fragrance flings
When autumn passes by.

The spiders shrill their summer—
With jewels for her head,
The glist'ning dew their dress,
The brooks with silver threads,
The blossoms with incense gies,
Whence'er her feet draw nigh,
And only drowses the yellow bee
When autumn passes by.

Strange sorceress the spirit bind
And work a haunting spell,
Ward voices with a wail,
And lay a lonely's knell,
At ev'rytide a lonely star
Comes forth to mourn on high
And sheds its glistening light afar
When autumn passes by.

The sweet song that ever flows
Hath sorrow in its strain,
The knees for that mortal snows
Are always half a pair,
S. M. F.—Singing their art
To charm the ear and eye,
And lovely matins wins the heart
When autumn passes by.
—Samuel Minot Rock.

MY PATIENT.

At the commencement of my medical career I was lucky enough to have as sponsor the celebrated Dr. Atkins, who, having an extensive practice in Mayfield, was often able to put a few guineas in my pocket.

One August I was left in charge of his house and practice, and immensely proud I was, I remember. Nothing of interest had occurred, however, until about a week afterward, when looking out from the breakfast room, I noticed a superb carriage draw up at the door. In a few moments a lady got out and asked to see Dr. Atkins. Summoning all my scanty stock of assurance, I made my appearance, only to be chilled by her first words.

"I beg your pardon," I asked for Dr. Atkins.

"I'm awfully sorry," I impulsively said (I never could be professional long), "but the doctor is away for another three weeks. He has known me from a child, and so he asked me to look after things during his absence. Won't you let me help you? I'll do the best I can."

I had come near her as I spoke, and she took my arm and looked, it seemed to me, right down into my soul. Evidently she was reassured for she sat down and said:

"Well, doctor, I'll trust you. I may tell you that I have been married five years and am my husband's second wife. His first wife, who was, I believe, a very charming woman, got up during the night, and, for some reason or another, no doubt intense fright, jumped out of the window. My husband was ill for a long time afterward. I met and married him, and no man could be kinder; no man could be a better husband. No trouble is too great for him to take for me, and yet I am morally afraid of him."

For the last few months he has been conducting a parliamentary candidature, and has been much overworked in consequence. He sent me away to France at first, but I insisted on coming back to help him, as was my duty. One Friday night after we had gone to bed I was accused by a movement at my side. To my horror, my husband got out of bed and began to move softly round the room. Creeping on tiptoe behind a chair, he brought his fist down on the back of it with great force and then returned quietly to bed. Every Friday night since he has done the same thing until I dread the night approach. What can I do, doctor? I love him as few women love their husbands, but I dread to speak to him even. It's killing me by inches. I dread the fate of the other poor woman."

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break; while I felt utterly helpless. Half an hour before I would have cheerfully offered to give any advice and now—well, I am more modest now and slow to interfere in other folk's affairs. What could I say? I was evidently fated to face with one of those subtle forms of epilepsy which are so puzzling to the physician.

"My dear madam, do not give up hope. Send your husband to me and let me have a talk with him. Who knows—I may be able to suggest some treatment which may be of service."

With an effort that evidently cost her much she thanked me and went to her car.

After she had gone I gazed at the card: "Mrs. Ernest Trenarach, Park Lane, London."

There was obviously some dark secret which Trenarach had hidden in his past. The strange movements at night, the mysterious death of his first wife, told a tale of crime. All that day the story haunted me. I read up all the authorities on the subject, but without any success, and decided at last to trust to chance in the management of my future patient.

The next morning at about 11 o'clock a card bearing Trenarach's name was given me, and I hurried into the consulting room.

He was a tall, massive man with a strongly marked face—not by any means a good looking man, but with a face that seemed somehow to invite scrutiny.

"Well, doctor," he said in a singularly sweet voice, "here I am, but what I am here for is beyond me. My wife insists that I am ill, and as her will is law, I am come to consult you. Don't give me any mere physic."

Somehow the words did not ring true. He was ill at ease and wished to laugh it off. Without a moment's thought and acting upon an impulse due, I suppose, to the deep consideration I had given to his case, I said, leaning forward:

"What made you kill him?"

The effect was electrical. He sprang from his seat as if he had been shot, and his face became white as a sheet. His breath came fast and panting, and for a moment I thought he was going to strike me. I remained by an effort of will sitting down, while he paced the long room like an angry animal. Finally he threw himself into his chair, and, wiping his pale face, said, more to himself than to me:

"Well, doctor, it will be a relief to me to get it off my mind. For 30 years this secret has lain heavy on my soul, until there have been times when I felt I was going mad."

"Don't worry," said I. "Take your own time and tell me everything. I want to do you good if I can."

"Thanks! If your skill is as great as

your power of reading thoughts, you ought to be able to do so."

The poor fellow was quite unconscious that he had betrayed himself during his silent walk, and in a dull way went on: "In the old days I was a mining student at Pentecost, living in lodgings. There was one there who was my dearest friend, and as he was my age and my workmate we were inseparable. Together we dreamt of the ambition of all miners—namely, to find a rich lode of ore. Together we made long excursions and were called David and Jonathan. All went well until we began to court the same girl, our captain's daughter. Somehow then we drifted a little apart, and this was a great grief to me. I would spend hours in the bushes above the mine. When Mary Ann told that I was trying to make up my mind to give up the girl to him. One Sunday afternoon, when all work stops at the mine, I went out, hoping to meet Fuko by the old Drift's stone, where often had done before. But he was gone, though, and I felt I must decide between friendship and love."

"I left the stone and struck into a tiny track near the common and billy rough began digging my stick into the ground. To my astonishment my pick sank in, and the ground cracked under my feet. Down I went, frantically clutching at the ground to save myself. In a few seconds I stopped and found that I had slid down a discolor shaft, fortunately a sloping one. There was no sign of light except dimly far above me where I had fallen, and I knew I could not get back that way. Before me was inky darkness, which might hide in deep shaft. Striking a match, I found I was in an old level, which stretched away far ahead. I cautiously went on, feeling in front of me with my stick, until I had gone over 900 yards. Again I lit a match and saw below me another level, about 12 feet down. It was neck or nothing so I let myself slide down, and found solid bottom again. Feeling the sides of this new level, I was struck by their greatness. With my heart leaping in my breast I struck a match, and there, unbroken no doubt since the Phoenicians time, was a splendid lode of silver-laden. The wall seemed to be nearly solid ore, and I sat down quite faint with excitement."

"I still went on until the ground began to rise again and I saw light. Still feeling cautiously, at length I stood in the bottom of what we youngsters know as the 'Eirt' or 'well'. This was a disused pit about 18 feet deep and was in a small cove. The sides were rocky enough to allow me to climb out, and I once more stood above ground.

"Then I imparted the secret to my friend. I thought, boyishly enough, that we might be friends again if once we were rich. Fuko was overjoyed, and we decided to buy the piece of ground and start on our fortune. He pressed me to show him the spot, and the next night, armed with lanterns and ropes, we met on the beach, and I let myself down the hole. He followed, and in a few minutes we stood by the mineral wealth before us. After exploring for some time we came to a deep looking shaft on our left, and I was warning Fuko not to go too close when he struck me a violent blow on the head and pushed me over the edge. Fortunately the shaft was only 20 feet deep, with a mass of soft earth at the bottom. Doctor, the shock nearly killed me. That my own familiar friend, to whom I had given half my fortune, should try to murder me made me mad with rage. I lay perfectly still, and heard Fuko mutter, so great was the silence:

"There, poor, weak idiot! Now the money will be mine and Carrie's!"

"I shivered with rage, and as he walked away got to my feet and felt for the level I was sure would branch from the shaft. Creeping softly along for some distance, I noticed that the floor of the level was rising, so that I had great difficulty in climbing up. Soon, as I suspected, I was close to the level from which Fuko had, as he supposed, buried his hundreds of feet deep. Then a glimmer of light shone ahead, and I heard a sound of a pick being used. Creeping on, with a heavy stone in my hand, I came upon my enemy—my would-be murderer—and came to my full senses to find him lying on the ground, dead, before me. As I hope for forgiveness, doctor, I was not connoisseur that I had killed him. God knows I have suffered enough from that moment. How I buried his body and eventually got home I don't know, but I did, and, although wealth forbade me to marry, I was soon married to Fuko's pale face is always before me."

He paused, and, exhausted by his emotion, closed his eyes. To my amazement, he slowly got up, with fixed eyes, and stately crept round the room, revering with his tired brain the dreadful act he had committed. As his wife had described, he struck a chair violently, and then, with a cry, collapsed into a lifeless heap.

Some faint kept me immovable for a few seconds. Then my courage returned, and I ran to his assistance, only to find it too late. Ernest Trenarach had carried his crushing load of misery before a higher and juster judge than any worldly one could ever be, and I could not feel it in my heart to wish him any other fate—Lady.

The Land of Pagodas.

Burns is the land of pagodas. From the summits of every mountain, of every hill or hillock, from above the cliffs and rocks, and from among the woods of the islands of the broad Irrawadi, rise the graceful forms and gilded pinnacles of numerous pagodas. Often they are crowned by a golden hse, or umbrella.

Pagodas are rarely temples in the true sense. They are usually solid, tapering buildings, placed over real or imitation reefs. Close by, among groves of palms and bananas, are generally to be seen the carved and seven storied roofs of the kloungs, or Buddhist monasteries. Gay and light hearted as are the Burmans, they realize another and future existence as vividly as do the present life, and the teachings of the great Buddha are ever present to their minds and influence them profoundly. In the Buddhist religion there is no God and no priesthood, but all men are given the opportunity of following the great example, by retiring from the world into monasteries, renouncing the temptations of the flesh and the devil and living an austere, self denying life, engaged in contemplation, devotion and teaching.—Exchange.

Facing the Music.

Front—I believe in battle the muscians always go to the rear!

Crimsonbank—Yes, and that is the reason so many would be soldiers think they would be willing to face the music.—Yon-Kets Statesman.

It Depends.

"Everyt'ing am all right in its place," said Uncle Eben. "Er sha'p razzer maks er man a good habber one minute and a terrib' tough citizen de next"—Washington Star.

SONG OF THE RIVER.

Around, around, with a joyous sound,
The red whirls on the sand.
Holding the trout at the end of the line,
Singing the song with no fine.
Now with a whistle, now with a song,
Now with a loud shriek of triumph to me.
Holding the fish on to darts away,
Gurgling and laughing at every play—
Bill singing for joy in the picturing beyond.
While the red creases.

Around, around, with a joyous sound,
The red whirls on the sand.
Patiently, contentedly, following each sign,
Now reciting, now loquing a length of the line,
Now with a whistle, now with a song—
Now with a low hum of transports to me.
As I recite the trout in, which is thin indeed away,
Then, laughing for joy at me of my play,
And casting the song to the water below.
While the red creases.

—George Atwell.

COPPERHEAD BILL.

"That reminds me," remarked Alton J. Ike in a roundabout way, "of the case of Copperhead Bill, which engaged my attention for a spell last summer. Tell me all about it. The day upon which this year Copperhead Bill assumes prominence the stage from Rocket City is considerably later than in several other industrial cities is congested on the porch of the Cosmopolitan Hotel proprio-hostis on a pleasant possibility of some, it happened, to break the monotony which has been hovering over Hawaiki for nearly half a moon. Anything that lifts us up is always welcome, for things has been at a standstill ever since the night the Rev. Jas. Jonks' pound party, whose sound of the parsonage gits pushed out. 'Tell me all you know about that? You see, it's—'

"Pardon me," interrupted the tourist politely, "but I should prefer to hear about Copperhead Bill if you please."

"Shore! Well, as I was a-sayin', the lateness of the stage made us visitor keepin' Old Whoopie's blockade was driven them days, an all the things Old Whoopie was hostile to the visitor was premonition. I've seen him come in with a blind wheel off an axe hit him only the high wheel, throwin' out 40 feet high every time it struck, with tourist's heads tumblin' from every winner an' their own bulges out till you could have tickled 'em with a feather duster, the six miles layin' right out straight an Old Whoopie himself stands up an' pounds the leather to 'em with both han's an' swears in English as three different Indian dialects plus parrot the outfit was 20 minutes behind schedule time. These tourists didn't breathe regular for a week."

"Well, by the time the stage is over, hours late quite a tribe of us is mullin' around on the hotel porch jawlin' over the probable cause of the delay, with the majority warmly in favor of the theory that neashin' short of a hold up is big enough to set Old Whoopie back that far. However, just as we are sippin'g ridiculous to mifkin' him, ye comes somethin' overthe brow of the rise a mile away, when Whoopie always begins to string the snakes out proper for comin' in to the settlement on our whalers. A yell of relief goes up as then falls down into a grovel of disappointment."

"Huh! That isn't Whoopie," says Ike, plucky positive. "Them mafe is white."

"It's shore is Whoopie," says Grizzly Johnson, who has the best eye in the country. "That's him holdin' it besides the horses. That ain't nobody on the bar."

"Molby he has had a holdup an' he downed the whole gang an' is bringin' em along in the ones," says Tarnapola Jim.

"You don't reckon he's whistled in an' got married, an' now has the blawhain bride pinned up in the coach?" says Three-Feather Babcock, a keep solomon.

"Perhaps it is an eastern capitalist instead of a bride," suggested the editor of The Clarion.

"Well, whatever is the bone of contention," says Grizzly sagely, "us people will do mighty well to linger yon an' wait for him to open up. Old Whoopie is powerful both in his private affaires an' his business."

"The coach crawled up to the hotel, we throvved up our hands in astonishment when the old reprobate opened the door, an' we all know—"

"I've told them their presentin' we've had two or three years now, an' we're all here to stay, but we hoped up for them to be a good man. I told 'em he would be a good man. Two miles out from Rocket City, according to me, he is in a commanding position; three miles out he is well known; four miles out he is prominent on the whole globe. After that he gets to be a captain on ships in regular connection, like the steamer, an' before we comes into Hawaiki he's a master in the church an' a member of the Methodists regular. At the next town comes five miles to me, I s'pose, I'm a captain on a pramaline ship. We've got to be on the stage every day—"

"We won't dignify you with a question. We'll shake you out by the collar when we see him again."

"When Copperhead goes we're comin' every to the hotel. We'll shake him out by the collar when we see him again."

"Aw, I'd rather be hanged!" says Grizzly sagely.

"We won't dignify you with a question. We'll shake you out by the collar when we see him again."

"When Copperhead goes we're comin' every to the hotel. We'll shake him out by the collar when we see him again."

"He is down on his knees, mafin' a little boy's 'Now I say me'. He holds his hands right over. She found the boy on the floor right over. She told him Alice had given him, an' when she told him Alice had given him, they—"

"They—when he got to Hawaiki, fell down."

"They didn't much care to tell. That copperhead, Copperhead Bill, followed him all the way through. The poor old woman died at his side, never saw her son again."

"He followed him all the way through."

"All the time he turned an' would look at me without touchin' me. He followed him all the way through."

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