

SEPTEMBER.

September waves his golden-rod
Along the lanes and hollows,
And saunters round the sunny fields
A-playing with the swallows.

The corn has listened for his step,
The maples blush to greet him,
And gay coquetting Sumach dons
Her velvet cloak to meet him.

Come to the hearth, O merry prince,
With flaming knot and ember;
For all your tricks of frosty eves,
We love your ways, September!
—Ellen Mackay Hutchinson.

THE JOKE A LA MILITAIRE.

The ordinary life of officers quartered in certain provincial garrisons is most uneventful. They generally choose some cafe as their accustomed evening rendezvous, and every civilian who is unfortunate enough to come in contact with them is badly received and made the victim of some practical joke. At this resort the personages of the town are discussed, the women whose names may be dropped by indiscreet persons are slandered almost to the verge of compromise, but with these exceptions ennui is complete and monotony perfect.

This was exactly the condition of the officers in garrison at Carcassonne, when one of them, Sub-Lieutenant Renaud, one morning entered the cafe, accompanied by a man of small stature, blessed with a large nose and an enormous stomach, the whole mounted on short legs and enveloped in a strange-looking travelling costume. They seated themselves, and the diminutive stranger gravely ordered two cups of coffee.

Already the two or three officers present were beginning to smile among themselves, thereby indicating their amusement at the peculiar appearance of the citizen.

"I am certain that I have seen monsieur at Pontoise," said Rouze, one of them, advancing towards the table where the new arrivals were seated.

"No, monsieur, no; not at Pontoise," replied Durandin, which was the name of the little man, smiling with a satisfied air. "If I have enjoyed the honor of being seen by monsieur, it could have only been at Gisors—from which I am now absent for the first time in my life," continued he with a sigh.

"Parbleu! you are right, at Gisors! How came I to say Pontoise? Certainly it was at Gisors that he was presented to me, and I beg you to finish your wretched jokes, for to insult him is to wound me also."

Saying this Rouze embraced Durandin so as to almost stifle him.

At last he allowed him to go, red as a boiled lobster, being pushed by Renaud, with whom he affected to dispute, while another officer advanced towards Durandin who had fallen upon a stool and was feeling his sides, exclaiming:

"A deuce of a man! I am sure that I have at least one or two ribs broken. Why did I come to Carcassonne!"

The soldier assures him that Rouze is amusing himself at his expense, and tells him he ought to demand satisfaction.

"Yes, certainly," replied Durandin, misunderstanding his meaning.

"Monsieur demands satisfaction for such conduct, cried the officer, running to Rouze, and thou canst not refuse him."

"What is your arm, Monsieur?" said Rouze, immediately hurrying towards Durandin, who appeared most astonished at such a proposition.

"My arm? But I have none," replied he, feeling himself. "I have none; what arms does monsieur speak of?"

They explain to him the word satisfaction, the technical meaning of which he did not understand; they tell him it is impossible to recede; that the honor of Gisors, represented by him, is at stake, and while Renaud is drawn to one side, the hour of the meeting is arranged.

"Why did I come to Carcassonne!" repeated Durandin, while walking by the ruins of a small cabin upon a saccloth piece of turf, at a quarter of a league from the town, the place of rendezvous. He does not come! Under pretext that the name of the regiment would be injured, he would have no witness, and begged me not to bring Renaud, who, by the way, seems a pretty decent fellow—yet he is a friend of the other; perhaps—why the devil did I ever come to Carcassonne!"

At last Rouze appeared with enormous pistols, which had a very unpleasant effect upon his partner.

"I am extremely sorry, monsieur, to be so late; night approaches."

"It is true; we can, however, if you wish, put off the affair until tomorrow," said Durandin, enchanted at the prospect of gaining time.

"Night approaches," continued Rouze "we must hasten."

In reality, darkness was falling, and the lights of the town could only be seen through the enveloping mist, when Rouze was ready, and called to his companion to make haste. Durandin was in no hurry; he would have preferred an inky darkness, but his adversary, hurrying towards him, told him that as the insulted person he had the right to fire first.

The pulsation of the arteries of the unhappy Durandin, rather than the wish to get rid of an enemy, caused him to pull the trigger of the pistol, which shook in his hand; but chance served him better than skill, and after the smoke cleared away he saw Rouze lying on the ground.

Terrified at his good fortune he ran and offered his rival a drink of some liquor with which he had taken the precaution to provide himself. After having drunk several mouthfuls, the wounded man said in a dying voice:

"I am so guilty, monsieur, that I dare not ask your pardon. My wound is mortal. I feel it. But I cannot die without seeing once more my friends. If you could—"

"Certainly, brave young man, said Durandin, with tears in his eyes, certainly, I go and seek them."

"What! Could you abandon me in this state! Do you wish to find a corpse on your return! If I am not too bold—perhaps by helping me to walk—but no, I could not move a step; I am too weak."

"I will try to carry you," said Durandin. And after many efforts he placed the wounded man on his shoulders, and walked toward the town, repeating under his breath: "Why the devil did I come to Carcassonne!"

I commenced with killing an officer of light cavalry, and he is as heavy as a gendarme. The dying man was in reality very heavy, and his long legs, with spurred boots, often got between those of Durandin, rendering his march singularly painful. After a short distance he was obliged by fatigue to rest for moment, but upon renewed moans from the wounded man, whose convulsions became frightful, he resumed his burden and went thirty paces further, when he was obliged to rest again.

At last, after much trouble, and many halts, they found themselves at a short distance from the village. The poor Durandin in as great pain as his victim, panted frightfully.

"Oh, good, generous and sensible man," said the officer in a faint voice, "I cannot take advantage any longer of your virtuous courage; leave me here and go seek my friends; perchance you may return before my soul, about to take its flight has passed away. Run, run quickly; you will doubtless find them in the cafe."

And Durandin, already sweating, starts off breathing heavily.

"What shall I say to them?" he asked himself, as trotting through the streets of Carcassonne, he held his stomach and wiped his forehead. "What will be the result? Perhaps something most disagreeable to myself, who am so peacefully disposed. Why on earth am I so skilful. And especially why did I ever come to Carcassonne!"

Thus speaking, the unhappy Durandin opened the door of the cafe, his eyes swimming in tears and with an unutterably sad expression of countenance, such as any man must have who comes to confess a murder. But judge of his stupefaction when he perceived before him, who? The mystifier Rouze, who, after making the obliging Durandin of Gisors carry him a quarter of a league, had reached the cafe by a shorter route, in order to receive the victim of his pleasantry amid the laughter of the company. H. De Balzac.

A Remarkable Cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gifford—Spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies. In fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

The Supreme Wish of the East.

To keep up the house and not let the family name be extinguished is the supreme wish in Japan. This is the immortality of the East. The house lives on; the individuals are but fragments of the house. If there be no natural heir, adoption readily supplies the deficiency. The magnificent scale on which adoption is practised shows a foreigner at once that the words "father," "son" can hardly have the same depth of meaning they have in the English language. "Why did Washington let his house die out?" was once asked me by a Japanese gentleman, who could not conceive any reason for such neglect. He thought our great general might have adopted some one to keep his name from perishing. "How long has he lived here?" I asked once concerning a certain person. As "he" is one of the contents of my pupil's brain, he took it to mean "house," and replied, "Oh, he has been there two hundred fifty years." "How long have you lived here?" I asked a merchant. "Three hundred years," was the prompt reply, with a look of satisfaction at the thought of his house having passed through ten generations.—Ethics of Confucius.

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Humours of Reporting.

In a paper on "Some Humours of Parliamentary Reporting" in Macmillan's, we come upon the following:—"There is a well-authenticated story current in the Reporters' Gallery of a strange freak of a telegraph clerk in the transmission of the report of a Parliamentary speech by Mr. Foster to a daily paper in Bradford. The subject of the speech was education; the word 'children' was frequently used, and, for the sake of brevity, the clerk substituted 'kids' trusting that the alteration would be corrected by the operator at the other end of the wire. The message, however, was not only written, but printed, just as it was transmitted. Imagine the faces of the right honourable gentleman's constituents when they read next morning: 'You know of Wordsworth's profound saying, 'The kid is father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to kids in their impressionable years. It is for the kids that this Bill is introduced, and asking the House to remember that the kids of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next I confidently appeal to it to support our proposals.' Here is another good blunder: 'Lord Chancellor Eldon once indignantly denied in the House of Lords that he annually received £5,000 in perquisites accruing from cases of bankruptcy, and declared that never during any one year had his income from that source exceeded three-fourths of the amount. The reporter in his haste used the contraction '3/4' for 'three-fourths'; the printer thus interpreted him: 'The learned lord solemnly declared that during no one year of his office had his income from that source exceeded three shillings and fourpence.'"

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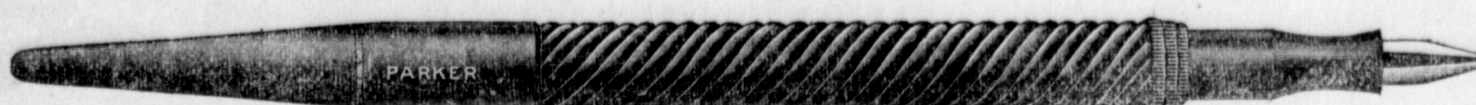
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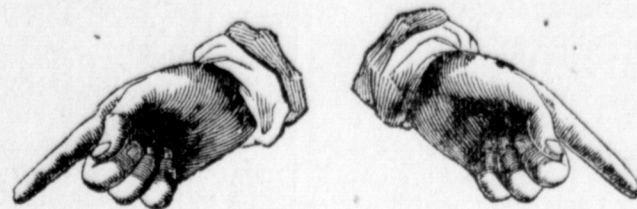
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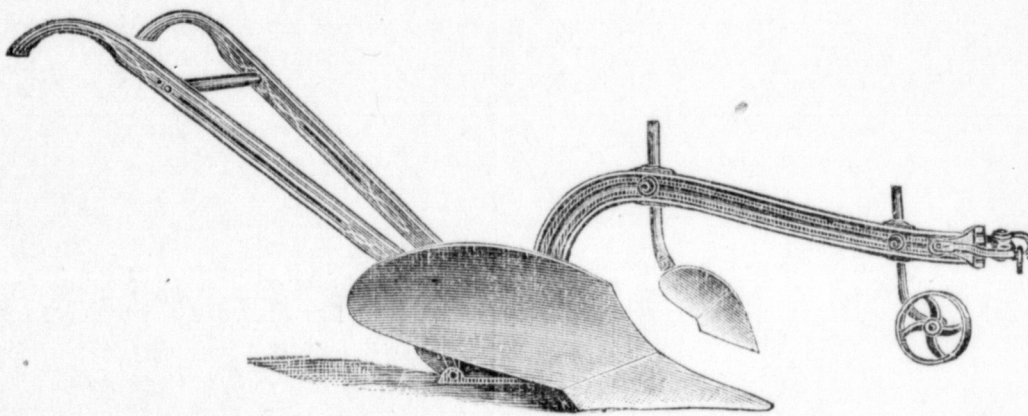
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Prince Oscar, of Prussia, the young son of the Emperor, had his first tooth pulled the other day. It was the birthday of his English governess, and among other presents he sent the tooth to the lady as a gift.

Give me the man that sings at his work,
Whose melody soars with the sun;
Yes, give me the man who sings at his work—
And give me, oh, give me a gun!
—Indianapolis Journal.