

Autumn Melody.

When the summer's torch is laid away
In the Sun's palace-hall again,
And the lamps of mellow light are held
By him above the earth and main,
How best to wander through the world
Bathed in a broad, calm sea of gold,
Or through the forest-aisles that stand
Like pictured cloisters on the land,
While quiet runs the soul-like rhyme
Of love breathed by the masters of the olden times.

The torrent takes a softer tone,
The southwinds even milder breathe,
The clouds on morning's gate of gold
In tenderer lines of beauty wreath:
All seem as if, together, they

Had made consent to weave a lay
Of perfect peace that seraph ears
Might lean to listen from the spheres
Where War his standard ne'er unfurled.
And rainbows evermore by bloodless hands are
curled.

O time of mild magnificence
O season of anæsthetic birth!
Spread, softly spread your lustrous wings
Like benedictions o'er the earth!
And we, the heirs of storm and woe,
Will in your large, delicious glow
Divine a prophecy that yet
All men, in brother counsels met,
Shall light no war-torch on the sod,
But walk alone beneath the mellow lamps of God.

The Gilded Hero.

The steamer had been buffeted by the stiff gale for twenty-six hours, and when the second day dawned the wind had increased to a hurricane. The sky was a leaden mass, gloomy, inert, and brooding, offering no hope of a change and no glimpse of the sun. Clouds which have a distinct outline look as if they might eventually be driven away; but a sullen sheet of gray is hopelessly dispiriting.

The waves had attained tremendous momentum, and were being piled higher and higher by the storm. Gray like the sky, they tumbled in savage glee aboard the vessel, rushing triumphantly from the forward quarter aft. It seemed as if legions of sea demons were hastening from all directions, riding upon the snow white crests of the angry billows, to assail the struggling ship.

But ocean steamers, such as the Kaiser Wilhelm, are not easily daunted, and the stout craft was steadily plunging ahead, the captain with difficulty maintaining his position on the bridge, the stokers in the depths shovelling coal into the greedy furnaces, and the cabin passengers trying to keep right side up in their state rooms or in the saloon. The steerage passengers were praying. Cabin passengers pray only in extremities.

Three days out of Bremen—three days of mal de mer and general unpleasantness; for who, even the most seasoned mariner, could survive the weather, and smile? One storm had followed in the path of another. This morning, the saloon was sparsely occupied. Ladies, save one, were either ill in their births, or with closed eyes were languidly loling in deeply cushioned chairs. Gentlemen, save one, were either in their staterooms or in the smoking apartment.

The two exceptions to the rule were Edith Pettit and Roger Melton Thompson. Talking in low tones they sat in chairs snugly established on the leeward side, so that the feet of the sitters could be braced in case of an unusually severe roll.

Edith Pettit was what men and women alike call 'an awfully nice girl.' There was nothing dainty or ethereal about her. She was a healthy, well-groomed American damsel, able to play golf or tennis half the day, and dance rather more than half the night. The rays from the electric globes fell on her abundant hair, light but not golden, and her smooth cheeks, and listened on her even, white teeth when she spoke or laughed. Perhaps her chief charm lay in her gray eyes, full and clear, and as honest as could be—a standing challenge to mankind to win an approving glance from them.

Thompson was little different from a hundred other men you meet at the club; regular features, brown mustache and eyes, hair of the same color and brushed straight down from the part in the middle; a wholesome-looking boy, but not noticeably brilliant. He and Miss Pettit were engaged.

'I don't know,' he was saying, twisting a tassel on her chair, 'that I care to have more of this weather. The matter has not been out of her room since we started, and I fancy you cannot stand my society much longer at a stretch. Otherwise I should say, "Blow, ye breezes, blow!"'

'Oh, any port in a storm can be construed to read any man in a storm, if I wanted to say something mean. Speaking in earnest, Roger I do not see what I should have done without you. As poor mama has been so miserable. You have been so good and obliging, actually denying yourself to the smoking room.'

Well, you have had an opportunity to find out now, angeli: I really am. When we are married you will be on the watch for wings to grow from my shoulders.' His voice had a slightly citter tinge as he concluded.

'After our ups and downs of the present we can find anything smooth sailing, I think, don't you?' she responded, smiling into his eyes as he looked at her solemnly. 'Shant you be glad to see America again, and dear old New York.'

'Edith, do you know I rather dread it—getting back? Here I have you all to myself. There—well, I might as well tell you, I am desperately selfish. Angels are, sometimes. Except Jack Dorri will be in town, won't he? He was to have returned last month.'

'Yes, very probably, but——' 'I wonder if you will take offense if I tell you something,' he went on, interrupting her, with a consciousness of what she was about to ask. 'I have not been blind. I am sure that if you were not engaged to me you would marry Jack. He is better than I, admit; only I am in luck, as always, and he has been pursuing hard lines. I would not blame you. All the girls like him. I am not complaining, Edith, only I want to let you see that I am taking you with my eyes open, and you need have no secrets from me. I trust you, dear.'

'Roger, please don't. Jack and I have been friends for many years, quite too many to mention, for I am terribly old. Now I am your affianced wife, and no one else, except my mother, has any claim on me. I cannot say I love you, dear, as some women love men. We have talked this matter over before. But I do admire and respect you, very, very much. Let's discuss something new.'

Thompson moved uneasily, and settled down as if with a fixed purpose. His hand stole along the arm of her chair and covered her fingers.

'No,' he replied, 'I want to say a little more, and please listen to me. I fear I am in a disagreeable mood, but this is about the last chance I shall have to set matters right, and it is not too late. If you think you will ever regret having married me, Edith, you ought to say so now. I—I will release you—that is, you know what I mean. You're not bound—'

'Roger, don't—' 'Yes, I must go on, dearest. I wish I was not rich or useless. I am a man, as well as Jack Dorri, but I have had my way paved for me, and never was urged to do anything to make people look up to me. Of course I am not a sot or a rouse. But what am I? There's Jack, who is making his way alone and unaided, and getting no end of praise for the work he is turning out. He is bound to be a great sculptor, everybody says. He is a mighty fine fellow, and any girl should be proud of him. Until I met you I never had an incentive to make my mark. You see our family have always had everything they wanted, and I was brought up to it.'

'Dear boy, you must not talk so. I know and I wish everyone knew, what a generous noble man you are—one of the very best in the world. I used to like Jack; all the girls do, as you say. I might have married him, if circumstances had permitted it, but at the time he was too poor to support us both. Now, I understand, his future is assured. He was my playmate and companion, oh, so long. But, dear, I owe you a debt of gratitude that I can only partly pay by making you, as I wish, the happiest man alive. If others knew what you have done for us—mamma and me—when we were in trouble, they would not be forever bringing up Jack's name. They would see why I admire you, and why I am glad to give myself to you, if you really want me. So let's drop the subject. I am going to be your wife just as soon as I can, and you cannot get out of it, and I expect to be happy, too.'

'I don't know,' laughed Thompson. 'I could run away from my dreadful fate, and leave you to my worthy Jack. But I suppose I ought to be satisfied to have you for my own, even if you do not love me as I hoped you would. Oh, Edith, he continued wistfully, 'if I could only win your entire heart! I feel now that I have bought not earned you.'

'What is the use of talking that way, Roger? You deserve me, if ever a man did woman. I cannot go through life with a lie on my lips, by telling you I love you. It would be unjust to you, and you would be miserable when you came to see it. I have laid bare to you my sanctum sanctorum, and now dear, won't you take me as I am?'

'Who am I to refuse such a gift? But if I was out of the road, you would marry Jack, wouldn't you?—and I am keeping you from it.'

'The girl arose, her eyes filled with tears. 'You are unkind,' she replied. 'I am trying to please you and to be to you all that you want, and I fail to satisfy you. Now I am going to mamma.'

'Forgive me, Edith,' said the man, stepping to her side. 'I had no business to do that. You are too good for me. Let me know if I can do anything for the matter. I am going to stick my head out on deck, and will get in better temper.'

When Roger Thompson peered on deck he saw the same scene that had greeted his eyes for the past two days, whenever he had attempted to emerge from cover—water beneath and above, flying spray and huge waves showing between attacks. Dripping, he speedily withdrew from the battlefield, entering the purser as he did so.

'What do we intend to do?' asked Thompson. 'Stay afloat, or sink?'

'We're trying to get back to port just at present. This is about the only direction we can move. We haven't gone very far, and ought to find anchorage by to-morrow, the Lord be praised. This does beat any storm I ever saw.'

'Same here, purser. Much obliged for the information,' and Roger hastened to impart the news to Edith and her mother, by shouting it, through the closed door of their state room.

Morning came again. The storm had abated considerably, and the seas were rapidly falling. But the ship had been so battered by the elements that the captain thought best to continue on the course toward the nearest port, where needed repairs could be made to the bent propeller. A rocky coast line was already dimly descried in the distance.

Eight bells had struck. Wan passengers had appeared on deck. Suddenly there was a crash that made the steamer shiver, and a sound of splintered wood and of iron plates torn asunder. Then the startled cries of men came faintly from the engine room. The steady whirling of the screws ceased. The vessel listed to port. The steerage was full of groans and shrieks and appeals for divine aid. Officers rushed below.

Roger Thompson was among the few cabin passengers on deck. In the confusion consequent upon an accident at sea, he as-

certained that the steamer had a broken shaft, and that the hull had been badly damaged by the mighty piece of mechanism when it snapped. Then the voice of the first officer was heard.

'The captain requests that all gather together their valuables and prepare to leave the steamer. There is no immediate danger but the boats will be launched and the passengers taken to the shore, which is only a few miles distant. Please carry only necessary clothes, and remember there is no immediate danger.'

This message was repeated in other parts of the vessel. Thompson turned to Edith and her mother.

'Don't be frightened,' he said. 'The captain is only taking a proper precaution. Better get your things, and I will wait for you, unless I can help you down there. No? All right. Make haste!'

Boats were quickly lowered into the water, and the rafts were flung over the sides. Passengers were scurrying in every direction, ending by tumbling into the crafts as best they could. Edith and her mother appeared.

'Here you are,' cried Thompson, Mrs. Pettit, shut your eyes and trust to the Lord. There you go. Now, Edith.'

But she had vanished. 'Hurry up!' came the hoarse cry from the only waiting boat. Roger saw that he was alone on deck. Even the captain had embarked. Disregarding the summons, he ran in mad haste to the Pettite's state room. Edith was there, searching frantically underneath the lower berth.

'Oh Roger,' she exclaimed, 'that little satchel containing the deed! Did mamma have it?'

'Yes, I saw it. For God's sake, hurry on deck, Edith! We shall be left. Where's your life preserver?'

'I couldn't find another. Everybody seemed to grab them, and a man jerked the one I had out of my hands.'

By this time they were at the rail again. The boat had drifted away slightly, but was not moving. Is was jammed with human beings, and the crew were afraid to be so near the disabled vessel.

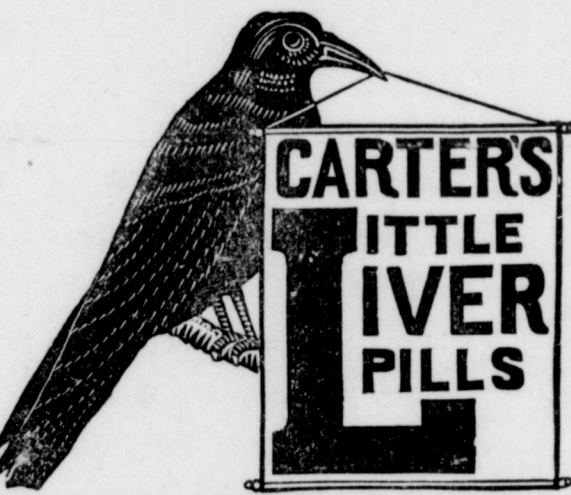
'Edith take this,' said Thompson, strapping about her waist the life preserver he had been wearing. 'Close your eyes and lips. You can't sink. They will pick you up.'

'And you, Roger?' she asked, clinging to him.

'I'll be all right. I'll follow you. I can swim. Oh, my darling,' he whispered, as he lifted her and held her tightly for a moment, 'it is for the best that you have not loved me. You and Jack think of me, sometimes.' With a sudden motion he threw her over.

Gasping, strangled, it was a number of minutes after she was hauled into the boat before she was able to look around.

'Where's Roger? were the first words she uttered.



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DO YOUR HANDS OR FEET SWELL? IF SO YOU HAVE WEAK KIDNEYS. DOAN'S PILLS WILL STRENGTHEN THEM.

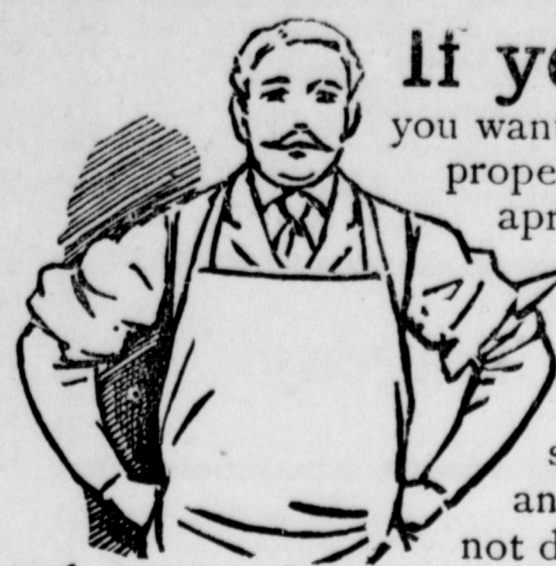
HAVE YOU DROPSY, KIDNEY OR URINARY TROUBLES OF ANY KIND? IF SO, DOAN'S PILLS WILL CURE YOU.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, FRIGHTFUL DREAMS, DISTURBED SLEEP, DROWSINESS, FORGETFULNESS, COLD CHILLS, NERVOUSNESS, ETC., ARE OFTEN CAUSED BY DISORDERED KIDNEYS.

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SOLD AT ALL DRUG STORES.



If you're a butcher,
you want Pearlina. You want it for the proper washing of your frocks and aprons, and to keep the benches, blocks, floors, shelves, hooks, etc., as clean as they ought to be. There's nothing that will do this like Pearlina. And it takes so little time, and so little trouble and work that there's no excuse for not doing it. Keep everything dainty and sweet and clean with Pearlina.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

'Pull away, pull away strong, my lads!' shouted the boat's officer sternly.

Edith in spite of her mother's restraining arms, stood up. How low in the water the Kaiser Wilhelm was! And there, there on the deck, a lone silhouette against the sky, was Roger. She knew him at once.

'Oh, Roger, Roger,' she called, as though her voice could reach him.

'No use, miss,' said the officer. 'He told me yesterday that he couldn't swim, and, any way, the suction will draw him under, poor fellow.'

But afar, as if Edith's tones had sounded on his ear, the mute figure waved his hand. Then, in an instant, the steamer was blotted out, and only sea remained.—The Puritan.

ANTONIO APACHE.

An Indian of Distinguished Parentage Who Is Preparing to Enter Harvard.

Among the young men now preparing to enter Harvard University none has a more interesting personality than the Indian brave, Antonio Apache grandson of Cochise, the chief of the warlike Apache tribe. He passed last year at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., where he was registered as a member of the junior, or preparatory, class. It is not known definitely whether he will return to Exeter this year or pass the winter studying in Boston. He will need at least three years more to qualify to enter Harvard.

Antonio has an interesting history. His native home is in New Mexico. There he was born about twenty-five years ago into the great Apache family of Indians. When he was 9 years old he was captured by a band of United States cavalry during a skirmish. He was sent to Newpor News, Va., and there was brought up as a civilized man. A few years ago he went West and entered the service of the United States Government. During the great Indian uprising in Wyoming, Antonio was a Government scout and ably assisted the regulars in many ways. His tales of hair-breadth escapes would fill a book. It is said by his Exeter friends that he still carries several scars as souvenirs of attacks upon his own people.

In appearance Antonio is a striking specimen of the Indian race and attracts attention wherever he goes. He stands over six feet and weighs about 225 pounds. But for his coal black hair, flashing black eyes, and a ruddy complexion no one would regard him as at all representative of the first people of America. He dresses quietly, yet in a style that betokens refined taste. He is well read and has travelled in Europe.

At Exeter he rubbed shoulders with representative young men from all parts of the country, and soon won the favor of his fellow students by his quiet ways and evident desire to become an educated man. Handicapped by insufficient preparation and the lack of those intellectual faculties which permit young boys to forge ahead rapidly in their studies, he was obliged to register in the preparatory class. Then he began the study of Latin, algebra, higher arithmetic, and English composition. Before the winter was over he had attracted attention by his wonderful command of the English language, and was welcomed into the leading literary society of the academy, the Golden Branch. There he debated literary problems with an ardor and acuteness that was not excelled by anybody. His command of Spanish is especially noteworthy. He seemed to have a decided taste for literature and the fine arts. In athletic contests Antonio made no showing. He was well qualified for centre in the football eleven and for putting the shot, but his taste did not seem to lie in the direction of sports. While at Exeter Antonio roomed at Soule House. He had one of the cosiest dens imaginable. The walls were hung with wampum and trophies of the chase. On the floor were skins of animals elaborately embroidered and of barbaric elegance. His friends loved to gather there and listen to his tales of Indian campaigns and life among the wild tribes of the far West. He had a rare collection of Indian relics, which at times he would exhibit to his friends.

It is Antonio's earnest desire and ambition to go through Harvard. He realizes that he has a difficult road to travel before he can reach Cambridge, and is perfectly willing to undertake the task. During the last year he has made frequent journeys to Cambridge and he knows his way around the old town perfectly. At the Carlisle-Harvard football game last October Antonio

was an interested spectator. He came on the field behind his brother Indians and was cheered loudly.

Antonio Apache will be welcomed at the Cambridge institution if he ever enters it, and doubtless will be looked upon as a likely candidate for the Harvard football eleven. He will not be the first Indian to enter Harvard nor the first one to be graduated there.

Prophecies that Fail.

The verdict of a jury, though composed of twelve good men and true, is often wrong. History has frequently shown that safety does not always dwell with a multitude of counsellors. Then how can we expect wisdom to flourish and abound in the head of one man?—no matter how great his experience and scholarship. Verily, we but demonstrate our own folly in expecting it.

A certain brilliant writer, whose name I could give you if I wanted to, alleges that more good sometimes results from the telling of lies than would follow the telling of the truth under the same circumstances. Mind! I don't endorse that view, but his arguments is along a line whereon a valuable suggestion can now and then be picked up, provided one is careful to steer clear of soporific holes and traps.

Who has not, a thousand times, had reason to be thankful for other people's mistakes, blunders and ignorance? Have you never rejoiced over having a fine day for a journey when the weather prophets had predicted a foul one? Have you never made money out of an enterprise after you had been assured it was certain ruin to embark upon it? and so on, and so forth? Beyond doubt. Why, I have seen people rise from beds of sickness and get sound as a sovereign, after half a dozen doctors had said they wouldn't see another sunrise. And they were good doctors, too: only they didn't know it all.

That's the sort of snap judgement which issued from the mouth of the doctor who told Mr. Sidney Herbert Knight he would never be fit for work again. You see it was in this way—just as Mr. Knight relates.

'In May, 1892,' he says, ' whilst working at Dunedin, New Zealand, I was accidentally injured by a fall of earth. I was employed in cutting the Otago Central Railway. After it I never got up my strength, feeling low and too weak to work.'

'My appetite left me, and after eating I had great pain at the chest and inflation of the stomach. There was a constant and horrible pain at the stomach, and a sense of weight and bearing down that took all the life out of me. I was in misery night and day, getting no proper sleep, and lying down most of the time.'

'I saw one doctor after another, but they failed to relieve me. One of them said I would never be fit for work again.'

'Year after year I remained in this condition, growing continually weaker. In January, 1896, I returned to England, and had further advice and treatment, but was no better for it. All my relatives and friends thought I never would regain my strength, and I had given up all hope of doing any more work.'

'One day in March (1896) Mrs. Curtis (wife of the missionary), of Gunter Grove, advised me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Booth, chemist, King's Road, and after taking it found a little relief. This encouraged me to persevere, and soon I could eat well and the food agreed with me. I now began to pick up strength, improving every day. When I had taken this medicine three months I was strong and well as ever, and got back to my work. I have since been in the best of health. (Signed) Sidney Herbert Knight, 6A, Chelsea Park Dwellings, King's Road, Chelsea, London, February 17th, 1897. Witness, (Miss) Lillian B. Browne.'

Now this is a helpful and heartening story. It shows that a man is not necessarily doomed because friends and doctors say he is. They prophesy according to their lights, but muh may come to pass that they don't count upon. In this instance it was the power of Mother Seigel's Syrup to do what nothing else could do. It cured the nervous and dyspeptic conditions which were set going by the shock of his accident in New Zealand. No bones being broken, he was then all right.

Yes, yes; it surely is a lucky thing when the prophets of disaster prove to have spoken without inspiration.

Something Appropriate.

The Washington Star does not give a detailed description of the old man's mule, nor is it necessary.

'I reckon,' said the old colored man, 'dat I better change de name o' dat mule.'

'It doesn't make much difference what you call a mule, does it?'

'No. But I likes ter hab it somethin' 'proprie. Did you eber heah tell 'bout sukmstances ober which you have no control?'

'Yes.'

'Well, dat's what I see gwinter call him, 'Sukmstances.'