

## October Days.

Out in the field is the golden rod,  
Waving and bending its yellow plumes;  
White is the silk in the milk-weed pod,  
In the yellow days of October.

Crimson are trees of the forest land,  
Berries hang red on the climbing vines,  
Maples are touched by a golden hand,  
And the nuts are ripe in their brownness.

Close to the grass are the asters white,  
Brown on the ground lie the fallen leaves,  
Circling around summer's birds take flight  
And the quails whirl up near the fences.

Over the land is the autumn haze;  
Slowly at eve comes the great, round  
moon;

Silent and sweet are the country ways  
In the golden days of October.

Ladies Home Journal.

## "FAITHFUL."

It was a dreary day in late winter. There were wearisome grey clouds overhead, and dull brown, half-melted ridges of snow and ice under foot. In the great iron foundry at M—the men strode to and fro before their forges, bared their swarthy arms to the work, thrust huge glowing bars of metal into the panting fires, and swung their ponderous hammers—clang! clang! clang! The noise of the blows and of the ponderous machinery was so great that talking was impossible. A hoarse direction shouted now and then by the overseer, with gestures of the hand that the workman understood, was all.

At an anvil a little removed from the central uproar stood a solitary man, fashioning a piece of iron into a shape not unlike that of the rubber bands sold by stationers for small parcels, only it was over a foot long, and almost as thick as your wrist. The iron was held tight by a pair of tongs, and was glowing red, the sparks flying in a constant shower as the blows fell, swiftly and surely. The workman was a quiet looking man, with tightly set lips; almost sullen, you would have said.

"Well, well," he muttered to himself, turning the hot iron, and commencing upon the other side, "it's the same old story. Pound, pound, from morning till night—no rest, no change, no hope. I'm of no importance in the world—it makes no difference whether I live or die—ah!"

He stopped suddenly, and bent closely over the article he was shaping. You and I would have noticed nothing particular, but this man was evidently puzzled. He struck the iron two or three sharp blows, listened intently to the sound it gave back. Then he frowned, and poised it a moment on the end of his tongs.

The other men were accustomed to laugh at him because he was so particular about his workmanship in little things. Two or three glanced at him now as he stood that instant, undecided.

"Let it go, John," called one of them over his shoulder. "One out of a thousand won't make any difference."

But John had decided. "It's a flaw," he said. "I won't risk it." And flinging away the iron loop on a heap of refuse metal, he patiently began his work over again, this time completing it, as he had hundreds of others, successfully.

Three years passed away. It was winter again, and the north-east wind, roaring through the sky from the far-off forests of Labrador, rolling huge, foaming waves from mid-ocean against the rocky coasts of New England, unroofing houses, uprooting trees, sweeping over lonely lakes, and, joining its cry with the howl of the wolf and the crackling of ice-floes, turned the night into a tumult of darkness and doleful uproar dreadful to hear. On the western track of the A. M. and S. Railroad the late express was running at full speed. It had been delayed by the high wind, and the engineer was making up time. Twenty, thirty, thirty-five, miles an hour, into the black night, with only a view from the headlight on the steel rails, a few hundred feet in advance of the locomotive, as it plunged forward faster than ever. The fireman piled his furnace with coal, shovelful after shovelful. Now a few lights dotting the darkness, from comfortable firesides in some small country village. The engine slackens its pace slightly, shrieks at the station-master with his waving lantern, and dashes on at thirty miles an hour. The engineer, with one hand on the polished bar before him, glances alternately at the steam-gauge and the track ahead. The wind is blowing more fiercely than ever but he knows nothing of that; he thinks only of the hot, bounding roaring creature on whose back he rides on into the night at forty miles an hour.

The passengers in the train are most of them asleep. There is a baggage and mail car, in which a few men are at work; but in the Pullman cars behind are over one hundred souls, trustfully awaiting

the end of their journey. There are fathers hurrying home to their children; boys and girls with heads upon the rocking pillow, dreaming of fir trees and lights and bright gifts, for it is just after Christmas.

One of the passengers has a little girl nestling close beside him; her mother left them for Christ's country last week, and now she alone is left to him. As the rails rattle beneath the flying wheels of the train the man becomes uneasy and holds the little girl more tightly. Then he takes out his watch and calculates the speed.

"I wonder," he says slowly, "I wonder—"

Crash—h—h!

Darkness, wild cries, the car dashing furiously over timbers and wreck of rail and platform like a ship upon the rocks; screams, prayers, groans; a terrible sideways lurch and a prolonged creaking of strained iron and wood above the shrill cries of men, women, and children. Then dead, awful stillness.

One by one the terrified, half-dressed, trembling passengers make their way over the slanting floor of the car and out through broken doors and windows into the cold night air.

As lights began to flash upon the scene the bravest hid their faces and turned pale. In the valley, far below, as if they were looking down from a lofty church belfry, lay the monster of steam and iron which a few minutes before was bounding homeward with them in apparent safety and with sure speed. Before it were heaped the ruins of the mail car. And on the verge of the embankment, leaning dizzily over those awful depths, rested the forward Pullman. What held it back?

The locomotive left the rails and plunged over the embankment, seventy-five feet down to the bottom, turning completely over in its course and dragging the mail car after it. Only one man was killed, though the train was crowded; the forward Pullman would have gone over after the mail-car had it not been held back by the link which coupled it to the next car.

So the report flew over the wires the next morning, and so you can read it in the newspapers, if you like.

And what of the obscure ironworker who would not let that iron pass his hands until it was perfect—a true and honest piece of work? No one knows his name. He never will know in this world how that faithful half hour saved six-score human lives. But there is One who knows and who does not forget the humblest, everyday duty-doing of His children. He who said, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy lord!"—*Willis Boyd Allen, in the Congregationalist.*

## Noble Actions.

BY REV. T. H. HARMAN.

Who does not admire a noble deed, or who does not feel the impression made by seeing noble actions or reading of them? We are so constituted in our natures as to feel to a degree the influence of noble deeds, though in extreme cases of hardness of heart the recipient may overcome the impression to aspire to greater heights of nobility, yet he can not behold a noble act wrought from the depth of a sincere heart without deep admiration. The more holy our characters become the more sensitive and yielding they are to these impressions. It follows, then, as a rule that as we find more holy characters within the pale of the Christian church, that there the greatest impressions will be made by noble action.

Again, it is in the church that we find the noblest deeds. A holy character is the mother that gives birth to noble actions.

Who does not admire the noble deeds of Jonathan, who befriended David and made intercession at the throne of his father for his life when his father was determined, to slay him? We can not but admire that young man who in natural order would have succeeded his father on the throne, yet impressed that David was God's choice, goes about to rescue the life of David, and holds private counsel and conversation with him, and shows himself a friend amid the most dangerous positions, yet asking nothing as a reward only that kindness be shown to his house. "The soul of Jonathan was knit, with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Oh, the depth of that love! We can not fathom it.

From these grand deeds we infer Jonathan to be a young man of noble heart and would, no doubt, have made a worthy king.

We admire the nobility of that young lady who a few years ago crossed that water-wrecked railroad bridge near Chicago, when brave men refused to cross, and warned an approaching fast train that would soon plunge hundreds of souls into eternity. How we admire the blessed deed of Queen Victoria when she dressed in rustic clothing and went unknown among the peasants

of Scotland, and found out their wants and supplied them from her own treasury.

That we are capable of being influenced and inspired by noble actions is due to the fact that we are created in the image of God. This element in us beholding the deed is inspired with joy and tranquility, and quietly leads us to aspire to greater heights of nobility. The cultivation of this element will lead to the building of a noble character. Socrates, without the influence of the Christian era, but by the cultivation of this element alone, built a fairly noble and moral character. But what an influence the Christian era, and particularly the life of Jesus, has had on noble sentiment and deeds. How much more easy it is to-day to build noble characters than it was in the days of Socrates. Ours is an age when character is looked at in its true light and valued at its real worth. The life of Christ, original as it was, has brought about a change in moral sentiment and living, and has ushered in a different dispensation. All these influences are stationed around noble deeds, being the center and drawing force and power of inspiration from them.

## The Stitch in Time.

Girls, if you have mending, do not let the holes go too far. There is nothing more universally disliked by the younger members of the feminine portion of the human race than mending. Girls who just delight in fixing up a hat, cutting out a waist, or even making quilts from thousand of tiny snips, will answer, if you ask the question if they like mending, that they simply despise it. Now, of course, this feeling on their part does not tend to make them especially anxious to take that stitch in time that not only saves nine, but nine hundred very frequently. Pins are employed where a stitch would make so much neater the appearance of the article thus temporarily assisted, and a tiny hole is allowed to grow until it mends it well means a very difficult and perplexing operation which is even staggering to old hands, let alone novices, who find a three-cornered rent as trying as a problem in Euclid. A little hole in the glove is so easily attended to that a few minutes at the most will restore the kid member to its original beauty, yet once let the first break go by unheeded and it will be astonishing to see how fast the stitches unravel until the fingers are out in the cold, and the wearer must needs hide her hands from sight or throw away the disreputable coverings, unless she makes a long and tedious business of mending that will not look nearly as well if taken in hand sooner.

Watch the glove buttons; when one comes off do not pin it over or button the second button in the first buttonhole, the partner of which is missing, and thus try to hide the fact of its absence. Keep a little button box and out of its miscellaneous collection replace the lost one where it belongs. Shoes likewise must be watched like a cat would a mouse; for there is nothing so absolutely slovenly in appearance as great gaps where the fastenings have parted company. The little rip in the bodice, the first warning that the skirt braid is loosened and the tiny break in the stitches of the silk stocking are signals of disaster that should be taken at once in hand, and, outside of the neatness and improved appearance thus obtained, it is absolutely wonderful how much money can be saved by the taking of that stitch in time that reduces both labor and expenditure to a reasonable minimum.—*Selected.*

## What we Owe to the Arabs.

It was to the Arabs and the Jews that we probably owe the discovery of America. From them the Spaniards and Portuguese learned all that they knew of civilization. The Arabs from the ninth to the twelfth century were the rulers of the sea, the founders of European commerce. Edrisi, the Arab historian, describes the harbors of Almeria, in Spain, filled with the ships of the East and of Lisbon (Eschbona), the centre of wealth and trade. Two Mohammedan travellers, or one, who visited China in the ninth century, found its ports frequented by the vessels of their countrymen, who sailed around the coasts of India. Edrisi, again, describes the China seas, unknown to Greek and Roman, and the Chinese ships as the finest of their kind. The adventurous Arab sailors were found on every sea. It is from them that Portugal and Spain learned the art of ship-building, as most of the other arts. In 1466 the Spaniards everywhere clothed in Arab dress, imitating the Arab manners, riding Arab horses, and the kings surrounded by Arab guards. Splendid Cordova and matchless Granada still ruled the taste of the peninsula. Even the chief terms of business and of naval affairs, of police and finance, the

Spaniards borrowed from the Arabs. The maravedi, an Arab coin, was used in the time of Columbus to express all their moneyed transactions. It was at Lisbon that Columbus first planned his voyage. But long before, when Lisbon was a flourishing Arab city, intelligent and splendid, Edrisi relates that an expedition was sent out from its port to explore the dark and unknown ocean. The commanders were brothers known as the Almagurins, or the Wandering Brothers. They must have set sail before the year 1150. They crossed the Atlantic, it is said, visited unknown islands, and discovered new lands. After a weary voyage of many months they returned in safety. A street was named after them in Moorish Lisbon, called the street of the Almagurins. Possibly the attempt might have been renewed, and a Moorish city might have sprung up in Cuba or Hispaniola, at Philadelphia or New York. But soon the conquering Christians took Lisbon, and checked its advance in knowledge. For many centuries it was given up to war and chivalry. At length it revived the Moorish instincts of trade and commerce. Lisbon became the centre of discovery, and Columbus learned in its traditions, perhaps, the story of the Almagurins.—From "The Mystery of Columbus," by EUGENE LAWRENCE, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

## Whittier's Color Blindness.

Now that the beloved Whittier has left us, every incident concerning him possesses a double interest. The following appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, shortly before his death:

The poet Whittier, strange as such a defect appears in one who makes such effective use of color in his poetry, is color-blind. He is able to describe with as much accuracy as beauty the tints of the evening sky at sunset, the hues of cloud and forest upon the side of a mountain or the changing purple, blue and violet of the twilight sea.

Recently, however, his peculiarity of vision betrayed him into an error, although not an error discoverable by his readers.

The Quaker poet shares in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shares them no less by temperament than breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, sedatest, most retiring and least showy of men.

His friends were, therefore, naturally astonished when he made appearances one day not long ago with his usually somber garb enlivened by a flowing necktie of a flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to inquire:

"Thee's never worn a necktie like that before, Greenleaf; does thee think it is becoming?"

A little surprised, Mr. Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amazement and dismay, and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and forever. He had purchased it, he assured them, under the impression that it was a dull and decorous green!

As in many other cases of persons similarly afflicted, Mr. Whittier's color blindness is only partial, and is limited to an inability to distinguish green from its complementary color, red.

## Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

HAVE YOU SEEN the new Perfume "Lotus of the Nile"? It is perfectly lovely.

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## "August Flower"

What is It For?

This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER for?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

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