

A STRING OF AUTUMN BRILLIANTS.

Fire! fire! upon the maple bough
The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,

"RALDY."

A Story of the Wisconsin River—By Mrs. E. P. Clark in Harper's for October.

"What'll they do?"
"Tim sure I don't know."
"Sim won't work, and they're poor as poverty. It's a year since the wife died, and now the old mother's gone. She brought in the pennies right smart."

ner which his wild and roving life had never
entirely obliterated, and his feats of strength
and bravery, which were many and remark-

LEROY TALBOT SCOTT,
RIVER PILOT.

The girl never saw this without a secret
thrill, for her father, years before she was
born, had climbed unaided up the beetling
crag, and had hung by one hand between
heaven and earth while he had written it.

some brave deeds—but no pride, no ambition.
But he's honest," thought Raldy again; "no-
body ever said Sim Peebles wasn't honest;

And when I pass from here to thee,
Dear Lord, dear Lord, remember me."
Sim saw his opportunity, and seized it, and
as he hurried into the little pantry and out
again he spoke quietly and earnestly:

A SWEDISH SERVANT.

By CAROLINE E. LEIGHTON.

We found her at an employment of
five, just arrived from Sweden. As I
noticed her sunny hair and blue eyes
and strong, free step, I thought of what
some one said of Jenny Lind: that she
ought to have been called the Swedish
Lioness, rather than the Swedish Night-

A CURIOUS WAR STORY.

A Singular Case of Anesthesia—The
Thirst of An Iowa Soldier.

A few weeks ago the Commercial gave a
letter from W. C. Newton, of Winterset,
Iowa, late sergeant of G. 3d Iowa Infantry,
inquiring for the author of a letter printed
in this paper in October, 1862, giving an
account after the battle of the Hatchie of