OCTOBER.

The month of carnival of all the year,
When nature lets the wild earth go its way,
And spend whole seasons on a single day.
The spring-time holds her white and purple dear;
October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.
The summer charily her reds doth lay
Like jewels on her costliest array;
October, scornful, burns them on a bier.
The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign
Of kingdom. Whiter pearls than winter knew,
Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line,
October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,
Drinks at a draught, slow filtered through
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling vine!

—[H. H., in October Atlantic.

A BLIGHT IN SUMMER.

I was not the regular doctor, for the practice at Burnley belonged to Fred Garnet, an old hospital friend of mine, who had taken to a simple country practice while I had been roaming about the world as surgeon in emigrant ships, and during the Franco-German war. We had met after seven years, when I wanted a month's quiet in the country, and he asked me to attend to his practice, while he came up to town to pass a degree, for he was a hard-studying, ambitious fellow.

A man at the door desired me to come over and see his master, who was "dying of gout." This was the announcement by the servant. Saving that I had been consulted about a "terrible wherritin' pain" in the back of an old lady of 75, this was my first call.

"There's Miss Kate a-watching for us."

I could see the flutter of a white dress by the gate as we drove on, but my attention was too much taken up by the prettiness of the place, and I was gaping idly about, thinking nothing of "Miss Kate" and her cares, when the gig stopped, and I jumped down.

"Here he is, uncle, dear," she cried.

"Time he was hear," exclaimed some one, with a savage roar.

After giving various little orders I placed the tender leg in an easy position, the patient breaking out into furious exclamations the while. Then, by means of some hoops from a small wooden tub, I made a little gypsy tent over the limbs so that the coverings did not touch the exquisitely tender skin, and at the end of half an hour had the pleasure of hearing a sigh of satisfaction, of seeing a smile steal over the face, which was now smooth and bedewed with a gentle perspiration, and directly after, in a drowsy voice, my patient said:

"Kitty, my darling, he's a trump. Take him into the next room and apologize to him, and tell him I'm not always such a beast."

He was half asleep already, while I—even in that short hour—I had fallen into a dream, a dream of love: I who had never loved before, nor thought of it, but as sickly boy-and-girl stuff, unworthy of busy men.

I cannot tell you how that day passed, only that Kate Anstey had implored me not to leave her uncle yet; and I? I was her slave, and would have done her bidding even to the death.

He was soon better, but my visits to the farm were more frequent than ever. I went one day as usual, but instead of Kate being at the window and running out to meet me, the old gentleman stood at the door, looking very angry, and he at once caught hold of my coat and dragged me into the kitchen.

"Is anything wrong?" I said, trembling.

"Yes, lots," said the old man. "What do you come here for?"

"For mercy's sake, don't keep it back!" I said, for the room seemed to swim round me. "Is Kate ill?"

"Yes—I think she is," he said gruffly. "But look here, youug man, what does this mean?"

"Mean!" I said. "Oh, Mr. Brand, if she is ill let me see her at once!"

"She don't look very bad," he said, peering through the crack of the door into the parlor, where I could see her white dress; "but I say, young man, you'd better not come any more. She's growing dull, and I can't have my darling made a fool of."

"Made a fool of!" I stammered.

"Yes," he said, gruffly; "what do you come here for?"

I was silent for a minute, with a wondrous feeling stealing over me, as at last my lips said—I did not prompt them—"because I love her with all my heart."

"And you've told her so?"

"Not a word," I said, slowly. My hand was being crushed as in a vise the next minute.

"I'm not a gentleman, Doctor, but I know one when I meet one. There, you may go and talk to her, if it's as you say; for if it's true you wouldn't make her unhappy; but, my lad, the man who trifled with that girl's heart would be the greatest scoundrel that ever stepped on God's earth."

The whole of this part of my life is so dreamy that it is all like some golden vision. But I was at her chair, I know, and that glorious evening I was content to watch the soft, dreamy face beside me as she sat there, with hands folded in her lap, watching the sunset.

At last we rose and walked together through the wood, to stop at last beneath an overshadowing tree, and there, in low, broken words, I told her I loved her, and in her sweet girlish simplicity she laid her hands upon my shoulder, looked up in my face, and promised to be my little wife.

I went home that night riding in a wonderful triumphal chariot instead of a gig, and to my great surprise on reaching the house there was Fred Garnet.

"Back already?" I stammered.

"Already? Why, the month's up," he said laughing. "You must have had good sport with your fishing, Master Max."

It came upon me like thunder, this return, and I lay that night awake—happy, but miserable, for this meant the end of my visit, and what was to come in the future? I had not thought of that.

I put it off for the time, and, having obtained willing permission of Garnet, I went his rounds the next morning and of course found my way to the farm.

I fancied the servant looked at me in rather a peculiar, constrained way, as she said that her master had gone to the off-hand farm.

"And Miss Kate?" I said.

"She's down in the wood, sir," said the girl.

I waited to hear no more, but ran along the garden, leaped the gate, and crossing two fields, went through the wilderness, and over the stile into the wood.

"My darling!" I kept repeating as I hurried on, expecting to meet her at every turn, and then I stopped short, with a horrible pang seeming to catch my heart. I was dizzy, faint, raging with anger, and half mad in turn; but that all passed off to leave a bitter, crushing sense of misery, as I held on by a young sapling, and peered at the scene before me.

There stood, with her back to me, Kate,—false, false Kate—with the arm of a tall, handsome military-looking man encircling her waist, her head resting on his shoulder; and even as I gazed, he bent his head down and she raised her arms—her face—her lips to meet his kisses, as he folded her tightly to his breast.

I saw no more, but stole blindly away, went to the stable, saddled and bridled the horse in a dreamy fashion, mounted, rode back to Burnley, threw the bridle to the man, walked straight to the station without seeing Fred Garnet, and went off to London. Six months glided by, and then I was once more called upon to take charge of the practice of a friend in the suburbs.

It was one dark night in winter that I was just going to bed, half wishing that I had had a call—for I knew that I should only lie and toss about sleepless, and I was too good a doctor to try my own drugs—when the surgery-bell rang sharply, and the summons that I had wished for came.

It was a policeman with a handsome cab, and his oilskin shone vividly in the red light of the lamp over the door.

"Axiden' case, sir," he said. "Dr Baker, in the next street's got it in 'and, sir, and he wants help."

I learned from him that a gentleman had been knocked down by the very same cab we were in, and trampled upon by the horses before the wheel went over and broke his leg.

We were there in a few minutes, and I was shown into the back parlor of a comfortably furnished house, where the sufferer had been laid upon a mattress.

A brief conversation with my colleague ensued, and he told me what he feared and how he was situated, another important call demanding his presence. The result was that I agreed that we would examine the patient, and then I would stay till Dr. Baker's return.

A faint groan from the mattress saluted us as we turned to our patient and as I held the lamp over his face, and the light fell upon the fair hair and long, drooping mustache, I nearly dropped it.

"Nemesis!" I thought. Mine enemy delivered into my hand. Kate's lover lying bruised and broken—crushed like a reed at my feet. And now I need not kill him to be revenged for all his cruelty to me, but stand by supine, and he would die.

For a few brief moments told me that I possessed greater knowledge than my colleagues, and that if I withheld mine, nothing which Dr. Baker could do would save the flame even now trembling in the socket of life's lamp.

The scene in the wood flashed before me once again as I stood there—Kate's sweet face upturned asking for this man's kisses, and all so vivid that my brain reeled and a mist floated before my eyes.

"What do you think, Mr. Lawler?" said a voice at my elbow, and I started back into the present.

"That he'll be past saving in an hour," I said, quietly.

"I fear so," said Dr. Baker, shrugging his shoulders.

"Unless——"

Here I unfolded my plans as I said bitterly to myself, "And heap coals of fire upon his head. Kate, take your laver, and God forgive you!"

"Excellent," exclaimed Dr. Baker, who was a frank, gentlemanly fellow, without professional jealousies; and in an hour's time we had done all that was necessary, our patient was breathing easily, and Dr. Baker was shaking my hand.

"He's saved, Mr. Lawler. You've saved his life. Now I'll be off and get back in an hour's time. You've given me the greatest lesson in surgery I ever had in my life."

And then I was alone, thinking bitterly of what I had done.

"Kate—Kate—darling!"

Those words feebly muttered brought me to myself, and I was the cold, hard man once more as I rose and, taking the lamp, bent down over my patient, whose eyes now opened and he stared at me.

"Where's Kate?" he asked; "and where—what——" He stopped short.

"Hush!" I said coldly; "you have had an accident."

"Accident? Oh, yes, I remember. I was going to catch the night train for Burnley, when that confounded cab——"

"You must not talk," I said, fighting hard to contain myself. "You are seriously hurt."

That last was not professional, but there was a grim pleasure in giving him some pain.

"That's bad, Doctor," he whispered, "for I was going down—to see my darling—she's very ill.

"Ill!" I exclaimed, starting.

"Yes," he said, speaking with pain, and I could not stop him now. "Consumption, they say; broken heart, I think. Some scoundrel——"

I almost dropped the lamp as I caught his hand and gripped it, and said, in a hoarse, choking voice, for I was struggling to see the full light:

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Telegraph, at my expense, to my brother-in-law. Take it down, or you'll forget. From Christopher Anstey to John Brand, Greenmead, Burnley. Say Kate is not to fidget. You know best."

"Yes, yes," I stammered, my hands trembling as I took out a pencil and pretended to write. "Miss Kate, then," I faltered, "is——"

"My darling child!" sobbed the poor fellow; "and she's dying!"

He was too weak, too faint, to heed me, as with a bitter groan I turned away stunned—mad almost at my folly. For I saw it all now, poor, weak, pitiful, jealous fool that I was. I had seen the girl that I worshiped petted and caressed by her own father, and, without seeking or asking an explanation, I had rushed away, leaving her to think me a scoundrel—nay, worse.

When I turned once more to the mattress my patient had fallen asleep, and I stood there thinking.

In a few minutes I had made my plans; then, watch in hand, I impatiently waited for Dr. Barker's return.

He was back to his time, and in a few words I had made my arrangements.

"Doctor," I said, "you said you were in my debt for this night's work."

"My dear sir, I'll write you a check for 20 guineas with pleasure," he replied.

"Pay me in this way," I said; "see that these patients whose names I have written on this slip of paper are attended to well for the next two days, and tell our friend here that his message has been seen to."

He promised eagerly, and the next minute I was in the street, running to the nearest cab stand.

I was just in time to catch the early morning train, and half mad, half joyous, I sat impatiently there till the train dropped me at Burnley, where the fly slowly jolted me over to the Four-Mile Farm.

It was a bright, clear, frosty morning, and the sun glanced from the river upon the trees, but I could think of only one thing as I kept urging the driver on, and he must have thought me mad as I leapt out and rushed into the well known parlor.

"Kate!" I cried, as half blind I ran towards a pale face lying back in an easy chair by the fire.

"You scoundrel!" was roared at the same moment, and the sturdy farmer had pinned me by the throat.

"Yes, all that," I said; "only hear me."

His hands dropped as Kate uttered a low cry and fainted.

"Quick!" I said, "water and some brandy."

With a low growl of rage my old patient for gout obeyed me, and in a few minutes Kate opened her eyes, to look full in mine as her head rested on my arm.

"Have you come—to say good-by?" she said, feebly; and there was such a look of reproach in that poor, worn face, that I could only answer in a whisper:

"No, no,—to ask you to give and bless me with your love; to ask you to forgive me for my cruel weakness, for I must have been mad."

A deep groan made me turn my head, to see that the farmer's head was down upon his arms, and his broad shoulders were heaving.

"I thought you would never come again," said Kate, feebly; "but I never gave up hope."—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

American Medical Association.

This Association for the Cure of Inebriates began its annual session in Philadelphia this week, but has attracted less attention than usual, being crowded out of sight by the noisier events of the time. Yet, after all whether the Exposition is a success or Hell Gate is opened is a question which may be of less real importance to the generations which will follow us than the results of the cogitations of this dozen or two quiet gentlemen in a by-street of the Quaker City. We have brought before our readers from time to time the theory upon which medical systems for the cure of drunkenness are based. It is explained forcibly and clearly in a paper read before the opening of the convention.

Inebriety is one manifestation of a cerebrophysical disorder, just as epilepsy is another, with a distinct duration, mortality, and prognosis. Ten years is usually the limit of time after its development in which it results fatally. Of late years, Dr. Crothers asserts that this disease takes less time to do its deadly work, owing to the increase of inherited degenerations irregular work, the extremes of luxurious and poor living, unhealthy brain work, and other means, which lower vitality. It is most difficult to overcome "in persons who have other nervous or cerebral disorders, or who possess eccentric or untrained will power and limited education, in paroxysmal drinkers, in those who smoke or chew excessively, or when it originates in some injury to the brain, or appears suddenly without any particular cause.' The mortality of inebriety equals that of the most fatal diseases, but under proper treatment at asylums the recoveries may exceed those of any other cerebral or nervous affection. Other papers were read in proof of the fact that inebriety was frequently a matter of heredity, as in consumption, the morbific force causing it taking sometimes the shape of epilepsy or hysteria in one child and drunkenness in another. The producing cause is most frequently a habit of moderate drinking in father or grandfather.

Temperance and the ravages of drunkenness have of late years become distasteful subjects among people who assume a certain degree of refinement. They are not fanatics. The violence of temperance reformers disgusts them. They are able to take their glass of wine without degenerating into beasts, and there is no reason why everybody should not do the same. If they cannot, why—and a shrug of the shoulders ends the discussion. Meanwhile one-fifth of the deaths in the country may be traced directly or indirectly to inebriety, and one-half the murders and other crimes which fill our prisons and jails are due to the same cause. Yet so strong is the distaste to arguing the question that even by prison reformers the subject is virtually ignored. The mistake appears to us to have been in urging drunkenness as a crime and temperance as a virtue. That is only one side of the question. The one is also a disease and the other a necessary precaution to save life. If the young lad starting out in life, and the mother who follows him with entreaties and prayers understood that the glass of liquor in his case was not only a moral delinquency but a step toward suicide, just as dangerous as exposure to cold would be to a consumptive, his danger would be lessened one-half. No man is ashamed to protect a weak body, but he rushes into temptation to prove his power of resistance as strong as his neighbor's. We are glad to find from the reports of the association that their rational method of meeting this foremost evil of our time is so fast gaining the approval of the public.—*New York Tribune.*

Industrial.

THOMAS G. ORWIG, Solicitor of Patents of the IOWA PATENT OFFICE, at Des Moines, reports the following U. S. Patents issued to Western inventors:

SEPTEMBER 5, 1876.

Knife Cleaners—R. A. Barker, Topeka, Kansas.

Car Couplings—Andrew Wald, Davenport, Ia.

Hair-Puffing Pins—Annis Hurd, Waterloo, Ia.

Churn Dashers—Alfred McDaniel, Dubuque, Ia.

Steam Boilers—Hiram Purdy, Burlington, Ia.

Farm Gates—James W. Baker, Bentonsport, Ia., assignor of one half his right to Noah G. Brown, same place.

Churns—M. B. Creswell, Washington, Iowa.

Cultivators—Thos. J. Jones, Blairsburg, Ia. The front end of the plow-beams are attached to an arched coupling bar, supported by a lever, whereby the direction of the plow is changed. The rear ends of the beams may be raised, when desired, by means of chains connecting them with a rock shaft and lever.

Car Couplings—Richard A. Kelly, Manchester, Ia.; two patents.

Harvesters—Wm. Lottridge, Osage, Ia., assignor of two-thirds his right to M. V. Nichols, same place.

Grain Binders—William Lottridge, Osage, Ia., assignor of two-thirds his right to M. V. Nichols, same place.

Book Cover Protectors—James Mahedy, Sperry, Ia.

Car Couplings—Wm. S. Owen, Oskaloosa, Ia.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle	$ 8	@10 10
Hogs—Live		@ 7¾
Sheep—Live	3 75	@ 5 50
Flour—Good to choice	4 00	@ 4 75
Wheat—No 2 Chicago	1 10	@
Corn—Western mixed	55	@ 57
Oats—Western	34	@ 34½
Eggs	23	@ 25
Butter	13	@ 20
Pork—New Mess	17 55	@17 85
Lard	10 30	@10 35

CHICAGO.

Beeves—Choice	$ 4 85	@ 5 15
Hogs	5 00	@ 8 20
Sheep—Good to choice	3 00	@ 4 25
Butter—Choice to yellow	21	@ 26
Eggs	15	@ 16
Flour—White winter	4 00	@ 5 00
Spring extra		
Wheat—Spring No 2	96½	@ 97
Corn—No 2	43	@ 43½
Oats—No 2	32	@ 32½
Rye—No 2	59	@ 59½
Pork—Mess, new	16 27	@16 30
Barley—No 2		@ 72½
Lard	10 37½	@10 40

ST. LOUIS.

Beef Cattle—Fair to choice	$ 4 75	@ 5 00
Hogs—Live	6 70	@ 6 90
Flour—Fall XX	3 25	@ 3 75
Wheat—No 2 Red		@ 1 13½
Corn—No 2	40½	@ 40¾
Oats		@ 32½
Rye—No 1		@ 53
Pork—Mess	16 75	@17 00
Lard	10 25	@

CINCINNATI.

Flour	$ 5 00	@ 5 10
Wheat—Red	1 06	@ 1 08½
Corn	44	@ 45
Oats	42	@ 43
Barley	85	@ 90
Rye	60	@
Pork	16 00	@
Lard		@10 00

MILWAUKEE.

Flour	$	@
Wheat—No 2		@ 1 01½
Corn		@ 43½
Oats—No 2		@ 29½
Barley—No 2		@ 72
Rye—No 2		@ 84

DES MOINES.

Flour—Wholesale	$ 1 75	@ 2 50
Wheat—new	65	@ 67
Corn	28	@ 32
Oats	20	@ 22
Barley		@
Rye	40	@ 45
Eggs	9	@ 10
Butter	13	@ 15
Hogs	4 75	@ 5 00
Cattle	2 75	@ 3 00

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more.—*Colton.*

THE CENTENNIAL PLOW TRIAL.

Gold Medals Awarded to Deere & Co.

The award by the Indiana State Agricultural Society on the States trial of implements held on the farm of Perdue University, Lafayette, the last of June, was announced last week at their annual fair at Indianapolis.

Deere & Co. float the ribbons for highest award in the trial of "Walking Cultivators," their ADVANCE carrying off the honors. Also their GILPIN SULKY takes the gold medal in the sulky plow trial.

This was probably the largest and most closely contested field trial ever had in the West, continuing during the entire week, twenty-one competitors in cultivator and sulky plows participating, including all the principal manufacturers of these implements.

The "Gilpin Sulky" was also awarded the fist prize for best work at the plowing match at the Iowa State Fair last month. This, the manufacturers claim, is about a hundred premiums for this popular plow in trial, throughout the country, since its first introduction less than two years since.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever,"
Especially when it combines utility with beauty. Donahue, McCosh & Co., of Burlington, Iowa, in connection with their wholesale Marble, Lime, Cement, and Building Material Trade, have in stock a magnificent display of marble, marbleized slate, and marbleized iron mantels, and iron grates. These mantels are beautiful in design and finish; marbleized on slate and iron in imitation of all foreign and American colored marbles, and as durable as they are beautiful. There is no piece of furniture that can be put into a parlor, sitting room, dining room, or chamber, that will look so well for the amount invested as one of these mantel pieces, and the open grate, cheerful, pleasant, and health-giving. If you are building a new house, or remodeling an old one, send to Donahue, McCosh & Co., corner of Market and Fourth streets, Burlington, Iowa, for price list and illustrated catalogue, and learn how astonishingly low you may add beauty and comfort to your dwelling.

☞ Consider this a safe rule. If it is not proper never to do it. If it is not true never speak it, but always use Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

There is nothing in modern discovery so wonderful and meritorious, as that great labor-saver, Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia) It tells its story on the first trial. Ask your grocer for it.

☞ Ellert's Extract of Tar and Wild Cherry has cured thousands and relieved many more.

Farmers using the Champion Double Hog Ring, can obviate the accumulation of dirt on *top* of the *hogs nose* by inserting the ring so as to bring the *cross bar* in front of the nose and *not* on top. Many farmers use the Champion with cross bar in front of the nose altogether. The Double Ring when carefully inserted is the best Hog Ring in the market, it having no sharp points in the nose. The Brown Single Ring closes on the *outside* of the nose and is the best single ring. CHAMBERS & QUINLAN, Decatur, Illinois, are manufacturers. They also manufacture the Eagle Bill Corn Husker, the farmer's favorite.

It is now admitted by Doctors, Druggists and ruptured people that HOWE'S SPRING PAD BELT TRUSS is the best and easiest known. The Factory is at Council Bluffs, Iowa, Box 1170.

Prof. W. Paine, A. M. M. D.
The Professor is the author of numerous standard works on medicine and surgery, and a Professor in different Medical Colleges for upwards of twenty years. He is the original discovery of the germs of disease, and the remedies for their instant and positive destruction. His Catarrh Vapor, Shooter bottle, cures Catarrh, is antiseptic and neutralizes all poisons in the blood. His Pile Remedy, Suppositories, is a sure cure, and his Fever and Ague Cure stops the fever in one hour. Full directions, positively to every one. Have been in regular surgical practice over twenty years. For treatment, address or apply to 26 North 8th street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 26 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill. Advice free.

Never squander a moment, for we are never sure of an hour, neither delay the purchase of Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

Consumption Can be Cured.
SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,
Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of the patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage and kill the patient. Why? Because they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons have a cough, a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder, blade, feeling of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acid rising and bringing up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver.

Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy cold colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion, and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

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In all cases of throat lean to the side of mercy and in all cases of aches and pains try Ellert's Daylight Liver Pills.

☞ If a set of double harness is used, and one-half of it oiled with fish or neatsfoot oil, while on the other Uncle Sam's Harness Oil is used the latter will be in better condition after one year's service than the former will be at the end of three months. Emmert Proprietary Co., Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.

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