

A shadow stood by my bed last night-A shadow wan, and worn, and old; With a trozen look on the wrinkled face, And the hand he laid on mine was cold. In the ghostly presence I shook with dread,

And shrank from his touch with curdling tear,

As I cried: "God save me! specter grim, What sorrowiul errand brings thee here ?"

Then the pale lips moved, and a whisper came Like a breath from the northwind, chill and

dreat : "Oh. timid mortal, | e not straid Of the shrinking form of the dying year! Ia'm sealing the records my pen hath made-To be read in the light of the Great White

Throne: Hast thou aught to tell, ore my book is closed Of labor for C'irist that thou hast done?

"With the names of those who day by day Scattered the precious seed with tears-Who bound full sheaves in the harvest time, And garnered stores for the coming years, I have vainly looked, oh, child of earth, If thine, perchance, might be entered there; Arise; be doing; 'tis not yet to late; For thee, it thou wilt, there are gleanings

rare!

" There are golden grains by others lost; And sheaves that the reapers in haste forgot Up, sluggardly soul, from slothful rest. The hours are precious; oh, waste them not! Oh, work! oh, work! for the time is short, To write thee the Lord's ere the bell is tolled That shall tell to the world that the dead old

Is laid in the shadows, stark and cold!" The beli tolled slow for the old year gone; Ahs! for the work that was left undone!

UNAVAILABLE TALENTS.

My wife and I looked at each other in blank despair. We are such lively people that it is very seldom we are both blue at once, but this time we had good and sufficient reason. We had come to our last dollar. We had no certainty of getting any more money, and we were too honest to wish to be in debt. This was an extraordinary position for us, as we were considered by all who knew us to be such "uncommonly talented" people. I was always to'd in college that if I would apply myself I might easily stand first in mys. though in point of fact I stood somewhere in the twenties, I believe. I have since sometimes wondered if application may not be itself a separate talent, instead of being within the reach of all, as is often supposed. My wife was always the life of any company. She was as pretty and trim a woman as you would wish to see. and she sang ballads with really wonderful expression. I never saw a woman who appreciated a joke so quickly, and in amateur theatricals she was irresistible. Her talents went even farther than this. She read poetry so beautifully that everybody cried; and, on the other hand, she was so fond of mathematics that she studied conic sections one winter by herself, " for fun." We were both versatile, we were both lively, we were both mercurial. Now, however, we had no money and very little flour in the house. My wife had made a nice johnny-cake for the delectation of the children at supper, and they had gone to bed content, and were now peacefully sleeping. Meantime it became absolutel . necessary for us to face our fate. I was a lawyer. I chose that profession. not from any innate sympathy with it, but because I could not be a clergyman, and would not be a physician. Of course I began to practice in the city; for though there seemed to be no opening there, I liked to live in the city. You know the theater, and music, and books, and pictures, and society, can hardly be had in the country. If I had been less talented -a mere clothopper-I could have zone without the refinement of life and been happy. As it was, it did not once occur to me that I could live in the tourity. I need not say my practice amounted to nothing. Those who have tried the same experiment know that some years elapse before a maintenance can be counted upon. However, I lived meanwhile on a modest legacy which had descended to me from an aunt, and married a wife. Florence had no money and no experience of housekeeping; but I hope I should not marry as I would select a servant. We got on beautifully in spite of the quicksands which already present themselves to the reader's mind. In the first place we had no end to good times together, so our life was a success so far, and I know we were so happy that we made everybody around us happy too. And we lived within our means, small as they were. We would have liked a million, and I really think we could have spent it profitably; still we were not extravagant, and both of were honorable and conscientious. We were at peace with all the world, and considered ourselves noble in character and talented in mind. Unfortunately the failure of the bank in which my legacy was invested changed the aspect of things. We We smiled at first, because we thought we should respect ourselves more if we were brave. And our friends said we bore it charmingly. "But of course it is not as if you had not your practice.' This was very well, but privately we knew that the practice would hardly keep us in boots and shoes; and then ad practiced long enough now to find out I hated it. I was not meant for a awyer, and, to speak after the manner of the Methodists, it would have been "induiging a false hope" to suppose I ever should succeed. It seemed imper-ative that I should look to some other source for an income. I had written a play for the "Grecian Club," to which we belonged, the year before, which had been received with prolonged applauses but now, when I wrote another, and offered it to the manager, he declined with thanks. I had also written vers de societe which had been pronounced by good critics as witty as Holmes': but when I sent them to the magazines, I reseived a neat printed circular saying that, "owing to the overcrowded state of the market," they could not accept anything more at present, but urging me to believe that " want of literary merit" had nothing whatever to do with their rejection. Florence, getting desperate, advertised for private pupils in mathematics; but only one who appeared was bent on studying logarithms, which she had

mathematician, as far as the principles 30, and that is the reason probably she ates eternal figuring so much. With her music the contrary is true. She knows nothing about the theory, but her practice is exquisite; so of course she cannot give lessons. She sews very well, J believe-at least

we are all kept neat and whole-and she has good taste; but she says her stitches will not bear examination, and if she tried to sew better, she should work so slowly that she could not earn her salt. Her housekeeping is very pleasant, I know; but we have a hundred little idiosyncrasics which would make taking boarders impossible, even if it were not intolerable, so we have never seriously considered that ques-

tion. It will probably be thought cold-blooded in me to speak in this way of my wife's earning anything, especially when, now we had dismissed our girl,

she had everything to do for the chil dren and for me; and, in fact, I did not mean she should do anything, but she was always pondering the matter, and in some dark momen s I gave in a little myself. 1 thought 1 would commit suicide, and let her support the children! It is obvious that now neither of us

felt as sure of our elevated character or ure. of our talents as before the legacy was ost, and we had at last arrived at the above-mentioned state of blank despair. "It is really too bad," said Florence, at last; "it would take so little to make us happy, and yet we can't have it." 'There is nothing under heaven to be done," said I, gloomily, " but for me to go as a day-laborer in a factory; and as I am unskillful, and very old for a be-ful woods.

ginner, I cannot carn enough to support the family, so I think, my dear, that you had better go into the same factory: that is, if we can find work, which I think doubtful in these times. And we will apprentice the children to the trade, -Lucy M. Blinn. so they will be better able to take care of themselves than we were when they grow up.'

Florence made no reply to this re-mark, but shortly after began a short catechism. 'Vau, are you aristocratic?"

"No, not exactly," said I; "I like the things aristocratic people have, you know, but it is not for fear of losing caste that I object to the factory." "I thought not," said Florence, complacently: "but of course you object to the 'grind,' and so do 1. Now the ques-There was not a person of any literary tion is, what are the necessities of life to you?"

"Ot. res," said I. "First, you and the children; second, a house that does uot leak to cover us; third, corn cake un salt fish; fourth, a good fire in the witter; tif i a warm woolen suit for door employment, which will not re

now I saw much of it at home and off its guard. This delighted me. Two rules I observed which made me respected and popular: first, I never entered a house unless I was invited; second, I never insisted that people should buy what they did not want. But I always had an excellent assortment of things, and any little novelty I might have I took pains should be seen at a glance, that it might

showld be seen at a giance, that it might recommend itself. I am passionately fond of out-door air and scenery. I used to enjoy fast horses, but I have my dreamy side, and I hardly know anything more exquisite than to jog leisurely along the country roads at six o'clock on a May morning, when the buds are all bursting and the irds all singing, or to return quietly

home in the late June twilight, just as the stars are coming out. I like to be out in a soft summer rain, too. There is enough to see and enjoy in the crisp autumn weather to reconcile me to the unwieldly cart l ride in. Even on runners it is not to be despised. I believe] like all winds and weathers. Then I used to give myself holidays, often in winter, when Florence and the children and I had no end of fun. Of course we helped Florence to do the house work first, and then had the day for pleas-

From May to October I hardly ever went alone on my journey. Every pleasant day Florence, or one of the children, or all the family, went with me on our rounds. How exciting it was, and how happy we were! We was, and how happy we were! took our dinner with us sometimes, and played we were gypsies, and camped out in the most enticing places in the beauti-

If I had to go alone, I often took a book; sometimes I learned a poem, sometimes I even composed one, and, strange to say the magazines which had disdained my contributions in the days when I desperately needed money, now often accepted my effusions with compliments. In the evenings Florence and I sang

duets, and popped corn, and read novels. As we had no social dignity to keep up, we fell at liberty to enjoy ourselves even better than in the law days, which is saying a great deal, for we always had such a good time then.

Then my business kept improving, so Florence could have a servant. Then we had more time for "larks" than ever. pretension in town except the minister

because it is pleasant to be Cæsar even in a country village. Florence and I wrote a comedy for the Sons of Temper-ance, and performed in it with great ap-gestures around the show-window. each o us; sixth, so ue light active out- plause. I suppose Shakespeare went to his grave without such recognition as duce my sp rits to such a point that I we received. Florence sang in the choir so sweetly that several people who had hardly been to church twice a year before began to go regulariy. We formed a reading club of all the young people who showed a spark of promise, and they had a delightful time, and thought they were literary, and we had a delightfu time, and the modest consciousness that we were great benefactors on our race. Once a year we put on our best clothes and went to the city for a week, and went to the theater, opera, concerts and art galleries, and came home tired and happy, and convinced that tin peddling was a far healthier and happier life than it was possible to lead in the midst of such effete civilizations. Let me be clearly understood. I did not continue the business when I had laid aside enough money to live upon without it. Meantime I can tru y say I enjoyed it a thousand times better than I ever did the law, and to me at least it was a hundred times more lucrative. and I bless the day when my clever wife

Hornets. There is an old woman on Catharine street who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and

then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and sie offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the Uncie Iom Keny nity cents to go to the wcols and bring her a hornet's nest This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and one morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached Central market he had a few little purchases to make, and after and went out to look for a beef bone. It was a dull day for trade. The

grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornet had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber thom up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion,

and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant. The grocer was telling one of the men

that he and General Graat were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several othe starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped about three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of losty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in t at store to move on. They couldn't tarry, to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that and doctor. This state of things had its advantages as well as its disadvantages, over by the cheese-box was answered over by the cheese-box was answered by a war-whoop from the show-case. A howl from the kerosene barrel near

> The crowd went out together. Uncle l'om was just coming in with his beef When a larger body meets a bone. smaller one the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man laid around in the slush until every. body had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he set up and asked : "Hey dey got de fiah all put out vit? Some of the hornets sailed out of doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited profit. around on top of barrels and baskets and jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said : "Mebbe dis will cure de stiffness i streams, with the purpose that his sick dat gal's neck, jest de same, but I tell you I'ze got banged, an' bumped, an ot down on till will take a hull medical college al! winter long to get me so I kin jump off a street kyar."-Detroit Free

Catching Hallbut. The halibut season, says the Sea World, lasts from the middle of January to the first of December. At one time New London, Conn., was an important halibut port, thirty sail of vessels havhallout port, thirty sail of vessels hav-ing been owned there at one time. By reason of the business not paying for a length of time, however, the ficet has been gradually reduced by loss to ten schooners at the present time engaged in the catch. These are fine going schooners of fifty to sixty tons, and there are no better sea boats of sail or team affort. Their experies post tree steam afloat. Their average cost was about \$9,000. They fish on George's Banks and the coast of Nova Scotia, a round voyage including the running of fares to New York, requiring a month. The more venturesome commanders sail in January, although it is considered dangerous to start thus early, and the more careful masters will not venture out till later. The service is a very perilous one, although no men or vossels have been lost from New London in two or three years. This good fortune cannot be counted on to continue, and the hardy mariners verily go forth with their lives in their hands. One master in-forms us that of the men who were in the fleet when he first engaged in it, all have perished on fishing trips. Three, and even four. vessels have been lost in a single year. There are various circumstances attending the loss of halibut men, the terrible storms which sweep the fishing grounds being a fearful element of destruction. Next to the peril by storm is the danger of being

run down by passing vessels, during dark nights, or the impendrable fogs, which cover the grounds like a pall during so many days in the year. The halibut catchers tell of wonderful escapes from dire destruction through this terrible agency, which constantly fill their lives with grave forebodings. The greatest danger is from the collision of European steamers, as frequently the damage produced by sailing ships is not fatal. The fishermen, however, exercise fatal. a commendable degree of conservatism in this matter toward the steamers, averring that in general the steamship captains keep a sharp lookout when off the banks, and do all in their power to avert calamity. Often in the darkness and fog the tiny halibut vessels are not scen until they are almost upon them, when it requires time to change the sheer of their long hulls, and very many times the luckless halibutmen are run lown and sunk beneath the waves

The average crew consists of eight men, two men going out in each dory, of which there are three, two men being eft to manage the vessel. Twenty-five tathom lines are put out from each dory, to which are attached from 300 to 325 hooks. The men are often lost from the vessel by the presence of a sudden gale, or the setting in of a fog. The late

ever wished to marry again; upon

Proverbs. "Christmas comes but once a year."

This is a glorious, hearty old proverb, full of generosity and permission to go to the full length's enjoyment. If the children scream more loudly than usual with delight-if the boys and girls dance and frolic wildly; or paterfamilias purchases a present which is a little too extravagant-never mind it, for once; Christmas comes but orce a year! Forget and forgive, go d folks, and we will forget and forgive in turn.

"Christmas is talked of so long that it comes at last."

This is an old Norman French proverb: "On a tant crie Noel que enfin il esl venu." It is another cheerful pro-verb, full of the spirit of the season, meaning that, whatever trouble or darkness may intervene, light and joy will come at last. It is the same as "It's a long lane that has no turning," or "A tast day is the eve of a feast day." Perhaps it may have the suspicion of an old superstition, that if we only hammer and weary away at anything long enough, we bring it to pass. So then-

"Talk of it ere summer's past, Christmas is sure to come at last." "Alter Christmas comes Lent."

This is German: "Nach weihnachten komme fasten." This is a warning and solemn proverb, something like, "It is dark under the lamp." However, as the Danes say, "Ambolat er ikke rad for en good forhammer"—the anvil does not fear a good sledge hammer, and he who has held a glorious feast-tide finds so much rational pleasure in a season of sobriety and quite joy.

"The bow can not be always bent; Past Christmas comes the sober Lent."

"A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard."

A Danish proverb: "En gran Jaul givvn et fed Kirkegaarn." This is merely the old sanitary and weather theory, that unseasonable weather is unhealthy. When it is warm in winter in prudent people expose themselves to the damp, unhealthy air, or become impatient of too much warm covering, and are caught in a " cold snap, to their sorrow." In the old times when most people dwelt in badly-warmed, badlyconstructed hcuses, such changes in the weather were of much greater significance than at present. "An old bit of a truthful rule-

A Christmas green, a churchyard full." Closely allied to this, but without its terrible warning, we have the German proverb.

"Ist das Wetter um Weihnacht gelind, So freut sich Mann, Weib und Kind." Which, in English, means:

"Is the weather at Christmas mild. It is joy to man, and wite, and child.

When a dead man's property is pu inder the hammer, it is a sale of eff but when a man gets seasick, it is the effects of a sail. Plants grown in small pots bloom

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

nore freely than those grown in larger mes, but are more liable to injury from trying of the earth.

The newest style of men's ulsters appears with wooden buttons on them as big as bureau drawer handles. These are to make then to look knobby .-Peoria Freeman.

Mrs. Yoakam, of Coos River, Oregon, aided by her daughter and one hired man, carries on her farm, and last sum-mer she taid down 1,600 pounds of butter, for which she expects to realize fifty cents per pound during the winter. Beides sufficient hay for her stock she has forty tons to sell.

We find the following in a column of baseball news: "Muffs, this year, will be made of velvet, with a center of fur to match." The center of fur especially is a brilliant idea, and will be appre-ciated by any one who ever attempted to take a "hot liner" and failed to connect.- Buffalo Courier.

A woman philosopher says it is the more complex nerve centers in a womore complex nerve centers in a wo-man which give her greater power of endurance, while at the same time they send rapid communications, and more of them, to the brain. They act as many telegraph wires setting in busy activity this finely convoluted brain.

"I have no patience with a man who can't remember a thing no longer than can't remember a thing no longer than it's being told him," exclaimed Jones, impatiently. "Now, I can carry a thing in my mind a month, if need be." "You're a lucky dog, Jones, "quietly remarked Pendergast, quietly; "it isn't everybody that has so much room in his mind as you have, yc. anow."—Boston Transcript Transcript.

Wolves are threatening large districts within hail of populous towns on the northern shore of the Gulf of Finland. Eleven children have, during two months, near Hango, been carried off by those ferocious marauders, stealing down from the neighboring woods to the very threshold of the peasants' houses. The Finish authorities have offered a reward for the head of every wolf killed or captured. Two kinds of dogs are indicated as most serviceable in wolf hunting. There are sheep dogs and buildogs; the former to drive the game and bring it into a circle, and the latter to pull it down.

Now a way is suggested to help the shipwrecked; for there is no doubt that as in seasons past, so in months to come, vessels will be wrecked, and halfrowned people rescued from the waters by the brave surfmen of the life-saving stations. But the station buildings contain no adequate supply of food, stimuants and clothing for the use of those who are rescued, I ut generally exhausted and ill from their struggles with the waves. The Women's National Relief association proposes that needed stores be kept at each station, and calls upon the charitably disposed to aid in furnishing what is necessary. Donations of beef tea, flannels, bedding, clothing, or anything else which would be useful, can be sent to the armory of the Twentyecond regiment.

can't enjoy your society when I have leisure to sit down in the evening." "And you would like to keep

horse?" said Florence, confidently. "Why. yes," I said, rather surprised "but since we have never kept one since we were married, it seems to me we

might dispense with it now." "Unless it came in the way of busi ness," said Florence, calmly. "Now that I know what your real views of the necessaries of life are, I have a plan which I had hesitated to propose be fore, thinking you might demand more." She unfolded a newspaper, and point d to an advertisement.

FOR SALE .- The horse, cart and complete stock of a tin peddler. Excellent route Business pays well. Sells only because iamily matters require a removal to the West. Term easy. Address A. WICES. A. WICES, Plainville

I felt a spark of hope. "I suppose you are in fun, Florence," I said; "but I really think I should not hate this as much as anything else I see any prosdiscovered a sphere in which all our pect of trying. However it will proba odds and ends of talent would be availbly amount to nothing."

It then appeared that it was severa days since Florence had seen the notice. and she had taken pains to inquire into the matter before speaking to me. She knew some one in Plainville who had learned all the particulars. It really was true. The business was good, that is, of its kind. "Of course," our inlormant said, "it did not pay anything tike the law;" and we hoped he was ight. The peddler really was going West, for he had money enough to live on, and his wite's health demanded change of climate. He would sell cheap, and let us pay in installments, and we could rent his cottage for a very small

sum It did seem providential. Riding about the country, even in a peddler's cart, had far more attractions for me than toiling in a factory. Besides, I had a secret assurance that I had no capacity for "toil," and I knew I could drive any horse in-Plainville at least Then the selling, my goo ! looks (I believe I forgot to men'ion that before), my gentiemanly manners, my good-nature, my persuasive address, on which I had peen complimented again and again, would all be of the utmost service to me in this business; and here I had been almost tearing my hair in my anguish at thinking that none of my powers were of the least avail in the pread-and-butter question.

And so we purchased the business by selling some of our furniture, and went to Plainville to live. I seriously believe that there is a niche for every one Looking back on my time of despair, and comparing it with my present, I am grateful that I can say that while I then thought I was so constituted that could be neither useful nor happy in life. I now find that I have been end with abundant capacities for both usefulness and happiness, and that no talent I possess has failed of bearing some fruit. And Florence says the same thing about herself. Let me elaborate:

The cottage we lived in was not strictly beautiful, but it was comfortable, and in a pleasant place, with an orchard before it, and we trailed creepers on trellises about it, and planted roses and flowering shrubs along the stone walls. It was a fresh, sweet place to live in, and the children had a lovely playground. At first Florence had no servant, and worked very hard, but she was young and well and strong, and she declared that she did not get so tired as she had often done ir our old home with the thousand and one society duties from which she was exempt now. "And the balance in favor of this is,"

she added, "that now I get tired in accomplishing something." I enjoyed my life even the first day,

for, as nobody knew me, I had no loss of caste to feur, and it was amusing to me to see the puzzled faces of my customers, who seemed to feel that in some

able.-Harper's Bazar.

How He Put up the Stove. A short time ago an English emigrant

family arrived in that town, and being destitute of everything, a few kindhearted people gave them sundry articles to help them to go to housekeeping, and among other things a stove. The donor forgot, however, to send along the necessary pipe. The day being very cold, the first thing which the father of the wandering flock turned his attention to was the making of a fire. With grate ful eyes he surveyed the stove (the first he had ever seen) and then glancing at the stovepipe hole in the chimney, which was about two feet from the ceiling.

wondered how the smoke could get up and out of that small hole. His eyes soon rested upon some hooks in the ceil ing, which a former tenant had used for drying apples thereon, and he naturally came to the conclusion that they were intended to hang the stove upon. There was no time to be lost, and so with the aid of chairs and table and a good deal of exertion, the able-bodied man lifted the stove up so that the stovepipe hole, which happened to be at the side of the stove, rested nicely in the hole in the chimney, while his better half lashed it to the afore-mentioned hooks with rope wh ch came around their scanty lug-

gage. Alter everything was secure the patient housewife hastened to prepare some wood wherewith to make a fire. while the perspiring father was designing in his perplexed mind some kind of scaffold whereon his wife could stand to book the frugal meal. But his ideas were overthrown by the sudden appearance of the donor of the stove, bearing the forgotten pipe. An explanation was in order, and after a hearty laugh, the ewildered Englishman was thoroughly nitiated into the mysteries of the Ameri an way of putting up stoves .- Chatham

The story is told that when George D. Prentice, founder of the Louisville ournal. was editor of the New England Weekly Review at Hartford, he had occasion to make some reflections upon John Vanderbilt, a brother of the commodore, who was running a boat be-tween Hartford and New York. Vanderbilt resented it and started out to thrash Prentice, but had hardly reached the third story of the building where Prentice was before he found himself lying on the sidewalk at the foot of the stairs. Prentice published an account of the matter, inviting Vanderbilt to call again, and saying that he (Prentice) weighed fourteen stone and swung a pair of fists like the halyard blocks of an East India schooner.

The man who can't assume a look of atter astonishment and child-like innocence, when detected in trying to get rid vet the unconscious parents across the

Two Men and a Door.

TESS

The storm-doors around the postoffice all open outwardly. This isn't for fear hat a fire will occur and a rush ensue, but it is arranged that way to make man mad. A man will go singing along the stre t, smiling all over, and bragging to himself how good-natured he is, when he suddenly remembers that he must mail a letter. He is only one man, but the other mentioned in the heading stands around to give advice.

The first man rushes up the steps and gives the door a push. It is as solid as a rock, and his momentum generally carries his knees and nose against the hard wood.

"Push!" yells the extra man The other steps back and follows the dvice, but with no successful results. By this time his smile has faded, his lyspepsia b gins to work up, and there is indigestion in his tones as he turns and asks:

" Is this blasted old postoffice closed for the day?"

"Oh, no. sir. I guess you will get in if you push hard enough. I presume the hinges are a little rusty."

Then the man returns to the charge. As a rule he puts his shoulder to the door, his feet slip back, and he comes down in a graceful heap, to be laughed at by all the boys. When he gets up he feels as if he could lick any seven men, but before he has time to pick a fight the other advances and says:

Mighty curious about that door. Ah! I see--opens this way. You might have pushed all day and not got in. I he one who goes in is too mad to post his letter. The one who stays out shakes all over and keeps his eye out for the next.--Detroit Free Press.

A Bit of Komance. A letter to the Chicago Inter-Ocean

from Lake Geneva says: A marriage has just come to light here that was wenty years -- Chambers' Journal. privately solemnized on the nineteenth of September last, which causes a ripple of excitement in the higher circles of society. The parties to the marriage are a young man of French descent, carpenter and joiner by trade, of energy and sterling qualities, but without means, while the bride is the daughter of wealthy and aristocratic English parents whose home is at Nottingham, England. The bride became acquainted with the ambitious carpenter while here on a visit to her grandparents, who reside in this county, and a few days be-fore she was to sail for the green lanes of old England the two hearts that beat as one visited Elkhorn and had the knot tied that should make them one flesh, though the ocean should roll between them. A few days after the marriage the bride sailed for her home and the castle of her native land, while the groom remained to build houses and air castles in the land where a man's a man though he has to labor and a that, and no one would yet have been the wiser but for a law we have that all marriages must be recorded within thirty days, and the fuliness of time has arrived, and the secret is out here, while

treaty entered into with Great Britain has operated against the halibut fleet, and the men are hoping to see the objectional features revoked Our informant was confident that more vessels would blood; engage in the business ere long, and noped to see the fleet built up to respectable size; for, despite its peril, capital

"Gruene Weihnacht, weisse Ostern." thus invested pays very fair margins of

Remarkable Kemedies. Sir Walter Scott's piper, John Bruce,

" If Christmas be in clover, spent a whole Sunday, selecting twelve stones from twe.ve south running

master might sleep upon them and be-come whole. Scott was not the man to etter um Weihnacht gelind, so wæhrt die Kælte gewoehnlich lange bis Freuh-jahr hinein." "When the weather is hurt the honest fell w's feelings by ridimild at Christmas cold weather lasts culing the notion of such a remedy proving of avail; so he caused Bruce to be into spring." All of which proverbs told that the receipt was infallible; but receive important modification when that it was absolutely necessary to sucapplied to this our North American cees that the stones should be wrapped climate. in the petticoat of a widow who had

corning which the Highlander ren unced all hope of completing the It was "John mailiax," published af charm. Lady Duff Gordon once gave an ter she was thirty years old, that brought her fame, and made the task of earning her daily bread a little less arduous. Seven years later she was awarded a old Egyptian woman a powder wrappped in a fragment of the Saturday Review. she came again to assure her benefac tress the charm was a wonder fuly powerpension of three hundred dollars a year. ful (\mathbf{n}) ; for although she had not been able to wash all the fine writing from She was nearly forty when she married In 1865 Captain George Lillie Craik, an the 1 a er, even that little had done her a officer in the English army, who had been great deal of good. She would have in the Crimea, met Miss Mulock, and, made an excellent substitue for a Liama although some years her junior, ad-dressed her and succeeded in winning doctor, who, if he does not happen to her hand. They proved most congenial companions, and their married life was have any medicine handy, writes the name of the remedy he would administer on a scrap of paper, moistens it with all they could wish, with but one excephis mouth, rolls it up in the form of a tion. The woman whose love for chil-dren amounted almost to a passion, who pill, which the patient tosses down his wrote "Philip, My King," was denied the happiness of feeling baby fingers throat. In default of paper, the name of the drug is chalked on a board, and washed off again with water, which serves as a healing draught. These upon her cheek or of ever hearing herself called mother. This was a severe sorrow. easy-going practitioners might probably but even this pain has been partly as cite plenty of instances of the efficacy of suaged. Strangely enough, one dark, rainy night, while she and her husband their methods. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburg, once gave a laborer a prewere speaking of children and of the scription, saying: "Take that, and come back in a fortnight, when you will be joy and brightness they bring to so many dwellings, there came a loud ring at the bell and then a furious knocking. well." Obedient to the injunction, the patient presented himself at the fort-On opening the door, lying upon the sil. night's end, with a clean tongue and a they found a basket inclosed in many happy face. Proud of the fulfillment of his promise, Dr. Brown said: "Let me wrappings. When they were removed see what I gave you." "Oh," answered the man, "I took it, doctor." "Yes, I know you did; but where is the pre-scription ?" "I swallowed it," was the reply. The patient had made a pill of muslin, and on its breast was pinned a note begging Mrs. Craik to be kind to the little waif thus brought to her the paper, and faith in his physician's skill had done the rest. Faith is a rare door, and assuring her that no mean blood flowed in its veins. Tenderly she wonder-worker. Strong in the belief that every Frank is a doctor an old Arab lifted the little thing in her arms, and her heart opened as warmly to take in who had been partially blind from birth, the poor little deserted creature. They pestered an English traveler into giving called the child Dorothea, God-given, him a seidlitz powder and some poma and she became their legally adopted daughter, as tenderly cherished and as tum. Next day the chief declared that he could see better than he had done for passionately loved as though she had been their own.

M188 Mulock's Komance.

they discovered a lovely little babe only a few hours old. The child was wrapped in one roll after another of India

Words of Wisdom. Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

Knowledge is more than equivalent to force.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory. Proud hearts and lofty mountains are

always barren. The trees that are most in the sun

hear the sweetest irnits. It is a curious fact that from vice to

virtue the road is a long and hard one, while from virtue to vice the road i very short.

Some men grumble because they have no opportunity, while others go to work to make opportunities for themselves. We make solemn promises to be aw

fully good when we are in danger of death, but when we begin to get well we forget all about them. It is not safe to have too many irons

two rabbits he must needs leave one and s apt to lose the other. When a man married a large but

"Christmas is a good time to bleed horses in." This was an old superstition, and was closely followed. The horses were run up and down until in a sweat and then bled. As Tusser sings: Ere Christmas be passed, let horses to be let

For many a purpose it doth them much good. "A green Christmas, a white Easter."

German, of course. The same has

another form: "Weihnacht in klee, Ostern in schnee."

Easter with snow'll be heaped over." And the same people say: "Ist das

Present Population of the Earth. Behm and Wagner's Bevolkerung de Erde, gives a mass of well-digested information on the area and population of the countries of the world. The areas of Europe, Asia, America, Australia, Polynesia and the polar regions have been carefully recomputed, and as the results differ in many instances fror statements usually found in handbooks, we give an abstrast of these new figures: Area in sta. sq. m. Inhabitants Europe (exclusive of Iceland and Novaya

- of 11	Atrica11,548,35 America14,822,47	5 205,679,000 95 495,500
	America	6 4,031,000 3 82,000

if these figures are correct, the ocean in the fire. When a man tries to catch covers 144,364,860 square miles, or 73.31 per cent of the earth's surface. The most populous towns in the world are London (3,630,000,) Paris (1,988,806),

Vitality.

The highest vitality is characterized by the vigorous and harmonious working of all the bodily organs. There it connected with it the power to digest and assimilate food and to transform it into heat and force; to eliminate freely alt waste products from the system, to expel-within limits-deleterious substances that may find their way into the circulation through the lungs, stomach or skin; to repair the effects of acidental injury; and to enjoy, without painful reaction, the normal activity of the brain, muscles, senses, and the nat-ural appetites. To persons of high vitality, there is pleasure in the mere sense of being, and vastly more in the full and well-balanced employment of body, mind and heart. There slumbers within them, at all times, a great power of achievement. They are equal to emergencies, though so calm may be their life that their nearest friends may not perceive how much is in them until those emergencies, which break down

others, may call them to the front. A low vitality is the reverse of this. The person is effected by petty, disturbing causes, and readily yields to almost every deleterious agent. The machin-ery is constantly getting out of order if it may ever be said to be in order. The infant is puny, and, in the majority of cases, dies within two years. If he manages to survive, he reaches adult life in a state of chronic inva idism. He can "bear nothing;" is dyspeptic, nervous, hysterical, neuralgic, peevish and fickle; is easily discouraged; attempts little, accomplishes less; and, if he drags along to old age, often wishes himself dead, and wonders how or why he lives.

Now these are extremes, between which is every variety of grades. The lifference is often a matter of heredity. Yet the best constitution may be thrown away by over-feeding, sensual indul-gence, passion, anxiety, fret, lack of diversion, improper focd, insufficient sleep, foul air, over work of body or On brain, indolence, or an aimless life. the contrary, the feeble constitution, by care, may be lifted to a high grade of vitality. Parents should know enough of physiology to begin right with their children; train them to right habits, and fix in their minds, while still young, right ideas of morals and hygiene.

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following, from an exchange, is true to the letter: The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary plans which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and, if he is foiled in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation to crimes, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To tho e he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison, waiting trial. all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would brin

Ont.) Tribune. A Call on the Editor.

