The Chatham Record.

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New Year's Eve.

The old year's almost gone,
Sweetheart,
He will not see the dawn;
The wind's wandering thro the woodland creeps
The patient earth in th' darkness sleeps,
Only the glow of our hearth fire's light—
Brightens the mark o' the dreary night—
The old year's almost gone.

Much have we lost in the year,
Sweetheart,
Treasures precious and dear;
There were kindly deeds that we might have done,
There were gentle hearts that we left unwon;
And fields where might have grown gram of worth
Lie fallow under the frozen turf;
Much have we lost in the year!

What have we won in the year,
Sweetheart,
Rich guerdon our hearts to cheer?
Web pain was the pearl of patience bought,
Has labor clearer insight wrought?
Has earnest striving for noble ends
Gained us the strength high purpose lends?
What have we won in the year?

What have we learned in the year,
Sweetheart,
Soul truth eternal and clear?
That bruised gold shall be refi'd with pain,
That what we gave, alone is gain;
That the kindly heart and the open hand
Are greater riches than house and land?
What have we learned in the year?

The New Year dawneth clear,
Sweetheart.
Heaven rest the Old Year's bier!
Duller and duller the embers glow,
Deeper and brighter your dear eyes grow;
Pray, love, for the week of our mortal fate,
For the strength to do and the grace to bear—
For love, than life more dear.

—*Mrs. E. M. Gibson.*

RECEIVING CALLS.

"I am sixteen," said Alexia Ardell, resolutely, "and I was put into long dresses last month, and I've a right to come down into the parlor and see company on New Year's day! And I am sure that papa would let me, if he was here, and I *will*!"

Alexia stood in the middle of the floor, with her fluffy golden hair falling over her eyes, her cheeks glowing a mild pink, and her whole *personnelle* indicative of resolve and determination in the extremest degree.

Mrs. Ardell looked at her in despair. The two Misses Scarlett, her daughters by a former marriage, and Alexia's not particularly beloved step-sisters, sat as stiff and prim as two carved marble images. "Alexia's temper" was proverbial in the family, and these very proper and precisely behaved young women were wont to affect the greatest dismay at its vehement gusts.

"Alexia," said Mrs. Ardell solemnly, "in your dear papa's absence it is my duty to enforce his precepts, and carry out his discipline. You are a great deal too young to receive visitors on New Year's Day, like Verena and Ermengarde. You are to go back to boarding-school to-morrow."

"But!" cried Alexia, in dismay, "my holidays do not expire until Wednesday."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Ardell, compressing her thin lips to a mere slit; consequently, you can see how far you have abridged your own period of recreation by your ungovernable will."

Alexia, forgetting all about the sixteen years, and the long dresses, burst into loud weeping.

"Pray, Alexia, don't be so silly," said Verena.

"One would think," tartly spoke up Ermengarde, "that you were a child of ten years old. Of course, it is all for your own good—"

"My own fiddlesticks!" irreverently interrupted Alexia, as she fled from the apartment in floods of undignified tears.

But numbers are certain to conquer, in the long run; and so Judge Ardell's daughter was packed remorsely off to boarding school, and Mrs. Ardell's two girls returned to their consultations with the dressmaker for the grand gala-day of the year.

Verena, a pallid blonde, with cold, watery-blue eyes, and colorless flaxen hair, was to wear blue damask, embroidered around the skirt in palm-leaves of seed pearls.

Ermengarde, who had a little more bloom, and ventured to call herself a brunette, had chosen pink satin, with cloudlike draperies of black lace; while the matron herself, no bad exemplification of the poet's idea of "fat, fair and forty," was to wear ruby velvet, richly trimmed with point aplique lace and a diamond cross, which, in the absence of her husband, she had hired from an accommodating jeweler for the occasion.

While Alexia—poor, heart-broken child,—was sent ruthlessly to the depot, where Miss Gardiner, the governess, was telegraphed to meet her.

But Miss Gardiner, as it chanced, did not receive the message in time, and was not there; and Mr. Herbert Helullyn *was* there!

Alexia knew him very well, she had seen him once at her stepmother's. He owned a brown stone house, fronting on the Central Park, and a place near Lake George, called Helullyn Hall. He drove a pair of superb, high-stepping horses, and owned a private picture gallery; and Ermengarde Scarlett had selected him as the special target for the arrows of her hazel eyes, this season.

Mr. Helullyn recognized Alexia at once.

"Miss Scarlett's little sister, isn't it?" said he.

Alexia furtively whisked away her tears, and answered.

"Yes."

"Is anything the matter?" said Mr. Helullyn. "Can I be of service? Pray command me, if—"

"If you could please take me home!" said eager Alexia. "Very sixly indeed, mind! because I've been sent back to boarding-school before the holidays are out, just because Verena, Ermengarde, and mamma consider me too little to see company on New Year's day."

"This is serious trouble, indeed!" said Mr. Helullyn, laughing.

"Oh, it is, indeed!" sighed Alexia. "I am sixteen, you know, and I should so like to be a young lady, like Verena and Ermengarde! but you see," returning to the subject, "Miss Gardiner is not here to receive me, and if you would please take me back in your carriage, I would creep in by the area-gate, and perhaps—perhaps, I shall be 'at home' on New Year's day, after all—But," her large, dark eyes suddenly blazing into indignation, "you are laughing at me!"

"Not laughing *at* you, Miss Ardell," he hastened to explain "only with you!"

"Miss Ardell!"

Alexia's heart leaped at this delicious tribute to her young ladyhood. She felt prouder still when Mr. Helullyn helped her into his carriage and they drove away.

"Leave me at the corner of the street, please," said Alexia. "It would never do for mamma and the girls to see me in your carriage! And Ermengarde would be so vexed!"

And so the little wild gipsy stole in at the area-gate; and bribed the cook with a kiss and a string of amber beads not to betray her surreptitious re-entrance into the family circle, while Mr. Helullyn went home to wonder what there was so fascinating in Alexia Ardell's round, dimpled face and liquid, dark eyes.

"A child, indeed!" he said to himself. "She is a woman, and a dangerously lovely woman, too—only she doesn't know it! Eyes like pools of deep garnet brown; hair all glistening like tangles of sun-shine. Little Alexia, if you could only see yourself as others see you, you might be tempted to be vain! I shall make a point of calling at Judge Ardell's house on New Year's day, and if Miss Alexia is not there, I shall certainly inquire for her!"

The pink satin dress vindicated Mme. Chatissa's fame as an artistic dressmaker; the blue damask came home in time to be tried on and pronounced "perfect," on Saturday night; and on Monday, the Misses Scarlett dressed themselves with judicious care, and many bayings with rose water and cautious applications of pearl-cream and blush-pink.

The drawing-rooms, decorated with hot-house flowers, and illuminated, not with vulgar gas, but with the white lustre of many wax candles in myrad-branched candelabra, had been personally inspected by Mrs. Ardell before she went to make her toilet, and the little room at the back, where the judge ordinarily kept his boots, and overcoats, and Turkish pipes, had been transformed into a smilax-garlanded bower, where faint lights glowed through shades of Nile-green glass, and the most elegant and aesthetic refreshments were arranged in *chiaine* enamelled ware, trays of *repousse* silver, and baskets of Dresden China.

And, just at the time when Ermengarde was saying to her sister "How do I look, dear?" and Verena was twisting herself into the shape of a letter S, to see the back of her false pugs and plaitings in the mirror, little Alexia was enthusiastically tossing about the contents of an old cedar chest in the store-room, which contained the long forgotten wardrobe of the first Mrs. Judge Ardell.

"Oh," she cried, *this* is beautiful!" and she unfolded a scented robe of long China crape, crimped like the shingly bars of the finest sea-sand, and embroidered in fantastic figures of scarlet silk. "I'll wear *this*."

"But it's so odd and old-fashioned, miss," said Louisa, the maid.

"That is the very charm of it!" pronounced Alexia. "Oh, do make haste, Louisa, with my hair! Are you sure you can do it like the plate in the fashion book?"

Mrs. Ardell was arranging the folds of the point lace over her shoulders, when Miss Verena rushed up stairs.

"Mamma, Ermengarde!" she cried, "who is the lady down stairs?"

"The lady down stairs?" repeated both mother and daughter in amazement.

"Receiving Mr. Helullyn in our drawing room!" cried breathless Verena. "In the loveliest dead-white dress, brocaded in scarlet silk, and long golden hair braided with antique Roman pearls."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ardell, "you must be crazy!"

And both she and Ermengarde hurried down stairs, just in time to see the beautiful young intruder courtesying a gracious greeting to two of the jeunesse dorees of New York.

"Ah!" said Alexia, with the utmost self-possession, "here is mamma now, and my sisters. Don't move, Mr. Helullyn," she added in a lower tone, "I'm quite safe now. Mamma won't dare to scold me before company."

And Mrs. Ardell and the Misses Scarlett were forced to digest their rage and mortification as best they could.

For Alexia outshone them as a real, crimson-hearted rose outshines the milliner's false presentiment—as the diamond outshines the wretched paste ornament and they knew it but too well.

But success excuses everything, and Mrs. Ardell could not but perceive that the quaint young beauty, in the antique dress, was emphatically a success.

"Alexia," she cried, when there was a temporary lull in the stream of callers, how dared you play us such a trick?"

"I did it for fun, mamma," said Alexia. "And if you scold me, I shall tell Mr. Helullyn. It was he that brought me back from the depot, and he is my *friend*."

"I never heard anything so insolent in my life!" cried Ermengarde Scarlett, turning pale with anger.

"She ought to be locked up for a week on bread and water," said Verena, passionately.

But Alexia only arched her eyebrows and smiled.

During that New Year's day the child had bloomed out into a woman. Alexia had discovered her own talisman of power.

They could none of them ever scold or tyrannize over her again. She had no more fears of being sent back to boarding-school.

But Miss Ermengarde Scarlett could hardly conceal her spite the next day when Mr. Helullyn came to ask Alexia out to drive, nor when bouquets with cards attached, kept arriving for Alexia.

"Mamma," she said, "what is to be done?"

"Nothing, that I can see," said Mrs. Ardell, drily. "The child can't help being a beauty, I suppose."

"She will have to go everywhere with us now," said Verena, plaintively.

"I tried my best to keep her back," sighed Mrs. Ardell; but she has precipitated herself into society."

And pretty Alexia Ardell reigned the belle of the season, and in the spring Mr. Helullyn asked her father for her hand in marriage. The judge, honest man, stared in amazement.

"I—I thought it was Ermengarde you fancied!" said he. "I knew she liked you!"

"I am too much honored," said Mr. Helullyn, without changing a feature; "but I have never aspired to that honor. It's Alexia, and Alexia only, that I love!"

"Oh!" said the judge. "Well, suit yourself—suit yourself!"

And so before she was quite seventeen, Alexia Ardell was married, and Ermengarde and Verena had the drawing-room all to themselves upon the next New Year' day.

But they were not satisfied, after all. Some people never *are* satisfied.

Biting Horses.

A foreign journal avers that horses are successfully cured of this vice by putting a piece of hard wood, an inch and a half square, in the animal's mouth, about the same length as an ordinary snaffle bit. It may be fastened by a thong of leather passed through two holes in the ends of the wood, and secured to the bridle. It must be used in addition to the bit, but in no way to impede the working of the bit. Rarey adopted the plan with the zebra in the Zoo, which was a terrible brute at biting. Mr Rarey succeeded, however, in taming and training him to harness, and drove him through the streets of London. Animals with this vice should be treated kindly in the stable and not abused with pitchfork handles, whips, etc. An apple, crust of bread a piece of beef, etc. and a kind pat, but firm, watchful hand and eye, with the use of the above wooden bit, will cure the most inveterate biter. The fact that he cannot shut his mouth or grip anything soon dawns upon him, and then he is conquered.

Thirty-eight different nationalities are ruled by the czar of Russia.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Blossom Lost

Oh, tell me, have you seen her,
My cunning, bright-eyed pet?
She ran away this morning,
I haven't found her yet.
I've called, and kept on calling:
She doesn't come to me.
My darling little Blossom;
Oh, dear, where can she be?

You'll know her if you see her,
Her hair's so soft and fine;
She's not a common kitten,
That little cat of mine.
Hark, now! I thought I heard her;
Why, there she is, you see!
You naughty, naughty kitten!
Come right straight here to me!

Little Bum

Bum was a dear little hummingbird. Grandma found him one cold, wet morning under the grape-vine by the back porch. She brought him into the warm sitting-room and gave him some hot milk to drink.

Soon he opened his little bright eyes and looked around, but he did not stir. He lay in grandma's hand as if dead and soon she put him in the bay-window among the flowers.

Then he came to life pretty quick, I can tell you. May put some sweetened water in a saucer under the big geranium, and he soon began to sip it just as he got the honey out of the bright flowers—darting his little tongue in and out so quickly we could hardly see it.

He soon learned that we were his friends, and was as happy as could be, flitting about among grandma's flowers in the sunny window.

All through the cold winter he lived there, and amused us with his quaint little ways; but when spring came he grew uneasy, and one day, when a beautiful little green-and-gold humming bird was flitting about in the garden, we let him go free and they went away together.

He liked the free life the best, for we never saw him again, although we watched among the flowers in the garden all through the long summer days.

"I Can and Will."

A writer in the *Examiner* tells of a boy who was wise enough to decline the assistance which would have weakened him mentally and injured his self-reliance. The story, which conveys its moral, is as follows.

I know a boy who was prepared to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson.

The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him, "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it if you give me time."

I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite a lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like these boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor.

Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers, which, under the inspiration of "I can and will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

Millions for Defense.

An Iowa paper is responsible for the following, which evidently refers to the Rev. O. Clute, of Iowa City. He must have been troubled with chicken thieves last summer:

An Iowa city clergyman has 153 hives of bees, which are arranged around his hen house, and when he hears a thief fooling round that establishment in the darkness, he just lies still and waits to hear a hive upset, and then laughs at the sound of wild yells gradually dying away in the distance.—*Practical Farmer.*

Not Enough Line.

There are fish, scientific authorities tell us, that live in the ocean, at a depth of 2,000 feet below the surface. There, we always knew there was some reason why we never caught any fish. We told the last skipper we fished with that 800 feet of line wasn't enough.—*Hawkeye.*

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

A Hompus Raised About the Loss of a Swallow-Tailed Coat.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, lifting her away from her refreshment table and regarding the effect with her head very much on one side; "my dear, what are you going to wear when you make calls on new year's?"

"Clothes, I suppose, returned Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper. "Why, has the fashion changed recently about wearing clothes?" and Mr. Spoopendyke regarded his wife with an anxious look of inquiry.

"But you should wear your swallow-tail coat by all means," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "All the gentlemen wear swallow-tail coats on new year's day now.

"Well, if you think you are going to strap me up in a two-tailed coat and dart me around this town looking like the head waiter of a dollar-and-a-half summer resort, you're just as badly left as a one-armed man at a church supper! I may be dead gasted as enough to hop around to the various cold hen roosts, wishing the occupants a happy new year, but when you melt me into a clothes-pin jacket it'll be when a person no longer holds her seat in this old gasted brain!" with which application of a trite quotation Mr. Spoopendyke settled himself back and contemplated his wife with a lofty glance of superiority.

"Of course, if you don't want to," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, snubbingly, "there won't be any great objection raised to your business suit. Besides, now that I think of it, the moths eat into your dress coat, and I don't think it is fit to wear," and she put a few finishing touches on her table, and admired it from another standpoint.

"Let's see it!" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, springing from his chair and making for his closet, closely followed by his wife. "What's the matter with it? What's the moth got to do with it? Who put moths in it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke rummaged around and fired his clothing in all directions in his vain search for the particular garment. "Where is it?" he howled, scattering his wardrobe broadcast. "Have the measly moths eaten it all up? Didn't they leave even a button hole? Show me my coat! Bring out the split in the tails! If there's nothing else left, give me one last, fond glance at the arm holes!" and Mr. Spoopendyke kicked his best trousers to the ceiling, followed them with a vest, which he supplemented with a pair of boots. "Show me the great North American moth fodder! Fetch forth unparalleled diet for the measly moth! Are we a nation?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, jamming his thumb in the door and hopping around like a scene with the injured digit in his mouth. "Did ever a door!" he howled, bringing it a prodigious kick that bent his leg up under him like a school girl's.

"Did you hurt yourself, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, dodging the flying boots and clothing.

"Does it look as if I'd hurt the door any?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, jamming his thumb in his armpit, and bending double with the pain. "Does that door give the impression of having smashed its thumb anywhere? Why didn't the moths eat the door? Hoist 'em out and give 'em a feed!" And Mr. Spoopendyke caught the offending wicket by the knob and tugged until he was out of breath.

"Perhaps it isn't so bad after all," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around the room in a trembling effort to catch up with him.

"Pr'haps it ain't!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, holding his thumb out a arms length. "Pr'aps you've got some scheme for making it worse! Oh, go ahead! Don't mind me. Take the thumb, friend, and do your worst!" And Mr. Spoopendyke dropped into his chair and groaned with wrath. "It's a good thing for this family that I can control myself!" he howled. "If I was like most men the lot on which this house stands would be a good place to build!" with which solemn prophecy Mr. Spoopendyke sprang to his feet, kicked the chair into the obnoxious closet and snorted aloud.

"I didn't mean your thumb, dear," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I was talking about the coat. May be the coat isn't in such a bad condition as I supposed it was at first."

"Think they left a pocket anywhere?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, with a grimace, half pain and half anger. "Or pr'aps you thing that since the moths eat the coat I can wear the moths! Bring them out! Hold 'em up while I climb into the sleeves! That's your idea? That's the notion that's been bothering you so long?"

"I don't know but what you can wear the coat, anyway?" chirped Mrs. Spoopendyke, looking up cheerfully, and opening the door of her closet, where she had carefully hung the coat after sponging it that very day. "You can look at it, anyhow," and she brought it out, looking as new and fresh as when he bought it.

"Then there's something you don't know!" he grumbled, eyeing his recreant garment with a critical eye. "If it wasn't for moths, we might only be damped together, and that would be asylum if would make for some young and growing [illegible] Leaving you [illegible] pump and [illegible] gas fixtures. Groom the coal, and Mr. Spoopendyke grasped his garment, and threw it over his wife's head. "Let's go for safe keeping, and wear it," and wrapped in a cloud of growls, *exit Spoopendyke.*

Why January 1 Is New Year.

Every one knows that January 1 is the beginning of the year, but not every one knows why it is so. It nearly no natural division of time nor any event in the world's history which would give it such distinction. The winter solstice, that is, the period when the sun appears to reach its greatest southern declension, or farthest point south of the equator, occurs December 22, nine days before the new year begins. The summer solstice, another natural division of time, occurs on June 22, a point nearly as far removed from the new year as the calendar permits. The natural divisions of time which most recommend themselves at once to the practical observer are the winter and summer solstices and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, periods at which the days and nights have equal length, or their greatest difference. These having been neglected, the moon's phases would seem to have been most likely to be taken upon. But one Julius Cæsar, who in B. C. gave his name to a year, governed by caprice or reason of the most temporary duration, departed from the former Roman system of reckoning the year from the winter solstice and made the commencement on January 1 for no better reason than his desire to inaugurate his reign with a new year.

The Julian system, devised by the aid of Sosigenes, commanded the common year of 365 days and the intercalary year of 366. The subdivision of the year into months was similar to the present system. This division of time, though imperfect, is still practiced in Russia. The error was in giving the year 365 days, which is too much by about eleven minutes. Pope Gregory XIII ordered October 5, 1582, to be called the 15th, and that all centurial years which are not multiples of four should not be leap years, which makes a loss of three leap years in every 400 years gives the civil year an average length of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds, which still exceeds the true solar year by a fraction of a second, which amounts to a day only in 3,866 years. The present, or Gregorian system is used by all Christendom, except Russia. It was adopted by England in 1752 and by France in 1564.

Prior to the reformation of the calendar by Julius Cæsar, and many centuries afterward, the methods of dividing time were so unsatisfactory and imperfect. The moon was the planet which in olden time governed all nations, and was made to answer variance between the natural and civil year. The religious feasts of the Christian church are still regulated by the moon. The council of Nice provided that Easter, the central point by which all other days in the ecclesiastical calendar are fixed, should fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon succeeding or after March 21. The complex method of adjusting these great periods correspond with the civil year is evidence enough of the difficulty of arranging any system for the computation of time to the convenience of all. Our week and month are not natural divisions of time, though some ingenious efforts have been made to trace some connection between natural phenomena and the period of seven days.

Superstition About Hair.

The idea of savages and of our compatriots about the mysterious connection which is supposed to exist between the cut hair and person to whom it belonged," are shown to be often identical. It seems that in Ireland it is held that human hair should never be buried, because at the resurrection the former owner of the hair will come to seek it," and that it ought not to be lost. Bird somewhere should find it and carry it off, causing the owner's head to ache all the time the bird was busy weaving the hair into its nest." A cure that similar belief lies at the root is sought for whooping cough current in Northamptonshire and Devonshire. A lock of the patient's head is placed between two slices of buttered bread and given to a dog. "The dog will get the cough and the patient lose it."

Firelight Pictures.

The firelight flickers in the open grate,
And shadows flit along the wall,
Dull flames shoot up, like hand of fate,
As I somber gloom seems over all.
And as I sit and in fancy paint
Pictures in the firelight's glare,
I see some there that make me faint—
Recalling joys and deep despair.

Scenes of the happy long ago,
When life was young and hope was high,
When life's river ran with peaceful flow,
And heart ne'er sent to lips a sigh;
When love made all the earth look bright,
The future, heaven, indeed, on earth;
Dark darkest cloud tinged with a light,
In the moment giving new joys a birth.

But joys and love have faded now,
And snuffed like the dying flame;
Grief marks are on my heated brow,
And happiness is but a name.
But when cold death has kissed my eyes,
And I am called from earth above
To dwell in some shade on the skies,
Where reigns a perfect love.

—*Hattie Fox Nance, M. D.*

HUMOROUS.

A young lady called her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

Molieri, the French tenor, went mad over his own whistling. In this country the neighbors generally do that.

When a billy goat unceremoniously butts a man down it can be truthfully said he is "the power behind the throne."

"My, ma!" exclaimed a little girl, glancing at the steam gauge on a stationary engine, "it's sixty o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that."

A young colored man of Illinois is said to have made a fortune of $10,000 within a year. We suspect he served a few months as porter on a Pullman palace car.

ON THE CONTRARY.

The sun and his every out
To make the sun and sit
From on the inside yonder
They look this side out that.

"Yes, sir," said the detective, "I'll look up his character. By the way: Do you wish to ascertain that he's a moral and honest person? I always like to please my customers."

"And what is this animal called?" asked the teacher of the class in natural history, as he pointed to a picture of a sloth. "And the class all shouted at once: "A messenger boy!"

When the doctor advised Brown to take care of his health, Brown remarked, with a feeble smile, that really it was so poor that he didn't think it was worth while taking care of it.

The Empress of Russia has just ordered a fur-lined, diamond-bespangled cloak, at a cost of $13,000. Of course you will cut out this paragraph before you give the paper to your wife to read.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all lather, and asks him: "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing for him to answer: "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it is in human nature to so reply.

One cannot be too careful of his health, warm days. A tramp caught cool and died the other day from throwing away a lot of cold victuals. He had worked himself into a high state of perspiration begging the victuals.

Salaries of New York School Teachers.

The salaries paid to principals and teachers in the New York schools vary according to the attendance of the previous year, the length of service, etc. A male principal receives from $2,250 to $4,000, depending on the average attendance; a female principal of a grammar school is paid from $1,200 to $1,800, the salary of a primary school principal being $200 less; these salaries also depend on the average attendance until the woman has been a principal for fourteen years, when she may, by a vote of the Board of Education, be given the maximum salary of $1,750 or $1,800, regardless of the number of pupils in her school. When a girl is appointed a teacher she receives $500 the first year, to which $50 or $100 is added after that time. The average salary of a primary school teacher is $600, women only being allowed to teach in the primary schools and the girls' grammar schools. In the latter the average salary is $725. In the male grammar schools the average salary of a male teacher is $800, and of male teachers $1,500. When a man is first appointed a teacher he receives $700, and the second year he usually receives $1,200. Special teachers in German and music receive $1,750 an hour, and in drawing $2 an hour. The principals of the evening schools are paid $4 a night, the men teachers $2.50, and the woman teachers $2. Janitors receive from $500 to $1,500 a year, their pay being graded according to the size of their school buildings, the number of stoves in them, etc.