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AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

At Christmas time last year So many friends that now gone were here? So many hopes were glowing then unspoken...

A small parcel in her hand, which she handed the young lady. The latter received it eagerly, but after glancing at the address, passed it, with a disappointed air, to her aunt.



—Mrs. M. W. Weston.

A CHRISTMAS FAN.



It is finished at last! Isn't it a beauty? The speaker, a pretty and bright looking girl of eight years, pushed away her polka-dot, rose from her seat, and standing in the midst of the room, held up with a graceful poise a fan of silk and needles of pearl, exquisitely patterned.

"Really," she added, as she inspected the parcel and drew forth an elegant fan. "I must say that the Major displays a great taste in his selection of presents. What a lovely design, and how exquisitely patterned! And yet I am disappointed, for I had hoped it was something for you, Eudalie, from Neil. My dear," with a solemn shake of the head, "I begin to fear that you will never succeed there."

"But I will succeed!" the girl replied, with a sudden, sharp decision of voice and expression. "You will see."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

My dear friend, I am happy to see you under a big, broad, tall pine tree. We'll have some of the great, green pine. They have their hammers and I have mine.

Some time ago, a gentleman visited a pen of tame ostriches in South Africa. At his call two beautiful birds came up to him. Being desirous of testing their speed he arranged with the keeper that they should run a race.

They came bounding along at a terrific rate, taking twenty or thirty feet at a stride. They ran neck and neck for more than half the distance, their wings working like arms and making a great sound. Presently one threw itself and, looking behind, as you may have noticed, it was a female bird.

Some time has been written about the boy king of Saxa and Spain, and such immense quantities of ink have been devoted to describing almost every minute of his daily life.

ONLY A FEW LEFT.

Great Scarcity of Whales in the Arctic Ocean.

Steamers and Natives Reduce a Once Profitable Business.

"The Arctic whaling fleet," said Captain Kelly, a whaler, to a San Francisco Chronicle reporter, "is now retreating to port, and the news from the whaling grounds is very discouraging, the catch, at that report, not exceeding sixty-four whales. This number will not be increased a great deal, on account of the lateness of the season when the last returns were made. This is certainly not an encouraging prospect for the owners or crews of these vessels. The amount of capital invested in the business coming out of San Francisco is considerable. There are ten steamers, twenty tugs, five schooners and two brig.

Two vessels have been wrecked this season—one bark and one steamer. The decline in whaling has been so great within the last eight years that, comparatively speaking, little has been brought into the market, whaling being the great employment in the pursuit of the business. The high price paid for whalebone, for which there is no proper substitute, has gradually wrought this great change in the greatly early, particularly during last season. To show how this has been brought about and to give a fair understanding to all those interested in the business let us go back to 1871, when the first ribbles were used in killing the whales. From that time until 1888, when the price of oil and ivory began to decline, the slaughter of the whale was so great that they were nearly exterminated, and the few left were so small that the report of a whale was the signal for the whole fleet to play into the sea and disappear among the icebergs of the Arctic. It is a sad story, but it is a true one. The whale, once so plentiful, is now scarce, and the whaling industry is in a state of decline.

Some time has been written about the boy king of Saxa and Spain, and such immense quantities of ink have been devoted to describing almost every minute of his daily life. It is a story of a young boy who became king of a large kingdom at a very young age. He was a brave and noble ruler, and his reign was a glorious one. He was loved by his people and respected by his enemies. His life was a story of adventure and heroism.

When the Train Comes In.

There is no more time near, And a half-subject cheer, As around the curve the cars steadily spin; While impatient feet await The opening of the gates, At the station when the train comes in.

There is handclapping and kissing And inquiries for the missing, And a something low and there for friends to catch.

There are smiles and tearful sighs, And a waiting of good bye, At the station when the train comes in. Then from out the baggage car, Oh, so careful, feet to jar, Comes a long and narrow box amid the din.

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HEMORRHS.

When you feel that it is your own, One can never tip a water-so that he loses his balance.

It is not unusual to see a tall man short-of funds.

"Never say die" is a motto that some barbers would grow poor on.

Woman was made for man, but man has been a woman ever since.

Some people get so fat and fat to law, Others fight, and for a policeman and let the law come to them.

George—That is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Paul? Aren't you afraid your wife will see you? Mr. N. Paul—That is a little late for you to be out, isn't it, Paul? Aren't you afraid your wife will see you?

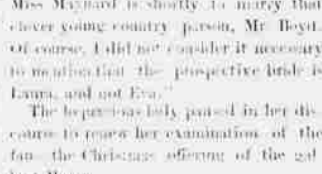
Albert—Say, George, don't you think Miss Rose has been beautiful? Don't you think she has been regular lately? George—who has just prepared and been rejected—Well, to tell the truth, Albert, I don't like her now.

The "American Beauty," The exquisite American Beauty, which, so says a florist, is the most popular and is selling more in the market, has a growing little history of its own. In the first place, it is the only one variety of rose that America has given to the world.

Palpit to Gambling House. "Speaking of the various disappointments," said Captain Nelson, at the round banquet table, "we have of the kind to-day. Seasonally, only a few years ago, one of the most popular elegances in the city, known as the wife and children of the upper class, and let his name to a certain service of his church. It is a very popular one, and was never seen in Savannah again. Detectives were employed to search for him, and a large amount of money was expended on the investigation, but all to no avail, and within six months the conclusion was reached that he had either committed suicide or had been murdered. A year or so later a young physician from Savannah, who had been an attendant upon this elegantly's administration, was in Paris, and was making the rounds of the city with some friends. They went into one of the well-known gambling houses, and had not been there many minutes before a man entered who in the Savannah doctor immediately recognized as the fugitive preacher. The physician accosted him by name, whereupon the elegantly drew him into a corner and begged him to be silent and discreet. 'I am,' he said, 'one of the proprietors of this house, and I am seeking your life. The profession of the ministry grew utterly contemptible to me, and the desire for an adventurous life took complete possession of me. I could do nothing but abscond from the town in which you knew me. Truly upon you not to expose me.'

The Origin of Dogs. The question of the origin of the dog has recently been discussed by Professor Nehring, who believes that it has descended from various still surviving species of wolves and jackals. The latter animals can be tamed, and many attempts to domesticate wolves have been successfully made in recent times. Herr Lange has so completely tamed a young wolf that it follows him exactly as a dog might do.—Public Opinion.

"What a pity that his judgment did not equal his taste, and prompt him to select something more appropriate to my age. This is too light and youthful for me, and it strikes me now that it would be the very thing for Mrs. Herrick."



"But if the Major should see her, with this nonsense, he could only see it on a close scrutiny, and then would not recognize it. Really it has come just at the right time."

"Certainly. How Providence does provide!" laughed Eudalie, satirically. And before an hour had passed, the fan, with an elegant little note from Mrs. Belton, was in the hands of Mrs. Herrick.

"It's perfectly lovely!" said that lady, admiringly. "But what an I do with so many fans? I have already a score of them for which I have no use. This one, I know, is from Pomperma's, for I saw it yesterday, and noticed those tiny initials, 'E. L. M.' among the heartsease. I will take it then, and exchange it for that lovely bomboniere to give to Mrs. De Lancy. If Mrs. Belton ever sees it again, she will imagine it a duplicate."

Several articles were placed before him, one of which seemed instantly to take his fancy. It was a fan of silk and mother-of-pearl, painted in water colors, and he closely examined it, his eye de-

"It is Mr. Gordon, mamma," she answered, to her mother's inquiry. "I know he would come some day, though Eva doubted it."

And when, an hour later, Eva came, radiant as a rainbow, it needed but a glance at her face to know what kind of an interview she had had with the lover she had deemed so forgetful.

Mrs. Belton learned in time, to her great vexation, that had she been more appreciative of the Major's Christmas present, her late husband's nephew had probably never married—that Major girl, who, as Mrs. Neil Gordon, was now so much admired in society.

She still covets the Christmas fan, but has never pointed its duplicate.

Said the Turkey to the Pumpkin.



"They're keeping us for Christmas. Let's travel."

A Voice's "Color."

Blind people sometimes have wonderful perceptions. A young lady, talking for the first time with a blind man, was astonished to find that he had perceived that she was a woman, and a blonde.

"How could you have found it out?" she asked.

"I saw it, also," said the blind man, "in the color of your voice!"—Frost's Companion.

The Traveler's Christmas.

"The drummer's life is not what it's cracked up to be," remarked Simple.

"What do you suppose I made my Christmas dinner on this year?"

"Couldn't guess," replied his friend, "on wheels."

"Don't try to stall me," cried the other, indignantly.



"What will you give Mrs. Herrick? She has been very assiduous in taking you out in that elegant new carriage of hers, when you were so ill. She will expect some acknowledgment."