

great, strong wind that... What scenes of desolation have since broken from their icy power...

THE HERMITAGE. A VISIT TO THE OLD HOME OF GENERAL JACKSON.

'Old Hickory's' Dwelling Place in Life and Death Near Nashville—Historic Relics—Tomb of Husband and Wife.

A Nashville (Tenn.) letter to the San Francisco Call says: In the very heart of the city, on a commanding elevated site, stands the old Polk residence, and in its grounds a modest tomb, beneath which repose the ashes of James K. Polk, the President of whom it could truthfully be written: The beauty of virtue was illustrated in his life. The excellence of Christianity exemplified in his death.

The Greatest of Great Walls.

Says a correspondent of the Milling World, who has recently been traveling in China: Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. The country abounds in great walls. Her mural defenses were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples and walled parks.

PITH AND POE

How to get a head... A close call. The tailor's neglect the bill for them... A Cincinnati pork dealer has a career written up. It is in the buy-whoppy.

TWO POOR OLD SOULS.

'Tis Christmas night; the streets are bright, And many windows are alight, And mirth seems monarch everywhere, For sounds of laughter fill the air.

been so rough with Mary Brown after all," thought 'I'olt. For a girl of thirty, she really had a wonderful complexion—and that way of crimping her long gold tresses all over her head was extremely becoming.

Presently the old clergyman, Mary Brown's father, came in, and renewed his daughter's hospitable entreaties. Mr. Mackenzie spent Christmas Eve at the parsonage.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

All day long the steel-colored clouds had hung heavily over the snow-mantled hills; all day long the old farmers had nodded the heads sagely at each other, and said: "There's more snow in the air," or "We're going to have a spell of weather."

"Quite as well," answered Mary. "I expect him in every minute. He went over to Berkdale to a funeral this afternoon, and people have no sort of conscience about letting him come home in decent time. I suppose he is a comfort where there is an illness or death."

Ben. Franklin's Parents. Benjamin Franklin's father pursued his calling in Boston, and died there January 16, 1747. He, his wife and others of his relatives were buried near the center of the Granary Burying Ground, on Tremont street, and over the tomb has been raised by liberal citizens of Boston a neat, granite obelisk twenty-one feet in height, and bearing among other inscriptions the following, copied by their son Benjamin:

COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

Blind county, Illinois, last fall elected a blind man to the State Legislature. His name is James O'Connor. He is a musician, and is probably the first blind man in the United States elected to a legislative trust.

THE KRIEGSBIBLIOTHEK—WAR LIBRARY.

of Berlin, is a unique collection of books. It contains all known works printed during and since the Franco-German war of 1870 and 1871, having direct relation to that campaign.

THE BREEDING AND REARING OF HORSES.

for general purposes of business and for army use in foreign countries, says the New York Times, is one of the most profitable pursuits of the farmer at the present time, and indeed, permanently, for the demand now existing for such horses will always exist and increase.

Who Was Napoleon?

Now, speaking of great men, what do you think of Napoleon Bonaparte? Miss Poindexter (from Philadelphia) says: "Pshaw! he was nobody. Who was his grandfather?"

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Henry Ward Beecher's Earnings.

Mr. Beecher, says a New York paper, has a salary of \$2,000 a year from the South Church, and refuses a substantial increase which was at one time suggested. He earns some \$25,000 a year from his lectures, and has a moderate income from an author. Formerly, his salary of \$6,000 a year as an editor, clergyman in the United States, and received so large a pecuniary return from his labors as Mr. Beecher. In a year he has earned over \$50,000, which has only a very moderate fortune.

Who Did Better Next Time.

It is related by the gossips that when Mr. X., a wealthy and aggressively aristocratic denizen of the sacred slopes of Beacon Hill, brought home his third wife he was not wholly pleased with the attitude of the grown up daughters of his first marriage toward their newest mother. He summoned the boldest and most aggressive daughter to a private conference, and in good set terms reproached her for her indifference to her duty. The damsel listened with respect and patience toward the author of her being, and when he had finished his reprimand gave promise of amendment by saying with demure impudence: "Excuse me, papa; I will try and do better the next time you are married."—Boston Record.

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