

A SKATING SONG.

Skate, skate, skate, Early and late, While the ice is sparkling and strong; And the air is gay, In its winter array, As in summer with snow and song; With the laugh and the shout, And the dazling quick rout, And the musical click of the skate.

berry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected. Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold haunter on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

It's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has had a remarkable success in her business, and she has a reward you for this. May He, a thousandfold!

A LAND OF FESTIVITIES.

MERRY-MAKING IN SIAM. HOME OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT. Celebrating the Religious New Year in March—Superstitions and Curious Customs of the People. The Siamese, the people of that wondrous country of perpetual summer—the land of the lotus and the white elephant—the home of the monarch holiday keepers, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The hair cutting was done in the king's chapel by the family priest, after which the little lady was bathed in holy water and "clad in more gorgeous raiment than ever before," proclaimed a woman.

PRINTING PAPER MONEY.

AN INDUSTRY MONOPOLIZED BY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Great Heaps of Paper Turned Into Currency by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Forty-five years ago there was not a postage stamp in the United States. Mrs. Holloway Evans, of Marion county, S. C., has given birth to five children inside of one year.

WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion was all-a-glitter with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of the fire—Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "quar man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid manor before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks."

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They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their seven o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone, burst forth impetuously.

"I declare, Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—not one—not one of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people you have named!"

"And you're sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

"I had not many minutes on the key before I discovered a large snow-white bird nesting on the ground under a spray of rhododendron. Its wings were barred with jet black, its legs were bright yellow, and tapered to a spear-like point, which forbade too close familiarity. This proved to be the yellow-billed tropic bird (Phaeton flavirostris), and we afterward caught several in one net, taking them from the nest.

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