SCENES FROM CHRISTMAS DAY. Early Morning.

Early Morning.

There's a sound of the fest on the stair
And the dutter of my white robes.

Chindish laughter, suppressed with gree of ecreating doors slowly, carefully closed—
For the stockings a rush—
Then a sudden gush

Of delight, faintly sounds from below,
For the playthings are found
Tumbling out on the ground,
And crammed way down into the toe!

May the glad, grateful voices meet Santa Claus
ear,

And bring him again, kind as ever, next year! Ten o'clock.

By the window, all prettile dreased, and peaceful, and happy, and good.
With faces against the glass pressed,
Is smiling Mamma's merry brood.
They watch for the aleigh,
Which Papa says, to-day.
May early them to the chiefe,
Now they shoul with calight
as it glides into sight.
And scamper away o'er lies floor!
Tis the jollest time that ever was seen,
For this is not Sunday, but Christmas, I ween!

Church is over; and home, through the snow,
The children have come with great glee,
For, next on the programme, you know.
Is the dinner—mince pies and turkey.
With a thought for the poor,
Whom, Christ save, as our door
Mayelways be found if we seek.
How grateful they'll be
Ween these baskets they see,
Filled with good things to last them a week!
And far happier we, if at night we can say,
We have lifted the burden from one heart to-day.

Twilight. Lamps are lighted—the fire's cheery glow Lamps are lighted—the fire's cheery glow
Swift's chases the elf-sindes away,
And Mamma's voice, so tender and low,
Calls us all, young and old, from our play,
Mid the silence unbroken,
A door she throws open—
Oh! then what a sight meets our gaze!

Just before us we see

Reall, glittering tree,
Hung gith toye, and with lights all ablaze;
There is something for every one, both great and small;

Even Grandpa so old, Patrick, Biddy and all, F. Midnight In this darkened room tread softly new, Bend quietly over this bed, Push back the moist curls from that flushed, little

Press a kiss on this dear, curly head to ... Here's fair Bessie at rest,
With her doll on her breast,
With her doll on her breast,
And the mother-love warm in her heart;
Little Hal, with his sword,
in in Dresniand, a lord,
While Will closely hugs his new cart!
Watch over our bebies, dear Christ-child, we pray,
And may their whole lives be as bright as to-day!

A Christmas Story. She never had any other Christian name, and I cannot tell you if her surname was Smith or Jones. It is an unsolved mystery how, in a home where love never entered, where fond titles not swallow. were never heard, a name so like a loving abbreviation was ever given to the

She was not one of the little ones who, climbing upon a mother's lap in a again. cosey nursery, have pet titles showered upon them; who, kneeling beside a mother's knee, lisp baby prayers, and are lifted into warm oribs, and folded to sleep in softest of blankets; who, waking rosy and happy, find the choice selections of toy-shops awaiting their destruction from baby fingers.

Dot's nursery was a cellar with stone walls and an earthen floor, and if her mother ever lifted her, it was to bestow upon her shrinking body a blow; her crib was a dirty blanket in a corner, where she crept alone; and if she ever heard her Creator's name, it was in a curse, not a prayer.

Her father and mother, tall and strong, worked part of the week to obtain the means of being drunk the rest, and had no other pleasure in common but that of kicking, cuffing and abus-

She was five years old, with the stat- things were for. ure of a child of two, and so thin that After a time the ladies went into anseemed a wonder her bones did not fall apart, with no more flesh to bind them together. Out of a tangle of dull, dust-colored hair peeped a tiny white face, with sunken cheeks, pinched lips, and eyes that were like owls', they looked so unnaturally large and round. In winter her fingers and toes were covered with great red chilblains, and all the year round she carried upon her poor little back the marks of cruel

Her idea of home was that it was a horrible place, from which it was comparative happiness to escape into the streets—a place where a powerful virago she called "mammy" twitched her up whenever she found a warm corner behind the stove, and tossed her by her poor little sticks of arms into far-off cold corners, or cuffed her and turned her into the streets; where a reeling, swearing man lifted her on his great foot to toes her poor little aching bones across the floor, where she would lie in a corper trying to suppress her sobs, lest the noise should attract notice and a consequent fresh abuse.

Her highest idea of comfort was centered in a great brewery at the corner of the wretched street where she lived, and where she could sometimes creep into a warm spot, or feel in the gut-ter outside the rush of the hot refuse that swept by, and whose sweetsmelling steam enveloped her in

warmth.
She was lying upon the curb-stone, feeling and inhaling this steam, one Christmas Eve, when Miss Mary Russell, one of the teachers in a large Mission Sunday School, hurrying past the brewery, muffled in soft fars, nearly stumbled over the prostrate little figure.

It was a clear, starlight evening, early yet, though after lamplight, but very cold; and the lady stopped, sickened with the sight of this alone shivering in

scant calico dress, a ragged cloak and hood, barefooted, and with a thin white face, which was all distorted by

can have some food and clothes?" Dot was willing enough, and put a hand like a hird's claw into Miss Russell's. It was Christmas Eve, as I have said, and the teachers of the Sunday school were preparing a tree and a treat of nice things to eat for the little ones under their charge. It was no novelty to see any of them entering, with little ragged children; but Dot's face was so utterly wan and white that several of the other ladies gathered around her as

she entered the long room. "I found her shivering on scurb-stone," Miss Russell explained, "and she has evidently escaped from the cruelties of drunken parents. We must clothe and feed her to-night, and to-morrow I will see if she is a case for the 'Home'!"

What is your name, dear?" asked one of the teachers, gently removing the tattered cloak. "Dot! Please ma'am, don't take that

'ere! I'll freeze to death if you do."
"We want to put some warmer clothes "We want to put some warmer clothes on you, Dot," was the reply; and the little one was tenderly lifted in motherly petual warmth, music and happiness."

what is brightness, and Dot folded her limited in mother in hands and lay quiet, never doubting that she had reached a haven of perlittle one was tenderly lifted in mother in petual warmth, music and happiness."

hands and lay quiet, never doubting that she had reached a haven of perlittle one was tenderly lifted in mother in petual warmth, music and happiness.

arms, and carried by Mary's mother into a little room, where a great basket sion school came forward as the teach-

The little waif was full of wondering the shining toy-shop windows now which, considering their extent and the clasped a doll, with an instinct of moth-difficulty of deciphering them, has been seen such rooms as these she was in. erhood, close in their loving arms. Never had her rags been taken from her Boys, for whom drums and tops had poor little shivering body by such soft hands; never had cool ointment touched the great sores on her back, the chil-blains on her feet and hands; never had often wondered what "candy tasted tears fallen upon her tangled hair, or like," found their fingers opening paintkisses on her wondering face.

ed in warm garments, her tangled hair cut and brushed, and a warm woolen hymn. hood tied over it; her feet chafed tenderly, warmed and bound up in soft the little ones with a gift, the older linen, and then covered with loose woolen socks and easy shoes.

she was to see a Christmes tree. Once, a whole long year ago, Dot had heard one of the many children, who swarmed in the wretched street where she lived, tell of a Christmas tree. He had seen it from the open door of a church, and its glories served for many an hour's description when the other children would have wakened her." stood in open-mouthed wonder listening

to him. Dot tried to recall these descriptions. She had heard of heaven from the same boy, who told her that the church door their sad work, and full of the strange, showed him a place just like heaven, new happiness surrounding her, little and she acepted the comparison, as she did all the rest, in unquestioning belief and utter ignorance of the meaning of

sell lifted her again, and carried her to a cushioned seat in a corner, saying:

"Now sit here quietly, like a good Dot's soul had risen to the feet of the a cushioned seat in a corper, saying : little girl, and I will soon have some thing for you to eat besides this." A great bun, with plums in it, was placed in Dot's hands, and the kind

lady went away.

Far off, quite at the other end of the leng room, she could see a group of ladies busy about a tall green tree, which they were loading with toys, dolls and horses, and hundreds of bright beautiful things, none of which Dot had ever seen. She tried to eat her bun, but the pangs of hunger had given way

Over the little thin limbs there crept slowly a numbing warmth, and the little end of the train. Finding all in good hooded head drooped till it rested upon order, he was about returning to the the wall beside her, powerless to rise

to a sick loathing of food, and she could

Yet the child did not sleep. The ladies at the end of the hall, moving to get on the caboose when it should reach and fro, took fantastic shapes in her large, wide-open eyes, and she wondered if they would all rush at .r by and by, limb, and commenced walking back to tear off her new clothes, and fling her into the street again. Once or twice in her wretched life, she had had a garment given to her that had vanished as soon as she took it home, and she After braving the storm and cold and thought how she should cry if her wind a few moments he feared he might mother tore off all these warm clothes and sent her about shivering in her rags again.

Then the great tree danced up and down in her dizzy sight, and seemed nodding its strange, bright burden above her head. She wondered why the babies upon it hung by the neck, and where they got such beautiful clothes; why the horses did not prance about, and what all the strange, fine

other room, where she could still hear their voices, and the lights were lowered so that the long room was quite dim. Then the child fell asleep, and a dream came to her.

In the dream s white-winged angel, with the face of the kind lady who had with the face of the kind lady who had taken her from the curb-stone, bent It was no use. The frightened animal over her and said : "No more pain, nor cold, nor hunger after to-night, Dot."

And she felt soft kisses on her lips, and all faded away into a long, dream-

seat; once, when no one observed her, bare-back rider of the world, having to press her lips again upon the poor little face, and whisper a prayer. You see, she was one of the woman—and see, she was one of the woman—and God be thanked there are many—who went into the Mission School with a heart full of mother-love, pity, and Christian charity. One who thought of each neglected little one as one of the children lected little one as one of the children amused the "boys" on the board yes-Christ called, and who might answer terday with the recital of the way in the call, if a tender, helping hand was which he reciprocated the friendly extanded to aid stumbling feet. Every sore apon Dot's little pinched body had extended to aid stumbling feet. Every greeting of a bunko "steerer" yestersore apon Dot's little pinched body had sent a pang to this noble heart; every & Leiter's store on State street, when tear that fell from her great, wistful a da eyes had drawn the mother-love closer him:

sleeping figure, putting the soft pillow Jones?"
under the weary head, no child had ever

crying.

"Child! child!" she said, "what are you doing here?"

"I an't doin' no harm," Dot answered, scrambling to her feet. "It feels good, and I'm cold."

"Cold! I should think so. Where is your home?"

"I she said, "what are whole figure trembling. Little children, two by two, neatly clad, and singing a hymn, entered by wide open doors, and trooped past her in a seemingly endless procession; the great organ pealed above her, shuddering with its mighty chords of music."

Bunko grew slarmed, b his fears, remarked that I had made a mistake, "Not at all; I'm right you," responded John. Crunch went a few mo blood mounted to Bunk her, shuddering with its mighty chords of music."

is your home?"

"Mammy's mad cos pop he's on a spree and an't got no meney. Bhe's walleped me twice, and I an't had a bite to-day, se I sneaked out to warm me here. I often comes, but I don't do no harm."

of music.

Beyond, in a glory of light, such as the child had never seen, was the Christmass tree, a thousand darts of fire springing from its branches, and the colors flashing in every direction. Still the music, the organ and happy voices do no harm:"

"Will you come with me where you of hundreds of children filled the air,

The pains and sufferings of her whole life faded slowly from the child's memory as she stood looking and listening, her whole being absorbed in her ecstacy. She forgot the wretched cellar, the loud-voiced mother, the brutal father; forgot cold, hunger and pain.

Over her whole tiny being floated the divine incense of the loving atmosphere, wrapping her in a delicious glow, stilling every fear, every doubt, glow, stilling every fear, every doubt, absorbing body and soul in the Christ-

when the children sat down, still singing, little Dot slewly sank back into her corner, nestling there very wearily with the happiness closing around her, drawing her into warmest embrace. Softly fell upon her ears the voices carrying the gratitude of the children to the Savior's feet; the great tree seemed to bend again over her and cover her laboring under anxiety as to what he mas warmth. rying the gratitude of the children to the Savior's feet; the great tree seemed to bend again over her and cover her with its brightness, and Dot folded her shall do with his hands, let her imme-

One by one the children of the Misof clothing stood ready for distribu-tion.

ers took the gifts from the tall tree.

Girls who had looked in vain longing at

been only imaginary joys, found them-'ed cornucopies to find out

Gently, as if she were a king's The organ pealed forth joyous andaughter, she was washed, and clothchildish voices to sing the Christmas It took a long time to provide each of

> where supper was laid. The room was clear of all the little ones when Miss Russell, with a doll and

more to Dot's corner. should have thought the music and light as in some recent books of African

She bent lower, touched the little hood, and then knelt suddenly, drop-Vaguely, dreamily, for the warmth ping her toy and candies, her face pale and comfort were making her drowsy, as ashes, and the tears streaming from her eves. For cold and starvation had done

Dot had found her Christmas in the world where sorrow comes no more. The little figure was still in death, the little face set in marble stillness; and time, and from the appearance of the When she was all dressed, Miss Rus- carried upward upon the wings of pitying Savior, who loves little children.

John Gilpin Outdone,

Caleb Rarris, of Hudson, Mich., bears off the palm from all competitors in the daring and romantic feat of horseback riding. He left Buffalo on the 7th inst., with two car-loads of cows, purchased near Hudson, and stopped at Fairport, as Mr. Harris supposed, for supper, and he embraced the opportunity to look after the welfare of his stock, which was in the forward rear end of the train, when unexpectedly the train started, and so rapidly that him. Resolved not to be left, he mounted the train at risk of life and the caboose, when he fell and came near sliding off to the ground. He now resolved to make a virtue of necessity and ride to the next station "on deck." freeze to death in that position, and finding a trap door on the deck of the sheep car on which he stood he decided to "go below" and seek more comfortable quarters among his woolly fellowtravelers. Here he was foiled again, for the door, firmly fastened with ice or iron, refused to yield to his attempts to force it open. The only remaining chance was to "turn in" with his horned passengers snugly stowed away with "every sitting taken," as it seemed to any observer. It was short, quick work. The scuttle was lifted and he alighted on the back of a frisky young Durham. She objected to this rude intrusion in her quiet couch, and commenced to kick. She squirmed and twisted and fidgeted till finding all her was in a tight place, and our hero was master of the situation, and fully de-termined to hold out and to hold on. Time seemed long, but on thundered the train. At length they arrived in Syracuse, where our friend found a re-lease from his cattle car "Pullman." softly to Dot's corner. Once to put a to the joy no less of his companions in folded shawl under her head, and settle the caboose than of himself, and now congratulates himself as the champion

"It's a Mistake."

The Chicago Times says: John Smith from Iowa, a six-footer and over, a dapper little fellow stepped up to

And as she stood covering the little Why, Mr. Jones, how do you do? When did you arrive? How is Mrs.

under the weary head, no child had ever had gentler touch than was given the little street waif.

"Cannot eat," she thought, seeing the untasted bun held fast in the thin fingers; "that is bad. I will have a little warm milk for her when the supper is ready. We must get her into the children's hospital for a while. She breathes as if her lungs were diseased."

So with good wishes floating like blessings over her, Dot slept till a great burst of music wakened her with a start. She stood erect, her eyes dilated, her whole figure trembling. Little children, two by two, neatly clad, and singing a "Not at all; I'm right glad to see John Smith looked at the little fel-

"Not at all; I'm right glad to Crunch went a few more bones, the blood mounted to Bunko's face, his knees trembled, and he began to look as if he were about to have an apoplectic fit. "Excuse me, Jones ; it's a mistake."

he finally roared. "Not at all; only too glad to see you." Smith was inexorable. Banko the music, the organ and happy voices of hundreds of children filled the air, and the glorious tree blazed before Dot's eyes.

The pains and sufferings of her whole life faded slowly from the child's member of the pains and sufferings of her whole life faded slowly from the child's member of badly crushed flesh and bones, without any semblance to any part of the human anatomy. John let the bruised member fall, gave the fellow a hearty kick, and left, pleasantly remarking:
"I guess it was a mistake, after all."

SPEAKER BLAINE is a man of ready resources. At the reception by Congress of his Sandwichian Majesty the latter appeared somewhat ill at ease, and, like many people in that predica-ment, showed that he did not know exactly what to do with his hands. The Livingstone's Last Journals.

the state of the s

The London Standard says: "Dr. made their appearance, after a delay which, considering their extent and the singularly short. Thanks to his faithful attendants, there is reason to believe that not one line of the great travtime of his leaving Zanzibar, in the be- of the line of battle. Grant came rid-Some are contained in copy-books, mary more in metallic pocket-books, and some again in large Lett's diaries. children with books, the younger with When the supply of writing paper was lookin' for old John Sedgwick in the toys and sweets, and the evening was short, the traveler's ingenuity supplied And while she was being dressed a far advanced when the procession was the deficiency, and 'old newspapers,' low, sweet voice was telling her that reformed to go into the adjoining room as Mr. Waller tells us, 'yellow and the same together and together and the same together and African damp, were sewn together, and his notes written across the type with a substitute for ink made from the juice horn of candy in her hands, went once of a tree.' Among the illustrationswhich we may observe, by the way, are "Still sleeping," she thought. "I not quite so sensationally picturesque travel—is a photolithographic reproduction of a page of one of these interesting books. A fragment of the Standard of the 24th of November, 1869, is crossed with some very careful notes written in the red decoction referred to. The material on which it is based is used to dye 'virambos' and to ornament the faces of the people of the interior. For such purposes it may be, and doubtless is, very useful, but as ink it is somewhat of a failure, fading with fac-simile, running into the paper in a peculiarly provoking manner. In spite of all the difficulties attendant upon the task of deciphering an enormous mass of manuscript of this character the work has been most successfully performed, and Mr. Waller is able to say with truth that in the record of seven years of continuous labor and exploration, 'no break whatever occurs.'

Fatal Duel Between Brothers. A correspondent of the Baltimore

American gives the following account of a mysterious affair, which ended in the violent death of two brothers: "In Fawn township, York county, Penn., lived a very respectable colored family, composed of Stephen Young and wife, one daughter, and two sons, the oldest son, Robert, aged about 17 years, and his brother William, aged about 14 years. On Saturday, the 19th inst., the two boys started out in the morning gunning, to shoot a bird or so for a neighbor's sick daughter, and after hunting until about 3 o'clock they took dinner at an uncle's and afterward shot at a mark, and then started for home. They were seen by a gentleman about sundown within a half mile of their home, going in that direction. About 9 o'clock that night a gentleman passing along the road heard some groans, and discovered Robert lying in the

fence corner mortally wounded. He started to run toward their home, and found William, the younger, lying upon his face, about 100 yards from Robert, in a dying condition. A few of the neighbors were gathered, and the unfortunate lads were carried to their home. Two physicians were immediately called in, but they could give no relief. One died at 10 o'clock and the other at 2 o'clock, the next day. A jury of inquest was called together by Samuel Adams, Esq., and, after examining several witnesses, gave it as their opinion that they had shot each other, standing about a rod spart, both shots having been fired at the same instant, and both being shot in the head. Neither of them spoke afterward, although William, the younger, had run a hundred yards after being shot. No cause can be assigned for the act,

other, were sober, quiet, and industrious beys, and well liked by all with whom they came in contact."

as they were on good terms with each

A Sporting Event. He lived in York State, and his name was Charley. He was a small boy, aged only five years, with yellow curls and cute ways, and a bump of imitation abnormally developed. He likewise possessed unbounded pluck and a great deal of self-reliance. His latest ambition has been to shoot off a gun at birds, like his uncle, and the other day he accomplished his object. As a pre-liminary he watched his opportunity and appropriated a small single-bar-reled shot-gun, a pouch containing two pounds of shot, and a flask holding a pound of powder. He had seen his uncle load a gun, and knew all about it. He first poured in all the powder in the flask, then he jammed down a wad of paper; next, he poured in all the shot and jammed in another wad of paper. After some difficulty he got the gun capped and marched out into the orchard with blood in his eye. He allowed he'd kill something. It didn't take long to discover a small bird on an apple tree, and Charley marked the feathered biped for his own. At the first fire the shot-gun disappeared totally, the bird is yet to hear from, and from the appearance of Charley when he was found under a current bush it was evident that game would ascens his attentions for some time to escape his attentions for some time to come. He is so he can talk now, and when the other boys come to visit him as he lies in bed he gives 'em points in regard to the way of aiming a gun which Leatherstocking never dreamed of. And in his heart of hearts Charley isn't really discouraged about field

sports, but rather confused. A French Report of the Scandal. This is the way a Frenchman re-ported the Brooklyn scandal: "One Grand Ecclesiastical Scandal—Great Excitement in New York and Brook lyn.—Three Clergymen in Moosh Trou-bell.—Mons. Moulting, Tiltong, and Beechare have One Grand Controversee, Mons. Moulting is ze pastorr of ze Pleemoz Church, of New York, discovered by Columbus, Ohio, in 1492. Mons. Moultong is accuse of taking ze impropare liberte wiz ze wife of Theodore Beechare, who is Mrs. Harriott Beechare Stowe, ze mozare of Onkle Tom, ze blind pianist. Mens, Beechare also is accuse of ze impropare libertee also is accuse of ze impropare libertee wiz Mrs. Tiltong, daughtare of Susan B. Anthony, ze sistare of Mark Anthony, who was make love wiz Cleopatra. Mons. Tiltong have cauze ze separashong of Mons. Beechare and his vife. She resides in ze city of Recoklyn while he has moved into Brooklyn, while he has moved into Brooklyn, while he has moved into Elizabeth, New Jersee. Ze congrega-shong of ze Pleemoz Rock shurch will not permit Mons, Moultong to preesh never from zat poolpet. Ze greatest excitement preveil." Our French friend appears to understand this mat-ter as clearly as though he had a statement to make.

THERE was an awful commotion in the House the other day when a mem-ber recognized in the hands of colored Representative Rainey an invitation to dine with Fernando Wood. Not That Kind of a Man.

There is an anecdote going Livingstone's last journals have just rounds about old Gen. Sedgwick and Gen. Grant in the Wilderness which is a trifle inaccurate. This is the way it was: The day before Sedgwick was killed, and while his infantry was fighting to the left of Mine Run, two batteries of his artillery were waiting eler's writing has been lost, from the for orders about half a mile in the rear ginning of 1860, to the day when his ing along, accompanied by two of his note-book dropped from his dying staff—probably Rawlins and Babcock—hand, in April, of last year. The difficulties of the great explorer in writing sat on his horse by the roadside where and preserving these most valuable Gen. Sedgwick was. The sergeant did records can hardly be everestimated. not recognize Grant, who were no insignia of rank, so he turned to a comrade with:

"God'Imighty, Bill, here's a man rear l" At this Grant had started to ride along, and the sergeant called out after

"I say, mister, you ain't much acquainted with old John, be you?"
Grant laughed heartily, and replied that he "used to know old John."

A MATERIAL reduction of rates has recently been made by the Sherman House, Chicago. Its proprietors are determined that it shall continue to be the most popular hotel in Chicago with business men and the traveling public in general, and they are accomplishing their purpose,

APPLY THE REMEDY.-It appears that we need no longer be tormented with Liver, Kidney, Bladder, and Glandular Diseases, Mental and Physical Debility, Partial Paralysis, Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Morbic Humors of the Blood. Dr. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS conquers the causes of all of the above irregularities by securing perfect digestion, a proper flow of bile, and a free discharge of all wasts matter. It is not a vile, doctored whisky, gotten up to de-ceive the public and tickle the palate. It is a medicine to the sick stomach, the relaxed nervous system, the weak circulating blood, and the overworked, prostrated brain. An infant may take it, and to children affliated with worms, and even adults who suffer from this cause, ignorant of the fact-and their numbers are millions-it is the greatest remedy of the sge. Take one bottle and you will be satisfied that this is ho catch-penny nostrum,

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WORTHY OF NOTE, -An exchange says there is scarcely a day passes that we do not hear, either from persons coming into our office or in some other way, of the success of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment in the cure of coughs and colds, so prevalent about town just now.

Mosr people like to hear of a good thing. We will tell them in confidence that, if they want to be dressed well, they should wear the Warwick Collar. An eld adage says that with a nice collar and clean boots a man always looks well dressed. Remember the Warwick.

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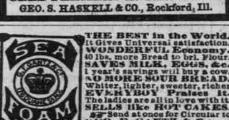


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