AFTER THE HOLIDAYS. The gay Christmas-time it is ended, The Holiday course has been run, and, while no offense is intended

To any particular one, wish to make one observation, and then, like the season, I'm done. To the ancient and hon rable custom Of giving gifts once in the year—
Provided, of course, it don't bust 'em—
All people should strive to adhere;
And if they can give but a trifle,
Give that with a slice of good-cheer!

Yet, while we would show our expression Of love or esteem for a friend.
A proper amount of discretion
In choosing the token might tend
To add to the pleasure of getting
The little or much we expend.

It chanced this particular season
I needed some slippers right bad,
And hinted the same for that reason
On every occasion I had;
And now I am of the conviction
I must at the time have been mad!

First Nellie, my consin, inquired
What number my boot was; and when
I told her I thought I aspired
To altitudes close upon ten,
She looked sympathizingly at me
And said, "Is it possible, Ben?"

And the very next day Arabella Propounded the query likewise—
And Flors and Dora and Ella
All wanted to find out my "size;"
And the evening I called on Alida
She measured my foot with her eyes!

Well, Christmas Day dawned, and the dawning Was filled with bright visions, you know, And I opened my eyes, after yawning, And glanced at the carpet below—And eix pairs of sippers were lying Solemnly there in a row!

Six pairs of elippers! Great heavens!
Wrought with a skill superfine—
Ranging from eights to elevens—
Rich and unique in design;
And a dozen they made all together,
And all of the dozen were mine!

I tried to look pleased and contented—
For that was the best I could do;
I took 'em all up and commented
On the beauties presented to view,
And I said they were "just what I wanted!"
And "twelve is better than two!"

But I locked three pairs in my closet, And one I have lent to St. Ciair, And one—I wonder whose was if ? I gave to the Charity Fair! And the last—well, those are elevens, And those are the ones I shall wear!

And while I'm extending my "flippers In gratitude deep and sincere,
I wish to remark that twelve elippers
Are rather too many to steer;
And I take this occasion for stating
That I shan't expect any next year.

AN ILLINOIS HEROIC. "Sir, I allow that my Bettie is a heap the smartest and peertest gal in Macoupin-yes, sir." The person addressed had just asked the speaker for his daughter, in a sort

of vague, indefinite way that stirred up the old man's bile. The longer he considered the matter, the madder he

"Yes, sir. Dog my buttons! if I allow anybody from Beaver Creek to come around here foolin' with my Bettie. I won't have it, an' you'd better

There was a significant motion toward a rear pocket, which had more effect than words. They always said old than words. Ramsay would shoot; so the party addressed, without taking a second look, said, "Jes' so, old man;" and a moment later was riding through the thick underbrush toward the open prairie.

There had been a listener to this conversation. It was Miss Bettie Ramsay herself, the subject of it. She was a pretty sight, as she stood behind the little white curtain that was drawn back enough to let her see the disappearing form of her lover.

A fresh, girlish face of sixteenhair drawn into a massive braid that hung far below her waist; her bare arms browned with the sun, yet exquisitely molded; her eyes of the same color as her hair, with long, dark lashes; that seemed to touch her cheek; and just row her eyes were filled with

Everything within or about the room seemed to partake of the same outlines as the girl herself. The bed was plump and smooth—not a line, not a depression. A little shelf was ornamented with the plaster angels, a Madenna and child, and a most remarkable lamb, all in the same material; but even the lamb was so plump and round that it

had no nose worth mention.

The climbing rose-trees, half covering the little window, took on the same oval lines. Even the fragrance exhaled by the roses themselves seemed blended and softened and mingled with that indefinable aroma of youth and

A heavy footstep sounded across the little porch, and came slowly and hesitatingly up the stairs. A low, uncertain, single knock at the deor was followed by a rough head that peered timidly into the room.

The mist in the girl's eyes had cleared away. A smile rippled across the dimpled cheek,

"Come in, father, come in !" "May I come in, Bettie? I don't want nothin' at all; only it was so still and quiet like, that I allowed you must be out somewheres."

And the rough head moved clumsily

And the rough head moved clumsily into the room, followed by a correspondingly rough body. An old man of sixty, sallow and weather-beaten and grizzled. Grave and earnes of purpose he looked, yet simple, and here in his daughter's chamber he was timid

chair;" and she drew him toward a great old-fashioned chair. When he was seated, she sat herself down in his lap—the little brown arms circling around the grizzled beard and neck. "You were speaking with Jim, father; what was it about?"
"Jim? Oh, yes; he was out there

but he's gone."
"Gone where, father?"
"Gone home, I reckon. Yes, I think
he mentioned he was goin home."

"Didn't he inquire for me, father?" And the brown eyes now were looking very earnestly into the wavering gray eyes of the old man, who was in torment from trying to play a part never intended

"I think he did ask if you was well," said he, as if uncertain whether to re-"What made him go so quick?"
"I judge he had something to call him away—and—and—he's gone, and I am glad of it, Bettie. He ain't of any

"But, I like Jim, father," said she,

half deprecatingly.

"No! do you though?"

It was becoming too hot for the old man. He was vainly trying to disengage the brown arms from around his neck. She still held him fast.

"Father, what made you send Jim home without seeing me?"

This last appeal was too much for old

This last appeal was too much for old Ramsay, and he fairly broke down. By an effort he freed himself from her clasp and hastened down-stairs and out of the house, snatching his gun from the hook as he went. A minute later he was shut out of view by the underbrush. She went a moment to the window

She went a moment to the window and saw him disappear; then glanced mother moment in her little mirror, and, mursuring "Poor Jim!" went down about her household duties.

effort at a song, but it never lasted beyoud a single line, when there would come a long pause and a sigh. Sometimes a long succession of sighs. And that was the way the day passed in the

small home of the Ramsays. At midday there was a pretense of dinner. Coffee, and the cooking of bacon and baking of corn-bread sent forth their grateful odors; but she knew well enough he would not come to eat it, and it was presently put away in the cupboard till he should come.

When the shadows of the afternoon began to lengthen, and there was absolute silence save the faint drone of insect life, she took her work—it was some mystery of feminine toilet, for such mysteries exist even in Macoupin-and sat down under a great tree not far from the house, where she sewed and dreamed until the brown eyes grew troubled and the long lashes drooped upon her cheek.

In the midst of her trouble there came the faint crash of dry twigs and the tramp of a horse. She sat very still, as if unconscious of the approach-ing horse and its rider; but when the horseman dismounted at her feet, she did look up and smile a plump, rosy little smile.

"How d'y', Jim ?" and "How d'y' Bettie?" were the only salutations, after which the rider settled himself upon the grass beside her. Love-making, like human nature, is

the same, or nearly so, the wide world over. Where there is youth and beauty, where there is sympathy and opportunity, there will be love. And why Is any other dream of life so sweet? The dream is often far brighter for it.

And there they sat under the old tree enjoying their dream until the shadows were long drawn and sunset was near. They watched the bees hastening home laden with honey. They even found manded an abject apology. This I time to notice the woodpeckers tapping promptly refused, whereupon they so vigorously over their heads.

The heated air still rose in ripples above the lower tree-tops, while the scenery further away was softened into that dim, smoky haze that mellows and darkens till it finally shuts off vision in

It was a lazy day. He admitted hav ing left a plow standing idle in the corn; had been received. They then retired, and she vowed she had done nothing at and in about twenty minutes they rematter for grave doubt. But so the world moves on, and precious time is wasted.

reply through my friends at 8 o'clock that night. I did so, accepting the cartel and naming dueling pistols at ten "Here's father !" said the girl, spring-

ing to her feet. The next instant a loud report rang out through the air. At the same mo ment came a sharp scream from the girl, and she sank slowly to the ground. A few yards away the old man stood dazed and bewildered. Suddenly realizing the horror of the scene, he pu back the butt of his gun, as if to end his own life with the remaining barrel. But the young man sprang upon him, hurled it away into the thickt; then, dashing off his coat, he began tearing his shirtsleeves into strips for bandages.

The poor girl lay moaning on the ground, her shoulder and upper arm terribly shattered and torn by the But, tenderly as a woman would have done, he bound it up, and, taking her in his arms, he carried her to the

after, tottering and helpless as an infant. Nor did he rouse from his stupor until the young man spoke to him.
"Can't you bring some water, old man? She is faint."

Then he shuffled and stumbled down stairs, and came back again with a gourd full of water.
"You don't reckon she'll die, Jim's

So help me God, it was an accident, Jim-it was an accident." The white lips had been tightly closed

as if in agony, but now the eyes opened slowly, and the lips parted long enough to murmur:

The old head dropped as if struck by death. Sinking on his knees, he buried his face in the bed-clothes and "Oh, Bettie, Bettie! little gal!

didn't go to do it."

But the eyes closed wearily, and the girl had passed into unconsciousness with the effort to speak. The young man bathed her face with the water, and she presently recovered; but the old man remained with his face buried beside her, until her plump little hand rested on his grizzled head.

"Father!" said the pale lips again, softly and tenderly, while her fingers triffed with his gray locks. "Take my horse and go for a doctor and don't let the grass grow under his feet, old man!" was the sudden and decisive end of the old man's present misery. He sprang to his feet, kissed her eagerly, fumbled a little with his hat, as if there was something on his mind, and finally said, in his simple

way:
"Maybe I can bring something for ye, child—a lemon or something nice?"
She reached out, and taking his coat, drew him down until she whispered in

What she said seemed to astonish him greatly, yet it pleased him, for he slapped his leg, and laughed outright." "No! are you in dead earnest, Bet-

and he rushed out of the house, and a minute after was galloping through the darkness for a doctor, five miles away.

There was pain and suffering that night in the little house of the Ramsays; but with loving hands to nurse and tend, even pain yields to their touch, and sleep follows. During all those hours of waking or sleeping the young lover watched patiently by her bedside.

At daylight old Ramsay had not returned. The morning breeze was waving and bending the trees, and, swaying aside the white curtain, it came into the little chamber and fanned the brows of school teachers.

aside the white curtain, it came into the little chamber and fanned the brows of the sleeper and the watcher. Then the breeze floated in a muffled tramp of horses and murmur of voices. The old man led the way into the house, followed by the doctor and another man. The watcher, being relieved of his charge, undertook the cooking of breakfast.

What a short step it is from the heroic to the commonplace! From the noble to the ordinary! A dinner is an effort that calls forth alent, while a hashed up breakfast is

thing of naught. While the surgeon was performing

clusions! Had this young girl died by her father's hand, even though it had been the result of a ter-rible accident, this heroic would have

That other man who came with old Ramsay and the doctor was a preacher. The end of it all was a wedding without a particle of the heroic, unless it was the old man's final toast :

The same of the same of the same

"Here's to them both. They're the peertest couple in Illinoy, gentlemen; and that's sayin' a heap. God bless 'em !"

WARMOTH.

His Own Account of His Affray with Daniel C. Byerly, in New Orleans. Several days ago I published a courteous letter in the daily papers in answer to a proposition made by the Bulletin to re-establish Star cars upon the city railroads. This letter showed that the Conservative party did not sanction that recommendation; that it was both injudicious and unwise. I took the letter to the Bulletin office myself, and saw both Mr. Byerly the manager, and Mr. Jewell, one of the editors. Mr. Jewell objected strongly to its sentiments, and Mr. Byerly told me, "Governor, if you publish that let-ter we will ruin you." Before leaving I said, "Gentlemen, disagree with me as much as you choose, dispute and controvert my sentiments and I won't complain, but don't attack me personally." The next day the Bulletin cen-tained a violent and abusive personal attack upon me. The same evening an anonymous letter also appeared abusing me outrageously. The next morning's (Thursday) issue came out with a column and a half leader charging me with all kinds of political enormities, among others with being the father of the Printing bill. The next day I pubthan the awaking; but, no matter; let lished a card showing that Mr. Jewell us live and dream, and thank God had offered to vote for the Printing bill, providing he received \$50,000 worth of printing for the paper he then edited. Early next morning (Christmas) I was waited upon by two friends of Mr. Jewell, who promptly refused, whereupon they asked me if I would meet Mr. Jewell. This proposition I assented to, provided the meeting be an amicable one. They did not press this very strongly, how-ever, but afterward asked if I would accept a challenge from Mr. Jewell. I replied that it would be time enough to answer that question when the challenge had been received. They then retired, her work, and sighed; but whether that turned, bringing me a peremptory chalsigh was for an unfinished garment is a lenge. I informed them that I would paces as my weapon, the time being fixed for Monday morning, and place at a convenient in an adjacent State, place at the point the seconds to meet and make all concluding arrangements for the affair to-day. At half-past 10 o'clock this morning I left my house and went to the office of my lawyer, Judge Howe, where I spent some time making arrangements in relation to my will, and afterward started to go to the mortgage office in the same connection. On my way up Canal street, near the corner of Royal, I met Byerly, who suddenly struck me over the head with a heavy cane. I raised my left arm, over which my overcoat was hanging, in defense when the blow was twice repeated. Byerly then seized me and we both fell, her in his arms, he carried her to the house and up to her own room, where drew from my pocket a small pocketknife, which I opened and used I don't know how many times. The bystanders then ran in, disarmed me, and pulled off my assailant, when I sprang to my feet and we separated.

A California Lion Carries Off a Child. The Green Valley (Cal.) Union tells this story: Some time since a resident of Grass Valley had occasion to go to Siskiyou county, and, while traveling over Mount Shasta, he saw four large California lions. Not knowing much of their savage characteristics, he stopped his horse and gazed at them. the stopped his horse and gazed at them.

They looked at him for some time, and then turned and slowly trotted away. He had no weapons, and had they been the turned and slowly trotted away. He had no weapons, and had they been the turned and slowly trotted away. He had no weapons, and had they been the turned to tell his expedition. When he came to the tell his expedition. When he he came to the tell his expedition. When he he came to the tell his expedition. When he he came to the tell his expedition. When he he came to the tell his expedition with the warp and the propose that he propose of the lost the tell his expedition. When he he came to the tell his expedition. The mother fainted, and no one less that they with the unfortunate child in its month. The mother fainted, and no one less the propose to the fact that agricular the fact that agricular the fact that agricular the fact that agricula his boots at the recital, and rather regretted his daring "to beard the lion in his den." The lions are particularly bold, and the settlers are kept in con-

stant fear all the time.

Industrial Women. "No! are you in dead earnest, Bettie?"

There was a faint little nod for a reply.

"I'll do it, sure; doggone if Idon't!" and he rushed out of the house, and a rapid strides toward efforts at pecuni-

3	ceneral anone me mimor or women
Ŗ	engaged in earning their subsistence
1	in the various avocations named :
	Agricultural laborers
8	Farmers 22.68
1	Boarding house keepers 7,06
8	Domestic servants
3	Laundresses
1	Nurses 10,17
3	School teachers 84,04
9	Store clerks 6,19
1	Music teachers 5,58
9	Saleswomen 2,17
9	Traders 2,88
9	Bookbinders 3,72
	Boot and shoe makers 9,64
	Box factory operatives 2,22
ã	Carpet makers 5,87
ă	Cotton mill operatives 64,38
	Employee of manufacturing establish-
	ments 2,40
ä	Hat and cap makers 3,30
ą	Mechanics. 256 Mill operatives. 8,11
ı	Milliners and dressmakers 93.49
	Paper mill operatives
ä	Sewing machine operators 2 86
ĕ	Tailoreses
ă	Tailoresees
g	Many of the above mentioned em
Ħ	ployments are engaged in by wome
	only, but the census further shows the

fully upon avocations hitherto engaged in by men alone, manifesting the in-crease of the spirit of enlightenment, which makes capacity and skill the test

of merit.

PECK OF TROUBLE.

College Professor Robbed of Forty Thousand Dollars, Prof. William G. Peck, of Columbia College, rushed into the Twenty-first precinct station house at noon yesterlay, and said that he wanted to see Captain McElwaine immediately, as he had just been robbed of \$40,000. Prof. Peck was very much agitated, and informed Capt. McElwaine that a chest containing family plate worth \$1,000, and certificates of deposit and other securities valued at \$40,000 had been carried out of his residence, No. 126 East Thirty-fifth street, by two young men. Capt. McElwaine proceeded to the Pro-fessor's residence to work the case up, and obtained the statement of a colored servant, who said that while sitting in the kitchen window she saw Master Henry Peck, son of the Professor, nineteen years old, come in by the hall door, accompanied by two youths of about the same age. She heard them walking overhead in the parlor, and then heard them apparently go up stairs to young Peak's room. She next heard the hall door open, and saw the two young men carry a chest down the stoop. She went out, saw that they turned down Madison avenue to Thirty-fourth street. and on looking up saw young Peck watching them from the window of his room. On re-entering the house she met young Peck in the hall-way going out, and asked him what chest it was that his friends carried out. He told her to mind her — business and he would mind his. This excited the servant's suspicion, and she watched him leave the house and proceed in the same direction as the two young men who carried the chest. She informed another servant of the affair, and the latter on going to the extension-room of studio, behind the parlors, saw that the plate-chest had been stolen. The family were at church, but the servants called Prof. Peck and his father-in-law. Prof. Davis, out of the church and informed them of the affair. Capt. Mc Elwaine ascertained that young Peck was keeping company with a dress-maker, and calling on the young lady, obtained from her a picture of Master Henry Peck. Seven officers were detailed to search the city for him, but shortly before 6 o'clock he returned to his father's house alone. Capt. Mc-Elwaine was notified, but on arriving at the house found that Prof, Davis and Prof. Peck were not disposed to take any action in the case or prosecute young Peck. The latter said he knew nothing about the chest and denied everything. While working on the case Capt. McElwaine obtained possession of a list of debts by young Peck. On this list, which amounted in all to \$268, James Oxley figured for \$86, "Seddons Mouse" was credited with \$55, while "Owney" Geohegan, "Paddy the Smasher," and other sportwas credited ing and notorious persons were similarly mentioned. At latest writing Prof. Peck had not recovered his property. The family refused to make any of the details of the case public .- New York Times.

The Business Activity of the West.

The great prairie States show every ndication of being in the enjoyment of at 7 and 10 per cent. Trade collections are easy, and loans are paid promptly. The loan agents at Chicago report that there has rarely been greater alacrity to meet interest, while the payments on principal are large, and scarcely any extensions of time are being asked for. All branches of trade, except iron and a few specially depressed industries, are active, and nobody would know that there had been a panic.

there had been a panic.

Making all allowance for Chicago rose-color, it must be admitted that the West is wonderfully prosperous, and more active in business than the East. This is due largely to the fact that agri-

California lion leaping over the fence with the unfortunate child in its mouth. The mother fainted, and no one else being near, she lay in this condition for some time. When she recovered, an alarm was raised, and pursuit made, but no trace could be found of the lost child. Our friend began to tremble in his beats at the registal and rather re.

Again, if we may judge by the re ported rates of commercial paper at the West, the banks of that section have west, the banks of that section have aided the revival. They have responded warmly to the wants of the business community, and as money has grown abundant, have lowered their rates accordingly. At the East, on the contrary, while money is quoted easy on call at New York, the banks have been closefisted in their treatment of borrowers on time.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Results of a Hunt for Bones. A report of Prof. Marsh's fossil bone A report of Prof. Marsh's fossil bone hunt among the Black Hills, given in extense by a correspondent of the New York Tribune, reads more like an epic than an idyl, and it is an extraordinary record of dangers and obstacles met and overcome by this determined scientific leader. The tales of times when men were theremy properties.

titic leader. The tales of times when men were thrown upon their individual resources more than now for success and protection could hardly furnish instances of readier inventions in emergencies than was shown by the distinguished paleontologist. He had to gencies than was shown by the distinguished paleontologist. He had to meet savage suspicion in a multitude of ways. Carefully worded diplomatic addresses, in which the Indian nature was shrewdly studied, he relied upon as far as they would go. He conciliated the red men with feasts, and in turn courageously allowed himself to be entertained upon mule meat and grasshopper pie by the mighty chiefs. He used firmness when he could afford it, and strategy when he could not, crossing the ice-hound White river at night in the teeth of savage hostilities and elemental dangers, thus giving the hisng the ice-bound White river at hight in the teeth of savage hostilities and elemental dangers, thus giving the his-lery of science its Washington and its Delaware also. Pursuing his labors tome of the time in almost Arctic some of the time in almost Arctic severity of climate, he won tons of trophies, hones of tropical animals of the miocene era with which he is now at work, to add new riches of zoology by the aid of comparative anatomy. One of his most valued discoveries is the skull of what he calls a brontothe-

rium, first brought to his notice by an Indian who carried about its molar tooth, and said it had belonged to "s big horse struck by lightning," so that some new light upon the "orohippos" may be in store for science from this source. At all events, the expedition was quite a remarkable one, both in its results and mode of conduct.

All Sorts.

Over sixty nations now burn Pennsylvania coal oil. JOHN BRIGHT will, it is reported, visit

this country next year. A CHINAMAN and an Irishman run candy store in partnership in New

THE membership of Plymouth Church is made up of 1,504 females and 886

Colorado and Wyoming are doubt less the most wonderful fossil fields on

the globe. According to Punch, Gladstone has abandoned the works of Homer for those of Pope.

IT cost a Denver sport \$48 to cut off the pig-tail ornament of a Celestial resident in that city.

J. S. CLARKE is the only American comedian who has successfully played English comedy on English soil. "And now," complains the Omaha Bee, "the barbarians of the East refer to our female population as 'Oma-

A TERRE HAUTE newspaper begs the policemen of Indianapolis, when they visit T. H. for "a big drunk," to leave their uniforms behind them. It is the opinion of the Galveston

News that the trade between that city and the New West in tropical fruits is destined to be very important. A LETTER in the New York Tribune says: "Papa has given us three cents

day for not sucking our thumbs. send \$1 for a child in Kansas.' CINCINNATI people spend \$8,000,000 year for intoxicating drinks, and still are greatly troubled to know how to keep the poor of the city from starv-

THE Rev. Florence McCarthy, of Chicago, counts 50,000 conflicting readings in the New Testament, and says that "we are at the mercy of the trans

lators. DR. JOHN HALL says that in England people are divided into churchmen and dissenters, but that in America they might properly be divided into church-men and absenters,

THE government of France is enormous, consisting of 1,500,000 soldiers, 150,000 clergymen, and 650,000 office-holders, making a total of 2,300,000 rulers of less than 40,000,000 people.

ENGLISH and German architects fre quently visit the ancient Greek temples of Pasturn and return filled with praises of the Grecian beauties. For modern building purposes, however, they are pronounced useless,

a business prosperity fully up to the average, if not positively greater than usual. Money is active at low rates at Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, commercial paper being obtainable at 7 and 10 per cent. Trade collections are easy, and loans are paid promptly.

M. Hurquerlot left \$120,000 to the be good news to the public?

"Do you want whisky or gin?" asked the beartender, but old Jim did not hear him. He had leaned back against the money was reluctantly sent back to the wall, pulled his hat over his eyes and was thinking. Drink had robbed him

stage lines, are among the improve ments of the day.

This is rattlesnake season in Texas. A letter from there says: "Thirty-one rattlesnakes were caught and caged at

Cranium. In our State Penitentiary there

onfined a man laboring under an hallucination, which is bound, sooner or later, to send him "where the wood-bine twineth." His name is Thomas J. Waters, an Englishman by birth, and serving out a seven-years' sentence for burglary. For a year or two past he has been behaving very strangely, and two months ago deliberately bored a hole in the back part of his head, and run in a broom-wire until it touched the other side of his cranium. This performance did not kill him, and when the surgeon in charge had arrived. the surgeon in charge had extracted the wire he seemed better than ever. the wire he seemed better than ever. He is laboring under the impression that there is something in his noddle which ought to come out, and yesterday he made another attempt to get at it. Having, by some means, secured a small awl in some of the shops, he deliberately seated himself, placed the point of the sharp instrument directly on the top of his head, and calmly drove it in with a bucket till the handle prevented its going any further. There he sat, serene and smiling, with the handle of the awl standing straight up on his head like the scalp lock of an Indian, when the keeper turned and discovered what had happened. The prison surgeon was called and at once removed the instrument. It penetrated about an inch and a half into the skull, and very narrowly escaped striking the and very narrowly escaped striking the brain. Waters is now in the hospital under treatment, and will be kept from doing himself any injury in the future. It is a wonder the many punctures his head has received do not affect him; but, strange to say, he seems to enjoy this method of relieving the pressure.— Leavenworth Commercial.

An incendiary thrashing-machine is a novelty. While one of these labor-savers was in operation in the barn of William Shoemaker, in Franklin county Ohio, a piece of iron slipped in wi the grain, striking fire under the cyli-der, which resulted in the destruction

There are men who can remember when he had a cottage of his own; when he was well-dressed and had a frank, honest face; when his children went to Sunday school and his wife was well clothed and carried a happy face. Old Jim found himself going dewn the hill, and almost in a year he had changed from a hard working, respectable man to a ragged, lazy sot, and no effort on the part of those who loved him could stop his descent. His home went, his furniture went, good clothes and happy

faces disappeared, and wretchedness and poverty moved into the old tene-ment-house on Baubien street with him. Do you remember when his child was run over and killed? Old Jim was dead drunk while the body lay in the house. Were you ever at the Central Station Court when he was sent up for drunkenness or for beating his wife? Have you never seen him sleeping his drunken sleep in the alley? Haven't you heard the police speak of "Old Jim Drayton?" A red, wicked face, having not one soft line in it—red eyes looking stupidly and vacantly at you-a battered hat—regged clothes—you surely must have met him at some time.
Old Jim meant to have a big drunk.
That was a good way to wind the old year up. He had been drunk Thanks-giving—he had staggered home drunk Christmas night, and when the boys were heard wishing that Santa Claus had not passed them by the father hehad not passed them by the father be-came angered and beat them. The bar-keeper knew him as he entered the saloon and called for drinks. He had called there dozens of times before, and his face was as familiar as the sight of the big decanter from which he poured

"Wait a minute," said the barkeeper, who was wiping off the bar; and old Jim sat down at one of the

Two young men same in and sat down near him. Jim was in the shadow, and they did not know who it was. As they drank their beer they spoke of the dying year, and of their resolves to break off some of their bad habits, and finally one of them said: "Some one was saying that old Jim

Drayton had cut his throat!" "It's good news, if true," replied the other. "No one will miss the old sot—not even his family. His wife and children are in rags, his home hasn't a comfort, and if he'd only die folks would feel like helping them. He's the lowest drunkard in Detroit!" "Yes; I've often wondered wky he

didn't jump into the river," rejoined the other. "If I ever get as low and ragged and mean as old Jim Drayton
I'll shoot myself!"
Old Jim heard every word. If he had had a glass of whisky down he'd have leaped up and cursed them, but he was sober—as sober as he had ever

been for ten years, and Le made no move. Was he low and mean? Did everybody feel that way toward him? Did everybody notice his poor old house, his ragged children, his red face and watery eyes? Did men speak to each other of his degradation, his neglect of his family—would his death

of his honest look, his frank tone and his strength and skill, but it had not robbed him of his memory. He could go back over the decade and remember his pleasant home, his happy family and his own honest, independent feeling. Shame came with memory. He had not got so low but words could

strike him. Two or three other men came in, and while they were drinking one of them "Isn't that old Jim Drayton in the corner?'

"Yes, that's the old sot," answered another.

"Wonder if he isn't going to swear off—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the third.
The words stung old Jimagain. They called up something of his old spirit, and he sprang out of his chair and explained. claimed: "Yes, I am going to swear off!"

" You swear off-You-ha! ha! ha!" laughed the men.
"But I will! I know I'm a drunkard, and that I'm ragged and low, but I can reform. "That's good !" they laughed, "biggest thing out! Old Jim Drayton swearing off—ha, ha!" "I will-with God's help, I will!"

Their shouts of laughter followed him Their shouts of laughter followed him as he went out, but they strengthened his sudden resolution. He walked directly home. He stopped for a moment at the gate and wondered why he had never before noticed how gloomy and wretched and lonesome the old hovel looked. It was a fit home for a drunkard and a wife-beater. He opened the an instant and looked around at the bare and battered walls, the bare floors, the wretchedness and poverty. His wife crept away, fearing his drunken wrath. He knew what moved her, and

it cut him like a knife.
"Mary, come here!" he said, as he closed the door and held out his hand; "I'm not drunk to-night!"
She slowly approached him, wondering if drink had not crazed him.
"Mary!" he said as he clasped her hand, "I haven't drank a drop to-

"Oh, James!" she sobbed, breaking right down in an instant. "They call me old Jim Drayton; say I'm a sot; wonder why I don't die; say I can't reform," he went on, "but I'm going to stop drinking—I have stopped!" stopped!"
She put her arms around his neck,

but could not speak.

"From to-night, as long as I live, I'll
be James Drayton again—sober—
steady—a kind husband and a good
father! Go and wake up the children, Mary, and let us all pray together!"
"Is father going to kill us?" they
whispered as they were aroused from
their wretched beds.

their wretched beds.

"No—no—he's sober—he's going to be good again!" she sobbed.

At midnight the voice of prayer, broken by sobs, was heard in the old lavel, and old Jim Drayton, kneeling at his chair said:

"Mary—children—may heaven help me to be a better man!"

So may it.—Detroit Free Press, Down in New Jersey they have dis-overed a new system of bribery of the state Legislature. Several of the numbers have received a polite intima-ion that rooms have been engaged at a

How Old Jim Drayton "Swore Off."

He came up town last night to drink the old year out and the new year in.

There are men who cau remember when

Leaving Out the Jokes.

Some people are bright enough to enjoy a good joke, but do not have retentive memories, so as to be able torepeat it to others. Failures of this
kind are sometimes very ludicrous. Wegive some good specimens.

The most famous of this class was thecollege professor, who on parting with

college professor, who, on parting with a student that had called on him, noticed that he had a new coat, and remarked that it was too short. Thestudent, with an air of resignation, replied: "It will be long enough before I get another." The professor enjoyed the joke heartily, and going to a meeting of the college faculty just afterward, he entered the room in great glee, and said: "Young Sharp got off such a joke just now. He called on me a little while ago, and as he was leaving Haven't | 1 noticed his new coat, and told him it was too short, and he said, 'It will be a long time before I get another.'" No one laughed, and the professor sobering down, remarked: "It doesn't seem as funny as when he said it."

A red-haired lady who was ambitious of literary distinction found but poor sale for her book. A gentleman, in speaking of her disappointment, said: "Her hair is red (read), if her book is not." An auditor, in attempting to relate the joke elsewhere, said: "She has red hair if her book hasn't."

The most unfortunate attempt at reproducing another's wit was made by an Englishman who didn't understand the pun, but judged from the applause with which it was greeted that it must be excellent. During a dinner at which he was a guest, a waiter let a boiled tongue slip off the plate on which he was bearing it, and it fell on the table.

The host at once apologized for the mishap as a "lapsus lingue" (slip. of the tongue(. The joke was the best thing at the dinner, and our friend concluded to bring it. cluded to bring it up at his own table. He accordingly invited his company and instructed a servant to let fall a roast of beef as he was bringing it to the table. When the "accident" occurred, he exclaimed: "That's a 'lap-sus linguæ." Nobody laughed, and he said again, "I say that's a lapsus-lingue," and still no one laughed. A screw was loose somewhere; so he told about the tongue falling, and they did.

laugh. "Why is this," said a waiter, holding up a common cooking utensal, "more remarkable than Napoleon Bonsparte?" Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a grater." When the funny man reproduced it in his circle, he asked the question right, but answered it, "Because Napoleon was a great man, but this is a nutmeg grater."

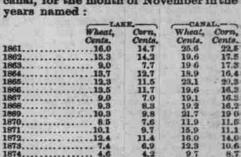
Cheap Transportation-The Lowest

Rates for Fourteen Years. The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser thus sums up the result of the season's carrying business on the lakes:

There is a great deal of talk nowadays about cheap transportation, but if property is ever transported from the interior to the seaboard at much lower rates than have prevailed this season it must be after some great improvement on railways and steam vessels has been adopted. Never in the history of this country have the products of the earth peen moved forward for so small an

amount of money.

The following table shows the average freights on wheat and corn, by lake and canal, for the month of November in the



These figures reveal the bad condi-tion of the trade during the month of November last. What a contrast there is between 4.6 cents, the average of last month on wheat, and 12.4 cents, the average for November, 1872; 10.1 cents average for November, 1872; 10.1 cents for the same month in 1871, and 16 cents for the same month thirteen years age! By canal the contrast is quite as striking as by lake. The average for the month just closed is 9.7 cents, for the corresponding month in 1872 it was 16 cents, for November, 1865, it was 23.1 cents, and 25.6 in the same month of 1861. These figures must make carriers sigh for the good old days of yore. The averages for the entire season abundantly justify the heading whim we have given to this article. For dultiness the season of 1874 is without a parallel in the history of our lake and canal commerce. There have been times in which freights touched as low figures as they have in any month this year. he replied, striking the bar with his

as they have in any month this year. ard and a wife-beater. He opened the gate, paused, then turned and went to the grocery on the corner, and with the money he meant to get drunk on he purchased a few little toys for the children, and returned and entered his desolate house. He stood on the ficor for exercise that received this ruinous rate brought down a load of corn in the fall on a 29-cent freight. In nearly every dull year there have been periods. every dull year there have been periods-either in the spring or fall, when good freights were paid, and vessel owners were able to cover their losses and have a little surplus left. But during the season of 1874 there has not been an encouraging spart from the beginning to the end.

Comments on a Black Eye.

When a man is splitting wood and a stick flies up and blacks his eye, he must prepare himself to endure all the taunts and jeers which the world would inflict on a pirate. Social standing counts for nothing, and dignity cannot be made a mantle of. The other day when a compositor on this paper took up his little ax and broke a stick in two, and one end flew into his eye, he knew that he must either remain in the housefor two weeks or go out and face the for two weeks or go out and face the-world's sneers. He decided to face the sneers, and during one short half day he noted down the following expres-

sions:
"It's all right; of course it was a stick of wood—oh, yes!"
"Been fighting again, eh?"
"Well, who knocked you down this

"Oh, I've had the same thing ail my eye, and I always laid it to a stick of wood!"
"Ha! ha! The policemen struck

Then there were people who point him out as the abductor of Charlie Ro and people who thought he was one the usad's Hill robbers, and over fift the trad's Hill robbers, and over fifty respectable men saked him why he didn't get the other one blacked, so as to have a matched pair.—Detroit Free