EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY

BY TELEGRAPH TO BATE

Henry Jackson, a livery stable keeper in Chicago, skipped the city with a wo-man on the 3d, after forging his uncle's name to notes for several thousand dol-

Thomas Jones and Geo. L. Franks, of Catton Springs, Texas, met on the street on the 3d, Franks with a shot-gun and Jones with a revolver. Both fired and both were instantly killed.

In the county court in Denver on January 3d, Mrs. Augusta L. Tabor obtained a divorce from Lieut. Gov. H. A. W. Tabor, on the ground of desertion, the action being mutually agreed to by the attorneys of both parties. Alimony was places at \$250,000.

The postoffice department has contracted for a large quantity of new style postal cards or combined letter and envelope. Fears have been expressed by some postal experts that it would interfere greatly with the revenue department. especially if the reduction of postage to two cents was adopted, but those in favor of the new cards reply that similar fears were expressed when the postal cards were first proposed, and then, as now, the letter postage was three cents. Should the reduction be made, a larger letter sheet and envelope, combined with a twocent stamp upon it, would be among the

There are some curious features connected with the death of Col. Devine, which occurred in Washington, D. C. recently. He was dining with some old friends, and they were discussing the rapidity with which work on the Washington monument was pushed forward. One gentleman remarked that the monument was now very high-higher, in fact, than the figure on the dome of the capitol. Col. Devine said it was true the monument was very high, but he soon expected to go much higher than the monument. As he spoke these words he sank back in his chair unconscious, and very soon expired. Col. Devine was highly respected, and a retired army offi-

A Washington dispatch says a funny incident occurred in the house on the 2d inst. The bill was taken up for the street railroad in Washington with an important amendment tacked on. The house being weary was about to pass it, when Neal, of Ohio, who was in a barber chair, heard of it, and bounced from the chair, wiping the lather from his face with a towel, and forgetting his coat, bounded into the arena, demanding the speaker's at tention. When he had done this, he ran back for his coat, which he pulled on minus collar and necktie. He was em-barrassed, but in dead carnest, and for once, at least, commented the attention of the house, and got the emendment rejected

The Chicago Times will publish a let-ter from John Schuyler Crosby, governor of Montana, to Senator Vest, Inobedience to the latter's request. He suggests the train was nearing Caliente, Cal., on the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Ith inst., Smith, the Los Angeles Morenlargement of the Yellowstone National Park to the eastward over a section of country not suitable for agriculture, and that officers of the army be appointed and furnished power and sufficient force to protect the large game in the park from protect the large game in the park from severing it from his body. destruction. He includes elk, antelope, black-tailed deer and Rocky mountain sheep, but excludes buffalo, whose place he thinks can better be supplied by cattle. He suggests that funds for laving out the roads through the park be furnished the superintendent, and objects to private corporations being given control of the park property. He thinks the park, if enlarged and protected from pot hunters, will furnish an overflow of game sufficient for legitimate hunting outside

its limits. A San Francisco dispatch of Jan. 4th says: Great excitement was occasioned this morning by the report that E. J. Baldwin had been shot in the hotel by a vainly endeavored to effect an entrance. Police officers rushed to the scene of the shooting, barricaded the doors and kept the crowd well on the street. A young woman was found on top of the stairs adjoining the elevator thickly veiled and hand, and acting as if demented. The affair occurred at ten o'clock, at which time Baldwin was engaged in conversation with a gentleman at the foot of the stairs. Suddenly and without a word of warning a shot was heard, striking Baldwin in the arm. The woman was instantly arrested and taken to the city prison, where she gave her name as Eliza Verona, elaiming to be a cousin. She was evidently suffering from nervous prostration. and sesmed anconscious of the scenes around her. When she had sufficiently recovered she sent for Mr. Gray, of Gray & Havens, and gave him some informa tion regarding the causes leading to the shooting. It appears that some time ago she made the acquaintance of Lucky Baldwin, who proposed engaging her services as a teacher on his ranch at Santa Ana, near Los Angeles. The young girl consented, and after entering upon her duties she said she was frequently importuned by Ealdwin, who finally made an indecent assault and succeeded in seducing her. The story of her fall followed her to Santa Anita ranch. says he ruined her, mind and body, and refused to contribute to her support, and she had determined to kill him. Baldwin is young and preposessing. She says her mother is dead; her father lives in Oregon, where she is known by the name of Fanny Baldwin. The wounded man's version of the affair is to the effect that the woman came from Tacoma some years ago asking assistance, and that she as no relatve of his. He gave her charge of a school on his ranch. Rumors that she was an improper person for the position reached him, and finally it was proved to his satisfaction that the charges were true and he removed her. She pestered him with letters, asking \$50,000 to have her life insured, so that when she committed suicide she would leave her darents well provided for. He recently gave her \$20 as he didn't wish to see her starve. The ball entered the left arm and took a downward course and lodged in the wrist, and has not yet been found. At last accounts the wounded man was

Wallace Ross will row Hanlan at Winnipeg, if the inducements of last year are

The National Cigar Magers' Association, protests against cutting off the ad valorum duty on imported cigars.

The San Pedro, a sister ship to the Tacoma intended for the Oregon trade, sailed from Philadelphia on the 3d.

The Keokuk, Iowa, elevator burned on the night of Jan. 4th. It cost \$110,000 new and had extensive repairs; insurance,

John White, colored, sues D. L. Staf ford, white, both of Boston, for \$500 damages for breach of promise. The plaintiff is aged 40, defendant 60.

Two construction trains collided at gamner, Cal., on the 3d, killing one Chinaman and wounding several others. Two flat cars and one caboose were destroyed.

Well known New York capitalists have subscribed \$50,000,000 to build a railway from New York to Hartford, to afford New England a road to connect with the metropolis.

The export of flour from San Francisco during the past year amounts to 1,000,000 barrels, valued at \$5,000,000. This is the largest export of flour known in the history of the state.

A circular has been issued by the Cen tral Pacific rairroad stating that orders for emigrant tickets from Havre to San Francisco, with fare for through trip at \$65, will be furnished on application.

A. J. Decker, agent of the agricultural department, says Kansas is specially adapted to raising sorghum, and that with improvements in manufacture it promises to be one of the large sugar growing states. A Berlin dispatch to the New York

Herald says: In well imformed circles a story is now circulating to the effect that Emperor Wilhelm, on the 22d of March, which is his 86th birthday, will abdicate in favor of the crown prince.

Suit has been commenced by the ad ministrators of the estate of Cephas M. Woodruff against the New Jersey Central railroad company to recover \$100,000 damages. Woodruff was killed in the Parker Creek calamity last summer.

The Springfield, Ills., iron works, will stop making steel rails and convert the mill into one of the largest in the country for heavy plates and other commercial iron and steel. It will cost three-quarters of a million to make the change.

D. C. Dudley, vice president of the Calumet Iron and Steel Company of Chicago, says those mills will close January 15th for a month or six weeks on account of the low price of nails. About 20,000 men will be thrown out of employment on account of this action.

Geo. P. McConkey was found dead at Hamilton, Nevada, on New Year's night. At first it was supposed he had taken his own life, but subsequent investigation tends to prove that the killing was a cunningly planned murder, with circumstances manufactured for the occasion to for your life. I think the party in that make it seem like suicide,

While the northern bound passenger

Little Thunder and Cading Feathers, Chippewa chiefs, were in Chicago on Jan, 4th, en route to Washington for the purpose of making a trade with the government whereby they can obtain a reservation at Red Lake and certain agricultural implements and utensils necessary for a civilized Christian life, such as they are living. Hitherto they have had little encouragement from the government. They are accompanied by Father Ignatius lips, in "follow your leader" style, each to Massena, a missionary. Some 1200 of them occupy the reservation.

The New York Evening Post of Jan. 4th says: The estimated cost of new buildings erected in this city in 1882 was strange woman. The hotel was instantly \$44,778,686, or just \$3,005,984 less than besieged by a tremendous crowd, who in 1881. More plans were filed last year than the year before. During the last six months of 1882 there was a continuous decline in the cost of buildings erected, the principale cause of which was the very high prices of all classes of building material and extra rate of the holding a smoking pistol in her right real estate market. During the past fifteen years the total capital invested in building has been \$4,240,310,520; total

number of new buildings, 58,976. A Knoxville, Ills., dispatch of Jan. 4th says: St. Mary's Episcopal school for young ladies at this place, was burned to the ground this morning. Most of the hundred scholars were asleep when the flames were discovered and had barely time to escape when the alarm was given, leaving their wardrobes and property Many escaped by ladders. Miss Gillette, of Buffalo, Itls., broke a leg. Miss Hasford, of Dubuque, was seriously injured by falling from a ladder. E. A. Keighting, a firemen, also fell and was injured. No others were injured and no loss of life, though at one time it seemed inevi-The building was an imposing three-story brick, handsomely furnished. The students were mostly from Illinois. Loss on building about \$25,000, fully insured; loss to ladies, in property, about as much. The building will be rebuilt soon and in the meantime temporary accommodations for the school will be

used. A San Francisco dispatch of Jan. 4th says: Since the defalcation of M. P. Kay, auditing clerk of Alameda county, was all smoothed down to get the contrary made public, bogus warrants aggregating \$15,000 have been discovered. It appears that the knowledge of the false entries was the result of the merest accident, but for which the fraud would perhaps have never come to light. Among those holding warrants was the Oakland bank of savings, which discounted them when there was no funds in the county treasury. At the end of each month a statement of the warrants in its possession was sent to the treasurer's office. The clerk made the mistake of numbering two of the warrants, so that warrant No. 2299 appeared on the bank's list as drawing \$160, while the treasurer's list showed it to have been presented for \$3.20. No Here the good old lady had to stop in trace of the missing man is yet found. Of late he has been dabbling considerably own sunbonnet coming toward her with in stocks and frequently visited faro games, and almost all of his spare time resting quietly. No serious results are anticipated. The girl is said to be a was spent with fast women. He has a beautiful and accomplished wife, who little bow and commenced: "Please,

ONLY FOR FUN.

"How be you this mornin', 'Squire Dunnin'?'

"Oh, middlin', Miss Patty, middlin' Hain't quite so spry as I was twenty-odd years ago; but hold on a bit and I'll help you down." And so saying, alderhelp you down. And so saying, alder-manic Si. Dunning reached up a large fat hand and eased Miss Patty's descent from the one-horse shay that old Doane was tugging at, evidently not wishing to tarry, for she seemed instinctively to conclude that if Miss Patty stopped there was no telling when she would resume her journey.

You see, though, Miss Patty was a good old soul as ever lived, she was very much given to harmless gossiping, and she generally tarried long at the whine when she began to talk over her own troubles and trials.

Miss Patty was, as she herself expressed it, nigh onto sixty, and, in fact, she had admitted the same thing for a number of years, so that most folks put her at sev-enty, or thereabouts. Just now Miss Patty, was in a peck of trouble—she had come down from the Roseleaf farm in

search of female help.

Mrs. Dunning, the hotel-keeper's wife, came out to greet the new-comer, being always glad to see the tidy body, especially as Miss Patty Slocum's butter was the best for miles around, and she always made it a point to bring some along with her.

Just now Uncle Si., as most people called him, was grunting over the threegallon of buttercup yellow creamery.

Mrs. Dunning relieved the butter maker of her basket of eggs, and she herself gathered up a bunch of garden sass, and brought up in the rear as the trio trudged through the garden and around to the ample hotel kitchen, Miss Patty remarking, as they were passing the side piazza:

"I've got to have some help somehow or other. I've inquired all the way scarce; allers the way these days, when you want 'em to do a bit of work they are no where around. If it warn't for this rheumatis now—" but right here Miss Patty's voice was lost as she turned the corner of the great house. Though lost to view she was indellibly stamped on the memory of the group of girls that sat on the front piazza, some in low wicker rockers, one in a hammock, swinging lazily, another half sitting on the railing, her saucy face half hid by the luxuriant woodbine that clambered

up the second story.
"I say, girls, come here, every one of you," and the face that had been peeping from the woodbins came into full view, and the dainty muslin-clad body sailed down the steps, and four others, not at all alike, but every one more or less pretty, followed after her around the west side of the house, and within hearing of all that was said in the kitchen.

"Mum is the word, now, girls, and don't one of you give an audible smile immense sunbonnet-shaker I suppose von'd call it-is a case; aa original, too; and I want to hear what she is going to do about her help. She makes me think of old Aunt Hannah, up at the Springs. This old body is just such a go-aheadsharp as a cricket, and except for her rhenmatis, would be equal to half a dozen such girls as you and me.'

When the girls had reached the desired spot, right under a high window that opened out of the buttery, that was Mrs. Dunning's pride, and a marvel of convenience, by the by, they all sat down on a long wooden bench that was under great overhanging lilac bushes, just now laden with immense clusters of the lovely perfumed blossoms.

Rose Stonleigh, the leader of the group, put one dimpled finger up to her raised a finger, and they were quiet as mice. Presently through the window came the voice of Mrs. Dunning.

"Indeed you must stop a minute, Miss Slocum. You'll be all done out time you get back home again.'

"No! thank 'e all the same. I'll try one more place, and then I'll get back

home again. "It is too bad you can't find anybody. What is the particular rush just now?

Surely having has not commenced with

"No; not that exactly, but I've a sight on hand just now; got to do down some pie plant, and then them 'ere gooseberries are about ripe enough to can, and in about a couple o' weeks the cherries'll be ten hand, and pester the hired help anyway! I'd sooner grub 'long any how than bother with any o' them, if 'twant for this plaguey rheumatis. It kinder catches me wonst in a while, and no use to talk, it takes the spunk clean out of me. I heard as how they had some sort of ile down to the postoffice that was powerful good for sich cases, an' I guess I must git me a quarter's

"Girls, sit still, and I will be thack in a trice," and off flew Rose, skimming past stately Helen Parker, who still sat on the plazza, scratching away with her pen, an oval stand before her.

worth, just to try. Feel sort of 'fraid

to, too

"What are you up to now, Rose Stoneleigh?"

"Can't stop to tell any fibs just now," said Rose, as she flew up the broad stairway and into her room. Presently she emerged an altogether different looking person. In place of a muslin she had donned a school-girl gingham, a white apron, and plain linen collar, her hair crinkles out perfectly netural, you kuow. Down she went, stole back and seized Mrs. Dunning's blue gingham sunbonnet, and darting out to the won dering girls, had just time to signal them to come to the front, when Miss Patty emerged from the other side and was about to ascend the step of the comical vehicle, Mrs. Dunning turning after her, saving: "I hope you'll succeed in your efforts, Miss Sloeum. wasn't so busy myself I'd let Selena come up a day or two and help you out, but you see we have the seminary girls -at least six of them-and it keeps one sheer amazement, for she recognized her a little body underneath.

Rose did not stop for anything, but sailed up to Miss Patty, made a demure graduate of Forest Grove University, was obliged to leave him on account of ma'am, I overheard part of your conver-bia wild career.

at her own temerity.

"You don't look as you could do much How much did you expect to get a week, and where did you come from?" queried business-like Miss Patty.

"I came from over yonder some miles, and have a sick aunt, and want to earn some money. Please try me, and if I don't suit, I need not stay."

"Well, seein' how you came in the nick of time, and look kinder clipper like, I'll take you along. Have you any recommends along?"

"No-o, I have not, but Mrs. Dunning here knows me, she did not expect to see me to-day hunting a place," and the smiling eyes were turned upon the landlord's wife, and, hid by the sunbonnet, she made a grimace at the puzzled face that was slowly taking in the fun.

"Oh, yes," explained the od old lady, "I do know her, but I doubt her capabilities regarding housekeeping. But I'd try her if I were you. You might do worse."

do worse. "Can you come right along? I'd a heap rather you would, seein as I'm clean tuckered out now."

"Oh, yes; certainly I can. Mrs. Dun-ning, I left my bundle, a gingham and a few other things inside. Will you have them sent? One reason I came was that Cora, over there, used to know me and I heard that the girls were going to spend a part of vacation here, and then I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone if I could earn a bit while over."

Miss Patty looked rather suspiciously at the white dimpled hands, and it was hard telling what was in her thoughts, as they finally drove off. They went down into the heart of the village, and Rose pulled the sunbonnet further down around her face, murmuring that "the sun was rather warm."

"Now, we will have to wait for the ten train," said Miss Patty, "and if you will mind the horse I'll just drop right in the postoffice, and get what I want. I expect my grand nephew on the morning train, and if it happens to come in while I'm in here you jes' keep an eye open for a long, good lookin' chap, with an im-mense gilt chain, and tell him I'll be out as soon as I can git my ile and lamp chimneys, and other stuff. Mind the horse, now!"

So saying off she went.

Rose sat very quiet for some minutes, peeping from the depths of the bonnet. It was dreadful this having to wait when she was in for a frolic. Ten, fifteen minntes went by when, in the distance, sounded the locomotive whistle.

"Whew!" mimicked Rose, "a grand nephew coming. I suppose her idea of a good looking chap is one that can do all manner of hard work, and a great gawk of a fellow he is I know.' Her reverie was interrupted by the

stopping of the train and the rush of passengers getting on and off. With a dinga-ling, a puff and a snort the great engine steamed out again with a long line of cars trailing after. Rose had all she could do to manage

the restless old mare. When Doane finally became quiet Rose looked over toward the depot in search of the gilt chain, that being uppermost in her mind. The passengers had all gone their several ways except two; these were a lady and gentleman. There was a cloud of dust, a carriage

lrove up, and amid a show of greetings the lady was helped in, and immediately driven off. Rose came to the conclusion that the tall gentleman must be the nephew aforesaid, who, espying Miss Patty's turnout, came over.

"Excuse me, madam, but I believe this is Miss Patty Stocum's rig, is it not, and did she send you down for me?" "I'm in for it now," thought Rose

'he thinks I'm the hired girl, no doubt; but I'll carry it through or die, for the girls would make a laughing stock of

Aloud she said: "You can jump in if you like; Miss Slocum will be out presently; she is in the postoffice and I expeet her every minute now.'

Contrary to her expectations he scated himself beside her, and with a polite 'Allow me," he took the reins from her hands.

Miss Patty's watchful eyes had taken in all that had occurred outside; she now appeared at the open door.

'I'll be there in just three minutes, Tom; just make yourself agreeable to the young miss; she is going to help me a bit for a week or so.'

"I'll wait three hours, aunty, if you like; I'm not at all in a hurry; and the brown eyes were as full of mischief as those of Rose's. Rose's were as blue as the sky, though they might have been green or yellow for all the glimpse Tom

could get of them. He was mentally anathematizing sunbonnets of all descriptions, and wondering if the man who invented them was dead yet; if not, he wanted to make a target of him immediately. As the being beneath the (to him) hideons structure was rather quiet, he concluded to bide his time, and if it proved interesting he meant to have all the fun possible during his two weeks' stay. He solilo-

quized thus: 'Now, Aunty is just as sharp as a steel trap, and if this little piece here does not toe the mark, she won't have her around, but we will fix things. I wish she'd throw back that confounded ones above. I saw the wearer let out a head-gear, and let a fellow see what she is like.

Presently Miss Patty, having completed her purchases, stepped out, was anded into the wagon by the clerk, he being glad of an excuse to satisfy his her corsage once more. curiosity regarding the occupants of the front seat.

The sun by this time was getting very hot, and Miss Patty told Tom to drive along right smart, as she had dinner to get yet, and they had three miles or so "Why, yes, Aunty, I know the pre-

cise distance; why shouldn't I, when I lived here so many years; seems though you now have more enterprising people about here than there were three years "Wall, yes; you see since them semi-

livelier about here; you know that they built the seminary the fall you went away.

Old Doane did her best, and within lowly trees and immease rose bushes. sation, and I thought I'd offer myself if "Jest drive round to the back, Tom, drivers for fast driving.

you think I could strip pieplant or assist you in any way;" and she dropped her to lug 'em clear through the house." white lids as though she was frightened Having done as he was desired, he sprang nimbly to the ground, he helped Miss Patty out, then handed her the Miss Patty out, then handed are the bundles, and lastly gave Bose a firm good-sized hand, and very awkwardly knocked off that terrible bonnet, Bose having untied the strings to get a little air during the home drive. The a little air during the home drive. blue eyes looked defiance at the brown ones, while the brown ones had a look that pleaded, "I'll never do it again,

please, ma'am. Rose followed Miss Patty into the house, while Tom attended to old Doane. Everything was as neat as a pin in the little kitchen. The low stuffed rockers were inviting, and Rose sat down. Having found her topgue she went into raptures over everything she

saw.
"What a dear little place you have, so old-fashioned and so home-like. Let me pare those for you; I'll do it ever so Having finished her task she thin. went from one thing to another, and her bright ways and light step soon won Miss Patty's esteem and Rose had a firm

friend forever after. Tom was astonished at the clear pretty face as he tipped the bonnet off her head, and he mentally resolved to be on his good behavior, for, as he told old Doane, out in the barn, "blue eyes, brown hair, short and plump, and a will of her own, which showed itself in those blue depths, full of fun, though, in fact, Doane, if you'll help me to manage it, and don't tell Aunty until it is all fixed, we'll marry her; that is, of course, providing she isn't spoken for before this

and will have us, you know, sh Doane?' Doane neighed as though she understood everything, and Tom gave her a whole peck of oats in his absent-mind-

Two-three weeks glided by. Tom was a model of good behavior. Miss Patty was delighted at the success of her preserving. Rose learned the art of butter-making, and she made Tom pick berries, churn butter, and in a hundred ways make himself generally useful, and though he protested that he was "sinfully abused," he could not keep out of the

"When the three weeks were up, Rose decided to tell Miss Patty that she was only a "seminary girl," and that she must go home to spend the rest of the holidays.

"I will tell you what, Rose, if you and Tom here will hitch horses, you might stay right along.

"Hurrah for Aunt Patty!" shouted Tom, "what do you say, Rose, will you be my wife?" "Oh, Tom Slocum, I have not known

you but three weeks; besides what would my folks say? and don't you know. Tom. the old saying, that 'a change of name. and not of letter, is a change for worse, and not for better?" "I am only a school girl, Tom, and

would make you a mad-cap wife,"
"I'll soon tame you," laughed Tom.
"We will write to father and mother—

you see I claim them already-and I do not want my wife too learned. Say yes, Rose, darling, and I will attend to all difficulties, and the old saying won't be a true saying in our case.' Aunt Patty, who meanwhile sat ston-

ing cherries, now spoke again. "Tom is a good boy, Rose, and you might do a great deal worse, sides I want to see him settled in life before I die." "Well, as you are both so determined

you may have me, Tom, for better or for worse, mind, I warn you, it might be for "We'll take all the risks," cried hap

py Tom Slocum. So in just a month from that day, Rose

Stoneleigh became the bride of Tom Slocum, and a happier couple never existed. And her five bridesmaids were the girls that sat on the veranda of the hotel. Though some of them are grandmothers now, they never forgot their wild little leader, Rose Stoneleigh.

An Elastic Costume.

A ball supper is agony to many women because tight lacing makes it unadvisable to eat heartily, but there was one matron, on a recent occasion in New York, who overcame all such difficulty. She ate bulkily and still remained comfortable. I do not know, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. whether she holds a patent on the device, but I am going to describe it anyhow, and whoever copies it must take her own chance of a suit of infringement. It was what may be called a duplex, front action, adjustable basque. It had the material cut away from the front of the lining in vest shape, and trimmed up each side and around the neck with a revers collar of the trimming. The lining was provided with evelet holes and a lacing string, so that it might be drawn as closely or as loosly as the wearer chose. To conceal this lining a shirred vest of silk or satin was set on just inside the revers collar, and each shirring was merely a tape facing on the wrong side, in which was inserted an elastic ribbon which permitted it to expand or contract. There were five of these crossway shirrings, the upper one being at the top of the front darts, and above this the vest was arranged in four easy plaits that were sewed on the neck double at the top to form a standing frill. A hook and loop on each shirred place fastened the vest below, and there were similar few lines of lacing of her corsets in the dressing room before supper and adjusted the basque to the enlargement, but she ate more than she intended to, evidently, for she afterward retired to ease

THE SHERIFF TALKS TO THE BOYS,-"I tell you what it is," said a sheriff the ther day, "these people in the juil are the happiest people on earth. No matter how cold the weather is, they don't worry for fear some one will come in and leave the door open; they don't have to bounce out in the cold at midnight to be sure everything is locked safe; they are not startled out of sound sleep by horrid suspicions of burglars in the rooms; they don't have to put up stove pipes, nor get up on a cold morning and go to market; nary girls came seems as though it is they ain't always worrying about losing the key of the front door, nor do they have to run to the drug store at midnight for paragoric for a baby with the belly ache. They have lots to be thankhalf an hour they were in sight of a ful for and ought to be happy." Then white house, with green blinds and the sheriff borrowed a chew of tobacco and went to serve notices on street-car a furious rage and discomforted the at

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

It is the day of good cheer, it is t

day of festivity, it is the day of pea and good will, it is Christmas day. To children have been awake long before daylight and the patter of little feet has disturbed your morning dream. East little fingers have emptied the well fill stockings and the bright eyes h grown brighter over the many a varied contents; happy greetings as good wishes have been exchanged amon the loved ones, and carefully hidde gifts, whose secret making has occupi so much time and attention the pa month have been presented and warm received. Husband pronounces dressing gown and slippers just thing, while the dainty watch which y receive in return is just too perfect anything.

The toot of the fish horn and the ral a-dub of the new drum make pleasin melody in the back yard. The glorion sunshine streams down in benedictionan the appetizing odor of roast turkey as plum pudding complete the poem to the satisfaction of those who are of the earth, earthy. It is such a merry, merr Christmas, you think and the world in pleasant place after all.

Is the world such a pleasant placand is Christmas such a happy day?

you and many others, yes, but there is alas! another side to the picture, a side which we in our happiness are apt to turn from. Just within sight of your beautiful

home is the cottage of a poor widow. You have not forgotten that awful day when the crushed and mangled body of her husband was carried past your door. She has never recovered from the

shock and to-day lies helpless and hear. broken on her lowly pallet; humble friends, poor nearly as herself, have helped and comforted her, what have you done to lighten her great sorrow?

There is your poor over-worked washwoman, who toils so hard to support he five fatherless children, will their scamp fare be more abundant to day through your kind ministration?"

In the next block are those six little girls whose pilgrimage to their mothers grave has often brought tears to eyes un-used to weeping—last Christmas was is them "merry" for they had Mother, but to-day, oh, to-day is sad indeed-surely in your great happiness you have remembered them. I know you sent a basket of flowers to lay on their mother's coffin, but have you sent them a basket of food since then?

When you came home rosy and joy-ous, laden with toys and pretty gifts for your little ones, did your heart go out in pity to your sad faced neighbor, who last year also bought toys, but who today goes sadly forth to deck a little grave? When your petted darlings danced around the Christmas tree and clapped their hands at the pretty sight. did you teach them the blessedness of giving? did you tell them that you had decked the radiant tree not for them alone, but also for other children less

fortunate, but equally deserving? Your sweet-faced daughter, merging so rapidly into maidenhood, who sees the world only through mother's eyes, who is so easily moulded now, have you taught her to remember and be kind to the poor? Have you told her as she adds the expensive French doll to the dozen she already possesses, of the Children's Hospital, where toys are so eagerly welcomed, and where little girls with poor twisted backs and misshapen feet, lavish pathetic tenderness on dolls of rags and paper? Have you told your kind hearted boys of the many poor little cripples,

chained to their beds and suffering in tense pain with beautiful patience? Have you told them how glad these poor little fellows would be, of the pretty picture books and magazines which they have grown tired of?

Would it not be a beautiful thing to interest your children in these poor little ones, whose sufferings are so great, whose pain is so hard to bear?

I remember a dear little girl, who, having visited the incurables' ward in a children's hospital, became so anxious to do something for the poor little sufferers that she, with two of her playmates, got up a doll fair. She had found that some of these poor crippled children had never been out into the country, and she wanted to raise money enough to hire a carriage now and then to take them where they could see "real grass and flowers.'

A great work for little hands, you will think, to get up and manage a fair; but it was done, and most successfully, and the proceeds, thirty dollars, was the nucleus of a carriage fund, for a wealthy gentleman, hearing of this pretty act, took the rest upon himself, and every pleasant day in summer, for this happened in one of the old and cold New England States-these little sufferers sre taken in turn to ride out into the beauti-

ful country. Oh, sister mine, so richly dowered, so carefully tended and cherished, it is the good we are able to do to others that makes life worth living.

If we can lift ever so little of the burthen from tired shoulders, our own rest will be all the sweeter. And to those to whom God has given great and overflowing abundance I would say: Oh, favored one, be constant in well doing. be charitable at all times, but more especially at the season of peace and good

The kindly word, the generous offering, the good deed done in secret, shall be its own reward here and in the hereafter. Has he not said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it to me?"

KATE E. QUINIAN.

WEED AS A PRINTER, -Thurlow Weed's first attempt at type-setting, when all apprentice in a printing office in Onondaga Hollow, as told by himself, is rather amusing. The ordinary notice of the death of a clergyman's wife was brought into the office in the absence of the proprietor and editor, just as the paper was ready to go to press. Mr. Weed thought he would astonish the editor and proprictor and put it in type. In satting it up the word "consort" occured. He substituted the word "comfort" which made it read "comfort" rather than "consort" of the bereaved. The paper was thus worked off and sent out to the villagers, and while he was feliciting himself upon his intellectual achieve ment the proprietor entered the office in aspiring Franklin by boxing his ears.