THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

The ladics of St. James's The failes of B. sames Go swinging to the play; Their footmen go before them, With a "Stand by! Clear the way!" But Phyllids, my Phyllida! She takes her buckled aboon, When we go out accounting Lenesth the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's Wear satin on their backs; They art all undit at Ombre, with candles all of wax; But Phyllics, my Phyllids! Bhe dons her russet gown And runs to gather May dew Refore the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's, They are no the and fair, You'd think a box of essences Was broken in the air; But Pipilida, my Phyllidal The breath of heath and furze, When breezes blow at morning. Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's They're painted to the eyes Their white it stays forever. Their red it never dies: But Phyllids, my Phyllida' Her edge comes and dues Her color comes and goes ; It trembles to a hily, It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's With "Mercy!" and with "Lud'" They session all their apeeches (They come of noble blood): But Phyllida, my Phyllida! Her shy and simple words they even as offer sein drows Are sweet as, after rain-drops, The music of the birds,

The ladies of St. James's They have their fits and freaks; They anile on yon-for seconds, They frown on you-for weeks: But Phyllids, my Phyllids! Course others storm or shine. Course ither storm or shine. Train Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide Is always true—and mine.

My Fuyilida! my Pnyilida! I care not though they heap The hearts of all St. James's And give me all to keep: I care not whose the beaufires Of all the world may be, For Phyllida-for Phyllida Is all the world to no!

Is all the world to me

Austin Dobson in Harper's Magazine.

THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

There lived about five or six miles from Eas-. Pa., a few years since, an honest farmer mied Henderson, who had two very pretty ighters-Ellen and Maude. The first was out 20 years of ago, while the latter was rely 19. The farmer was a thrifty, well-torely 19. man, though by no means rich; but the mily lived in excellent style and the daugh-

rs had received a good education. Both of these girls were pretty, but Maude as perhaps the handsomer. There was no ck of attentive young gentlemen at the farm, ough the neighborhood was not very thickly ettled; but "beauty draws us with a single

air," and the young ladies were the centre of gay little circle of friends. By-and-by it came about that an earnest, andsome and sturdy young farmer fell des-erately in love with Maude, and proposed to er. On her part she loved Harry Masters here all the population follows about the start and told we all the young fellows she knew, and told im frankly that he might speak to her father. n the meantime she confided the matter to her ther --- a kind-hearted, sympathetic parent--ho saw no objection to the choice of her ughter; but all was left for the father to de-

Henderson was a very straightforward and pen-monthed man-that is, he said exactly hat he meant, no more nor loss, and that he itsped freely. When Harry Masters called im one side and told his especial errand as to Mande, the father said: "Well, Mr. Masters, Mande is young. I wanted Ellen to be mared lirst; she's the oldest, and I have got a avriage partien of \$1200 to give her; but aven't laid by anything yet for Maude."

"I have got pretty well beforehand, Mr. tenderson, for a man but 24 years old, and shall be able to do very well, I have no mbt.

"You mean you'll take Maude withaut any arriage portion?" said the father. "Yes, sir, very gladly."

Well, its pleasant to hear you say so, because it shows your honest affection, Mr. Masters; but I am too prond to let Maude marry until I can give her a thousand or two ward housekeeping.

It is not worth waiting for, sir, as long as e really don't need it, and both are content." "Then, again, I'd rather Maude wouldn't arry until her sister is married, because she so much older-do you see? It will actually nake her an old maid. It isn't fair, Mr. Mas-

who had spoken with her in the last store, and who at first thought he could change her bill. He was mounted upon a fine looking bay horse. and saluted her respectfully as he came alongside

"Did you get your bill changed?" he asked. "No; small bills seemed scarce." she replied. "Do you live near here?" "About five miles off."

"Quite a ride." "Oh, we don't mind five miles in the coun-

"You are an excellent rider."

"I have ridden since I was six years old." she said; "but my sister Ellen is a better rider than I am." "You are generous to admit it," said the

stranger. 'Why, it is only the truth," she answered. After they had passed over about two miles they came to a very lonely piece of the road, quite removed from any dwelling houses. Still, as the stranger appeared so gentlemanly, and had addressed her so politely, she had not the least suspicion of any evil intention on his

part. Presently he said, suddenly: "I will thank you for that bill,

"What?" said she, half smiling. Please to give me that bill.

"What do you mean?" asked Maude. "Just what I say," he replied suddenly. "I shall do no such thing!" she answered.

firmly. "I am sorry to draw a pistol upon a lady," he continued, suiting the action to the word, "but I must have that hundred-dollar bill at

once. "Do you mean to rob me?"

"I must have the money!

It was with difficulty that she could believe that the man was in earnest; but when he now cocked his pistol and held it toward her with one hand, while he extended the other for the bill, she was forced to yield to the necessity of the situation. She was a brave-hearted girl, and even now did not turn pale nor tremb! the least, but saw that she could not help herself, and so made the best of it.

Just as she held the bill to him a sudden puff of the wind blew it into the road and carried it gently several yards from them. The stranger alighted to get it, and quick as thought Mande struck her horse a smart blow, in order to get out of the robber's power. The sorrel mare was a spirited little creature and sprung into a amart gallop at once, while the stranger's horse, which had been left standing beside her, also

tarted off at full speed in her company. Bang ! went the robber's pistol after them. having only the effect to increase the speed of the flying horses, both of whom were now on the dead run. Mande did not care how fast she rode-the sorrel was as easy as a cradle at that speed-and in ten minutes she dashed into her father's yard, followed by the the rider-

less horse. Her story was soon told, and her father was with difficulty prevented from starting after the robber with his pistol and riffe, but he kn w that the scoundrel would naturally at once take to the woods, where he could not folow or find him.

"Well, we've got his horse, at any rate," said the farmer, "and he's worth more than \$100. "Hallo !" said the man John, who had been

king the saddle-bags from the strange horse. What is it, John?'

"These bags are full of something." "I should think so," said the farmer, as he

instrapped the leather bags. They were found to contain some counterfeit

plates, a quantity of counterfeit money in vari-ous bills, and also a little over \$1500 in good

'Huzza !" cried the farmer.

"What is it, father ?" said Maude. "Why, your trip to Easton has proved a ofitable one at all events. Here's over \$1500, od money !'

Ab, but it will be claimed by the owner. "Do you think a counterfeiter will dare to some for the tools that would convict him-to y nothing of highway robbery?"

"I didn't think of that." That evening Henderson sent John over to young Masters with a message to call round and see him, to which Harry responded in-

stantly "Mr. Masters," said the farmer, as he came into the large, old-fashioned sitting-room, 'you remember what you asked of me this attrnoon? "Yes, sir."

Well, I give my consent. Maude has just r own marriag

Where Napoleon Lost.

The following are the impressions o respondent received while on a visit the famous battle field of Waterloo:

As we near the battlefiled the huge mound 200 feet high, capped with an immense Belgian lion, first comes into sight. The mound marks the spot where Napoleon's ouward march was cheeked, the line over which even the Imperial Guard could not pass. We climb to its top and take a survey of the principal points at which the great battle was decided. The "Hongomont Farm," house of La Have Sante and the "sunk en road" from Wayres, where in that

terrific charge of the French their front ranks were forced into the ditch and rampled under foot by the horses and men of the impetuous rear columns of their own command, causing more de

struction to themselves than did the cannons of their enemies. Just down along that ridge is where the allied armies lay concealed four deep as the Old Guard charged by, and then arose and rained the bullets in the backs of that hitl do invincible band until it melted away like vapor before the storm. Twas here Marshal Ney distinguished himself having four horses shot under him while trying to rally and turn back into that deadly leaden storm

We enter the Hougomont farm, its surrounding red brick walls battered with bullets by the French, who mistook them for the red coats of the British, Here is the little garden where six French soldiers, cut off from escape, and with only a few currant bushes for shelter, fought against 200 men for fifteen minutes before they were killed. The adjoining orchard is where 1500 men were slaughtered in less than an hour, and this "old well" is the one described by Victor Hugo: "Into it were thrown too hastily 300 dead, for the night after groans and feeble voices were heard calling from out its depths."

From the top of the mound with the aid of glasses, can be seen at a semicircu lar view, the whole field of Waterloo. Wellington certainly had the advantage of position, for he was on the higher ground, and also had the shelter afforded by the buildings, walls and trees of the Hougomont farm, really a natural fortification. "The possession of that little piece earth means the possession of the world. and the desperate efforts of Napoleon to capture it showed that he knew its value. But it seems his course was run, his tactics had become known, for Wellington would not allow his army to be crushed in detail, and kept them in solid phalanx and fought Napoleon upon Napoleon's plan. Napoleon could no longer mystify all the generals of Europe with his tricks of surprising the scattered branches of an army before a junction could be formed and crush them one by one until the whole was annibilated. Perhaps Beaumont's treachery in revealing Napoleon's plans to Welling ton, and the heavy rains that made his artillery ineffective as well as delaying the battle several hours, giving Blucher time to come up when most needed, are the true reasons of his defeat .- Brussels Corr. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sermon by Talmage.

Take the best man in the world and put a detective on his track and watch him for ten years, seeing where he goes and how long he stays, and when he comes and all he does, with a desire to

dom is anything --- "ten in that book e habit of whisper If any of you are vio desist. Mount ing, let me advise

Taurus is a great ; - o for eagles, and eranes flying alone were eachle so londly that the eagles know they are coming and pounce aportion in to their destruction. But it is said that the old cranes have found this out and that they take a stone in their mouth before they start so that it is impossible for them to cackle, and thus they fly in safety. Be wise as those old cranes and avoid the folly of the young craues. Don't cackle. Take courage if you are maltreated of whisperers, because such creatures soon run themselves out. They come to be understood as well in a community as though some one had chalked on their overcoats or shawls, "Here comes a whisperer, make room for the leper."

Recess in Schools.

The question with doing away with the midday receas and shortening the daily session in the public schools is being discussed in the east. The experiment has been tried in Albany, and has met the approval both of the parents and teachers. The Brooklyn Eagle favors such a change in the public schools of that city, for the reason that it will "relieve teachers of the responsibility of watching over a number of children who are crowded together in a small yard, and would encourage the children to work harder in order to get out earlier. As a rule, there are no school yards large enough to accommodate the children turned into them for fifteen or twenty minutes a day, and it is true that children find it anything but agreeable to be given a recess, particularly in inelement weather. The intermission of .school work causes a loss of double the recess time, and it effectually breaks up the thread of study, so that teachers find it difficult to do as good work after recess as before. It is, therefore, urged that the recess be applied and the schools closed at one o'clock." The Eagle says that parents indorse the plan "because it relieves them of the necesssty of preparing lunches, and, again, very many favor it because it prevents social intercourse to any great extent batween the children, which, in public schools, is just as well. It would enable children to get through their work uninterruptedly and to get home at the family lunch hour. The teachers would be relieved of the disagreeable task of watching/over herds of children thrown together in small yards where play is impossible and where great care is required to keep children from quarreling. The sum total of work would be the same and the children would be better off at home than playing in the play-yards of the majority of public schools." Altogether the plan seems to be a good one, and might be adopted in the west with satisfactory results.

Afternoon Men.

There is a proverb which says: "What can be done at any time is never done,' and applies especially to a class who have become slaves to the habit of procrastination, and the habitual postponing of everything that is not compelled by necessity to be done immediately. Now, delays are not daugerous to the present prospects, but they are destructive to ultimate success. The slightest pretext is sufficient for him to disappoint you. If an employe, the sooner he is discharged the greater the advantage to the employer. There are those who may destroy him and you can make him appear despicable. But if it is wrong to They are always busy getting ready to go

Astonished Mourners.

The San Francisco Chronicle of December 8th, has the following: Fong Chow, a Chinaman of some

prominence among his countrymen because of his wealth, has been ill for some days past with pneumonia, and has lain in his Bartlett alley residence apparently undecided whether to live or to die. On Tuesday Dr. James Stanton was called in, and found Fong in the second stage of the disease, with pros-pects for a speedy demise. The Doctor made a hard fight for his patient during Wednesday, but prepared his relatives for the worst, telling them that he might die within twenty-four hours. Fong was restless during the night, and about two o'clock yesterday morning insisted on that not an onnce of mud was thrown, getting up and getting himself a drink of and the more so as the members are water. He then returned to his couch, and three hours later he relapsed into a right out in meeting or anywhere else. state which his watchers at once pronounced to be death.

As Dr. Stanton was wending his way toward Bartlett alley at an early hour he was met by a Chinaman, who informed him of Fong's death, and stated that there was no need for his further services, but the Doctor kept on, with a view to taking a look at his patient. Arriving at Fong's house it was found to be heavily draped with the Chinese mourning color, while a ton or two of enlogistic funeral notices were piled up ready for use. Inside the dead pagan's numerous female connections had their hair down and full mourning on. The dead Fong lay on the floor in great state, his thin body gorgeously arrayed in a blue silk shroud, ending in white silk socks, He looked very well for a corpse and might have passed as such had not the Doctor made a close examination which dead, but was not even in a trance. pulse was feeble, but still distin-guishable, and the heart and other organs were in like operation. The docter at once refused to sign the desired death certificate and administered a stiff dose of brandy and carbonate of ammonia to the dead Fong which promptly performed the miracle of raising him to life, much to the astonishment and terror of the monruers.

After recovering consciousness Fong sat up for a moment, swore vociferonsly at his surroundings, and then, struggling to his feet, walked over to his regular couch, and went to bed. In a few min-utes he slept the sleep of the just, and the attendants took away the burning punks and other funeral paraphernalia in short order. The doctor says that Fong will hardly recover from the illness, but that he may live for several days yet. His supposed death was due to his extreme weakness, which made sleep so easy a matter that respiration, the pulse and beating of the heart could scarcely be discerned. Fong treated the affair as a good joke, and his auxious triends will. not be cut out of his will for their unseemly hurry to "plant" him.

Bulls Worth Many Dollars.

Said a doll dealer to a Journal reporter: "The value of the last few weeks' importation may be put at \$600,000. Three hundred thousand dollars worth are now in the retail shops to be sold to private customers for holiday presents to children. The rest will be purchased from the wholesale shops by out-of town dealers. Why, a ready-made doll's cos tume of ordinary elegance is worth \$50, and such costumes are made for spring,

A Glimpse of Sorosis.

Sorovis, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle, had a dinner on Monday, at Delmonico's, and the members discussed the Langtry matter. Mrs. Jennie June presided, and was a warm defender of Mrs. Langtry as a beauty as an actress, and as an estimable lady. Several friends of Mass Early Faithfull were inclined to a martisan support of the noted reformer, whose protege in the Langtry company is Miss Pattion, an alleged sufferer from the star's policy of subordinating every person on the stage to her own conspicuousness. Miss Faithfull was reported as condemning this in Mrs. Langtry, but as defending her against calumny. Indeed, it was greatly to the credit of Sorosis women who are accustomed to speak Some of them are at times startlingly unconventional. For example the one who gave the above particulars, on the evening after the gathering has a name that would be recognized by most readers were I to give it. As to her identity. I will only say, since I have mentioned the president of Sorosis that she was not Mrs. Croly. She received me in the parlor of her handsome residence, and a was presented by her husband.

"Do you drink whisky?" was her first utterance.

"Once a year," I faltered, "and I've already had my drink for 1882."

"Well, I want some whisky and water before I open my month for anything else," and she rang a bell. "I am chilled from my knees to my heels. You will excuse me, won't you, if I shp off my shoes?' Here she unshod herself and put her feet to the blazing grate, as showed that he was not only not dead, but was not even in a trance. His pulse was feeble, but still distin- whiskey and water. Bring them separately, for I want to know what I am drinking.

Now, this woman was undeniably untrammeled by social custom, as I couldn't help thinking while she sipped her toddy and chatted, and yet nobody would dare to breathe a whisper against her reputa-tion. What if Mrs. Langtry should receive a caller in such a fashion.

Home Work.

"Charity begins at home," says an old adage, and, we might add, "so does the other good things." Possibly we might go farther still and say, much of the mischievous evil of life begins there, too. Certain it is that whenever good men set themselves to a good work in this crocked world, their thoughts turn always to their homes, as if they must look for the very heart of the nation. Make the homes what they should be and the land will take care of itself. Save the children of to-day, and we have made sure of a blessed to-morrow. Any uplifting influence then that purifies and strengthens the home, any cheerful influence that gladdens it, should meet with cordial welcome from the hearts of those who desire that the "axe be laid at the very root of the tree." Nay, more than cordial welcome should be given. Every movement designed to bless the home should have the earnest aid of parents and even of the little ones them-We ask sympathy and coselves. operation, therefore, for this new enterprise, designed to reach, if possible, every household in the land. Send us Send us then from your observation and experience, notes on any and every subject that can influence home life or add to summer, winter and autumn, as a doll home-charm. Send us from your

"Ellen is very popular with the gentle en, and will soon be married," said the ther.

"That is just what I have said to myself, ad then I shall begin to pick up a marriage ortion for Maude.

"I trust that is the only objection, Mr. Henrson," said Harry Masters.

Why, yes, you are a promising and reectable young man, and come of a good fam the farmer; "but I can't let Maude said until I have got together a respectable mar-

"Perhaps you will think more favorably out it," said the lover. "I'll speak with u again."

"All right, Mr. Masters."

Harry and Maude were very fond of each ner, and now talked over the matter very Maude could not blame her riously. her, and did not herself like the idea of ing to Harry without a proper portion to ntribute toward their joint partnership domestic life. "Never mind, Harry," said the handsome

mag girl. "Ellen will soon be married, I "An, but then your father says he wants

ne to pick up a marriage portion for you, at that will take three or four years, per-

That is a good while, is it not, Harry?" said Mande, just blushing a little, for fear it soundforward and bold.

It's agos!" said the young tellow. "Think waiting three years -- why, we shall be old iks by that time.

Not quite so bad as that," said Maude. "I am sure my hair will be gray by that

Nonsense, Harry. Now you are joking." 'I was never more in carnest in my life.' d he, as he stole a kiss from her pretty lips ad ran away, so as not to hear her chide him r his boldness.

"Maude," said her father, coming into the use from the barn, "I wish you would ride he sorrel mare into Easton and get this \$100 nil changed at the bank. The workmen have not done with the roofing of the barn and I ant to pay them off to-night.'

Very well, father. Lot John put the sideaddle on and I will be ready in five minutes." The sorrel mare was brought up to the door, and Maude was soon on her way at an easy hand-gallop, toward Easton. She had an excellent seat, and was a good horse-woman. As she knew this vory well, she would not have As objected to have Harry see her just now; but he had gone a few minutes before in an oppoe direction

When Mande got into Easton abe rode dito the bank, but was unfortunate enough find that it was already closed. After a fer aents' thought she resolved to try to get note changed at the grocer's or at som ther stores and went immodiately to do so. te seemed against her, for no one had small age enough to accommodate Miss Hender-

At one of the stores where she stopped a gentlemanly looking porson took out his et-book and said he thought he could ige it for her, and she handed him the bill; the returned it, saving, after all he had not much small money. He seemed to regret a, however, and even followed Mande to the or and assisted her to remount her horse.

She was forced to give up her errand, as she not like to run about among strangers ask-them to change her bill, especially as no secured able to do so. She therefore turned head once more toward home. only had she passed the outskirts of the when she was overtaken by the stranger | ington Post.

her, my boy, and be happy."

SOME GREAT BATTLES.

We suppose most people think that when they read of a great battle that all the men on either side are engaged in fighting. or at any rate were at some time or other under fire Why should one side have been defeated if it had not put forth all its strength? "But, says the author, "during the great battles of the Franco-German war the numbers were se great that seldom more than two-thirds of ose present were ever under fire at all." Sadowa, in 1866, the Prussians brought 221.-00 men in the field, but only 120,000 came under fire. In the same battle the Anstriana brought 215,000 men into the field, but no less than 65,000 of these were never in action. When we consider the tremendous figh ing in 1870 and the number of battles, it is surprising to learn that only 7000 men were killed and less than 50,000 wounded in the German army during the whole war by rifle bullets; and still more remarkable that only 700 men were killed and 4440 wounded by artillery fire. "I trust," adds Sir Garnet, "that these fig-* * * will put a stop to th ures cry for more guns which one still hears occasionally." When we compare the loss incurred at such battles as Gravelotte and Sedan with those incurred in the smoothbore days of Borodino and Waterloo, it is plain that in creased facilities for destroying are not accompanied by a corresponding amount of destruct tion. "At Gravelotte the Germans lost 1.60 per cent. in killed and 5.47 per cent. in wounded." At Borodino the Russians lost 10 wounded." At Boronno the russians part to per cent. in killed and 38 per cent. in wounded; the French, who were the victors, having a still higher proportion. It cannot be said that battles are of much shorter duration now. Waterloo and Gravelotte were both begun about noon and finished about 7 o'clock in the vening. It took six hours to fight out Austerlitz, but no less than twelve to settle matters at Solferino. In spite of the enormous super iority of the Germans at Worth, that battle lasted for seven and a half hours. It may, perhaps, be the case that, from the great use to which intrenchments will be put in coming

THE SULTAN'E PERIL.

Possibly the fate of his uncle, Abdul-Aziz, threatens Sultan Abdul Hamid. He has now occupied the throne for more than six years, the reign of his brother, Murad, having lasted just three months after Abdul-Aziz's deposition. Whether he is really mad, as the dispatches from Constantinople intimate, matters little, in so far as his hold on the government is concerned, although it does matter when his personal safety is considered. If the coterie of unscrupulous adventurers which rules Turkey thinks it necessary to the perpetuation of own power to depose him. then madne will serve as a reason for deposing him, and if is not mad in fact, so much the worse for him, for while no one-no Mohammedan espe-cially-would harm a genuine madman, a man alleged to be mad can be easily made to han-die a rope or a knife in such a way as will disagree with his further existence in this world. Abdul-Aziz was reported to have committed suicide in a fit of despondency, but it was af-terwards shown that he was deliberately murdered. Murad was undoubtedly mad and was allowed to live. If anything should happen to Hamid the world will be able to draw its own inferences.

"That's whar me and Paul differs," said an ancient rural dame when reminded that the great apostle had forbidden women to speak in religious meetings. "General Logan has just as good a right to hanc out against Grant and the rest as the old woman had to prefer her judgment to St. Paul's," says the Wash-

despoil a man's good name, how much worse to damage a woman's reputation. That style of infamous work is going on from century to century and always by whispers. One whisper starts a sus-picion. The next whisper tells the suspicion as an established fact. And many a woman as honorable as your mother or your wife has been whispered out of all kindly association and whispered into the grave. Now, there are people who say there is no hell. But if there is no hell for such an accursed despoiler of a woman's good name, then it is high time that we take up a coilection and have one built. There is such a place already established, and what a time they will have when all the whisperers get together to rehearse things down there. What an interesting carnival of mud. If it were not for their insufferable surroundings they would enjoy the new opportunity in that realm of the outcast. All the bad are there, what a rich and rare field for exploration by whispers. On earth they had often to belie people in order to destroy them, but now they can say all the bad things possible about their neighbors and still 'speak the truth Jubilee of whisperers ! Grand gala day of backbiters! Semi-heaven for scandal mongers! Only stopping their gabble about their diabolical neighbors long enough to ask at the iron gate some new comer from the earth what is the last gossip from Brooklyn.

Now, how are you to help quell this great iniquity? First, by refusing to listen to or believe anything against anybody till it is positively proved. By ail law of courts and all common decency. let every one be supposed innocent till wars, it will take longer than ever to find out which is the winning side. he or she is proved guilty. I do not commend my way to you, but I will teil you what I almost say when I hear or read anything defamatory of anybody-"I guess that it is a lie." The only per-

son that is worse than the whisperer is the person who without protest accepts and believes the whispers. The trouble is you hold the sack while they fill it; the receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as the thief. An ancient author said that those who uttered slander and those who believed it ought to be hanged, one by the tongue, and the other by the ear. When you hear anything about your neighbors do not go about asking questions concerning the charge made and so spread it. Don't demean yourself by becoming inspector of warts and supervisor of carbuncles and commissioner of gutters and the holder of stakes at a dog fight. Allow no defamation at you breakfast or dinner or tea table. Teach your children not to speak ill of others. Show them the differences between a bee and a wasp, the one gathering honey and the other thrusting a sting. I have heard of a household where they carefully keep what is called a "slander book," and

everything that is said in the house in way of detraction is the 38 carefully recorded as any ledger is kept. For the first few weeks there were many entries, now very sel- one or two of them unfixed.

They are always busy getting ready to go to work. In the morning they walk around and carefully inspect their duties, and say: "Plenty to do to-day. I must go to work this afternoon!" About three o'clock they survey what they haven't done, and exclaim:

"One thing and another has prevented me from making any headway to-day; I'll quit and begin bright and early in the morning!" One day with them is simply the reflection of another. There is nothing accomplished in a whole life and their western sun overtakes them and finds no preparations for the wants and infirmities of age. There is nothing to look back upon but squandered time. One hour's exercise in the morning loosens the muscles of the limbs, sets the blood dancing in the veins and fits a man physically and mentally for the day's activity; while one hour's sloth after breakfast causes a torpor from which it is almost impossible to rally.

A NEW PARLOR GAME .- Bill Nye generously furnishes the following receipt for a new and novel patlor game:

· The boys and girls are divided into two rooms. The girls are seated in a row and each one has a chair in front of her. A young man is ushered out of the other room and chooses his seat. As soon as he is seated the lady behind him proceeds to blindfold him with a silk handkerchief. This being accomplished the negro cook comes in from the kitchen. kisses him, and returns to her hiding place. The handkerchief is removed and the youth struts proudly to a seat assigned to him on the opposite side of the room where he licks his lips with great satisfaction, and smiles at the girl who blindfolded him. Young man No. 2 is led in and served in a like manner to the great disgust of young man No. 1, and the generally enjoyment of the female assembly.

DURATION OF DREAMS .- It is claimed that the longest dream lasts less than three minutes. A man fell asleep as the clock toiled the first stroke of twelve. He awakened ere the echo of the twelfth stroke had died away, having in the interval dreamed that he committed a crime, was detected after five years, tried and condemned. The shock of finding the halter about the neck aroused him to consciousness, when he discovered that all these events happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, made a poor fisherman; that he lived as one for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked bottle filled with water --which he overturned as he fell asleephad not time in which to empty itself .--Christian Leader.

Brown meets Fogg with his face tied up. Brown: "Got the tooth-ache? Going to have your teeth fixed?' Fogg (with a groan): "No, I am going to have

could not reasonably be expected to wear the same clothes the year round. The banner doll in this shop is valued at \$95.

"Show me an economical doll."

"Certainly," said she, "here is one in white satin, with white satin crape trimmed with swan's down, poke bonnet ditto, silk stockings and kid slippers. It is \$50. Here is asthetic doll in old gold plaid plush sacque, with a blue satin dress, and red satin bonnet with ostrich tips; a mere matter of \$45."

The reporter gasped, and turning to the superintendent of the department, said:

"Do these dolls go out of the stock alone?"

"No," he said; "they require elegant trossean boxes of toilet articles, trunks, bandboxes, &c. "A tolerable wardrobe includes two extra dresses-one of fancy satin, the other of white satin; a full line of underwear, lace caps, fashionable hats, necklace, ear rings, brooches and a basket of flowers. Some wardrobes are arranged in handsome boxes; others in trunks ready for starting. A fair ward-robe costs \$12; some are \$9; while a limited wardrobe for a very young doll is only 98 cents.

A miniature bedstead with a brocade velvet spread and cardinal satin cushion cost \$9. More luxurious couches for dolls cost \$15. Cunning rustic chairs are \$3 and \$40. Bronze high chairs, secured in a manner to prevent very active dolls from jumping or falling out of them, are \$8 and \$10 apiece. Lace our-

THE SOUNDS OF VENICE .- I should go even further than I went just now, and say that the voice of the gondolier is, in fact, the sound of Venice. There is scarcely any other, and that, indeed, is part of the interest of the place. There s no noise there except distinctly human noise; no rumbling, no vague uproar, no rattle of wheels and hoofs. It is all articulate, personal sound. One may say, indeed, that Venice is, emphatically the city of conversation; people talk all over the place, because there is nothing to interfere wich there being heard. Among the populace it is a kind of family party. The still water carries the voice, and good Venetians exchange confidence at a distance of half a mile, It

saves a world of trouble, and they don't like trouble. Their delightful garralous language helps them to make Venetian life a long conversazione.

"John, what is that peculiar smell ?" asked an Austin man's wife, when he came home very late, She expected he would say that it was the incense they used in the lodge-room, or that he would tell some other lie, but she was mistaken. 'It's whisky, that's what it is," he replied, defiantly. "Miserable creature," retorted his wife, "you have at last got down so low that you have not got decency enough left to try and lie out of it."-Texas Siftings.

kitchens, nurseries, sick-rooms, good and belpful news as to the best way to live the every day and common life .. Her dress and jewels are very rich and elaborate." Send us from your sewing table, from your book-shelf, from your still Sabbath hours of solitude anything you can say to help another human being, and let us work together in the simplest and sweetest and most valvable of all reforms, that which, like charity, begins at home.

Bables Among Presbyterians.

In a membership of nearly 600,000, the last annual report shows that only 19,-000 babies have been presented for baptism. The scarcity of infants in some of the most stately and wealthy churches is alarming. In the First Presbyterian Church, in Fifth avenue, with its membership of 410, only two infants have been brought to the baptismal font. The venerable and wealthy Rutgers Church reports no baptisms of infants, although its members number 330. Dr. Robinson's magnificent Memorial Church has 603 members, who have been able to muster for baptism, only ten children. The genial Mr. Rossiter of the North Church, with his 666 members, reports eleven infants baptized. Across the East River there is a similar disuse of baptism. In Talmage's vast membership, 2747, the largest in the Presbyterian family, only thirty two infants have been baptized. Dr. Cuyler has 1792 members in his church, yet he has sprinkled the brows of only twenty five babes. In Classon avenue church, where there 650 members, thirteen little ones have been presented at the font. Doctors Van Dyke and Crosby, one with 571 members and the other with 336, reported no baptisms at all. To show that there are infants in Brooklyn, it is necessary only to mention that the Hopkins street German church has received by baptism forty-six; Brother Foote's roop avenue church thirty-nine, and Mr. Hall's, which is among the wealthy people of the Heights, forty-seven. Probably the most startling neglect is in Buffalo, where the three largest churches report each one baby baptized. One of these had 325 members, another 411 and the third 496. These figures, it must be remembered, are from the official records, carefully made up and solemnly laid before the highest judicatory of the church. - [N. Y. Sup.

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Not at Home.

"There was a young man in the parlor wishes to see you miss," remarked the hall door attendant.

"Did he bring anything with him, any box or parcel ?

"Only a cane, miss."

"Did his coat tails rattle when he walked as if there was a package of candy in the pockets ?"

"Nothing of the sort, miss."

"Then tell him I've gone to visit a sick friend and won't be home for a week," returned the fair girl, falling back into a horizontal position and re-suming her perusal of "Truth Stranger than Fiction; or, The Liar Unmasked."