THE SOLG OF DECEMBER.

I come! I come! and ye shall feet my piercing breath and keen— Its stern salute shall bring a glow to every cheek i woon.

And every nerve shall tingle with a swift, electric As shivering ye listen to my Borean whistle shrill. The old dead leaves are fallen now, and cheerles

stand the trees.

And mid their giant withered arms ye hear the walling breez-;
The flowers all have passed away—ine woods are lone and still—
The last sad songster of the grove has sung his last and trill!

I paint the distant mountains with a dull and som-And spread my banner in the sky, of despest, cold-I paralyze the gentle day, and make her footsteps So languid is her feeble tread, so pale her hollow That soon the star-eyed twilight weeps to see her iaint and die.

I pile the heavy leaden clouds in masses dusk and Against the far horizon, like a murky castle wall— I sow the seed of alorms abroad in all the gloomy And from the northern main I send the howling winds to bear
A crystal freight of sleet and snows, to scatter far
and wide.
And clothe the dreary earth in poeriess Jaweis as a

The mountain pines shall glisten wit I their bristling fey spears—
The lowly moss eve watch the stars, bedewed with

feez in tears.

I touch the gems of even, and behold ! with spice. der new
They proudly flash and sparsle in the deep and
distant blue—
And from the boundless treasures of the casket of A myriad host, unseen before, is opened to the

A robe of sliver and of pearl I give the Midnight How poories is her majesty-in brilliance how Each crystal flake and ley gem reflects a tiny ray.

And the glories of the night exceed the spiendor of
the day.

And Christmas old, with beard of white, and gar-With ruidy face and eye that beams so frostily and I bring acace—with all his train, the kindliest of the Yesr— Free-hearted Mirth and Frolic wile, and generous Good Cheer:

The mellow chimes of many bells shall ring his And many a joyons ingle-side shall welcome friends and ain.

And smiles and gifts and greetings giad shall mingle as they meet—

and with a fervent Christmas glow, each heart shall warmly beat.

But yet, a mournful task is mine ere I shall pass For lo ! the footsteps of the Year wax feeble day by And toou shall cease, for aye, their echo tremu-And then alone amid the gloom at midnight I And lay that lifeless form at rest within the That opens for his gathering to his hoary father's

And o'er his tomb shall I resign my keen and tey And in the darkness sleep the sleep of slience and And in the darkness steep the surpose of death;
And through that long and sorrowing night our requiem shall be
The walling of the mournful pines the sighing of

And when that solemn midnight dirge shall die upon the ear,
Then, pl course-like shall spring to life the young and joyous year.
—Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

For some weeks past the engagement between the earl of Beauvray and Miss Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newswas appointed to take place in July. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky girl, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy and well looking, but he was popular everywhere, owing to his sunny temper and uprightness of character. Lord Beauvray had been merry without being dissolute. He was the most irreproachable of gentlemen, just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among that boquet of pretty girls who had been presented at court in the same season as herself. Millicent Moyle was a rich heiress as well as a pretty girl; but this was about all that could be said of her. Her father, Josiah Moyle, a bill discounter of Lombard street, was a "new man" of the city plutocracy. It was said that the peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of his lordship's intention to marry the daugh ter of a man whose antecedents were just a little misty.

One sunny afternoon, just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage, a brougham with a coronet on the panels clattered up to Mr. Moyle's business house and Lord Beauvray alighted, ghastly pale. The hall porter was startled by his appearance, not less than by the broken voice in which he asked if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr. Moyle himself strutted out, all glorious with a geranium in his coat and a white hat perched acock on his pointed gray head. "Ah, Beauvray!" cried he, with a

cheerful welcome, but perceiving the look on the peer's face, he exclaimed:
"Why, what is the matter? Not ill, I

"No, not ill, but I want to speak to you in private," said Beauvray, hoarsely. "Shall we go off in the phaeton?" stammered Mr. Moyle, full of uneasi-

"No, into your room; but let us be quite alone," repeated the earl, and he himself led the way to the office.

Plumping down into the arm chair at the writing table, Mr. Moyle stared in bewilderment, while the peer sat down opposite and produced a blue envelope, with several black seals. Laying this on the table, Beauvray placed his hand upon it and looked into the financier's eyes.

'Mr. Moyle," said be, sadly, "I have painful communication to make, but I will not beat about the bush. I find that I have no legal right to the title which I ar, or to the fortune which I am

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Moyle,

with a gasp.
"I made the discovery this morning, in rummaging through a box of deeds," continued Lord Be uvray, whose voice grew steadier. "You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the youngest, died while I was a boy; my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied that he had been a bachor, but it appears that he had been andestinely married, and left a son-a lad whom you know, by the way, for I have seen him in your house. His name (s Timburel."

"Timbure!" echoed Mr. Moyle, with a start. 'Young Timbure!, who used to be a clerk in our firm, and whom I dismissed for presuming to make love to

"I was not aware of those particulars;" said Lord Beauvray; "but young Timburel is the man; no bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and he used to think he was the natural son of my second uncle; but his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say the burel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who burel—a vulgar, conceited upstart, who is living on his wits at this moment, with Brown. I am not obliged to show her off in a drawing-room when visitors come. "And do you mean to say that Timbound—do you mean to say that he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absopittance. When I put Timburel in pos-ession of his cwn, I shall have nothing but my commission in the guards and about £300 a year."

Lord Benvray was hoaxing.
"He wants to find out whether our
Millie loves himself or his title," reflected the moneyed man. But in a moment this idea was dispelled by Lord Beauvray displaying the contents of his have a lieutenant colonel's rank-so, if envelope-a marriage certificate and a you wait for me two years, Millie, I will number of letters which substantiated return with a new career and perhaps an the story. Then he entered into explan-ations. It seems that his uncle, the Hon. Col. de Vray, being in garrison at actress named Timbrelli. After a year's union this fickle person deserted him, leaving her child to his care and soon afterwards she died. Under the circumstances the Colonel, though he provided for the boy's maintenance, deemed it convenient to conceal his marriage, and eventually he died suddenly without having ac-knowledge it. Apparently, however, his conscience had tormented him, so that diawhile tacking the moral courage to speak the truth during his life time, he had left evidence by which it might be known after his death. Unfortunately the en velope containing his marriage certificate had lain mixed up with some other documents in a box which Lord Beauvray (who inherited the deceased's papers) had never thought of examining till that morning, when he had begun to sort his family papers in view of his mar-

Suddenly the bill-discounter crumpled all the papers in his hand with a feverish grasp, and looked at Lord Beauvray. There was an expression in his dull eyes as of a light behind an uncleaned pane of glass. "I say," he whispered, "have you told anybody besides me of the secret?"

"No, I came to you first, as in duty bound.

"Then what prevents us from destroying the papers. I chan't say anything about it. That young Timburel is a skunk and a snob; it will be ridiculous to see him a lord, and he'll rain himself or become mad with conceit-so foolish is he. I say, Beauvray, if I throw this envelope in the fire, who will know anything about it?"

"I shall," answered Lord Beauvray, and he held out his hand for the paper. The shifty glance of the moneyed man quailed in the light of unquenchable honesty in that of one who happened to be a nobleman in something more than the name.

then it became Beauvray-or George de Vray, as he now simply called himself-was going to abandon his title and estates to a man who had been a city clerk.

Of course George de Vray's marriage was postponed. The turn in his fortunes had thrown so much business on his hands that it was impossible he could devote a month to honeymooning until it was all disposed of; besides which, he felt bound to make Mr. Moyle the offer of releasing his daughter from her engagement. At first this proposal was pooh-poohed equally by the bill-dis-counter and Miss Moyle herself. Millie, who was not quite as sensible as she was pretty, wept a good deal at not becoming countess; then she wept at the nobility of George's action, which everybody was raising.

Now, there was staying in the house of the Moyles a poor little cousin of Millie's named Gertrude Brown. She was a soft eyed brunette of eighteen, very quiet and lovable, who acted as companion to Millie, and had to bear much from the whimsical humors of this spoiled child. Gertie had always received marked kindness from Lord Beauvray, who treated her as if she had been hi sister, and she looked upon him with admiration as the most notable being she had ever seen. His renunciation of rank and wealth had struck her as an act of surprising beroism, and she could not so much as allude to it without the tears gushing from her eyes. A shrewd, merry little thing, too, in her way, she was capable of discerning the difference that existed between a genuine man of honor and a mere man of money like her Uncle

It was this enthusiasm of poor Gertie Brown's in poor George de Vray's behalf that began to make the cap of Mr. Moyle's bitterness to overflow. That worthy gentleman had taken to musing that there was an end now to his chances of sitting in parliament, getting a baronetcy, and

all that. Poor Gertie held ber tongue, although her heart throbbed woefully. She had heard that the new Lord Beauvray, the ex-Mr. Timburel, had been invited to dinner on a certain evening, and she began to suspect that her precious uncle was forming a pian for making of this former clerk of his a suitor for Millie's

Her intuition was not at fault. Old Moyle hastened to make peace with his discharged clerk, whose vanity was easily tickled. He became a regular visitor to the bill discounter's, taking care never to come at times when he was likely to meet George. His visits displeased Gertie Brown, but he easily succeeded in winning the favor of the discounter's daughter, who correspondingly lessened her liking for George, and one day when she made an aspersion upon him, which Gertie could not help resenting, she screamed, "If you are so fond of Mr. de Vray, why don't you get him to marry you? That would be two beggars to-

Naturally Gertie went to her room to have a good cry, but from that day she ceased speaking about George, and became very circumspect in her demeanor towards him. When he called to see Millie she left the room. George soon noticed these tactics, for his inter-

were growing more and more irkvould supp and sulk, and one afternoon, when George innocently made some inquiry about Miss Brown, she fired up in

"You seem very anxious about Miss She is only a panper consin whom we have taken in from charity."

"It's queer charity, dear, if you talk juices of it in that way," laughed George. "I article." lute owner of all my estates and proper-ty. My poor father has left me a mere don't consider poverty a disgrace, either. "No, but it's very inconvenient," said Millie, still querulously; "and that reminds me, if we marry, I suppose you

don't mean to live on my money. Papa says his banks might break; and if that "Come, come, don't say such bosh," says his banks might break; and if that blurted out old Moyle, grasping his nose should be so I suppose you will do again. It had just occurred to him that something to get an independent in-"Yes," answered George, coloring

deeply. "I have applied for an exchange into the line, and think of going out to the war on the Indian frontier. I shall income before me.'

"Oh, wait two years to become a soldier's wife, and go out to live in baking Malta, had privately married an Italian | Indian heat!" exclaimed Millie, pouting.

"I never bargained for that." Just at that moment Gertie Brown came in. She had a message to deliver to Millie from Mr. Moyle, and blushed as she crossed the room where the pair

of quarreling levers sat.
"Miss Brown," said George, rising to shake hands with her, "I wish you goodby, for I have just been telling Miss Moyle that I am going to the war in In-

"You are going to the war! Oh, Mr de Vray-If anything should happen to you!" exclaimed Gertie, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Thank you for those tears," said George, gratefully. "I shall know that one person here, at least, will feel inte-Now give me as a keepsake that rest. red bookmarker you are holding in your hand. I will bring back the ribbon with something hanging to it."

"The Victoria Cross, perhaps," tittered Millie, rather uncomfortably. "I de-clare, that's quite poetical. Well, goodby, Mr, de Vray, we part as friends, don't we?"

"Excellent friends," answered George as he lifted both her hands to his lips and kissed them playfully.

One year passed. There had been triumph of British arms in India, and the name of Colonel de Vray was associated with i:. His name was in everybody's mouth. He had received promotion and other honors, and was returning to England after the termination of the campaign as Major-General Sir

George de Vray.

As for Millie Moyle, she was betrothed to the earl of Beauvray, and when Sir George arrived in London, one of first things he read in the paper was that the marriage between this young lady and his consin was to take place in a

week. He no longer cared now. He went to Mr. Moyle's house on the very day of his return in the afternoon, and was ushered There was a pretty hubbub in society into the dining-room, where lancheon hen it became known that the Earl of was taking place. He was received like ence to any particular brand of flour. As a hero, for Mr. Moyle liked to be on good terms with successful men, and Millie was anxious to obtain something like forgiveness for her jilting. She received it fully and freely, so far as could be judged from the young general's man-ner, for he was frank and pleasant, but after the first greetings were over he addressed himself principally to poor little Gertie Brown, who sat radiant and trembling.

At last, when a toast had been drunk to George's honor and Millie's happiness
-honest Mr. Moyle acting as toastmaster-the general drew a parcel from his pocket, and extracted from it Gertie's book marker. There were hanging from it the cross of the Bath, a Victoria cross, and something else-a wedding ring.

"Will you take all three, Gertie?" said George, approaching Millie's little consin.

"Bravo, Sir George!" exclaimed Millie, clapping her hands, though she turned a little pale. "I always said that Gertie and you were intended for each other.'

"So dil I," said worthy Mr. Moyle, 'but I say—hullo! what's that?'
There had been a loud knock at the

door, and a footman entered with a telegram on a tray. Mr. Moyle opened the missive, and uttered an exclamation of horror and dismay. "Great heavens, my lord, read this!" he faltered.

The telegram announced that the new Lord Beauvray had been killed in a railway accident. So the Indian hero got his titles and estates again. Old Moyle had sunk into a chair, helpless. His face was a thing to see,-

Petroleum Chewing Gum.

World.

Did you know that nearly three quarters of the chewing gum that tires the jaws of the rising generation in the United States is now made from petroleum?" said a manufacturing confectioner to a reporter the other day.

The reporter did not know it.
"Oh, yes," said the confectioner.
"Petroleum first knocked the spots off of the whale oil business of New England, and now it is clipping into its spruce and tamarack gum industry at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of petroleum we have just hand on a large oblong block that resemago," said he, "that came out of the it, and put it through a lot of chemical processes that I don't know anything about, and after taking out a large percentage of kerosene, a good share of naptha, considerable benzine, a cart load or so of tar, and a number of other things with names longer than the alphabet, left us this mass of nice, clean wax. There isn't any taste to it, and no more smell than there is to a china plate.

"We will take this lump, cut it up, and melt it in boilers. This piece will weigh 200 pounds. We add 30 pounds of cheap sugar to it, and flavor it with

views with Mr. Moyle's daugher wrapped in oiled tissue paper and packed cen'ly tried at a wedding in Sing Sing. in boxes it is ready for the market. You by reason of Millie's coldness and can imagine that somebody is chewing gum in this country, when I tell you that a lump like this one will make 10,-000 penny cakes, and we use one up every week. There are dozens of manu facturers using almost as much wax as

"I believe this petroleum chewing gum, if honestly made, is perfectly harmless, and that is more than can be said of some of the gums made from the juices of trees, especially the imported

Bread Making in the Household.

There can be as much difference beween two loaves of bread made from the same barrel of flour as there is between high and low grade flour from the same mill. The averge bread outside a firstclass bakery is enough to strike terror to the heart of a good miller. There has been no such general revolution in home bread making during the last few years, as there has been in milling, and the fact that bread is palatable is often due to the fact that the flour is so good that it is next to impossible to spoil it. More than half our bread makers have to learn flour does not need the addition of potatoes, or any of the other articles so often used, to make it palatable. Vienna bread is universally acknowledged to be the best in the world. Of course it is impossible to make bread in the ordinary kitchen like it, but it is easy to make an article which is much nearer than one would suppose. The superiority of Vienna bread lies in the simplicity with which the flour is treated, the ovens in which it is baked, and the judgment and skill of the bakers, which come of an hourly experience in the handling of the dough. It is suprising how quickly one can acquire a correct judgment in regard to the qualities of different flours and the different states of the same. The best qualities of our own flour compare so favorably with the Hungarian that there is no reason why it should be taken into consideration. In selecting flour, always take that which contains the most gluten; it can be told by the amount of water which it absord. It not only makes the best quality of bread, but is more nutritious and economical

The formula for Vienna bread is as follows: 8 fbs. flour, 3 quarts of mixed milk and water, in equal proportions, 3% of pressed yeast, 1 oz. salt.

The bread should be made in a room the temperature of which is be tween seventy and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. Allow the mixture of milk and water to stand until it has acquired the temperature of the room, when enough flour is added to make a thin mixture about like that of pancakes or batter cakes. The flour should be most thor oughly mixed with the hands, and then the yeast rubbed fine and put into the mixture together with the salt. Cover this and leave it for three quarters of an hour. At the end of this time mix and knead in the remainder of the flour. Of course, with different grades of flour the amount will differ, but the best quality will take almost invariably the amount given, although sometimes more may be required. The exact amount will have to be determined by experience, as this is not written with refergood a way as any of determining is by the way in which it kneads. If it requires more flour in order to handle it, use the extra amount in mixing next time. Leave this to raise two hours and a half, maintaining a constant temperature, as mentioned. Much depends on the temperature, the yeast plant being found to develop best between seventy and eighty degrees. At the end of the time given the dough will readily yield to the pressure of the hand without rupture, and will return slowly to its original position It will not have a rough surface, but on the contrary will be perfeetly smooth and yellow in color. It should not require any further additions of flour, and ought not to stick to the hands in kneading. This dough will not take as much kneading as that made with the old fashioned hop yeast. After this aneading put it in the pans for the raising preparatory to the baking.

Small pans are preferable, say 31/x8 inches, as they allow the inside of the loaf to bake quickly and so prevent the formation of a thick crust. The bread is also extremely palatable when made into rolls containing one tenth of a pound of dough and baked without contact with each other. The length of time for baking depends on the heat-a moderately slow heat being best. Bake until the bread has shrunken and become loose in the pans, and then take it out and cool without being covered with a

There are several makes of compressed yeast which are good, but care should be taken to have it fresh.

The given amount of yeast and salt should always be used, otherwise the bread will have a flat taste. The extra trouble of weighing the materials will be more than balanced by the certainty of always having bread which will be palatable and nutritious. This method precludes failures.

New Features in Weddings.

There are fashions in weddings as in dress. Some years ago what was sup-posed to be the English style was introduced. The peculiarity of this style lies in the absence of bridesmaids, the presence of best man and the substitution of ushers for groomsmen. The best received." The confectioner slapped his man follows the groom from the vestry and holds the groom's hat during the bled a piece of marble. "A few days ceremony. But after all this does not ago." said he, "that came out of the seem to be the genuine English style. ground in Pennsylvania, a dirty, green- It is rather a sort of compromise for ish brown fluid, with a smell that could mild Anglo maniacs, between the British knock an ox dows. The oil refiners took and American method. The true, through and through English style requires, besides a best man and ushers, that the bride shall walk up the aisle ungloved, holding a family prayer book. As the Auglo-maniae is an imitation, an imitation prayer book will probably do whose families don't use a for ladies prayer book.

An innovation in weddings which has however, nothing especial to do with the English or American style, is to strew the middle of the sisle of the church with autumn leaves. This picturesque feature was introduced at a recent wedding in New Jersey, the rustling leaves mpanying the soft welding music as

But the most startling novelty was re-

As a rival to the groom's best man, the bride had a "best girl" solves the prob-lem what to do with the best man after the ceremony, as he has the best girl to escort down the aisle. For this reason the new feature may become popular.

It is not now uncommon to have young girls in Kate Greenaway costume to attend at the altar during the wedding ceremony.

A Monster of the Deep.

Captain D. Seymour, of the American

whaling bark Hope On, which anchored at Panama on the 7th of November, from

a four months' cruise, with of humpback on board. barrels having encountered a strange reports marine monster off St. Elmo. This is one of the Pearl island group situated between forty and fifty miles from this town. The boats were out waiting signals from the vessel as to the direction in which the whales were heading. Suddenly the water broke a short distance from the boat. Captain Seymour was steering and he made ready to catch a whale. But to his surprise and that of the men in the boat, who ceased pulling and looked around when he shouted to them, an animal somewhat like a horse slowly rose out of the water and then dived, apparently alarmed at the sight of the boat. None of those present had ever seen an animal like it before, although they are sailors, and they agree in saying, as doanother boat's crew who saw it the following day, that it is an animal which has never been previously encountered. The glance which Captain Seymour obtained enables him to describe it as about twenty feet in length, with a handsome horse-like head, with two unicornshaped horns protruding from it, with four legs or double jointed fins, a brownish hide profusely speckled with large, black spots, and a tail which appeared to be divided into two parts. The ani-mal was seen on two different days, and an effort would have been made to catch it had it not been that wheles were about at the time. Captain Seymour and his officers agree in believing the monster is peculiar to the locality, and that it could be easily killed with lances and bomb guns. Officers of the Pacitic Mail Co. state they have seen this animal on several occasions, although they never had the opportunity for close observation which was obtained by the Hope On.

The Use of an Earmy.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy :

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold. It permits you to know that you have faults and are, therefore, not pondered the proposition for a moment, a monster; and it makes them of such

size as to be visible and manageable. 3. In addition your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleen. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjusts surroundings, that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing, he will have put you in such a state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute, But your friend will take up eudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work.—Christian Advocate.

Death of an Aged Female Miser.

An eccentric old woman named Mary Woodbridge died at Shirley, near Birmingham, recently. The deceased, who was 83 years of age, had occupied the same miserable tenement for over twenty years, and from her appearance and penurious mode of life was generally believed to be in extreme poverty. One day some of her neighbors, thinking the was ill, entered her house and found her ying in an unconscious state upon the floor of a room, which was in a very filthy state. She died the next morning. In a dirty bodice belonging to her was found a bank book, showing deposits to the amount of about £1100, and also a savings bank book, showing a balance of about £100. The deceased visited West Bromwich every Monday to collect rents for several houses which she owned, and banked all the money, with the exception of a few shillings which she reserved to purchase the bare necessaries of life .-London Times.

A Man Encysted in Making Money.

"I have just been figuring up, and find that I have forty thousand dollars a year income, but I don't see what good it does me," said a rich man to a correspondent of the St. Louis Republican. "I have no health, my sons are scapegraces and can't be trusted with my busness, and I don't see what I am to do." He spoke in the whining tore of a ruined man. He was a pincher of other men, and screwed the salaries of every one in his employ to the last notch. all encysted in money making. He had no blood in his heart for anything in God's world beside accumulating money. 'Did it ever occur to you," said the man who was content when he got what with care would keep him as a gentleman the rest of his life, "did it ever occur to you that the money mania in New York was a form of insanity-pure asylum in-

sanity?" There is talk of putting a negro on the coalition ticket in Virginia, and many of the colored people desire to see one of their race nominated for the house of delegates.

graph. Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth president, never dreamed of such a thing as a telephone.

Little People.

At a private school in Pittsburg the teacher asked the class in geography: "What is Ohio noted for?" and a youngster answered: "Democrats!"

Tommy awoke in the night and heard his father snoring fearfully. "Mamma" he cried, I can't go to sleep again while papa is sleeping out loud!"

Hard to please.—Mamma—"Give us this day our daily bread." Lillian— "Not bread, mamma. Please ask Dod for cake."—Harper's Bazaar.

Our little neighbor Charley was talking about his consin Wilber. "How big is your cousin?" we asked. "Oh," said Charley, "he is long and long and long, way down to his feet."

"Oh ma," exclaimed a little Austin girl, glancing at the steam-gauge on a stationary engine, "its sixty o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that." -Texas Siftings. The following occurred in a north side

Sunday school: Teacher: "On what were given the Ten Commandments to Moses?" Little boy: "On two marble-top tables." Marcy was naughty one day-very naughty. She struck her mamma. "What would you do if you didn't have

any mamma?" asked auntie Nell, soberly. "I'd get gramma to make me a rag one," was the quick answer.

"Little baby is very ill, Charley, I am afraid he is going to die." : Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charley, how can you know that?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma, he's got no teeth to guash.'

"Walter," said Mrs. Particular to her little son, whom she found eating grapes in the garden, "you must not swallow the skins of the grapes. It is bad for you to eat them." "But doesn't it make the yard look neater?" said Walter.

Willie was naughty one day, and his mother said she must punish him. He did not agree with her, and tried to argue the case. After the punishment began, he sobbed out, "Mamma, I told you not to do it, and you went right on and whipped me without any invitation."

Johnnie, having included remembrances of his mamma, sister and brother in his evening prayers, and brought up at the "Amen," was reminded that he had not prayed for his papa. "Guess he's big enough to take care 'imself," was Johnnie's explanation of the omission.

A Sunday school teacher being anxious to test the mental powers of his pot over intelligent pupils, asked them to tell him their idea of to-morrow after giving the subject a week's thought. On the following Sanday he put the question to one of the scholars, who promptly re-plied, "To-morrow was cast into the oven." Which was certainly according to Scripture.

A little six-year-old girl pleaded to have her hair left grow long. Her mother told her if she would wear her bair short until she was fourteen years old she would make her a beautiful present. Her mother added, "that is if you and I both live until that time." Little Bertha and gravely said: "Ma, I am afraid I would not make a very pretty corpse with my short hair."

Arms and Legs.

There is more pity in a wooden leg, but more eloquence in an empty sleeve. I remember that in the second day's fight before Richmond, a captain by the name of Coward saw the sergeant shot down and the colors fall, and he caught up the flag and waived it high and forward with a shout, and a cannon ball came whizzing along and took off his arm, and the colors fell again. He caught them with his other hand and kept on till he fell himself. I never saw as brave a man with that sort of a name tacked onto bim. He always signed his name A. Coward, and when asked why he didn't sign his full name, he said his full name was Adam, and when he used to righ it that way at school the boys called him a blanked coward, which was worse, and he had to fight out of it. Gen. Dick Taylor didn't have much opinion of a man's legs. He says his own trembled and wanted to run in every battle, and he knew a b ave soldier who had to talk to keep 'em steady: "Now just look at you, gone to shaking again, with the enemy a mile off. What are you in such a hurry about? Can't you wait until they begin to shoot at you, you cussed cowards?' and he would rap his knees with his sword like he was ashamed of 'em. -Bill Arp.

An Octogenarian Printer.

A remarkable case of longevity is illustrated at the government printing office in the person of Mr. Henry Walker, a typo eighty years of age. He has been working at the business sixtynine years, having learned his trade in Geo getown, D. C., with a printer named Ryan. He officiated as foreman of the Congressional Globe when it was published semi-weekly and printed on a hand press, many years ago, when Wm. Greer was the contractor. He remained with the concern until it was removed to the southeast corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, where the quartermaster general's office is now sit-uated. Mr. Walker was also employed by Duff Green, when he was printer to the house and senate. He was afterward employed by Mr. Wendell, who built the present government printing office structure, and has been steadily employed in that building ever since. The old gentleman now sets type by the piece, and is more active in type setting than most young men in his room, the supreme court department. He has set type on the speeches of all the great statesmen, and became an active memi er of the old Washington typographical society in 1827, and has outlived all cf his former workmates, except one, since the early days of the United States.

PROGRESS OF A CENTURY,-How the world has progressed within a century! George Washington, the first president of the United States, never saw a steam-boat. John Adams, the second president of the United States, never saw a railroad. Andrew Jackson, the seventh president, knew nothing about the tele