# THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

stly light Pr dead while the fire-ciad shapes are fitting in and out among the embers on my hearthstone in mad races, and i marvel, for in seem-ing

can dimly see the faces and the scenes of which I'm dream-O golden Christmas days of yore! In sweet auticipation 1 lived their joys for days before Their giorious reali-

And on the dawn Of Christians morn By childish heart was mocking A wild tattoo, As 'twould break through, As I unhung my stocking.

Fach simple gift that came to hand, Low maryelous I thought it! A treasure straight from Wonderland, For Santa Claus had brought if And at my cries Of gind surprise The others all came flocking To share my give And view with me The contents of the stocking.

Years sped-I left each well-loved scene In Northern wilds to roam, And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green, I made wyself a home. We numbered three And bilthe were we, At adverse fortune mocking, And Christmastide By our freside Found hung the baby's stocking.

Ains: within our home to-night No sweet young voice is ringing. And through its silent rooms no light. Free, childish step is springing. The wild winds rave O'er baby's grave Where plumy plues are rocking. And crossed at rest On marble breast The bands that filled my stocking.

With misty eves but steady hand I raise my Christmas challee: Bere's to the children of the land In cabin or in palace: May each one hold The gates of glod The gates of gloe unlocking, And hands be found The whole world round To fill the Christmas stocking, -Ladies' Home Journal.

# \* **UNCLE JERRY'S** CHRISTMAS. \*



er, that most every farmer's wife has for her own use, all went into Uncle Jerry's pockets; and if she wanted a new gown or a bonnet or a pair o' shoes-1 hadn't orier say if she wanted 'em, but if she matter for a few minutes, then went tomust have 'em, and there wa'n't no possi-ble airthly way for him to skin out o' get. They found Aunt I ble airthly way for him to skin out o' get-tin' 'em—then Uncle Jerry would go to the store with her and buy 'em and pay ijiot, and incapable o' dewin' business on cie Jerry out into the other room and shet er own hook.

If Aunt Betsey hadn't had the best disosition in the world, she wouldn't stood it all them years. As it was, it wore on ber, and told on her fearful. Though Uncle Jerry was one o' the richest men in your wife's life?" town, she might 'a' been the wife o' the ward indication was consarred or in-I dew. What you talkin' about?"

ward indications, cither-for she was alrers half starved, and wa'nt nothin' but a bride. I remember how handsome s skin and bones, as you might say. Uncle Jerry grew wuss 'n' wuss, and nome along towards Christmas he got a s I 'bout ever see. Changed, terribly bran'-new crochet fer savin' into his head. It was at family devotion one mornin', est before the readin', that he divulgated t to his wife. He finds the place in Neniar-he alwers read the long chapters is fall and winter-and puts his thum' in to keep it, then, drawin' on a long face, he looks at Aunt Betsey over his spe'tacles, and says he: "Wife, I are of a notion that this 'ere Christmas business is all foolishness! Seems if it must be a sin in the sight o' the Lord to eat so much one day in the year. I don't believe it's necessary to make pigs 'n' gluttons of ourselves in order to have thankful hearts; and if we go to meetin', and so on, why ain't that enough? I reckon we'll sell the turkey this year and have our usual dinner. 'long's there ain't no children comin' home, nor nothin'." Aunt Betsey set there with her hands in her lap, not exactly thinkin', but kinder worderin' and grievin'. And when they kneeled down to pray she kept on wonderin' more'n ever. She wondered what the had to be thankful for, anyway. "Now, if Ellen could come home!" Ellen was their daughter, all the child they had in the world, and she lived so far away she couldn't afford to come home and bring the children-bein' she was a sidder and poor-but, oh, how her mothe did wanter see her! "What did she care about turkey and plum puddin' if Ellen and the children couldn't eat it with her? Yes, the money might as well be put in the bauk; she didn't care." So she thought on and on, not hardly sensin' the



woman, and she's goin' to die right off,

Betsey.

She never had the

his

All of a sudden he realized that his wife was invalocable to him; he felt that he NCLE JERRY could not get along without her, nohow. Foster was too stin-He was as anxious to have the doctor as Mis' Hopkins was, and told her to hurry zy to live, and everybody knew it. But everybody d i d n 't So she went-he lived near by-and she

"Doctor Cross, now is your chance to wife, had to manage and contrive and in Uncle Jerry Foster's wheel for all skimp to get along. time! If he's got any heart and feelin's

money. Even the bring her back to life, 'less you can do butter and egg mon- somethin' to make that life endoorable. They discussed and considered over the

It seems the doctor took him awful

"High vally on my wife's life?" says

"Where did this 'ere come from?" And he 'aughed and says: "It's made out o' one of our best Plymouth Rocks; is it good?" A wonderin', quiverin' smile hovered for

S.F.F. 13 Malala D. L. N.N. E H.

"It's Jim Jackson's oldest grape wine

"didn't it cost an awful sight o' money?" "Only \$3 a gallon," he answered, tryin'

Sall C.

STE

versal. Presents were interchanged, peo-

ple settled up old scores, and tradesmen

started something of their business and

## CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Whate'er the facts or fancles of our creed, They are divine if they but serve our needs; And hence the brightness of that glorious That still is called "The Star of Bethle-

A Star, b youd all other stars, designed; To shed a purer lustre on mankind. And through the various lenses of the soul To warm and cheer and elevate the whole,

And what, although its broad supernal beams May be but concentrations of the gleams That it up many an eastern Buddha's breast, To shed erewhile their radiance o'er the west?

Whate'er the grad- or color of the flame, in essence, light and love are all the same, Both myth and mystery must to all things cling Else Progress has no source from whence to spring.

Here none superior knowledge may assume, As mind and matter are conceived in gloom; Nor has a Veda or Apocalypse Dispelled one cloud of the profound ecilpse.

But see' amid our happy homes we stand. With peace and Joy widespread throughout the land. While merry little household Christs are born Of every song and smile this Christmas

Then let our inmost souls ascend in praise To that mysterious power who guides our ways; And let us truly thank him, one and all, For all his Christs and Vedas, great and small

But, oh, alas! that we should only see His love and care in full prosperity! Or that disconfort for a single hour Should prompt us to deny his fostering power!

Oh! when shall it be clearly understood That evil's but the darkest shade of good; That in some great equation may be blen Darkness as though 'twere light's true o plement?

But now that we are all assembled here On this glad day, the white stone of the

As on this elevated plane we stand. Let us give those below a helping band.

Let each produce what treasures he has got From any lore he loves - no matter what; But all the thristian needs, on his account, Will simply be "the Sermon on the Mount." -Jenness-Miller Monthly.

#### A FLORIDA CHRISTMAS.

How the Happy Day Is Celebrated in a Fair Southern City. HRISTMAS in

Florida is a novel exthe holiday is more this holiday is more like a Fourth of July con-than anything else. The incessant firing of torpedoes and fire-crackers in the mid-dle of the day and display of pyr the ery C.Fr crackers in the mid-die of the day and the display of pyro-technics in the even-

ing rob the day of much of its mytholthe hour of midnight came the whole company arose, the host held aloft a great bowi of hot wine, prepared with many spices, and drank to the health of all. The Saxons said "Waes hael" (your health) and the custom is therefore called that of the wassail bowl. Each of the family sports are carried out in accordance with est and still be with 'em all. She pulled im down to her and kissed bim and chispered: "Oh, husband, how good you be! You've nade me the happiest woman in the corld!" Uncle Jerry got away as quick as he

Only in the churches is the co ration suggestive and familiar. In some of these a great Christmas ship, with New Year's greetings were then passed from one to another and wishes for suc-Bright little lads and pretty maids dress-

The Library Corner

Prof. A. H. Sayce is adding still an-ather volume to the long list of his published works. "The Early History of the Hebrews" is just announced for publication by the Macmillan company. Besides the prosecution of his work as Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, this author has been an indefatigable student of and writer on subjects cognate to his own particular field of research.

Mrs. Morris has given up Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, and the lease has been taken over by H. C. Marillier. Besides the interest conferred upon Kelmscott House by Mr. Morris, who made it the central scene of his Utopia in "News from Nowhere," and erected his presses next door, there is an older legend attached to it. Sir Francis Ronalds ,one of the pioneers of electric telegraphy, lived there and built what was practically the first experimental long line, carrying several miles of wire up and down the spacious garden, which is one of the principal charms of the estate.

The Engineering Magazine, in a leading article by Hiram S. Maxim, upon "The Effects of Trade Unionism upon Skilled Mechanics," furnishes a most important contribution to the discussion of one of the fundamental problems confronting the modern industrial world. The great engineering strike which now convulses England uses the demand for shorter hours as a screen for the enforcement of trade union principles and domination which threaten her manufacturing supremacy.

The London Saturday Review greets the appearance of the Times' new magazine, Literature, with a long and acrimonious article predicting the speedy perience to North-erners. There the downfall both of the Times and of its magazine on account of its ultra-conservatism and because of the "odd brain structure of its editor and manager." It twits the Times on its famous error in allowing itself to be duped by the Pigott letters, and says it is so of torpedoes and fire crackers in the mid-tury-end thought and feeling that it can never awaken public interest. Even the Saturday Review's praise of Mr. Traill, the editor of Literature, is tempered by classing him with the "fossilogical and sacred significance. A stroll through a typical town in the realm of fruits and flowers gives a person from the North some startling ideas. The show windows are full of firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and the firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and the firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and the firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and the firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers, firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets, packages of terms and flowers, packages of terms and flowers and flowers, firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rock ized gentlemen from the British Muse-

### RECENT INVENTIONS.

A bottle washing machine recently patented has a rotary brush mounted on the end of a hollow shaft with perforations through which water flows to cleanse the bottle as the brush revolves and loosens the dirt.

Clotheslines which need no pins to fasten the clothes are being made of wire links with the ends of the wire

to get it for himself by bestowin' it on others.-New York Tribune. THE GLAD NEW YEAR. Old-Time Celebrations of Its Birth and Some Customs of To-Day. HE first of Janu-ary has in the minds of most of the first of most of the first of most of the sort of politication common to Britain or even to our own land, fifty years ago. It was the custom especially in New York. Through latticed windows and open the smoking turkey the first of Janu-ary has in the

A PAL whispered:

IN TROOPED A PARCEL O' CHILDREN.

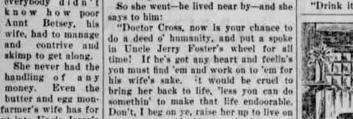
you've heard tell on.'

to smile, but lookin' rather ghastly. She

sipped it slow, eyein' him over the top o' the tumbler as she done so; but pretty soon she set it down and spoke again,

I'm afraid, 'less we hyper round and do somethin', and do it quick. But fust I'd better step over 'n' fetch the doctor." Uncle Jerry was wonderful took down.

now how poor says to him:



the door behind him.

sollum and in dead earnest, and says he. "Uncle Jerry, do you set high vally on

"I was here when you fetched her home

a minute on to her poor face; she didn't know what to make on't. But when he lugged in the jug o' wine and poured out a hull half a tumbler full and handed it to her, her eyes fairly -tuck out of her head "Drink it; it'll do you good," says he.

the sound o' voices talkin' and laughin', and of feet hurryin' up the steps. They the door opened-no, it was burst open-January made the starting point of both. and in trooped a parcel o' children, and behind 'em, not fur behind, with her hands stretched out and the happy tears stream-

noise outside

n' down her pretty face, come her daugher Ellen!

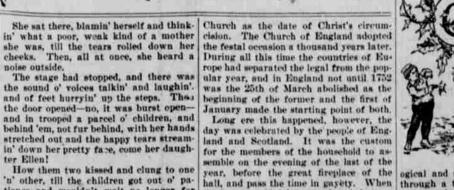
How them two kissed and clung to one ' other, till the children got out o' patience and wouldn't wait no longer for their turn! Then Uncle Jerry came to the resky and says, betwixt laughin' and cry-

"There, there, children! I guess that'll dew! It's my turn now," and he took her to the lounge where she could lay and rest and still be with 'em ail. She pulled him down to her and kissed him and

made me the happiest woman in the world?

Uncle Jerry got away as quick as he could, and went out to the barn and set down on the hay cutter and laughed and wiped his eyes till he was some calmer. Then he fell on his knees and thanked

"Why-why, husband?" she whispered, to get it for himself by bestowin' it on



prayer a mite. She went out to her work in the kitchth feelin' all broke up. She didn't know why she should be, 'less she'd been kind-tr secretly hopin' to have Ellen and the children. Christmas was more than she could bear. There wa'n't nothin' to her, to time, as you might say, and this was the last straw on 'he camel's back. any rate, all to once she give out and had to go ter bed. The next mornin' she couldn't get up, but Uncie Jerry didn't think much about it, s'posed she'd be up

suid:

could eight

in #

beise units



# YOUR WIFE IS A VERY SICK WOMAN.

eby; but when he come in to dinner, there lay his wife jest the same, as if ah hadn't no thoughts o' gettin' up. He didn't know what under the sun to

we how it was with Aunt Betsey

te. She's awful cute about some mas, Mis' Hopkins is, and she ain't

was; plump as a pa'tridge, fresh as a flower, and as laughin' and chipper a girl changed, ain't she?" turnin' to Uncle Jerry and feelin' in his pocket fer his han' k'chif to wipe away the tears. "It does beat all how she's changed," says he. "Changed!" says Uncle Jerry, Il of

fluster, "of course she's changed! Why. we've been married goin' on 25 year! You



UNCLE JERRY SET PALE AS A STATU'. can't expect a woman to stay 18 all her

life." "I know that farmers' wives grow old pretty fast as a gineral thing; break down young, don't they? But, Uncle Jerry," squarin' round on him suddenly and lookhim in the eye, "I want to ask you to compare your wife's looks with the looks of other women of her age in town, no handsomer, no healthier than what she was when you married her, and tell me if you think there's a difference. they're different from your wife, and

why? I ask you fair and candid, why shouldn't she look as happy, be as happy and make as good a 'pearance every way as them women? And why is it that she has took to her bed in the prime o' life and don't wanter live no longer? For I find that's about the way it is with her." When Uncle Jerry came back he went up to the bed and sat down beside his

wife and looked at her. She was asleep, and Mis' Hopkins thought he must realized how pitiful she looked for she seen him draw his hand acrost his eyes two or three times on the sly.

Bimeby he got up and went out to Mis-Hopkins, and, says he: 'What was the doctor's orders? What

"He ordered nourishin' food, and wine, and so on," she says, "and I guess the fust thing you may kill a chicken, if you're minter, and git it ready for the broth, then no energy lim lacks of the broth; then go over to Jim Jackson's and buy a quart or so of that oldest grape wine o' his'n. She'll be awake by the

time you get backwith it. I guess." Uncle Jerry didn't so much as wink at mention of the chicken, but when she spoke o' the wine so offhand and matter course he drawed in his breath once of twice kinder spasmodicky, but he never

opened his head. When the broth was ready Uncle Jerbe het a brick and put to her feet, and ry asked if he might take it in; so Mis ry ask plate with a cracker or two, and he took

em along. The broth was good and strong, and when Aunt Betsey tasted on't she looked "Tacke Jerry," says she, matter of fact at her husband real kinder scairt, and, at her husband real kinder scairt, and, and please, "your wife's a very sick

awful meachin', and 'pealin', her lips tremblin' as if she was going to cry. "I'm sorry to put you to so much ex-pense, husband. I'm afraid-I'm afraid it ain't wuth while!" He got up and blowed his nose with all

his might and main. "I want you to get well, Betsey, I want you to get well," he managed to say.

The strangest expression come into her face you ever see in any creature's. Then, as if struck by somethin' in his looks, she seemed to get a dim idee that he was different, and she tried to make out how it was, but couldn't, and, bein' too tired and weak to think much, she jest shet her

eyes and give it all up. That night Uncle Jerry harpessed the old mare and went over and got Mary Buell to came 'n' stay with 'em a spell. Mary's an excellent good hand in cases Mary's an excelete an old maid, she's o' sickness, and bein' an old maid, she's always ready to go and dew fer the neigh-bors. She's a prime nuss and housekeep-er, and she's good company, too-jest the kind o' person to cheer Aunt Betsey up,

you know. Wall, it come along the day fore Christmas, and Aunt Betsey lay back in her easy chair in the cheerful sittin' room. A pitcher full of late fall flowers stood on the mantelshelf; a cracklin' fire was burnin' in the open fireplace, and the old tabby cat lay before it on the rug, purrin' for all she was wuth-a perfect

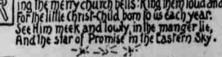
pletur' of content. The door was open into the kitchen, she could see Mary steppin' round about her work, gettin' ready for to-morrer.

She could smell the stuffin' for the turkey, and the plum puddin' bakin' in the oven. She knew there was a hull shelf full pies in the pantry-she see 'em yesterday -six mince, six punkin, three apple an' three cranb'ry tart. She thought it was too many to make at once; and seemed

so strange. She sighed and laid her head back, with the old look on her face. She was thinkin' of Ellen and the children. Now



I wine the Christmas holly over all the doors Where the winter sunshide a flood of glory pourss Heap the Christmas roses everywhere we can, Let them breathe their sweet souls in the beart of Man. In the merry church bells 'Ring them loud and clear, For the little Christ-Child born to us each year. See Him meek and loudy in the manger lie, And the star of Promise in the Castern Sky.



S catter love and kindness everywhere we can! Glory be to God on high! Peace and good will loward man!

This first of Janu-ary has in the minds of most of the morrow every man, young, old or mild the mild watereme one of the divis-prepared, for the tables bore great bur-lons into which dens of roast turkey and other fowl, men have been pleased to check kinds, and foaming ale, of which the off time, a mile-Knickerbockers partook to their hearts' stone in nature's delight. This custom spread in later history; and it is the beginning of of the United States it was the prevailing something n e w, occupation of the day. Not many years unknown, untried, ago groups of young men, dressed in their a future in which we build up lofty hopes, not knowing whether the foundation be of solid rock or quicksand. The present is but the sum of all that is past. Movements, growths and revolutions, advances and retrogressions—have combined in a mighty evolution to bring it forth, yet whom they called cards bearing various mighty evolution to bring it forth, yet whom they called cards bearing various men are prone to turn their backs on the devices, but almost universally having things of former time, and set their faces the customary salutation of the day, "A towards what is to come. Thus old Numa Pompilius of Rome nev-Happy New Year." Entering, they would

greet the hostess and her assistants, coner did a more clever thing than when he added two months to the year and made the first of them January, in honor of to the next place on their list. At times Janus, the porter of heaven and the deity of gates. This Janus was always repre-sented with two faces, looking in oppo-morning till midnight, callers would walk. site directions, as if to guard the past and run, ride, ring door bells, hurry in and watch the future. From the days of out again, all in the best of humor, leav-Numa, 2,000 years ago, men have not ing pleasant words and laughter everywhere in their wake.

"Weel may we a' be, ill may we never see; Here's to the king and the gude companie!"

ceased, in one way or other, to observe the first day of the year. Of old, in Rome, the day was sacred to the god of doors. The custom has died away. Its decline began some years ago, when here and there, upon the bell or door knob of the Sacrifices of new-ground meal were made to him. Feasting and gayety were unihouse, a small basket was hung to re ceive the cards of those who might call. It meant that the family was not "at home," or rather that the ladies were not "receiving." No longer do the fair ones goasip together in anticipation of the first caller, talk him over when he has gone, or sigh for one more caller to make the list 200. A few old men still go the rounds, but they are the last leaves on the tree and will soon drop altogether. Although the fashion is gone, the spirit which prompted it still exists. Nowadays, upon the eve of the New Year, parties are given. The older folks talk, play cards and sing; the young people dance and romp till midnight. Then each one vies with all the others in wishing. "A Happy New Year." Bells are rung, whisthes blow, and guns belch forth their roars to welcome the newborn babe of time. The more serious-minded gather in the churches and watch the old year out with services of song and prayer. Business men have figured up their gains and losses, and new plans are ready for the year to come. The day itself is given up to family reunions, the club, skating or driving, a visit to the theater, or a book and a pipe at home. The newshors are not forgotten. They deliver to their cus-tomers, special "addresses" in gay covers, prepared for them by the newspapers, for which the little fellows receive amounts, varying with the generosity of the giver. The postman, too, is remembered with a gift for his faithfulness through the year. The custom of giving presents in this country, however, is for the most part confined to Christmas. In England, New Year's Day receives the greater observ-ance in the matter of gifts. The French, too, make presents almost universally on the first of the year. Gloves, pins, jewelry, and sweetmeats are among the ar-ticles commonly given.

Don't express dissatisfaction with a gift, no matter how great your disappoint-

join in the chorus of the old Christmas

song: Shin' on, shin' on; Doan' git weary, chillun! Shin' on, shin' on-Oh, Jerusalem!

Oh, Jerusalemi The weird chanting, accompanied by the regular tapping of the feet of the singers on the pine floor, is followed by an adjournment to some large barn, where the music from the negro orchestra's vio-lins and banjos for hours keep up the dance, between fragments of-

dance, between fragments of-"All de darkies am a weepin', Massa's in de cold, cold groun," and "Suwance River," the plaintive strains being wafted sweetly through the

swaying places,

### Another Altered Will.

Little Alice-Mamma says she ain't go-ing to give you anything for Christmas this year. Papa's Maiden Sister-Oh, she isn't, eh? Why not? L'itle Alice-'Cause the present she give you last year was worth twice as much as what you give us.

A th oher.

Mrs. Cobwigger-You are to ask only one more question the whole evening. Freddie-Then, ma, if Santa Claus really brings the presents why am I not to look out of the window if an express wagon drives up to the door ?-Judge.

#### Will Receive Calls.

"Do you expect to receive calls on New Year's day?" asked Willie Hicollar. "Yes," answered Mamie Hollerton; "I'll it mean ?"-Washington Star.

#### Need Not Interfere.

"I don't see your mistletoe," said he, glancing up at the chandelier. "Is it really necessary?" replied she, archiy, 11 asn't .- Judge.

The Flirt. The mistletoe she keeps in view, And though she mays she won't, She's angry with you if you do, And cuts you if you don't.

"Well?

And a stand of the second stands



A Washington man has patented a boat which has the rear end submerged with the seat overhanging an open well, the front of the boat being raised above the water line, the advantage being that the boat is not easily rocked. Tallors will appreciate a new spoolholder which has two wire spindles to enter the ends of the spool and is supported by a hook which can be attached in a handy position on the coat, so that the thread is always ready to be unwound.

Circular saws are being used in butcher shops, a frame being attached to the block and extending over it to hold the saw in position on a spring arm, so it can be depressed as it is rapidly revolved by means of a crank and chain gear.

A new combined spring pedal and toe clip consists of a steel plate riveted to the pedal shaft with teeth at the rear edge to grip a cleat in the shoe sole and the front portion elongated and curved over at the end to form a toe clip.

A current motor, for use in running streams, consists of two flanged cylinders, pivoted end to end in a floating frame, with a cogwheel mounted on a shaft and meshing into circular toothed gears on the inner ends of the cylinders. The flanges are mounted in opposite directions on the cylinders, so as to act on both sides of the cogwheel.

Compressed air is used in place of the old-fashioned well sweep to raise water from a well, the bucket being have to. The telephone exchange where I hung on one end of a rope with a hol-work wouldn't give me the day eff. Isn't low air chamber and a number of hung on one end of a rope with a holweights at the opposite end. The air is pumped into the reservoir to raise the weights and lower the bucket, which is raised by exhausting the air and allowing the weights to fall to the bottom of the well.

A Texan has invented a machine to resuscitate drowning persons, which has a supporting table with an opening at one end to receive the month and nose of the patient, kneading devices to engage the sides and back of the body, and a single operating mechanism to alternately draw them in, the supporting table being raised and lowered at the foot while the operation is going on.

#### Makes One Exception.

A California temperance association limits the beverages of its members to wine, beer and cider, "except when laboring under a sense of discourage-ment, and then whisky shall be allowed." They are said to be the me discouraged temperance people in the State.

There Was Another, Jack-I hear you had a narrow es-cape from a grizzly in the mountains

this summer. Ella-Yes, indeed. It was the tightest squeeze 1 ever had.

Jack (putting his arm around her-Well, that grizzly is not the only mem-ber of the "press association."