LOST IN THE SNOW.

The man seized with both hands the heavy iron knocker and brought it down with all his strength upon the panel of the door. The sound rolled and reverberated through the corridors, repeated by the echo, until at last, growing fainter and fainter, it died away altogether. A light almost immediately appeared behind the glasses of the lower story, and a hoarse voice cried through the wickets:

"Who goes there? Who dares to knock at such an hour?"

"It isn't you I want, Demoiselle Victoire," the applicant responded, evidently accustomed to these brusque receptions.

At this moment the window above them opened and the venerable figure of the cure of Montcernin leaned from the casement.

"What do you want, Favel?" he asked in astonishment.

But the Demoiselle Victoire had already turned the key in the lock, and the visitor, having entered, was ushered at once into the parsonage kitchen, where the embers of a fire on the hearth still gave out a gentle warmth. In the chamber above the cure was putting on his wadded coat and cassock preparatory to coming down.

The Abbe Broex, cure of Montcernin, was a man perhaps 60 years of age, tall of stature, muscular of limb, and with an appearance of rugged health and strength. For more than thirty years he had governed and directed this poor little parish of 200 or 300 inhabitants, situated upon one of the highest plateaus of the Savoyardes Alps.

"But how did you come, Antoine, my boy?" said the abbe, affectionately; "seat yourself and drink a glass of eau de vie; then tell me what brought you here so late, or rather so early, for it was after midnight when I went to bed. Speak, my good Antoine, tell us your errand."

"I have come from Aygues, M. le Cure," Favel replied, "and all on the run. I started at nightfall, but it is far and there is so much snow."

"Is any one sick at Aygues?" interrupted the cure.

"Alas, yes; perhaps by now he is dead. He was taken ill suddenly last night, and was unconscious when I left. I came to oblige his wife; she was afraid to have him die without confession."

"Quick," cried the cure; "give me my boots and my mantle; I may arrive too late."

"You cannot go, M. le Cure, you cannot go," declared Victoire, stoutly; nevertheless, she hastened to gather up the articles demanded, bringing her master an old hat reserved for such occasions, a heavy woolen cloak and a pair of thick leather boots. "You've forgotten the cold, M. le Cure, and the snow," she persisted; "it is two feet deep, at least."

"Four feet," said Antoine; "there isn't the slightest trace of the road and the Black brook is running out of its banks."

"You haven't told me who it is that is dying," said the cure, suddenly addressing the messenger.

"Demetrius," replied the peasant, turning a timid and questioning look upon the face of the old man.

"Demetrius Blanc!" shouted Victoire in a rage, and lifting her arms toward the ceiling; "that worthless scapegrace, that good for nothing scamp; he hasn't set foot in church since he returned from Paris. Will you go to him, M. le Cure, who never bows to the cross, who whistles as the procession passes; who drinks like a fish and mocks at everything; surely, M. le Cure, you won't go to him!" Thereupon the worthy woman busied herself in warming the thick woolen overstocks and the rabbitskin gloves, while her master drew on his boots. "A man," she continued, "who has insulted you lower than the ground; and who would have beaten you but for Antoine here!"

The cure paid no attention to her grumbling, however, but got up when he had finished his preparations and started to go out.

"Come, my boy, you will have to go with me," said he. "The clerk is too old and too feeble; he couldn't go a hundred yards in this snow. It is a work of charity which heaven always remembers."

"Pardon me, M. le Cure," cried Favel, reproachfully, "did you think I would stay here if a dozen clerks could go while you were exposed?"

"Then farewell, Victoire, and don't forget to send in the morning a bowl of bouillon and a bottle of wine to the wife of Pierre Jacques, and say a prayer, my girl, for the poor Demetrius." Saying this, the cure opened the door and went out into the cold and the snow. The modest little church of the village stood upon a knoll just above the cure's dwelling. Unlocking the door, they entered the building, Antoine holding the lantern, and took up the little vase and the silver vessel containing the holy oil, which the old priest placed in his velvet bag, carefully fastening it about his neck. Antoine carried the prayer book and the bell.

* * * * * *

It took two hours in ordinary times to go from the church to Aygues, but in weather like this more than twice as long. It was the week before Christmas, and the oldest inhabitants, accustomed as they were to the hardships of life on the Alps, had never seen a winter as terrible as this. Aygues was a miserable hamlet of three or four hovels, lying in the bottom of a ravine between two great mountains. To reach it it was necessary to climb the precipitous side of the mountain, cross over the top, and descend by a narrow path to the ravine below, at the bottom of which foamed a rushing torrent.

It was one of those terrible nights known only to the Alpine winter. A freezing cold enchained all nature. The sky was of a leaden gray and a carpet of untrodden snow extended as far as the eye could reach. Profound silence rested upon everything.

The Abbe Broex and his guide walked on, scattering the snow with their long pointed staffs, the lantern of Antoine throwing a few feeble rays of light upon the ground before them. As they walked along the good priest murmured his prayers, while Antoine thought only of his cows, his stable and the wheat that filled his granary. Neither the priest nor the peasant seemed to feel fatigue as they moved quickly on, their eyes fixed upon the circle of light cast by the lantern upon the snow.

Little by little, however, a white bead stood upon their brows, their breathing became hurried and they walked with less rapidity. The lantern swung less firmly in the hand of Antoine, and from time to time the old priest stopped to rest a moment and to say aloud a prayer.

They had now been climbing the mountain for more than two hours, but were still far from their journey's end; nevertheless, they continued on, speaking but seldom, and then only to encourage each other.

"M. le Cure," cried Antoine suddenly, "I have forgotten to bring my water gourd."

"And I mine," replied the cure in a tone of regret. "What an imprudence! Well,—we shall drink with a better heart when we get to Aygues. But come, Antoine; let us make haste; the wind is rising."

A wind, indeed, was blowing straight from the east, and it soon became a strong and furious hurricane. The snow began to fall and in less than twenty minutes a frightful tempest raged upon the mountain. The travelers found themselves plunged in profound darkness, and to avoid a fall into the holes that surrounded them were forced to feel their way with the points of their climbing poles. They had long ago left the regular road to follow a little by path along the side of the mountain, as it was a nearer route, cutting off some seven or eight miles of the perilous journey.

To the left of them was a fathomless abyss; to the right a precipitous cliff, bristling with bushes bending beneath a heavy weight of snow. They talked no more, but advanced with caution, feeling for the places to put their feet.

As the ascent continued a burning sweat, which froze almost as soon as it appeared, broke out all over them; from their oppressed throats the breath escaped in hoarse and labored pantings, and their temples throbbed as if they would burst. They exhausted themselves in efforts to keep in the pathway, bending to the ground to avoid the force of the wind—compelled in some places to save themselves by clinging to the rocks, in others by crawling upon their faces.

The good old cure was forced to leave his cloak in the bushes, where the tempest had carried it, and where it flapped about like the sails of a vessel. For a long time the cure had kept up a stout heart, but at last his strength began to fail him, and he turned to his companion, crying in a broken voice: "It is hard work, my boy, for an old graybeard like me!"

"Shall I carry you, M. le Cure?"

"No, my child, no; one of us must have a chance of escape."

"Yonder is the forest," the peasant exclaimed, suddenly; "let us remain there until daylight; then we can go on."

But the priest refused. "Our days are numbered," said he, "but only a few minutes separate Demetrius Blanc from the judgment of God. Remain in the forest yourself, my boy; as for me, I must go on."

Fifty yards further, and they could distinguish the first shadowy line of whitened trees, the beginning of the forest. They commenced to run, but the cold froze them, the wind whipped their faces, the snow beat upon them from every direction and the peril increased with every step. Once under the trees they had a moment's respite, but only a moment's. They were now traveling by chance, bewildered and helplessly submitting to all the horror and terror of their position, stumbling over the stones concealed beneath the snow and slipping, falling and rising, only to fall again.

"We cannot go any further, M. le Cure," said Antoine at last; "we have nothing to guide us."

The priest did not reply, but, drawing a match from his pocket, he managed to relight the lantern, which had gone out in the struggle on the mountain, and looked about him. Antoine, pale, without a hat, his hands torn by the rocks and his clothes in tatters, stood beside him, but not a trace of the road could be seen.

"Antoine, my son," said the old cure tenderly, "I ask your pardon for having brought you with me; I should have come alone."

Disrespectful for the first time in his life, the peasant only shrugged his shoulders. "Embrace me, my poor child!" the cure continued, almost in tears; and Antoine fell upon his breast, weeping bitterly. "We must go on, Antoine," said the cure at last; "if we remain here we shall go to sleep, and to sleep is death."

Again they took up their painful march, but the Abbe Broex had relied too much upon his strength; he staggered as he walked, his limbs were like lead, and his brain benumbed with cold.

"I am thirsty," said he suddenly; so thirsty!" And stooping down he took up a handful of snow and lifted it to his lips; but the peasant checked him. "You must not do that, M. le Cure," said he; "have a little patience."

All at once the old man staggered and fell. Antoine dropped the lantern and caught him in his arms. "Give me a drink," he whispered faintly; "I die of thirst."

Antoine uttered a cry of despair. "Help! help!" he shouted, as if there were any one to hear in that desolate solitude; "a holy man is dying for want of a little water!" His voice rose even above the noise of the wind and tempest, but no other voice responded to the appeal. "Into thy hands, oh, Lord,"—— the cure murmured.

Antoine knelt beside him, tears of grief and pain falling from his eyes upon the freezing flesh of the good old abbe. At the end of his resources, exhausted and overcome with sorrow, he lifted his pastor in his arms and placed him beneath the shelter of a rock which formed a sort of recess in the cliff. There they rested, plunged in a deadly torpor—hearing nothing—seeing nothing. * * *

The wind ceased, the clouds dispersed, leaving behind them a dark blue sky studded with brilliant points.

"It is paradise," murmured the Abbe Broex, "but in the name of pity give me water or a little snow."

"It would be better to take poison, M. le Cure," the peasant replied.

"Ah, but I suffer so—I suffer so!"

"Have you a knife, M. le Cure?" cried the peasant, hesitatingly.

"Yes," answered the priest, his voice almost a whisper; "take it from my pocket." There was a moment's silence, then Antoine spoke again.

"Open your mouth, M. le Cure," said he; "open it and drink; it is blood, fresh and warm."

The priest obeyed, and in order to exalt the sacrifice which this poor peasant had made for him, applied his lips to the arm of Antoine (who had pricked a vein like the chamois hunters of the Alps when overcome by fatigue and thirst). Life and energy returned to him as he drank. "My child!" he cried, "you have saved your pastor; God will remember and reward you."

At this moment there was the sound of voices calling in the distance. Antoine answered, and soon a group of mountaineers appeared in sight. For hours they had exposed themselves to the fury of the storm seeking for this man of God.

The following morning the Abbe Broex returned to his home. Demetrius Blanc was dead and had died a true Christian.

But no one was ever able to make Antoine Favel believe that he had done an act of heroism.—Translated from the French of Charles Buet for The San Francisco Chronicle.

ANTHROPOMETRY THE THING.

The Rogues' Gallery to be Strengthened by a Curious Device.

Criminals throughout the city may be displeased to learn that the officers of the Central office are studying up a new system that promises to aid the bluecoats in detecting and identifying thieves of high and low degree. It is known as the anthropometric system, and has been brought to the attention of a noted detective of Joliet. The word comes from two Greek words, and it means having reference to the measurement of human beings. The police are now compelled to trust entirely to the Rogues' Gallery for means of identification. The new system is intended as an addition to the gallery. At police headquarters there are half a dozen photographs of a noted burglar now at liberty. No two of these pictures are alike, and that fact is made the basis of an assertion that it is sometimes impossible to identify the original of a picture. The new system consists in merely collecting a carefully taken measurement of certain parts of criminal's bodies.

In future, when a dangerous suspect is arrested, a registry will be taken of the width and length of his head, the length of his left forearm, the length and breadth of his left foot, the length of the little and middle fingers of both hands, the length of his right ear, size of his mouth, a description of his nose and eyes, the size of his chest while standing, the length of his body while seated, the length of his legs and entire body, the size of his neck, the full stretch of his arms, and the breadth of his back from shoulder to shoulder. Particular attention will be paid to deformities, marks or scars. All the measurements will be taken with graduated rules, caliper compasses and one or two other trustworthy instruments. The record will be kept in a book, which will contain printed directions and a formula for the examiner.

The police think it a great innovation. They say these measurements will be found perfectly trustworthy, as a man's figure and general profile rarely changes after maturity. The innovation is the property of M. Festillon, and was first introduced at the Prison Congress in Rome two years ago.—New York Mail and Express.

Paper to Wrap Turkeys In.

"I deal almost entirely in grocers' brown paper," said a Duane street paper merchant to the ubiquitous reporter. "Most of the paper mills are situated in the New England states, but a great quantity of paper is manufactured throughout New York state, especially along the eastern border."

"What is the paper made out of?" queried the reporter.

"Straw and water. Almost any kind of straw will answer, and I think that corn stalks have also been pressed into service, although the paper made from this material was inferior in quality. Flail threshed wheat or rye straw, well bound, is preferred. In the manufacture of paper the straw is unbound and laid closely in hugs vats. Lime is sprinkled over every layer, and when the vats are full, lime water is thrown over the whole. Steam is then turned on at the bottom of the vats, and the straw is allowed to cook until it is thoroughly purified. It is then passed through a large revolving washer and cleansed from the lime and other impurities. The straw, or what is left of it, is next passed through grinders, which reduce it to a pulp, when it is let down into a large tank under the floor.

"The pulp is now pumped up, and is ready to pass over the machine. It is first thinned with water, if the paper is intended to be light, and then is transferred to the 'first felt' by means of a revolving wire cylinder."

"What do you mean by the 'first felt?'"

"Oh, it's the finest kind of a woolen felting which carries the pulp through any number of rollers. From the first felt it is transferred to the second and third felts, each of which is coarser than the first. By the time the pulp has passed over the third felt the water is pretty well squeezed out of it, and the damp paper is able to support its own weight as it passes over a space of about three feet to the 'dryers.' These are big, hollow iron cylinders five feet in diameter and heated by steam. They are usually seven in number, and by the time the damp paper passes over them and through a set of smoothing calendars, it is thoroughly dry and is then wound up on reels.

"It is now in one long sheet about four and a half or five feet wide. The paper on four and sometimes five reels is unreeled and cut and counted. Finishers then take the paper, fold and tie it. After being tied up into bundles it is pressed, and is then ready for the market."—New York Press.

Mummies Dirt Cheap.

Dr. J. A. S. Grant Bey, of Cairo, Egypt, has spent twenty-five years in the land of the Pharaohs and speaks all the languages of that polyglot country. In order to instruct the native doctors, two years ago he started an Arabic medical paper, which has met with success. For years he has devoted his time to the study of archæology, and has amassed enough Egyptian gods, from Horus and Osiris down, to nearly fill the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The mummies of Egypt, he said, were now dirt cheap, owing to recent discoveries. They sold from $10 to $30 each, the price depending chiefly on their state of preservation. He brought over a mummified hawk as a curiosity and presented it to the Smithsonian Institution Scientists, who formerly paid high prices for fine, first class mummies, of late years, the doctor said, purchased very few. The cheap mummies were bought principally by the agents for museums."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Kiss In Religion.

The Mohammedans, on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca, kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the kaaba. The Romish priest kisses the aspergillum, and Palm Sunday the palm. Kissing the pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who, it is said, had mutilated his right hand, and was too vain to expose the stump.—Chicago Tribune.

A STORY OF GREELEY.

A DASHING YOUNG REPORTER WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

How He Reported the Famous Editor of The Tribune and Attended Opera at the Same Time—A Day of Wrath.

"Yes, I used to know Horace Greeley very well," said a leading Ellsworth, Me., merchant in conversation the other day. "Of all the eccentric men I ever knew I think he was the most peculiarly so. I had occasion to call into The Tribune office often when Mr. Greeley was there, and I never shall forget a little incident that, fortunate enough, made a good mechanic out of a poor newspaper man. Mr. Greeley, you know, prided himself that the columns of The Tribune were always accurate, and that, too, The Tribune never got left on any important item of news.

"On the reportorial force of The Tribune at the time I speak of was a dashing young Massachusetts fellow, a man, so New York newspaper men said, who had a good nose for news. The young man had been connected with The Tribune but a week, when one afternoon he was summoned into the editorial sanctum by Mr. Greeley himself. I happened to be chatting with Mr. Greeley at the time, and remember the scared look of the reporter's countenance when he ushered himself before the great Greeley and the conversation that then took place.

"'Young man,' said Mr. Greeley, 'there is to be a dinner at R——s to-night, and I shall speak. Be there at 8 sharp and report me. I want a column and a half.'

IN A DILEMMA.

"The reporter bowed himself out of the sanctum. As further developments proved, the newspaper man had made arrangements to take his girl to the opera that evening. He was up a stump what to do. He was afraid of Mr. Greeley and he was afraid of his girl. He consulted with a reporter friend of his on a rival paper to The Tribune, and his friend thus talked: 'Oh, that's nothing. Guess you haven't been in New York long? How much did Greeley say he wanted? Column and a half? Oh, that will be all right. You just get into your claw hammer and take the gal to the opera. I know what Greeley will talk about. I've been to dinners lots of times and heard his speeches. After the opera come over to my office and I'll dictate Greeley's after dinner speech, you write it down, and I'll wager a $5 note that the editor will compliment the report.'

"The Tribune reporter took his girl to the opera. He didn't enjoy himself very much, and after the curtain fell and the girl was home he sought his reportorial friend and found him in his den. They 'wrote up' Mr. Greeley, and put over the article the most breezy headlines in their newspaper vernacular. The speech was printed on the first page of The Tribune.

"The next morning Mr. Greeley came down town and tumbled into the editorial chair at 7 o'clock. He took up The Tribune, and the first thing his eye fell upon was Horace Greeley's ringing speech at R——s last evening. He read the article to the end without a word.

"He then threw The Tribune into the waste basket and pulled the bell for the manager.

"'Who wrote that article?' said Mr. Greeley, when the man had appeared.

"'The new man,' replied the manager.

"'Send him up!' roared Mr. Greeley.

"The reporter who took his girl to the opera the night before came up. Mr. Greeley was white as a sheet when the youth backed into the sanctum.

AN ANGRY EDITOR.

"'Did you write that article?' thundered Mr. Greeley, referring to the half column of headlines under which was Mr. Greeley's speech.

"'Yes, sir,' said the reporter; 'I followed you the best I could. You know you spoke uncommonly fast last night, and there was a noise and I had to stand up.'

"'Spoke uncommonly fast, did I?' thundered Mr. Greeley. 'Young man, you lie! I was sick last night and didn't go within three miles of R——s, and didn't make any speech.'

"Mr. Greeley grabbed the retreating form of the pencil pusher and actually booted him down stairs and into the street.

"The editor tried to recall the great edition of The Tribune, but it was too late. He sent men all over the city with instructions to buy every morning Tribune in New York. Said he, 'Buy them at any cost.'

Mr. Greeley paid as high as 50 cents a copy for some of the papers, but the speech that he didn't make was the gossip of all New York for a week. The reporter never dared to show his face to Mr. Greeley after that night. He dropped the scribe's pen like a boiling hot potato, and went west, I believe. He made a splendid mechanic.

"On the way to The Tribune office every morning Mr. Greeley always stepped into a periodical store and bought The Tribune and every other paper printed in New York," continued the Ellsworth merchant. "He told me one day that he always bought his own paper when he was within three minutes' walk of The Tribune building. He couldn't wait, as he said.

"I've seen Mr. Greeley walk into church when the parson was praying, making a tremendous racket as he trudged up the aisle to a front seat, throwing a big bundle of newspapers into the pew and then himself. His pew was next in front of mine. In five minutes after he was comfortably settled among his newspapers he was napping. People used to tell me that the ablest preacher in New York city couldn't keep Horace Greeley awake of a Sunday morning."—Ellsworth (Me.) Journal.

An Inquisitive Youngster.

Bobby (reading)—Pa, what is the meaning of homo genus?

Father—Let me see—it means that Homer was a genius.

Bobby—Well, who was Homer?

Father (irascibly)—Didn't I just tell you that he was a genius?

Mother (coming to the old man's assistance)—Bobby, you mustn't bother your father when he is reading his paper.—The Epoch.

Hope for Young Men.

Who says that there is not hope for the young men of to-day? Of Amherst's ninety-three freshmen but seventeen smoke tobacco. A tobacco report from the class three years from now will be interesting.—New York Sun.

DAUGHTERS OF [illegible]

A granddaughter of Charles [illegible] flourishing business with a type[illegible]

The Empress Eugenie has [illegible] health and now talks about a [illegible] Holy Land.

Miss Anna Dickinson, who has [illegible] nearly a year, is slowly improving [illegible] shortly go south.

Mrs. Mackay presented the [illegible] Cairns, who is a Jewess by birth, [illegible] and ruby aigrette brooch.

Queen Victoria, having been [illegible] write her name in a Bible [illegible] for the colonies, and to add [illegible] Scripture, selected the following: [illegible] peace, good will toward men."

It is remembered of Jenny Lind [illegible] disliked flattery. When the sculptor [illegible] made a bust of her she was greatly [illegible] with it. "I am," she said to him, [illegible] Swede and you have made me [illegible] Englishwoman.

A young woman of culture in [illegible] set the fashion of wearing a [illegible] gown, lined with crimson, to [illegible] and has gained several followers. [illegible] now trying to lead off with a [illegible] front and white cravat.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland has been [illegible] most acceptable teacher of history [illegible] popular with her pupils at Mrs. [illegible] ing school in New York, and under [illegible] ance they have become proficient in [illegible] torical studies undertaken.

CREATION'S LOWER ORDERS.

The largest cow in Dakota is [illegible] Cass county. She stands 6 feet [illegible] shoulders, and, though thin is [illegible] 1,800 pounds.

The weatherwise of Maine say that [illegible] cent capture of an immense Arctic [illegible] Fish Point presages an early winter. [illegible] bird measured 6 feet from tip to tip.

A handsome buck was recently [illegible] Rock Springs, Ky., which for the [illegible] years had been a target for the rifle [illegible] hunters of the neighborhood. It [illegible] 175 pounds and his antlers were [illegible] size.

In many portions of Idaho, [illegible] Wyoming the rabbits are so numerous [illegible] they are becoming almost as great a [illegible] as in Australia. The proprietors of [illegible] ranch are giving boys five cents [illegible] killing them, and some of the boys [illegible] much as $5 each per day. The dead [illegible] are fed to hogs to fatten them.

Levi Campbell, of Kingsbury, [illegible] bear trap and a bear got into it. [illegible] the trap a good distance, until it [illegible] in a log. Then Levi came up and [illegible] bear with an axe. The animal [illegible] lently, wrenched the trap loose, [illegible] and was in a fair way to make [illegible] when his dog pitched in and [illegible] bear's attention until Levi could [illegible] self away.

Justice Jaunasch, of Kalamazoo, [illegible] has a parrot that he wouldn't [illegible] weight in silver. On five different [illegible] has this intelligent bird saved the [illegible] being burglarized. The last time [illegible] recent night. The burglar got the [illegible] fastened, but when he opened it he [illegible] asked, in a stern and harsh voice, [illegible] there! What's the matter?" The [illegible] didn't answer, but fell over him[illegible] desperate effort to get away.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHIL[illegible]

Boston Mamma—You mustn't sp[illegible] legs, Flossie, when we have company [illegible] polite. Flossie—What should I say, [illegible] drumsticks?"—New York Sun.

Father—Come, Bobby, you are [illegible] out; so hurry off to bed. Bobby, with [illegible] and reluctant movement)—Pa, you [illegible] to tell a boy to hurry up when he's [illegible] out.—Philadelphia North American.

When little Meg saw a picture of [illegible] with the burden on his back, she looked [illegible] curiously for a minute and then [illegible] "Mamma, what makes the man's [illegible] bustle so high up on his back?"—[illegible] Transcript.

A tiny nephew once heard his [illegible] loved maiden aunt called an "old [illegible] The child's elder brothers and sisters [illegible] telling "what they were going to be" [illegible] soon afterward, and little precocity [illegible] ished everybody in the room by [illegible] earnestly that he was "going to be [illegible] maid like auntie, 'cause she made [illegible] dood."—Kingston Freeman.

A sturdy little chap, some 7 years [illegible] a tantrum one day last week, and his [illegible] in order to mark her displeasure at [illegible] it upon him, left him by himself on [illegible] her own room. He followed her to [illegible] door, and, after she had passed in, [illegible] somewhat emphatically. Then he went [illegible] play. Half an hour later he returned [illegible] the door softly and looked in. He [illegible] caught his eye and could not repress [illegible] "There," he said, "I knew you'd [illegible] Now you are my own dear mamma [illegible] Boston Herald.

Little Nellie, of West End, was [illegible] nue store yesterday with her mother, [illegible] was greatly pleased with the Christmas [illegible] of dolls. "Mamma," she said, "I [illegible] baby." "Very well, Nellie," replied [illegible] mother, "you shall have one," and [illegible] soon had one in her arms, but she [illegible] satisfied and still hung about the [illegible] Finally, half in fear and half in [illegible] whispered: "Mamma, I'd like to have [illegible] —Washington Critic.

SENATORS AND EX-SENA[illegible]

John Sherman is said to be worth [illegible] 000.

Senators Stanford, of Cali[illegible] Stockbridge, of Michigan, turn over [illegible] salaries to the clerks of their com[illegible]

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who [illegible] senate before, was one of the most [illegible] entertainers in Washington. His fam[illegible] much larger than it is now, [illegible] spends money with the same free[illegible] characterized him then.

Ex-Senator Dorsey, Senator Wil[illegible] Jesse R. Grant are at the head of [illegible] syndicate which has purchased the [illegible] Benjamin iron mines in the Gogebic [illegible] in Wisconsin. The price paid for the [illegible] and surrounding lands was more [illegible] 000,000.