LOVE AND CHRISTMAS.

O maiden fair; the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking,
Thou hast my heart, sweet one, or else
I'd put it in thy stocking.

Close by the chimney it should hang,
And warmer grow, and warmer,
Till in the morn its captor came,
The darling little stormer!

O maiden fair! the Christmas comes,
And Christmas snow is flocking;
Behold a lover at thy feet,
If not at thy dear stocking!

HOW MOSAICS ARE MADE.

...ing Together the Delicate Shades of Indestructible Pictures.

[D. R. Locke in Toledo Blade.]

One of the very few industries of ...e is the manufacture of mosaics, ...largest establishment being under ... control of the church, and em...yed almost entirely in the adorn...t of churches and religious ...blishments. The process of mak... a picture in mosaic is very slow, ...d requires the highest order of skill. ...begin with, mosaic is made of glass, ...d its value consists in its being inde...uctible. The workmen in great ...tures have to have something over ...000 shades of colored glass to pro...ce the tints requisite, as in a mosaic ...ry color is necessary the same as in ...oil painting. To make a picture the ...ocess is this: A plate of metal ... required size is surrounded ... a raised margin an inch ... height. A mastic cement of ...wdered stone, lime, and linseed oil ...spread over the bottom of the plate ...d that covered with plaster of Paris ...the level of the rim. Upon this the ...ture to be made is carefully drawn, ...l the mechanic's work commences. ...e takes a piece of glass of the exact ...t necessary and fits it to its place, ...nding it to get the shape. Then he ...es on, one piece at a time, till the ...cture is finished, then the face is ...ound down to a smoothness, and the ...cture is set in its place.

Some of the greatest pictures of an...ent and modern times are in mosaic, ...e tints, with all the delicate shades, ...ing as carefully reproduced as in oil, ...d the effects being even greater. The ...ilings of many of the greater churches ...e entirely of mosaic, as well as many ...the great altar pieces and other deco...tions. As they are utterly indestruct...le and never lose their color, they are ...ry much prized. A picture in mosiac ...sts, but then it is eternal, barring fire ...d earthquakes.

All over Rome are small shops devoted to the manufacture of mosiac table tops, box covers, etc., the workman toiling all his life on one subject. The man who commences on St. Peter's, on table tops or the Coliseum never does any other subject, and he becomes so skillful in this one subject that he is enabled to make them not only well, but very cheaply. He has only the tints to manage that enter into the one picture, and he places them mechanically and very rapidly.

Life in the Manitoba Woods.

[Winnipeg Times.]

The loggers are hurrying into the woods. One of them tells a reporter the story of a logger's day. He says: "The first thing to be done in the fall is the building of a shanty, which is generally constructed of logs, roofed with lumber. This is fitted up inside with bunks for sleeping purposes, in which hemlock or spruce brush is commonly used as bedding. The chinks between the logs are packed with moss and chips, and the shanty is heated by means of what is called a 'caboose,' or open fireplace, from which the smoke makes its exit by an opening in the roof. The cooking is generally done by a man, who is often paid the highest wages in the camp. The fare consists of barrel, or rattlesnake pork, beans, potatoes, dried apples and such game as the men find in the woods. A shantyman doesn't get much time to loaf around the house. Every morning two hours before daylight the foreman's 'Hurrah, boys!' is heard, and a few minutes after the whole shanty is alive. Some are greasing boots, fixing helves and grinding axes, while others are performing their ablutions and running their fingers through their hair as a sort of apology for combing. Breakfast over, the different gangs set out to the scene of their work, which in some cases is from four to five miles from this shanty, and as work is always commenced by daylight, you can easily see we have no chance to be late risers. The men work all day, merely resting to devour their dinner, which is generally eaten frozen or half thawed by the side of a log fire. About dusk a start is made for the shanty, which is reached long after dark. Supper eaten, the weary men 'bunk in' and are soon asleep."

Drinking Koumiss.

[Chicago Times.]

Thin women in the west have taken to drinking koumiss, in the hope that it will prove fattening. They do not make it in the oriental manner, of mare's milk, however; but they put a quart of cow's milk into three pint bottles, dividing the quantity equally. Then they add to each bottle two teaspoonfuls of white sugar and a quarter of a cake of compressed yeast, tie the corks securely, shake thoroughly, and let it ferment. It is fit to drink at the end of a day, and will keep half a week in good condition. It tastes a good deal like buttermilk, but has fizz and sparkle. Those who have confidence in the fat-producing qualities of koumiss say that it should be drunk at the rate of a pint a day.

Actors Made, Not Born.

[Croffut's Letter.]

I asked a manager, the other day, where all the actors come from. "All around," he said; "they are made, not born—one-tenth genius, nine-tenths mechanism. Frobisher turns out more than anybody else, perhaps. Linda and Ella Dietz came from his platform to my stage; Kate Forsyth was his pupil, and so was Florence Wood. He turned out Rebecca Silsbee and Locke Richardson—a very fair job. You ought to go there some time, and see how the raw material is worked up."

The tallest tree in the world is in Australia, and it is 480 feet high.

A WICKED JOKE.

How the Oil Exchange Dude Was Imposed Upon.

[New York Times.]

The members of the oil exchange are a rather swell set of young men, but the lead in the matter of clothes is taken by the youth known as "the dude," whose name is withheld for the sake of his relatives. This dude strolled into the exchange during the dull hour yesterday, and Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of him. To begin near the bottom, his feet (the dude's, not Solomon's) were encased in the glossiest of patent leathers; his trousers fitted like the paint on a lamp post; his coat had never a crease from tail to top; his linen was starched until it shone, and his collar was perfection itself and raised his chin so that he could only gaze at the floor at the hazard of cutting his throat. But his tout ensemble, so to speak, was completed and set off by the darlingest silk hat imaginable, with the broadest and most curling of brims and a beautifully bulgent top. Altogether he was radiantly, dazzlingly beautiful.

The dude stopped near the middle of the floor, struck an attitude much affected by garden statuary, and gazed serenely and pityingly upon his commonplace fellow-brokers. But, horror of horrors! A rude man came behind him and jerked the silken tile from his head, and the next moment it was thrown to the floor, had received a vicious kick, and a dozen brokers were running after it. They surrounded it, scuffled for it, away it sailed again toward the ceiling with the entire membership of the exchange, save only the owner, in wild pursuit. Round and round the floor gamboled the merry brokers with the hat before them. Now it was suffering in their midst, then it shot over the floor in desperate efforts to escape, only to be again overtaken, trampled, kicked, and trodden until it presented an appearance as if it had been lain down on by a cow and then spent a summer under a dust-heap, and the gay brokers were tired out and perspiring.

The dude during this terrible period stood aghast, and, with horror depicted in every feature, turned in frozen despair as the gambols of his wicked associates led them to the four cardinal points of the room's compass. But when a grinning messenger boy brought him the battered corpse of his precious dicer he forced a smile which was only a desolate mockery of happiness and remarked:

"Aw dawn't care anyway. It was an old hawt."

Then the rude man who had torn the tile from the unhappy adolescent's head approached and handed him the silken hat uninjured, and the dude learned that he had been the victim of a wicked joke. An old hat had been substituted on the floor, while the joker held the victim's tile behind his back. And it came to pass that the noise of unholy laughter was so great as to jar the ticker into the tape-basket, and the dude will wear a Derby hat to-day and forever after while on the floor of the exchange.

The Use and Abuse of Riches.

[Henry Ward Beecher's New Lecture.]

The worst use that men can make of wealth is to hoard it. Riches that are simply laid up, and that are never used, are squandered. Money is like powder—no good till it goes off. A man who has a large amount of property and does not spend it, does not enjoy it. He is nothing but a watchman of his own property. Now, I hold that a man does not spend his money selfishly who makes himself an object of admiration and affection in the community. I hold that a man has a right to spend his money on his house. But where a man has acquired a house he ought to make it and his grounds beautiful. He ought to make his house beautiful with books and all the embellishments of art. He ought to make it the most beautiful place on earth to him and his wife and children. The rich men of a community should then see to it that that community fares well; that it has libraries, reading-rooms, with all the privileges of shade trees, parks, fountains—these are the things that rich men should do.

It should be the business of every young man to deny himself. Self-denial is the royal road to indulgence. No man will prosper who is not willing to live upon the lowest, so that by and by he may live upon the highest. Folks think that a Yankee saves a great deal, but a young German mentioned by the lecturer lived upon less than a Yankee would throw away. And, as for a Jew, he lives upon what a German would throw away. And a Chinaman lives upon what a Jew would throw away. And this is what all this fuss has been about lately. If the Chinaman, when he came over to this country, would have chewed tobacco and drunk whisky and voted the Democratic ticket, he would have been all right. A man who has lived forty years and has not a competency is nothing less than a criminal. He has violated the fundamental laws of morality. What is it lawful and Christian for a man to do with his riches? I advocate, in the first place, liberty to use it himself to make himself happy.

What Pulpit Popularity Means.

[New York Tribune.]

Pulpit popularity has come to have a false meaning. The popular preacher now is not the one who stirs men's hearts, but the one who draws money. He is judged like an actor, by the receipts at the box-office. If the pews are taken at high prices, if the church can maintain itself in style and pay expenses, the minister is a good card. He can command a liberal salary; perhaps he can figure as a star, and make lucrative lecture engagements. Whether or not his congregation show any advancement in spirituality under his exhortations, or his people learn to adorn their daily lives with simplicity and earnestness and truth, or the poor and unhappy find succor and comfort at his door, are questions which trouble the applauding public very little. They measure the popular clergyman's success by secular standards, and he is but too apt to accept their measure as a just one.

The Confederate Seal.

[Chicago Herald.]

The original seal of the Confederate states, which is of massive silver, is still in the hands of an ex-Confederate soldier, who treasures it carefully. It consists of a device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue which surmounts his monument in the Capitol square at Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy (cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, corn, wheat), and having around it the words, "The Confederate States of America, Twenty-second February, Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-two," with the following motto: "Deo Vindice." The Confederate monument at Magnolia cemetery to the memory of the dead who fell in defense of Charleston bears on one of its faces an enlarged representation of the great seal of the Confederate states.

A New Figure.

The Rockford Register, telling of the suicide of a rash young man, says: "At the age of 23, young, handsome, and talented, he was overtaken by the bitter pill of adversity."

COLORED WAITERS.

Why They Are Preferable to the White Kind at Hotels and Restaurants.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Colored men are the best waiters; they are waiters by nature, and are peculiarly adapted to servitude," said the proprietor of one of Chicago's most prominent hotels to a Tribune reporter. "Colored people are not ambitious, like Caucasians, and they are not always scheming and planning for better positions. No matter how incapable a white man may be for any other occupation, he always considers that he is above being a waiter, is never content, does not take proper interest in his work, and is generally looking out for a better position. On the contrary, the colored man is satisfied—he has reached the height of his ambition when he has been employed at a first-class hotel and can wear a steel-pen broadcloth coat and a white vest."

"Do they get good wages?"

"Head-waiters get from $60 to $75 a month; second waiters, $40; third waiters, $30; general waiters, $25, and captains get $2 a month extra. Board is included, but not lodging. A first-class head-waiter can always get $75 a month, which, with our excellent board, is almost equal to a bank clerkship. The first-class restaurants pay waiters $1 a day; and there is our greatest trouble; their hours are twelve or fourteen, while ours average ten, with very little to do during late supper hours. The colored waiter will come to the office and say that he wants to visit his sick mother in Cincinnati, or go to see his wife in St. Louis, and must quit. He prefers to tell this lie rather than the truth, yet he knows we do not believe it, and that if he really were to tell the truth we would suspect something else anyhow. If we discharge a colored waiter it does not affect him in the least. He will take it philosophically, really appear as if he were relieved, and in a few days will turn up at some of the other hotels as a waiter in all his assumed dignity. A white man will be indignant, then despondent, and perhaps not find a situation for a month, but the colored man always gets in somehow.

"No; they rarely go to second-class hotels or cheap restaurants," continued the race delineator. "Dignity is everything with them. The average African must be in a first-class hotel, where he can wear a white vest; otherwise he will act as chief bottle-washer in a barroom or work for a private family at much less wages than he could get in a second-class hotel or cheap restaurant. This he considers in a measure retirement from public life. And, again, the cheaper restaurants and hotels largely employ white labor, some of which is very cheap. White and black waiters cannot work together in a dining-room. It is something like an oil and water mixture. There is a feeling of superiority on one side, and while the blacks feel their inferiority as to white people they assert their equality in this instance. But separately the colored waiters are undoubtedly the best in the world, and really are the only people qualified for waiters."

"Another reason why colored waiters prefer first-class hotels or none is, that it gives them social prominence among their own race. The standing of the hotel or restaurant as a superior resort imparts to the waiter a certain degree of responsibility, and, because of its social eminence, places him on a plane above his perhaps equally-talented colored brothers who may be so unfortunate as to occupy less aristocratic places. Should the position of the waiters be reversed, the code of ethics would also be changed. The social distinction of waiters in each hostelry varies with the establishments. The waiter of the first-class hotel or restaurant, whether white or black, holds himself entirely aloof from the waiter in a cheap restaurant. He considers that his wages and position are a tacit admission of his superior ability and expertness, and perhaps he is right. Waiting on table looks to be very easy, but it requires a good memory, and, although it is a menial position, there is an adaptness in it almost approaching to art; and, above all, affability and politeness are necessary. But, with the colored waiter, it is his innate humility as a born servant that especially fits him for a waiter," concluded the proprietor as he turned to hear the story of a sleek-looking man with a St. Louis expression on his ebony face.

The Value of Literature.

[Puck.]

The value of literature entirely depends. If a book has a calf-skin cover, it is valuable as a razor-strop. If it is only a foot thick, it comes in first-rate to put under the corner of a bureau which has lost a leg. If it has a clasp on it that will keep it closed, it cannot be eclipsed as a missile to hurl at a dog. If it has a large cover like a geography, it is as good as a piece of tin to nail over a stove-pipe hole, or a broken pane of glass. If the paper in which the literature occurs is one of the large ones known as a blanket sheet, then it is much enjoyed by the young lady who wishes to cut out a pattern of anything. As we said before, the value of literature entirely depends.

What Hissing Means.

[Chicago Herald.]

Hissing means different things, according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

Our Richest Senators.

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The richest United States senator is Fair, of Nevada, with $18,000,000. Next Sawyer, of Wisconsin, $7,000,000; then comes Don Cameron with $5,000,000; Miller, of California, $4,000,000; and Brown, of Georgia, with $3,000,000.

Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, believing it to be the fruit of which Adam partook.