

MY CHRISTMAS PARTNER.
Dumb is the grove's fall throated lay,
The glow of light that spreads the bowers;
As, from the full moon, the stars appear,
Come light and life and love and flowers.
I recognized her that night—
Her magic light that never fades,
Storm-clouds before her glance are bright,
And summer larks beneath her smile.
Is it from spirit or mortal hand
My Christmas partner captured thrill,
As waiting partners now we stand,
Now we've the chains of the quadrille?
Is it a sign of things to come,
To clear forever through the years,
As in the devious ways we roam,
And whirl round with the whirling spheres?
How shall I know?—The Christmas tree
Attracts a host of merry faces,
'Tis his presence that I have in view,
I make like the draw of gifts and grace.
Trembling, as with my face I cope,
I draw—the also draws, apart,
My prize, a snowdrop—'tis my hope,
That a gold locket—'tis my heart!

MRS. ARDORY.
BY EDWARD EGLESTON.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.
That has to be the subject of the first chapter. That was always the first chapter with Mrs. Ardory. She was a woman of acute sensitivities. Every body shook her. For my part, I can never laugh at people who are sensitive without being sensible. They must suffer a great deal, both from their sensitivities and their lack of sense. It is a double misfortune; let us pity them. But if selfishness and intolerance hide their heads behind sensibility, let us blame, even at the risk of being shocked by sensibility.

do not say that Mrs. Ardory was selfish. Some readers are always in a hurry to jump to conclusions about people. To Mrs. Ardory was a selfish would be a libel, a slander, a defamation of a most tender-hearted creature. Poor dear Mrs. Ardory was a bundle of sympathy, an unflinching foundation of pity, a faithless ocean of philanthropy. She wept and lamented over the condition of the poor, the sick, the bereaved, the fatherless. When her children came in of a morn, shouting with delight because the snow was falling, she would run higher and higher, and gather up the garden fence, and eagerly smothering the dark green cinders with massive and matchless whiteness, poor Mrs. Ardory clasped her pale hands in distress, and sighed, "What a day for people out of coal!" I am sure you couldn't say she was not benevolent. She never failed to burden everybody about her with her sympathy for the poor. She wouldn't suffer people who had comforts to enjoy them so long as there were people who hadn't them. She seemed to be saying perpetually: "Let us all be unhappy together."

Mrs. Ardory's sensitivities were philanthropic. Her husband's father had the good fortune to be a simple hearted old trudge, and, though Mrs. Ardory's husband was quite wealthy, Mrs. Ardory found it a great wrong in her side that Ardory the elder wouldn't give up his low calling and be a gentleman dependent on the good will of a woman of a sturdy will of her own. Mrs. Ardory attacked the old man, who was of an easy temper, and besought and besieged him, for the sake of her delicate and refined sensitivities, which were shocked by his course, to yield to her entreaties, sell his old truck, put faithful old Bob up at auction and come and live with them. It made people ask so many questions, you know, about the man who had done that. To her husband to live alone when she was so reflected upon her character for benevolence was a dreadful shock to Mrs. Ardory's sensitivities. And so the old man, unwilling to out down the bridge behind him, hired out his horse and truck, put "To Let, Furnished" over the door of his shabby little house, and became a sort of chore-boy in his son's family; he rolled the baby carriage and hoed in the garden, and was a miserable utility man about the house. All for the sake of Mrs. Ardory's sensitivities.

But Mrs. Ardory's sensitivities were more than ever shocked by his lack of polish. She did not like to have her father-in-law in the house when there was company; he was sure to do something very shocking. So the old man, who had too much sense to mention his sensitivities, who had never used the word sensibility in his life, and who really thought it meant some fearful disease when it was used in law, used it—the old man, having sensitivities nevertheless, staid out of the parlor when there was company, only went to the table to keep from shocking Mrs. Ardory by keeping away, and when at the table swallowed but a very little dinner awkwardly in silence, taking pains to shovel his potatoes up with the back of his knife for fear of not being polite, cooling his coffee by blowing on it in his saucer, as his master taught him to do, and feeling that, do what he would be well-mannered, he somehow shocked the sensitivities of his daughter-in-law at all times.

Without any society—too high up for the servants, too low for the family—the old man had nothing left for him to do but to go on shocking sensitivities all the time. Perhaps there is no way of passing one's life-time more unpleasant than to spend it in being an object of dislike. People who are stammering blocks always feel it more keenly than they do, they are more against them. It is far worse to be in the way and know it, than it is to be somebody in your way. And so the old man, conscious of being in the way, fifty in his half-genteel rig, longing again for the congenial society of his "ole woman," aching for the petty cares of old occupation, envying every man whom he saw rolling a barrel—what he could do but seek comfort where there were no sensitivities that could be shocked, in the one corner of the nice warm room which bore the name of "The House of Lords," where he could sit in a shady corner on the sawdust floor, so much better than velvet carpets—you could walk without timidity there—he could sit in a shady corner with an old crony who would generally forgive his cheap, fine clothes and play that he felt his humiliation all gone, and talked as though he were indeed a member of the House of Lords, and

his son and all his property, but always confiding to his friends that his darter-in-law was a duffer, the woman—and troubled with the wretched may-call-'em, the sensitivities—didn't just know what that might be—but it just disease as made you have to be keener when she was around or she'd take on, you know.
And when the old gentleman had come some several times a little too full of the nectar of the gods, and acting as if he were Jupiter himself, Mrs. Ardory confided to her inmates, those "same right up stairs" man they called, that her husband's father had a few sensitivities at all—not a single sensibility. He never seemed to care for anybody but himself, at like a hog, poured his coffee into the saucer and doled it with his breath, and—and—well, she wouldn't say anything against her husband's blood, and besides, she'd promised her husband not to tell, you know. But if they could only have seen—O my!—if they could only have seen and heard him when he came home last night at 11 o'clock—well, she would say anything, or worse. But they could imagine what a sacrifice she had made in receiving him under her roof, and how one of her delicate sensitivities must suffer. They could guess, at least. Ah!

CHAPTER II.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.

Yes, the second chapter will be about them, too. Mrs. Ardory's sensitivities were too acute to be disposed of in one short chapter.
Mrs. Ardory sat on the very day before Christmas as the wind howled, looking over a perfumed package of old letters, and talking in her tragic way to a friend who sat by her.
"Memories!" whispered she in a tone of fatuous sadness. "Memories, my dear—sad, sad memories—that stir my heart to the very bottom! When ever I untie this pink ribbon, and see those letters, all my sensitivities are roused, memory is too much for me!" Here Mrs. Ardory closed a well-considered and appropriate tear. "Ah! who can ever know—who can ever know the bitterness I have suffered?" Then, after an interval of choking emotion, in which Mrs. Ardory's eyes were for that matter, her nose also—were buried in her lace handkerchief, she proceeded in a disjointed and highly pathetic way:

"Schoolmate, room-mate, friend, I shall never see thee more, alas!"
"Is she dead?" asked her sympathizing friend.
"Worse!" said Mrs. Ardory, looking out from under melancholy brows, and speaking in a tone that made her friend's flesh creep with terror, horror, and ever so many other kindred emotions. "Worse, a thousand times worse!" Then in an awful whisper, "Run away from school at seventeen—worthless fellow—married him, lost all social standing and all his friends. Oh! my poor little girl, where are you now? What kind of a Christmas is to-morrow to be to you, my poor, lost sheep?"
This was Mrs. Ardory with her friends. Do you wonder that they said, and truly, that Mrs. Ardory was a woman of feeling?

On that same evening Mrs. Ardory sat in the dining room of her family, waiting the return of her husband, when a little page came to the door.
"Please, ma'am," said Bridget; "she says she must see you."
"Ask her what it wants, Bridget; and if she is a tramp, send her right away at once. My nerves will not bear any excitement."
"Please, ma'am, she says she is the child of your old friend that used to be Laura Borden, and her mother's sick, and she's got no home and sends to know if you would see her, and take her into your house for the night. She turned into the street by the landlord, and she's got five children."
"Oh, dear! what shall I do? Why, I couldn't have poor Laura here; I'd die with pity to see her and a half-dozen poor children. I couldn't stand it! My sensitivities are so keen. Bridget, send the little thing away. Don't let her come in. Oh! what a dreadful thing to have such tender sensitivities! Poor Laura! how she must suffer. Tell her to go to the Secretary of the Association for the Amelioration of the Condition of the Destitute. Tell her I would send some money if my husband were at home. Poor Laura! a beggar!" And Mrs. Ardory wept in sincere grief for her friend, and in pity for the poor generally. Old Mr. Ardory was so shocked at her grief that he got up and went out and did not even return to supper, which was served a few minutes later, when Mrs. Ardory's husband came. He talked most pathetically about her old friend, her beauty, her intellect, and her unhappy marriage, and now this sad, sad denunciation in the street, said, a beggar, absolutely a beggar. Here Mrs. Ardory broke down and wept. She declared that she would not be able to sleep a wink that night. Her sensitivities were so delicate. The shock of hearing from poor dear Laura in that way was so ruinous and cruel, she hoped her sensitivities might never be so severely shocked again. She couldn't get over it—poor Laura in the street.
And, at bedtime, she couldn't sleep. She said her sensitivities were absolutely shattered. And then, too, her husband's father was out, and she just knew that he would be home after midnight, in a state that would shock her more than ever. It seemed that everything had combined to kill her.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. ARDORY'S SENSIBILITIES.

I find that the last chapter must be given to the sensitivities of Mrs. Ardory.
It was Christmas Day. Even on this blessed day, that tender-hearted lady could not lay aside her sensitivities and enjoy herself. For, just think, will you, how many poor there are! How could a tender-hearted woman enjoy a feast when so many were hungry? It was not in the good woman's heart, I am sure, to be for a minute oblivious to the wretchedness of the poor.
She had also another anxiety. The dinner hour was approaching, and she was to have several friends. Among others, the rector and his wife were to dine with Mrs. Ardory on this day. All the company, the rector's wife included, were there—the rector only being absent, he having called to see a sick person on his way. He would come presently. Mrs. Ardory was just explaining to the clergyman's wife how awful a thing parochial duty must be, she never could stand the tax on her sensitivities if she were a clergyman. But what Mrs. Ardory was thinking about while she was saying this was something very different indeed. She was thinking that her father-in-law had been out all night on a Christmas spree, and that he might come in at any moment and shock her sensitivities by his disgraceful appearance. That, to her surprise, the old man came home sober; and, what was more curious, came in

company with the rector himself. And the rector was showing him every attention. Was the like ever seen?
"He didn't want to come," said the rector with excitement, leading the old man in. "But I brought him by force. I must tell you what he did. Found a poor, sick woman, with half a dozen children, on a street last night. The woman's husband was dead. Landlord turned them out. Mr. Ardory, pushed his way through the crowd that stood about and lifted the poor thing up off the sidewalk, and carried her to the truck. Then he took her to his little old home and laid her on the bed, and got a neighbor woman for nurse, and went for a doctor, and got supper, and the hungry children, and he's been with them ever since, doing everything he could for them. Only he went this morning and shook his fist in the landlord's face, and threatened to punish him if he didn't give the woman back the last ten dollar bill he exacted. He's a brave old man. You ought to be proud of him."
"Why, indeed, we are," said the younger Ardory, "proud as we can be of you father, you are."
"He can do such things, you know," said Mrs. Ardory, aside, to the rector's wife; "he hasn't any sensitivities."
"If you could only have heard that poor woman tell it, replied the rector, as they went down to dinner. "If you could have seen her kiss Mr. Ardory's hand as we came away. It did my heart good—more good than any Christmas service I ever attended."
"Come, father, you must sit at the head of the table," said the younger Ardory.
"Oh! no, I can't carve," stammered the old man.
"Well enough, well enough; God bless you!" said the rector. "I vote for you to preside to-day."
And then the rector said grace before meat, and the old truckman got up the turkey as best he could, growing red in the face, half from sinning and half from modesty, for the rector did not permit his praises of the old man's benevolence and of his carving.
"And what do you think?" continued the clergyman. "That poor creature told me she sent last night to the most intimate friend she had in her better days, and begged a shelter for the night, and was refused. It was absolutely outrageous. It could have been the death of the poor creature but for Mr. Ardory here."
The rector said this under difficulties, for his wife was treading on his corn vigorously all the time. But gentlemen never see anything; and should he notice that this incident powerfully affected the sensitivities of the lady at the other end of the table? But if his eyes were not sharp, his ears, at least, were always open to the most delicate question, and he now turned to a half question put to him by Miss Crabbe, whether he thought an ungenerous person could do things pleasing to Christ?
"Every good thing a man does—everything that has a likeness to Christ's own self-sacrifice, draws him nearer to Christ. I don't doubt that that is pleased with a good act, by whomsoever done, and loves the man that does it, too."
The old truckman, whose self-respect had grown visibly, refused an invitation to the "House of Lords" that evening, started his truck the next Christmas, and died every now and then at the house of the rector.
Mrs. Ardory was quite ill after her Christmas dinner, I believe. Her sensitivities had been so shocked by the harrowing things she had heard.

POCKET EDITIONS OF HUMANITY.

Much has been said in the journals of the day of late in regard to human merit; but the tiniest specimen yet heard of was discovered in Waterford on Wednesday last. On tearing down an old barn glass jar was discovered by the workmen among the rubbish and dirt behind the lining of the building. The jar was covered with paper, which on being touched crumbled to pieces. Taking the jar into the light it was found to contain the body of a child preserved in alcohol. The body was well developed and proportioned, but was so small that it was long before they could believe it to be the body of a human infant. Such is the fact, however. The body was between four and five inches in length, and could have weighed when in life scarce more than half a pound. Whether the body had been preserved from scientific or other motives is a matter of pure conjecture. The barn is an old one, and the jar and contents, it is evident, had been deposited in its hiding place many years ago.—Troy Press.

That languid, helpless, fallow-complained creature, must use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strength-Giver and Blood Purifier. It is exactly what you want to vitalize, purify, and enrich your blood and give you back the bloom of youth. Dr. J. H. McLean's office, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

EVERY farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of *Shepherd's Quality Condition Feeders*. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.

HELP for "HARD TIMES"—Read the advertiser's advertisement on this subject. You can't get any better help now better, than to get the help offered.

A South Sea Pirate in Real Life.
Captain Hayes, a sea-dog of a piratical turn, who has during the last few years been cruising about in the South Sea, seeking whom he might devour, left San Francisco about six weeks ago on the schooner Lotus with about \$5,000 in cargo and money. He came here from Manila in April or May last, where he had been imprisoned for nine months in consequence of various marine robbing adventures in which he had engaged, having been shipped as a disabled seaman by the American Consul. It is thought that he has gone to Samoa, where, it is rumored, he will soon make himself felt in some way.
Captain Hayes is a veritable pirate, having carried on his nefarious business in Chinese waters, as well as in the South Sea, and he is spoken of as a very desperate and daring man, who may again be at some of his old tricks. One of his favorite "games" was to run among the different islands in the South Sea and get the natives to come on board his vessel under the pretense of wanting to trade with them. He would then get sail and carry his kidnapped passengers to some remote island where so-called labor trade was still carried on, collecting the usual passage money and a very unusual bonus. Another of his pastimes was to go to some island and order the natives to supply him with whatever he wanted, under threats of shelling their villages if not promptly obeyed. There is hardly a crime which the fellow has not committed, and certainly none which he is not capable of committing. Captain Hayes is described as rather prepossessing in appearance, tall, stout and gentlemanly-looking, a little over fifty years of age, with white hair and beard, and a frank and open countenance, the very opposite of the sea rover as generally portrayed in a marine melodrama on the stage.—San Francisco Chronicle.

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN TWO RAMS.

A fight of a rather novel character took place in a field near Upper Salsva, England, on the 17th of last month. Two rams had been turned into a field to graze with some sheep, one the property of Mr. John Howell, surgeon, and the other the property of Mr. Henry John, shoemaker. The doctor's ram was flirting with a good-looking sheep, and the other went up and interfered. The intention was to knock the doctor's ram down, and the two rams hit each other, fought very savagely. The doctor's ram, being the stronger animal, soon vanquished the other, and at the end of the fight he lay on his side, and the dead animal was immediately bled and converted into mutton.

The Chicago Ledger is said to have spent \$50,000 in advertising the past two years, and, by the looks of the newspapers throughout the United States, we should say it would take as much to go round this year. And to cap the climax the proprietors have announced their paper at \$1.00 a year. How it is done is a mystery, unless they have more than "a barrel of money" to give away. We believe, however, that the publishers at least, are not all they are cracked on. They ask of the reader to pay for the white paper and postage; for their labor, when a paper reaches 100,000 or more circulation, their advertising will pay the profit. While they are building up the paper they do not solicit advertising, and hence the readers get a great paper for \$1.00 that is worth \$3.00. As the publishers have the money, no doubt they will succeed.

Address THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill., enclosing \$1.00 for subscription and 15 cents or postage.—Chicago Times.

WHETHER for use on man or beast, Merchant's Gargling Oil will be found an invaluable liniment, and worthy of use by every resident in the land. We know of no proprietary medicine or article more useful in the United States than this Gargling Oil. It is the best to a greater degree than this. Yellow wrapper for animal, and white for human flesh.—N. Y. Independent.

THE Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., received from London, a few days since, a single order for 250 of their organs, which are becoming nearly as celebrated in Europe as they are in America. They have just completed to order an organ for the celebrated Dr. Franz Liszt, Pesth, Hungary, for use in his concerts.—N. Y. Phil. Journal.

At our request Cragin & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., have promised to send any of our readers gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage) a sample of Dobbin's Electric Soap to try. Send at once.—Com.

A Curious Calculation.
A rapid penman can write thirty words in a minute. To do this he must draw his quill through the space of a rod—sixteen feet and a half. In forty years he would have written a far longer distance in five hours and a third, a mile; or, we make, on an average, sixteen curves or turns of the pen in writing each word. Writing thirty words in a minute, we must make four hundred and eighty-eight to each second; in an hour, twenty-eight thousand eight hundred; in a day of only five hours, one hundred and forty-four thousand; and in a year of three hundred days, forty-three millions two hundred thousand. The man who writes a million strokes with a pen in a month was not at all remarkable. Many men make four million. Here we have, in the aggregate, a mark three hundred million long, to be traced on paper by each writer in a year. In making each letter of the ordinary alphabet, we must make from three to seven strokes of the pen—on an average, three and a half to four.

One cranberry patch in Pennsylvania yielded 1,019 bushels this year, and the man stopped to look at the crop five minutes, he drew his mouth up into such a knot that he couldn't find his mousetrap.—Burlington Hawk-eye.

THERE can be no mistake about it, "Madness" plus tobacco takes the lead. Old-time smokers say it gives better satisfaction and is cheaper than fine cut. You cannot be imposed upon, as some plug laws the words "Madness" P. A. on a wood on tag. Try it once and you will always buy it. Manufactured by the Pioneer Tobacco Company, New York.

SINCE our last issue we have heard of several people who have used Durang's Rheumatic Remedy for rheumatism; and all pronounce it a success. It comes to us, therefore, as a relief, to find that it is the only reliable remedy now in use, it will have a large sale. It is taken internally. Price, 1.00; six bottles, \$5.00.

EVERY farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of *Shepherd's Quality Condition Feeders*. One dollar's worth will save at least a half ton of hay.

HELP for "HARD TIMES"—Read the advertiser's advertisement on this subject. You can't get any better help now better, than to get the help offered.

PERSONS who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking the stomach a teaspoonful of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment mixed in a little cold water, well sweetened.
See advertisement in another column headed "Down with High Prices."
LAND OWNERS WITHOUT PATENTS.
Should employ us with their receipts, to Cash, Register & Co., Attorneys for Claims, at Washington, D. C., and receive their Patent Papers.
A Valuable Gift.—By an arrangement with the Publisher, we will send every reader of this paper a sample of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, free of charge, for postage. They are highly colored, beautiful and reliable. Write for a sample, and we will send the most beautiful painting, Agents wanted. J. L. PATTER & Co., 168 William St., New York.

THE MARKETS.
NEW YORK.
WHEAT—Choice extra prime, \$1.00 @ 1.05
Medium to choice, .85 @ .90
Common to fair, .75 @ .80
HOES—Live, .50 @ .55
SHEEP—Good to choice, .35 @ .40
Butt of wool, .25 @ .30
EGGS—Fresh, .20 @ .25
FLOUR—White Winter extra, .50 @ .55
Spring, .45 @ .50
WHEAT—Spring No. 2, .12 @ .15
OATS—No. 2, .10 @ .12
RYE—No. 2, .10 @ .12
PORK—Mess, .16 @ .18
LARD, .10 @ .12

BEAUTIFUL, Valuable, Cheap. For City, Village, and Country. One of the Best Helps for these HARD TIMES. Half a Cent a Day. For the Best, Plain, Practical Information, showing how to get more from one's work, and how to make most of his resources.

NEW SUNDAY MAGAZINE. CONDUCTED BY REV. DR. DEEMES. Number 1 of this new publication, for January, 1871, is just issued. It is designed to furnish to the general reader, in an interesting and instructive manner, a series of articles on religious, moral, and political subjects, and on all subjects of human interest.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. It is conducted by the Rev. Dr. Deemes, of the Church of the Strangers—an able scholar, an experienced editor, and a gentleman of the highest Christian virtues, and for his widespread influence in both social and religious circles, the attention is invited to produce a periodical which shall be "Worth Much and Cost Little."

NEW WILCOX & GIBBS AUTOMATIC SEWING MACHINE. Latest invention and most perfect. Only machine in the world with automatic tension, and with automatic needle and stitch indicator.

TO YOUNG MEN who wish to learn Locking and Sewing, or to become Engineers, send your name with 25 cents to P. Keppel, Bridgeport, Ct.

USEFUL GIFT FOR THE HOLIDAYS. An Instant High Price CHICAGO SCALE CO., 35 and 70 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW FARMER'S BOOK. Gives full information on all kinds of Farm Work, Farming, Horticulture, Cattle, Poultry, and Farm Stock. Includes a most valuable and practical treatise on Home-Building, and book of Locking Sewing Machine for farmers. For full description and terms, send for illustrated Catalogue.

Prof. Hall's Mescal Compound is the only preparation, on package of which the name of the inventor is printed, and on the wrapper is the name of the inventor. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy for all kinds of fevers, and for all kinds of ailments of the stomach and bowels. Price, 25 cents per package, postpaid. J. W. Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.

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