



Joel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," is making two new characters, "Moses" and "Aaron," famous. In a story entitled "The Mystery of the Swamp," published in "Harper's Round Table," December 10th, he tells us something more about them.

Admirers of Dr. Martineau's charming English style, and no less delightful, gracious and sympathetic reasoning on ethical themes, will be happy to welcome the little "Macmillan Company (New York) is publishing under the title "Faith the Beginning; Self-Surrender the Fulfillment, of the Spiritual Life," by James Martineau, D. D., C. L., author of "Endeavors After a Christian Life," "Hours of Thought," "Types of Ethical Theory," etc.

The ubiquitous sociologist is not at all sure of the ground which he treads. He is still discussing the place and character of his science. In the beginning he was violently attacked by biological analogies and revealed in organism. It was found that while the life of nature helped to understand the problems of society it could not unravel them all.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who recently resigned from the United States Navy, in order to devote his entire attention to literary pursuits, has written an article in "The Century" for the January number of the "Century." Captain Mahan has for years been studying the career of Nelson in preparation of a life of the great commander, and the present paper is one of a series of four he is contributing to "The Century" on Nelson's most famous engagements.

Edmund Burke's famous speech, "On Conciliation With the Colonies," delivered in the House of Commons, March 22, 1775, is so important as a study of English composition that the Joint Conference on English Requirements for Admission to Colleges has designated it for the years 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have recently published this masterpiece in their well-known "Riverside Literature Series" as No. 100. Paper, 15 cents; cloth, 25 cents.

The Christmas "Wave" (San Francisco) promises to be an interesting publication. We are told that it will have eight full pages of pictures printed in two colors, three of which will be devoted to the actress and beauties of London, Paris and New York, a fourth to the beauties of the English aristocracy, a fifth to scenes along the Sacramento River by Charles Graham, the well-known artist, a sixth to the pretty San Francisco girls who have made their bow to society this winter, a seventh to the Japanese tea garden in Golden Gate Park, and the eighth to a lunch scene by flashlight in the Palace Hotel cafe.

"The Sanitarian" (Brooklyn, N. Y.) is a monthly magazine, established in 1873, and than which there is no better in its field, nor any so good. It was based at the outset upon medical knowledge and sanitary service, over an extensive field of observation in various

climates in different quarters of the world, large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical sanitation for the maintenance of health under the most trying circumstances. We agree with the Virginia "Chronicle" that it is "the American authority for everything appertaining to the healthful condition of the people at large." We concur in the judgment of the "Sanitarian": "It easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications."

It has been upon our table month after month for twenty-three years, and we are, therefore, competent to speak of it as it deserves, and that is that it is at once the most vigorous but conservative, bold and progressive, intelligent and well informed, careful and conscientious, able and attractive of all magazines in the same field of work. We wish it could be read every municipal council chamber, every Board of Public Works, every school board, every asylum and hospital board, in every technical society, by all city officials, in every State and city executive chamber in the land, and in most of the homes of America—if it were we would speedily have better sanitary and public health conditions. The December number of the "Sanitarian" is at hand, and as usual is filled to the brim with news, contributions and original matter. The chief of which papers are: "Progress of Sanitary Engineering," Sir Andrew Noble; "Mortality Among Negroes," J. C. Le Hardy; "Formic Aldehyde: Its Use as a Disinfectant," Professor F. C. Robinson; "Lamp for the Generation of Formaldehyde," E. A. De Schweinitz; "Report on the Pollution of Coastal Bays," Charles Smart, M. D.; "Danger of Contagion in Street Cars," E. B. Borland; "Practical Sanitation in Glasgow," Peter Fyfe; "Influence of Climate on Genito-Urinary Tuberculosis," J. C. Munro; "New York Lunacy Commission"; "Medical Excerpt," T. P. Corbally, M. D.; "A Century of Vaccination," "School Baths," "The Scandal on Oysters," "Mortality and Mobility Reports and Reviews," "Health of the Army," "Massachusetts State Board Annual Report," "Early Diagnosis of Typhoid Fever," "Important Decision With Regard to Tenement Houses," "Mortality Statistics Abroad."

The issue of "Harper's Weekly" dated December 19th is the special Christmas number. It contains a strong and picturesque story entitled "The Ghost of Christmas," by Howard Pyle, with two full-page drawings and five illustrative headbands by the author. A war time picture by the late Charles S. Reinhart illustrates a characteristic story entitled "A Contraband Christmas," by Captain Charles King. W. D. Howells contributes a "Life and Letters" article on the subject of Christmas, for which drawings have been made by Edward Penfield. John Kendrick Bangs will write of "The Ghosts That Have Haunted Me," and there are reasonable drawings by Frederic Remington, A. I. Keller, Peter Newell, Lucius Hitchcock and W. Hatherell.

The holiday number of the "Musical Record" (Oliver Ditson Company, Boston.) is at hand. It has music three pieces for Christmas, an anthem, a carol, a song and Gounod's "Unfold Thy Portals," for the piano. There is text matter on the history of the Ditson house, and on topics of interest to music lovers.

"Gunton's Magazine" for December (Union Square, New York) has these papers: "Meaning of Bryanism in American Politics," "Futures of Gold," "Common Sense on Trusts," "The Greenback Controversy," "Evidence of Business Revival," "Claims of Cuba for Self-Government," "Statistics of Immigration," "Labor Insurance in Germany," "New Political Deals," "Editorial Crucible," "Economics in the Magazines."

Jos. Pennell, writing in the London "Chronicle" about the present exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society, reviews at some length the various specimens of well-printed books. The following books in regard to the only American book in the exhibition will be of interest to lovers of fine books in the United States. Reviewing the magnificent collection of books from the Kelmscott Press, Mr. Pennell says that in them he "cannot help feeling conscious of a regrettable monotony." The illustrations are curiously wanting when compared with at least one other book in strength and in color. True, the "Arts and Crafts" exhibition is a revelation to the eyes of the artist, and the work of Morris and the work of Birmingham. True, the issues of the Vale Press approach much more nearly those of Kelmscott. But if one wishes to see a really successful example of illustration and of printing, one must turn to the "Altar Book," with designs by Robert Anning Bell and borders by Bertram Macdonald, exhibited by Berkeley T. D. U. S. A. For sharp, clean, perfect printing, the Merrymont Press utterly outdistances the Kelmscott. We are sorry to make this admission, but it is unavoidable. The English work is gray and weak, the American is sharp, brilliant and clean-cut. He adds: "Almost all the books shown are but an imitation of Mr. Morris, and in one case he has been improved upon."

"Congressional Work" is the title of the new monthly publication devoted to the Home and Foreign Missionary operations of the Congregational churches in the United States. It has been started in answer to a strong feeling in the Congregational body that the missionary intelligence of the denomination has not been thoroughly disseminated throughout its rank and file. One hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of the first edition will be circulated, and in view of the subscriptions already received from the churches, the watchword of the paper, "Into Every Family," may be realized. "Congressional Work" is attractively printed, ably edited, and furnished at churches at the cost of ten cents per year. 23 Bible House, New York City.

"The Quiver" for January, 1897 (Cassell Publishing Company, New York) is freely illustrated and for Sunday and general reading presents among many others these attractions: "An Artist's Life Work," Frederick Dolman (illustrated); "God's Workmanship," the Lord Bishop of Exeter; "That Tantalizing Letter," by Margaret Mackintosh; "Poverty in Gloves," by T. Sparrow (illustrated); "At Evening Time," a new hymn tune, Professor Prout, Mus. D.; "A Grain of Mustard Seed," Rev. Hugh H. Wilson, D. D. (illustrated); "Mysterious John Smith," a complete story, by Ethel S. Turner; "Sunday With the German Emperor and Empress," by Mary Spencer Warren (illustrated); "Pressing Problems of the Mission Field," Rev. H. E. Fox, M. A.; "Some Famous Primates," Rev. Montague Fowler, M. A.; "A Blessed

Knowledge," Rev. Newman Hall, D. D.; "The Romance of British Christianity," Rev. W. Murray Johnson, M. A.; "The League of Christian Compassion," Christmas hamper for the lonely poor; "The Organist's Daughter" (serial), by Isabel Bellerby (illustrated); "All Through Prejudice" (serial), by Scott Graham.

"The Outlook" for December 12th (13 Astor place, New York) breathes the atmosphere of Christmas time and is richly illustrated with half-tone engravings. Among its leading papers are: "An Autobiography in Little," by Justina McCarthy, with six pictures; "A Christmas Song," words by Kate R. Cain, design by Dora Wheeler Keith; "Religious Art in America," by Rufus R. Wilson, with eight pictures; "The Outlook's Vacation Fund," "Winter Opportunities," with four pictures.

The "School Review" for December (University Press, Chicago) has a full list for volume IV., January to December, inclusive, and these papers: "Report of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools," Ray Greene Huling, Secretary; "Requirements for Technical Scientific Schools," T. C. Mendenhall; "Recent Tendencies of Education in France," English (abstract), Alice Freeman Palmer; "The Enlargement of Options in Admission Requirements," John Tetlow, Charles W. Elliot; "Important Educational Gatherings for the Holidays" (editorial).

In the January number of "Harper's" a paper entitled "Science at the Beginning of the Century," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, will be an important contribution to the history of nineteenth century civilization, and will be followed by other papers showing the progress of scientific discovery during the last hundred years. These papers will be fully illustrated.

The principal feature in the number of "Harper's Bazar," published December 19th, was a striking story of Western life, by Ella W. Peattie, "A Shylock of the Sandhills." There was a very amusing comedy, by one of the "Carroll Tickers," entitled "One Disinterested Friend." Both these stories are illustrated. The subject of Christmas gifts receives much attention in the number.

The "Coast Review" for December (San Francisco) sends holiday greetings, hard and fast business as its method and purpose. The contents are especially full of matter of first interest to underwriters and policy holders.

A LIFE PARTNERSHIP.

The Oyster and Quahaug United into One Shellfish. Oysters have a well-known habit of attaching themselves to any object they may come in contact with in the water. An old shoe or boot, a bottle, another oyster or a small quahaug are familiar examples, but in almost every instance where an oyster and quahaug are found grown to each other one is much smaller than the other. Exceptions to this rule are so uncommon that when an oyster-man of Pawtucket found an oyster and quahaug attached to each other and of the same size recently, the oldest clammer and oysterman in Pawtucket said they had never seen the like before.

The oyster was a large one, at least six or seven years old, and the quahaug to which it was attached at the hinge of the shell, was within a year of the same age, and had also attained its full growth. Both bivalves were handsome specimens, and both were alive. The two united, yet separate, were placed on exhibition in the window of Green's fish market, where a large part of the male population of the village assembled at some time during the day or evening. There they were viewed by men of many years of experience in handling quahaugs and oysters, who all had never seen another instance where a full-grown oyster and quahaug had united.

Now, alas, only the shells remain to tell the tale of this natural curiosity. Fred Remington, a clerk in the market, opened both bivalves last week, and extracted the meat without breaking the hinges or separating the shells. With the edges of each shell slightly apart, showing the interior, the two are more of a curiosity than before.

When People Catch Cold. The "cold spots," meaning thereby the surface areas peculiarly susceptible to cold are principally the nape of the neck and the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen, and the shins. The acute discomfort which results from the steady play of a current of cold air upon the neck and back are well known. The necessity of keeping the abdomen warmly clad is also generally recognized, though perhaps not as generally carried into practice. Curiously enough, few people are conscious of the danger they run by exposing the usually inadequately protected shins to currents of cold air. This is the usual way in which colds are caught on omnibuses. When driving one takes care to cover the legs with a rug or waterproof, but on the more democratic conveyance, rugs are not always available, and the reckless passenger by and by awakens to the fact that the iron has entered into his soul—in other words, that he has caught cold. The people who wear stockings such as Highlanders, golfers, and cyclists, invariably take the precaution of turning the thick woolen material down over the shins, the better to protect them against less of heat, though, incidentally, the artificial embellishment of the calves may not be altogether foreign to the maneuver. This is an instance of how all things work together for good. It does not, of course, follow, because certain areas are peculiarly susceptible to cold, that a chill may not be conveyed to the nervous system from other points. Prolonged sitting on a stone, or even on the damp grass, is well known to be a fertile source of disease; and wet cold feet are also, with reason, credited with paving the way to an early grave.—London Medical Press.

Planoes That Catch Cold. Half the planoes of this country catch winter colds exactly as we do. They get hoarse, or have a cough, or a stiff neck, or some similar complaint which cannot be cured by home remedies, but requires tedious and expensive doctoring. In order to prevent these avoidable ailments a plano should be kept in a moderately warm room, where the temperature is even, say 60 or 70 degrees, the year round. The cold one day and hot the next. The instrument should not, however, be too near the source of heat. It should be kept closed, and covered with a felt cloth when not in use, particularly in frosty weather. Always place the plano against an inside wall, and a little out from it—Answers.

IN OLD MEXICO.

Habits and Customs of the People There.

A Young American Fails to Understand the Peculiarities of the People.

(Special Correspondence of Record-Union.) TUNAS ETIAPAS, Sonora, Mexico.—On finding oneself for the first time in an alien land one can readily sympathize with the Englishman who, making his advent on Gallic soil, and perhaps with the memory of weary hours spent in communion with Ollendorf fresh in mind, exclaimed, "Good heavens, how remarkable. Even the children speak French here!" Of course, we know what to expect before we reach the foreign shore, but somehow, for all that, the reality comes to us as a series of interesting surprises.

Looking about on the everyday scenes of a Mexican village it would not be hard to believe that here was a spot where some wizard had worked an enchantment, had reversed the wheels of time and sent them spinning back two thousand years. The quaint sights which present themselves on every side remind me of nothing so much as of the illustrations in a pictorial Bible.

Much might be said as to the advances that have been made in the last decade among the more intelligent people of Mexico, but certain it is that the stimulus which results in progress has not been felt by the lower classes. The peon clings to the ways of his ancestors with a tenacity incomprehensible to a reasoning being and comparable only to the instinct with which birds or animals construct their dwellings in one fashion generation after generation.

"Why do you always use your white water?" was asked me in the afternoon. "In the afternoon?" I was asked of a Mexican plowman. "Quien sabe—it was the custom of my father," he replied. This spirit of conservatism, to give it a polite name, being everywhere prevalent, it follows that the methods and appliances of the people are of the most primitive kind. In many places water is carried in bags over the head and on the shoulders, and in vessels which the women balance on their heads. Grain is threshed by throwing it on the ground in a corral, turning in a number of horses or asses and causing them to trample it out by keeping them in constant motion. Corn is split by pounding it between two stones. Indeed, it seems characteristic of the race to be content with the most bungling makeshifts and to do everything in the most awkward manner possible.

In the saddle the Mexican is perfectly at home, but the art of driving he has not yet learned. He sits in a carriage with an excited peon handling the reins, a thrilling and dangerous experience. The roads are not of the smoothest and the driver simply herds his horses, endeavoring by a free use of the whip, by sundry jerkings of the lines, by a series of whistles, clucks, shouts and hisses to keep the animals headed in the right direction. "Do you think our lives are of no value?" I ask in some indignation as we narrowly escape an upset in turning a corner. "Quien sabe. We are all in the hair of God," the man complacently answers. This eternal quien sabe with which one's remarks are greeted is irritating to say the least.

While the adobe huts which form the homes of nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the country are almost destitute of furniture, petates (mats made of palm straw) taking the place of chairs and sofas, and while one keeps the animals in a stable consisting principally of frijoles and tortillas, yet economy is unknown. Carriages for hire abound in even the smaller towns, and nobody thinks of walking the shortest distance if he can by any means pay to ride. The sums spent for mescal (an alcoholic drink) and for the needs of the day and for dulces (sweets) are out of all proportion to the amount which goes for the necessities of life. Members of the class of which I am writing never provide for more than a day's supply of food at a time, and every morning the stores are crowded with women and children each of whom purchases a ridiculously small quantity of provisions, a teaspoonful of sugar, a pound of flour, a tablespoonful of lard, is as much as most of them buy, but no matter how small the amount expended every customer demands his pail, or gift, to which he adds to his purchase anything he likes and which consists of a bit of candy, a sweet cracker or a lump of panocha, or congealed sugar syrup.

Many of the people wear sandals, but however indifferent they may be as to their footwear, in the matter of head ornaments the men especially are exceedingly particular. The pride and glory of Mexican men is their hats. No matter how ragged his garments be, if he can display a broad-brimmed, silver-braided sombrero he holds up his head and is a man among men. There is but one occasion when he fails to treat this cherished possession with respect, and that is when he is at such time as he is in the street by the excitement of the bull-fight. When a picador has been thrown, when a horse has been gored, when some unusually brilliant feat has been executed by the torador, a wild enthusiasm often takes possession of the assemblage, and the crowd, the excited spectator plucks off his treasured head covering and with an abandon that reeks not of consequences, casts it into the ring.

Besides the burro, a creature that seems essential to the happiness of the Mexican, is the dog. Not in his hat several dogs to each person, but in the aggregate they form a vast horde, a multitudinous conglomeration of snarling, howling, worthless caninity. Nogales, which is on the boundary line, has two municipalities, the American and the Mexican. The American town has a dog pound, but the Mexican, Mexico, sees no use for such an institution. As a matter of course, the dogs have discovered the condition of affairs and when the poundman starts out on business, from all quarters, mongrels great and small may be seen fleeing across the border. It is said to be no uncommon thing to observe a motley gathering of degenerate dogs just over the line congregate upon another, it would appear, at the expense of their baffled persecutor. The methods of punishment in vogue among the barbers in some towns heavy posts are to be seen at the street corners, to which petty offenders are chained, and here they are often left to stand in the broiling sun for hours. In one place an abandoned mining tunnel is used as a calaboose. It is convenient also for a pig sty, the floor be-

ing wet enough to make an excellent wallow, and to this use it is frequently put.

On one occasion several persons who had partaken too freely of mescal were "run" into this queer donjon in which, at the same time, there happened to be confined half a dozen well-groomed jockeys. An hour or two after the arrest court was convened and the bailiff was instructed to bring the prisoners into the temple of justice. A considerable delay ensuing the court functionaries adjourned in a body to the tunnel. They found the jailer moving about in the midst of a number of prostrate mud-coated bodies, a lighted candle in his hand which ill served to dispense the deep gloom of the place. As soon as the officers appeared he hastened to make known the condition of affairs. "Ah, honored sirs," he exclaimed, "I find myself in a most embarrassing position—the disturbers of the peace undoubtedly are here, so also are my boys, but in the name of all the saints, how are they to be distinguished—quien sabe?"

DAVID R. FRANCIS.

Successor to Hoke Smith as Secretary of the Interior. David R. Francis, ex-Governor of Missouri, who succeeded Hoke Smith as Secretary of the Interior, is a native of Kentucky, 46 years of age, and a Washington University graduate. He entered mercantile life as a clerk in St. Louis when 20 years of age, later went into the commission business on his own account and became successful.



Mr. Francis in 1884 was President of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange, and the following year became Mayor of St. Louis. In 1888 he was elected Governor of Missouri and served one term—four years. When President Cleveland was making up his Cabinet four years ago Francis was slated for Secretary of the Interior, but preference was given to Smith. Francis is a gold Democrat.

GRANT ON THE FIELD.

Was Cool and Deliberate, but Painfully Affected by Sight of Blood. While the most critical movements were taking place, General Grant manifested no perceptible anxiety, but gave his orders, and sent and received communications with a coolness and deliberation which marked a marked impression upon those who had been brought into contact with him for the first time on the field of battle. His speech was never hurried, and his manner betrayed no trace of excitability or over-impetuosity. He never exhibited to better advantage his peculiar ability in moving troops with unparalleled speed to the critical points on the line of battle where they were most needed, or as it was sometimes called, "feeding a fight." There was a spur on the heel of every order he sent, and his subordinates were made to realize that in battle it is the minutes which control events. He said, while waiting for Burnside to get into position and attack: "The only time I ever feel impatient is when I am waiting for an important movement of troops in the presence of the enemy, and am waiting for them to reach their destination. Then the minutes seem like hours."

He rode out to important points of the line during the day, in company with General Meade, and his officers of the staff. It was noticed that he was visibly affected by his proximity to the wounded, and especially by the sight of blood. He would turn his face away from such scenes, and show by the expression of his countenance, and sometimes by a pause in his conversation that he felt most keenly the painful spectacle presented by the field of battle. Some reference was made to the subject in camp that evening, and the General said: "I cannot bear the sight of suffering. The night after the first day's fight at Shiloh I was sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, trying to get some sleep. It soon began to rain so hard that I went into a log-house near by to seek shelter; but I found the place so saturated with blood that I could not get any sleep. I could not endure such a scene, and was glad to return to the tree outside, and sit there all morning in the storm." I thought of this remark while sitting at his bedside twenty-one years afterward, when he, in the last days of his fatal illness, was himself undergoing supreme physical torture.—"Campaigning With Grant," by General Horace Porter, in the Century.

Divers' Dangers.

The greatest danger to those who dive into the sea for valuables that have been sunk is that of falling asleep. On a hot day the contrast between the heat above and the cold water below is apt to make a diver sleepy. One of these men recently stated that he once slept half an hour at the bottom of a wreck where he was laying a pipe. Supposing that it had happened in a channel where the tide runs so swiftly that a diver can work only during the one hour of slack water, the deadly rush of tide would have snapped the lifeline and hose. Then in working wrecks there is danger of getting jammed in between freight, or getting the hose or line entangled. When the hose snaps at a great depth the tremendous pressure kills the diver. He is frightfully distorted by it.—New York Journal.

Indisputable Evidence.

De Lolo—Where do you intend to spend your vacation? De Pole—I am going to our milkman's dairy farm. There is the finest kind of fishing in that neighborhood. "Huh! You don't take his word for it, do you?" "No," indeed. We've found young trout in his milk!"—New York Weekly.

The Flatterer.

Of all the friends I have, the one I love the best is he who flatters me. That seems to think the distant sun was made to shine for me. He has high reverence for my mind. And when to drink he is inclined 'Tis joy for me to pay.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS

BY NEMO. (Copyrighted.) (These "Thoughts," by a layman, are read in five hundred thousand homes, scattered in every State of the Union. In this country they will be found week by week in the columns of this paper only, as we have made arrangements with the author for their exclusive publication.) To you whose hearts are crushed with dumb sorrows that you cannot tell; to you whose burdens are heavy and chafing; to you whose way is narrow and dark; to you who are puzzled as to the meaning of life and your own existence; to you I write.

Be patient at this season of rest and diversion to ponder the words of a humble soul gazing upward to interpret to himself the lightning flash of unaimed thought that leaps from country to country at Christmas tide. The great and the head-wise are often wrong; while the humble and obscure serve to make and transmit the public opinion that gradually overthrows error. Note that the wisest men were turned aside to Jerusalem while the simple shepherds, patiently doing their wearisome duties by night, untroubled by the puzzling questions of the Magi, learned more than these about "peace and good will."

Since their day each age has through its wisest tried to recreate and interpret anew the fragmentary career of the lowly man. They have darkened his counsel with words, they have smothered the breadth of purpose, they have tried to wall around the sea of his goodness, they have attempted to seal up and confine the sunshine of truth. But over against the limiters of truth, the monopolists of heaven, the head-wise interpreters, must be set the heart of the common people, who, like the man born blind, cannot argue down sophistries and puzzle out intricate faiths, but can simply fall back upon the unanswerable demonstration of peace and good will, "whereas by me peace and good will," whereas by me peace and good will. "Have miracles ceased? It is a miracle that any of his plain teachings should still live; yet steadily the light has climbed the mountain sides of perversion and now shines full strongly down to the valley of the shadow of death that we travel in."

Because then his friends were the lowly, his mourners the tainted and the bereft, his most faithful servants through all ages the outcasts and the obscure; because also this is the People's Age, the age of democracy, when the right to think and to learn is no longer denied to us by the lofty ones, may it not have come to pass that this time of all times most remote from the customs, the ideas that surround Jesus, is the best fitted after all to measure the length and breadth of the announcement of "peace and good will" that has so long remained echoes.

And what is he to us, we anxious, burdened workers? Whatever else secures may discover in him, to this soul he seems to be "just one of us." We believe that his temptations were not mere theatrical displays, that his suffering was not feigned. We know what agony is, not less did he; in our cases we can too often trace it back to a breach of law, but not so could he, and thus the greater poignancy in his sufferings. We do not lower him by thus thinking of him, but we raise ourselves to a higher, nobler humanity, because that was the work he came to do. Because he was a man, manhood is glorious; because he triumphed over evil, manhood is helped to trample temptation under foot; because he remained pure and undefiled, there is just before us an exemplar to copy. We discover him to be no splitter of theological hair; no creator and enforcer of a set belief save in God, the Father of all, from which came we are His sons, and

Yet some of us are groping onward as if in a night-black passage. We glance bewildered at the events, the dangers, the pleasures of life, and then pass away forever without understanding our relation to it and our fellows. I can imagine the All-Father mourning over such wasted force, such profitless existence, when the key of life is already within the world and within our reach: "Emmanuel; God with us!"

The Latest Umbrella.

The newest umbrellas have conspicuously long handles. It is an old fashion revived. In the years the handles of the best umbrellas, though richly ornamented, have been short. Now they are being made from twelve to fifteen inches in length. This gives the umbrella-makers a good opportunity for introducing decorative work. The umbrella, made in favor with women at present is made of a good, strong quality of changeable taffeta silk. Blue and green is a favorite color combination. These umbrellas are made with a name plate fastened to the top. The latest idea for the name plate is to have it made of gilded silver and ornamented with enamel matching the tints of the umbrella in color. The ferrule of these new umbrellas, instead of being wood, with a steel cap, is made quite elaborate. Some of them are of silver. Others are made of the same material as that used for the handle.

It will pay you to read "The Model" ad. on last page.

Deviled sardines in one-half pound cans 10c each at C. C.

Soft Shell Nuts, the best that can be had. Price, 12c per pound. Extra Selected Dates, Something fine. Fancy Table Raisins. Helms Mince Meat in Bulk. Heinz Apple Butter. Currant Brandy Plum Pudding. Ripe Olives.

ROBERT D. FINNIE, Grocer, 721 J.

CORWIN'S MILLINERY, We bought too many FINE GOODS, too few CHEAP ones. We are going to sell the line at cheap prices. We never carry goods over.

Decorated Parlor Lamps Reduced from 90c to 60c; from \$1 30 to 99c; from \$2 50 to \$1 75

THE FAIR, 505 J. From now to January 1st all Dolls and Holiday goods at the lowest prices in the city.

One Week More. The time is fast approaching when your Xmas buying will have to be done surrounded with inconveniences in the shape of CROWDS.

We will have the CROWDS the same as usual, and would advise those of our patrons who wish to "avoid the rush" to call as early as possible, thereby insuring a satisfactory purchase. WEAS SUGGESTIONS. N. B.—We do not handle JOB LOTS, nor are we SELLING OUT as a means to draw trade. Assorted Color Jardiniere and Stands, \$3 50, \$5 50, \$7 50, \$10 50. Boudoir Dresden Decorated Clocks, \$1 05, \$2 15, \$2 25. Chafing Dishes, \$3 50, \$4 25, \$5. Five O'Clock Teas (brass or copper), \$2 50, \$3, \$3 50, \$3 75. "Crest" Decorated Salt and Peppers (2 in box), 75c per pair. "Crest" Decorated Napkin Rings, 25c each. Children's Plated Mugs and Knives, Forks and Spoons, all prices. Rogers Bros. Al 1847 goods. Carving Sets, Table Cutlery. Besides a big stock of useful and ornamental Holiday Gifts.

Sacramento Glass and Crockery Co., 629 J STREET. OPEN EVENINGS. CHINA HALL.