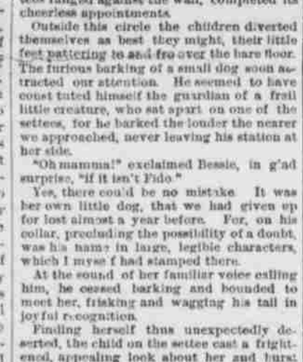

INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.
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VINITA INDIAN TERRITORY

DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Oh! the dear Old Year is dying!
His children, the months, dropped one by one,
And the last week died as the first had done,
And the days all went with the setting sun;
And the Old, Old Year,
Grand, hoary and drear,
On his deathbed lone is lying.

Oh! the dear Old Year is dying!
His brow is cold with the chill of the tomb,
And his eyes are dark with a deadly gloom,
And the hours are weaving on ghostly loom
His burial shroud,
Where silent and proud,
On his deathbed lone he is lying.

Oh! save the Year that is dying!
Oh! stay the sands so cruelly flowing!
Oh! stay the minutes so stealthily going!
Oh! quicken the pulses so tremulous growing,
Ere it be too late!
E'en while we wait,
The Year on his deathbed is lying!

Oh! the Year, the Year is dying!
And the shifting scene of sunshine and rain,
The dear delight, and the dearer pain,
The hope that fell, but to blossom again,
The dreams and the fears,
The smiles and the tears,
All, all on the deathbed are lying!

Oh! help is none for the dying!
The hours have woven a winding sheet
Of the pale, white mist, and the falling sleet,
And the midnight comes on its errand fleet,
One word of command,
One touch of its hand—
And the year in the grave is lying!

Oh! weep for the Year that is dead!
The dear, Old year that is ours no more,
That stands aloof on the phantom shore
With the ghost of the years that have gone before.
Yet we weep in vain,
For never again,
Shall live the old year that is dead.

—*Grace D. Litchfield, in N. Y. Independent.*

"INTERVENTIONS,"

And the Happiness Which Followed Their Removal.

The little dinner in the little dining-room was over at last. The maid-of-all-work, who had burned the gravy, and taken up the boiled pudding too soon, had now, with some clatter and stumbling, cleared the room, and arranged it for the evening. The children, who had not minded her failures, and were merry and talkative because there was a guest who smiled upon them, had been coaxed and commanded away to bed.

At last little Mrs. Worden was free to sit down by her friend for a confidential talk, and her husband was free to withdraw from his newspaper, not to the library, but to the other side of the table. Mrs. Worden had her work-basket in her hand, but she put it aside as she looked into her friend's face—the heart was in her eyes.

"Oh, Margaret, I am so glad to see you!" she said. "It was so selfish of me to ask you to come now, but I never wanted you so before."

"And I never was so glad to come."

"Do you mean it? I used to take such pleasure in making your vacations pleasant, but every thing is so different now. Every thing is gone that you used to enjoy; the nice large room I kept for you, and the library, and the pictures, and the carriage, and even the piano."

"But, dear Helen, I didn't come to visit you for those."

"No; but I loved to think you enjoyed them. Now I have brought you to this little, stuffy house, with the children all over it. You can hear their noise from morning till night. There is no Elise to keep them in the nursery, or take them off for an airing. They'll torment the life out of you."

"No," said Margaret, "My life never will go that way."

"But every thing is so different. You saw Bridget. It's so different keeping house with her from what it used to be with the three nice maids I had. Indeed, I do my best, Margaret, but you saw how it was at dinner. We gave up all our real silver. John would, you know; and we kept only a partly broken set of china. The table doesn't look as it used to."

"Never mind, dear. Indeed, I don't think of that."

"No," said Mrs. Worden, mournfully. "But I can't even give you much of myself this time. I have to be busy every minute till the children are in bed. I ought to be sewing now. We can't have any more nice talks over books and questions, you know. I hardly know such things exist. My mind is full of nothing but housework and children. I've given up the Literary Club and the Charity Union, and I can not make calls. Those nice people you used to like to meet I seldom see now. I've just dropped out of their way. I can't give any such nice little reception for you as we had last year."

"I don't want it; you know I don't."

"When I sent for you last week I was feeling as if I could not face New Year's without you. When I think of the change one little year has brought it seems like a nightmare. Every thing pleasant went at once. It was hardest to lose our country house. We both loved it; it was so sweet and airy out there, and we had such lovely neighbors. When I looked forward to spending the whole summer in the city with the children it seemed awful."

"And has it proved as bad as you feared?"

"Well, no; I've really been so busy I hardly knew how the days passed. And we have been remarkably well, and John has been so thoughtful for me and the children. Poor John! think what a year this has been for him! He was so used to the sense of having a fortune to fall back upon. And now I know it fairly frightens him some times to think there is only his slender salary between us and want."

"There is more than that," said Margaret. "There's God's large, kind providence."

"Yes," said Helen, humbly. "I know, but I forget some times."

"I want to tell you some thing," said Margaret. "I mourned over your losses, dear Helen, but since I've been here I haven't been realizing them as you might think, I've been so happy over the gains."

"What gains?"

"Oh, my dear, you have got rid of the interventions!"

"What do you mean by interventions?"

"Let me try to tell you. Helen, I was a hypocrite often in the days when you were rich, and I visited you. I pretended to be happy, and I did enjoy a great deal that I knew you wanted me to enjoy. But all the while there was such uneasy fears in my heart! Sometimes I thought I would tell you of them; then I blamed myself for worrying, silly old maid, and was ashamed of them."

"But what was it all about, Margaret?"

"About the interventions; the interventions between you and your children, first of all. The big house with the big rooms seemed one of them. The nursery was so far from your sitting-room. How could you know the children as you do now they are thrown right about you here? And Elise was another. She marshaled them to airings and meals and bed so irreproachably there seemed hardly a chance for them to get at you. And she was jealous when the baby cried for her 'dear lill, mamma,' don't you remember? Mabel fidgeted under her rule, and wanted to play in the veranda near you instead of walking out with the baby-carriage. And when Maurice had those dreadful outbreaks of temper, and none of you knew what to do with him—forgive me, Helen—it seemed to me sometimes just a protest of his nature against uncongenial companionship. Would not you or I be cross, perhaps, if we had to spend six or eight solid hours of the day with people who did not satisfy our hearts and minds at all? And your children have natures like your own, sensitive to society, and minds like yours, bright and demanding."

"Oh, Margaret! why did you not speak of this?"

"I could not. It seemed meddlesome. I was not even sure I was right. But all that is gone now, and I am so glad."

"Maurice," said Mrs. Worden, thoughtfully, "has been the sweetest, best boy this last six months that a mother could ask for."

"And the Literary Club," Margaret resumed, "and the Charity Union, and the calls, and the shopping—yes, and the new books, and the 'questions'—I was half jealous of them all the time, though they were so good and pleasant. They did intervene. They kept you hours and hours away from me, or took up so much time when you were there. All that time the children were among servants—young children, that have such active minds. My dear, I know I'm only a foreboding, anxious old maid; but when I read in the paper the stories that shock us so, about girls who have been reared in wealth and position, and elope with their father's servants, I bethink me that there is a simple reason back of every wonder. If a girl through many hours of her early life has found her best comfort and entertainment from some good-natured cook, or coachman, or gardener, why should we think like associations would prove repulsive to her afterward? Don't you remember what a fascination for your Jessie that slim, handsome mulatto, Jim, had?"

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!"

"I know; but I shivered to see her hovering about the butler's pantry whenever she could escape Elise. He had some monkey tricks and little songs and stories that appealed to her imagination and delighted her. You yourself told me, laughing, how when John was to be away one evening, and Jessie heard you say you would be lonely, she replied: 'Send for Jim, mamma; he's real good company. I love him.'

"But she was only six years old; a little child!"

"Yes, but it seems to me even a child of six who had always been her mother's companion would have felt relationships better than that."

"Why did not you speak, Margaret?"

"I could not then. I can now. The danger is over now. Helen, be thankful with me that your work is right here at home, where your little girls are, where they may learn to help you in it and be close to you."

Helen drew a long breath, but she did not speak.

"And there are some other suspected interventions that I miss," continued Margaret. "Those two pretty housemaids, with the white caps and the pink cheeks and bright eyes, who swept and dusted and waited so beautifully; and the coachman, with the shining carriage and horses, that came so punctually to your door every morning—they stood between you and your health. I felt almost envy of it. Don't you remember the headache and languor you used to suffer from? And the 'rubbists' that used to visit you, and the doctor's electrical treatments?"

"I couldn't afford them now," said Mrs. Worden. "Such bills would ruin us."

"And now you do not need them. You look so firm and active, and you have such color in your cheeks. Forgive me, dear, but I noticed the mouthfuls you took between spreading the baby's bread and cutting Mabel's meat and helping me, and I saw that you were hungry."

"I hardly have time to know it, but I *am* really hungry at meal-times. And I have wondered to find how many hours at a time I can be on my feet. Indeed, I am thankful for better health. What should I have done without it?"

"And, my dear, where is John's cigar?"

"Oh, he gave it up. Wasn't it good of him? Right in the midst of the trouble, too. I was frightened to have him do it, and yet I was glad. When I married him I thought I liked the odor of a good cigar; but it was getting to be always in his teeth. I was jealous of it, too. It seemed to make him indifferent even to me. Yes, I will own that was an intervention between us, Margaret. And oh! how good and kind he is! If you were not here he would be reading his paper to me, and talking about it, too."

"Then I am an intervention now?"

"No, no; it's far better to talk with you than to hear any newspaper. But, indeed, our trouble has brought us nearer to each other. He has been my great, great comfort."

"And you have been his. Dear Helen, I think you have taken it all so nobly!"

The tears came to Helen's eyes, and she wept a little with her head upon her friend's shoulder. Presently she said:

"We have learned to say, 'Give us this day our daily bread' with some real asking in the prayer."

"There were interventions between you and God swept away in that loss!"

"Yes; we had to come *near* to Him, asking for common things—shelter and work, and strength and sense to know how to live this new life."

"Then, if God has put you in better possession of your health, and your children, and your husband, and Himself this year, don't you think we ought to have a growing, happy year?"

"Does he always leave the best?" said Helen.

"Always; He only takes what intervenes between us and that."

And there was a very happy New Year's next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Worden, with Maurice, went peacefully to church, and Margaret took Jessie into the kitchen with her and allowed her to help dress the turkey, and made the cranberry sauce, and "snow" the potatoes—yes, and even let her make a lemon pudding with her own hands. Over that pudding was more pride and rejoicing than over the finest "royal diplomatique" that ever a French cook manufactured. It is true there were only two courses at that dinner, instead of seven as at last year's, and there was no company except Margaret. But there were some flowers, which she had secretly sent Bridget and Mabel and the baby to buy; and there were four good children, who did not come and go with the dessert, but sat all through the dinner like little gentlemen and ladies, and were unspeakably happy playing games afterward.

And when they were in bed their father said, thoughtfully:

"Helen, I believe there are some ways in which this home is a better one for our children than the old one."

"Please God, we will make it so," said Helen, humbly.—*Elizabeth Glover, in Christian Union.*

A JEWISH SATIRIST.

Some of the Bright Retorts of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir.

Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, a Jewish journalist but little known in this country, is regarded as the foremost wit and humorist of the German-speaking people. Many examples are cited of his readiness in retort. The following are among the most characteristic: While living at Munich he incurred the displeasure of King Ludwig by criticising the royal author's poetry. An opportunity subsequently offered of expelling the offending journalist from the Bavarian capital, and he was ordered to leave within four-and-twenty hours. The court chamberlain, commissioned by the King, waited on him, and asked him if he could get away in so short a time. "Yes," replied the unabashed journalist, "and if my own legs can't take me quickly enough, I'll borrow some of the superfluous feet in his Majesty's last volume of verse." He once accidentally knocked against some person when turning the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast," cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir." When introduced for the first time to the prompter of the Leipsic Stadt-theater, a pompous personage too much in evidence at time, Saphir remarked: "I heard a good deal of you, Herr A—." The prompter bowed his acknowledgments of the expected compliment, while the wit added—"in the course of a performance last evening." Driving out in the suburbs of Vienna one day, his coachman got into an altercation with a rival jehu. Words soon led to oaths, and oaths to blows, and the pair set-to in earnest to decide which was the better man. Popping his head out of the fiacre window, Saphir mildly implored the pair to oblige him, and drub each other as quickly as they could, for he had "engaged the carriage by the hour." A young couple, newly engaged, were favored with a letter of introduction to him, which they duly presented. Now the gentleman was notorious for his effeminate habits and ways, and his appearance at once struck the eye of the observant journalist, who had heard about him. He said nothing, received the pair with empressment, insisted upon their being seated in his most comfortable easy chairs, assured them how pleased he was to hear of their engagement, and wound up with: "Now, pray, you must—you really must tell me which of you is the bride." He once described a theater as being so full that people were obliged to laugh perpendicularly; there was no room to do so horizontally. Of a dull townlet he visited, he remarked it was so quiet that but for an occasional death there would really be no life in the place."—*London Spectator.*

Why Canned Meats Poison.

When people are poisoned by eating canned meats, it is not because there was poison in the meat before the can was opened, but because the meat had been allowed to develop the ptomaine poison of putrefaction after the can was opened. It was not canned salmon, the other day, that poisoned a family that ate it with impunity the first day after it was opened, but it was salmon that was spoiled by forty-eight hours' exposure to the hot and humid atmosphere. It is very rare that any one is made sick by metallic salts in canned foods. The only metal that may cause poisoning in the case of these foods is lead, and this is as unlikely as the falling of a meteor on your head. It is not supposable that lead is present in the coating of the tin plate, its use for this purpose being illegal and productive of insignificant saving. It is possible that poisoning may occur from the solder, but it is highly improbable from the way that cans are made.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Cream as Medicine.

Persons consumptively inclined, those with feeble digestions, aged people and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefitted by a liberal use of sweet cream. No other article of food or medicine will give them results equally satisfactory, and either as a food or medicine is not bad to take. As an antidote for a tendency to consumption, it acts like a charm, and serves all the purpose intended to be served by cod-liver oil with much greater certainty and effect. Where sweet cream can be had, cod-liver oil is never needed. The volatile and easily appropriated unctuous matter in cream, besides contributing directly to warmth and vigor, aids indirectly by promoting digestion for the same reason and in the same way that other aromatic and attenuated oils aid the digestive function.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

—A recent Omaha bride had bad luck on her wedding day. She had got almost to the church when it was discovered that she had forgotten her bridal veil. She went back after it. On the way to the church again she sneezed and split her satin bodice from belt to shoulder. The carriage stopped at a shop, needle and thread were procured, and the rent was repaired. As she stepped from the carriage the lace button of an underskirt caught and the button at the waist gave way. As she walked up the aisle the skirt began to slip down, but she managed to grab it through the side of her dress skirt, and so hung on until she was safely married and back in the carriage. Then she wept.

It is probable that New York and New Jersey will be connected by a bridge across the Hudson within a very few years. The idea is to build it on the cantilever plan from Stevens point, Hoboken, to Forty-second street, the narrowest part of the river, its height to be 165 feet above high-water mark.

ISN'T CHRISTMAS JOLLY?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year!
Is it always Christmas, Dolly,
Where you came from! Tell me, dear!
Did you live with good Kris Kringle
In his home so far away?
Are you glad or sorry, Dolly,
That you're here with me to-day?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only talk—
It seems so funny that you can't,
When you can laugh and cry and walk!
I'll try awful hard to teach you
If you'll only follow me;
I think you could learn a little—
Come now, just say A, B, C!

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Oh, if you could only eat!
I have lots of nuts and candy
And plum pudding awful sweet!
I think you could eat a little—
Just a little—if you'd try:
Would you like some candy, Dolly,
And some fruit cake and some pie?

Dolly, isn't Christmas jolly?
Ain't you glad that Santa Claus
Put you in my stocking? I am.
And I think that you are, 'cause
You do seem so awful happy.
Do you love me, Dolly dear?
Oh, ain't Christmas awful jolly?
Don't you wish 'twould stay all year!

LOST AND FOUND;

Or The Happy Results of a Visit to the Poor-Farm.

[Written for This Paper.]

THERE is no doubt in my mind that it was Providence that led me to stop at the poor-farm, on a certain memorable afternoon in December last. I had passed it many a time, in my country drives, but on this particular day the old weather-beaten house seemed to invite me within.

"Here," I mused, "my little Bessie can obtain a glimpse of life the very opposite of her own joyous existence, and the contrast can not fail to give her a higher appreciation of the blessings she enjoys."

Accordingly we alighted. The kindly-faced matron, who admitted us, on learning the object of our visit, conducted us at once to the large, common sitting-room, where was a motley company of people of all ages, from the palsied old man, apparently on the verge of the grave, to the infant in arms.

The men and women, all of whom bore unmistakable marks of helpless decrepitude or hopeless imbecility, were hovering about a huge, old-fashioned stove in the center of the room. This, with the several stool-chairs on which they sat, and two long settees ranged against the wall, completed its cheerless appointments.

Outside this circle the children diverted themselves as best they might, their little feet pattering to and fro over the bare floor. The furious barking of a small dog soon attracted our attention. He seemed to have constituted himself the guardian of a frail little creature, who sat apart on one of the settees, for he barked the louder the nearer we approached, never leaving his station at her side.

"Oh mamma!" exclaimed Bessie, in glad surprise, "if it isn't Fido."

Yes, there could be no mistake. It was her own little dog, that we had given up for lost almost a year before. For, on his collar, precluding the possibility of a doubt, was his name in large, legible characters, which I myself had stamped there.

At the sound of her familiar voice calling him, he ceased barking and bounded to meet her, frisking and wagging his tail in joyful recognition.

Finding herself thus unexpectedly deserted, the child on the settee cast a frightened, appealing look about her and burst into tears. "Don't take him away," she sobbed. "Come back, Fido, *please* come back. I have no one to love me only you."

As if comprehending her words and wishing to atone for his seeming lack of fidelity, he turned and in another moment was licking her hands and tear-stained face in a most sympathetic and reassuring manner.

It was now Bessie's turn to be tearful, but a few low-spoken words from me brought her to a realizing sense of the poor child's lonely and loveless condition, and with her this meant self-forgetfulness and a generous wish to help.

"I'll give him to you," she said, impulsively.

"He is already mine," replied the child, evidently wondering at Bessie's presumption. "Santa Claus sent him to me."

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated Bessie, and then she led her on with eager questioning to tell how, last Christmas morning while she and mamma were out for a walk, Fido had come straight up to them just as if he knew them; how he had followed them home, though mamma would not let her call him, and how after mamma had taken him back to the street he had returned and whined at the door until at last she had opened it for him and had called him Nellie's Christmas gift. And she, Nellie, had felt sure that Santa Claus had sent him because, as mamma had feared, he found the long, winding stairs leading to their room too steep and toilsome to climb with his heavy load.

"And where is mamma now?" I asked.

"Gone to Heaven." And the pale lips quivered as she spoke.

Deeply moved, I turned to the matron and from her learned all that was known of this, to me, strangely interesting child. Her name was Nellie Martin. She had been brought there some three months before from a comfortless room in a tenement house, where her mother had died leaving her uncared for and alone save for the companionship of little Fido.

By the time this recital was ended Bessie and its subject, with that freedom from all conventional restraints characteristic of children, had become, as it were, old acquaintances. Sitting side by side with Fido stretched across both their laps, they bent in grave consultation over a fragment of newspaper with which we had found Nellie engaged, and which now, under their combined efforts, had grown into something like the semblance of a doll. A pretty picture they made, and, as I looked at them, I could not help wishing that all the world was as free from the trammels of rank as they.

Bessie took a reluctant leave of Fido and his adopted mistress, promising to visit them again soon and bring her new friend one of her own sure-enough dolls. I readily gave my permission for, pauper though the child was, she was as gentle and refined as Bessie herself, who had always been encouraged to acknowledge true worth in whatever guise.

"DON'T TAKE HIM AWAY."

The misery and poverty of the place made a lasting impression on Bessie's young mind, as I had intended they should, but she seemed scarcely to realize that any one suffered from them but the lonely little girl with whom we had found her lost pet. She looked forward so eagerly to the pleasure of presenting Nellie with the promised doll that I chose the same day of the following week for her next visit, and a happier little girl never listened to the merry jingling of bells than was she as the sleigh whirled her away on her mission of love.

To give her a feeling of independence I sent her attended only by old Rube, our colored servant, whom I directed to leave her at the door and return for her in two hours.

To relate all she told me of what passed during that "short" two hours would well-nigh fill a volume. Almost her first words on reaching home were a request that poor little Nellie, as she called her friend, and Fido might spend Christmas with us.

"She talked so sadly about Christmas, mamma," she explained. "She said she knew Santa Claus would remember her, but it wouldn't be like last Christmas when her dear mamma kissed her and smiled to see her so happy.

"There was no one to be glad with her but Fido. I told her *I* would be, and she cried and said 'will you?' I wanted to tell her she should come and play with me all day, but I was afraid you mightn't consent and then she would feel so badly."

I did consent, at the same time commending my little girl's thoughtful care to avoid giving disappointment.

Accordingly, Christmas morning saw us again at the poor-house. We found Nellie sitting in her favorite corner, one hand supporting her bowed head, while on the other arm rested the doll Bessie had given her. Fido sat beside her, looking wistfully into her face, as if trying to understand the cause of her dejection.

Seeing us, he barked his welcome, and the child, on looking up, gave a glad little cry and started toward us.

"We have come to take you home with us, to stay all day, Nellie," cried Bessie, gleefully, as she ran to her. "And, oh, I have so many pretty things to show you, and we'll have such fun!"

Nellie's blue eyes, in which were traces of recent tears, grew bigger and brighter with the happy surprise. After greeting her cordially, I obtained leave of absence for her, and we were soon on our way, little time being required for her scanty toilet.

Arrived at home, whom should we find waiting for us but Bessie's papa, who had returned, unexpectedly, from a business trip. After the demonstrations usual to such a meeting were over, the little stranger, for the moment forgotten, was presented. He started, visibly, as I pronounced her name, and gazed at her with an earnestness that quite puzzled me. But, when I looked at her plain attire, and pale, serious face, I did not wonder that he was surprised to find her a chosen playmate of our gay, romping darling.

He spoke to her kindly, and observing that she was ill at ease dismissed the children, bidding them come to the library in half an hour and help him open his pack.

"I AM LOOKING AT MAMMA."

Bessie well knew what that meant. Papa had brought her lots of nice things, as she explained to Nellie, assuring her that she should have half of them. "Oh Bessie," was all the poor child could reply.

To her, the half-hour spent in Bessie's nursery seemed little more than a moment, as she feasted her eyes on all the wonders there. And Bessie herself soon forgot every thing else in the pleasure of exhibiting them. The stroke of the clock recalled her, however, and seizing Nellie's hand they were off to the library like a whirlwind.

Papa and I awaited them there, and on the table before us was the mysterious pack, as he had called his large valise. Such a time as we had searching from among its contents the various bundles marked with our names.

Bessie clapped her hands delightedly as one after another of her beautiful toys was disclosed, and astonished her papa and me beyond measure by her liberality toward her little guest, who stood looking on and receiving what was given her without a word, seeming half-dazed with wonder and happiness.

When the gifts had been distributed she stole quietly to a retired window. Bessie soon followed and found her absorbed in the contemplation of a miniature likeness, which she held in one hand while with the other she grasped the corners of her treasure-laden apron.

"I am looking at mamma," she said, in answer to Bessie's inquiry. "See how she is smiling because I am so happy. I was almost sure she would know."

"And she really does," said Bessie, with sweet credulity. "How pretty she is. Let's show her to papa and mamma," and, taking the picture from the unresisting hand, she ran to us, holding it out and exclaiming:

"Look, this is Nellie's pretty mamma."

"Can it be possible," gasped my husband, growing deathly pale. "Margaret, it is the face of my poor, misguided sister. And this is her orphan," he continued, as he rose and took the frightened child in his arms.

"Don't be afraid, little one. You shall never want a father's love while I live. Come, wife, come, Bessie, add your welcome to mine, for henceforth this poor little waif must have a place in our home and hearts."

We needed no second bidding, and a happier family than ours could not have been found that day in all Christendom.

The real cause of my husband's agitation on hearing the child's name was now made clear to me. The name was his sister's, but not finding in the face the resemblance he sought, he had decided that Nelly Martin was too common a name to be significant.

He had never spoken to me of his sister because, as he said, he could hardly bear to think, much less talk, of her. She had been his boyhood's idol but had married unfortunately. In her shame and disappointment she had exiled herself from home and friends, eluding all search even after the death of her unworthy husband, which had occurred before Nellie could remember.

Fido, reinstated in his old place, now divides his attention between his old and his new mistress, and Nellie, in the genial atmosphere of our happy home, has become almost as plump and rosy as Bessie. She fondly believes that Santa Claus was instrumental in bringing her to us, and wonders what he can do for her this Christmas to in any way compare with that.

MRS. BARBARA WHITSON.

Artificial Grape Sugar.

At last the chemists have succeeded in artificially producing glucose, commonly called grape sugar. The feat is reported to have been performed by Drs. Fischer and Tafel at the University of Wurzburg, and the result of compounding the organic elements in the laboratory is identical with that evolved by the process of plant life, with one exception. The artificial sugar is incapable of rotating a beam of polarized light, while the natural grape sugar turns it to the right (whence the name "dextrine,") and fruit sugar turns it to the left. It is suggested as possible that in the artificial preparation there is just as much tendency for one kind to be formed as the other, the result being that both dextrine and lævulose are formed simultaneously and neutralize each other, producing an inactive mixture. It is not stated whether the new process is a cheap one. Probably it would need to be exceedingly cheap in order to command an extensive market for the product. It is well known that the sugar produced from corn can be sold at a very low price, but it does not meet with great favor, as the stockholders in a Chicago factory can testify.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I didn't intend that you should see it just yet, George," remarked a young wife to her husband, "and I was afraid that you might think me foolish to spend so much money for a chair, but it is so comfortable and luxurious, and I thought you would be pleased that—" "Pleased!" he repeated, enthusiastically, "why, I am delighted. It's just what I've wanted for a long—" "Oh, it isn't for you, George, dear, it's for mother."—*Life.*

—Christmas presents worth over fifty cents will not be accepted by members of a league of Albany girls. Burlington girls won't accept any thing that costs under fifty cents.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Motto for Santa Claus—"Know all men by these presents."—*Macon Telegraph.*

—A Christmas Story—"I don't expect any thing this year."—*Life.*

THE MASTER'S HAND.

Midnight Scene in the Mansion of a Millionaire Gas Man.

"Hold up your hands!"

The speaker was a man of slight but shapely build, with a piercing eye, a resolute look, a commanding voice and a bearing of one who was absolute master of the situation. Attired in his robe de nuit he stood in a doorway of the dining-room of his own house, an elegant mansion on the boulevard, and he held in his hand a 44-caliber revolver pointed straight ahead of him with an arm that varied not the smallest fraction of a hair's breadth.

The man addressed was a ruffian of powerful frame and sinister aspect. He stood in front of an elaborate sideboard, a door of which was open, exposing in the dim glare of the dark lantern whose rays were flashed into the interior a glittering array of costly plate which he was about to lay his brawny hand upon when arrested by the startling command already quoted.

Taken by surprise the stalwart marauder turned his face in the direction from which the voice proceeded and stood for a moment irresolute. Some subtile influence by which mind sways mind, independent of physical environments or disparities, apparently mastered him, for he reluctantly raised his hands, and the two men faced each other in the darkened room and a silence so profound that the muffled heartbeats that shook the frame of the baffled burglar could almost be heard by the calm, self-poised, relentless man who still pointed the death-dealing implement straight at his heart.

"Move a muscle and you are a dead man," suddenly exclaimed the voice that had already smitten his herculean form as with paralysis, and the owner of that voice moved forward and took the dark lantern from the nerveless hand that held it. With swift and methodical movements he placed it on the sideboard so that its rays feebly outlined the form before him, and, with that terrible weapon still aimed unerringly at his heart, he thrust his hands into the pockets of the helpless wretch, one after another, and drew forth a clay pipe, a watch, a plug of tobacco, a pint bottle, thirty-six cents in money and a bunch of keys; and, as he led him to the outside door of the house, he handed him a card on which was inscribed the name "Americus V. Getthere, President Gas Company," and hissed in the ear of the despairing man: "I am something of an operator myself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Doors Made of Paper.

"Feel the weight of this door," said a New York builder to a reporter who was looking at an unfinished apartment house up-town. The reporter prepared to lift what seemed a polished mahogany door, but it proved too light for any wood. "It is made of paper," said the builder, "and, while it costs about the same as wood, is much better, because there is no shrinking, swelling, cracking or warping. It is composed of two thick paper boards, stamped and molded into panels and glued together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. It is first covered with a water-proof coating, then painted and varnished and hung in the ordinary way. Few persons can detect that they are not made of wood, particularly when used as sliding doors."—*Stoves and Hardware.*

Jane Had Passed Away.

A divorce suit has been pending for many years in a New Jersey court. The applicant is a German and his counsel is one of Newark's shining lights. The other day the German stepped into his lawyer's office and said: "Mr. Barker, is it lawful to discontinue proceedings in divorce suits?"

"Certainly," said the lawyer; "my dear sir, they can be discontinued at any time. I am pleased beyond measure that there is a prospect of having harmony restored between you and your wife."

"Yes," said the client, "harmony is very good, but Jane is dead."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Between Two Fires.

A woman was up before the police court the other day for assaulting her husband. He relented after her arrest, and when he came to the witness-box he refused to swear against her.

"Now, Mr. Clark," said his Honor, "didn't your wife inflict those scratches on your face?"

"I can't tell a lie, sir."

"And I don't want you to. Was it your wife?"

"Your Honor, we keep a cat. It lies between the two of 'em. If my wife says she didn't then it must be the cat, and I'll have her beheaded before I sleep this night."—*Detroit Free Press.*

More Than He Wanted.

"No, George, it is useless for you to say any thing more."

"Then all my hopes are at an end, and I am left to be miserable."

"But you should not allow yourself to be miserable. Remember, I will always be as a sister to you."

"Oh, that is too much. I couldn't expect that."

"Why not?"

"I wouldn't think of asking you to darn my socks or sew on suspender buttons. All I wanted was for you to marry me and spend my salary."—*Merchant Traveler.*

An Excellent Memory.

Brown—What have you got that string around your finger for, Robinson?

Robinson—To remind me of something I am to get for my wife; and, by thunder, I've forgot what it was!—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Maine clergyman told a friend that he had great difficulty in putting his youngest child to sleep at night. The friend waggishly asked: "Did you ever try the effect of reading one of your sermons to him, doctor?" "Why, no," replied the good man in all seriousness; "I never thought of that." After his departure the friend's wife remonstrated with him for playing on the simplicity of the reverend gentleman, but was herself scarcely able to restrain her risibles when some time after the minister called again and remarked: "O, do you know, I adopted your husband's suggestion of reading one of my sermons to my boy, and it worked like a charm!"—*Lewiston Journal.*

—People who want to know whether it is pronounced "neither" or "nyther" will find, if they investigate, that it is either.

ANGELO SOLIMAN'S HIDE.

Romantic History of the Head of an Aristocratic Austrian Family.

Few persons are aware that until a short time ago the natural history collection in the Imperial Palace at Vienna included among its most remarkable curiosities the stuffed hide of a human being. The recent discussion concerning the card-cases manufactured at Paris of the murderer Pranzini's skin has recalled attention to the fact, and to the romantic history of the man who has so long figured in the Austrian Emperor's private museum. The name of the original owner of the hide was Angelo Soliman, who, notwithstanding the fact that he was a coal-black negro from the Soudanese tribe of the Gallas, was nevertheless the ancestor and grandfather of several of the most noted members of the Viennese aristocracy. One of his grandsons is the Baron Ernst von Feuchtersleben, who held Cabinet office for several years as Imperial Minister of the Public Worship Department. Another of his grandsons, the Baron Edouard von Feuchtersleben, is a celebrated author and poet, while several of his great-grandsons hold rank in the Imperial diplomatic and military service. Two days a week until quite lately these members of the Austrian nobility had the extraordinary privilege of being able to visit their stuffed ancestor, who, seated on an arm-chair with his perfectly preserved features and staring glass eyes, presented a most lifelike and uncanny appearance.

The history of Angelo Soliman is as follows: In the year of 1740 Prince Lobkowitz, one of the principal Generals in the Imperial Austrian army, happened, while visiting the City of Messina, in Sicily, to have his attention drawn to a little seven-year-old negro boy who was acting as page to one of the noble ladies of the place. The child was asserted to be the offspring of a native King and was said to have been kidnaped from his home and sold as a slave at Cairo. By some means or other he had come into the hands of a sea captain trading between Alexandria and Sicily, who had brought him to Messina and presented him to the lady in question. The latter had caused him to be baptized by the name of Angelo Soliman. Prince Lobkowitz took a great fancy to the boy, persuaded the lady to let him have the child, and took him into his service. Angelo followed his new master every-where, was present with him throughout all the campaigns, and received a most careful education. On the death of the General he entered the service of Prince Liechtenstein as tutor of the latter's children.

Angelo had become a remarkably learned man. He spoke perfectly several languages—French, Italian, German, Latin and Czech. Although of small stature, he was wonderfully well built, his features although as black as charcoal were of a Caucasian rather than of an Ethiopian cast, and his hair, beard and mustache were silky and curly. His manners were distinguished by the most exquisite courtesy, and dressed in his flowing Oriental robes and snow-white turban he was one of the most popular members of the best Viennese society of the day. A noble widow, the Baroness de Christiani, fell deeply in love with him, and in due time a marriage took place. For some reason or other Prince Liechtenstein viewed the union with disfavor and quarreled with Angelo, who thereupon left his service. He was, however, very comfortably off, for not only was his wife wealthy, but he himself had just a short time before won the principal prize of 20,000 florins in the Frankfort State Lottery. He purchased a pretty house and garden in the suburbs of Vienna, and lived there most happily with his wife, devoting himself to the education of his daughter, Josephine, the only issue of the marriage. The young girl was one of the most fascinating and beautiful types of mulatto imaginable, and after refusing a large number of offers at length gave her hand in marriage to one of the imperial Counselors of State, the Baron von Feuchtersleben, from whom the present bearers of the name and title are descended in direct line. Angelo, who before his death had become reconciled to the Liechtenstein family, went over to the great majority in 1796, being seventy-five years old at the time.

The Emperor, who had always shown a great fancy for Angelo, conceived the peculiar idea of preserving his old friend, stuffed and in a glass case. Strange to relate, Angelo's family, far from being offended, expressed themselves highly flattered by the imperial request, and immediately consented to surrender the remains to the court taxidermists. After having a cast made of his face and body by the famous sculptor, Franz Thaller, the skin was carefully removed from the body, subjected to a number of chemical preparations, and finally stuffed with great care. It is only quite recently that this somewhat uncanny object has disappeared from the imperial collection, owing, if I remember rightly, to its having been almost destroyed by the rats and mice.—*Vienna Cor. N. Y. World.*

—It is the general practice in Spain to shoe horses without the application of heat, and very few shoeing-smiths have bellows or forges in their shops. They also make their shoes without the aid of fires, a fact largely due to the pure, soft, ductile iron, primarily manufactured with wood and charcoal. The Spanish "herrador" or shoeing-smith, for he does no other work, general jobbing or repairing, has no use for the drawing-knife, and he never touches or pares any thing but the wall, and that with the butteris, and on no consideration would he put on a calk unless ordered to do so by a veterinarian. It may be surprising, but nevertheless it is so, that lameness located in the feet or caused by shoeing is far more rare in Spain than in England or America.—*Public Opinion.*

—Perhaps the largest and most valuable tree in the State, or even in the South, says the Des Arc (Ark.) *Citizen*, is the massive cypress which was recently cut in the southern part of Woodruff County, close to the line of Prairie County. Its dimensions are: Nine feet four inches in diameter at the butt; seven feet in diameter at the top, and it is forty-six feet in length. This tree will make if sawed into lumber, 16,200 feet; or if made into shingles, 200,000 shingles, which, if sold at $4 per 1,000, the regular price, would bring $800.

—Captain Joirs, of Brussels, Belgium, who had been deaf for fifteen years, accompanied an aeronaut in a balloon ascension a few weeks ago, and when he reached the earth found that he had been entirely cured.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Care should be exercised in choosing dairy salt.

—Horses for city driving, especially, should have sound feet.

—In baking apple or peach dumplings fill the pan two-thirds full of water; they are not so dry and hard.

—Shrunken seed may do fairly well if the conditions of germination and subsequent growth are favorable, but plump seed will do much better.

—Fruit Cake: Two pounds of raisins, three cups of molasses, three eggs, two-thirds of a cup of butter, seven cups of flour, one tablespoonful of soda, spices to taste, citron and currants if desired.—*Boston Budget.*

—Many well-known weeds, though unfit for food when matured, are highly valued as greens when young. The poke weed has been used in some sections for years, yet its berries are poisonous. It is now claimed that the common purslane is excellent when young as greens.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Lobster Salad: One can of lobster, chopped fine, twelve hard boiled eggs chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, small piece of butter, one-half cup of cream, two raw eggs, well beaten; heat until boiling; mix with lobster and eggs and lay on lettuce leaves.—*Exchange.*

—Baked Omelet: Heat three teacupfuls of milk, melting in it a bit of butter as large as a walnut. Beat well together five eggs, one tablespoonful of flour, and a scant teaspoonful of salt, and add to the hot milk stirring as rapidly as possible. Turn into a hot, well-buttered frying-pan and bake in a quick oven one-quarter of an hour.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

—Cut up a firm head of cabbage, put in a saucepan with boiling water, boil fifteen minutes, drain off the water and dress with half a pint of vinegar, an ounce of sugar, salt, pepper, mustard, and one tablespoonful of butter. Set on the fire, boil, and add a teacup of cream and one egg. Mix with the cabbage and cook five minutes.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Corn Starch: One pint of milk, three whites of eggs, three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar; boil the milk, add the other ingredients, and pour in mould. Make a custard of one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; flavor. Add boiled milk, and when ready to serve, pour around the white part.—*Boston Budget.*

—Dr. Stumpf says that a piece of ice placed in a bag, and then in a box or basket containing enough barley-chaff to surround it with a layer of five or six inches thick, will not lose 25 per cent. of its weight in five or six days, in a room the temperature of which is between 70 degrees and 80 degrees. This suggests an excellent way to preserve various articles of food and drink, as well as ice itself.

—Chicken Pie: Cut up your chicken, parboil it, season it in the pot, take up the meat, put in a flour thickening, and scald the gravy; make the crust of cream, put in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg; take a large tin-pan, line it with crust, put in the meat, and pour in the gravy from the pot; make it nearly full, cover over with a crust, leaving a vent. Bake in a moderate oven two hours or perhaps two and a half.—*Detroit Free Press.*

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Some of the Latest Designs Originated by American Artists.

Nut-crackers with oxidized handles are regarded with favor.

Chased oxidized silver safety-pins are new in the jeweler's stocks.

The latest idea in pungents is an oxidized silver alligator with detachable head.

Button-hooks with steel shanks and handles or silver work in repousse decoration are fashionable.

A boy trying to upset a huge bottle, which rests on a rug of silver, is the latest idea in fancy ink-wells.

A baby's shoe of silver, from the top of which is attached a pouch of ecru silk, is an odd but handsome jewel casket.

Ink-wells of handsomely engraved glass have covers of silver in repousse work. An owl's head in a rope frame is an attractive design.

An excellent design for a paper-weight is a cat made of silver sitting on a rug of the same material, the corners of which are slightly upturned.

Spectacle cases made of oxidized silver, plush lined and decorated with repousse work, mostly in floral designs, are attracting attention.

The prevailing fashion for memorandum tablets is oxidized silver etched to imitate tortoise-shell. They are generally worn as pendants to chatelaines.

A novel paper cutter recently introduced has a blade of oxidized silver and a handle of oak, the end of which is tipped with a band of etched silver.

Bonbonnieres of silver are being placed upon the market in a great variety of designs. The very latest idea is a box of dull finish with cover, a cat's head in repousse work surrounded by a circle of flowers set with six large garnets.

An attractive bouquet holder just introduced is a branch of a tree in silver, from which hang two acorns. The nut part of the acorn is in bright silver, while the husk is dull finished.

One of the latest designs in match-boxes is in the Egyptian repousse style. On one side, in the right-hand lower corner of the box, is a woman's head; on the other, in the opposite angle, is a ball from which emerge numberless twists, extending and spreading in every direction.

A most handsome piano or extension lamp is to be seen in the show-room of a down-town manufacturer. The stand is made of bronze, of antique pattern, the extending rod of silver and the lamp-bowl of oxidized silver beautifully etched. The chimney is of a delicate blue tint and the shade a parasol of red silk, heavily fringed.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Weed Out Your Stock.

In a majority of the herds and flocks there are animals that fail to give any profit for the food and care they receive. They should be got rid of before the expense of their keeping for another winter has been added to the loss already made. It is a waste of provender that might otherwise be utilized to advantage, to keep such stock on the place. Old horses, cows and sheep frequently add to the expenses of the farm for some time after they cease to be a source of profit. In the course of the year much money goes to waste on many farms, and often it is through the medium here mentioned. Weed out the inferior animals and supply their places with good stock.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*