#### MISSILETOR

[John B. Tabb in Harper's] To the cradle bough of a naked tree, Benumbed with ice and snow, A Christmas dream brought suddenly A birth of mistletoe.

The shepherd stars from their fleecy cloud Strode out on the night to see: The Herod north wind blustered loud To rend it from the tree.

But the old year took it for a sign, And blessed it in his heart: "With prophecy of peace divine, Let now my soul depart."

# LINKS OF HOLLY.

[Theo. March in Demorest's Monthly.] Mr. Barclay, muffled to the chin in o fur, and carrying the nattiest of travelingbags, the jauntiest of umbrellas, the finest of plaids, and the softest of rugs, came over the side of the newly arrived ocean steamer, and walked away as unconcernedly as though he had simply crossed the river.

The holiday times of most men had long ceased to be the exception in Mr. Barclay's He had been not only successful, triumphant over fate and fortune, and there

remained for him, one would say-to enjoy. He soon became aware that there was a tremendous crowd, that it had two currents, setting in opposite directions, and that, be tween them, he was jostled, hustled and generally delayed as to arouse his dormant energies. There came fire to his eye and eagerness to his bearing as he breasted the opposng pressure in the steep ascent of the first half mile, but an eddy in front of the customhouse whirled him round, swept him into an angle of the great steps and left him stranded there, to recover breath and scan the panorama of face

"Christma. Tve!" he exclaimed. "I had

forgotten it!' Christmas Eve assuredly! And the spirit of the season evidently abroad! Smiles and joility, boxes, bundles, packages, eager haste, and alas! that fierce impatience which comes of a mind ill at ease with the mirth of others. To an imaginative and sensitive man returning to his native city after years of absence in foreign lands, there was a melan choly significance in thus standing apart, a

There was an old woman sitting on the steps near him, in the chill of the darkening afternoon, with a few poor trifles for sale Miserable little odds and ends, at best, but wonderfully brightened and adorned by a wreath of holly, conspicuously hung on the worn brown handle of her ragged basket. As Mr. Barclay walked away, carrying his head as high as ever, his heart weighted with a linked chain of ghostly holly wreaths, woven round many a Christmas, past and gone.
"Holly!" he muttered. "I wish I had

bought it. I might have had that much, at least, belonging to the season.' Belonging, indeed? How it made a part of

Il his memories, from the great picture paper he crawled over as a very baby! and song and Christmas story; church dressiags, and school festivals, family dinners and youthful gayeties, all came to him in a ting of delicately outlined leaves and shining berries. And yet, curiously enough, he could remember the first time he saw it in reality long after childhood, in the very bloom and vigor of proud young manhood.

'It was that visit to Thorndyke's which decided my fortunes," he thought, as he mounted the hotel steps. "Old Thorndyke! What a fellow he was to gather young folks round him! I wonder where they are now. It is-ves! I declare it is nearly twenty years -Mary-gave me that holly sprig after my first dinner there. I suppose she's married long ago to that pale-faced scamp. What sweet eyes she had! I never saw as other woman with that same steady, gentle earnest look. If she had been free, I suppose I should have been 'spoons' on her, as that young beggar Dorset would say."

Mr. Barclay's smile was rather grim than amused. Truly, he seemed to find it less easy 'to enjoy" than one would have supposed. He went to his room, presently, and then, to dine. He strayed out into the brilliantly lighted street, and drifted, with the crowd,

into the resplendent stores. In the hotel rotunda, upon his return, he encountered the first familiar face. Its owner greeted him cordially, and they sat talking until a late hour. Mr. Barclay, going through thoughts new and disturbing, became quite

"All dead except one daughter? Poor, at that! Upon my word, it is curious I should have stumbled upon this thing. And I can't get away from it!" (viciously punching his pillow, energetically jerking it over, and determinedly flattening it). "Is there 'a Prov-'t' as the old woman in Medlipused idence ir to say? I'll go there to-morrow and see. That will settle it."

About this period of the soliloquy, Mr. Barclay passed into the land of dreams. When he re-crossed its threshold, the sun was shining. It was not exactly "Christmas weather;" rather too warm, and with lurking suspicions of rain in the atmosphere; but

Mr. Barelay was in fine spirits.

The rain had confirmed the suspicions of the morning, when he stepped from the waytrain at a station just beyond the city line A gray, noiseless, yet palpable mist veiled the ad-looking black and brown country landscape, and was rapidly turning the rugged hill read into a slimy waste. Mr. Barclay's enthusiasm waned. Under such difficulties and discomforts, the prospect of presenting himself, unexpectedly, at a house he had not visited for years and years behind years, suddenly assumed that hopelessly silly aspect our hest intentioned deeds sometimes wear mon

There it was, nearer than he had thought. A small, gray cottage-house, set low among trees and shrubs and trellised vines, and wearing that look of neglect and decay which comes to a home once filled, now empty of all save shadowed memories. roof was crumbling under the great syca-more tree's heavy, knotted branches; the vines had overburdened one of the trellises. the path-he had gone on, after all, and enirrecular channels, and the paint was slowly fading into corners from the whitened edges of window frames and porch angles

"It would break old Thorndyke's heart!" thought he, as he rang the bell. It was answered almost instantly, and a little maid's wide-opened eyes conveyed the impression that a visitor was something to make much of. But she was a well trained little maida lady's servant-and showed him modestly and placidly enough into the well remen bered parlor to await her mistress.

Well remembered? Had it beey yesterday, he could not have recalled more vividly the last time he entered it. So little changed and yet-so worn. It told its own story the life running on between its walls, and s pang shot through Mr. Barclay's softened neart at the mute evidence of constrained and narrowed tastes, of uneventful pursuits and curiously unmarked seasons. There wa a small bright fire on the hearth, a faded chair drawn near it, a tiny table with a worn book upon it at its side, and the one new thing, a majolica vase of rose buds, on the mantel over it. Mr. Barclay bent his head to the fair blossoms with a sense of relief.
"Mr. Barclay!" exclaimed a sort voice in a tone that was-it certainly was-a glad,

incredulous surprise. He turned suddenly, and stood without a

There she was, and twenty years had

scarcely changed her. A little pale—she never had much color—a little thinner, with a certain sweet wistfulness in her clear eyes which softened their purity, she was as win-some as ever. Her dark hair—yes, it was darker than it used to folded in its own heavy coils, her mourning dress worn with the same dainty adaptation to herself and her surroundings he so well remembered, her deli-

cate hands lifted and extended as she had so often greeted him when he came with her father after business hours. Mary Thorndyke stood before him, and the long years vanished. He took her hands in his, and turned away his agitated face.

"The change must be very great to you," she said, in a low voice. "I am a little—a little used to it now." "No, no!" he cried, shocked at the feeling he had aroused and the faltering tone.

is not that. I had gotten over the first news

of your loss, and mine. It was the finding

you so like Mary Thorndyke still."
She colored. "Am I so like you reme me? After all these years! But I am Mary Thorndyke still. There is no change, save— He looked at her, his puzzled face slowly

clearing. Then, he led her to her chair beside the open book, and stood over her.
"I met an old friend last night," he said. abruptly; "you do not know him, but he told me—many things. He said you were living here, and that Walter was in delicate health.

What did he mean?" "Walter is with me-and dying. Hemarried Bell. "But-but he was to-to-"

"He was to have married me, of course, but -did not." Positively, she was smiling. Mr. Barclay

drew a deep breath, and sat down. "I came in yesterday," he said, "and to-day, I am here. I did not dream of it twentyfour hours ago. I am—I was so used to being alone out there, I had so little cause to think of any one; I had grown selfish and a fool. But what do you think greeted me, Mary? A holly wreath. I made me twenty years younger in a minute. Do you know you gave me the first sprig of real holly I

er saw? That Christmas I came out with Bob Hart, you remember? Walter was here then. Would you mind telling me all that has happened since I saw you?" There was color in her face now, and a light in her eyes. Her hands trembled, too, as she laid them one over the other, listening quietly to his eager words. But she told him. as he asked, her simple story. Not collectedly not fluently, but he understood it. The waning of her love for Walter Sinclair: the parting with him, half in sorrow, half in scorn; his

later return to their midst as Bell's lover: the first break in the home when Bell went with him; her mother's death; her father's slow decay and sinking to rest; the struggle since on narrow means; the mistakes-were they nothing worse?-of Walter's career Bell's death; and now, the burden of her vanished youth come home to her until the endit was just a woman's story, patiently told, its undercurrent all unspoken pain and smothered passion.

Mr. Barclay wondered to himself, as he

listened, and thrilled with a measureless gratitude at the thought of his slowly unfolding destiny. He began to hope-to believe he could see the reason for many things, to fancy he had looked forward to this hour with Mary Thorndyke through many years, when he had sighted for an aim in life beyond mere In short, when she finished her re cital. Mary Thorndyke had a lover who would have sworn he had known no other love.

He dined with her, a quiet dinner sweetene for him by other spices and flavors than those his wealth had long furnished. He waited over the fire for her while she ministered in the sick man's room to the wants, pathetic in their lessening querulousness. He chatted with her of foreign lands and home prospects, and at last held her hand for a brief night, and went away from her watching eyes into the star-lit night. A strange, sweet rest filled both their hearts, although he had not spoken.

"He will come again!" said Mary Thorn dyke, to her brightened face in the glass above the nodding roses. again, and then! Oh, after all, God is good!" He did come again. He told his stories of struggles to her waiting eyes and mobile lips, watching their lovely play; he wooed her dexterously; he advanced slowly, step by step, striving, as he thought, to make sure of his advance. At last, in fear and trembling, he told her the secret of his love in an hour he little intended, while her eyes were heavy and her face pale with the last watches by the death-bed of his long-ago rival.

"I cannot but be glad, Mary, that you are freed from this care," he had commenced, "Poor fellow! His life was one gravely. long error, it seems to me. How I envied him once. Oh, Mary, the weary years your mistake cost me! But for that engagement, rebels he was one, but his wife was southern with his nightly toilet, and turning his nightly pillow impatiently, under the pressure of suppose you could never care for me? I am Roswell Ripley, of Chio. He was a West such 'a hache or forlorn !"

> There was an eager tremor in his voice be lying its carelessness. Mary Thorndyke made no answer, but her head dropped before him, and her hands fluttered aimlessly over the

> loose papers she had been sorting.
>
> "Mary!" he cried, starting up, and laying his strong, white hand on her shoulder, "what do you mean? Tell me quickly!" She looked np, steadying her soft gaze an

trembling lips. "But for you," she said—and oh, what a thrill was in the words!--"but for you, I should never have known I did not love She held out her hands suddenly and im-

pulsively.
"Great God! the lost years!" he said, pas-

ionately, as he seized them. It was his last complaint. They are "the happiest of human beings." And Mr. Barclay, telling his best stories, and creating a furor of mirth around his Christmas table with his wildest jokes, never fails to "sober down" and relate the wonderful fortune he owes to the old woman's holly wreath.
"But for that 'bit of Christmas,'" he is

wont to say, "I might have gone on until now, a selfish, heartless, homeless man. I had no thought beyond my dinner, when I came over the ship's side. I had forgotten it was Christmas Eve. But with one look at that poor old creature's twist of leaves and berries I was another man. I was hungry for the past; I remembered things I had long hidden away in the grave of youth; was restless and maddened with

was restless and maddened with a disappointment and loss I had once persuaded myself I did not feel. Out of this turmoil came the resolution to unravel the web of years. And, lo! I found it woven with a thread of gold, leading me to the very treasure I had not dared to sigh for! The ghost of Mary's holly spray—that was my Christmas angel, wasn't it, my wife?" All the poetry of a man's nature may come forth at a late day. Mr. Barclay's fortune is made and his struggles over. He has time, if he will, to cultivate the vein of rugged wealth which crops up whenever he refers to the rowhich crops up whenever he refers to the ro-mance of his life. For Mary, she knows the poet spoke truth in that he sang: "All things come round to him who will but wait!" After her long, sad years, the woven links of past and present seem scented garlands of heaven's own blossoms and fadeless verdure. The unwritten romances are such as this.

A Big Motel in London.

[St. James' Gazette.] London will soon rival New York in the umber and magnificence of its hotels. Yesterday another sumptuous caravansera, not inferior in size and luxuriouspess to the largest of the American establishments, was opened. Where all the guests are to come from who are expected to fill the 300 bedrooms of the First Avenue hotel might puzzle one if it were not remembered that in this metropolis there are slumbering every night 50,000 sojourners who were not here twentyfour hours ago, and will be away iwenty-four hours hence. The population of a large town s daily poured into this city and has to find lodging for itself somewhere. But the First Avenue hotel does not expect to find its account in casual visitors alone. It is supposed that many people, tired of housekeeping, with all its attendant troubles, will take up their abode permanently beneath the roofs of the vast building in Holborn. The system, well tablished in America, has already gained a established in America, has already gamed a hold in this country. But if it is to be successful, the ways of the British hotel-keeper and some of his charges—especially in the matter of eating and drinking—will have to sas delegation; Senators Cockrell, Maxey and be altered a good deal. American hosts do

# W THE OLD GENERALS.

The Fate of the Leaders of the Southern Armies.

What Became of Them After the War ... Occupations of the Survivors -- Reminiscences of a West Pointer.

[Washington Cor. Boston Advertiser.] Twenty years ago the north kept in mind the leading generals on the rebel side, and discussed their merits with as much interest as was shown in the leaders of its own armies. Many of them had been prominent in the reg ular army before the war. Some were con-nected with northern families. "What has become of these men?" I asked an old West Pointer and brilliant general officer the other day. He thought a minute. "Why the majority of them are dead," was the reply. Then he went on to take up some of those historic names. With many of their owners he had served in Mexico and in Indian wars without number. "Yes, the greater part of these men are dead, a much larger proportion than of our northern generals. After the war most of them broke down. The fact was, the rebels suffered more tha we did. They had a harder time in the field. lived poorly and were more disposed to disease than our men. Lee, Anderson, Bragg, Magrader, Breckinridge, Hood, Pickett, Forrest, Price, Pemberton, 'Dick' Taylor, Piliow, Floyd, Hardee and Ewell were among

WHY THEY WENT. "The majority had been in the regular army. They went with the south for state pride, and in part because they were frozen out. I shall not forget Anderson. He was a captain in the dragoons out in Utah. his resignation was accepted and he went away from the rear of us, the tears were in his eyes. 'I am going back to South Carolina to raise hogs and hominy until the war is over, he said, 'I will never fight the old flag.' But in a month the tide was too strong for him. They made him military governor of Charteston, and a corps commander in Lee's army. He died of a broken heart right after war. Lee never waited to resign, but, like Johnston, he was made to feel that the northern officers distrusted him. It was so with Johnston. In 1861 he was quarter-master general, but old Simon Cameron transacted all his business with subordinate officers. At last Johnston went to him. 'Mr. Secretary,' he said, 'you pay no attention to me.' 'No,' was the reply, 'you are a Virginian, and sympathize with the rebels.' 'I do not, answered Johnston, 'but I shall resign, rather than be ignored. It is not because I have any desire to join the south.' Yet in three months he had drifted into a general's

commission in Dixie. Johnston is an old man now, not less than 75. BRAGG AND HIS GUNS. "Bragg died several years ago at his home in North Carolina. I knew him in the Mexican war. He was captain of artillery then, and one of the bravest men in the army. But he was a martinet, and his men hated him. At Monterey some of them hid a lighted sixounce shell under his bed. The explosion blew Bragg 100 feet and wrecked the tent, but he was not hurt. And yet they had a sort of pride in him. During the whole war his old battery carried 'Bragg's Artillery' on its guidons. Some of the volunteers were mad about it, but it was in vain. Magruder died ten years ago. Forrest, the murderer of negro prisoners at Fort Pillow, lived only a little while after the surrender. So it was with Ewell. Lee's bravest lieutenant. who rode strapped to his saddle in every campaign after the first Bull Run, where he lost a leg. He was breveted for bravery at Cherubusco. There was Hardee. He was a lieutenant colonel of dragoons at 39, but he went south with the rest. After the war he

started the first orange plantation in Florida,

and died there three or four years ago. Price

s dead. So is Dick Taylor. Taylor was Jefferson Davis's brother-in-law, and was made ieutenant general on that account. WITH SOUTHERN WIVES. "Pemberton lived out the remnant of his days at Philadelphia. He never recovered from his surrender to Grant at Vicksburg. Of the few northern men who joined the Point graduate, and did well in Mexico. His wife was a South Carolina woman. That was the secret of his choice. During the war be commanded Fort Sumter, and defended it bravely. I am told that he and Quincy A. Gilmore were boys together in the same neighborhood in Ohio. If that was so they must have thought of it when Gilmore sat down on Morris island to shell Ripley out of Sumter. Floyd, Buchanan's secretary of war, never came to the surface after his midnight desertion of Fort Donelson. Pillow, his comrade in that trip, lived on his plantation in Tennessee a few years after hostilities ceased. He had been a major general in the Mexican war, and did creditable service there. I believe he was President Polk's law partner, and got the appoint-

ment that way. PLUCKY PICKETT. The pluckiest man in the war was George Pickett. He was a young second lieutenant just from the academy in 1846, and was as-signed to a department in Washington territory, of which old Gen. Harney was in com-We were quarreling then over the boundary. Harney put Pickett on San Juan island, which commands Puget sound. He held it against an English squadron, and it has never been lost. Pickett commanded a livision at Gettysburg under Longstreet. His assault of the third day was the greatest charge of that fight. We drove them back, but Pickett came nearer winning that fight I than it is pleasant to think of. Yes, he is

dead. LIST OF THE LIVING. "Of those who are alive, Beauregard and Jubal Early are managers of the Louisiana lottery. They get \$10,000 each, and so great is the feeling still existing in the south over their generals, that one of the lottery managers told me the other day that their names were worth to the company more than their salaries. Both of them were West Pointers and artillery officers, but Beauregard never was a soldier. He is a dapper Creole gentlenan, and the Louisianians swear by him. Early fought well. Longstreet comes to Washington occasionally. States marshal in Georgia, but his magnificent physique is showing the effects of his wounds. In Mexico he and Grant were lieutenants in the same regiment. After the can party. He has been under a ban in the south ever since, but never without the consolation of a good office. I only remembe one other prominent rebel who is a Republic can. McLaws was reconstructed, and is postmaster at Savannah. Lee used to say of McLaws' division that it was always ready for a fight. A good many of them have drifted into politics on the other side. Joseph Wheeler, weight 207 pounds, and the best cavalry officer next to Stuart in rebeldom, is

member of congress from Alabama. "M. C. Butler and Wade Hampton repre-sent South Carolina in the senate. Butler lost his right leg at Brandy Station in 1863, when Wade Hampton's son was killed. Hampton was one of the richest men in the state. He raised, armed and equipped, at his own expense, the Hampton legion regiment of cavalry and artiflery; Mahons came to the front in the last campaign about Richmond and is a senator; Senator Morgan, of Alabama, rose from the ranks to be gressmen from that state nine was rebel army; so with all but one of the Arkansas delegation; Senators Cockrell, Maxey and Ransom were major generals. One of the not expect to pay the entire expenses of their door-keepers of the senate is Cadmus Wilcox,

one of the best major generals of Lee's second

"Gen. Lee's son, William H., succeeded his father as president of the Washington and Lee university in Virginia. His nephew, Fitzhugh, lives on one of the family estates at West Point, which McClellan made his base depot, before the famous change of base to Harrison's, Landing. Both of them are rich, for the family estates are among the best in Virginia. For Arlington, last winter congress voted them \$150,000, although it was confiscated while Lee was in against the flag. Another son, G. W. Custis Lee, lives in Virginia. All of these young men were cavalry officers in the army of Vir

ginia. HILL AND BUCKNER. "D. H. Hill lives somewhere in Virginia, but no one seems to know where. Buckner, who was man enough to stay in Fort Donnel son and surrender with his men, is in Ken-Last year he came near being nominated for governor over Proctor Knott. His wife inherited a large estate in Chicago. At West Point he and Rosecrans were close friends. During the whole war the latter managed his friend's property and returned it to him afterwards.

2 | London Drinking Customs.

Boston Herald. In England abourd drinking customs do not prevail to the extent to which they are olerated in America, yet American impresdons regarding English drinking customs are not altogether correct. The "all-hands take-a-drink" railying cry is not common there; the practice of ordering "another drink" while the face is yet screwed up with grimaces produced by the finest of made sour mash, copper-distilled" whisky, does not prevail, and, while treating is not tabooed, a time, a place, and a company are happily chosen for it. It is not considered a breach of drinking etiquette for a man who, while sipping a drink at a bar or table, permits a friend coming into the place later than

buy his own liquor, and, should who first came in insist on paying for both drinks, a re-treat is not expected, because, if one drink is enough for either, he who has had sufficient hands off Anothe time, perhaps, a return of the compliment may be had, but such a thing is not booked in the mind as a debt. If a party of friends settle down for an evening of merriment and good cheer, the cup goes round from one to another as it does in America, and should any member of the

party show indication of having a "load aboard," he is prudently emitted from subse quent invitations to drink, and like a sensible fellow, does not take offense. Englishmen, especially Londoners, take great pleasure in meeting each other over the social cup, and the surprise is that so little intoxication is seen in London. Very seldom is a man observed under excessive influence of stimulants in the resorts of the city itself, and yet the drinking places are as thick as flies around a molasses hogshead in summer.

New Mottees for the Lime-Kiln Club [Detroit Free Press.]

On and after the first of the new year the following mottoes and greetings will be printed on cloth and hung on the walls of "Credit am an enemy to entice you to buy

what you doan' want. "Dar am no danger of de well cavin' in if you keep on top."
"If life had no sorrows we should grow

tired of hearin' each odder laugh." "Gray h'ars should respect demselves i dey want to be respected by odders." "De man who eats apples in de dark musn't

let his stomach be too pertickler about wormholes. "While color has nuffin' pertickler to do wid treein' de coon, doan pay too much fur

a yaller dog." 'He who judges de character of a pusson by his clothes, am buyin' a mule by de sound of his bray."

"De pusson who has no temptations an one of de biggest sinners in de crowd." "Kind words cost nuffin"! Dat's de reason so many of us am willin' to throw away such a heap of 'em."

"While honesty am de bes' policy, doan' be too fast to express your opinyun of your nay-

"Bumps on a man's head may express his traits of character, but you kin find out all

you want to know about him by goin' on an excursion in his company." "What we do to-day am dun fur to-mor rer. What we intend to do to-morrer won't

# Villard's Palace.

buy meat fur dinner."

["Gath."]
On Sunday afternoon I walked up to see Mr. Villard's immense new house, in the rear of the cathedral. It does not stand on Fifth avenue, but on Madison avenue, and occupies a whole block in the form of three sides of a square. I understand that Villard's house is one side, and that the other two sides are to be rented in apartments or mansions. The house is almost perfectly plain, built of stone, solid, and in style like some of the German palaces. It has hardly any ornamentation upon it, but a heavy cornice above, and is the roomiest block in New York devoted to residence purposes. Nearly the whole building is now up to the cornice, but only one-third of it seems to be forwarded so as to be soon fit for a residence.

The surroundings are rather fine. On one side is Columbia college, which occupies a large block, and has recently been elaborated in the Elizabethan Gothic style. Close at hand is the Buckingham botel, a very high brick structure, which has over the portal a large statue at full length of the duke of Buckingham in the time of Charles I., gilded from head to foot, and with a wig and a sword. In the other direction are two of the highest apartment houses in New York, of red brick, in elaborate design. The choir of the great cathedral comes out in front of

# In Dutch New York.

[Martha J. Lamb.] The "Santa Claus" of early New York was unknown to the neighboring colonies for many decades. To the Dutch children, he was a sacred personage, driving tiny reindeers, dragging a sleigh full of toys over the roofs of the houses for their special benefit, stealing down each chimney in the dark to fill with gifts the stockings of the sleeping good. In addition to their usual devotions, the night before Christmas the children were acenstomed to chant, as they were retiring to their beds, the Dutch lines:

"Sint Nicholaas, goed heilig man, Trekt un' besten Tabbard an," etc.

For the Vear Round.

[Harper's "Drawer."]
It has come about that at Christmas time nearly everybody is a practical preacher of charity, so completely does the divine con-tagion of it transform the so called Christian world for the time being. If only the world would not so quickly lay it aside, and send in its bills for it on the 1st of January! Christmas is in fact a sort of electric accumulator and we sometimes think there is enough of it condensed into a week to last the year round if it were properly distributed. Why should all the turkeys and the geese die in one holo-caust? Why make a fashion of divine charity? Why not seek to diffuse geniality and ood-fellowship throughout the twelve

To Stop Train-Wreeking.

[Inter Ocean.]
Gov. Ireland, of Texas, tells the people to shoot train-wreckers on the spot. He makes a standing reward of \$500 for every train wrecker caught. The governor of Texas loesn't wish to raise any family of James

boys on his ranch, and he is right. The result of the opening of the St. Gothard railroad is shown to be that the French trade with Italy was \$2,000,000 less than in 1881, and Italian trade with Germany \$18,- LYRA INCANTATA. [Theodore Tilton.]

Within a castle hanted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
Must strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to a trial
To find the magic string
(If there were such a thing), Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel heary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clarming heads apprached And clapping hands applauded, Yet spite of the laudation, The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure, And turned from fire and sword To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared,
And the high hall resounded With merriment unbounded! The harp—loud as the laughter— Grew hushed as that soon after,

The third, in lover's fashion, And with his soul on fire, Then sang of love's pure passion The heart, and its desire! And, as he smote the wire, The listeners, gathering round him, Caught up a wreath and crowned him, The crown—hath faded never!

## A DESERTED CITY.

An American Town That Is Doome to Inevitable Decimation. [Chicago Herald.]

It is not often that an American town is doomed to decimation, but Virginia City, Nevada, affords one instance at least. Eight years ago Virginia City and Gold Hill, adoining each other and practically one town, had 35,000 population. It was the largest community between Denver and San Fran-There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses that cost \$100,000 to build and furnish. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost \$500 000 each. There were three daily newspapers and a hotel that cost \$300,000. It was a teeming, busy and money-making population, and among the people were a core or more men worth from \$300,000 to \$30,000,000. Mackay and Fair both lived there. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theatre and a costly court-house.

Eight years have passed and the town is a wreck. The 35,000 people have dwindled to 5,000. The banks have retired from business The merchants have closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bankrupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away or given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who renain are the miners, their superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The latter are usually the first to come to a mining town and the last to leave.

The cause of this decadence, which has

swallowed up millions of capital and wrecked the worldly ambition of thousands of persons, is the failure of the Comstock mines to turn out additional wealth.

## A Woman's New Pair of Shoes [Chicago Tribune.]

When a woman has a new pair of shoes ent home she performs altogether different from a man. She never shoves her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is red in the face and all out of breath, and then goes stamping and kicking around, but pulls them on part way carefully, twitches them off again to take a last look and see if she has got the right one, pulls them on again, looks at them dreamily, says they are just right, the then takes another look, stops suddenly to selves." On all hands we hear the complaints ooth out a wrinkle, twists around and surveys them sideways, exclaims, "Mercy, how German travelers and residents. Said one loose they are," looks at them again square in front, works her feet around so they won't hurt her quite so much, takes them off, looks el, the toe, the bottom, and the inside, puts them on again, walks up and down the room once or twice, remarks to her better half that she won't have them at any price, tilts down the mirror so she can see how they look, turns in every possible direction, and nearly dislocates her neck trying to see how they look from that way, backs off, steps up again, takes thirty or forty farewell looks, says they make her feet look awful big and never will do in the world, puts them off and on three or four times more, asks her husband what he thinks about it and then pays no attention to what he says, goes through it all again, and, finally says she will take them. It's a very simple matter indeed.

## How Sunset Cox Wrote "Why We Laugh,"

[Exchange.]
"I will tell you my boy, but you must not give me away, the true story of 'Why We Laugh,' and how it came to be written," said "Sunset" Cox, confidingly, to a jovial com-panion, recently, in New York, who had been laughing at one of the witty stories that the New York congressman delights in telling. "I had occasion a few years ago to look through some old Congressional Globes, and I came across many sparkling pieces of wit in the speeches of senators and members of the house. In those days, when a speech called forth applause or laughter the fact was noted in parentheses. The idea occurred to me that many choice and witty sayings might be culled out of The Globes and Records. I had a very bright and educated colored man in my employ at the time, and I put him to work looking through The Congressional Globes with instructions to scan every page, and whenever he found the words 'applause' or 'laughter,' to mark the page. My order vas carried out, and when my sable brother had finished his labors I had the material and foundation for 'Why We Laugh.'

# The Small Boy's Opportunity.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A youngster on Cass avenue noticed a tall, black bottle on his father's dressing table and asked what it held. "That, my son, is hair oil," answered his

father with a furtive and wandering look "and it is not at all nice for little boys." The youthful questioner took a smell of the ontents and asked no more information upon the subject. He kept up a good bit of thinking, however. Last Sunday the family entertained some friends at dinner, and there was a plum pudding with brandy sauce. The small boy had found his opportunity, When he was helped to the pudding he sized it up

"Pa," he said, in a loud, shrill tone, as he sniffed the sauce afar off, "the hair oil on this puddin' smells awful good," [Faris Figaro.]

Dr. de la Pommerais was executed in June, 1864, for a murder of the Palmer type. On the night before the execution he was visited by Surgeon Velpeau, who after a few preliminary remarks informed him that he in the interests of science, and that he hoped for Dr. de la Pommerais' co-operation. "You know," he said, "that one of the most interesting questions of physiology is as to whether any ray of memory, reflection, or real sensi-bility survives in the brain of a man after the fall of the head." At this point the condemned man looked somewhat startled; but professional instincts at once resumed their

way, and the two physicians calmly dis-cussed and arranged the details of an experiment the next morning.
"When the knife falls," said Velpeau, "I

shall be standing at your side, and your head will at once pass from the executioner's hand into mine. I will then cry distinctly into your ear: 'Couty de la Pommerais, can you at this moment thrice lower the lid of your right eye, while the left remains open?" The next day, when the great surgeon reached the condemned cell, he found the doomed man practicing the sign agreed upon. A few minutes later the guillotine had do work, the head was in Velpeau's hands, and the question put. Familiar as he was with the most shocking and ghastly scenes, he was almost frozen with terror when he saw the right lid fall, while the other eye looked fixedly at him. "Again!" he cried fran-The lids moved, but they did not tically. part. It was all over.

## SWAYING HIS AUDIENCE.

A Phenomenally Lackrymose Lawyer Caps the Climax in a Court-Room.

[Chicago News.] Old Gen. John B. Clark was in his day a ommanding figure in the politics of central Missouri, withal much of a demagogue. George G. Vest, now United States senator, used to have a world of fun with the old man, being frequently pitted against him is the courts. Clark was an exceedingly lachrymose individual, and had a phenomena control over his lachrymal ducts, being able to sted tears whenever he felt so disposed.

Vest tells a story of having once been em-

ployed in the prosecution of a young man for stealing chickens. The trial was set to occur in Boonville, and old Gen. Clark was secured to defend the prisoner. When it became noised about that Clark was going to make a speech, the people began flocking into town from every direction and the court-house was crowded to suffocation. The audience was largely composed of women, for Gen. Clark was immensely popular among the fair sex. When it came the old man's turn to speak he arose tremblingly, and with his wrinkled face bathed in tears he said in quivering tones: "Yo' honah an' gentl'men of the jurah-I can ill conceal my emotion upon this sad occasion. My heart, yo' honah an' gentl'men of the jurah—my heart, I say, almost forbids to perform its functions as am brought face to face with the hideous times, for, says I to myself, 'If a gentcharge which has been foully hurled at this noble young man, my client here." Several ladies in the audience began to sniffle and sob faintly, and the judge, rapping violently on his desk, commanded silence

Gen. Clark blew his nose impressively and proceeded in a still more emotional strain: "I know the prisoner well-I have known him intimately ever since first a smiling babe I held him on my knee and heard him coo the heavenly muisc of innocent children. I knew his father well-a noble. Christian man, and, your honah, an' gentl'men of the jurah, I knew his grandf'ther well"—but at the very thought of the prisoner's ancestry, the speaker broke completely down, buried his face in his bandana handkerchief, and wept like a child. From all over the court-room arose sobs and dismal groans, and even the jury began to manifest symptoms of melting.

The judge, who appears to have been a hardened, remorseless, calloused man, rapped on his desk and cried: "I fear I shall be compelled to order the sheriff to clear the court-room." Gen. Clark saw that here was a chance for a theatrical climax, so removing his bandana from his streaming eyes, he cried out piteously: "Yo' honah, drive out the men and women if you will, but oh, yo' honah, in heaven's name, spar' oh, spar, the children!

# Another Franco-German War Brew-

(Cor. Philadelphia Press.) Nothing has struck me more here in Ham burg than the widespread belief among educated Germans that within the next ten years another war with France is certain to take place. "We shall have it to do all over again," is the burden of opinion one hears on every side. It is not the vaporings of infatuated "Jingos," but the regretfully-spoken sober opinion expressed without exception by every German I have met. "Nothing but a strong government will do in France,' ans. "We don't want to fight, but the Germans. "We don't want to fight, but if attacked again we will take care to leave a government in the country that can keep peace, even if we have to govern it ourof the covert insults offered in France to gentleman to me: "It is becoming intolera ble. They are ten times worse now than just after the war. They daren't attack us yet, but directly Bismarck or Von Moltke dies they will be foolish enough to think they

are strong enough to beat us, and force on war as they did before." I was dining only last night in the company of a prominent official of the German war department. During the course of the evening the conversation turned upon the strength etc., of the German army, and a friend of mine said: "I suppose Germany could put over 1,000,000 men in the field." There was a pause and a laugh. Said the official "We can put 2,000,000 men in the field, exclusive of reserves, within three weeks; and added the significant words which are in every German's mouth when talking upon the subject of war: "We shall have to do it again soon.

# The Forgotten Science of Carving.

[Detroit Free Press.] In this lazy man's century, the delightful occupation of carving is almost a forgotten It used to be such a pleasure for a gang of hungry children to sit and watch "Pa" sharpen the carving knife, give it that pre liminary flourish, and then insert its delicate point under the wing of the brown and odorous turkey. To see pinions and second joints, slices of white meat—crown drum-sticks—the pope's nose-all showering in symmetrical portions-from the noble bird-and to wonder why turkeys didn't have four legs and a double row of wings! A good carve seems to give away all the turkey and go without any himself. But when everybody is helped he picks out bits of tenderloin, morsels of brown and juicy meats, odds and ends, that as everybody knows are the tid-bits of the feast. It would be as dangerous an experiment to ask a young man of the present time to carve a turkey as it would be to require him to ask a blessing on the food. He would either sprain his wrist or fire the turkey through the window in an attempt to cut it in two.

# A "Jay Town."

[New York Times.] A great deal of the success of a traveling theatrical company depends upon the man-ner in which its route is laid out, the endeavor always being to bring the distances to be traveled down to the shortest point, in order to reduce railway fares as much as possible. To this end it is always attempted to avoid doubling on the trail, so to speak, and the canceling of a week's time often causes a very large additional outlay, and generally produces a corresponding shrinkage of re ceipts. In desirable cities the theatrical dates are filled long in advance, and when a manager, for one reason or another, sud-dealy changes his arrangements, he finds it difficult to secure open time excepting in what are known in the professional vocabulary as "jay" towns. A "jay" town, it may be explained to the unversed reader, is a community where unappreciative ignorance pre-vails, and where business is consequently pretty bad.

## It Doesn't Follow. [Arkansaw Traveler.]

De fact dat a man is useful ter de curinu-nity doan make him a 'zirable member ob We couldn't hardly git along widout de buzzard, yet I doan hanker after 'sociatin

\$500 for pronouncing the benediction.

# SHAVED BY MACHINE.

An Eminently Silent Process Conducted by the Young Lady Operators.

There is a quiet little shop in a side street down town which displays a modest sign bearing the words:

'Machine shaving done by lady operators.'

Lace curtains veil the interior from prying eyes. A reporter opened the door yesterday nd walked in with a look of confidence and a three days' beard on his face. As he entered two young women and a patient-looking man rose from a settee and stood by three barbers chairs. The patient man looked at the reporter with passing interest. The young women looked into the mirrors in front of the chairs. While the reporter was hanging up his hat and coat he chose the smaller the two women because she had ceased to stare at herself in the glass, and was much plainer than the other. There was a chance that she would pay more attention to the victim than her prettier companion. The re-porter sank into a chair, leaned his head back, and elevated his chin. The operator passed a small and smooth hand over his chin and asked, with a liberal smile, as she tucked a towel into his neck:

"Did you want a shave, sir?" "Yes-very light, please; go over it once." She passed her hand over the reporter's face again. She got the lather cup and gently smeared him while she looked the glass. When her attention was called to the matter she smiled tranquilly and removed the lather from his mouth, and nose,

"We make it a point, sir, never to talk to our customers," she said as she brushed a stray lock back from the reporter's forehead with one hand and began to rub the lather into his chin with the other. "It not only interrupts us while working, but also, as I m sure you've had experience enough to know, becomes at times somewhat tiresome. mean to the customers, because there are al ways times when one enjoys a little repose don't you know, and many gents seek a bar ber on that account, which was what made me resolve to remain perfectly silent at all

"Pardon my interrupting you, but there is no hair upon my ears, where you are now rubbing me."
"No, I know it. I just do that from force of

talked to until he is that put about that he feels as if he-"" "What sort of a machine do you use when you shave a man

habit. Let—me—see. What was I saying? Oh, yes, I says to myself, 'Any gent can be

'As if he didn't want to come any more. and so it is-"Does it run by steam?" "It's best according to my mind, to pre-

serve strict silence. Besides—what did you say about the machine? Oh,here it is—'tisn't w, you know, that is, 'tisn't very new, be cause er-because it's kind of old. It's simply a razor with a steel comb screwed on. It is npossible to cut any one with it. You lay it on the face, you know, and then just pull it along the cheek like this---"

"Yerp! Let go! It's against the grain." "Oh, is it? Why, you don't say. I thought it was with the grain, but that's just like me. Pm always making mistakes. Last Chews-

Ten minutes later a pallid man emerged from the quiet shop and hurried toward the corner. The patient man looked after him with an expression of sympathy on his worn

## Photographing Dogs and Babies. [New York Sun.]

The artist was a heavy-eyed man; his hair vas unkempt, his scarf was disarranged, and his coatsleeves were turned up. He looked "I have just been attempting to fix a baby's

attention," he said, in an explanatory tone, 'by throwing handsprings behind the camera When I showed the negative to the mother she made the inevitable observation that the face lacked expression. Can you put ex-pression on the surface of a lump of damp

putty?'
"Is it easier to photograph dogs than

"Oh, a thousand times. You can fix a dog's attention and hold it for a time without diffipressive. None of them has the look of stupidity that the average baby wears ex cept the pug. Pug dogs, by the way, are the easiest to take. All you have to do is to put them in front of the camera and they go to sleep at once. The most difficult dog I ever struggled with was an Italian greybound. It was a delicate and extremely sensitive little creature, and endowed with almost human intelligence. It couldn't keep its shadowy legs still half a second to save its live. We worked half a day and succeeded at length

in making a picture that was half satisfac "Do you photograph many dogs?" "About two hundred a year. The work is lone by a few specialists. The big photog-

## raphers won't bother with dogs.' How to Save the Boys.

[Peck's Sun.] When a boy who has had a pleasant home, with everything about him that elevates with indulgent parents, begins to feel uneasy restless, and out of his element; when he feels that he would rather be in the society of the low and depraved, listening to unclean talk, than at home; then it is that an extra effort must be made, or the future of that boy is to a knowledge of the fact that a desperate struggle has got to be made to reclaim the boy. There are hundreds of mothers who realize this, and who have sons that have grown, by their indulgence, beyond their control, and they feel that it is all but an impossible task to undertake to check them in their downward course. Yet those mothers are ready to do what they can. But how often they fail in their good intentions, simply because they went at it wrong. They began a course of lectures instead of making home, especially the boy's room, more attractive, providing interesting reading and other diversions, to interest the boys' mind. Invite good company to your house, mothers, this coming winter. Let the mothers of a neighborhood club together and devise a series of entertainments and amusements that will so occupy their boys' attention that he will not find time to loaf on the corners or set around bar-rooms, listening to the vulgar talk of the depraved.

The winter months are more destructive to the morals of the young men, who seek for amusement away from their homes than any other time of the year, as they are forced by the weather to seek out warm and com-fortable places where lively company is to be a place to be found away from home? Fathers and mothers have it in their power to counteract the evil influences that beset youth, if they will but devise ways and means forget that they were once young and did not enjoy a continual lecture on morals any nore than their own children do to-day.

: No Bright Future. [Chicago Herald "Meddler."] I read somewhere that a baby had been

born in a street car. I tried to look ahead and imagine some bright spot where this urchin had grown up and was basking in the sunburst of prosperity. I read over the story about another who, having been born in a manger, afterward sent His fame ringing down the circles of centuries. But He was divine. I reasoned every way I knew, and tried; to dream about it but I could fancy nothing bright, cheerful, prosperous, or anything else but misery and poor houses and a potter's field for one whose birthplace was a

At a New York wedding a bishop was paid