

THE STORMY CHRISTMAS.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Roar on, fierce Wind from over seas,
Besiege the roof-tiles, shake the pane,

Beat, arrowy Sleet, on waste and wild,
Fall from weird heights of freezing skies,

Pour on, O mournful, sobbing Rain,
With heart-break in your mystic flow—

Roll wave by wave, with ebon foam,
Ye Clouds, alight the billow heaven;

O Clouds and Tempest, Rain and Sleet—
Vain forms of elemental strife—

FLOWER OF THE DAISY.

A Christmas Story.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

It was just a week before Christmas,
and, perched on his three-legged stool,

While thus engaged, a hand was laid on
his shoulder, and, turning his head,

"It is the last time, my old friend,"
said the merchant, pointing to the ledger;

Old Joe started as he listened to these
melancholy words, and a tremor ran

"Don't say that! don't say that, Mr.
Worthington, sir!" he exclaimed.

"Worse than that, Joe," returned the
old merchant, with a heavy sigh.

"I see no hope of resuming. The great failures
in Europe have hopelessly involved us—

There the old merchant broke down,
Joe Darling seized his hand, and cried,

"Don't, don't!—don't say that, sir!
Don't use this word 'dishonored!' It is

"Ruin! ruin!—utter ruin!" groaned the
merchant.

"No, no; not ruin! See here, sir. I—
I—your see, I have saved a little—"

And old Joe drew from his pocket-book,
with unsteady hands, certificates of deposit

"Take it, sir! It was made in your service—
I—honestly made—there's not a dirty

"No, old friend," said the merchant,
sighing deeply, but speaking in a voice

"Poor little lady-bird! I have nothing
for you!" he said, sighing again.

"But Daisy did not seem to regard the
circumstance as at all depressing. On the

"I've got a Christmas-gift for you, father
dear."

"Have you? Now you've gone and
worked your little fingers to the bone,

"No, indeed, I've done nothing of the
sort—that is not your present."

The rush of joyous laughter in the girl's
voice nearly drowned her words.

"What are you waiting for, my friends?
Can I assist you in any manner?" asked

"If you please, sir," said the foremost
of the party, "we would like to leave our

And the speaker turned toward his
rough companions, who uttered a hoarse

"Leave your money in my hands!" said
the merchant.

"Just so, sir," was the reply. "We
hear tell how times are hard with Worthington

And he looked toward those in the rear.
Another group of assent replied.

"All which," the spokesman added,
"goes to say, sir, that we are not in want.

The merchant gazed, with deep emotion,
at the rough, honest faces.

"Thanks, thanks, my kind friends!" he
said. "I now see what it is to try to do

"I deeply regret this, my old friend,
My ruin was enough!"

Old Joe read the announcement with a
sinking heart, and echoed the sigh of his

"The Lord's will be done, sir!" he said;

"you might have had all—but I am now
penniless. Your trouble is greater than

"No resources, Joe, and bad news—
almost worse than all."

"Worse, sir?"

"Yes, yes. You remember my son
Charley—of course you remember him.

"No—that pang is spared me, but I have
had, very bad news of Charles, my old

"Yes, sir. What of him? Don't tell
me—he is not dead, sir?"

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had, very bad news of Charles, my old

"Yes, yes. He had fallen into evil
courses, and they reprimanded him—when

The merchant uttered a groan. Old Joe
looked at him with deep commiseration.

"I am still more unfortunate than you
are, Mr. Worthington," he said in a low

"I had a son—a noble boy—he is
dead, sir! You know my Edmund? He

There the conversation ended, and merchant
and book-keeper separated.

Throughout the following week untiring
efforts were made to collect the resources

"I had a son—a noble boy—he is
dead, sir! You know my Edmund? He

Christmas morning, and the snow was
falling, and the wind whirling it about

"Christmas-gift, father, dear! I've
caught you!"

Old Joe turned round. As he did so,
a pair of rosy lips pressed his cheek,

And indeed the face resembled one, so
brilliant was the light of the eyes.

"Why, you look like a sunbeam, Daisy,"
he said.

And indeed the face resembled one, so
brilliant was the light of the eyes.

Her father smiled, and fondly patted his
hand over her hair.

"Poor little lady-bird! I have nothing
for you!" he said, sighing again.

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"The Lord's will be done, sir!" he said;

Suddenly the voice of Daisy rang out,
half choked with laughter:

"Why, we are forgetting our tree!" she
cried: "we are really losing sight of

And, not waiting for "any body" to
reply, Daisy started up, and, assisted by

Night had come now, and the tapers on
the tree were lit. As the fairy spectacle

"No, Pet!" cried Daisy, "wait till sister
gives you yours! But first, Uncle

"No, Pet!" cried Daisy, "wait till sister
gives you yours! But first, Uncle

The rush of laughter in the voice made
all look at Daisy. Why did the child's

But now Uncle John suddenly riveted
every body's attention. For the moment

"The tale I am going to relate, my dear
young friends," said Uncle John, "I must

Mr. Washburne, in addressing M. de
Lafayette, spoke in the French language.

"I am fulfilling a sweet duty. The inscription
on the watch recalls to mind a

"Having told you, my dear children,
how the story came to be known, I will

There once lived in the city of Bagdad
an old merchant whose name was Barilzai,

"This happened," continued Uncle
John, "just before the great festivity

John, "just before the great festivity
which comes on the twenty-fifth day

"As he thus spoke, his daughter Paribanou
approached him. The name Paribanou,

Here Pet suddenly burst forth—"Why,
it's like our tree!" he cried; only he

"Silence, Pet! do not interrupt!" said
Uncle John. "I continue: Abou-ben-

"Truly, Flower of the Daisy," he said,
"thy cedar-tree shines; but my heart is

"There is a gift for our father," said
Paribanou, or Flower of the Daisy; and,

They did not look at Daisy, who was
trembling, and whose hand scarce

Uncle John continued:

"And Abou-ben-darling said: 'Where is
this package, my child?' to which the

"Father dear, it is here! See, I take it
from the boughs of the holy cedar-tree,

As Uncle John uttered the words, Daisy
sprang forward with a letter in her hand

"Here it is, father dear!" she cried,
bursting into tears and laughter.

"I nearly killed me not to tell you! Oh,
take it, take it! Our Edmund is not dead!"

And, throwing her arms around old
Joe's neck, she sobbed upon his bosom,

while, with eyes full of wonder, he read
the letter from his son. As he read on,

A real letter. His eyes closed; he uttered
a sigh, and would have fainted, had

Uncle John caught him in his arms.

The letter was written to Daisy by her
brother Edmund. He had been picked up

As old Joe grew faint, Pet suddenly ran
behind his mother's apron, uttering an

At the door stood a tall young man, with
a ferocious beard.

"How are you, father and mother, and
uncle, and Daisy?"

They ran into his arms, uttering cries
and sobs. The sailor was home again,

"Father dear! how do you like your
Christmas gift?"

The windows shook as she spoke—it was
doubtless the merry goblins highly

A year afterward—strange to say—
Christmas came again! and saw the

Christmas came again! and saw the
house of Worthington Brothers prosperous,

old Joe happy, and Charles the husband of
the Flower of the Daisy. And again

the cedar tree was lit, and spread around
its cheerful light, and the loud wind

"A merry, merry Christmas!"

Lafayette's Watch.

A New York Herald dispatch thus
describes a recent pleasant occurrence

In conformity with the resolution adopted
by the American Congress on the 23d

of June last, Mr. Washburne, the United
States Minister, to-day handed to M.

Mr. Washburne, in addressing M. de
Lafayette, spoke in the French language.

He narrated the circumstances of the theft
of the watch and the passage by Congress

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The presentation ceremonies took place
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in the presence of the entire Lafayette
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For the Prevention of Diphtheria.

The following rules for the prevention
or extirpation of diphtheria are from a

Cleanliness in and around the dwelling,
and pure air in living and sleeping rooms,

are of the utmost importance wherever
any contagious disease is prevailing,

Every kind and source of filth
around it. In the house should be

oroughly removed; cellars and foul areas
should be cleaned and disinfected;

drains should be put in perfect repair;
dirty walls and ceilings should be

limewashed, and every occupied room
should be thoroughly

ventilated. Apartments which have
been occupied by persons sick with

diphtheria should be cleansed with disinfectants,
ceilings limewashed and wood-work

paint-ed, the carpets, bed-clothes, upholstered
furniture, etc., exposed many days to

fresh air and the sunlight (all articles
which may be boiled or subjected to

high degrees of heat should be thus
disinfected). Such rooms should be

exposed to currents of fresh air for
at least one week before re-occupa-

tion. When diphtheria is prevailing no
child should be allowed to kiss strange

children, nor those suffering from sore
throat (the disgusting custom of

compelling children to kiss every visitor
is a well-contrived method of propagating

other grave diseases than diphtheria),
nor should it sleep with or be confined

to rooms occupied by, or use articles,
as toys taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs,

etc., belonging to children having sore
throat, croup or catarrh. If the

weather is cold, the child should be
warmly clad with flannels.

When diphtheria is in the house or in
the family, the well children should

be scrupulously kept apart from the sick,
in dry, well-aired rooms, and every

possible source of infection through the
air, by personal contact with the sick

and by articles used about them or in
their rooms, should be rigidly guarded.

Every attack of sore throat, croup and
catarrh should be at once attended to.

The feeble should have invigorating food
and treatment.

The sick should be rigidly isolated in
well-aired (the air being entirely

changed at least hourly) unlighted rooms,
the out-flow of air being, as far as

possible, through the external windows
by depressing the upper and elevating

the lower sash, or a chimney heated by
a fire in an open fire-place; all discharges

from the mouth and nose should be
received into vessels containing

disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic
acid or sulphate of zinc, or upon

cloths which are immediately burned,
or if not burned thoroughly boiled, or

placed under a disinfecting fluid.

Terrible Indian Fight.

We yesterday met Capt. Bob, who was
in a fearful state of excitement. Great

rings of white were visible around his
coal-black eyes, and his pomatum-

stiffened scalp-lock was agitated as is
the aspen in the breeze. He said there

had been a terrible fight between two
young Piute braves at the camp in the

eastern suburb of the city. According to
Capt. Bob, as we understood his story,

the two braves got down on all fours on
two little hillocks about 20 yards

apart, and then ran at each other,
meeting and butting heads, in the

hollow between the two ridges. At the
third round they telescoped, and in

order to separate them it was found
necessary to cut off the heads of both

men. We may not have caught the exact
meaning of all Bob said about the

fight, but in substance it was about
as related above.—Virginia (New) Enterprise.

A Home-Made Work-Box.—Girls can
make for themselves a pretty work-box,

after the manner given by a lady in the
Ladies' Floral Cabinet. She procured

an old cigar box of suitable size, broke
it apart, and covered the bottom, cover,

sides and ends separately—the outside was
green rep, the inside pink cambric,

because it happened to be in the house;
any other plain goods would have done

as well. Pockets of pink were put upon
the ends, tapes upon the inside of the

cover for pins, needles, etc.; then the
box was put together again, and a

partition covered with the pink added,
and the corners and edges finished with

narrow ribbon and tiny bows.

PIMPLES, blotches, and other unsightly
eruptions of the skin should be gotten

rid of as quickly as possible. Dr. Wishart's
Pine Tree Tar Cordial will remove all

such things by purifying the blood.

A PROTRUDING toe is not a slightly thing,
and nothing about health and comfort.

SILVER TIPPED Shoes never wear out at
the toe. For Sale by all Dealers.

WISHART'S Pine Tree Tar Cordial

It is now fifteen years since the attention
of the public was first called by Dr. L. Q. C.

Wishart to this wonderful remedy, and on

the 11th day of August, 1885, he issued the

first issue of this Cordial. It is now the

most extensively prescribed medicine

in the world, and is the only one of its

kind that has been prepared in this

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