THE PLYMOUTH DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XVI. PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1870. NUMBER 16.

POETRY.

THE VISIT OF SANTA CLAUS.

BY C. C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap·
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too;
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump: a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a Good Night!"

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

II.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

III.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King.

IV.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring.
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King.
—*Scribner's for January.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CO-OPERATIVE CHRISTMAS-PARTY.

Mr. Hubert Jobson, B.A., the Curate, who was popularly supposed to be up to anything, from writing an article in the *Quarterly* up to Sematic languages, to "doing" an acting charade for the *Young Ladies' Journal*, was surrounded by a faithful "rose-bud garden of girls," as the Laureate calls them. Mr. Jobson, B.A., of Trinity, was third wrangler of his year, and equally high in classics. He might have gone in for something of value as a grinder or tutor; but he had set up his tabernacle in Bloomsbury, and slaved, like the very opposite of a slave, round about St. Giles' and the courts adjacent. Jobson was high, but not dry, and not too high for so earnest a man. He preached in his surplice, and sported his hood and its rabbit-skin trimming in church, but out of church wore a cossock in his friends' houses, and when about his work was called a priest. What sort of priest the poor people thought him, it is difficult to say. Suffice it that he was good to them, worked harder than any working-man for rather less than the pay, and withal looked as lively and jovial a party as any one of the "lounging classes" or young merchants whom he met in the neighboring squares. Mr. Jobson was popular with rich and poor; he mixed easily, meant what he said, and had a sunshiny sort of goodness which is very attractive. But as he did not mix with rich patrons, Fortune quietly let him remain where he was, doing what good he could; which, on the whole, was the best thing Fortune could do.

"So, Miss Parkyns, you find a Christmas party a great bore?"

"Awful," said Patty Parkyns, making a button mouth; "as dreary as a Dorcas."

"O, I'm sure," cried little Mrs. Boldero, who, having no children herself, made plenty of clothes for those who had, "you said that our last Dorcas was very nice."

"So it is," said Patty, "for *that* sort of thing; but we girls, when we have a Christmas party, want something exciting—where we can flirt."

"Which you poor married things can't," said Miss Brownjohn, the great heiress (Brownjohn, Crabb and Catchitt, ship-brokers). "Why, I had no less than three proposals in the shell, and one that was hatched last Christmas."

"I wonder whether that girl tells lies," thought Maggie Symes, daughter of S. Symes, Q.C., Pump-court, who was poor, but very pretty. "*I* don't get any proposals."

Perhaps Mr. Jobson read Maggie's secret; for he said plump out, like a great boy, "Ah, Miss Brownjohn, people don't flirt with *you*, they flirt with your fortune."

"Men are so cunning and so base!" said Miss Brownjohn, bitterly.

"Neglected education of women! I'd have them all learn mathematics and logic. You don't even know figure 1 of a syllogism: *Barbara celarent darii ferioque prioris*."

"What's that, Mr. Jobson—something awful? Please construe it."

"I can't and nobody can; it's sense and nonsense too. But look here: anything predicated of a whole class—you understand?"

"O yes; a class of girls like we had at Brighton."

"Ay, that will do. Now follow me: under which class something else is contained (*I* am that something) may be predicated of that which is so contained. Therefore, according to Whately, you have just called me cunning and base."

"O, Mr. Jobson, I didn't!"

"And your father, and Mr. Boldero, and the rest of mankind, including the last new wonder in verse, and the Poet Laureate. I'm not joking."

On this, all the ladies cried out shame; and Miss Brownjohn, who was rather stupid when she chose to be so, sulked.

"Well now," said the Curate, "you don't mean what you say, and you don't say what you mean; and I'm sure that Christmas parties are very jolly things, if rightly taken."

But all the girls voted them bores, and, as it happened, not one of them was going to any party whatever. Mr. Boldero had taken his little wife to an old friend for many years; old friend very hastily and improperly died just *before* Christmas; he had nowhere to go to. Mr. Brownjohn had for years invited the two partners, Crabb and Catchitt, to his house, but they had quarrelled, and both had refused. Miss Parkyns had saved herself up for Lady Jollup's gathering; but Lady Jollup had a gathering, in the shape of a carbuncle that could not be worn in a brooch, on the back of her right ear, and was a figure. And so all the little party were without an asylum for Christmas, and most of them felt very miserable about the fact, although they all said that it was jolly.

"You shall all come to *my* party—ladies, I invite you all."

"O, how nice!" cried Miss Parkyns, with a gush of sentiment—she *was* sentimental. "Where is it to be?"

"In the school-room; it's finished now beautifully—all varnish, open timber roof, eighty feet by thirty; get in the forms for rout seats, and the desks that can be put at any angle for card-tables, and we shall be as right as a trivet."

* * * * *

The words of the Rev. Hubert Jobson, B.A., the Perpetual Curate of this district church, which he had created out of a bad neighborhood and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, were prophetically true. Everything went right as that domestic implement spoken of by most people as the very symbol of rectitude.

To the party there came not only Miss Brownjohn—a most beautiful girl she was, blooming with health and good-nature—but Benjamin Brownjohn, of Princess-gate, Esq., one of the richest men out. Mrs. Benjamin Brownjohn was there, too; for the worthy couple would have done anything to please their daughter Katie. And wonderful to relate, there, too—surely by an accident or a trick, of which Septimus Symes, Q.C., was grievously suspected—there was found, scowling each at the other, Corney Crabb and Carter Catchitt, both esquires when out of business, one residing at Haverstock and the other at Tulse-hill, which each persisted in calling *the* hill, as if it belonged solely and exclusively *to him*. Catchitt had been to this wild party with the strict understanding that Crabb had gone down to Brighton to a bachelors' jolly making, there to escape the eternal Christmas children.

"There seems to be more children about at Christmas than at any other period of the year," said Crabb; and did he not see enough *there*?

Septimus Symes, a very studious man, who had written about Roman law, and was supposed to be editing Justinian's *Institutes* for the direct purpose of showing that they were based entirely on the law of Moses, was one of those men who, when they cease working at their eternal mental "grind," become transformed, as it were, to boys. He was quite as young, mentally, as his daughter Maggie Symes; and she and her two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Boldero—two merry, black-eyed, red cheeked people, who looked rather more like brother and sister than husband and wife, and who admired all the pretty children and pitied all the sickly ones—were as full of real enjoyment as they could be. As for Mr. Jobson, he was in his his own right, as host and as clergyman, the chief of the party. Everybody expected him to be so, and being on his own ground, he did not disappoint them. Katie Brownjohn looked at him with a real admiration when she saw that he made no difference between rich and poor, and ordered about her august father and the objectionable Crabb and Catchitt as if they had been footmen.

The party began at five. The rich guests welcomed by Jobson in his high-bred way—for he was unmistakably a gentleman—were delighted with his pretty new school-room, decorated with mottoes, holly with red berries, and bright laurel leaves. There were many religious mottoes, but not one that was not appropriate, manly and beautiful. In the centre of the end wall, over the centre table and three long tables stretched down the room, there shone the words, "Peace on earth;" at the sides were, "Be of good cheer," "Try to be good;" and in a conspicuous place there blazed, in red and green letters, Mr. Jobson's own motto, "Don't worrit yourself." Half the evil among his poor people, he said, arose, according to the ladies of the humble families he visited, from "worriting" themselves. And this vigorous man addressed himself only to one thing, and threw old troubles off his mind as a duck throws water from her back.

"'Pon my word, Mr. Jobson, your room looks admirably set-out; I anticipate much pleasure, I'm shaw," said Mr. Brownjohn in patronizing accents.

"And much hard work before it is over," said the Curate, squaring his shoulders, and pointing to a motto, "Work while it is day;" underneath which was another, and a comment, "Nothing like hard work."

"'Pon my word," said the merchant to himself, "didn't know there had been so much good sense among the clergy: there *is* nothing like hard work."

"Please, ladies and gentlemen, will you draw up in a line behind me?—Mr. Symes, you are a sergeant in the Inns of Court, just put them in order."

Symes brought himself up stiff, saluted the Captain, and drilled his little troop, placing Crabb and Catchitt as pivot-men at each end of the line. Then Jobson struck a bell, and the large door was opened, and in marched about sixty children, of all ages, singing, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," so prettily and sweetly and so softly, till their parents and friends—at least sixty more—came in; and then, when they had been led by their monitors up and down the room, and placed in due order, the whole hundred and twenty voices and the twenty or thirty guests took up the chorus, and finished the hymn in fine style; Catchitt, who sang bass, throwing the whole power of his lungs into the song; and Crabb, who had a fine falsetto, which he cultivated at the Tulse-hill Sol-fa Union, creating quite a sensation.

Then Jobson, in the silence which ensued, took a pin out of the band of his cassock, and said, "Children and brethren, I want to hear a pin drop." And he did hear it drop; and so did Crabb, and Catchitt, and Symes, Q.C., who was looking down his line like a drill sergeant, wonderfully amused with the scene.

After the silence, Jobson wished all his guests a merry Christmas, and explained how it was—but this was a pious fiction—that the ladies and gentlemen present had provided the feast, and how they did so in name of the holy Founder of a greater feast, and that he wanted to show how orderly "we" (he never once said "they," making himself entirely one of them) could be; and then he knelt reverently down, and all followed his example, Sergeant Symes' troop going down like one man; and then the good Curate offered up a prayer, so true, so full of feeling, and so beautiful, that more than one eye—and Katie Brownjohn's two eyes in particular—filled with tears. Then, after a deep "Amen" to the Lord's Prayer, which all joined in, even Crabb, who was supposed to be a Positive Philosopher, and who took in the *Fortnightly Review*, and had subscribed to the Woman's Post-mortem and Surgical Society, also to the movement for granting equality to the sexes by making Women-butchers. After the prayer, Jobson symbolically took off his coat and said, "Let us begin.—Symes, my good friend."

"Sir," said the sergeant, saluting.

"Take your two most efficient aids to the end of those tables."

"Yes, sir," said Symes. And in a "jiffy" Crabb and Catchitt were marched off, and placed as carvers at the tables.

"Mr. Bolter," cried the Curate; and a white-headed old gentleman, a deeply-penitent but once fraudulent bankrupt, came forward; "please take the end of the centre table. Mr. Symes, you will be my aide de-camp. Mr. Brownjohn and Mr. Boldero, you are at present the head-waiters; *we* shall not dine till seven. And, ladies, you will attend to the children, and make yourselves generally useful."

Away went Mrs. Brownjohn, Patty Parkyns, Maggie Symes, brimming over with happiness at being useful, and tucking and turning up their fine dresses so as to wait with more ease. At it went Crabb and Catchitt, each furnished with huge napkins to cover their best black, and in marched a file of cook-shop men with roast and boiled fowl and flesh, and vegetables in abundance. Crabb, who had a knife as sharp as a razor, carved like the professional and pasty-faced gentlemen who, by living in the neighborhood of boiled pork and peas-pudding, grow like them. Mr. and Mrs. Boldero were absorbed in looking after the little children, Symes was ubiquitous, and all were so anxious to please and to serve, that after a most desperate engagement, in which Brownjohn came up out of breath with delight and wonderment, and said, "By Jove, Mr. Jobson, *I* never saw people eat so much in my life!"

"Ah, sir," said the Curate, "remember this is their one feast; many have not eaten their fill for weeks, and some have fasted for a day or so previously."

"You're a good man, Mr. Jobson," said Brownjohn; "put me down for ten pound towards expenses."

"Sir!" cried the Curate with delight.

"I beg pardon for offering so little; make it twenty-five, if you please. Hallo! why, what's that? Can I believe my eyes? Why, they have not spoken for six months!"

Yes, it was actually the case; there were Crabb and Catchitt shaking hands. The occasion was this: Crabb, after winning a Victoria Cross symbolically at carving the beef, had felt his occupation gone with the puddings and Christmas-pies, and had deserted his post—no longer usefully to be held—and had constituted himself as waiter, still under the watchful eye of Symes, Q.C., who, having bet his daughter Maggie that a certain Bob Swallow would eat more pudding than Ben Bolt, was careful to encourage Swallow for the sake of winning the bet (five kisses against one pair of Jouvin's best No. 6). As Catchitt had also constituted himself waiter, and, seizing a plate of pies, moved hastily to the left, where he espied a temporary lull in the battle, while Crabb, with a huge pudding, moved eagerly to the right, the consequence was, that Catchitt sent one or two mince-pies over Crabb's head, being the taller man, and Crabb deposited the pudding in Catchitt's manly bosom.

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," said Mr. Catchitt, who was a gentleman, and quite ready to take the fault on himself.

"What's that you said?" cried Crabb.

"I said that I begged your pardon, and I do," said Catchitt, somewhat stiffly.

"And I grant it, my boy, a thousand times over; give me your hand;" and Crabb, who had only waited for the opportunity, and was longing for the commencement to be made by a partner who was his junior, caught hold of the hand that was about to pick up a pie, and shook it with fervor.

"Thanks, Crabb my boy," said his partner, quite delighted; "and now I'll thank you for those pies. Hurt my shirt-front?—no; damaged the napkin, that's all. I say, isn't it jolly?"

"Wonderful, is it not? I say, got anything to drink? Sharp work that carving. You and I had all the work, Catchitt."

"Here you are, gents! Waiter's in the room," said little Boldero, who, with his wife, had taken charge of the canteen. Brownjohn was on the spot, by a marvel of course, and clinking their glasses like stage conspirators, the three partners poured down their throats what seemed to be nectar.

After that the fun grew boisterous. Punch for the seniors, lemonade for the children, tea for the ladies, made their appearance, and the *cidevant* carvers and waiters walked among their guests.

It was quite pretty to see how that rich heiress Katie Brownjohn took to the poorest and most helpless children, and how she who had, by her father's orders, just refused the son of a duke—it is but fair to say that the duke was a very bad duke, and that the son, a younger son, took after his *dis*-grace—was entering into earnest conversation with a poor book-binder, and exchanging "experience" with a pretty little laundress. The two young women—one so rich, the other so poor—had each a child on her knee, and Katie was listening to a most eloquent description of Mr. Jobson's goodness. As the laundress spoke, not without a tear or two, of the Curate's simple bravery and unostentatious goodness, Katie Brownjohn's heart whispered, "That's the man for me."

And so, as the young lady governed her father and mother in all sensible things, there was something to be hoped for—in the far distance, let us say. But sometimes the most distant things are made nearer by chance, just as lightning brings a distant landscape forward; and so it happened that, as the Curate was bending over one little crippled child, with his voice softened and his eyes and face made beautiful by love, Katie bent down too, and said:

"O, Mr. Jobson, what a happy day you have given us?"

"A happy day!" said the parson; "why, it is not ended yet; there's *my* dinner to come yet for the big folk in the large room in the mission-house."

"Well, that is jolly!" replied Katie, who, like a strong, healthy young woman, had a good appetite and began to feel hungry. "But it will not be better than this: here all the people are so happy and so good; all the poor are good, I think."

"In bearing what most of us would never bear," said the Curate solemnly, "they are indeed. But"—and, as a wrangler, Jobson was bound *not* to allow every generalization—"what says the Laureate? and he's a genius, you know:

"'Taake moi word for it, Sammy; the poor in a loomp is bad.'"

You see he's wrong, and you're wrong: generalization *is* always wrong."

The little child had hold of his stronger finger and looked up into his kindly face. The cleric stood in his black cassock fitting tightly across his broad manly chest, girt with his surcingle, and looking as if he could knock down Bel, and the Dragon too, with his strong hand. He was a model of health and strength and goodness, three things which all women like; he was gentle as the south wind, and as strong as a storm when he liked; and Katie, seeing in him the embodiment of power and wise goodness, let her eyes sparkle with love as they met his. This completely floored the Curate, thus to be attacked on his own stronghold.

"Hallo!" he thought to himself, for he could read a look, and his eyes fell. "Generalization," he murmured; then clearing his throat, he continued, "You know that rule in logic I quoted the other day, Miss Brownjohn?—*Barbara celarent*—"

Katie did not give him time to finish.

"That seems to be a pet quotation of yours, Mr. Jobson."

"It is; it is so generally useful; it *is* a favorite," said the poor man, rather confused.

"*I wish I was Barbara!*" said Katie, catching the Curate's eyes again.

His flamed out with a sudden love; hers fell before them.

"Do you mean that, Miss Brownjohn?" said the Parson, as if he had need to ask *that*.

Katie's answer was peculiar. The bashful modest eyes became triumphant, the blush of maidenly reserve blazed up into the color of triumph; never had she looked so beautiful, as she held her soft white hand out to another strong brown hand which seemed by instinct to be seeking for it. The little watchful crippled boy as he looked up at this, which was but a momentary effusion, a moment which gave the color to a life, laughed at the happiness he saw on both faces, and admired the fine well-grown forms he saw before him, though he knew that he would never be so straight, so tall, so beautiful.

"Hallo!" cried the Parson, coming to his senses; "why, it's ten minutes to seven, and we do all things by clockwork here. Here, Mr. Prosser; step out, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried Prosser, a little man with a hunchback, who had been to sea, poor fellow! till his back developed too terribly. "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Pipe all hands, Mr. Prosser!"

Prosser stepped up on a form and blew a boatswain's whistle, and the clatter, noise, fun, and gossip ceased in a moment.

"Will you have the pin drop, sir?" asked Prosser.

"No, thank you, not now.—Ladies and gentlemen," said the Parson, "the carvers and waiters are going to dinner; I leave you under the headship, therefore, of Messieurs Bolton and Prosser, and hope in due time to return and spend the evening.—Mrs. Brownjohn, may I have the honor?—Symes, my dear boy, take Mrs. Boldero.—Gentlemen, each a lady; and now allow me to lead the way."

And a capital dinner—capital champagne, an excellent turbot, fowls, turkey, and beef—and waiters who were masters of their art, had the Curate provided, and never was a company more hungry and more pleased. Crabb and Catchitt vied with each other in fun and jollity, Symes made puns by the bushel, and the Bolderos laughed, so that Maggie Symes was quite frightened at them. After dinner all the guests, by a unanimous vote, constituted Brownjohn as the chairman, deputing him to thank Mr. Jobson in their united names. Then Jobson, sly dog! arose and told his friends simply how he managed matters, and how generous Mr. Brownjohn had more than repaid him for all the cost he had been put to, and how the surplus should be spent in making people happy. He even told the handsome sum given, whereon Crabb and Catchitt, not to be behind the senior, made up the sum to fifty. Need all this be told? need it be said that Katie, coming behind her father, said to him, with a kiss, "Father, *I* want to give him something?"

"Quite right, my darling; it won't be thrown away, I'm sure."

"But, father, I have given it; you won't be cross, will you?"

"Well, you won't ruin me, puss, I hope?"

"O no, papa!" Then something about giving away a heart was whispered, and papa, somehow or other, was quite as joyous as the Katie he kissed.

Need it be said that the finish took place in the school-room? The little children had all cleared off, as Mr. Prosser said; the tables were moved, and the decks cleared, and, in a miraculous way, a fiddle or two, a harp, and a fife were seated, or at least their players were, in a corner. At Mr. Prosser's signal off went the music and off went the dancers. Brownjohn danced with his wife, the Parson took Katie, Mr. Crabb secured the little Maggie Symes, the Queen's Counsel footed it with the bookbinder, and Catchitt was admirably fitted with the laundress as a partner.

Dance! they did dance!

"O, by Jingo, my dear Mr. Jobson, if this is your Christmas party," cried Crabb, who looked as our French friends have it, a *cascade ambulante*, "book me for the next. If this is co-operation, I'm a co-operative.—Ain't you, Catchitt?"

"Yes, it is co-operation of a sort," said Jobson, wiping his brow. "It is so very easy to be happy, if we try to help each other."

"But," said Katie, as she looked into the clear eyes of her ideal, "after all we must *love each other first*."—*Belgravia (London) Annual.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Quack Dish—Roast duck.

Not a Poor Gift—A gift to the poor.

A Roaring Trade—Keeping a menagerie.

A man in Dubuque has a pocket-book seventy-five years old.

London had 133,751 paupers on the 4th of November.

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

The wealthiest man in Baltimore is worth only seven million dollars.

What is that which ties two persons, but only touches one? A wedding ring.

A Contradiction.—The best way to patch up a quarrel is to split the difference.

An Albany undertaker sports a $1,700 hearse. The people who ride in it are not proud.

Rev. Wm. H. Patton's Advice.—"To each fellow man we say: Go thou and do likewise." Insure in the Washington.

"Pulverized dog" is the Colorado name for the severest tax upon the generous confidence of an unsuspecting public, sausage.

A secret society of young women exists in Memphis. Each member is bound not to marry a man who cannot give her a diamond ring.

The Mutual Life of Chicago does a safe and reliable business, and receives its premiums in cash and promptly pays its losses in cash.

A smart lad, hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed, "Then why don't you get me a drum?"

The historical society of Brooklyn, N. Y., have in their cabinet a glass bottle, the first one manufactured at a glass factory in that place, in 1754.

A Boston street car conductor named Bent picked up a $500 diamond pin in his car, found the owner, and restored it, receiving therefor a $50 greenback.

An Alderman, visiting a church-yard with a friend, pointing to a quiet, shady nook, said: "This is the spot where I intend being laid, *if I am spared!*"

Atmospherical knowledge, says the Danbury, Mass., *News*, is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy, being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

One of A. T. Stewart's clerks, who was arrested for stealing an eight dollar shawl, confessed that he had stolen twenty-seven shawls in as many days.

After a lapse of twenty years, a ring lost by a "young lady" while bathing on South Beach, Nantucket, was recently found by a boy and returned to her. So a Boston paper states.

A young gentleman with an inquiring turn of mind wished to be enlightened on the following: If brooks are, as the poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always murmuring about?

"Your cottons," said Flavia, "are cheating vile trash! See! the colors are gone, though you said they would wash?" "Yes, madam," the shopkeeper answered, "no doubt I said they would wash, but I meant they'd *wash out!*"

The simple and comprehensive epitaph on "Helen Blake," in Grayfrier's churchyard, Edinburgh, runs thus:

"She was—
But words are wanting
To say what!
Think what a wife should be—
And she was that!"

A Salem (Mass.) man sold a piece of land long since to the Eastern Railroad for a free pass for life over the road and all its branches for himself and brother and their wives, and the investment proved a most profitable one to him.

An ignorant man named Rogers, who died at Cincinnati recently, and who, not being able to write his name, made his mark, leaves a will bequeathing to his wife and five children $250,000, of which $150,000 is in steamboat and dry dock shares, and $100,000 in real estate.

No mode of payment can be fair which overlooks the previous training of the workman. Sir Joshua Reynolds was once asked by a person for whom he had painted a small picture, how he could charge so much for a work which only employed him for five days? "Five days!" replied Sir Joshua, "why, I have expended the work of thirty-five years upon it."

A Mistaken Young Man.—"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks. "Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with a little assistance from your father." There was some confusion, and a profound silence."

They say in San Francisco that if all the briefs, pleadings, summonses, and other law papers which have grown out of the McGarrahan case were bound together, they would make five hundred law volumes; also, that all the fees and costs would amount to at least $2,500,000. More than two dozen lawyers have been retained in it first and last.

A man living in Freetown, Bury, England, "after due announcement," put up his wife for sale the other night, the two having become mutually tired of each other. There were three bids—4s., 6s. and 8s.—and for the last generous offer the woman was "knocked down" to a neighbor for whom she had previously shown a liking. The "lot" was borne away with a rope around its neck.

They have a horse of uncommon mental powers in Brunswick, Me. He got into the habit of leaving his lonely stable for the free fields at will, and his owner stuck a nail over the hasp fastening one night. In the morning, however, the horse was in the garden as usual. He had drawn the nail with his teeth, unhasped and opened the door; and still more, he had taken the garden gate from its hinges and not dropped it, but actually set it up beside the fence.

In England a season ticket-holder on a railroad, found the advertised train not going to start, in consequence of the fireman having neglected to keep up steam, and ordered a special train at a cost of about forty pounds, which he paid, and then brought an action for the recovery of the money and ten pounds additional for his own loss of two hours' time. The Judge expressed himself "astonished" that the company had resisted such a claim, and the jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for all he asked.

The village of St. Remy, near Metz, was destroyed during one of the many bloody battles that took place in the vicinity of that fortress. An old woman, a native of the place, was found on the ruins of one of the houses, sobbing frantically, and vowing by all that was holy to her that she would not leave the place. She was gray-haired, and 73 years of age, and so some of the Prussian soldiers took pity on her. They rebuilt the little cottage, thatched it with straw, gave her some soldiers' cloaks for a bedding, and provided her with other necessaries as much as was in their power. Every day she gets rations taken to her regularly by the enemies of her country. Such little traits of humanity give a refreshing variety to the many incidents of cruelty that are practiced on both sides.

Dead Letter Office.—The dead letter office is one of the most curiously interesting branches of the government, and the cause of it, or the necessity for such institution, is a mystery. It is impossible almost to conceive of the carelessness, stupidity, and ignorance by which more than 68,000 letters were intrusted to the post-office in a single year, for which no designation could be found, in consequence of inaccuracies, imperfections, and fatal omissions in direction—upward of 3,000 having no address whatever. And the mystery is the more remarkable when it is considered that these letters contained money to the amount of at least $100,000, in small sums generally, and checks, drafts, etc., to the amount of $3,000,000 more. This property was of course returned, or most of it, upon information obtained by opening and examining the letters at the dead letter office.

A good story is told about an old hunter who used to trap about Moosehead Lake, by the name of Ellis. His reputation as a great bear-hunter extended far and wide. Several years ago, when bear skins were very fashionable for sleigh robes, sportsmen about the lake in the fall would engage one of Ellis; and, as the old man was poor, would pay for it in advance. He had bargained for one in this way one year, and when the first snow came, started off with his gun and soon came upon Bruin's track. He ran all day without overtaking him, but camped upon his track that night, and early the next morning took up the scent and followed him all that day, with no better success than upon the previous day. The third day found his aged limbs quite stiff and sore; however, he made another start and ran till well nigh exhausted, when he came in sight of Bruin, who had stopped for a few moments' refreshment, but upon seeing his pursuer started off again at full speed. The old man took aim and fired; but Bruin didn't stop. Feeling too far gone to run another step, he shouts with all the energy of despair: "*You may run, but there ain't a hair on ye that belongs to ye, for I've sold your hide and got my pay for it.*"

Only a Shadow.

A story is told of a well-known gentleman who sometimes imbibes too freely of the ardent, going home late at night recently, and mistaking his shadow outlined on the front door for a man, he paused a little in surprise, and then lifting his hat very gracefully, bade him good evening.

"A very pleasant evening," said the gentleman.

No reply.

"This is my house, I believe," waving his hand.

The hand of the shadow went through the same graceful curve.

"I should like to get in, sir, if you'll stand aside;" but the shadow made no movement to let him pass.

The gentleman was evidently surprised. He repeated his desire to pass in, but the shadow remained still.

His wife, hearing her husband's voice, looked through the window blind, and seeing no one but himself asked why he didn't come in.

"So I would, my dear, but this gentleman"—pointing to the shadow—"insists on blocking up the door."

His wife quietly opened the door, remarking, "that was your shadow."

"Indeed," said the puzzled citizen, "well now, I thought he was a mighty fine looking fellow to be so impolite," and went in.

Whenever he shows a disposition to remain out late at night, his wife has only to remind him of the shadow on the door step to insure a speedy return.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

JACKY'S SOCK AND JENNIE'S STOCKING.

BY HELEN STANNARD.

'Twas Christmas eve—and from a chair
Near which sat mamma softly rocking;
Suspended hung, ill-mated pair,
Dear Jacky's sock—and Jennie's stocking.

The wee sma' sock, home-made and gray,
Was suited to the sturdy boot,
Which kept the winter's storms at bay,
And safely housed the dimpled foot.

The lassie's stocking, fine and new,
Came o'er the waves from sunny France;—
Around the stripes of varied hue
A prisoned rainbow seemed to dance.

The mother gazes at the twain,
As she still sits there softly rocking—
A mist of tears, like summer rain,
Hides Jacky's sock and Jennie's stocking.

"Oh, Father dear!" she softly prays,
"My darling children's feet e're guide.
Oh! lead them through the pleasant ways,
And keep them ever near Thy side."

Another prayer, as fervent quite,
Was wafted from the little bed,
Where, side by side, that self-same night,
With folded hands and upraised head,

The children asked their Dearest Friend,
(While 'neath their room mamma was rocking.)
"Dear Jesus! please Kriss Kringle send,
To fill up both our sock and stocking."

As if in answer to their prayer,
Mamma has ceased her steady rocking,
And lo! what curious changes are
In Jacky's sock—and Jennie's stocking.

From top to toe they're both swelled out
With queer-shaped bunches, odd and funny,
They surely cannot hold the gout—
It must be bon-bons sweet as honey.

The tiny sock, so short and small,
Is queerly pieced out from the toe,
Below which swings a rubber ball,
And top that's warranted to go.

Above the leg a whip sticks out—
A woolly dog looks calmly down,
Conjecturing what it's all about,
And whether he should bark or frown.

From out the stocking's top—see! peep
That joyous beaming little face—
A lovely doll! whose ringlets sweep
Far downward, with unconscious grace.

She's fenced around with little toys,
That glance out here and there—
Gay tokens of the Christmas Joys
Which good old Santa Claus doth bear.

The mother sits again to think—
Once more the chair is gently rocking—
The dog and dolly seem to wink
Cross Jacky's sock—and Jennie's stocking.
—*Bright Side.*

A NIGHT WITH SANTA CLAUS.

Not very long ago, and not very far from here, lived a little boy named Robby Morgan. Now I must tell at once how Robby looked, else how will you know him if you meet him in the street? And I assure you that the boy to whom such a wonderful thing happened is *worth* knowing. Blue-eyed was Rob, and fair-haired, and pug-nosed,—just the sweetest trifle, his mamma said; but that small nose had a story of its own to tell: "I know I'm only a mite of a nose on a mite of a boy, but I won't be snubbed by any of you long sharp fellows." If ever nose meant to do its whole duty through thick and thin, that little turn-up of Rob's did. There you have my hero's face, and as faces are but pictures of hearts,—until people grow up and teach their eyes and lips to tell wrong stories,—you may know about what kind of a boy Rob was. There was a world of mischief and pluck, of goodness and naughtiness, jumbled together in that little heart; but after all there was more *love* than anything else,—love for mamma and papa, Uncle George and—Santa Claus! Ah! now we have come to the story indeed! You know you often nibble away at the crust of a piece of cake, thinking "It isn't so very good after all," until all at once you bite into a raisin; so we have nibbled off the crust of my story, and here we are among the raisins! Santa Claus, childhood's blessed saint, to begin with!

Well, the day before Christmas, Rob thought it would be a fine thing to run down Main Street and see what was going on; so after dinner mamma put on his fur cap and bright scarf, and filled his pockets with crackers and cookies, telling him to be very polite to Santa Claus if he should happen to meet him.

Off he trotted, merry as a cricket, now a skip, now a slide, longing to turn a somerset in the snow, yet fearing that the Recording Angel, who keeps a sharp lookout on little boys at Christmas time, might pop out from a tree-box and convict him on the spot. At every corner he held his breath, half expecting to run into Santa himself; but nothing of the sort happened, and he soon found himself before the gay windows of a toy-shop.

There he saw a spring hobby-horse, as large as a Shetland pony, all saddled and bridled, too—lacking nothing, in fact, but a rider. Rob pressed his nose against the glass, and tried to imagine the feelings of a boy in that saddle. He might have stood there all day trying to conceive that bliss, had not a ragged little fellow pulled his coat, piping out, "Wouldn't you jist like that pop-gun, mebbe!"

"Catch me looking at pop-guns," said Rob, shortly, feeling that their very mention was an insult to the hobby-horse; but when he saw how tattered the boy's jacket was, he said more softly, "P'raps you'd like a cooky."

"Try me wunst," said the shrill little voice.

There was a queer lump in Rob's throat as he emptied one pocket of its cakes and thrust them into the dirty, eager hands. Then he marched down the street without so much as glancing at that glorious steed again.

Brighter and brighter grew the windows, more and more full of toys, till at last our boy stood, with open eyes and mouth, before a great store lighted from top to bottom, for it was growing dark. Rob came near taking off his cap and saying, "How do you do, sir?"

To whom? you ask; why, to an image of Santa Claus, the size of life, holding a Christmas-tree filled with wonderful fruit. It would have puzzled a painter to find colors as bright as Rob's eyes and cheeks were then. Soon a happy thought struck him: "Surely this must be Santa Claus' own store, where he comes to fill his basket with toys! What if I were to hide there and wait for him?" As I said, he was a brave little chap, so he walked straight into the store with the stream of big people. Everybody was busy; mammas were looking at playthings, papas were pulling out their purses, clerks were tying up parcels, and errand-boys were scampering to and fro as if they had lost their wits, and were bent on finding them. No one had time to look at our mite of a Rob. He tried in vain to find a quiet corner, till he caught sight of some winding stairs that led up to the next story. He crept up, scarcely daring to breathe till he reached the top.

What a fairy-land! Toys everywhere! Oceans of toys! Nothing but toys! excepting one happy little boy! This was the wholesale department.

Rob came nearer losing his wits than ever in his life before; and indeed I think such a playroom excuse enough. Think of fifty great rocking-horses in a pile; of whole flocks of woolly sheep and curly dogs, with the real bark in them; stacks of drums; regiments of soldiers armed to the teeth; companies of firemen drawing their hose-carts; no end of wheelbarrows and velocipedes!

Rob screwed his knuckles into his eyes, as a gentle hint that they had not better play him any tricks, and then stared with might and main.

The room was lighted just brightly enough to show its treasures, yet the far corners were so dim as to give quite a mysterious air to the baby-jumpers and great dolls, lying so stiff and still in rows upon the shelves. But what were those things across the room staring at him so fixedly? Nothing but masks, of course; he had played with one many a time at home, but that was quite different from facing such a host of those grinning, frowning faces. Their grimaces and scowls were meant for him, that was clear! All the big noses seemed to be snuffling at him with great relish, as giants always do before putting little boys in to roast, thought Rob. The jaws of a black bear especially had just opened to gobble him up. Altogether he was growing very uncomfortable when he thought he heard a footstep on the stairs, and fearing to be caught he hid behind a baby-wagon. No one came, however, and as he felt rather hungry, he took out the remaining cakes and had a fine supper.

Why didn't Santa Claus come?

Rob was really getting sleepy. The bustle below was only a faint murmur above, and so soothing that he stretched out his tired legs, and, turning one of the woolly sheep on its side, pillowed his curly head upon it. It was so nice to lie there, looking at the ceiling hung with toys, the faint hum of voices in his ears, and sleepily thinking that, if he cared to, he might jump up and mount the finest horse or beat the biggest drum in that great room. The blue eyes grew more and more heavy, the place took on a misty look, the sounds became fainter. Rob was fast asleep.

The evening wore on; papas and mammas were on their way home loaded with mysterious parcels. The clerks and errand boys, too, seized their caps and left the store in high glee—only one man stayed to guard it. He went up stairs to turn down the lights, but in his hurry did not notice the little boy so snugly stowed away behind the carts.

Midnight! The bells rang loud and clear, as if they had great news to tell the world. What noise is that besides the bells? And look, O look! who is that striding up the room with a great basket on his back? He has stolen his coat from a polar bear, and his cap, too, I declare! His boots are of red leather and reach to his knees. His coat and cap are trimmed with wreaths of holly, bright with scarlet berries.

Good sir, let us see your face,—why! it is the best part of him,—so round and so ruddy, such twinkling eyes and such a merry look about those dimples! But see his long white beard,—can he be old?

O, very, very old! eighteen hundred and seventy years! Is not that a long life, little ones? But he has a young heart,—this dear old man,—and a kind one. Can you guess his name? "Hurrah for Santa Claus!" Right!—the very one.

He put his basket down near Robby, and with his back turned to him shook the snow from his fur coat. Some of the flakes fell on Rob's face and roused him from his sleep. Opening his eyes, he saw the white figure, but did not stir or cry out. He knew him in a twinkling, though to his sleepy eyes he looked more like a nice plump angel than anything else. Very quiet he lay, not daring to speak a word lest the vision should vanish. But, bless his big heart! *he* had no idea of vanishing till his night's work was done. He took a large book from his pocket, opened to the first page, and looked at it very closely.

"Tommy Turner," was written at the top, and just below was a little map,—yes, there was Tommy's heart mapped out like a country. Part of the land was marked *good*, part of it *bad*; some of the people were called civilized and some savage. Here and there were little flags to point out places where battles had been fought during the year,—like the flags in the atlas, you know. Some of them were black, and some white; wherever a good feeling had won the fight there was a white one. Love and Hate had a dreadful tussel in Tommy's heart one day, but Love won the field, and Santa Claus in triumph reared a white flag on the very spot. In another place a black one showed where selfishness and generosity fought over an orange, but self—that wicked old general who kills and enslaves so many good impulses—carried off the orange. He had to pay roundly for it now, however, for Santa Claus shook his head grimly when his eye fell on it,—then he seemed to be counting.

"Tommy Turner," said he aloud,—"six white flags, three black; that leaves only three presents for Tommy; but we must see what can be done for him."

So he bustled about among the toys, and soon had a ball, a horse, and a Noah's ark tied up in a parcel, which he tossed into the basket.

Name after name was read off, some of them belonging to his little playmates, and you may be sure Rob listened with his heart in his mouth.

"Robby Morgan!" said Santa Claus.

In his excitement that small boy nearly upset the cart, but Santa was so busy with his map that he did not notice it.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven"—Rob's breath came very short—"*whites!*" He almost clapped his hands.

"One, two, three, *blacks!* Now I wonder what that little chap would like—here's a drum, a box of tools, a knife, and a menagerie. If he hadn't run away from school that day and then told a lie about it, I'd give him a rocking-horse."

Rob groaned in anguish of spirit.

"But bless him! he's a fine little fellow, and perhaps he will do better next year if I give him the horse."

That was too much for our boy. With a "hurrah!" he jumped up and turned a somerset right at Santa Claus's feet.

"Stars and stripes!" cried he; "what's this?"

"Come along, I'll show you the one," was the only answer Rob gave, tugging at the fur coat with all his might.

Santa Claus suffered himself to be led off to the pile of horses. You may believe that Rob's sharp eyes soon picked out the one with the longest tail and thickest mane.

"Well, he beats all the boys ever I saw, back to the year one! What shall I do with the little spy?" soliloquized Santa Claus.

"O dear Santa Claus!" cried Robby, hugging the red boots, "do just take me 'long with you; I'll stick tight when you slide down the chimbley."

"Yes, I guess you will stick tight—in the chimney, little man."

"I mean to your back," half sobbed Rob.

Santa Claus can't bear to see little folks in trouble, so he took the boy in his arms, and asked him where he wanted to go.

"To Tommy Turner's, and O you know that boy in the awful old jacket that likes pop-guns," was the breathless reply.

Of course he knew him, for he knows every boy and girl in Christendom; so a pop-gun was added to the medley of toys. Santa Claus then strapped Rob and the basket upon his back, and crept through an open window to a ladder he had placed there, down which he ran as nimbly as a squirrel.

The reindeers before the sledge were in a hurry to be off, and tinkled their silver bells right merrily. An instant more, and they were snugly tucked up in the white robes—an instant more, and they were flying like the wind over the snow.

Ah! Tommy's home. Santa Claus sprang out, placed the light ladder against the house, and before Rob could wink—a good fair wink—they were on the roof making for the chimney. Whether it swallowed him, or he swallowed it, is still a puzzle to Robby. He only had time to wonder, on the way down, if young avalanches felt so, taking their first slide.

Tommy lay sleeping in his little bed and dreaming, doubtless, of a merry Christmas, for his rosy mouth was puckered into something between a whistle and a smile. Rob longed to give him a friendly punch, but Santa Claus shook his head; so they filled his stocking and hurried away, for empty little stockings the world over were waiting for that generous hand.

On they sped again, never stopping until they came to a wretched little hovel with only a black pipe instead of a chimney sticking through the roof.

Rob thought, "Now I guess he'll *have* to give it up;" but no, he softly pushed the door open and stepped in. On a ragged cot lay the urchin to whom Robby had given the cookies. One of them, half-eaten, was still clutched in his hand. Santa Claus gently opened the other little fist and put the pop-gun in it.

"Give him my drum," whispered Rob, and Santa Claus without one word placed it near the rumpled head.

How swiftly they flew under the bright stars! How sweetly rang the bells!

When Santa Claus reined up at Robby's door he found his little comrade fast asleep; so he laid him tenderly in his crib, and drew off a stocking which he filled with the smaller toys; the rocking-horse he placed close to the crib, that Rob might mount him betimes on Christmas morning.

A kiss, and he was gone.

P. S.—Rob's mamma says it was all a dream, but he declares, indignantly, that "it's true as Fourth o' July!" and *I* prefer to take his word for it.—*Our Young Folks.*

STOCKING SONG.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Welcome, Christmas, heel and toe!
Here we wait thee in a row,
Come, good Santa Claus, we beg—
Fill us tightly, foot and leg.

Fill us quickly ere you go,
Fill us till we overflow,
That's the way; and leave us more
Heaped in piles upon the floor.

Little feet that ran all day
Twitch in dreams of merry play;
Little feet that jumped at will,
Lie all pink, and warm, and still.

See us! how we lightly swing;
Hear us! how we try to sing.
Welcome, Christmas, heel and toe!
Come and fill us ere you go!

Here we hang till some one nimbly
Jumps with treasure down the chimney—
Bless us! How he'll tickle us,
Funny old St. Nicholas!
—*Hearth and Home.*

What Will He Become.

This question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men. And, although there is no definite rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and works.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child is known by his work, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a *blockhead*.

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a *spendthrift*.

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a *miser*.

When you see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, you may rightly suppose that he will become a *drunkard*.

When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends and playmates, it is a sign that he will never be of much account.

When you see a boy looking out for himself and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

When you hear a boy using profane language, you may take it for a sign that he will become a wicked and profligate man.

When you see boys rude to each other, [illegible] able men.

When you see boys pouting and grumbling, when told to do anything, and always displeased when they have any work to perform, it is a sign that they will be good-for-nothing men.

But when you see boys that are kind and obliging to each other, obedient and respectful to their parents, attentive to their studies and duties, it is a sign that they will become good and useful men.

When you see a boy that loves his Bible, and is well acquainted with it, it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When you see a boy that stays away from theatres, grog-shops, ball-rooms and gambling houses, it is a sign that he will grow up a man in principle, knowledge and goodness.

When you see a boy practicing the virtues of morality and Christianity you may know that he will become an honor to himself and family, useful to his country, and the glory of his Maker.

Although great changes sometimes take place in the character, these signs, as a general rule, hold good.

A Mother's Love.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that has been bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother can bestow.

Mental Taxation a Cause of Dyspepsia.

Mental anxiety and pecuniary embarrassments, such as loss of property by fire, by failure in business, or by bad debts, and also domestic troubles, disappointed affections, and the loss, or the treachery, of friends, will frequently cause dyspepsia; too close, and too active intellectual labor is also a frequent cause. Editors, authors, and literary persons often engender dyspepsia in this way.

Much brain labor requires much blood at the brain, and an ever-working intellect uses up so much of both blood and nervous force that there is not enough remaining to do the work of digestion.

On the other hand, deranged digestion is sometimes produced by too little exercise of the brain. Persons are frequently met with who have been in active business life, and, having accumulated enough to satisfy their ambition, have retired from business. Now although the brains and bodies retire from active life, yet the poor stomachs very often have their tasks increased. If a man has been for a long time accustomed to eating heartily and working hard, either with body or brain, he had better not relax his working habits without at the same time having a corresponding relaxation in his habits of eating. "He who will not work neither shall he eat," is not only a Bible injunction, but a law of the human constitution, the disobedience of which is often attended with such derangements of digestion, and other bodily infirmities, as to render either property or life of but little value.—*Dr. Miller on Dyspepsia.*

New Remedies for Burns.

Two new remedies for burns are added to the long list. The first is charcoal. A piece of vegetable charcoal laid on a burn at once soothes the pain, says the *Gazette Medicale*, and if kept applied for an hour cures it completely. The second one is sulphate of iron. This was tried by M. Joel, in the Children's Hospital, Lausanne. In this case, a child, four years of age, had been extensively burnt, suppuration was abundant and so offensive that they ordered the child a tepid bath, containing a couple of pinches of sulphate of iron. This gave immediate relief to the pain, and being repeated twice a day—twenty minutes each bath—the suppuration decreased, lost its odor, and the child was soon convalescent.—*Medical Press and Circular.*