For what should I watch when the snow lies who the top of the distant hill?

For what should I listen when all is hush'd And when even the brook is still?

I wait for I know that my love will come.

On some errand of mercy bent,
And my lady's face will be glad and bright

With the charm of a sweet content.

So I wait for the crackle of trozen snow,
For a step that setteth my heart aglow,
For a voice whose music too well I know,
As my lady comes through the snow. As my lady comes through the snow

As my lady comes through the snow.

I know she will come, for the snow is hard
When it lies at the poor man's door,
And therefore my love with hor gentle heart
Thinks the rich should befalend the noor.
So not vairly shall I for her coming wait,
And perchance it may even be
My lady shall learn from to-day to own
That her pily should reach to me.
So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow,
For a voice whose music too well I know,
As my lady comes through the snow.

As my lady comes through the snow.

And then when she comes thro' the crisp white snow.

Will she meet me with glad surprise?

And then, shall I read what my heart would know in the gleam of her sweet blue eyes?

I know she will give me at least a smile,

And my heart in its light shall glow,

For love, in its warmth, can defy the cold,

And can laugh though the north winds blow.

So I wait for the crackle of frezen snow,

For a step that setted my heart azlow,

For a voice whose music too well I know,

As my lady comes through the snow.

A WOOING BY PROYY.

She is loaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown actusioned to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujen whom he loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salou as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He tells himself that it is for the last time. He tells himself that it is for the last time. He tells time to her presently and he knows in the proposed my plot," she replies with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and know that your love is worthy of my sister, that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Earling the proposed my plot, it is because I have watched you all these weeks and know that your love is not with one's heart that one pretends. Earling the proposed my plot, and he was all these weeks and know that your love is not with one's heart that one pretends. Earling the proposed my plot, and he was proposed my proposed my plot, and he was proposed my plot, and he was proposed my plot, and he was proposed my proposed my plot, and he was proposed my propose is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will sav and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten, he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Madame De Soule's commonplaces. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in re-turning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadils refused to receive me when I call upon her, or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I have regretted her, she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses, until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Madame de Miramon permit me a Madame de Miramon permit me a "Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not danc-

man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation—" she begins lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts,

eagerly.
"Nowhere, There is no need for serious
M. de Palissier," she conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtly, and rising, she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her,

and moves away.

It is all he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzely be-fore him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing, stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless. gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Madame de Miramon's slender white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sontimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectators.

ome one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to humself, and recognizes Lucillo de Beaujen, the young sister of Madam do Miramon, whom he re-members years ago as a child, and with whom o has dan al several times this winter. "And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks gayly.
"Do not tell me you have forgotten it. That evident enough, but you should not

"Mille pardons, madamoiselle," he mutters. I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mecoahically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still

time for you to get me an ice. So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly, and without pausing for a rapply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extricating him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a

man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike. The refreshment room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eatices with you that I have force."

Jeanne de aliramon's sister, who believes that much as sho loves her, you love her even

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasps both the gir's slender hands in his, as he murmurs unsteadily, "God biess you!"
"You forget that we have an audience, monsier," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep de but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I Palissier to his role, if he did not believe that have a story to tell you, and not much time to | in surrendering it he must give up the bitter

tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fixness to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each patience, but she may and marry you in defines and grooms, when he double, and shadows and marry you in defines a sixty of the shadows and marry you in defines a shadow of the shadows and shadows an

that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze

of ten African summers.

"I loved her always." he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his
sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You loved her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as your's and her husband's? Monsieur, my brother-in-law died two years ago-God is 50 good!" continues Lucille, fiercely, "Since then Jeanue has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm riously. which has come to her after such storms. She

fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell | the eyes which she knows are betraying her. Sho can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant; then, rising, abruptly walks away.
"It a des beaux yeux mon Dieu!" she thinks, with a thrill of wonder that Jeanne should have had the courage to refuse him should have had the ware young toanything in the days when they were young to-He comes back presently.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—I—"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne hus never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to ma." me."
"I? You? You are laughing at me!" with a

rush of color into his dark face.
"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asks softly.
"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I can ot imagine how—"
"Jeanne will not receive you because she

heard will not receive you because she knows her own heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaptered at all one, meetings and the present at all one, meetings. eron she must be present at all our meetings You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jezlousy; make her remem-

ber—make her regret."
"But, forgive, me, when one has loved a woman for ten; years," with a faint smile "there is no room in one's heart for even a protonse t loving another.'

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none

the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, how-over desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic cling to her new found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palisser's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the path she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile whose evnicism is as much for berself as for whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh, "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you, who have long ago ceased to regret him; and he is the best particles and tree help homme for his acc.

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Madame de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lovers' quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the reace she "Thanks, M. de l'alissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the
glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments
serious conversation?" . and this time the
tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenthcentury horror of melodrama can not keep a

"Thanks, M. de l'alissier, but I am not danclituter in her throat a sign of the reace she
talence and tone he expects.

"Hutter in her throat a sign of the reace she
talence and consesses? Thank God! she can
at least promise herself that whatever she may
suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.
There is the sound of wheels in the courtyard and she rises with a hasty glance at her
fair reflection in the mirror.

"Thanks, M. de l'alissier, but I am not danclituter in her throat a sign of the reace she
talence she can
at least promise herself that whatever she may
suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.
There is the sound of wheels in the courtyard and she rises with a hasty glance at her
fair reflection in the mirror.

air reflection in the mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs scornfully.
"I dare say I look an old woman beside Lu-Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open, and a ervant announces:

"M. le Marquise de Palissier." "Nothing could give me greater pleasure han to receive as my sister's suitor the old riend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She uttors her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and helds out her pretty hand to him.

To her surprise he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust him-self to touch calmly the hand he would have isked his life to kiss any time these ten years? "You are too good, Mudane," he replies vory low; and she reflects that he is of course a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I

trust, has changed me,"

"It would be sad indeed if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if were an eternity.
"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming nearer,

and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart,

"May I enter, my sister?" asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the por-tiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared she had been vesdropping.
De Palissier turns at once and presses her

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at our feet. Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry, and he with infinite zeal. And the chaperon bends over her lacegiven to her young sister in her unregarded presence. How is she to keep the peace she so prayed for, if her future is to be haunted by this ghost from the past? She is very patient society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, this ghost from the past? She is very patient with a look of earnestness very rare on her and used to suffering, but at length she can en-

with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright coquettish face.
"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mademoiselle Lucille..."
"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says gravely.
"Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly, "It has not occurred to me that Madame de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too is not occurred to me that Madame de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too is not occurred. The compassion is too is not occurred to me that Madame de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too is not occurred. The compassion is too is not occurred to me that Madame de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too. is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as leaves de alternace, in the speeches as the speeches as most young women, and think of me only as leaves de alternace, in the speeches as the speeches as most young women, and think of me only as leaves do alternace.

has been cold to me ever since year note came. You would make a charming jeune premier at the Francais, only when you do say anything very tender, do remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month has dragged by wretchedly enough, both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which, even in its screen indifference had become the one charm of life to him. Madam de Miramon and

and comes close to him. "I hate you!" she gasps, and, turning, gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house, swiftly followed by de Palissier. In the salon she faces him with a gesture of passionate pride.
"Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to

speak to me. He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and, like most men, being trium-phant, he is cruel.

phant, he is cruel.
"Why do you hate me," he asked, impe-"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping

You why?"

Sho can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just know it at last, I who have loved you all these loves.

years?"
"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from "But Lucille," she faiters, inoving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.
"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, my Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had which would never have succeeded if you had known your rister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—fi donc! When my day

"Like Alexander, I will reign, And I will reign alone." PLAYING SCHOOL,

Ding dong! Dolly school is fa, Hark! the lessons now begin: Keep all the publis there— Dollies nice and neat and fair, Fat and lean, short and tall, In a row against the wall. Lots of little teachers, too, Come to show them what to do.

"Now, Miss Wax, turn out your toes, Tell us how you snolled your nose.
Miss Rag, pray for once sit straight:
How came you to be so late?
Do, Miss China, sit down, dear;
Papa dolls, don't act so queer.
One when squeezed could say, 'Main-ma.
Smartest in the class, by far. Some will graduate next fall: Does your dolly ever go? Terms are very cheap, you know. Better take her there at once, Who would want a doll a dunce?

"Time is up!" the teachers shout: Ding dong! Dolly-school is out. THE SONG OF GOLD HEAD.

The little Gold Head was so "put out," Though none but herself knew what about, That she stood on the door-steps a while to po Ob, greedy little Gold Head!

"I had one tart, but I wanted two,
So I'll run away—that's what I'll do!"
And she found White-wool in the meadow dew
Cropping the clover red. The two were friends, and glad to meet. She cried: "Nan-nan, is the clover sweet? And can you have all you want to eat?" "Ba-a, ba-a-a!" he said.

TALES FOR TODDLERS.

Tambourine Don. There was a sound of music under the winlow. Two little children were looking out; their little noses were pressed against the "He is a dirty boy," said Jennie, looking at

"He is a dirty boy," said Jennie, looking at the player.

"Very, very dirty," said Daisy.
"I wonder if he has a mother."
"Opon the window and ask him."
The window would not epen. Daisy took papa's cane to push with. Jennie pushed too. Away went the cane through the glass. It fell down on the sidewalk.
The little girls began to cry. The tambourine player looked up and saw the little faces. He picked up the cane and ran up the steps. The servant opened the door. She said: "Get out; no beggars allowed at the front door."

"I am not a beggar; see the cane." "I am not a beggar; see the cane."
"How did you get master's cane?"
"It fell. The little girls know."
"Oh, let him in!" called Daisy.
"Come up, you nice little boy," said Jennie.
"Well, well, those children are always in

mischief," added the servant. The boy went up stairs. He had never seen such a fine house.
"What is your name?" asked the servant. "It is Don. "Have you a father?" said Daisy
"No, miss, he is long dead."
"Where do you live?"

'In Boston, miss.' "You don't look like a Boston boy." "I came from Italy, over the sea."
Then Daisy looked sharply at him. Jennie put her hand on his arm. It was so strange to

ce a little boy from over the sea.

When their mamma came home Don was here. The little girls sat on the sofa looking The nurse and the cook were there at him. too. Don played the tambourine for them.
The tunes were very queer.
Daisy's mother said he was a good boy to

return the cane; it cost a great deal of money. She was very kind to Don. Every Saturday he goes to the house and works for the lady. She pays him money, so he can buy shoes. When the children see him coming they say, "Oh, here comes our Tambourine Don!" Mollie and the Sparrows.

It was snowing very hard. The white flakes came tumbing down as though they were in a hurry to get there. The wind blew, and the air was very cold. But little Mollie did not care for the cold. She sat on the rug by the fire playing with her kitten.

Manima sat close beside her knitting, and

Mollie felt very warm and comfortable.

Pretty soon she heard a chirping. She ran to the window and looked out. On the roseframe, by the piazza, sat six pretty birds. The looked right in at the window at Mollie and did not seem at all afraid. Their feathers were ruffled by the wind. They drew up first one foot then the other under them, as if trying to get them warm. "Cheep, cheep, cheep," chirped the sparrows

looking at Mollie. "Dear little birdies!" said Mollie. "May they come in and get warm, mamma?"
"Their pretty feathers keep the cold out, but
they are hungry," said mamma.
"May I feed them, mamma?"

"Yes, Mollie; run and get a piece of bread."
Mollie soon brought the bread, which she
broke up into small bits. Then mamma raised the window softly and threw out the crumbs The birds all flew away.

"Keep very still, Mollic," said mamma; "they will soon come back."

Mollic stood by the window as still as a little

Soon the sparrows came fiying back. They looked first at the bread, then at Mollie. Finally they decided to eat their support. So they flew on the piazza and began picking up the crumbs very fast. Mollie clapped her hands, but they were too hungry to hear her. When they had eaten all the crumbs, they were tired. Then they went to sleep on the rose-frame with their heads under their wings. Mollie fed them every day until the snow was gone and there was planty for them to est. was plenty for them to eat.

Honor to Whom Honor Is Due. Under the above caption William J. Onahan writes to the Chicago Citizen relative to a re-ported interview with Miss Charlotte C. O'Brien, published in the New York Sun, in which the lady is made to say that the writer (Onahan) "worked the colonization scheme for Rishop Ireland." Onshan disclaims and such credit and says all honor is due the late Dillon O'Brien, of this city, whose noble share in the work was eloquently told by Bishop Ire-land in O'Brien's funeral sermon. The writer

to frustrate all attempts to introduce them. The Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht club, with an excellent meaning, have striven hard to make boat sailing popular by means of handicaps, and their attempt has failed in the most crushing manner. This ciub made the initial mistake of making handicaps the dominant feature instead handicaps the dominant feature instead of a subsidiary means of providing sport; the inevitable result was that men would not build new boats for handicaps, and the owners of the mediocrities soon discovered that the committee could not so handicap the good boats as to allow slow boats to win. The end of this has been that, although the club has a large number of resident members, none of them follow their proclivities for boat sailing by building as the system of the handicapping by building, as the system of the handicapping has taken away all zest or emulation for own ing a fast and weatherly boat."

THREE TROUBLES

Three carpets hung waving in the breeze,
Abroad in the breeze as the sun went down;
And thee husbands, with patches of dirt on their whacks that were heard for miles u Whacked

and down.

For men must work and women must clean,
And the carpets be beaten, no matter how m

While the neighbors do the bossing. Three housewives leaned out of their windows of their windows raised, where the light streamed in;
And they scrubbed and scrubbed, till their heads
grew dazed,
And their ears were filled with a horrible din.
For the pots will fall, and the kettles go bang,
And boilers refuse in the attic to hang,
While the husbands do the swearing.

Three husbands went out in the haymows to hide— In the haymows to hide, where their wives ne'er looked.
Each said, as he rolled himself o'er on his side,
"I guess I will snooze, for I know I am booked.
For men may swear, but women may dust;
And before I move that stove that I must
I'll stay right here till morning!"

Three judges sat on their benches to judge Three cases that came from a house-cleaning The parties asserted they never would budge,
But wanted divorces "right here and right
now."

now."
So the men went off, and the women went home.
And hereafter will do their house-cleaning alone,
While their former partners snicker, HOME AND HOUSEHOLD.

Christmas Presents. From this time forward until Christmas is over more or less attention must be given to the subjects of the gifts we make. I was an interested listener to a conversation which took place in a large store in a Western city last year. "Yes, it is hard," said one of the proprietors to two ladies, whose scalskins and diamonds denoted lives of what we might safely call comparative ease-"it is hard. Still, if you begin in time, and when you see what you vish, take it then, not waiting to be hurried or confused, why, you will get through the season quite comfortably." This really excellent advice may be appropriated by those of us who will not be able this year to give the dear ones in our homes the costly treasures of art, the books and pictures, and enticing bric-a-brac their souls and ours delight in-those of us

is that of from one to a box of delicately fine ones, with a 'cute little picture in outline-stitch worked in a corner. The pattorns for these pictures can be bought at any fancy store, and the materials for working. A more ambitious and expensive present is a large willow chair—not a rocking chair—but with deep, wide seat and high back and arms. This may be gilded or bronzed, with a shoulder cushion and a cushion for the seat made of "crazy" patchwork. Or it may be covered with two colors only. Divide the covering diagonally through the center, having part of it a yellowish cardinal, or terra cotta with blue is very handsome; and these covers may be of any material to suit the length of your purse. The shoulder cushion should reach across the chair but not be wider than is needed to comfortably

but not be wider than is needed to comfortably rest the shoulder against it; tie it to the frame of the chair with ribbon bows matching the covering. The first requirement is not so much a ten-der and juicy steak, though this is always to be devoutly desired, but a glowing bed of coals, a wire gridiron, a stout one, with good-sized wires, a double one, so that you can turn the steak without touching it. The steak should not be pounded, only in extreme cases, when it is cut too thick and is "stringy." Attempt nothing else when cooking the steak; have everything else ready for the table; the potutions and vegetables all in their respectives. everything else ready for the table; the pota-toes and vegetables all in their respective dishes in the warming-closet or oven, with the door left open a little way. From ten minutes onward is needed to cook the steak. The time must depend on the size, and you can easily tell by the color of the gravy which runs from the steak, when gently pressed with a knife, as to its condition. If the master of the house likes it 'rare done," when there is a suspicion of brown gravy with the red it will suspicion of brown gravy with the red, it will be safe to infer that it is done enough for him: as is generally the case, the next stage is the avorite one, remove the steak from the grid-ron the instant the gravy is wholly of a light rown. Remove it to a hot platter, pepper and ir taste, put on small lumps o outter, and then for two brief moments cove

t with a hot plate, the two moments being anficient to carry it to the table. One absolutely essential factor in the preparation of a good peefsteak is that it must be served at once Gossin from the Table. Fashionable dinner tables are lighted by candelabra on each side of the center-piece, or occasionally by a central cluster of branch occasionally by a central cluster of branch lights, which surmount a pair of vases, all springing from the same base. Usually the foundation is a mirror and the support the figure of a child or mythological subject.

Glasses for wines should indicate by shape or color the kind for which they are intended. Thus, a red glass is suitable for white wine; green for various kinds of Ishine wine, while of small size signifies sharry. Classet

white of small size signifies sherry. Claret classes are larger than port glasses, while those for champagne are thin in the stem and of Much amusement is derived at some popular

Much amusement is derived at some popular dinners from the cards which indicate the seats of guests. They are of endless variety, are often printed expressly to order, and contain witty allusions or satirical pictures. The newest are mounted upon ribbons of bright colors, about three inches wide, which are fringed out at the edges, and upon the center of which a resisting is either content of the content of of which a painting is either executed upon the material itself or upon tinted card. For a recent farewell bachelor dinner, on the eve of a wedding, such cards, made expressly to order by Tiffany, each one being roserved

or a special guest as a memento of the ion, cost \$3 apiece.
For hunting dinner floral decorations assume characteristic shapes, and a rabbit, hare or

form upon the table.

Beautiful little baskets are now in fashion as liqueur stands. Each contains four bottles while around the edges of the basket are twelve while around the edges of the basket are twelve httle books from which depend small square-shaped glasses. Usually bottles and stoppers are of different colors, while the little glasses correspond by having handles unlike the body of the glass.

Brandy and bitters are served in fashionable constraint upon a little tray of exercising people.

quarters upon a little tray of exquisite Bohe-mian glass. The set consists of large and mian glass. The set consists of large and small bottles, sugar bowl and two or three Coffee is presented to guests after dinner in the reception room upon a revolving tray. In this, the latest style, a little urn is in the cen-ter, from which the coffee is to be poured, and he sets imported from Minton are provided

with six, eight or twolve cups, cream jug, milk pitcher and sugar bowl. Upon the same principle 12 o'clock breakfast and 4 o'clock tes are served in bondoirs upon revolving tables. Sets of chins are made which serve either purpose, being provided with toast rack and muffin dish for use in the morning. while if intended for afternoon tea

hese articles are removed. The tables for these sets are in Queen Anne style, and the muffin dish fits into a round hole beneath the tea tray. Such sets of china comprise the requisite number of cups, a tea-pot, a tea-kettle (both in china), cream jug, milk pitcher and sugar bowl. By their use the attendance of a servant is dispensed with. Uni-

rersally popular in the best society in England, they are becoming somewhat general here and in Washington. Novel napkin rings are made of flowers, wired into shape and placed upon the semette. Although they serve no useful purpose, they are ornamental. The newest ice-cream plates are of Bohemian glase, with little handles. The shape is something between an oval and a square. Others are in china, cream-colored ground, with gift edges, in shape like a full-sized grape

leaf.

Single vases for each guest are no longer so popular as they were for dinner tables. The more fashionable style to-day is a central globe, either of deeply cut crystal or Bohemian ian glass, which rests upon a polished mirror. Some of these globes are mounted upon deep crystal trays, thus providing a second receptacle for the flowers. Four corner pieces are sold with he globes, either for a continuous design around the center or for the ends of

the table. In spite of the attempt to introduce color into table-cloth, preference in the highest cir-cles is still given to fine white damask, but occasionally the cloths are trimmed with lace edging.

Exquisite dessert plates are in the rich-est Dresden chius, with deep-toned centers

and open-worked edges. The designs are so beautiful that doylies are not used with

Very pictty pieces of glass are now in the eading stores for "odd" pieces on a dinner table. They are in Sevres glass, amber or blue

table. They are in severe glass, amber of blue in color, and are enameled in raised designs or gilt in relief. The shapes are specially novel and attarctive.

For gentlemen's dinner parties menu cards painted by hand are in vogue, representing some very realistic part of the preparations for the entertainment. Upon one the cook in cap and apron is tossing a paneake, on another cap and apron is tossing a pancake, on anothe the butler has just drawn a cork, and so on through the series. For ordinary dinners menu cards are upon tinted bristol board, and the latest style is to have a vignette on one corner, date and place of entertainment occu-pying the other. This is on single cards, but those referred to above are double, and are in-tended to be laid opposite the plate of the

Some very fashionable people dispense with flowers at the dinner table entirely. In fact, they are altogether less in favor for festive occasions than they were probably because they are so much in request at interments.

Elegant Frames. Elegant frames for the bevelled mirrors so much in vogue just now are made of velvet or plush. A beautiful one recently made for a wedding gift was of crimson velvet. The glass vas to be hung diagonally, and at the lower corner was a bouquet—if so simple an arrange-ment of flowers could be called a bouquet—of me rose and four buds and a few leaves; these were embroidered with ribbon and chenille, were embroidered with ribbon and chemile, and so gracefully were they placed there that the effect was as if they had just been gathered and dropped there. Another very handsome frame is covered with shaded olive plush, with delicate sprays of arbutus embroidered with chemille and silk on it. The embroidery on these frames, which are so lovely without decoration is roticeably simple, but it is decoration, is noticeably simple, but it is wrought with such delicacy and such fidelity to nature that it may well be called a work of

Kitchen Keramics. If the Thanksgiving turkey was stuffed in the orthodox and old-time way, variety may be given to the Christmas turkey by making the dressing after these directions, which no cook can read without applauding: For a turkey weighing from eight to ten pounds, allow one loaf of state baker's bread, one quart of oysters on a lower two roots of colors and ters, one lemon, two roots of celery, and one-quarter of a pound of butter. It is taken for granted that the turkey is thoroughly cleaned their souls and ours delight in—those of us who must confine the expressions of our love to the modest gifts of single volumes, of pocket handkerchiefs, and of trifles light as air, and yet weighed down with good wishes. Apropos of handkerchiefs, a gift to be appreciated by almost any gentleman is that of from one to a box of delicately fine ones, with a 'cute little picture in outline-stitch worked in a corner. The patterns for these pictures can be bought at any fancy store, and the materials for working. A more ambitious and expensive present is a large willow chair—not a rocking chair—but with deep, wide seat and high back and arms. This may be gilded or bronzed, with a shoulder cushion and a cushion for the seat made of "crazy" patchwork. Or it may be covered with two colors only. Divide the covering diagonally through the center, having part of it a yellowish cardinal, or terra cotta with blue is very hand, some; and these covers may be of any mate—

Pare smoothly half a dozen good-sized tart apples, scoop out the cores; boil the apples in sugar and water until they are soft enough to be pierced with a broom-splint, but be careful to have them keep their shape. When you cut out the cores, cut out a little less than one-third of the apple, separate it from the core, and after stowing it, mix it with some cold boiled rice, the yolks of two eggs, sugar and spice to suit your taste. When the apples are done, fill the centers of the apples with the rice, etc.; beat the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth, adding the two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar as you beat them; put asponful of this ou the top of each apple, and sond ugar and water until they are soft enough to ful of this ou the top of each apple, and send to the table. These are delicious, either warm or cold.

Here is a recipe for a "hard times pudding:" Haif a pint of molasses, half a pint of water, two teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt. Thicken with flour enough to make a batter about like that for a cup-cake. Put this in a pudding-bag, or a pudding-boiler; allow room to rise. It would be safe to have the pudding-bag about half full of the batter. Let this boil steadily for three hours. Sauce to serve with it is made thus: Mix two teaspoonfuls of either white or brown sugar with lump of butter the size of a butternut; a little salt, and one large spoonful of flour should be mixed with the butter and sugar. When free from lumps pour boiling water slowly over it, stirring all the time. Let it boil up once or twice to make it of the desired thick-

Coffee-cakes for breakfast are made by beatng three eggs very light, and adding two cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, or, if you prefer, spoonfuls of cream of tartar, or, if you prefer, use two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder; the cakes are not so likely to dry soon if the soda and cream of tartar are used. Make a stiff dough by kneading in sifted flour, then roll it out to about half an inch in thickness, sift ground cunamon and a little powdered sugar over it, roll it up as if for jelly-rolls, and out off silvers but an inch thick in increment. cut off slices balf an inch thick, dip in granulated sugar, and bake in a tin which yo irst buttered weil and then scattered flour

A good plain fruit pudding is made of one cun of sugar, half a cup of butter, and two eggs. Beat them all together, then add a cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water and stirred in the milk, three cups of flour, and one cup of raisins; add spice to suit your taste; a little mace is a favorite flavoring with some cooks for this pudding. Put in a pudding dish and steam for two hours. Servo with wilding sauce. Take pains to leave no lumps of flour in the batter. If simple and commouplace dishes are made with care they are often more acceptable than many more elaborate dishes carelessly thrown down together.

A unique ornament for the corner of a room is made by procuring a well seasoned board, about three feet and a half long and eighteen nches wide. This is to be covered with dovecolored felt, on which is embroidered in crew-eils a bunch of cat tails and grasses. The effect to be sought in arranging the group is that of their being laid upon the board when freshly gathered. There must be no stiffness in the arrangement; the grasses and weeds must be of unequal lengths, some of them reaching quite to the top of the board, and all uniting at the bottom as if dropped from the hand. This may be placed in any graceful position in the corner of the room.

boiling milk over two teacups of sifted Indian meal; stir it vigorously; when it is cool add two cups of wheat flour, one cup of butter (or two-thirds of a cup if you do not care to have them rich), one cup and a half of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of nutmeg or cinnamon. Let this rise till very light, If not stiff enough to roll two-thirds of a cup if you do not care to have them rich, one cup and a half of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of nutmeg or cinnamon. Let this rise till very light, If not stiff enough to roll two-thirds of the powder it becomes that there must well, add equal quantities of meal and flour, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a sheet about half an inch thek, roll out in a special God. and cut in small diamond-shaped cakes. Fry

n very hot lard. Salmon served with lebster sauce is considred delectable by the epicare. If the salmon is fresh, boil it until it is tender, wrapping it n a cloth. If canned salmon is used, heat it to he boiling point in the can, then drain the oil rom it, and pour the sauce over it. To make the sauce: To two tablespoonfuls of butter allow one heaping one of flour. Stir them together till soft, then add a pint of a water or of stock if not too rich; let it simmer gently. When the sauce begins to whiten add two tablespoonuls of lobster meat, picked very fine, pepper

and sait, and lemon juice to taste.

Buckwheat cakes with Indian meal added are recommended as a pleasant change from the plain buckwheat: To one pound of buck-wheat flour allow half a pound of Indian mea-(sift the meal before weighing); before wetting them mix thoroughly together. One small cup of freeh, lively yeast should be mixed with wa-ter. Make a batter of the usual consistency. Mix the batter about 9 o'clock in the evening; lace it where it will be warm enough to rise slowly. If too thick in the morning to drop easily from the spoon, thin the batter with a little warm water. If too thin, stir in a little more buckwheat flour.

There are a great many times when a glue-pot in the house is a "well-spring of pleasure," and is an economical investment, especially when of the kind here described: Buy at a tin shop one small tin cub, costing 5 cents, and a large one, costing about 10 cents, in which the smaller can be set; 5 or 6 cents' worth of fine will mend a great many broken aricles or will fasten things that have become unglued. Put the glue in the small cup with a little water; put

JUSTICE AND LOVE.

From out a mystic cloud of deepest gloom, Upon a desert mountain's butting hight, Issued the awful voice of sovereign Might. From out the dimness of a human tomb, That fatal witness unto mortal's doom, Shone forth the rays of love that hath no night Like snows when mentied in the tey light
What time the arctic sunbeams o'er them loom,
We see the scroll of Sinai's law unrolled: We see the scroll of Bina's naw unrolled, But like the dazzling glow of virgin gold, When orient rays salute it at their birth, Behold the flat of the holy dove— The merging of God's infinite law on earth In God's eternal law of joy and love.

FOR RELIGIOUS REFLECTION.

Beecher's Strong Inclining to Evolution

New York Herald: Mr. Beecher, after reading

is text yesterday morning, announced that the ermon he was about to preach was the first of

series (not necessarily consecutive), the sim of which was to show that what is called advanced theology among Christian laymen and ministers informs itself with the very innermost spirit and genius of sacred Scriptures. He proposed to do this for his own sake, that e might be heard; for his church's sake, because there exists, he said, between every pastor and his people a kind of obligation of nonor that they show know what it is that he believes and that he is teaching to them and their children. He would do it also for the sake of a multitude of ministers that were perplexed in their beliefs; that could not quite keep on in the old ways of theology, yet could not accept the new, and who therefore hang between all winds, going neither one way nor the other. He did it also as a reply to those who say that Plymouth church and its those who say that Plymouth church and its pastor have wandered away from the truth. He had seen letters asking whether he believed in the immortality of the soul, and letters were being sent to his friends to know whether he believed in a personal God. The fools, said Mr. Beecher, bitterly, not only seem to be not all dead yet, but they seem to be multiplying. How long, he continued, angrily, must a many preach how widely must a many a preach how widely must a many a preach in preach, how widely must a man's preaching be printed and distributed before men will un-derstand the least thing of the substance of his doctrine and the testimony of his life? The his doctrine and the testimony of his life? The text of his sermon, he said, might be summed up to mean this: Power is the test of theology. A theology that had no power upon human life and human nature was not a Christian theology, and this was the test of all views that were new or advanced. A theology that could do nothing for men was no better than idolatry. Paul excluded from his ministry. better than idolatry. Paul excluded from his ministry all personal elements, eloquence, graces—all external things—and appeared altogether to the moral consciousness of men. He determined to preach "only Christ and him crucified." He presented principally that view of God which was chiefly manifested in Christ Jesus—that is, of suffering love. Mr. Beecher cited numerous passages to show that Paul decited numerous passages to show that Paul de-pended upon the power that inhered in the sub-stance of his teachings, upon the truths he preached, and not upon any embellishments they derived from his education or his philosothey derived from his education or his philosophy or his poetic temperament. The object of all preaching was, first, to convince men of sin; second, to convert men; third, to change them from glory to glory as the saints of God and heirs of immortality, and then in the fullness of that nature making them the benefactors of mankind, the saviors of the human race.

The advanced thinkers with whom Mr. Beecher avowed himself in accord were those who were in sympathy with the great ends that the church had always sought, but who insisted that there are now better implements with

the church had always sought, but who insisted that there are now better implements with which to work than the fathers taught, just as there are now better implements with which to till the soil, although the principles of agriculture remain unchanged. He proceeded to inquire what was the view of the modern school upon the subject of the sinfulness of man, observing that according to test if the modern electrical did men good it would stand. Before doctrine did men good it would stand. Before Darwin was thought of Paul had been a Dar-winian and taught that man was an animal, and that upon the animal there was superimposed a spiritual man. Paul was a seer, and had seized a conclusion which science was reaching only now. Mr. Beecher briefly outlined the doctrines of advanced scientists on the subject of evolution as he understood them. If the pedigree of a pine and an oak tree were to be traced step by step, the point at which they first diverged would be found in the mosses twenty generations back, and so it was with the animal kingdom. The teaching of the scientific school was that going back along the line of development, they would reach on the ever-diverging that upon the animal there was superimposed mont, they would reach on the ever-diverging stem a point where the man and the ape line were together, and that on the one side the ape developed toward the left, growing more to muscle and bone; while on the right, man di-verged, growing afterward to brain and nervous system, and so on, diverging from the ape, but coming from something back of him You are not worthy of such an ancestor as the ape," said Mr. Beecher, "though many seem to return to that type." [Smiles.] Along that line man came up, and Ismise. I along that line man came up, and then under development of great natural laws reason began to enlarge its sphere, and then came the affections, and the sensibilities, and the moral sense. Mr. Beecher would not undertake to say that all this was proved. It was hypothesis. A hypothesis was simply a scientific sagacious guess, but if it answered all the difficulties that could be applied to it then the difficulties that could be applied to it, then the

hypothesis was accepted as a truth. If one found a tree hewn down with an ax lying by it, and footprints visible around the spot, he would be willing to swear that a man had been there, but as he had not seen the man had been there, but as he had not seen the man he could not prove it, and it would only be hypothesis. "I say," continued Mr. Beecher, "that the theory of the development of man from the lower life, while I do not say I absolutely believe it, I do say I very strongly incline to; but I say that this evolution of man from the lower animals is instance, so existent with the detering animals is just as consistent with the doctrine of God as manifested in creation as is the other and regnant theory. God creates; but how? Did man unfold like the vegetable and the animal and the very inorganic kingdom? Does he march with the analogies of all known things in God's creation? If he does it clears away a great many doubts and difficulties and shows a line that may become a great power for the conviction of sin in men than any other view that has been held." This question, the speaker said, which so agitated the scientific and moral world, was one that was presented in

every household.

When the babe was born it was nothing on earth but an animal, and a very poor one. If it were not for the potentialities we should see that position in the corner of the room.

Indian-meal crullers are good with coffee; to make them pour one and a half teacups of boiling milk ever two teacups of sifted Indian meal; stir it vigorously; when it is cool and two cups of wheat flour, one cup of butter (or two-thirds of a cup if you do not care to have physical globe. Because one doesn't believe that when a new soul is created God takes down a soul from the shelf, like an apothecary, and says, "Go down into that body," it does not follow that he is an atheist. The more the process of the unfolding of the rose is studied the more impossible does atheism become in my opinion. An architect commissioned to build a house may not put his own hand upon the work. He sends for the mason and the carpenter and all the other artisans and instructs each to do a part. Yet the architect builds that house. So God sends all manner of laws here, there and elsewhere and they fulfill his will finally.

Mr. Beecher ridiculed the doctrine that because two inexperienced children placed in

Eden and exposed to the temptation of a cun-ning foe trangressed a law of God billions of men would be created by Him afterward, and hat he should curse every one of them. For his own part, Mr. Beecher thought that the pair should have been simply spanked and sent to bed, like children who offend their parents. Of the doctrine of everlasting punishment, he said that reason calls upon a man to stand up, if he were to be damned for it, and say: '1' won't believe any such thing." Not one minister in 500, he said, now dares to preach the doctrine of hell fully, as it need to be preached, and as it is laid down in their books. Mr. Beecher denied that every trans-gression of God's law is a sin. A thousand times those laws were transgressed through ignorance. Generically he held that sin con-sisted in a man's permitting his lower animal appetites and passions to usurp the place of reason, the affections, and the moral sense. In a general way, sin was the conflict between the lower man and the spiritual man. Mr. the glue in the small cup with a little water; put though a water in the larger one and set the glue-cup in it; in a few minutes the glue will melt and be ready for use.

Do not put soap in the water with which you wash the glass on your burean; wash it with clear water with a seft cloth; then polish it with a piece of chamois skin. This removes lint and makes the glass shine.

The lower man and the spiritual man. Mr. Beecher upon this basis, argued that men could more readily be induced to reform their lives and put down their lower natures than by the old doctrines. There were no delusions in this advanced preaching. When a preacher told more readily be induced to reform their lives and put down their lower natures than by the old doctrines. There were no delusions in this advanced preaching. When a preacher told more readily be induced to reform their lives and put down their lower natures than by the old doctrines. There were no delusions in this advanced in the face, as they ought to. This new doctrine was going to throw a flood of light upon the methods of God, and was going to the face of the face

cause two inexperienced children placed in

give a power to the preaching of the gorpel which it never had before.

Droppings from the Se

Proppings from the Seneture?

Yes, I'll await shy coming,
Be it morning, neon or night;
I will list with the heart of a watcher
Whose master may come in sight:
And the door shall be a ways open,
For fear that I, in my sleep,
May wake too late to open it
When I hear my Master's feet.
So I wait for the time I know not
When my Master's work is done;
I only know that he bids me "watch,"
And says, "I will surely come."

The whole amount contributed by the
churches of this country annually for benerolent and congregational purposes is \$106.
962,000. Of this large sum the amount collected for purely benevolent purposes is \$31,lected for purely benevolent purposes is \$31,-339,140. The amount contributed for church purposes, meaning thereby the maintenance of the church, sustaining the ministry, etc., is 875 352 866

There are now between 300 and 400 Caristian schools in China, coptaining over 6,000 pupils. A Presbyterian lady missionary, mentioning this phase of Christian work, claims that through the agency of these schools "be-fore many years, if the church be faithful to her trust, the whole Chinese empire will be full of light." Father Marshall offered the installing prayer

at Dr. Benjamin Wooster's settlement in Fairfield, Vt. It is said that this petition oscurred in the prayer: "O. Lord, bless Brother Wooster! Give him wisdom, give him dis-cretion; for, O Lord, thou knowest he will take a sledge hammer to knock a fly off a man's nose when a feather would do a great deal bet-ter."

A preacher, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with amazement to see his rude boy in the gallery politing his hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hope-ful cried out: "You 'tend to your preaching, daddy; I'll keep them awake!"

A famous north country clergyman, whilst preaching a few Sundays since from the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep," stopped in the middle of the discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation, and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a large portion of my auditory." A Sabbath school teacher had a class of little

girls, and was telling them how the heathen mothers threw their babies into the Ganges. "And what do you think they do that for?" she saked a bright little girl of four years, who was intently listening. "O, I s'pose the mothers want to see if they can swim," answered the little girl. The great evangelizing work among the Tele-

goos of Southern India still continues. Mr. Clough, the missionary of the Baptist union, made two long preaching tours early in the year, and visited the newly-formed churches. In the first three years he baptised 1,500 per-The Rev. Dr. Laurie, formerly a missionary

of the American board in Syria, recently read a paper before the ministers' meeting in Bos-ton, in which he took the ground that there never was a wine that was not intoxicating An English essayist writes: "Mr. Moody's evangelistic campaign will not be forgotten while Scotland stands." He regards Mr. Moody's work in that country as one of the greatest events in the history of Christianity.

The Episcopalians of New York are moving to raise a church-building fund of \$1,000,000. Hon. Hamilton Fish, Cornelius Vanderbii, F. S. Winston and other prominent men are actively engaged in the effort. Two native evangelists of Hawaii, who are called the "Moody and Sankey of the Sandwich Islands," are preaching the gospel in the realms of Kalakana with much success. The native Christians of Madagascar have

given a \$1,000,000 during the last ten years

or the spread of the gospel. Again the False Prophet. A New York World letter from Alexandria says: The false prophet, El Modhi, is the notorious slave dealer, Modhi, is the notorious slave dealer, Hadji Zecky, who for the last twenty-five years has devastated the whole of Upper Egypt and the greater part of Barbary and Nubia, and who, notwithstanding the efforts of Sir Samuel Baker and Col. Gordon (Chinese Gordon) to capture him, has always contrived to escapa. He is enormously wealthy, those who know him saying that he is the richest man in Africa, while in courage and cruelty he can hardly be surpassed.

Born of Arabian parents of the Bedwatribe, he was taken prisoner when only a boy.

tribe, he was taken prisoner when only a boy, and was sold to a Barbarian sheik or chief, who was engaged in the slave trade on the Upper Nile. He secured his liberty by murdering his master, and then engaged in the slave trade himself, in which he was remarkably successful. He visited village after village, and even small cities, capturing all the inhabitants, carrying into bondage the young of both sexes, and allowing the Haish to feast upon the very young children and old villagers. He then made his victims carry anything of value found in their huts, and should there not be loads enough for all his slaves, he would go to the large fairs and buy vory, gums, gold dust, skins and other merichandise with which to lead his slaves, and which he sold at an enormous profit at Soukin and Messawha. It has been calculated that during the last five years he has destroyed over 2,000 villages and has sold nearly \$0,000 human beings to the only too ready purchasers who always frequent the African coast of the Red Sea with their dhows, which ed in the coast of the Red Sea with their dhows, which they load with the men, women and children they buy. It must not be supposed that the false prophet is the only person engaged in this dreadful trade; an the contrary, the this dreadful trade; an the contrary, the kidnappers are very numerous and very wealthy, but they all acknowledge Hadji Zecky as their chief, and he arranges the route each manrauding company must take. Two years ago, Gessi Pashi, an Italian noble, who was at one time Col. Gordon's lieutenant, and was left by him in the Soudan, not only gained a victory over the false prophet's forces, but actually captured that worthy and sent him to Cairo to be tried, but ten days after the false prophet left Khartoum in chains, he gave the officer in whose custody he was, an enormous sum (as much as \$250,000 has been mentioned) and was allowed to escaps. Shortly after this the false prophet surrounded 6,000 Egyptian troops at Kardofan, above the White Nile, half of whom he massacred, carrying the remainder to Abyssinia, and there selling them as slaves. He is now enormously wealthy, and, being followed by a large force a large force to the Calenbate. and there selling them as slaves. He is now enormously wealthy, and, being followed by a large force, lays claim to the Calonhate, maintaining that he is the prophet. His tactics are very similar to those Mohomet himself practiced before he was universally acknowledged, and finding that the Egyptians were engaged in a war with England, thought this an opportune moment to advance his claims.

New York Letter: The day is bright and beautiful, the sun shining strong, and the air bracingly cool; just enough winter in it to make brisk walking a pleasure, and enough of Indian summer about it to make a thick top-coat a burden. Just as I turned the corner of Twenty-third street, as I was looking magnificent display of flowers in a window eye fell upon the figure of a well-known man, and yet a man who walks entire blocks man, and yet a man who walks entire blocks in this great metropolis unrecognized save now and then by a casual passer. Ten years ago his name was on every lip. He has shown how much stronger thousands are than hunhis name was on every lip. He has shown how much stronger thousands are than hundreds, how much more potent dollars are than cents, how much more potent dollars are than cents, how much more comfortable underclothes and overcoats are than shivering skins, how much more pleasant roast beof and hot coffee, daily, are in the tented field, than cold potatoes and frozen turnips. He has been twice president of the United States, and it is not his fault that he was not made president the third time. The man is Gen. Grant. Short, stout, stardy, ruddy in face, and apparently good for twonty-five or thirty years to come. What will be his fame a quarter of a century bence? How will his contest with Lee in the Wilderness be regarded by careful students of fact, when the prejudices, pro and con, of political life are relegated to the background of history? Of oourse we all remember Grant's slouch hat, perpetual cigar, and peculiar gait; but those are things of the past. Rich now beyond the dream of his most ambitions fancies, largely interested in affairs of moment, in daily contact and nightly intercourse with men of talent and of financial brain, he finds it necessary to conform himself more to the dietates of customary guiss. He wears a high silk hat, fashionably-cut overcout, and neatly-blacked boots. His beard is more carefully trimmed, his mustache is lined a la mode, and he bears himself modestly as he passes along the street. I recall the time when his presence would have attracted the attention of thousands of people, who would have cheered him to the sche and followed him for miles. Now, as I have said. attracted the attention of thousands of people, who would have cheered him to the scho and followed him for miles. Now, as I have eaid, it is rare that his coantenance attracts the eye of one who knows him.