THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS

The Way Victoria of England Spends the 25th of December.

She Has a Scotch Tree, English Mutton, Belgian Wine, a German Cake, and Congratulations.

London, Dec. 10.—There is really but one day in the year when Queen Victoria does absolutely no work at all. Even on Sundays she spends an hour or two at her desk, pen in hand, or has one of her secretaries read any papers, dispatches or letters of importance aloud to her, but the 25th day of December is an absolute holiday for her majesty. The only labors of that day is the rather pleasant task of answering telegrams of good wishes and greetings that come to her from all parts of the globe.

Long before the court leaves Balmoral to go down to Osborne house on the Isle of Wight, where Christmas for the last fifteen years has been passed, the Queen drives out to the Christmas tree grove. Here grows a famous clump of firs of which two are selected, one to be sent to Sandringham to the Prince of Wales. The other goes to Osborne, and when the trees are cut down two new, fine specimens are put in their place.

Literally all the year round Queen Victoria works at her Christmas list. There are something like a thousand names set down on it, and nearly every year adds a grandson or great-grandchildren or two.

In the spirit of generosity, the Queen believes in remembering all her relatives and dependents, from the heir apparent to her last scullery maid. In the spirit of economy, she also believes in not pampering either her domestics or royal kinspeople with extravagant gifts, so that to nearly every individual whose name appears on her list some hand and home-made useful present goes.

Because she is an expert knitter, can crochet admirably and embroider very well, she gives to her nearest and dearest all manner of small comforts worked herself. Silly little tablecloths, doylies, etc., are not in her line, but a royal duke is likely to get a pair of yara golf stockings; to an empress niece often goes a stout underskirt, knitted in red and blue wools, and a pair of good linen pillow cases, marked boldly and plainly, and the letter A is apt to be found in the stockings of the future Queen of Great Britain.

As for the others, the favorite cottagers, the faithful servants, etc., the ladies in waiting make their gifts which are presented with the Queen's good wishes. No lady, for this reason, attends on the Queen who is not an expert needlewoman, and, furthermore, faithful in the use of her bright little tool.

Down at Osborne the royal high jinks are conducted on a very decorous plan. The Queen avoids garish, extravagant celebration, such as the household at Sandringham lean toward. The Queen's tree is not illuminated with electricity, the day made hideous with a rattle of firecrackers and special pyrotechnics, an aldermanic feast and a dance at night. The whole ceremony is conducted on the German plan rather, and the older she grows the less noise and display the royal lady likes to have around her. Usually the Albanys, the Battenbergs and Princess Christian only go down to Osborne, along with their boys and girls, and one single tree, candle-lighted and dressed by Princess Beatrice, is enjoyed by the entire household, servants and all.

Fond as she is of giving her little, and it must be confessed, rather ugly, hand-wrought presents, the Queen has almost an aversion to receiving gifts, especially those that are big, expensive, and very like the thousand or more objects of beauty or value that she has been receiving all her life, and with which all her palaces are stored. Economical herself, she strangely enough admires sensible frugality in others.

It is no secret that Victoria looks with far more approval on the big hamper of game and sweetmeats sent her every Christmas from her imperial grandson William, in Berlin, than the jewels and fur and priceless mosaics and enamels that come to her from her relatives in St. Petersburg. Most of all her gifts last year she enjoyed a little iced cake that came in the German hamper. It had been compounded and cooked, that little cake, by Emperor William's only daughter, and after it was formally cut by the queen and passed around as the cake of honor at the Christmas dinner, a piece was sent the head cook of the palace, with a request that he would pass officially and impartially on its merits.

Besides this hamper, the Prince of Wales always sends his mother her Christmas mutton, and the king of Belgium contributes some rare old wines, and the duke of Norfolk sends wonderful holly and mistletoe from his forests. Christmas day at Osborne goes as quietly as in any modest American household. On the evening of the 24th the tree is displayed, and the Queen never sees it until every candle is bright, and then the youngest grandchild present leads her in to a big chair beside it. The family sing songs, German fashion, around the tree, a band of singers waits outside, really the capitally trained choir boys of Whippingham church, sing many old-fashioned carols, and are given a fine supper for their pains, and the servants come in to view the tree and greet their mistress.

The servants in her majesty's employ are not permitted to offer gifts to members of the royal family; so, in return for the substantial tips and warm socks or petticoats, they receive, one of their number is usually selected to make the Queen a little speech, and on special occasions, such as the Christmas of her diamond jubilee year, their tribute of good wishes and gratitude is engrossed on an illuminated scroll, to be given her Christmas eve, as on the occasion of the golden jubilee.

According to the sensible German custom, the small boys and girls of the royal family are never loaded with extravagant toys or French bonbons. A bag of simple sweets is put in every stocking, for none but little sugar-topped cakes are presented on the tree, and the toys invariably chosen and given by the Queen would astound a pampered American child—inexpensive horns and balls, toy watches, and the least luxurious whips, tops and china-headed dolls dangle from the boughs.

But if the Queen is rather severe in this respect she is absolutely indulgent in another. No amount of wholesome noise and frolicking is frowned upon or forbidden on Christmas Day, and the aged head of an empire on which the sun never sets will give an hour out of her Christmas day to show a tiny granddaughter how to get the best results out of a tin kitchen, or evolve quite a royal blast from a noisy tin horn for a persistent little duke, who insists that grandmama must show him how.

What the Queen dearly loves is a congratulatory telegram, and on Christmas Day she personally dictates answers to those that are opened and read to her after breakfast. A graceful telegram excites her admiration, and no happily-expressed greeting is ever thrown away. Into a big book those that receive her special favor are pasted, and she is proud of her own clear, brief, all-embracing style of answering or sending good wishes. On Christmas morning all of her family connection send by wire the salutations of the day, the heads of the government do the same, from all parts of the world, so that often an hour is spent in merely hearing them read.

In for Christmas dinner there are special friends of the Queen, residents of the isle of Wight, invariably invited, and, save for the great number of servants and the ceremony observed, this meal differs very slightly from that followed at any one of thousands of such dinners eaten on the 25th of this month in the United States.

The Queen comes in to dinner always on the arm of her Indian servant, and at the moment for dessert, which on Christmas day is invariably a huge plum pudding, the children are admitted. This pudding, by the way, is always molded, for the children's edification, in some strange form, usually that of a boar's head, with cherry eyes, white sugar teeth, a wreath of holly round the neck, an apple in the mouth, and spirits burning in the great silver platter. Since time immemorial on New Year's Eve the last wine served at the table has been handed the Queen in a beautifully-carved gold cup, by a servant kneeling on one knee, and, when her majesty has taken a sip, the cup is passed on to the other feasters, who drink, standing, to the Queen's long life, good health and a happy New Year, and this pretty bit of homage absolutely winds up the royal holidays.

THE EMPEROR WAS WORSTED.

A Little Hungarian Girl Got Revenge for Sadowa.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The present Kaiser would probably not admit that he had often been thwarted in any of his plans, but an anecdote has recently become known which shows that he, at least, once "got the worst of it," and it is all the more piquant from the fact that he was defeated by a girl.

When the Kaiser, who was then Prince Wilhelm, was about ten years old, he and Prince Henrich spent some time at Cassel with their tutors, who sometimes allowed the little princes to play with other children. One day, when several of them were gathered together, it chanced that a little French girl was among the number, and the young Germans conceived the brilliant idea of making her a representative of the country they all so cordially hated.

The delightful plan was immediately put into execution, and the poor child was tied to a tree. Then began a fusillade of pine cones, sticks, etc., and whenever anything struck her there was a cry of "Here's for Sedan!" This went on for a few minutes, when a little Hungarian girl, Helena von D——, who was watching, could bear the injustice no longer, and, singling out Prince Wilhelm as chief offender, she threw herself on him. The attack being unexpected, he was completely taken by surprise, and fell down, whereupon she began to pound him, crying out at each blow, "Here's for Sadowa!" The Prince was fast getting the worst of it, for his little adversary was thoroughly in earnest, when the imperial tutors, hearing the noise, rushed up and separated the combatants.

After that the Princes were more carefully watched and Wilhelm had no opportunity to "get even" with the little champion of justice. Some days afterward, hearing that the Princes were leaving, Helena went down to the gate to see them go by. As they passed Wilhelm spied his foe, and, leaning out behind his tutor, he stuck out his tongue.

Helena was the daughter of titled parents, and later she was married to an Englishman. When the Kaiser was recently in London she told this story to one of his gentlemen in waiting, who in turn repeated it to his majesty. The latter exclaimed: "Is that d—— of a girl here now? I would like to see her." A meeting was arranged, but Helena became ill, and so they never met after that one encounter, to make friends or renew hostilities.

Mrs. Deacon.

(From the New York Sun.)

Mrs. E. Parker Deacon's return to New York this winter was the result of a chance meeting in a Swiss hotel last summer, which brought about what seemed to her the first opportunity for reinstatement in society. Since the tragedy which five years ago made her known to the civilized world, Mrs. Deacon has lived away from the world in which she had moved for many years. There seemed very little hope of a restoration to her former position in France, and the life that was open to her in Continental cities was not to her liking. The only place that she longed for was that which she had occupied before her husband shot M. Atteille, and for that she determined to struggle when the right time came. It arrived last summer in Switzerland.

Stopping in the same hotel with her was her husband's brother. She sent her card to his wife, and an intimacy grew up between them. During that time Mrs. Deacon won the sympathy of her brother-in-law and his wife, and it was agreed that when they returned to New York she should come with them. Since her divorce from her husband she has been known as Mrs. Baldwin. There were other elements of strong social support for her here, and when Mrs. Baldwin, as she called herself, returned to New York this winter, it was with the purpose of remaining here if she found that her plan succeeded. Mrs. Baldwin's friends were all convinced that the charges brought against her were false, and it was on that ground that she was to be introduced to New York. In case the circumstances were favorable, Mrs. Baldwin was to remove to New York permanently.

In view of the fact that her husband's health has not improved and that he is today confined in a madhouse, there can be no truth in the story of a reconciliation between them. It was not with that purpose, Mrs. Baldwin's friends say, that she came to this country, but in order to take her place in society without the need of any further meeting with him. She has been present already at a number of semi-private places, and on one or two occasions there was some evidence of a possible successful result to her plan. But the attention that her presence began to attract, the rumors of a reconciliation between her and her husband, and the rest of the sensational stores printed about her seem to have brought finally the complete failure of a plan that started with every promise of success.

Gifts for College Boys.

The most striking gifts are the ones for the college boys, who are so much in evidence of late. They are made in sets of three, and fairly finish the student's room. Indeed the recipient need not necessarily be a student. The gift would be quite as appropriate for a bachelor girl or bachelor. The first piece is a sofa pillow, a good large sofa pillow, embroidered in an appropriate design—the college colors, by all means, if for the college boy. The next piece is an exact facsimile of the first cushion, only that it is very wee and stuffed with sawdust instead of down; it must be in every respect a perfect lilliputian reproduction of the first, but must have loops at two corners, so that it may be either hung upon the wall or left standing on the chiffonier at will. Be sure that a few pins are conspicuously stuck into it, or our very dense wise friends might mistake its use, as is their wont to do with the Christmas gifts, especially from their sisters. The third piece may be a mouchoir case, a photograph holder, a pipe bracket—all or any one of which would be "hors de vue," only they must be sure to match.

AROUND THE TREE.

THREE FABLES.

The Conscientious Ostrich.

Once upon a Time an Ostrich wished to do some Good in the world. She was a Muscular and Well-fed Bird and she argued that she could do a great deal of Good in the World if she tried hard. She had Heard the Little Song-Sparrow near the Circus sing sweet Songs, and seen the Weary Face of the Juggler's Wife light up with Joy at the sound. Said the Ostrich, "I will sing sweet Songs, too." So she Sang. But all she could Sing was a Discordant Screech, and when she Stuck her Head into the Door she Scared the Baby. And they threw Scrap Iron at Her to Drive her Away.

"O, How these People Do Appreciate Me!" said the Ostrich, as she Gobbled the Scrap Iron; and She Felt much Refreshed. On her Way House she Met a Hen Mourning for her Chickens.

"What is the Matter?" said the Ostrich.

"You have Stepped on one of My Chickens," said the Hen, Fluttering off to a Safe Distance.

"Dear Me!" said the Kind-Hearted Ostrich. "You should take Iron for your Complaint. Try Some."

The Hen did not Dare to Refuse, so she Swallowed a Ten-Penny Nail and it Killed Her Dead.

"Dear Me!" said the Ostrich, "what a Mysterious Providence it is that is the matter with That Hen! I am glad my Constitution is not so Weak as That." And she Went Away to do some More Good in the World.

Then a Man Caught her and Pulled out her Feathers, and she Kicked. She said "Let me Go! I want to do Good in the World. That is How I make my Living." And she Kicked the Man on the Knee and Made him Swear.

"That is Very Wicked of you," said the Ostrich, as she Scampered off. She Lived to do a Great Deal of Good in the World, and raised many Crops of Plumes for the Matinee Girl's Hat, and registered More Kicks than anybody else in South Africa.

Moral: There are some Human Ostriches, and Most of us Know One or Two.

The Seeker After Truth.

Once there was a Young Man with a High Exalted Ideal of the Truth. He believed that the Truth should be Spoken at all times. His Mother regarded him as a Terrible Infant.

When that Young Man went out into the World he was much Grieved at the Heterodox Views expressed by an Eminent Politician on this Subject. This Eminent Politician said, "All Men are Liars and I am Connected with the Human Family."

Then the Young Man met a Great and Good Statesman, with a High, Exalted Ideal of the Truth. This Eminent Statesman said that when George Washington Founded this Great Republic he founded it upon the Corner Stone of Truth, and that no True American Citizen would Ever Lie. The Young Man said, very humbly and reverently, "I would like to be your Private Secretary."

In the Course of a Few Months the Young Man's Hair Erected itself. He said: "I thought you said you never Lied."

"My dear young friend," said the Sage, "I never do. I expect you to do it For Me. If I had lived up to the Principles you Attribute to me I should not now be where I am."

The Young Man would have been Fired had he not Fired Himself immediately after Telling what he Conceived to be the Truth on that Occasion. On his Way out he met the Eminent Politician, who had of yore grieved him by lack of principle.

"I would like to be your Private Secretary if you will not require me to tell your Lies," said the young man, Meekly.

"My dear young Friend," said the Eminent Politician, "I always do my own Lying. If I had lived up to the Principles you Attribute to me I would not now be where I am."

Moral. There are all Sorts of People in this World and some of them are Paradoxical.

The Fate of an Apostate.

Once there was a Good Little boy who read Sunday School Books every Day, because he Argued that if it was good to read Sunday School Books One Day in the week it was Seven Times as good to read them Seven Days. In these books he read of Good Boys who studied and worked and Had no Good Times, and of Bad Boys who Robbed Orchards and Stole Watermelons and Went Fishing and had Many Good Times. And the Good Boys always Ended under a Tombstone in the Cemetery, while the Bad Boys were always Converted by the Good Boys before they Died.

Now, there was something the matter with this Good little Boy in that he was not just like the Boys in the Books. And one day a Hungry Longing came over him to be bad and have Good Times. And he Determined that he would throw all Restraint Aside and have an Orgy. So he Left the House unobserved one Sunday afternoon (transgression 1) and went and robbed an orchard (2) and a watermelon patch (3) and a hen roost (4) and his mother's Doughnut-Jar (5) and took a Dime Novel (6) and went a fishing (7). For those were the Seven Deadly Sins Chronicled in the Sunday School Books. He had made up his mind to Do the Thing up Brown. And he Added a Frill of his Own by Going in Swimming after Lunch.

Late that Sunday Afternoon a Bold, Bad Boy of the Neighborhood found this Good Little Boy under a Beech Tree in Great Pain. And he took him Home and Gave him Good Advice all the Way. The Bold, Bad Boys in the Sunday School Books never took a Mean Advantage to give Good Advice to the Good Boys. It was always the Other Way Around. And the Bold, Bad Boys in the Sunday School Books Never Suffered Physical Inconvenience as a Punishment for their Wickedness. So that the Good Little Boy did not know whether he was Good Turned Bad, or Bad Turned Good. And when His Parents Handled Him he was more Puzzled than ever. But he never went on any More Orgies. He Grew up Good and Placid, and eventually Entered the Civil Service.

Moral—It is not well to do things that are out of Character with yourself.

Porringers in Fashion.

With the growing predilection for everything pertaining to Revolutionary days, happy is the woman who numbers among her treasures a genuine pewter porringer, handed down from her New England ancestors. Failing that, however, excellent copies can be bought in silver, pewter or aluminum. These are used for bonbons, salted almonds or the small sweet biscuit, though in one nursery at least a small lad eats his simple supper of bread and milk in the same porringer used by his great-great-grandfather when a little boy.

Uses for Plaster of Paris.

Plaster of paris should be kept in every household, as it is excellent for mending lamp stands, spar, bronze, etc. In mending a lamp which has become loosened from its metal socket, thoroughly wash and dry the socket and reservoir. Remove the old cement and see that the plaster is finely powdered. Mix it with water until it becomes the consistency of thick cream; then line the socket with it and press the reservoir into its place. Remove with a knife and rag any plaster that has overflowed, and let the plaster set thoroughly before using the lamp.

Card-Table Covers.

Covers for card tables are attractive, made of denim, one yard and a quarter square. To this is added a border ten inches wide of the same material in the lightest shade of blue. Appliqued in a scattering around the border are cards of white felt with spots of the various suits pointed on them. The light blue border and dark center are joined with a fancy stitching of heavy yellow silk floss, and the yellow lettering in the center of the cover spells out "Hearts Are Trumps."

Scrub It.

(From the Chicago Times-Herald.)

If the Chicago River is to be improved at all the first step should be to dilute it.

ACCORDION-PLEATED BLOUSE.

BIBLE ECONOMICS AND CIVICS.

By JOHN M. GREGORY, LL. D.

1—FIRST TRUTHS.

Science begins the history of mankind with the ominous words, "Struggle for existence." The Bible opens the same history, after Eden, with the equally ominous divine declaration, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground." These two teach the same truth. The latter was a prediction; the former is only scientific testimony to its fulfillment.

The primal struggle of human kind, as science sees it, was the conflict of man with nature, animate and inanimate, for the scant supplies which the world-wilderness afforded. This struggle, as the Bible describes it, was man's toil to control nature and compel it to produce wholesome food in place of thorns and thistles. The one was the grapple of the wild human animal with still wilder nature; the other was the later, thought-guided work of man, in whom the glimpse of Eden life had awakened finer tastes and a consciousness of higher powers.

The first step in human civilization was the birth of that kingly feeling which answered to the divine command, "Multiply and replenish (or fill) the earth, and subdue it and have dominion over it." In this command God's word strides beyond science, and predicts the conquest which no science would have dared to promise. Who could have foretold that the "struggle for existence" would end in the subjugation of nature's entire domain? Or who would have believed that while other animals should be confined to their special habitats, man alone would be able to replenish the whole earth with his kind? Science itself was made possible by man's magnificent conquests.

2—THE GENESIS OF ECONOMICS

In the struggle for existence, and the triumph of man over nature, lay the field of economic science, the science of work and wealth. The day that man began to work, and to count the products of his labor as having value, economics was born; the ages passed before men began to classify its facts, or study its principles and laws. Political economy is but the science of the world's housekeeping. Wherever man works to live, economic science begins. Whenever this work leaves a valuable product for future needs wealth is born, and the second phase of economics appears. When men exchange one product for another, the third class of economic phenomena comes into sight, and the circle of pure economics is complete. Production by labor, accumulating products as wealth or capital, and exchanging these products in trade, these simple facts constitute the field that the economist investigates.

The first savage that bartered a fish for a feather or a club, asserted both the existence of values and the rights of property, and when he discovered that feathers or shells could be used to buy and sell with, he discovered the secret of money, and added the science of finance to that of economics.

Cain and Abel invented the "division of labor" when one became a "tiller of the ground" and the other "a keeper of sheep." Then economic classes began, and social economics appeared.

Thus economics, or political economy, which some regard as a mere mass of theories, and others as an inscrutable mystery, is made up of facts and truths as old as humanity itself. They lie tedded in the conditions of the human life and the laws of nature. As a known and orderly science it is of modern origin; but its practical phenomena can be found on every page of the history of mankind, and nowhere more clearly than in the pages of the Bible. The first ten chapters of Genesis, which cover the history of mankind till the dispersing of nations after the flood, are full of incidents which throw light on the industries and institutions of mankind.

3—THE GENESIS OF CIVICS.

Civics was born of the Latin civis, a citizen; or, as we would define it, a member of civil society. In the olden time organized society dwelt chiefly in cities. The city was a place of safety and the dwelling place of wealth, pleasures and political power. In modern times cities attract still more strongly as centers of trade and manufactures—the chosen homes of fashion, riches and power. Hence some would restrict the word civics to city life, while others would make it the science of the state. Good usage makes it a wider politics—the order and organization of civil society from the narrowest district up to the greatest empire, including local and municipal, as well as national institutions. Here, as in economics, the science is modern; the facts are as old as history itself.

Here also the Bible is our oldest textbook. Society began in Eden, when the Creator said "it is not good for man to be alone," and made a helpmate for him in the person of Eve, "the mother of all living." This was the beginning of the family, the unit of society, and of the State. Cain built the first city, and named it Enoch, after one of his sons. Social disorders and corruption rapidly followed the increase of population, and the growth of the arts and wealth. The great problems, as various as vast, of social order and social evil crowded on mankind. The struggle for existence of the individual speedily swelled out into the larger conflict for social life. The toilsome hunt of the solitary man for food and shelter gave place to the wars of social men for plunder and dominion. By degrees, through the ages, the higher nature and needs of man and society came in sight, and the struggle for life widened out into efforts for a larger life—for a soul-life, the satisfaction of intellectual and spiritual needs. The predatory strife of savage men grew into the warfare of civilized peoples for freedom and political power; the dream of a golden age in the past became a yearning for a diviner social order in the future.

Thus these two, economics and civics, which lay at the very threshold of human history, the two sciences which are the most concerned in man's daily existence, swept together down the ages, enlarging with the populations, and growing with the knowledge and refinements of the race. The economics' needs developed new arts and industries to increase wealth, and civic experience wrought out new ideas of human rights and social order.

But here comes in the Bible with its divine economy and civics, overpassing all human science with its clear dictum, "man shall not live by bread alone." The struggle for existence does not end in an abundance for the earth-life, but makes provision, "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," for an eternal life. Not "treasures on earth," but "treasures in heaven," is the true economy.

So also in the field of social life, the Bible proclaims its higher aim. Simple liberty and equality are not the true aims of human society; but "the kingdom of God," the eternal reign of righteousness whose first great law is the law of supreme love of God and the love of our neighbor as ourselves.

4—THE CIVIC ECONOMIC BATTLE.

This is the economic age—the age of the industrial development, and above all, the age of wealth production and money power. Science and invention, grown to height never before known, have united their energies to gain the mastery over the material world, and increase man's power to produce wealth. Result: The richest world ever known—wealth dominating all other human interests; a Midas age of millionaires and their millions, controlling, under the name and pretense of Business, all classes and conditions of men, forcing them to serve, or give away to, business interests—money making and wealth-getting, not for all, but for the managers, leaving the millions to subsist as they may on the crumbs.

Not without protest, civic science and the friends of civic order are in the field. Flaming questions of human rights and social well-being are setting the world on fire. Socialism, Christian and satanic, laborers and scholars, are fighting mammonism in the name of society. It is the battle of a reformed civic against a deformed economic. Men of all sorts are mingling in the fierce debate. Churches, colleges and clubs, philosophers, philanthropists and demagogues, revolutionists and evolutionists, are rushing into the arena. Every principle of social order, human and divine, is urged in attack or defense, and the world seems in danger of being turned upside down in the effort to put it right side up.

5—THE BIBLE IN THE BATTLE.

In such a wild storm of debate ought not the Book which has contributed more than any other agency to the good order and progress of the race to be still heard and heeded? One thing is certain, the great questions in debate will never be settled independently of the Bible. Think as we may of the origin of the book, its teachings are too deeply bedded in the beliefs of civilized nations to be disregarded. A kingdom of God—the reign of right, truth and love is the highest ideal of a perfect society. Above the babel of voices which now ring through the civilized world, the voice of God will certainly be heard.

CURRENT VERSE.

Morceau a Quatre Mains.

The windows open on the park
Where the tall trees, from glade to glade,
With arching foliage gressly dark,
Bathe all the summer lawns in shade.

I turn about to rest anew
My head in yonder easy chair,
When, lo! the landscape still I view,
Reflected in the mirror there.

Idly I smile, as o'er and o'er
Two parks to right and left of me,
Now through the glass, now thro' the door,
Repeat each other, tree for tree;

And by a pretty sort of chance,
The two young sisters sit apart,
Complete in dainty elegance,
To play the music of Mozart.

Just as the landscape double seems
The other's copy each appears,
And the same golden jewel gleams
Repeated in the four small ears.

Their eyes upon the keys are bent,
So I may scan, as I repose,
The same rose in their tresses plent,
And on each mouth, too, the same rose.

And, sometimes, rising from my place,
I steal to the piano near,
And lean upon the ebon case
To see them rather than to hear.

—Francois Coffee.

A "Parson's Pleasure" Ground.

I have a garden filled with sound
Of thrushes, paths that circle round;
And one straight walk more sweetly set
With lavender and mignonette.
Sweet herbs of grace, whose scent lives on
Like virtue, after life is gone.
My sanctuary! for so I call
That long straight path beneath the wall.

There do I muse—how Nature's self
Moves upward; how, from shelf to shelf
Ennobled, through perpetual strife
She issues in a grander life.
And as I think how one small bud
Engrafted names the wildest wood,
Sweet fruitage for man's use to bear,
And of its sweetness leave an heir;
Seems it—ah, may my faith be true—
Grace has its power in Nature, too.
'Tis grace that links in kindly suit
'Tis grace that tends the tiller's toil;
Grace works in every flower that blows;
And in each briar there lives a rose.

Thus as I ponder, lo! a knell
Comes o'er me: 'tis the passing bell.
Then think I of—beneath the sod—
Those sleeping: Are they all with God?
That one so willful? This who died
In passion's youth unsanctified?
Can God accept them? Can he prove
To those who loved not, God of love?
I know not. But beneath this wall
Hearing the glad-voiced thrushes call;
On my straight path so sweetly set
With lavender and mignonette;
I think, if we poor men below
Can of such wildness beauty grow,
Sure, He hath better means to try,
That mightier Gardener in the sky;
Who, while brief life our work doth end,
Hath all of Time His work to mend;
Unnumbered worlds beyond our ken;
Fresh soil for souls, fresh chance for men;
Angels of love to graft His grace;
Perchance, O heaven! to see His face.

And then I thought—as in the trees
Life murmured with the quickening breeze—
Sadly I thought; not they alone
Were sinners; half the sin my own.
Had I more faithful preached the Word,
Perchance they might have better heard;
Have risen on wings, and out of clay
Uplifted, soared to heavenly day.
So trust I, God will not condemn
Those who not Him, but man, contemn.

—The Spectator.

A Hygienic Home.

My wife and I are trying hard
To live on healthful diet;
We read the food chart by the yard,
And run our kitchen by it;
We've banished from our bills of fare
All that such guides condemn;
True hygiene is all our care,
As planned and taught by them.

For breakfast, coffee is tabooed,
Hot cakes and eggs forbidden,
And milk, since it is eit in food
With germs profuse, though hidden;
Bread is unwholesome, so is steak;
Submissive to our lot,
Oat meal and graham gems we take,
And drink boiled water hot.

For dinner, soup will never do,
And oysters typhoid nourish;
Salads, entrees and stews, too,
Are mere dyspeptic flourish;
Potatoes, by the last advice,
Are poisonous, we are told;
We eat rare meat, chopped fine, with rice,
And drink boiled water cold.

For supper—some professors teach—
"Tis best to go without it;
But since discretion's left to each,
We take our choice about it:
On chicken, waffles, tea and cake
We are forbid to feed;
But gluten wafers, cocoa weak,
And prunes are all we need.

It grieves us much our friends to view
So reckless in their diet;
Our wholesome menu we pursue
And beg of them to try it;
But appetite's ungodly sway
Their nature so enthralls,
We cannot get a guest to stay
Within our healthful walls.

—Munsey's Magazine.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is not often "sold," but the following story shows that he sometimes meets with one who is more than his match. Espying a laborer one day walking along, with the familiar black bottle protruding from his pocket, he entered into conversation with him. After pointing out the misery which had resulted from the bottle, Sir Wilfrid earnestly exhorted the man to flee from its contents. The man was so overcome that he took out the receptacle and emptied its contents into the road. Sir Wilfrid's face beamed with pleasure, and, handing the man sixpence, he said: "Take that; it will buy you something better." The man, to the disgust of Sir Wilfrid, entered a public-house and spent the sixpence in beer. The bottle had contained cold tea.

The Ups and Downs of It.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

"Why don't Bilkins stop leading the life he is and settle down?"

"Impossible. He'd have to settle up first."