GENERAL BREVITIES.

MEN of color—Painters.

THE last man—A cobbler.

HORSON'S choice—Mrs. H.

TEXTS for sinners—Pretexts.

PAINFUL suspense—Hanging.

BROTHERS-IN-LAW—The judges.

The children's kingdom—Lap-land.

COMMON scents—Musk and verbena.

THE greatest army contractor—Peace.

THE rock that topers split on—Quartz.

THE table of interest—The dinner-table.

CASE of kidnapping—A young goat asleep.

FORCED politeness—Bowing to circumstances.

MOTTO for grocers—Honest tea is the best policy.

THE worst thing "under the canopy"—A mosquito.

ALL flesh may not be grass, but buffalo meat is Indian meal.

IT was reserved for Barnum to discover a new Indian race—the Snow-Shoe-race.

WITH regard to Venus it was *sic transit gloria* Tuesday this time.

THE spire of a new church in Cincinnati will be three hundred feet high.

THE latest Custom House cheater signed the name Chizzola; but wasn't she a chiseller?

WHEN they put Nana Sahib in the dungeon they smoothed matters by ironing him.

BALTIMORE claims Miss Annette Montagu, a pupil of Bellari's and a native of that city, as the foremost of the many aspirants for the title of "American prima donna."

A YOUNG girl at Boston accused of receiving a stolen shawl worth $25, a fortnight ago, deposited $50 with a man who became her bail, and on Thursday she was proved innocent, but her bondsman returned her but $30, charging her $20 for the use of his name for two weeks, and her lawyer brought in a bill of $10.

RISE with the lark. That is, during cold weather, as soon as the lark rises waken your wife and tell her that it is time to build the fire. If she makes any objections, you can refer her to a dozen or more works on the benefit of early rising. Any man who cares a cent for his wife's health will take pride in hearing her around the house at daylight of a winter morning getting up a red-hot stove and warming his socks and boots.

HERE is a poet who says: "I'm sitting sadly on the strand, That stretches to the water's brink; And as the day slips slowly by, I idly fold my hands and think." While he is sitting on the strand with idly folded hands, his family at home may be suffering for the necessaries of life. He should skirmish around before the day slips slowly by, and secure a job at digging a cellar.

AN Indianapolis night policeman has been presented with a neat little jeweled alarm-clock, to wear in his coat pocket and wake up by when the hour for going off duty arrives.—*Current Item.* The Indianapolis policeman is easier to wake than the Milwaukee one. When the Milwaukee policeman gets fairly on his beat and begins to get in his work, a foundry whistle wouldn't wake him.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

MOLTKE does not like "improvised armies;" that is to say, he does not like an armed people, and no professional soldier ever did. Here are his views, which he presents with a humanitarian aspect: "It is bad enough when armies must lacerate one another. But not the people be set against one another; that is no progress of civilization, but a retrograde barbarism. A regular war is like a thunderstorm, which in great blows devastates tracts of land, but also fertilizes. A struggle, however, such as goes on now in Spain, is like a lasting thick fog, which destroys entire harvests. Improvised armies can, however, not carry on any other kind of struggle."

DELAWARE has been represented in the Senate at different times by four of the Bayards. James A. Bayard, the elder, served for nine years; was a descendant of the Chevalier Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" His two sons, Richard H. and James A., served, respectively, the former for nine years, and the latter for thirteen years. Richard H. was one of the nine Southern Whig Senators who had the firmness and independence to vote against the annexation of Texas. Thomas F. Bayard, one of the present Senators, has served for nearly six years, and is a son of the second James A. This case is without precedent in the annals of Senatorial elections.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, a young man named Milton B. Cushing came to this town from Fredonia, N. Y., and was employed in the drug-store of the late James B. Lane, Esq. Soon after the commencement of the late Rebellion, through the influence of his cousin, Commodore Smith, Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, he was appointed to a clerkship in one of the Departments at Washington. About ten years since he was appointed Assistant Paymaster in the United States Navy, and, being a man of estimable character—through the influence of Mr. Lane, who was then living—ten of our prominent young men became his bondsmen. Several of them have since died, and those living had almost forgotten the circumstances, until reminded last week by a polite note from the Department, requiring them without delay to deposit to the credit of the Auditor of the Treasury $10,000, on account of the delinquency of said Milton B. Cushing.—*Fitchburg (Mass.) Sentinel.*

AT Fray Bentos, on the Uruguay River, is a great factory for the preparation of extract of beef. The industry is so extensive that a population of about five thousand live by it. Droves of wild cattle are confined in yards adjoining the slaughter-house, and lassoed one by one, stabbed with a large dirk knife, and dressed with celerity equal to the operations of a Chicago pork-packing establishment. The meat is separated from the bones and run between grooved rollers, which tear and press it into coarse shreds. The next operation is to make the meat into soup by boiling it thoroughly in shallow pans. The fat is skimmed off, and the soup, when boiled to a thick, brownish paste, is filtered and further reduced by evaporation to a jelly. It is then ready to be canned for exportation. The apparatus for this process is quite elaborate, and great care and skill are required in the manipulation. The hides of the cattle are roughly tanned and exported. The fat is also canned and sent abroad. The bones are ground for the soil. Scarcely a bit of the animal is wasted.

THE Montpelier (Vt.) *Watchman* tells the following: "One of our insurance companies had a heavy insurance upon a certain dwelling-house in this State. Recently, a lady living in the house (the owner being temporarily absent) dreamed that there was a hole in the chimney in the attic, with kindling piled about it, apparently for the purpose of firing the house. So much did the dream trouble her that she could only be satisfied by a personal inspection of the spot—when, to the surprise of all, she found every thing just as she had dreamed; a hole broken through the chimney and filled with matches, paper, and wood kindlings, the whole carefully covered up with a board, and the board held in place by a stone; all ingeniously arranged for a very mysterious conflagration. It is needless to add that the insurance company regarded the discovery as good cause for at once canceling the policy. But what of the dream?"

CRUEL parents have been outwitted again, and the deed was done last Sunday night in Covington, Ky. It was not a regular elopement, exactly, but amounted to about the same thing. The gentle one is refined and accomplished, and of a blue-blood family. For this reason the mother objected to her daughter marrying the young man, who was not quite up to the standard. The daughter ought to have had mind of her own, as she is twenty-six years of age, but her mother claimed the prerogative of being the supervising architect of her fortune. The daughter was sent to visit some friends in Covington, and there she remained for some time. Week before last the mother telegraphed that she would arrive in Covington on Monday to accompany her daughter home. The daughter thereupon telegraphed to her lover to come right on and attend to business, and they were accordingly married on Sunday night, as stated. To save unnecessary traveling expenses the mother was telegraphed in time not to come as her daughter would call upon her at Lynn.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS OUTDONE.

A Wonderful Diamond Wedding in South America—And a Jenkins Who Can Double-Discount All His Fellows.

[Correspondence Albany Evening Journal.]

DIAMENTIA, Brazil, Nov. 10, 1874.

The hour is midnight, and I have just come in a trifle jaded, but, before retiring, I purpose while yet the facts are vivid in my mind to give you some account of a wedding I attended this evening. It was a wedding, I make bold to say, the like of which was never celebrated on either continent. The high contracting parties to the marriage were Malia only daughter of De Souza Cabral,

THE GREAT DIAMOND KING

of South America, and George Arthur Throckmorton, of Kentucky, United States of America, who, for the past five years, has been successfully engaged in railroading in this country, with headquarters at Rio Janeiro. De Souza Cabral is principal owner of nine of the richest diamond mines in South America, and from them, in the aggregate, he derives an annual income of not less than $20,000,000. His interests in gold mines probably amounts to as much more, and I am cognizant of the fact that last August he sold one-tenth interest in the celebrated Bahia Mine—of which, until then, he had been the sole proprietor—for $3,500,000. His diamond interests in South Africa and Siberia he lately estimated under oath (in some legal proceedings before court in Minas Geraes) at the enormous sum of $50,000,000! He has, beside, a great penchant for real estate, and I was but recently informed by one of his agents, a thoroughly trustworthy man, that Cabral's rentals in London and Glasgow alone yield over £150,000 annually. In 1868 he purchased the patent of a machine for making eyelets, from a poor fellow whom he found starving in a garret at Maranham for such a bagatelle as $183. To-day the machine is extensively used all over the world, and Cabral draws $2,500 a day from this source alone. And then, there are his sewing-machine royalties that yield him something over $5,000 a day. The correctness of this last item is vouched for by a friend of mine, who is the manager of the leading sewing-machine company in Brazil. Indeed it is easy to tell what he is interested in, but hard to think of some thing that is any thing in which he is not. It would be a puzzle to name a leading railroad in South America or England in which he has not a stake. He takes in something over $1,500,000 a year from his steamship stock, and probably twice as much more from other sources. A cool, clear-headed man of 60, 6 feet high, straight as an arrow, with an eye like an eagle, a judgment as unerring as fate, and a decision as quick as the lightning, with suberb nerve, unconquerable boldness, and an apparent incapacity for blundering, De Souza Cabral stands to-day

THE WEALTHIEST MAN OF THE GLOBE.

He was lately asked by an intimate friend, in my presence, if he had any conception of the sum total of his possessions. He thought for a moment, and then quietly replied, "I could not swear that I was not worth—presuming that I could realize on all my property—$50,000,000,000." He made this astounding exhibit with perfect sang froid, but I must confess that as he spoke I felt something very like pity for him. I could not but think now specially difficult it might be for him to satisfactorily solve the problem of the camel and the needle's eye.

I would not have devoted so much space to the father of the bride of this evening were it not for the fact that otherwise the account that followed of the wedding might be received with incredulity. The bridegroom, young Throckmorton, is descended from one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the "blue grass country," as he loves to call it. He came to Brazil with a matter of $500,000 in his own right, and since has prospered famously, so that to-day he cannot be worth less that $6,000,000. But a poor pittance in comparison with his father-in-law's overwhelmingly gigantic fortune, but still quite sufficient to relieve him from the imputation of marrying the fair Malia Cabral for money. He met her first, a year ago, at a ball at Pernambuco, and the result was a case of love at first sight on both their parts (at least, so "they say"). They make an exceedingly prepossessing couple—he tall, broad-shouldered, yellow of hair and moustache, and she a tiny, graceful, lovely-faced brunette.

And now if I but had the pen of a ready writer to describe to you in fitting terms the unqualified and

IMMEASURABLE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

of their wedding. But alas! I cannot, and as I cast about for a beginning of my narrative I am much embarrassed with the riches that await to be treated of. There were the invitations, for instance. They were written on parchment by artistic hands, in quaint text, exquisitely illuminated. Instead of being inclosed in paper envelopes they were sent to their favored recipients each in a dainty box of sandal-wood. These boxes, 1,000 in number, were manufactured to order expressly for this wedding at Canton. Each one of them was furnished with a lock and key of solid gold, was exquisitely carved with Cupids, hearts, and other designs appropriate to the occasion, and cost $150. My own invitation lies beside me as I write, and I catch the delicate scent of the sandal.

The residence of the Great Diamond King, at which the wedding took place, is situated a little over half a mile from Diamentia, which is, you know, the chief town of the diamond district. I may attempt to describe its magnificence in another letter; let it suffice to say now that the house is the complete realization of the ideal castles of the regulation English novels, and that the grounds connected with it are the last expression of nature at her loveliest, reinforced by art at its consummate. This evening the place

SEEMED A PARADISE.

Wax candles by the thousands, each one caught and held in place by a bronze figure, flooded the rooms within, and the miles of grounds without, with a soft yet brilliant light. Here and there, on the green slopes, or in the rustic bowers, or at the edge of some romantic ravine, large music boxes, imbedded and completely hidden from view in moss, played a soft and dreamy accompaniment to the voice of the fountains. One hundred music-boxes were employed in this service, and the tunes that were pricked on their cylinders were composed especially for the nuptial night by a no less celebrated musician than Liszt. He received a draft of $25,000 for his witching work, and who shall say that he did not earn it? Certainly no one that listened to the music, which was little short of heavenly. The music-boxes will be distributed on the morrow among the bridesmaids and other guests of this evening, as unique remembrances of the wedding. Each one of them was imported from Paris, is encased in mosaic, and elaborately finished in gold, silver, and a variety of precious stones. Two hundred boxes cost as many thousand dollars. The drawing-room in which the Kentuckian and his "dark Brazilian bride" were made one flesh had one feature in its adornment which elicited the most fervent expression of delight and amazement from all who were present. I allude to the decorations of the four walls. They were one mass of full-blown white camelias from floor to ceiling, and a good sized diamond was inserted in the center of each to cunningly counterfeit the dew drop. The effect was simply ravishing. "Words and phrases," as Mr. Webster said of eloquence, "may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot express it." Its every suggestion was sweetness and light, and purity. It is estimated that the adornment of this one room called for an expenditure of not less than

TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

No diamond was given the role of the dew drop that was not white, and perfect "as the bosom of a star."

The entire distance from the Cabral mansion to the nearest railroad station, something less than a quarter of a mile, was literally a way of flowers—not under foot, but in graceful arches overhead. Thus, a long, snow-white bower, fashioned entirely of roses, was the connecting link between the drawing-room and drawing-room car. The demand made on Flora for the materials for this picturesque covered way was unprecedented. The flower bill for the wedding—exclusive of the item of hand-bouquets—amounted to $50,000. But the strangest thing in regard to this bower I have yet to tell. Its floor for the entire length was covered with camel's hair shawls, to my own mind a piece of preposterous, aye, wicked extravagance. But the father of the bride declared that, so long as it was his only daughter and only child whose marriage he was celebrating, he would send her out of her home to the steam carriage that was to carry her away from him, over a pavement not likely to be imitated in the future history of marriages in South America. The shawls for this extraordinary purpose were purchased in London, the order being for "the best that can be had for gold," and the bill for the item amounted to the enormous sum of $568,500. After the bridal party entered the train the shawls were gathered up, and to-morrow they will be distributed *among the poor* of the district.

And now a few words about

THE BRIDE'S PRESENTS.

They were, by actual count, 1,840 in number, and the greater part of them, I noticed, took the form of either gold or diamonds. The mother's gift was a dinner set of 280 pieces of solid gold. Each piece bears the monogram of Cabral and Throckmorton in diamonds. The cost of this proof of maternal affection was something over $4,000,000 in gold. In addition, Mme. Cabral gladdened the bride's heart with 1,000 yards of point lace; 365 morning, afternoon, and evening costumes, one for each social division of every day in the year; and, to crown all, a certificate of deposit issued by the Bank of England—England being the objective point of the bridal tour—for £1,000,000. Does this last item seem the very apotheosis of prodigality? It does so until you hear what the father did for his darling, and then it takes a subordinate position. He gave her title deeds of a magnificent town and country-house in all the leading capitals of the world and the more famous watering-places. These many mansions are thoroughly furnished, and in each—as a tender reminder to Malia of her maidenhood—there is an apartment that exactly corresponds in furniture and adornments to her own room at her father's house. Not contenting himself with this display of his bounty, Cabral presented her with as fine a steamship as could be built on the Clyde, with full complement of sailors under contract for ten years' service, and with salaries paid in advance for the full term; one dozen milk-white Arabian horses, and—this as a joke—1,000 pounds of caramels, a confection for which the bride is said to have a profound liking. But his crowning gift was a necklace that deserves to rank among the enumerated

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Sixteen years ago, soon after Malia's birth, he began to collect the diamonds of which it is composed. Whenever or wherever he heard of a marvelous stone, he was on hand, in person or by agent, and secured it. He had all Europe, Asia, and Africa ransacked in behalf of the proposed necklace, and at the time actually made overtures for the celebrated Pitt diamond, which cost the duke of Orleans, according to history, $675,000, and which Napoleon at one time wore on his sword-hilt. He was baffled in his attempt, however, much to his disappointment. But, after ten years of unremitting hunting, he at last got together thirty of the largest and purest diamonds in the world, no one of which was much inferior to the Pitt gem. Taking these to Amsterdam, he summoned the best talent in that city, famous for its diamond-cutters, and stated what he desired—which was that each one of the thirty stones should have a fantastic face cut upon it. Amsterdam at first said that the task was more than herculean—that it was impossible. But when Cabral stated the stupendous sum he was willing to pay for the fulfillment of his wishes, Amsterdam reconsidered, and consented to do its best. It did its best for five years, day and night, and the result was that a week before wedding, the diamonds, all engraved, set on a golden string, and all ready to embrace the snowy neck of the bride, were placed in the hands of the jubilant Cabral. I happened to be present when Malia first was shown the necklace, a couple of days before she was married. She wore a black silk at the time, and her father, after throwing the brilliants, that contrasted so strongly with the color of the dress, over her head, stepped back a few paces to notice the effect. Having gazed at the flashing necklace for a minute or so he suddenly broke into a loud laugh and cried out merrily, "My dear, on my life you d do for the head-light of a locomotive." This necklace cost De Souza Cabral, stones, cutting, and carving, $116,000,980.88. Cabral showed me receipts yesterday, so that I am able to state the exact figures. And yet this doting father, in naming the cost to me, added that he would willingly have paid what he did twice over rather than have missed his aim, or been unable to give his darling the wedding present he designed for her while yet she was in her cradle. There you have the man in his unbounded expenditure of money to obtain his ends, and in his absorbing love for his daughter.

You must not expect from me any description of the ornate and bewildering toilets worn at the wedding—no, not even of the bride's rare raiment. I do not understand such matters, and, venturing to discourse concerning them, likely enough I should call lace gimp, and peasant-waists polonaises. Let me briefly state that, so far as I could judge, the great heiress was married in clothes befitting her position, I am indebted to a lady guest for the information that her dress was of point lace, flounced, or rather garlanded, to the waist with strings of seed pearls, with the voluminous train edged with a filagree of

GOLD THICKLY SET WITH DIAMONDS.

Her neck was circled by her father's wonderful offering, besides which there were diamonds banded on her hair and in bracelets on her wrists. She was certainly the most blazing beauty I ever gazed upon.

There was one feature of the wedding arrangements which struck me might better have been omitted entirely, or at least very materially modified, but which, nevertheless, in the mock it made of expense, was quite in keeping with all the other features. I allude to the phenomenally hospitable provision made for the hackmen who drove the guests to and from the festivities. On the velvet lawn just outside the Cabral mansion, a dozen or more exquisite Sevres vases were set—corresponding in size and shape to an American peach-basket—each one of which was heaped to the brim with the gold coin of the country. The drivers as they dropped their loads had their attention called to the currency in the vases, and were cordially invited to help themselves ad libitum. As often as the vases were emptied they were promptly replenished by servants detailed for that sole purpose. One of the hackmen responded so heartily to the invitation that, when the time came for him to drive back to town, he was forced to request his two passengers to favor him by taking a seat on the box. He explained, not without blushes and stammering, that the inside of his coach was occupied by the gold pieces he had accumulated during the evening; and that he would not have taken so many had it not been for the thought of a sick wife at home. Having listened to him, his load, before mounting the box, returned to the house and related the incident to Cabral, who was so touched at the mention of the sick wife that, on sudden impulse, he proposed a subscription for her benefit. The response was general, and in a short time the snug sum of $10,000 was raised among the guests, to which Cabral added his own check for $40,000 more, saying that he did not wish any heart to be sad on that joyful occasion. When the $50,000 were handed to the hackman, "A cordial for your ailing wife, my man," as Cabral put it, he burst into tears, declaring that there never was such a man in the world as De Souza Cabral. And he was right.

But here I must stop, for I have already written you a long letter. A thousand and one things connected with the wedding, each worthy of note, must go undescribed—at least until another occasion. But from what I have told you, you must judge of the proportions and quality of what I have not told you—*ex pede Herculem*, you know. Ah, if my old friend, Senator Webster Wagner, could have seen the bridal drawing-room car in which the bride left home, with its exterior composed entirely of carved ivory—but I find I have just time to save the 3 a. m. train.

RICHARD SCUDDER.

AN aged colored man of Mobile was recently asked if he could give a reason for the present poverty of that city and the surrounding country. "O yes," was the reply, "now both the white gemmen and the darkies have dun gone crazy on politics. Afore de wah, niggers worked, and white folks had money plenty, but now don't neither of dem do no work, and consequently neither of 'em got 'nough to buy corn-bread."

WHITE CAKE.—Whites of 8 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, and two teaspoons cream tartar.

JANIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THERE was the beautiful tall Christmas tree, reaching nearly to the ceiling; waves of the fresh evergreen odor were wafted through the room, pressed out of the doorways and far down the hall; the shadow of the tree sent long, delicate fingers airily searching among the flower clusters of the vases near beyond; among all the branches were to be seen such traces of Santa Claus as if he had been bent on out doing there every thing that had ever been heard of him in the wide world at Christmas time; down from the chandeliers the lights gave kindly and contemplative attention; the fire leaped up in the grate with uncommon hilarity as if to say: Glad to see you, good St. Nicholas; haven't had the pleasure since a long time ago; a silver stream of laughter poured from the nursery and rippled up and down through all the passages—such a struggle has the sleep-angel always with fair eyelids in the child world on a Christmas eve.

And there sat Janie, mistress of the fair home temple in its holiday adorning and mother of the gay children laughing and coquetting with sleep; around her mouth were sad little lines fast impressed there, enough to make one grieve much to see. And you would have wondered all the more what could have made them grow there so if you had known that from among the tangled home music no baby laugh had ever been withdrawn up there, that no other than the sleep-angel had ever closed the eyes of any of Janie's fair children; and Janie's husband was honored among men and Janie was an envied woman.

Tears fell fast as she reviewed all the Christmas eves since her marriage morning, weaving out of their events a pathetic little history with only Robert and herself as actors, Robert and herself *once* lovers. Was this wedded life then, moving on all marvelously fair in a girl's outlook beneath her bridal veil over the days to come, to find true description only in Balzac's gloomy chapters on "Petty Annoyances of Married Life." So different grew the Christmas eves for Janie, dropping one by one the blossoms of poetic feeling, one by one the cadences soft and tuneful, the soul's singing how dear one other is, dropping even the gallantry which devoted men give loving wives, until instead appeared a dearth of marriage beauty, and here sat Janie looking out upon the desert where no sweet dew came down, where no bloom breathed forth a fragrance of tremulous love.

It might have been more dreadful to have had revealed some proof of faithlessness in one wedded; it was pitiful enough for a soul like Janie's to look backward upon the long ebb of that warm tide which wraps hearts away out of coldness and death into the sweet bliss of life. It was pitiful indeed, and voices of the past grew more significant uttering into Janie's consciousness the unwritten pathetic history, grew nearer the truth of causation comparing this and that on to the time when even bitter speaking had come to pass between the twain made one; and the voices made recriminations against herself for having martyred love.

Still Robert had been often wrong—the voices did not deny that—and earlier had spoken sternly to a three days' bride, who wept for hours in consequence; had told her then he found her a sensitive blossom, and like a sensitive blossom would he hereafter guard her; many an earthquake had violently shaken the sensitive blossom since that day; but alas! how well she knew the sensitive blossom had as often revealed a spirit not common at all to the gentle floral family; and Janie remembered how often along the way she had parted company with forbearance, and this suffering long and being kind had not been a beautiful virtue taught by the wife and mother in her household.

As two friends gaily joining hands across a tiny beck and wandering carelessly on where it flows between them until it widens to the hands' unclasping, Robert and Janie had moved side by side, with differences swelling to a wide and turbulent flow between them, when Janie's eyes were opened on the Christmas eve to see it all, to feel the slow importunate receding—the gradual yielding of the clasp once too seeming strong for any power in the world to part. And, seeing all, she cried across to him in terrible anguish: "O, Robert, let us bridge it." And entering as the words thrilled forth, her husband thought at first she had been sleeping—it was well past midnight. And seeing there the laden Christmas tree, he was reminded that great perplexities had driven from his mind all thoughts of a gift for Janie. Then he told her that with great misgiving, and, scanning her face, beheld thereon a look of yearning above material gifts. That sacred bridge to be builded never by worldly cost! She and Robert drawing nearer heaven and drifting wider from each other!

Somehow, among the Christmas orders, that potent spirit visiting his home on Christmas eve, and looking at that moment out of a woman's eyes, took Robert in possession, and filled him also with a sense of how they were withholding each from each a promised gift, while freely giving what is sold and bought. And the Christmas morning coming over the land found Janie and Robert lovers, for the sacred bridge was builded by the strength of both in charity, and no longer were they divided by even a tiny beck of doubt or rebellion. "Never was such precious Christmas giving," said Janie, and the lights from the chandeliers gave soft attention, and the fire leaped high up in the grate to say: "Glad to see you, good St. Nicholas, glad you so beautifully remembered these two children." And Janie's friends all wondered why she had no Christmas gift, and why she seemed so happy.

"Hour light the touches are
That kiss the music from the chords of life,"

murmurs Janie, while the perpetual gift goes on in gracious installment of poetic tenderness, which raise marriage life, as thoughts follow habits, to a fragrant Eden, where the dew falls not alone upon the wedding morn, but daily after.

The Contents of Children's Dinner-Baskets.

When I was twelve years old, says a lady in the *American Agriculturist*, I was a pupil in a select school more than half a mile from home, and carried my dinner in a small tin pail. I was allowed to put this up for myself, without any supervision from others. A little white "milk-emptyings" bread, well spread with butter, went in for decency's sake; all the rest was pie, cake, and pickles. The cake and pickles were my chief dependence. I used to feel secretly sure that I should soon die of heart disease! My little five-year-old Dot knows more of physiology and hygiene to-day than I did then, though I was getting on well with my algebra and grammar and history, and had just taken a prize for the best composition. I thought it was my heart that pained me so under my ribs after I had eaten the cake and pickles. One afternoon I had to go out of school crying with the pain, and the teacher's wife allowed me to lie on her bed until school was over. Then, instead of walking home, I went to stay all night with my seat-mate, who lived nearer the school. Her mother said that it was dyspepsia that troubled me, and that she had it herself. I had heard the name before, and felt flattered at having such a respectable disease, and drank the hot tea she prescribed and prepared with an unusual feeling of being in the fashion. Not long after I took my dinner with me and went home with my seat-mate at noon. I sat nibbling my lunch in the kitchen, where Anna's eldest sister, a young married woman, home on a visit, was ironing. I always liked her. She looked into my pail, saying merrily: "I wonder what you carry for your dinner?" "I don't wonder that you have a pain in your side so much!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know that it is the pickles?" I explained that I had the dyspepsia, but she laughed, and told me I always would have, and worse, so long as I ate such lunches. She counseled me kindly to make the bulk of my dinner of bread and butter or other plain fare. This advice was acted upon in some degree, and I soon found such a connection between pickles and sick headaches and dyspeptic pains, and later between mince pie and rich cake and the same aches and pains, that prudence led me to avoid them.

This experience, like others of the same stripe, has enabled me to realize better the wisdom of the good God in giving us pain and sickness and death as results of disobedience of physical laws. It seems strange that individuals learn the wisdom of obedience so slowly; and very strange that the human race parts with its stupidity in this respect so tardily. The dinners of the school children tell steadily upon their growth and welfare and future usefulness in the world. Like grown-up people, they use up daily, or waste, by exercise of all sorts, by mere bodily combustion, too, in keeping the body warm with blood, a large portion of the nourishment they get from food. This daily wastage must be made good. Children have not only to repair the daily waste, but to go on building up new bone, new muscle, new brain, as they grow from day to day. Their food should contain nourishment for all parts of the system, and they should have plenty, but they should be accustomed to such plain fare that they can readily stop eating when their hunger is satisfied, and not go on nibbling merely to gratify the palate, thus forming habits of gluttony. Cake and pastry have but little, and pickles have scarcely a particle, of nourishment in them, and they almost invariably do the system positive harm, in greater or less degree, when taken into the stomach. The harm may be so little and the overcoming influence so strong, in the way of out-door exercise and other healthy conditions, that no evil result may be apparent; but all our diseases are caused by violation of hygiene in some respect. We are not always personally responsible for these violations, since our sanitary conditions are not always within our control, never indeed entirely so; but where we can help ourselves we ought clearly to do so.

A Bachelor's Exploit with a Baby.

One of the best looking and most sought-after young business men in Utica, N. Y., says the *Herald* of the 30th, had his gallantry put to a severe test Friday. A charming married lady friend wagered $15 with him that he dare not carry her baby through Genesee Street from Bagg's Hotel to Oneida Square. Whether the gentleman felt particularly brave and happy after his enjoyment of Thanksgiving festivities, or for some other reason, we know not, but certain it is that he accepted the challenge and carried the baby, but—such work as he made of it! The baby in question is the prettiest little seven-months mortal in Utica. Its father is one of the wittiest and finest-looking men in the county, but the baby gets its loveliest charms from its mother. The boy is the pride of its parents' hearts, and if kisses would stick, its lips would be covered with rock candy to the depth of six inches every day. The young gentleman who was challenged envies the father, mother and baby every day of his life. When he started out from Bagg's Hotel with the chirping cherub in his arms his face was rosy with blushes and radiant with happiness. The mother and other friends to the child were to follow in a carriage to see that the task was completed according to the terms of the wager, and they did not lose sight of the roller for a moment. At the outset the child weighed about twenty-five pounds. The supposed father and his elegantly dressed baby attracted general attention upon the business portion of Genesee Street. The gentleman's friends were not certain that they had heard of his marriage, and he had been seen at the Opera-house frequently of late, and each time with a different charmer, but this must have been owing to the absence of his wife and—the baby, probably. While conversation after this style was going on in the stores, the bachelor reached the City Hall, and at that particular moment he was ready to assert that the child weighed seventy-five pounds. From this point upward was the tug of war. The hour chosen was one in which he generally takes an airing, and all of his window friends expected to see him, but—not with a baby. Then the baby commenced to get uneasy, and it was hard work to hold it out at arm's length and call it "Sweety," "Ducky," "Darling," etc., etc. Three or four merry maidens in an up-town residence rustled the curtain in such a manner that the perspiring toiler knew that he was seen; but do well or do ill he was bound to win, and win he did. Those who witnessed the affair in all of its stages, say that it was difficult to tell at times whether the child was upright or reversed, perpendicular or horizontal, for the reason that its position was changed so frequently. Its ordinarily sweet voice was harsh and crisp before Cottage Street was reached, and but for the true grit which the gentleman possesses, and the love he bears for the baby, it is believed that the baby would have been tossed into a convenient fountain—any thing for a change. All the young ladies upon Genesee Street seemed to be standing in their windows as he passed. Opposite Eagle Street he met a particular lady friend in a carriage, and then the baby weighed a full ton. When the mother received her darling child from the hands of the brave one, cold and huge drops of perspiration poured from every pore of his face; his necktie was gone and his collar was unbuttoned. The contents of the Philadelphia mint would not tempt him down the street with a similar accompaniment. The wager was paid, and the mother and her baby rode down town, while the brave bachelor wended his way back to his place of business through Park Avenue and other quiet streets, solitary, thoughtful and alone. The next time he carries a baby through Genesee Street his friends may be certain that it is his own, and that the other stockholder in the cherub is within reach.

IT RUNS LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE!—DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS runs like a prairie fire. The fame of the Temperance Tonic is, however, but poorly exemplified by this figure of speech; for a prairie fire runs only in one direction, whereas the reputation of the Bitters spreads toward all points of the compass. There is not a square mile of inhabited territory in the United States, where this meritorious preparation is not appreciated. If any theoretical gentleman thinks he is prepared to show that there is "nothing in it," we advise him to go to the Prairie States, in the Mississippi Valley, to the deltas of the Southern rivers, to New England, in fact, anywhere within the limits of "Uncle Sam's real estate, and ventilate his views. By so doing he can raise a heartier and more general laugh than has ever yet shaken the sides of an intelligent people. Persons who have been cured can't help laughing at other people, who tell them that the medicine which saved their lives is a failure.

—Fifteen years ago, Buys-Ballot in Holland, Fitzroy in England, and Le Verrier in France introduced a system of storm-warnings, based on the then existing knowledge of meteorology, eked out with the help of the telegraph. The practical importance of this aid to navigation was duly appreciated by the sailors of these countries, and Mr. Scott, the director of the London Meteorological Office, has just given a further remarkable proof of its utility by a calculation that 80 per cent. of the storms foretold within the last few years have actually occurred.

KANSAS is now the twelfth State with a compulsory education law upon its books.

THE huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills, constructed of crude, coarse and bulky ingredients, are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—the "Little Giant" Cathartic or *Multum in Parvo* Pills. Modern Chemical Science enables Dr. Pierce to extract from the juices of the most valuable roots and herbs their active, medicinal principles, which, when worked into little Pellets or Granules, *scarcely larger than mustard seed*, renders each little Pellet as active and powerful as a large pill, while they are much more palatable and pleasant in effect.

Dr. Ira A. Thayer, of Baconsburg, Ohio, writes: "I regard your Pellets as the best remedy for the conditions for which you prescribe them of any thing I have ever used, so mild and certain in effect, and leaving the bowels in an excellent condition. It seems to me they must take the place of all other cathartic pills and medicines."

Lyon & Macomber, druggists, Vermillion, D. T., say: "We think they are going to sell like hot cakes as soon as people get acquainted with them and will spoil the pill trade, as those that have used them like them much better than large pills."

Newspapers, Silver and China Given Away for Christmas.

The *Excelsior Magazine* is giving away newspapers *free for one year* to their subscribers, and in some instances papers with their chromos framed. Every *subscriber* who orders through said magazine a sewing machine will receive gifts of gold or best triple plate silver tea service, etc., or china dinner set of 161 pieces. Send twenty-five cents for sample copy of magazine, or inclose stamp for particular. Agents can make enough on this before Christmas to keep them for one year. Office 59, No. 157 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE GREAT FAVORITE!—The popular hill Cure of the age!! Composed of pure and simple drugs, Wilhoft's Tonic has long held the highest place in the long line of remedies for Chills and Fever. It is not only Anti-Periodic but is Anti-Panic, for it curtails the heavy expense of doctors' visits, where friendly calls are all itemized in the account current. A penny saved is a penny gained, and saving it in this way adds to health and comfort. Try Wilhoft's Tonic as a certainty and you will never regret it. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Now is the time to buy presents for Christmas. Combine beauty and utility, and give your gentleman friends a carton containing one hundred Elmwood Collars. They will last him some time, and he will think of you with pleasure every time he puts on one.

PIMPLES, blotches, and other unsightly eruptions of the skin should be gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial will remove all such things by purifying the blood.

A PROTRUDING toe is not a sightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVER TIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe. For Sale by all Dealers.

The Prettiest Woman in New York, Miss K—, well known in our fashionable society for her *distingue* appearance and beautiful complexion, was once a sallow, rough-skinned girl, chagrined at her red, freckled face. She pitched into Hagan's Magnolia Balm, and is now as pretty in complexion as she is charming in manners. This article overcomes freckles, tan, sallowness, moth patches, ring-marks, etc., and makes one look ten years younger than they are. Magnolia Balm for a transparent complexion, and Lyon's Kathairon to make the hair plentiful, luxuriant, soft and delicate, have no rivals. The Kathairon prevents the hair from turning gray, eradicates dandruff, and is the best and cheapest dressing in the world.

Damned by Faint Praise.—Jas. Beckman, clergyman, of New York, was recently badly kicked by a horse, and was speedily cured by using the celebrated Mexican Mustang Liniment. When the proprietor asked him for a certificate he replied that he "considered it a remarkable article, but it wouldn't answer for him to indorse a remedy in print." Here's consistency. But we didn't kick him, as the horse did. The world knows that for Rheumatism, Bruises, Swellings, Spavin, Scratches, Inflammation, Lameness, or any flesh, bone or muscle ailment upon man or animal, there is nothing like the Mustang Liniment. It costs but 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle, and should be in every family. It is wrapped in a fine steel-plate label, and signed "G. W. Westbrook, Chemist."

Tonic and Recuperant Plantation Bitters.—The constantly-increasing patronage which it receives has, it is true, excited the petty envy of certain splenetic advertisers of pinchbeck panaceas, who hope to make a market for their own stagnant, watery wares by decrying all spirituous medicinal preparations. But the public can stomach neither their arguments nor their potations, and consequently reject these very weak imitations of the enemy as entirely too thin.

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