NED'S STOCKING

[illegible] disreputable looking affair, swung over the hoop of rags Ned called a leg. Any one but Santa Claus would have been dismayed at the yawning gulf which might once have been the toe, where only a narrow bridge separated it from the gaping heel; but the only little man only laughed in his sleeve, thinking what a sharp fellow Ned was to select this one; for such a stocking wouldn't hold trifles anyway. But you and I know that Ned could do no better, and his companion was in a yet more helpless condition. If any one asks who Ned is, I am afraid we shall have to confess that he is only a little [illegible], and if he doesn't "silently steal away," it is not owing to any training in his street education. Training is not usually conducive to either mental, moral or physical [illegible] in the latter item Ned did not lack anything, for he was hearty and robust as young Esquimaux; quite too robust he felt sometimes, when his breakfast or supper had been scanty for [illegible] simply was not equal to the demand. Morally he was not like other boys of his class; tenacious of his own rights, and I am sorry to say, somewhat inclined to be tenacious of the rights of others; for he had no very clear idea of the relative position of meum and tuum. His code of honor was short and comprehensive: "An eye for an eye, and two teeth for one."

Mentally Ned was not an imbecile; he possessed a large share of native shrewdness, which perhaps stood him in place of a liberal education. Ned could read a little, of which acquirement he was very proud, and delighted to get a crowd of boys around him (forlorn little objects like himself) and read to them the news of to-day, or even several days ago, it mattered not to him or them—spelling his words painfully as he went along making the most ridiculous blunders, which, however, were received with unmoved gravity by his hearers. Ned lived with his father, or rather took care of him, for he, poor man, was such a slave to appetite, he was seldom seen in a condition to take care of himself. For rare days he would keep sober and work diligently at his trade, for he was an excellent mechanic; those days were rare, in another sense, to his friendless, motherless boy; for then they would have a grand supper together, and this father would sit beside him in the evening, smoking his pipe, and telling sweet stories of the old home and the times when they were all so happy—the time before he had been bound by the galling chain which the drunkard bears, the dear old times before his wife died of a broken heart.

These was a nestful of little ones then, but one by one they had gone to join the mother, and Ned and his father were left alone. Best of all, Ned liked to hear of their Christmas festivities, while he was too young to remember the nice dinner, the church-going, the merry games, the hanging of the little stockings, and once a Christmas tree. It was like a fairy tale to Ned, or something which had occurred in some other stage of existence. Thinking of these things, he resolved that not another Christmas eve should pass without giving his stocking a chance.

"More anything would come handy," he soliloquized, looking dubiously at his ragged clothing and torn shoes; "I ain't always in full dress now, owing to the pressure, an' I can't afford to wear patent leather boots till times is a little easier."

So it happened that the glad Christmas came again and poor ragged Ned, although he had no part in the gladness and good cheer, could stand afar off, shivering and looking on, happy as a king, and, like a true philosopher, getting his share in seeing the enjoyment of others.

That night after he had hung that "consumpon-a-time" stocking and gone contentedly off to the land of dreams, the landlord's agent opened the door and stopped in. Some matter of business which he had forgotten during the day, brought him up to the third floor in the tenement house where Ned and his father lived or rather stayed. Mr. Henry was no blunder and saw something not the same time. He knew what the boy was, having some times employed him to do errands. Now he stepped softly forward and surveyed the piece. There was brown-haired Ned curled up in his rags, sleeping quietly, with a flush of red glinting through the "brown s of his cheeks;" there was the wretched stockings, and the ragged shoes stood side by side upon the floor. Mr. Henry was a soft-hearted man, too much so, perhaps, for a landlord's agent [illegible] he winced very fast as he stood looking at them, while something besides a smile shone on his face.

"Poor little fellow!" he said to himself, and, obe ing a sudden impulse, he shut the door gently, went swiftly down the stairs, and hurried away to his happy, comfortable home.

What he said and did there on this particular occasions no affair of ours; we will only remark in passing, that he had a boy who was a year or two older than Ned who would outgrow his jackets.

When Ned opened his eyes the next morning he looked toward the stocking and—could he express it, "he hadn't any fait to find with Santa Claus' way of doin' thing," but he laughed a gleeful, happy laugh at the picture before him. There, underneath the stocking, reposed against the wall, with its hat drawn over his face, a something which represented a boy about his own size. The limbs of it were pinned about a pie (which might be a mince pie) and a nice roasted chicken, wrapped in a clean cloth. Inside this suit of clothes there was another rather more worn, but all whole and clean; a pair of half-worn boots stood beside the image and the stocking was running over. Filling the careful rents were other socks, soft and warm; then came a few apples and oranges, like the red and gold of sunsets; top, a pocket-knife and a wonderful, wonderful picture book, the like of which he had never dreamed of possessing; last but not least, a cake of toilet soap. Ned looked at it curiously and said to himself with arch gravity, "I guess I'll put that away for Sundays."

Mr. Henry had his own way of doing things, and he looked after Ned and gave him employment. More than this he looked after the wretched father and with such an energy and kindness that he really had to reform. I want to conclude, for fear it may not be clearly understood, there is a moral in this story.

Sensible to the Last.

The sympathies of German juries are frequently moved by sentiment. An instance of this occurred recently, when the will of a wealthy land owner, who had left everything to the maid of all work he had married, was contested upon the ground that she was superior in social standing, and had exercised undue influence to obtain the bequest. The widow was called to testify for herself, and proved to be as handsome as she was intelligent. "As to influencing my husband," she said, "in the disposition of his money, I never mentioned it to him. In the few years that we lived together, I never knew that he made a will. As to his last illness I remember his last words." Here she stopped. One of the lawyers asked her to say what they were. She replied that she would rather not; but the opposing counsel, making sure that her answer would be in favor of his clients insisted and urged that the law obliged her to do so. She then said: "He beckoned me to his side, and said 'Frederika, my dear, kiss me, and open the bottle of champagne, and let us take our last farewell glass, for I am going to leave you." And she added, with a sob, "we did, and he die." The jury returned a verdict for her in less than five minutes.

Negroes Still Indignant Over an Old Robbery.

Washington Special: The colored national committee met recently and appointed delegates to the convention at Richmond, Va., July, 1884. Each congressional district is allowed two delegates. Fred Douglass, Register of the Treasury Bruce of the District of Columbia and Col. William Pickell of Maryland were elected members of the national committee. The committee [illegible] Freedmen's bank made to final report [illegible] congress to refer back [illegible] and demonstrate the former [illegible] of the institution [illegible] a committee at [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] bank [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] for their benefit.

carcass, and then like a lion, smashing its bones and sucking the marrow therefrom; and, furthermore, a republican congress made this commission the pall-bearers of the same carcass. The committee adjourned to meet in Chicago June 2 next.

He Denounced Him.

Erastus Groggins was possessed of the most vituperative tongue in the whole town of Tackville, and Mr. Groggins invariably allowed it plenty of exercise. A certain political enemy of Mr. Groggins had recently published a card in the local paper severely antagonistic to Mr. Groggins, and Groggins immediately declared that he had been villified.

"I shall denounce him," said Mr. Groggins, quietly.

The population of Tackville paled with apprehension.

"Shall you publish a card in reply?" ventured a bystander.

"No, sir," said Mr. Groggins, "I shall only publicly denounce him."

A malarial chill then settled on the town of Tackville. The unfortunate enemy of Mr. Groggins was to be denounced.

One evening the two belligerents met in a grocery store. The election news was coming in fast from the back counties, and the congregation was noisily engaged in discussing live issues, explaining away defeats and rejoicing over victories. Until the entrance of his enemy, Mr. Groggin was unusually quiet and sedate. It is quite doubtful if the enemy would have entered had he been aware that Mr. Groggins was present—and loaded, Mr. Groggins said.

"Mr. Crumbach, you probably weighed the question of publishing that card long and carefully before deciding to insert it?"

"I did, sir," replied Mr. Crumbach, rather uneasily. "I think that I devoted to it due consideration and careful deliberation."

"Yes, I trust that you gave it the necessary thought and attention which so grave a subject demanded. I cannot but think, Mr. Crumbach, that your motive is giving utterance to the stories that I was tarred and feathered in Houston, committed bigamy in Laredo, and jumped a board bill in Galveston was mainly to do me a personal injury, and, possibly, reflect on my character as a citizen and a member of society."

"Yes," replied Mr. Crum ach, "I must admit that such was my intention, and if I failed in any way to do the subject full justice, it was more an error of the head than of the heart. I endeavored to state the facts in as plain and concise form as possible, and allow the public to frame its own opinion."

"Yes, I have not the least doubt of that," continued Mr. Groggins, sternly, "and I intend his evening in the presence of these prominent members of the first society of Tackville, to publicly denounce you, the vile, insinuating author of th s literary prevarication. I should, Mr. Crumbach, be utterly remiss to the duties owing to my station as a citizen, and the home of my family, should I neglect this favorable opportunity. Mr. Crumbach, are you ready?"

"Proceed," said Crumbach, uneasily shifting his position from a nail keg to the top of a cracker barrel.

"All right" said Mr. Groggins. "To commence with, I consider you a cur, a hidebound, treacherous whelp which daily roams these streets in foul pursuit of the offal of slander upon which you have ever fed since childhood's idiotic hours. Unowned, unclaimed, and masquerading under another name than that bestowed on you by uncertain parentage in the days of profligate youth, you haunt the purlieus of the lowest barrel houses, and rejuvenate the bar room cuspidors for a morning toddy. The poisonous exhalation from the deadly upas tree are fragrant as the perfume of the rose compared to the vile breath of slander with which you seek to blast the name and fame of those as far superior to you in all which goes to form the majesty of man, as the highest, snow-capped mountain peaks are above the green scum of the lowest swamps."

The face of Mr. Groggins was fairly livid as he reached this part of his address, and his fingers convulsively opened, and again the nails sank deep into the palms of his hands. Mr. Crumbach shifted his position from the cracker barrel back on to the nail keg.

"Yes," said Mr. Groggins, "present appearances seems to indicate that you are correct, but I not only desire to address you, but also that scowling fiend of a boon companion of yours, just behind your back."

Mr. Crumbach turned his head. Alas, poor Crumbach! Hastily realizing his indiscretion, his eyes once more sought those of Mr. Groggins, but between him and Groggins' stern, relentless face gleamed a nickle-plated machine known as a "bull dog," and Mr. Groggins had the drop. A murmur of pleased surprise ran over the crowd.

"That was a good move," remarked one enthusiast.

"Yes, that was exceedingly well played," assented another admirer of the game. "I wonder what Crumbach will do next?"

The two belligerents glared at each other. But the overtures of war were not eventuated by them. A wildly inspired cowboy, occupying a position in the rear, sent a bullet crashing through a glass jar of pickles sitting on the top shelf, and then the trouble commenced. Revolvers and bowie knives were in the air like the glistening autumn grain on the hillside. A dense blue smoke permeated the narrow confines of the dingy grocery, while shrieks, groans and bitter imprecations rose above the wild, discordant din of battle. Political excitement ran high. A large congregation on the outside cheered the battling hosts within. And when all was over, when the dust and smoke of battle rolled and curled along the blackened, dingy ceiling of the room, eight wounded men were carried out into the open air, and laid on coffee sacks.

Messrs. Groggins and Crumbach were discovered curled up in the cold embrace of death under the counter, lashed each to each as the tiger lashes himself to his prey, and their hearts' blood mingled in a crimson, turbid stream along the grimy floor.

Mr. Groggins had denounced his enemy.—Texas Siftings.

Alleged Supernatural Gifts.

One of the most remarkable cases of the exercise of alleged supernatural gifts has recently been unearthed by a correspondent in Shropshire, England. Emma Davies, a young nurse girl but thirteen years old, sighed to conquer other worlds beside the somewhat limited one over which she presided, and one night resolved to strike out in an original line. She heard her companions speaking of moving chairs and tables, and furniture of all kinds mysteriously, by dexterity of the hand, and practiced the art until she became proficient enough to announce herself as a full fledged medium. She went around among the credulous peasantry practicing the deception, and her fame spread. Upon the slighest pretext the deeds of the little nurse girl were magnified, and the child, finding herself the observed of all observers, with some degree of cleverness jerked about books, buckets and small articles of furniture. Tales of pigs standing on their heads when she commanded, rats and mice appearing from their recesses and other wonderful stories brought down upon her the more enlightened reporter, and after he had witnessed some of her alleged supernatural powers, he quietly exposed the whole thing. Miss Davies has fled, no one knows whither.

Matches.

"That match you are lighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't it?" said a passenger who had shared my seat for a few miles. "A small thing, but you wouldn't believe that American people paid out $27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big, but it is a fact. Now take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on an average five matches each per day; that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or 2,500,000 matches boxes of 100 matches in a box, every day. Last year these boxes retailed at an average of three cents each, making $75,000 a day for matches, or $27,375,000 a year. And then to think that three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company! If they didn't make $6,000 clear profit out of it they didn't make a cent."

The latter day of the match monopoly is now at an end, [illegible] no longer have a government [illegible] for their benefit.

ner is cut by the Brown men and shipped on their own boats. And then they have contracted for nearly all the world's supply of phosphorus years ahead, and the new manufacturers starting into business find themselves overmatched in many ways by the monopoly, which can still control the trade and make a fair profit on the investments. They control twenty-two factories, and one of them has a capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily.—Chicago Herald.

George Eliot on Servants.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Some eighteen years ago we published in this journal an article by the late George Eliot on servants' logic, which, if it had appeared under her name, would have received much more notice than that which was actually accorded it. Nor did many people know at the time that the foremost of female novelists was among the contributors to this journal. The article, although, perhaps, not in George Eliot's best style, is nevertheless sufficiently characteristic to induce us to reproduce it in our columns to day. After describing the dismay with which a hostess discovers that the scalloped oysters with which she would fain load a friend's plate have been served with their beards on and the troubles of a dyspeptic physiologist with a weakness for spinach who has vainly endeavored to impress on the cook the importance of thoroughly squeezing green vegetables, the writer proceeds:

Again, you desire soup, but desire it without fat. You are perhaps a genius; the world is in need of your new poem; or you are evolving a momentous theory, and the evolution of fatty acids within you is a serious impediment, your mental activity is reduced to the consciousness that interesting facts in animal chemistry are going on within you; you begin to think you can serve mankind only by leaving your body for dissection. At length you ask your wife, with hardly suppressed peevishness, and unusual emphasis on "my dear," to inquire into the making of the soup. Your wife, who is rather frightened at the cook, tells her that Mr. Queasy, in spite of his orders, discerned fatty particles in his soup yesterday. "It's a thing impossible there can be fat, mum—for skimming and everything—there's nothing neglected in my power." "Show me your cold stock." Exit Sally, returning with a vessel in one hand and a spoon in the other. There is a white film of fat over the surface of the stock. "See, now, Sally, there is fat." "La, mum," says Sally, plunging her spoon in and turning up the jellied soup from beneath as a gardner turns the soil when he is digging for the roots, the cold fatty getting underneath in the process "that's nothing; besides I take my soup from under and I take the fat off with a spoon." (The spoon itself is studded plenteously with fragments of cold fat) "But unless you wash your spoon each time you dip it there will be fat, and however little Mr. Queasy suffers from it. Besides"—(Mrs. Q. here exerts all her courage)—it belongs to a good cook to send up her soup free from fat." Sally smiles bitterly. "La mum, do you think when I was at Nuneham gate, and there was people of all sorts coming to the house, as I could have give that satisfaction—and Scotch people wanting things you might think no Christain 'ud touch—and Mr. Tooley, the gentleman with the wooden leg, praising my soup, and saying he never tasted better? But there's stomachs will not stand soup, and that's where it is." (Here Sally shakes her head and sighs, as is her wont when she is seeing deeply into the cause of things.) "And as I've said to Jane many and many a time, if gentle folks' constitutions are of that sort, it's no wonder what comes. I said so only yesterday, when I was draining the rice, and the cat eating the white sauce all the while, and one no knowing. It's true what I speak—every word." Here Sally sets down the vessel of stock emphatically, and tapping the outside of it with her finger-ends, looks hard out of the window. Mrs. Queasy is non-plussed. It she says more Sally will give warning; she draws her dress round her crinoline, and rustles up stairs again.

Servants are rich in intuitions. They have vast numbers of certainties which are deep by reason of their groundlessness. The postman brings a letter for Maria; she was sure he would, she didn't know from whom it would come, and if you were to knock her down she couldn't tell you why, but this morning when she got out of bed, and drew up the blind and saw the wind blowing the leaves about, she seemed to see the postman coming with the letter in his hand. You make a great mistake if you suggest certain conditions which might have given rise to the expectation. She rejects such low-minded analysis of her certainty. No; there was no reason why she should expect a letter this morning more than any other; but so it was—and it was the same once before, when the dish-cover fell and got bruised; she had said at breakfast something would happen that day, she knew it. But as to your certainties, for which you allege arguments, the same Maria considers them offensive unless they are to be overcome by her assertion. If you will not believe that a looking-glass is cloudy and spotty in spite of daily, diligent rubbing, or that the steel of all your variously contrived stoves happens to be of so peculiar a quality that it will not "take" a polish, she thinks she has a right to feel offended. If, however, she happens to be in a good humor, she will perhaps observe apropos of the steel, that at one place where she lived there was a bright fender with a sharp edge, and the nurse let the child fall on it and cut herself; and when she has given you all the circumstances attendant on this event, the name of the doctor who was called in and what he said, she will feel that she has readjusted her position as a polisher of stoves.

On the whole, servants are little disposed to think that the opinions of gentlefolks can have any practical value for them. Our remedies, our methods, our explanations, are like the drapery and tailoring we pay so much for, they correspond to the supposed scale of our income; but servants, for their part, get their stuffs and their views from other quarters. The cure for a gentleman's toothache is not likely to suit Sally's molar so well as the cure recommended by the grocer's boy on the authority of his first cousin, who went about with a blue handkerchief round his head for weeks and weeks. And for the probabilities concerning the dryness of the coming summer, or the guilt of the man taken for murder, the person to be consulted with the most deference is the laundress who serves very good families, and whose husband is in the carrying line.

The moral of all this is that wise masters and mistresses will not argue with their servants, will not give them reasons, will not consult them. A mild yet firm authority which rigorously demands that certain things be done without urging motives or entering into explanations is both preferred by the servants themselves and is the best means of educating them into any improvement of their methods and habits. Authority and tradition are the chief, almost the only, safe guards of the uninstructed—are the chief means of developing the crude mind, whether childish or adult. Reason about everything with your child, you make him a monster, without reverence, without affections. Reason about things with your servants, consult them, give them suffrage, and you produce no other effect in them than a sense of anarchy in the house, a suspicion of irresolute ness in you, the most opposed to that spirit of order and prompt obedience which can alone enable them to fill their places well and make their lives respectable.

An Emergency.

A few days ago a man with humble expression and wearing a summer suit of clothes applied to one of the railroad passenger agents for a dead-head pass to Toledo. "Why do you want to go to Toledo?" "To get married." "And you haven't any money?" "Not above twenty-five cents." "Hadn't you better be worth your fare to Toledo before taking a wife on your hands to support?" "You don't understand the case," persisted the man, "I'm going to marry a widow worth at least $5,000, and the first thing I shall do will be to remit you the price of a ticket. I'm poor, and the widow knows it, but she marries me for love." He protested so long and earnestly that he was finally passed down the road. Two days elapsed and then a letter was received from him saying: "Heaven bless you for your kindness! Reached here all right, and married the [illegible] widow. [illegible] to programme. It [illegible] work out a representation of the [illegible]

"SHE IS MY WIFE, SIR."

A Pennsylvania Blue Blood Outwitted by a Pittsburg Dentist.

Trenton Special to the New York Journal.

A short distance from this city is the country residence of William H. Rawle, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, a handsome mansion with extensive grounds, which played its share as a rendezvous in a recent romance that has until now not only been kept from the newspapers, but has also been kept a secret from the select social circles in which one of the actors moved. Mr. Rawle prides himself on being one of the blue of blue-blooded Americans, descended from the stock of patrician revolutionary patriots. His great grandfather was a "Signer," or something of that sort, while his grandfather was a chief justice of the Keystone state. He himself was a prominent candidate for the attorney generalship in the last Pennsylvania state election, and is a man of great wealth, culture and the wiliest social connections.

The present Mrs. Rawle is his second wife. By his first wife he had two lovely daughters, who inherited independent fortunes from their mother, which gave them an income variously stated at from $6,000 to $10,000 a year each. The relations between these young ladies and their stepmother have been such that they have not spent much time in each other's society. The daughters have made their home at their father's place near this city.

One morning in the last week of October Mr. Rawle was in his Philadelphia law office, when a card was handed him.

It bore the name of "Dr. L. Godfrey Rosseau, Pittsburg."

When the owner of the name was ushered into the dignified presence he was asked to state his business.

"I called to see you Mr. Rawle," said the visitor with some slight hesitation, "about a rather delicate matter, which does not effect me alone, and concerning which I am authorized to speak. I want to marry your daughter!"

"Who are you, sir, that dare come to me in this way?" he demanded.

"I am a dentist by profession. I have a good practice and am earning a good living. I am amply able to care for two people. I am thirty years of age and my home is in Pittsburgh. I love your daughter—"

"This is a piece of blankey-blankey-blanked ridiculous nonsense, sir!"

"But we are engaged to be married and—"

"Get out of my office!" shouted Mr. Rawle, fairly purple with rage.

Metaphorically, if not literally, kicked out, the doctor from Pittsburgh took his departure, with the quiet remark:

"You will hear from me again, sir."

The more Mr. Rawle thought of his unwelcome visitor and his audacious errand, the more uneasy he grew. He hurried off and caught the next train for New York. There he took up a tract of land and went to farming, remaining there until the twenty years were up. He resolved to time his return and the meeting with his old sweetheart, if she was still alive and unmarried, at as near the hour of his leaving her as it was possible to do. He came back with an ample fortune, and found matters much as he had left them. The wedding that did not come off twenty years ago will be celebrated at the approaching Christmas.

Personal Matters.

Alphonse Karr was lately a guest at a dinner of some homeopathic physicians at Paris; when, after toasts had been honored to Hahnemann and to the great lights of the science now living, he was asked to propose a toast. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have drunk the health of many physicians, but there is one toast you have forgotten. Permit me to repair this omission. I drink to the health of your patients."

Senator Hill, of Colorado, started out in life as a professor of chemistry in Brown University at Providence, R. I., and a few years ago went to Colorado to assay ores. One day a miner came to him with a nugget. Hill saw that it was gold. He wormed the location out of the man and made haste to get possession of the mine. It has made him a millionaire. Knowledge is power. So says the man who was jugg d out of the mine.

Princess Louise took with her to England a rare and beautiful collection of Canadian birds. There are eight cases, containing about 120 varieties. Three cases are devoted to the different species of the duck family, and contain forty birds. Another is devoted to grouse, of which there are seventeen specimens, representing nine varities. The princess' own case is filled with small birds of brilliant plumage.

Speaker Carlisle is a very pale man, with brown hair, no whiskers or mustache, and with clean-cut features, indicating a very nervous organization. He is of the Greek type, having a long, straight nose, a handsome chin, prominent enough to indicate firmness, without obstinacy. He parts his hair on one side and brushes it in such a way as to give his head rather a square appearance. He does not dress badly, but neither does he dress well.

Mr. John Piatt Bailey, of North Salem, Winchester county, N. Y., has brought suit in the Supreme Court against Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., for $1,500 damages. It is alleged that Mr. Grant keeps a vicious horse, and that on March 1st last the horse inflicted personal injuries upon Mr. Bailey, from which he is still suffering, and from which he never expects to recover. The horse complained of is one of the Arabian stallions presented to General Grant by the Khedive of Egypt.

A Mr. M. F. Wallace of Hillsboro, Ohio, had wooed and won as he thought, the heart of Miss Mary Barrett, and then went to California to make his fortune. A few days ago he returned to wed his betrothed. Thursday of last week was set for the happy event, and the minister and guests were assembled. In conversation with his affianced, Wallace mentioned that he was afraid his fortune was not sufficient to support her in the style she had been accustomed to. The lady replied that she had provided for herself for some time, and she supposed could still do so, and if he didn't want to marry her he could go. Forthwith he went. This sudden termination of the affair afforded the surprised guests plenty of opportunity for gossip.

Little Nellie Arthur, the president's daughter, has joined a Christmas club in Washington. About forty young people of both sexes are members of it. The object of the club is to make a merry Christmas for many poor people—poor children who scarcely know what the word means. The children solicit donations and prepare lists of the ones to be helped. When the president learned of the mission of the club he readily gave his consent to Nellie's joining it. She is now one of the leaders and has secured many donations by her pleasant smiles and pretty manners. The president has made a liberal contribution, and the club is becoming very popular.

Egyptian Explorations.

The Rev. William C. Winslow, of Boston, has written an interesting letter to the Churchman of New York about the work of the Egyptian Exploration Fund Society of England. Last winter this society engaged in an important undertaking in the Delta, under the direction of M. Naville, the eminent Egyptologist—namely, the excavation of the Biblical city of Pithom, built by the Hebrews during their servitude. This city has been identified by the excavations as the "store city" built for Pharaoh during the oppression, and also as the city which is referred to as Succoth in the Bible. Interesting hieroglyphics and sun-dried bricks were found, some with, others without, straw. The society proposes during the present winter, if funds are forthcoming, to excavate San, the Zoan of the Bible, and the Tanis of the Greeks. That is where the Pharaoh lived who was the friend of Joseph, and is therefore the place in which to look for documents bearing on the history of the Hebrews during their long sojourn in Egypt. It is likely that Hebrew monuments and sepulchres will be found in San. The [illegible] buried in the lost history of [illegible] Kings. In fact no other [illegible] or in [illegible] east, is [illegible] to rival [illegible] monuments [illegible] themselves [illegible] And yet, in the end [illegible]

WAITING TWENTY YEARS.

A Romantic Episode in the Lives of Two Lovers.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

At Coalton, Pa., a romantic episode in the lives of two lovers is at present exciting great interest in that vicinity. William Craig, a young farmer, and Mary Barker, the 18-year-old daughter of William Barker, also a farmer, were to have been married on Christmas Day, 1863. On the evening of the 7th of December, in the above-named year, there was a social party at Farmer Barker's house, and among the guests was a young man from this village. Miss Barker danced with him twice in succession, and young Craig reproved her for such marked attention to another, and told her that he did not wish her to dance again with the young man in question. This aroused the spirit of the young lady, and she replied that she would dance with him or anyone else she chose, and as many times as she liked. Craig then informed her that she might so so, but that she wouldn't see him again for twenty years. To this she tauntingly replied that "he couldn't stay away from her twenty hours if he tried ever so hard." Craig went home, and the next day he was missing. He lived with his parents, who were unable to find any trace of him. Miss Barker vowed she never would go into or receive company again until he returned. As years passed by and no traces of the missing son were received, his parents came to look upon him as dead. Miss Barker, however, had a singular faith that he would come back some day. She kept her vow as to living a secluded life, and few people ever saw her after the night she had quarreled with her lover.

Last Friday evening, which was the 7th instant, a stranger knocked at the door of old Mr. Barker's house and asked to see Miss Barker. He was a large, fine-looking man about forty years of age. He was admitted, and when Miss Barker appeared he held out his hand and said:

"Mary Barker didn't I tell you that you wouldn't see me again in twenty years?"

It was William Craig. He had returned to his parent's home in the afternoon. Both his father and mother were still living. The secret of his arrival was kept, and when he appeared in so dramatic a manner in the presence of his old sweetheart she fainted in his arms.

Craig's disappearance and long absence was that he had gone straight to Philadelphia after leaving home, and there enlisted in the army under an assumed name. He served until the end of the war, and was mustered out at Philadelphia. He longed very much to return home, but he permitted his determination to remain away twenty years to control him, and he went direct to Nebraska. There he took up a tract of land and went to farming, remaining there until the twenty years were up. He resolved to time his return and the meeting with his old sweetheart, if she was still alive and unmarried, at as near the hour of his leaving her as it was possible to do. He came back with an ample fortune, and found matters much as he had left them. The wedding that did not come off twenty years ago will be celebrated at the approaching Christmas.

General Notes.

Mrs. Marion Harland writes to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat in regard to her last story, "Judith." In so doing she breaks a rule adhered to for thirty years—that she would not reply to critics. She explains that she was led to make her character in the story, a sprightly girl, should have married a rascal, to die wretchedly, but adds that the episode was true history.

The paucity of marriages in Jamaica, says Sir Anthony Musgrave in his recent official report on the condition of that island, is much to be deplored. In "intimate connection" with the observation the Governor notes the fact that the annual proportion of illegitimate births is more than 58 out of every 100 born.

Will Carleton's first poem, "Betsy and I Are Out," got into the waste-basket of the Toledo Blade, to which paper it was originally sent, but it was afterwards fished out and published one day when there happened to be a scarcity of "copy." All good things have to go into the waste-basket in order to achieve fame. All of Tennyson's poems are placed in the waste-basket and seasoned before publication.

Philadelphia has a Sunday Breakfast Association which gathers in the outcasts every Sunday morning, warms them up with a hearty breakfast, and then talks the gospel to them.

A Paris paper states with utmost serenity that a noble redskin who had been converted to Christianity was sent to be educated at Eton. Having been soundly birched he lay in wait for the master who had inflicted this distasteful punishment and scalped him, an incident which "created a great sensation about forty years ago." The story reaches its climax in the announcement that the young Indian, who had for a long time been lost sight of, has been identified as Sitting Bull.

Life, in its latest installment of its missionary articles on "American Aristocracy," describes an American gentleman who has very properly refused to loan his pictures to the horde of lower-class sympathizers, who wish to disgrace our chosen city with a statue of Liberty, which some misguided French persons, thinking we took some pride in our form of government, have offered us. What do we want with that bronze effigy? or with what it represents? or with the compliment and sympathy it expresses? Pah! If England, now, our dear old mother country, whom we aristocrats are dreadfully sorry our grandfathers hra-hed—if England will only give us a colossal image of George III.—oh, here is something we could and would worship, gild and sing psalms to.

"An allegorical representation of the north wind!" exclaimed the gruff old man of practical ideas, as he looked at the artist's work in clay. "Oh, no," he continued, "a young woman with such a pretty and sensible face would never go out of doors in the winter with her neck so unprotected, her head uncovered and her back hair all loose and allow the north wind to blow her tresses all over her face. Now if you want an idea for an honest representation of the north wind take the head of an old chap like myself, with a big bald spot on his crown and his hair short and bristling. Have his coat collar turned up well under his ears, and blow his chin in it. Let his hat fly in the wind while his hair turns stiffly to the front his eyes meanwhile filled with an anxious glare as he watches the luscious handsear. Why, my friend, with such material as this you might work out a representation of the north wind [illegible]

FIELD AND FARM.

Farming Paragraphs.

Coal-tar when mixed with about twenty-tenth part of slaked lime, makes a very good covering for a shingle roof. It should be made hot and the lime well stirred in and put on with a brush.

In his report the governor makes the following estimate of the number and value of cattle and sheep in Montana, in October, 1883: Number of cattle, 475,000, valued at $30 per head, $14,250,000; number of sheep, 700,000, value $2 per head, $1,000,000; number of horses, 90,000, at $75 per head, value, $6,750,000. Twenty-five thousand head of imported breeds of cattle have been brought into the territory this year, also some of the finest racing and trotting stock.

A poultry-house should be large enough to be airy, but if it is kept strictly clean and sweet it will do no harm to be somewhat crowded. A house 24 feet long, 10 feet wide, 5 feet high behind and 8 feet in front, and having four roosting poles, all on a level and only a foot from the floor, will hold 60 to 80 fowls. This manner of arranging the roosts prevents a good deal of quarreling to get on the top perch.

Fifty-seven farmers contribute 23,000 pounds of milk per day to the Anglo-Swiss condensing works, in Middletown, N. Y., which occupy a three-story building 250x110 feet, are driven by a sixty-horse-power engine, and give employment to sixty persons, including boys and girls. The sugar passes from a large bin into the milk before the latter reaches the vacuum-pans; other labor-saving devices are nailing-machines (used in the manufacture of boxes), soldering machines in the tin-shop (where 60,000 cans can be made in a day) and electric bells. The company, which also runs six factories in Europe, disposed last year, of 32,000,000 cans of condensed milk.

The most convenient way of keeping celery in the winter in the cellar, and one as good as any, is to pack the plants as they are taken out of the ground, with all the soil adhering, and as closely as possible, in boxes or barrels of such a depth that the tops are even with the edge of the box. In this way the stalks are blanched and are kept fresh and succulent. The boxes should be put in the coolest part of the cellar. And the way is to pack the plants in a similar manner in trenches in the ground half as deep as the plants are long; put boards on each side and earth up against the boards; then cover the whole with straw. Freezing does not injure celery, but rather improves it, making it tender and sweet.

Cooking Recipes.

Rye Bread.—Make sponge as for wheat bread; let it rise over night; then mix up with rye flour, not as stiff as wheat bread. Place in baking pans; let rise, and bake half an hour longer than wheat bread.

A Dish for Breakfast.—Take six good cooking apples, cut them in slices one-fourth of an inch thick; have a pan of fresh, hot lard ready, drop the slices in and fry till brown; sprinkle a little sugar over them and serve hot.

Fried Potatoes.—Chop fine cold boiled potatoes; heat some butter in a frying pan and put the potatoes in. A few minutes before taking them from the fire stir in some well-beaten egg. Serve hot.

Rabbit on Toast.—Cut cold rabbit in pieces and fry brown with slices of bacon or ham, and add its quantity of small onions or mushrooms, and stew them until tender in hot water enough to cover; put in plenty of pepper and salt, and serve on toast. Should be stewed slowly.

Lemon Pies.—Boil and chop six lemons after the seeds have been removed; add three cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of molasses and three pounded crackers; mix well together and bake between two crusts like mince pies.

Chocolate Caramels.—Mix well together two cups of molasses, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, half a cup of milk, half a cup of Baker's chocolate, grated, and a piece of butter as large as an egg. Boil about half an hour, pour in buttered pans, and just before it is cool square it.

Cocoanut.—One cup of desiccated cocoanut, one pint of milk, two eggs, and a little salt. Scald the cocoanut in part of the milk, to soften, then add the rest, with the eggs and sugar to taste. Bake in one crust as custard. If the whites of the eggs are left out to frost the pie, it will improve it.

The Wire Fight in Iowa.

What is generally known as the "Barbed Wire Monopoly" put up the price of its goods to 10 and 11 cents per pound, and found a troublesome competitor in the Farmers' Protective Association of Iowa, which established a cooperative factory and supplied to its members an equal quality of popular fencing material at 6 and 7 cents, gaining a fair profit on the manufacture even at that rate. Since then there has been much litigation, in which Iowa farmers were successful, and there is more to follow within a month or two, for which funds are needed. An earnest effort is making to raise the money; the agricultural and local journals of the state are giving urgent attention to the subject—for instance, four and one half columns in the current number of the Iowa Homestead—and spirited public meetings are being held, farmers naturally supposing that defeat now, in the final struggle, would mean a speedy return to what they regard as "the old extortion."

For the Native Cows.

We will hazard the following statement, made from what we think adequate experience and knowledge, viz., that a herd of fair, average native cows, costing $60 or $70 each, will make a greater profit in butter every year, with as good feeding and management, as the time number of these vaunted Guernseys costing $150 to $300 will do. Further, that in the 12,000 or 15,000 Jersey cows in the country there are more of them making three pounds of butter in a week than in as many native cows. At the same time, we are ready to admit that it might be difficult to match the 40 Jersey cows which have been said to yield 14 to 20 pounds of butter a week with natives, for there has been an honest reticence in regard to lying about our native cows. Moreover, it is not the quantity of butter which a cow yields that makes the profit, and 7 pounds a week from a seventy-five-dollar native cow will pay much better than 14 pounds a week from a fifteen-hundred dollar Jersey cow. So the dairy men may still live on in the belief that the person who wrote the above statement is "a little off.—New York Times.

For the Man of the House.

A word to thoughtless husbands and others to whom the remarks apply: Your wife wants that front, sunny window for her plants. Don't object to it, for she is entitled to it. Go to work like a man and fit it up for her. She wants a capacious shelf or tray secured on a level with the window sill. If you can't make it for her, get some one who can. She wants a few earthen flower pots to replace those old tin cans and wooden paint kegs and boxes in which she has been obliged to put some of her plants. It is your business to buy them for her, or give her the money to do it with. Then she needs six or eight flower-pot brackets that come for the purpose, to screw on the sides of the window casing, having a revolving arm, just the thing, and very cheap. Get them without a word and see how surprised she will be. If you see a pretty rustic hanging basket, or one of wire, buy that also. Take the whole lot home and said leave the rest to your wife and daughters. If you don't appreciate flowers yourself, keep still about it and try to disguise the unfortunate fact as well as you can. You may be thankful to get off with such trifling expenditures; you ought in reality to provide her with a bay window for her plants if your new house has none already.—Rural New Yorker.

A Widow's Sense.

[illegible] from the Kansas [illegible] Times: [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Henry [illegible] Ned [illegible] Christmas [illegible] Ned [illegible] Christmas [illegible] Ned [illegible] Christmas