ST. PAUL.

[Continued from Fifth Page.]

ing outlined that will keep up the system proportionately with the development of the city in other directions.

GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE.

Work of the Police Force in the Past Twelve Months.

The St. Paul police have made a record for themselves the past year that they may well be proud of, placing in the hands of justice more than 5,000 criminals of more or less importance. There are ninety-one men on the force, twenty patrolmen having been appointed the present year. During this time the office of lieutenant has been created, and I. D. Morgan and Thomas Walsh, old and service-seasoned members of the force appointed to that position. Two additional detectives have been detailed, making five in all, with John O'Connor at the head. The suburbs of the city are patroled by six mounted men. The annual expense of running the department is about $20,000. The council committee on police have under consideration improvements to be made in the coming year. There will probably be subpolice stations in the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh wards, and arrangements have already been made for the purchase of lots in these localities. This will greatly lighten the responsibility at the central station, with which the sub-stations will be connected by telephone. The police patrol telegraph system, which was introduced in the city the past year, is now in good running order and greatly facilitates police work. There are now thirty-two patrol boxes in the city, connected by thirty miles of wire, eleven miles of which have been stretched during the past twelve months. The system up to the present time has cost about $4,500. E. B. Birge is superintendent, and he has two assistants, night and day operators. During the coming year three new central instruments will probably be added and other improvements made in the department. The municipal court and the police department are closely allied and the prisoner whom the policeman thinks needs justice usually gets it from the court. Judge Cory is on the bench and has two associate judges, Schoonmaker and Hall. John J. Ahern, for three years in the district court, is clerk and William Dowlan and H. N. Clause, bailiffs. The business of this court is rapidly increasing and during the fiscal year ending Oct. 31, 1885, 3,427 criminal cases were disposed of and from Jan. 1 to Dec. 1, $17,983.36 were collected as fines. The civil business is rapidly growing and the indications are that ere long the clerk will need an assistant.

THEY SAVE OUR HOMES.

St. Paul Fire Laddies of Which the City is Proud.

The St. Paul fire department has been brought to such a point of perfection that the citizens may well be proud of it. The amount of property saved by the force from the devouring element the past year runs into the millions. The records show the losses by fire to be $322,180 less than they were in 1884. The total loss is $121,854, insurance $385,763. There are 125 men in the department, exclusive of the fire-alarm system, which employs five men. The officers are: Chief, John Black, assistant chief, John Jackson; M. F. Kelleher, acting assistant chief, and J. R. Jenkins, superintendent of the fire alarm. There are eight engine companies, two truck companies, and five chemicals. The department has sixty-five horses, 200,000 feet of hose, eighty alarm boxes, and one Hayes truck with an eighty-five foot extension ladder. At No. 5 engine house a hospital has been established for the care of sick horses. At headquarters there is a library, for the use of the firemen, containing over 400 volumes. A firemens' relief association has been formed, and has a surplus in the treasury of $4,500. It costs about $155,000 a year to operate the department, the real and personal property of which amounts to nearly $280,000. The chief, in his annual report, recommended several improvements, among which was the purchase of four new engines and two new trucks. Fire protection will be given the Minnesota Transfer, Dayton's bluff, Arlington hills, and the Sixth ward. The committee appointed by the council now having the matter of purchasing lots for the location of engine houses in these districts in hand. The fire-alarm system, an important auxillary to the fire department, has sixty-five miles of wire and the council has been urged to purchase twenty-five new alarm boxes the coming year. Telephones, gongs and electric weight doors have been placed in all the engine houses. The fire-alarm system is being extended into the outside districts and by the end of 1886 there will hardly be a point that is not protected. The showing made by the fire department the past year is one that appeals to the appreciation of the public at large.

To all dealers in cigars: Send for samples of Fetsch's "Paul Morphy" cigars. Your trade will improve.

NORTHWESTERN PAINT WORKS.

T. L. Blood & Co., Proprietors.

This firm is not only the oldest established paint manufacturing house in St. Paul, but ranks among the most prominent ready-mixed paint manufacturers of the West. In order to accommodate their rapidly increasing trade, they recently purchased a desirable site located in our business center on Wacouta street, between Third and Fourth streets, and have erected a massive factory, into which they are now moving. Their new building, especially constructed and intended for manufacturing purposes, has a frontage of 35 feet and a depth of 125 feet, is four stories high, with a basement. It is particularly adapted for their business, having the light on all sides, which is very essential for the accurate matching of shades in mixed paints. The works are sufficiently large to admit of a healthy expansion and growth in their trade, which with their energy and application they have every reason to anticipate. The factory will be equipped with the latest and most improved machinery and appliances necessary for the manufacture of mixed paints, white and tinted leads, colors in oil, primers, putty, etc. In addition to these specialties they will always keep in stock a full line of oils, varnishes, dry colors, brushes, glues and painters' materials. Being the only strictly jobbing paint firm in the Northwest, without combining a wholesale and retail department, with the consequent confliction, they are in the best position to fill all orders carefully and promptly. The high standard of the "Northwestern" brand of mixed paints is fully appreciated by the public. The paint has had an extensive introduction, from the state of Illinois to the Pacific slope, and for uniformity of quality, wearing and covering properties, it has no superior in the market. It is not a "zinc," "chemical" or "benzine" preparation, but an honest white lead, oxide of zinc and linseed oil paint, which many first-class painters are using freely.

Messrs. T. L. Blood & Co., the proprietors of the Northwestern paint works, have gained an enviable reputation, owing to the excellence of their product, and their methods of doing business are such as to commend them to a liberal share of the patronage of the Northwest.

Fetsch's "Paul Morphy" cigars. All lovers of fine cigars are pleased with the above reliable cigars.

To all dealers in cigars: Send for samples of Fetsch's "Paul Morphy" cigars. Your trade will improve.

FOREIGN TRADE,

As Indicated by the Custom House Receipts.

The business of the St. Paul custom house is continually and rapidly increasing. Every year adds to the number of St. Paul jobbers who send to foreign countries for their goods. One of the articles of which the largest amount imported is that of burlap material. This is manufactured in Scotland, ready to be made into bags. Very large quantities of cigars are also imported. On one lot entered on Monday last the duties were $1,000. Dry goods, which comprise fine laces, as well as the coarser goods, constitute another class of which there is a large amount imported by the St. Paul jobbers. Wines and liquors of all kinds are imported freely and pay a large duty. The article of the largest value and the one that is brought here in the largest quantities is tea, but as tea pays no duty it does not count in the consideration of the amount of business transacted by the custom at this port. Of coffee there has never been but one importation. Tanned calf skins from Germany are also imported in very large quantities by our manufacturers of boots and shoes.

HOW IMPORTATIONS INCREASE.

The increase of importations is readily shown by the comparison of the value of the goods and the duties paid upon them in 1885 as compared with those of the preceding year.

	Value.	Duties
Imported in 12 months, 1884	$185,763	$60,462 97
Imported in 11 months, 1885	247,159	73,225 05
Inc. of 1885 over 1884	$61,396	$12,762 08

Some idea of the increase in the importations and duties can be obtained from these figures. It should be kept in mind, however, that in the above comparison that the figures are given for the full year in 1884, whereas in the comparison of the year 1885, it is made for eleven months. Giving the year 1884 the advantage of one month's importations the value of the goods imported in 1885 show an increase of 33⅓ per cent. and that the duties were one fifth more for the same period.

Fetsch's "Paul Morphy" cigars. All lovers of fine cigars are pleased with the above reliable cigars.

THE ST. PAUL CARPET CO.

Edward Scott, President.

This company is an important branch of commercial activity, and one particularly deserving of special mention in a review of the business interests of the metropolis of the Northwest, in the sale and importation of carpets, paper hangings, upholstery goods and draperies, including plushes, moquettes, tapestries, curtain fixtures, poles, etc.

The resources of this house are such that the largest orders can be filled in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. The trade of this popular firm extends to nearly every town from the lakes to the Pacific and is annually growing in volume.

This trade of late has developed to large proportions, stimulated by an active demand throughout the civilized world for fresh triumphs of European skill and ingenuity, and by the superiority both in novelty, finish and perfection of recently imported carpets, paper-hangings, etc. To the fertility of the brain of Mr. Edward Scott is due the wonderful success and popularity of this firm. Being thoroughly educated to the business he has made it a close study and exhibits that fertility of conception and grasp of what are novelties in carpets, rugs, paper-hangings, curtains and window draperies that will readily take with the public. Skill, capital and talent have made this house the most important in this section.

To all dealers in cigars: Send for samples of Fetsch's "Paul Morphy" cigars. Your trade will improve.

POKER WITH THE INDIANS.

A Pot Opened With a Calf, Raised a Cow and Seen for Two More.

New York Sun: Butch was a grand scamp, a brave, reckless ruffian, but he had some very good points. For instance, he could make excellent hoecakes, and he was cheerful and companionable, and could tell highly interesting lies. One evening, as we sat side by side on the sandy soil, leaning against the house and smoking our after-supper pipes, a group of Indians, driving cattle before them, rode from behind a rocky point that was thrust into the waters of the Columbia.

Instantly Butch sprang to his feet and rushed into the cabin. He put on a cunningly-devised harness that held two navy six-shooters in a handy position under his arms. He put on his coat. He pulled at the pistols to see if they were loose, and that there would be no hitch in the performance if anything more than a rehearsal should be required. In a few minutes a party of horsemen drew rein in front of the cabin. They were three young bucks from Moses' camp in the Grand Coulee. Butch greeted them cheerfully and helped to corral the cattle. Then he told me that these men were the selected poker players of the Columbia Plain Indians; that they had been staked by the tribe to play with him in hopes of winning a number of cattle. Yes, he said, the cattle were the stakes. Before the first hand was dealt Butch quietly informed the Indians that English and Chinook only could be spoken at the table, and that the first Indian who spoke in his own (and to Butch unknown) tongue would have the top of his head shot off. The braves cheerfully agreed to this condition. Then the relative value of cows, calves and steers was agreed upon. They decided to play table stakes. The checks were pistol and musket balls. Ten pistol balls were equal in value to a call or to a musket ball. Three musket balls equaled a cow in value.

A heavy California blanket was thrown over a rough table. A candle was thrust into a tomato can that was filled with beans, and the game began. Hour after hour passed and not a word was spoken by the players. With faces as unchangeable as bronze the three Indians played, and favored by the dim light and the fact of Butch's having but one eye, how they did cheat! The luck varied, as it always does in a poker game. Now they would be ahead, now Butch. I dropped asleep, and when I awoke it was nearly morning.

Butch's back was toward me. I saw some cards thrust under his coat collar. I knew he was waiting for the end to come. One of the Indians dealt. Butch picked up his cards, raised his right hand to scratch the back of his neck, adroitly exchanged the cards he held for those in reserve, and then thrust the cards he had received below his shirt collar. Then he turned to me, exposing the back of his head to the Indians, and he winked a wink of great sagacity at me. He talked to me for an instant and then turned to the table. He was an aged man. The Indian to his left bet a calf. The next one straddled it. The dealer went a cow better, and Butch saw it all and raised the pot two cows. All stayed. All stood pat. Then the betting began in earnest. It went on until all the cattle the Indians brought were staked. Then came the show down. Butch had four queens and an ace. The Indians all had fours, which they had stolen, of course. They grunted loudly. They struck their mouths with the palms of open hands, to express surprise. Then they bade us good-bye and mounted, and, singing as they rode, disappeared in the faint gray light of early morning. Butch had won thirty head of cattle. As we got breakfast the king of clubs fell out of Butch's right trousers leg.

Defying Expert Testimony.

Client (to lawyer)—I am afraid the physician's testimony will convict me.

Lawyer (reassuringly)—Don't be alarmed about that. I'll read up a little about poison in the stomach, and in ten minutes I'll have that doctor in a cold sweat, and make the judge and jury think he is a hired perjurer.

A POEM OF PASSION.

"Married!" he cried, and his face grew white;
"Married!" You're very kind
Not to have told me till to-night—
Ah! that I was so blind!

Hadn't thought that I'd really care?
Thought I had learned the truth?
Just the old tale told everywhere;
Sold in your blooming youth.

"Papa thought it best;" indeed?
Oh, what a burning shame!
Sacrificed young to a parent's greed—
No, you were not to blame.

Can I forgive you? Indeed, I do,
Heartily—dear, don't cry.
I know you always meant to be true—
Forget you? Never! Good-by.

Say, when I'm wandering far away,
"His was a loyal heart"—
What do you mean? "Don't go," you say;
"Only married to Art?"

—Roxbury Advocate.

THE WIFE'S REVERIE.

O heart of mine, is our estate—
Our sweet estate of joy—assured?
It came so slow, it came so late,
Brought by such bitter pains endured,
Dare we forget those sorrows sore
And think that they will come no more?

With teaful eyes I scan my face,
And doubt how he can find it fair;
Wistful, I watch each charm and grace
I see that other women wear;
Of all the secrets of love's lore,
I know but one—to love him more!

I see each day he grows more wise,
His life is broader far than mine;
I must be lacking in his eyes
In many things where others shine.
O heart! can we this loss restore
To him by simply loving more?

I often see upon his brow
A look half tender and half stern;
His thoughts are far away I know;
To fathom them I vainly yearn.
But naught is ours that went before;
O heart! we can but love him more!

I sometimes think that he had loved
An older, deeper love, apart
From this which later feebler moved
His soul to mine. O heart! O heart!
What can we do? This hurteth sore.
Nothing, my heart, but love him more!

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A Christmas Story.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

"If I were as pretty as you, Carrie, I think I should be happy," said Janet Holmes, wistfully, as she stood by her beautiful stepsister, watching her make her toilet for the evening.

"I'm very sure that you are mistaken, my dear," said Carrie Mildmay, composedly. "My beauty doesn't keep me from wanting many things. I often think 'if I were as rich as Janet I should be happy.'"

"Riches don't make one happy," said Janet, with a sigh.

"Neither does beauty," responded Carrie, trying the effect of a camelia against the dark masses of her hair. "It won't do," she went on, laying down the flower. "I can't stand pure white—I must have rich color. Give me that crimson rose at your elbow, please, Janet. I only thought of wearing this camelia because Arthur Kirby begged me to do so, and brought it over from his greenhouse. It would suit you; let me put it in your hair."

"No, thanks," said Janet, drawing back. "If Mr. Kirby brought the camelia for you I do not care to wear it."

"Why not, you absurd child?" asked Carrie. "Of course I shall explain to him why I could not wear it. Roger Dulany says that crimson is the most becoming color to me, and he is right. Heigho! if only Roger Dulany had Arthur Kirby's fortune, how perfect he would be."

"I suppose you would marry him then," said Janet, coldly.

"I might, if I saw no one more agreeable," answered the beauty carelessly. "If I were as rich as you I should please myself, and I should not be easily pleased, either."

Janet answered nothing, but as she went down stairs she thought with something of a pang: "You might be as rich as I, and yet not able to please yourself."

Maplewood, the pleasant country-house of Mr. Mildmay, was at this time thronged with guests. Christmas was drawing near, and the hospitable doors were always set more widely open at that season than at any other. When Janet slipped into the drawing-room—the young heiress was simple in her manners as a child—she found it filled with a gay company, and although she knew every one present, she lingered for a few minutes in the background, feeling little disposition to join in the hubbub of voices and laughter. One pair of eyes espied her, however, and Arthur Kirby came to her side.

"You are the only member of the family that has not welcomed me, Miss Janet," he said, extending his hand. "I have been away for three weeks. Did you know it?"

"I did not think it had been so long," answered Janet, giving him her hand, and then drawing it out of his grasp again.

"It seemed to me a good deal longer," said Arthur, half laughing, half piqued.

Janet lifted her blue eyes and looked at him with a glance which he did not understand. She was thinking: "No doubt that was because you were anxious to return to Carrie," but she did not utter the thought—partly because badinage of the kind was not in her line, and partly because she was never at ease with Arthur Kirby. There had been a time when this was not the case, when she had spoken to him freely and gayly whatever came most readily to her lips, but that seemed long ago, before Carrie's beauty had come between them and stolen away his—to herself she did not say his heart, but his liking.

Arthur, meanwhile, felt puzzled and a little snubbed, as he had felt often before, but nevertheless he went on with what he had come to say.

"I have ventured to bring you a few flowers from my greenhouse. I know that you have plenty of flowers here, but I thought of you when I saw these, and—well, they seemed to suit you so well that I brought them. Will you accept them?"

Janet glanced at the flowers in his hand—a lovely half-blown tea rose, a sprig of heliotrope, two or three geranium leaves and an orange blossom.

"They are all fragrant," said Arthur. "I would bring you nothing which was not. I think the most beautiful blossom has little worth without perfume."

Did he see the blush which at those words rose to her face as she thought of the odorless camellia up-stairs. But men are arrant flatterers, often with double tongues—she had learned that. Very likely he had told Carrie that the pure, perfect camellia, with its waxen petals, typified her flawless beauty.

"You are very kind," she said, a little coldly—despite every effort she could not be other than constrained with him—"they are very fragrant and I am much obliged."

She took the little bouquet as she spoke, and as she was fastening it on her breast where a lace scarf was knotted together, a tall, handsome man with a statue-like head and a closely-cut crop of fair, curling hair came up.

"What!" he said, laughing. "Is Kirby still distributing his floral favors? I call this a very unfair advantage to take of a man who has no greenhouse—nor, indeed, a house of any kind." And, with a quick glance at the little bouquet which Janet was wearing—"he is even offering orange flowers! How very significant!"

The impertinence of his tone made both Janet and Kirby color—the former with confusion, the latter with anger.

"There is no possible reason why I should not put a spray of orange in the flowers I have had the pleasure of offering Miss Holmes," he said, haughtily.

"Not the least," replied Dulany, tranquilly, "if Miss Holmes cares to accept it."

"I did not observe it," said Janet trying to speak carelessly. "But I do not think I care for orange blossoms at all."

"Do you not?" said Dulany with another laugh. "Then you are different from most ladies. But since I do care for them extremely, why not give the spray to me?"

Janet's slender fingers plucked at it nervously, but as she drew it out she cast a doubtful glance at Kirby. His brow was overcast and he made a stiff little bow. "Pray do what you please with it," he said. Then he walked away.

Dulany extended his hand with a smile of dawning triumph. "You please to give it to me, I hope?" he said in a soft tone.

"No," answered Janet, decidedly. She turned and the next instant the flowering spray was tossed in the great red logs of the roaring Christmas fire. Then she, too, walked away.

Dulany looked after her, still smiling. "That ought to settle Kirby," he thought. "As for me—well, heiresses are not won in a day. They know their own value too well. Ah, here comes the beauty!—she knows her value, too, and if Kirby chooses, he may fare better there."

Carrie Mildmay certainly looked beautiful as she came into the drawing-room and was soon explaining to Arthur Kirby why she had not been able to wear his camelia. "I tried to persuade Janet to let me put in her hair," she added, "but she refused."

"I have been very unfortunate with my flowers," said Kirby. "I brought a few to Miss Janet, but she did not seem to care for them."

"Janet cares for very few things," said Carrie complacently. "She is so cold—so difficult to please."

"She was neither cold nor difficult to please formerly," said Kirby.

"Ah me, all change with time!" said Carrie, "and Janet realizes her own importance better now than formerly."

"I scarcely think—" Kirby began, and then stopped. After all, it might be so. He did not know much of Janet; he felt often sorely puzzled by her. What had become of the frank, simple, charming girl of a year or two earlier? It was an altogether different person who met him now with a reserve which put him back into the region of mere acquaintanceship, and who certainly did seem both cold and difficult to please. Sometimes—to-night, for instance—he said to himself that he would cease making any attempt to please her. Here was a beautiful face that met him with ready smiles, a hand that responded to his grasp, a voice that was always cordial. What more could a man ask? He would forget this girl who had once charmed and now repelled him.

After dinner there was a dance in the large hall, which had been elaborately decorated with evergreens. Cedar and holly, ivy and box were mingled in the great wreaths that hung in heavy festoons on the walls and garlanded the pictures. But Kirby, who was dancing with Carrie, suddenly looked up and said. "Your decorations are incomplete—you have no mistletoe."

"Not yet," she answered; "but the boys are going out into the woods to make a search for some to-morrow. It has become hard to find, I believe."

"I shall go with them," he said. "I am pretty certain that I know where some is to be found. And I used to be very fond of gathering it for Christmas. The search will make me feel like a boy again myself."

"Why should we not all go?" said Carrie. "It will be an appropriate amusement for Christmas eve. What do you all say?" raising her voice so as to address the company. "Shall we not all go out to-morrow to search for the mistletoe which is at present wanting in our decorations and which must have a place in them?"

There was an immediate assent from most of the company—for when people are in a country house with nothing in particular to do, almost any form of diversion is welcome to them. Only Mr. Dulany remarked that while he was willing to go in search of the mistletoe, he must decline the task of gathering it. "For unless my recollection is at fault," he said, "it is found only on high trees, and my tree-climbing days are over."

"The boys will do the climbing," said Carrie. "We shall demand of you no exertion more arduous than that of using your eyes."

"My eyes are entirely at your service," said he, with a look which emphasized the words.

"Gathering mistletoe sounds very poetical and Christmas-like," said one young lady. "I hope the weather will be good to-morrow."

The weather next morning proved to be much what was to be expected at the time of year—a gray sky from which it looked as if snow-flakes might at any moment begin to float softly down, and a raw, cold atmosphere. But nothing daunted, after breakfast the party proceeded to wrap themselves up and set forth—a pretty, picturesque procession as they passed across the lawn, with the bright colors of their attire thrown into relief by the brown earth and gray sky, with dogs bounding around them, and boys almost as full of spirits as the dogs, leading the way.

Janet, at all times the chosen friend and comrade of these boys, was with them now; her trim, delicate figure showing to great advantage in her walking dress, her face fresh as a rose under the feathered toque which she wore, and her light, elastic step proving her delight in the physical exercise. Arthur Kirby watched her with a pang in his heart. Let him make what resolutions he would, she seemed to him infinitely more attractive than her beautiful step-sister who walked by his side and gave him now and then a melting glance from her large dark eyes. These glances were intended to keep him in good humor while she bestowed the most of her attention on Dulany, who also attended her; but, if she had only known it, Kirby's thoughts were so incessantly wandering that he scarcely heard a word of her gay chatter.

He was thinking of another Christmas, two years before, when he and Janet and the boys had gone out like this in search of mistletoe. There was no gay party with them then—but they were gay enough not to need or desire any additions. How friendly and delightful Janet had been, and how confidentially they had talked as they wandered through the leafless woodlands under just such a sky as this! It all came back to him with singular vividness and he wondered afresh how and why the change had occurred which had put them so far apart. He remembered that not long after that Christmas, Carrie had for the first time come to live in her father's house, on the death of the aunt who had brought her up. He admired her, of course—who could fail to do that?—and she, being practiced in demanding attention, he was drawn, he scarcely knew how, into close association with her, while slowly but surely Janet drew away into a fortress of reserve which he was never able to penetrate. He went over the whole thing—and with masculine obtuseness failed to understand it now as he had failed to understand it while it was going on. But he said to himself, wistfully, that he liked old friends best, and he wished he was not so sure of being made to feel himself unwelcome if he went, as of old, to join Janet and the boys.

When they fairly entered the woods there was a tendency of the party to separate—most of its members preferring to keep to the beaten path, while the boys and dogs dashed at once into the thickest of the close growth surrounding them. Kirby followed their lead, but Janet—who did not usually mind undergrowth or dead limbs or fallen leaves—drew back and joined the more unadventurous party in the road.

"You are quite right, Miss Holmes," said Dulany, whom she speedily found by her side. "There is no good in losing one's self in a jungle, and there is as much chance of finding mistletoe along here as in there."

"On the contrary, there is not the least chance of finding it here," said Janet; "but the boys can search without our aid."

"To give a boy something to exercise his superfluous energy upon is to play the part of his benefactor," said Dulany. "My conscience is entirely at rest, therefore, and I can enjoy the walk without any drawback."

"Is there anything to enjoy?" asked Janet, a little perversely. "I confess I do not see anything particularly charming."

"You have not the pleasure of seeing yourself," said Dulany, smiling—perhaps at the obvious opening for a compliment.

The girl colored vexedly. She also saw the opening too late.

"You make everything personal, Mr. Dulany," she said. "I was speaking of what lies around us."

"How can I help making everything personal," said Dulany, "when you are the central object of my interest? I scarcely think an Italian landscape could distract my attention, but certainly"—with a disparaging glance around—"not like this."

"I think I have mentioned before that I do not like flattery," she observed, coldly.

"Flattery!" said he, lowering his voice. "You do me an injustice. Nothing could be more serious, more earnest, than my admiration—my devotion. I should not mention the last at such a time and in such a place as this except to justify myself. But when you speak of flattery to one whose whole heart is full of——"

"Hush!" said Janet, suddenly lifting her hand. She was not silencing him, because his words were growing too ardent, but because a sound in the wood had caught her ear. It was a most unflattering cause for interruption, Dulaney felt, as he stood watching her, while she turned her head and listened eagerly. After a moment she looked back at him. "It was the sound with which a great limb breaks," she said. "I fear it may have broken with one of the boys."

"It is almost impossible to hurt a boy—they are made of india-rubber," said Dulany, inwardly angry, but outwardly preserving composure. "You may be sure nothing has happened."

Nothing, indeed, could be heard, so with evident reluctance Janet walked on. "I should not have left them," she was saying to herself, while Dulany was revolving in his mind how he could gracefully resume the thread of his interrupted declaration. Presently he saw his way.

"You have thought for every one but me," he said, reproachfully. "How can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel!" Janet started a little at the charge. She had certainly forgotten him. "I beg your pardon," she said. "It is not well-bred to interrupt any one, but I was startled. And sometimes interruptions happen fortunately, I think it was so in this case."

"You mean that my devotion can be nothing to you?"

She looked at him with her clear, sincere eyes.

"I mean that I do not think there is any devotion in the matter," she answered, quietly.

Dulany was about to break into protestations, but again she started and lifted her hand.

"Hush!" she said as before. "Some one is calling."

In fact, from the woods on their left a long-drawn shout was to be heard.

"I am sure something has happened," said Janet, and without another word she was gone, running as rapidly as obstructions would permit toward the guiding sound.

Dulany stood and looked after her with a degree of disgust depicted on his countenance which words could no more describe than words could have uttered it. That he, the man of fashion, the man whose attentions were eagerly sought after and received by women of the world, should be treated in this cavalier manner, not even listened to, but ignored and set aside for the shout of a boy. Amazement was, if possible, greater even than anger with him; and disgust, as already said, overpowered both.

Carrie Mildmay, who came up just then with her attendant train, laughed when she saw him.

"What, all alone?" she said. "Has Janet deserted you?"

"Completely," he said, rousing himself to the necessity for some dissimulation. "In the midst of our conversation one of the boys shouted in the woods over yonder, and she instantly darted away and left me as you find me."

"But why did you not follow her?" asked a young man.

Dulany surveyed him calmly. "Because," he answered, "'through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,' may be a very pretty play, but for my part in it I prefer a wood with less undergrowth and fewer fallen trees."

"It is refreshing to see any one so unconventional as Janet," said Miss Mildway. "She is a perfect child of nature. I confess that I am not, and I find nature rather chilly and fatiguing this morning. Since we are not doing the least towards finding the mistletoe, suppose we all go home? If there is any to be found, Janet and the boys will bring it."

The party warmly agreed to this—no one more warmly than Dulany—and so they cheerfully turned their faces homeward.

Janet, meanwhile, had run on, stumbling in her haste over many of the fallen trees which lay across her way, saying to herself that she was sure that something had happened. It was not an ordinary shout that she had heard, but a cry for help—she was certain of it. Suddenly it sounded again, now quite naar at hand, and the next moment she met one of the boys, running like herself.

"Oh, Janet!" he cried, when he saw her. "Mr. Kirby fell from a tree where he found the mistletoe, and I think he's dead."

Dead! Janet's heart seemed to stand still. She herself stood still for one instant, gazing at the boy with dilated eyes, then she said with a sort of gasp: "Where is he? Show me—quick!"

He turned and went before her, talking eagerly, but she did not heed him. Was it so, indeed? Had that crash been a death warrant, and had she heard it and gone on quietly listening to inanities? This was what she was saying to herself while they broke through the undergrowth towards the foot of a tall tree which Jack pointed out as the tree Kirby had climbed. "He wouldn't let me or Tom go up," the boy said. "He was afraid it wasn't safe. You see it's half dead and very high. He was reaching for the mistletoe when the bough he was on broke. I reckon he fell thirty feet."

"Then he must be dead," said Janet, in a voice that seemed the very echo of despair.

They came to him the next minute. He was lying as he had fallen, with a spray of the mistletoe clutched in his hand. As her glance rested on him, Janet, too, thought that he was dead; but when she knelt down and felt his pulse she knew that he was living. Stunned, unconscious, perhaps, but still living. The discovery at once put new life and resolution into her. She turned to the panic-stricken boys.

"Run as fast as you can to the road, Jack, and tell the gentlemen that some of them must come here for Mr. Kirby. See, too, that somebody goes as quickly as possible to the house to send for the doctor. Don't lose an instant—fly! As for you, Tom, go and find some water. There must be some in that hollow yonder. Take my handkerchief with you and bring it back wet."

While both boys darted away she bent over the insensible man, recalling with a terrible sense of fear a recollection of her childhood, how she had once seen a man fall from a tree and die in a few hours. Would it be the case here? Would this life, so full of promise, be ended by an accident at the very season of joy and peace? It seemed to horrible to be credible—yet how white and still he lay! It was her turn now to recall with a pang those other Christmas days when they had looked for the mistletoe together, and to remember how, less than a hour before, she had fallen back rather than go on with him. "If I had kept with them this might not have happened," she thought—and then she added, aloud: "Oh, Arthur, Arthur, how can I forgive myself!"

As if her words had been a spell, Kirby opened his eyes. The touch of her hand, the sound of her voice, had summoned him back to consciousness.

"What had you to do with it?" he said, faintly. "It was—an accident."

"I should have begged you not to climb that tree if I had been here," she said. "I wish that I had been!"

"I wished it too," he said. "But I was not suprised that you did not come. You are so changed—to me."

"I have never meant to be," she said hastily—scarcely knowing what she did say. "But thank Heaven you are able to talk! Do you think that you are much hurt?"

"I feel badly stunned and shaken, and perhaps I have broken some of my bones—it was a stiff fall. Ah, yes"—with a little cry, as he tried to rise—"I see there is trouble with my left shoulder. It struck the ground first."

"Be quiet," she said, alarmed by his paleness. "I have sent for help—and here comes Tom with some water."

She eagerly took the wet handkerchief which Tom brought and began to bathe his head. He looked up gratefully. "That is pleasant," he said, "and you are very kind. It is worth the fall to be treated so kindly by you once more."

"Why do you speak so?" she asked. "I have never changed. It was——you."

"I! How have I changed? In what?"

"Oh, it does not matter now. Tom, I hear shouts. Some one is trying to find us."

Tom shouted in reply, then darted off to act as guide, while Kirby said with quick eagerness:

"It does matter now—it would matter if I were dying. How could you think I was changed—towards you. You have always been supreme in my eyes—the supreme type of all that is most charming, most worthy of love. But when you were so cold, when you repelled and avoided me, could I persecute you?"

"No—of course not," said Janet, anxious to agree with him. "But this is not the time to talk of it—you ought not to excite yourself. And others are coming."

"I could have got on without them," said Kirby ungratefully. "Just let me tell you this—it was your saying 'Arthur' that brought me back to life; and if you don't mean to say it again, I shall be sorry I was not worse hurt than I am."

"You should not talk in that manner. It is dreadful."

"But it is true. I thought last night I would never offer you anything again; but I see now the futility of such a resolution. Ah, here they come, confound them!—meanwhile, will you take this bit of mistletoe, which is all that I succeeded in bringing down?

Janet was wearing the spray of mistletoe with its white berries, when the next night—Christmas night—Kirby, whose dislocated shoulder had been set, made his full explanation under the large mistletoe bough which the boys had determinedly gone back and obtained. They had hung it over a curtained arch where these two sat in the shade and told the old story, while the great yule log blazed before them, and from the next room clear, sweet voices floated out in Christmas carols. The beautiful old words mingled a strain of heavenly exultation with their earthly joy. Peace was theirs in fullest measure, and good will to all; while Janet promised that she would not fling away the next orange blossom brought her, and Arthur vowed that the mistletoe should never fail to deck his house on Christmas day.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

MARION HARLAND.

Further Discussion of Every-Day Bills of Fare.

Approved Receipes for Preparing Three Daily Meals.

Written for the Globe.

BREAKFAST.

Hominy Porridge.
Fish Balls. Risen Muffins.
White and Graham Bread.
Chocolate. Tea. Fruit.

Hominy Porridge.—One cupful of small hominy, one quart of boiling water, one tablespoonful of butter; salt to taste. Wash the hominy in two waters, leaving it in the second for an hour or so; drain in coalander lined with coarse cloth, and stir into the salted water, which should be boiling, in a farina kettle; cover and cook half an hour; beat up from the bottom with a wooden spoon and boil uncovered fifteen minutes; beat in the butter and pour into a deep dish. Eat with sugar or cream, or with cream only.

Fish Balls.—Mince, or pick into fine shreds, a cupful of salt cod, soaked, boiled and cold. Mix with it an equal quantity of freshly mashed potato, and half a cupful of drawn butter, in which a raw egg has been beaten. Work lightly until well mixed and soft; flour a rolling board, and drop a spoonful of the mixture on it. Roll into a ball and lay on a cold platter. When all the balls have been made set in a cold place. Do this over night. Heat lard or dripping enough to cover the fish balls in a deep frying pan; try one to see if it is hot enough to cook it quickly and fry, a few at a time, to a fine golden brown. As you cook lay them in a hot colander to free them from grease. Heap on a heated platter, slice a lemon thin and garnish the edges of the dish with it.

Risen Muffins—Four cups of flour, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter or sweet lard, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of salt; beat the eggs light, add milk, salt, yeast shortening (melted) sugar, at last the flour. Let the batter rise all night, setting it at bed-time. In the morning bake in muffin rings on a griddle, or in small tins.

Chocolate—Six tablespoonfuls of Wilbur's chocolate wet to a paste with cold water; one quart of milk. Heat the milk in a farina kettle, stir in the chocolate paste and boil five minutes. Draw the kettle to the front of the range and with a clean Dover egg-beater whip the hot chocolate one minute before pouring into the pot in which it is to go to the table. Sweeten in the cup.

LUNCHEON.

Calf's Brains.
Scalloped Tomatoes.
Steamed Corn Bread.
Mock East India Preserves. Cookies.

Calf's Brains—The brains of a calf, two beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of gravy. Some rounds of fried bread, or of toast. Wash the brains in cold water and take out fibres and skin. Drop into boiling water and cook fast for fourteen minutes. Leave in ice water until perfectly cold. Mash them then with the back of a spoon, beat in the eggs, with salt and pepper to your liking. When you have a smooth paste, heat the butter to hissing in a frying pan, stir the brains in, and cook, keeping the spoon busy, two minutes. Have ready some rounds of fried bread on a hot dish, pour on each a teaspoonful or two of scalding broth or gravy and heap the smoking mass of soft brains on them, as you would scrambled eggs.

Boiled Corn Bread—Two cups of white corn meal, one cup of graham flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two-and-a half cups of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, twice as much cream of tartar, one great spoonful of shortening, half lard, half butter, and a teaspoonful of salt. Sift soda and cream of tartar with the flour, add the meal and and sift again, rub sugar and butter together, salt and stir in the milk, the latter should be slightly warmed. Pour this liquid in a hole made in the mingled meal and flour, gradually stirring down the dry flour toward the center, beat all hard two minutes at least, pour into a greased pudding mold, set in a pot of boiling water and keep at a steady boil for one hour and three-quarters at least, two hours will be better. Dip for a second in cold water and turn the bread out upon a warm place. Eat at once. It is very good.

Scalloped Tomatoes—Strain most of the liquor from a can of tomatoes, butter a bake dish, spread a layer of tomatoes in the bottom, season with bits of butter, salt, peppers, sugar and a few shreds of onion. Cover this layer with fine bread crumbs, put over it another of tomatoes and seasoning and so on, until the dish is full. The top should be a stratum of seasoned crumbs. Set in the oven, covered, and bake, removing the lid ten minutes before taking it out, that it may brown delicately.

Mock East India Preserves—Six pounds of pared and minced pippins or other winter apples, six pounds of sugar, three lemons, three roots of white ginger sliced thin; put the sugar over the fire with a cup of boiling water to prevent burning; as it dissolves increase the heat and bring to a brisk boil. Cook thus twenty minutes without stirring, but watching to see that it does not scorch; skim and add the apples, the lemons, minced (all except the seeds) and the sliced ginger; boil to a clear yellow, as briskly as is safe, pack in small jars.

Cookies—One large cup of sugar, one scant cup of butter, two beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt; nutmeg and cinnamon, each a half teaspoonful; nearly three cups of prepared flour, enough to enable you to roll it into a soft dough. Rub butter and sugar together, beat in the whipped eggs, the spices, salt, milk and stir in the flour. Roll into a thin sheet and cut into shapes with a cake cutter. Bake in a quick oven.

DINNER.

Calf's Head Soup.
Halibut Steak.
Beef's Tongue, au gratin.
Potato Puff. Stewed Oyster Plant.
Baked Apple Dumpling. Brandy Sauce.
Fruit. Coffee.

Calf's Head Soup.—A calf's head, cleaned with the skin on. Six tablespoonfuls of butter and a like quantity of browned flour, six quarts of cold water, one on