

WHERE SHINES THE STAR?

Allice H. Ross. In Detroit Free press. "Oh, where did the beautiful star go, The beautiful star in the East! Did it go forever that Christmas morn When it won't erful mission ceased?"

Solomon's Temple. Some of the London papers, say a Jerusalem correspondent of the London Standard, have contained a wonderful account of the Sultan having been moved by members of the Imperial House of Hapsburg to take in hand the restoration of Solomon's Temple, and call upon Jews and Christians alike to bear gratitude to his Imperial Majesty, Abdul Hamid, for having taken measures to carry out that "generous project."

There is no need to say that the ruins of Solomon's Temple are not about to be restored. No such ruins exist. But the Great Mosque and the whole inclosure within which it stands—commonly called the "Temple Area" are to be restored, and by no means too soon, for in spite of the great annual income of this important Mohammedan sanctuary, it has been years neglected.

The gentleman who arrived here from Constantinople to superintend the work has made an estimate of the maximum cost, dividing all that has to be done into twenty-eight separate items. This maximum estimate, which amounts to something like £10,000, he submitted to a number of intending contractors, among whom were two German architects for the purpose of receiving from them, according to the fashion of Dutch auctioneers, the offer of the lowest price at which they are prepared to do the work.

The Arab competitors, who were less scrupulous, and relied upon making a profit by doing inferior work, clubbed together and charged a gentleman to accept the job for them in his own name, promising him a share of the profit in consideration of his obtaining the order for them. This offer being submitted to the Governor of Jerusalem for acceptance, was rejected by him on the ground that only builders or architects could be contracted with.

A Conscience-stricken Animal. Popular Science Monthly. The moral responsibility of some animals seems less doubtful than that of "intermittent lunatics." If it should become the duty of a public attorney of the future to prosecute a homicidal monkey, the following case (quoted in Brehm's "Thierleben") would furnish an ugly precedent against the counsel for the defense: A few years ago Dr. Schomburg, the Superintendent of the Botanic Garden of Adelaide, Australia, took charge of a select corps of monkeys and kangaroos, a "happy family," he might have called them, if he had not been for the depravity of an old baboon, or female Bhunder baboon.

American Ignorance of Mexico. Cor. Philadelphia Press. It has often been said that the American people knew more of China and Japan than they did of Mexico, and an illustration of the truth of this statement has just come to light worthy of being stated. Most of the visitors to these shores find things so different from what they are accustomed to, that they lose much that would rivet their attention if they remained beyond the period of sight-seeing.

classes. The wife of the "ranchero" (small farmer) is happy in helping her lord to drive his drove of donkeys many miles to market, laden with grain or fruit or pottery, their combined product or manufacture. In the most forbidding weather she will trudge by his side, a faithful virtuous sharer in his labors; and if sickness or misfortune incapacitate him for the time, she is quite his equal at driving the donkeys or a bargain, and so of the wives and daughters of all the poor classes. But let us lift the eye from these to the better classes, and we find a state of things entirely different, for the professional man "hacendado" (planter) and the capitalist, is as zealous of securing to his family the advantages of education here, as perhaps anywhere in the world.

Simple Tales for Little Children. Denver Tribune. Here we have an Album. It is Full of Pictures for Little Children with Dirty Fingers to Look at. Here are two Pictures of Papa. This is one of Him before he was Married to Mamma. He looks like a Two-year-old Colt behind a Band of Music. Here is a Picture of Papa after he married Mamma. Now he looks like a Government Mule hauling a Load of Pig-Iron. See if you can put your finger on the Nose and the Eyes and the Mouth of each Picture.

This is a Lamp. It is full of Nice Yellow Oil. Can you Light the Lamp? If there is Too much Oil pour Some of it in the Stove. Mamma will not Miss the Oil if you Pour it in the Stove, but she May miss you. A Little Oil on the Carpet is not a Bad thing for Oil, but it is a bad Thing for the Carpet and you.

Do not Make a Noise or you will Wake the Policeman. He is Sitting on the Door Step asleep. It is very Hard on him to Have to Sleep out of Doors these Cold Nights. There is a Bank being Robbed around the Corner and a Woman is being Killed in the next Block. If the Policeman Waked up he might Find it out and Arrest somebody. Some People Believe this is What Policemen are for, but the Policemen do not Think so.

Who is this Creature with Long Hair and a Wild Eye? He is a Poet. He writes Poems on Spring and Women's Eyes and strange, unreal Things of that Kind. He is always wishing he was Dead, but he wouldn't Let any body Kill him if he could Get away. A mighty good Sausage Stuffer was Spoiled when the Man became a Poet. He would Look well Standing under a Descending Pile-driver.

Misfortunes of a Man Who Wanted to Make Salt Lake Famous. Corrections. "I noticed an article in your paper this morning," said a little red-headed man, coming up alongside the local's table, "that was all wrong. It was so much out of the way that I thought I would come up and set the paper right."

The Old Secretary. It was an old-fashioned writing desk, and stood in an old-fashioned room of a New Hampshire farm house. Its curious little drawers, pigeon holes, and its polished surface, set off by shining brass handles, suggested a history. It had served the family for a hundred years, and was now a fashionable piece of furniture.

of sliced pumpkins, when she made a rush for the bucket in hopes of securing a portable piece. In that moment the keeper bolted the door of her sleeping cage, an I went back for his shot-gun. As soon as the babunia caught sight of him she flew toward her place of refuge, and, finding the door locked, made a mad attempt to squeeze herself through the interspaces of the front railing. But the bars proved inflexible, and, after another desperate pull at the sleeping-cage door, the babunia flung herself into a corner, closed her eyes, and was apparently dead with fear before the buckshot struck her.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado. Captain Denton. The Grand Canon is about 220 miles long, from five to twelve miles wide, and from 5,000 to 6,000 feet deep. Those who have seen it all unite in declaring it the most sublime and impressive of all natural features in the world. It consists of an outer and inner chasm. The outer chasm is about five or six inches wide with a row of palisades 1,000 feet high on either side, and a broad and comparatively smooth plain between. Within this plain is cut the inner gorge descending more than 3,000 feet lower, and with a width of about 2,500 feet. The upper palisades are of very noble form and uniform profiles with a highly architectural aspect.

Decay of the Stomach. In the "Memoirs of Count Segur" there is the following anecdote: "My mother, the Comtesse de Segur, being asked by Voltaire respecting her health, told him that the most painful feeling she had arose from the decay in her stomach, and the difficulty of finding any kind of aliment that it could bear. Voltaire, by way of consolation, assured her that he was once for nearly a year in the same state, and believed to be incurable, but that, nevertheless, a very simple remedy had restored him. It consisted in taking no other nourishment than yolks of eggs beaten up with the flour of potatoes and water."

The French dependency, Algiers, has a population of 3,000,000. The city is nearly the size of Tunis, which it much resembles, except that it has a large and handsome French quarter. The region has been famous in history since the times of Jugurtha. Its soil is more fertile and less sandy than that of Tunis. After the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, the Spaniards, fearing that they would regain their power and attack Castile and Arragon, invaded Africa and took the district of Oran, in the western part of Algiers, which they long held. Charles V. made an invasion with a large fleet and army, but was compelled to retire from the neighborhood of Algiers after losing nearly all of both by a violent tempest. During the 17th century, Spain and France were vigilant in their efforts to exterminate Algerian piracy, which rendered the adjacent seas unsafe, and filled the prisons of the pirates with slaves from every nation of Europe.

Hardly crediting her eyes, the little miss hurried down stairs to astonish the family at what she found. No one could account for its being in that place, and they all anxiously awaited the father's return at night. He was also surprised. Putting on his thinking-cap, he at last recalled the fact that some forty years before, when he was a lad, his father had lost a fifty dollar bill. It had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and though the house was searched, it was not found.

THE KNOXVILLE FIRE. Patronize the Old Reliable State—A Home Institution. From the Knoxville Register of Dec. 21. The old reliable State Insurance Company of Des Moines, Iowa, were the first to pay their losses in the late fire. Patronize home institutions by securing a policy in the State. To whom it may concern: This is to certify that on the 6th of Dec., 1881, we insured our stock of groceries with the old reliable State Insurance Company of Des Moines, Iowa. That on Saturday the 17th of the same month, we sustained loss by fire. That on Monday Dec. 19, and before the embers ceased smoking the Adjuster C. J. Ballard, came and settled the loss without a word of grumble, in a very pleasant and entirely satisfactory manner. For promptness fair dealing and liberality in settling losses we fully recommend the old State Insurance Company.

OF I WAS MR. GRINGLE. I think I would try To find me out der joys unnt girls Vhere boverty was by. Unnt dot's de kait of blaces vhere Tht ablutake lots of dings, Unnt brin der shlockin's overboard Mit drifes vot I prings.

OF I WAS MR. GRINGLE. Ven here der Christmas rolls, Tht bring me, mit der ander dings, Some richer rader souls To blandt der rich man's body in, Dot sometimes dere might be A shance to shdretch lft open yeit Unt hold some shartly.

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