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Sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
Hiding every hill and dale,
Hiding all things with their veil,
When the shining day doth die,
Sweet is sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the baby in her nest,
Longing for her quiet rest,
Hushed by loving lullaby,
Sweet is sleep.

When the evening shadows creep
Stealthily,
To the weary heart and brain
Bringing tranquil peace again;
All our cares and sorrows fly—
Sweet is sleep.

OVER THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Hark the herald! angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

rang out from the choir, and the organ ist, a slender, pale-faced girl, with grave, beautiful brown eyes, joined in the anthems, all her soul in the triumphal words:

Joyful all your voices rise,
Sing the anthems of the skies;
With the celestial hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

It was the last of the rehearsal. The choristers threw down their books, only too glad to get away. The organist alone remained, to play over once more a new voluntary.

'Good night Miss Englehart." "Good night, Miss Katherine!" "Good night, Katie, and a merry Christmas eve," were the cries, as, one by one, men and maids left the choir, and went down the stairs and out into the bright, white Christmas night.

Miss Englehart's smiling lips and gentle brown eyes answered them all. A moment and she was alone, only the white, piercing moonlight streaming through the painted oriel over the altar, and the one dim light below. A flare of gas lit the organ loft, but this she lowered, and with rapt face and dreamy eyes she played over and over again the jubilant new voluntary. She might have gone on for hours—she was quite capable of it—but a piteous yawn from the boy at the bellows recalled her from heaven to earth.

"Oh!" she said, stopping suddenly, with a half laugh, "I had forgotten you, Jimmy. Well, I won't play any more; and here, take this for your Christmas box."

Jimmy jumped up and seized the proffered greenback with glistening eyes.

"Thanky, Miss Kate—merry Christmas, please ma'am," cried the boy, seizing his cap. "Ah!" she's a brick, she is, 'said Jimmy to himself, as he clattered down the steep stairway. "Nobody among all the singers ever thinks of the boy what blows the bellowses 'cept her. Don't I just hope she won't marry that long-legged rooster that 'scorts her there sometimes, and leave the choir for good."

Still a few moments longer lingered Miss Englehart on her knees; then she, too, hurried down the stairway and out into the shining coldness of the starry December night. High and white and cold lay the Christmas snow. No "green yule" this to make fat the kirkyard. Cloudless and blue spread the sky, filled with sparkling Christmas stars. Could that other night, so long ago, when the shepherd watched his flock in the great Galilee hills, "and the glory of the Lord shone around them," have been one whit fairer than this?

"Katie."

With a greats tart the girl came back over eighteen centuries, from Bethlehem to the town of Southport. A tall man had started up in her path, and spoke her name.

"You, papa!" he girl said, in doubt and surprise, the color that had arisen to her face fading out.

"I—Katie." He drew her hand under his arm with a laugh. "Did you think it was Harry Hatton? Well, it is almost as good, for I have come to talk to you of him."

Miss Englehart looked up—a sudden trouble in her brown, tender eyes.

"I thought you had done talking of him, papa," she said, a tremble in her voice. "I thought yesterday had finished the subject forever."

"Let me see. What was it I did say, yesterday?" says Mr. Englehart, blandly. "Ah! I remember! that my stiff-necked, doting old client, John Hatton, had made up his senile mind to forgive his runaway daughter and disinherit Harry. Under these circumstances, I very naturally told you that you were to meet Harry no more. You're a good girl, Katie—a very good girl!"—Mr. Englehart pats paternally the little hand on his arm—"and at any sacrifice to yourself you would have obeyed me, I am sure. My dear, it affords me great pleasure to inform you the sacrifice will not be required."

"Papa!" the girl cries, her whole face lighting up, "you will let me marry Harry, poor as he is. Oh, papa! I am not afraid of poverty—not afraid of work; neither is Harry, and—"

"Oh, pooh! my dear, pooh! nothing of the kind. My opinion on that point has never changed, and never will. No, no; it is something infinitely better than that. Old Hatton died suddenly last night, before making the proposed new will, and all is Harry's."

Katherine Englehart uttered a faint, startled exclamation.

"And the old will, leaving all to Harry, stands, and his only daughter is disinherited and left out."

"Left without a stiver, my dear, and serves her right, say I. She ran away with a worthless scamp, against her father's will, and, like all fools, has paid the penalty of her folly. She supports herself and her five children by sewing so I have been told, and you know what sort of support that means. Serves her right, I say again. John Hatton has done what it was his duty to do—what I would have done in his place—cast her off and left her to starve with the pauper she chose."

In the moonlight the face of Miss Englehart grows white as the snow itself, but she walks on and does not say a word.

"However," cries her father, cheerfully, "that is not what I want to say. Rose Hatton's case need never be yours. All is Harry's, and, except his poverty, I never had any objection to Harry as a son-in-law. So when he comes to wish you merry Christmas, my dear Katie, I give you leave to name the day."

A strange light comes into the brown eyes; a strangely resolute expression sets the pretty, soft-cut mouth.

"Is he coming to-night, papa?"

"You will find him. I have not the slightest doubt, at the house before you. It would be hypocrisy for him to profess any grief for that old skinflint uncle, and Harry is no hypocrite.

"You have seen him since his uncle's death?"

"Certainly, Katie, and was the first to congratulate him. 'I trust you withdraw your objections to my suit now, sir!' he says to me, in his haughty way; 'I am John Hatton's heir after all!' A trifle hot-headed is Harry, but a good fellow in the main—oh! a very good fellow! I have no doubt, Katie, he will make you an excellent husband."

"He means to keep this fortune, then?" his daughter says, and says it in so odd a voice that her father looks at her, puzzled.

"Keep it? What do you mean? What should he do but keep it? By George! I should think he did mean to keep it—a cool hundred thousand, if a dollar! May I ask what you mean by the question?"

"Not now, papa, please; I will see Harry first," she answers, in the same strange voice—a very quiet voice, though it startles her father.

"Look here, my girl," he says, sternly. "I know you of old—know your high-drawn Quixotic notions about things in general, and points of honor and conscience in particular. I warn you, don't let us have any of them here, if you want to be Harry Hatton's wife. The lad has come fairly by his fortune—let him keep it in peace."

They are at the house with the last words—words harshly and menacingly spoken. They go together into the parlor, and there, as Mr. Englehart has predicted, they find young Hatton alone. A tall and proper fellow, this Harry Hatton, with a handsome face, and eager, happy eyes.

"At last," he cries, coming forward, both hands outstretched, "just as patience was ceasing to be a virtue. Thank you for bringing her, Mr. Englehart. Come to the register, Katie, and warm those cold little paws. Has our stately papa been telling you the good news?"

He draws her forward, eyes, smile, all alight with love and joy. Last night he was in despair—last night this cozy parlor had been forbidden ground. Sorrow and weeping had endured for the night, but joy had come with the morning. This time yesterday he had been a beggar, and Katie had been refused him—to-night he was a rich man, and Katie might be his for the asking. Papa Englehart, after a genial, father-in-law sort of a nod, had slipped away and left them together.

"Why don't you speak, little girl?" cries jubilant Harry, "or has the power of speech been frozen within you? Wish me merry Christmas, Katie, and congratulate me on my capital fortune."

She looks up at him with eyes full of wistful love.

"I wish you a merry Christmas with all my heart, Harry; but congratulate you on what?"

"Why, hasn't the dear old dad been telling you? Then wonders will never cease. Oh, pshaw! Of course he has told you that my uncle is dead?"

"Poor old Mr. Hatton—yes, I know he is dead."

"And all is mine, Katie, all. And next April the old house shall have a new mistress, and Harry Hatton shall have a new wife. Why don't you speak? Why don't you smile? What is the matter with you to-night?"

"Harry, you mean to keep this inheritance?"

"Keep it?" Harry looks at her in wonder. "By Jove, what a question! What should I do with it but keep it?"

"Resign it to Rose Hatton—Mrs. Andrews now—to whom it rightfully belongs."

"A most likely idea, and quite worthy of Katie Englehart. I have had poverty and hard work for seven-and-twenty years, and now when the golden shower falls in my arms I am to resign it to Rose Andrews and her drunken brute of a husband! No, no, Katie; in the nineteenth century men keep all they get, and they ask for more."

"So I perceive," she says, quietly, though she is trembling as she stands. She draws a ring off her finger and lays it on the table before him. "Our engagement ends to-night, then, Mr. Hatton. Here is your ring."

He stands gazing at her, utterly bewildered.

"Katie," he exclaims, "you don't mean this?"

"I mean it, Harry. If papa had let me, I would have been your wife in your poverty—oh, so gladly—and worked for you and with you with all my heart; but now—now that you take the portion of that woman—worse than widowed—of those children, worse than fatherless—I would die first."

The gentle eyes flashed, into the pale cheeks an indignant glow leaped, and the soft, tender voice rang out as he had never heard it before.

"But this is all nonsense, Katie," he cried, impatiently; "sheer nonsense! ask your father"—a smile crossed Katie's lips—"ask anybody if this money is not fairly mine. Rose Hatton, a headstrong, obstinate schoolgirl, elopes with a scoundrel who only seeks her father's money, and she is disinherited, as she deserved. I am his sister's son, and to me what she resigned has fallen."

"Her father forgave her before he died, and would have made another will if another day had been given him."

"Look here, Katie," says Hatton, still impatiently; "I will seek out my cousin Rosie, and if she leaves her beast of a husband, I'll provide for her and the little ones. Will that satisfy you?"

"I knew Rose Hatton," Katie answers. "She was proud and obstinate, and she would die of starvation sooner than accept as charity what is hers by right."

He comes close and stands before her, his eyes flashing angrily.

"I must either choose between resigning you or my uncle's fortune?"

"You must."

"If I resign it, I am a pauper as before, and your father will order me from his doors. You will not disobey your father, so in either case I am to lose you."

"I love you, Harry," she says, with a gasp. "I would wait—"

"Thank you," he says with a short laugh; "that is poor consolation. You are a woman, and waiting may be easy to you. I am a man and don't choose to wait. Since I must lose you in any case, I'll not lose my money as well. Good night, Miss Englehart; I wish you a very merry Christmas."

"Harry!" she cries. But he is gone—gone in a fine fury, banging the street door after him—and it is her father, white with passion, who stands before her.

* * * * *

Twice the Christmas tide has come and gone—twice the joyful anthem of "Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will," has sounded down the stately aisles of St. Philip's, and the time is here. Once more it is Christmas eve; once more altar and pulpit are wreathed with evergreens; once more the voices of the choristers rise to the vaulted roof; once more the slender, pale-faced, brown-eyed organist sits at her post, her white fingers evoking wondrous music from those pearl keys. But the face has a graver beauty, the dark eyes a sadder light than of old, and for the silk and sables of other days her dress is deepest mourning, plain of make and poor of texture.

The last piece is sung—something grand and old, and triumphant; and "good night, Miss Englehart," one and all cry, as they flutter away and down the stairs. She smiles her farewell, but lingers after they have gone, as is her custom; and as her hands float over the keys, and her eyes rest on the music, she is thinking of another Christmas eve, three years ago, and of her father and lover who stood by her side that night.

She has lost them both—the lover then, never to hear of or see since; the father one year ago. A great financial crisis had come—had involved shrewd lawyer Englehart, and swamped him. He had broken down under the blow, and in less than three months after he was dead and buried. He had never forgiven Katie her refusal of Harry Hatton; he did not forgive her even on his death-bed.

"If you had not been a fool with your scruples and whims," he had said to her, bitterly, "you need not have been a beggar to-day. Harry Hatton is married long ago, no doubt, to some wiser woman, and when I'm gone you may earn your living as best you may."

They had buried him, and Katherine had earned her living bravely and well. For years she had played the organ of St. Philip's as a labor of love. Now it became a labor of necessity. Her salary as organist and half a dozen piano pupils gave her all she needed, and life went on, somehow, and Christmas had come again.

She dreaded Christmas—the old pain and struggle seemed to come back afresh. She did not regret what she had done. Better loneliness and poverty than ill gotten gain—better lose her lover forever than become the wife of a man capable of wronging the living and the dead. She had lost him, but she had not ceased to love him. While she deplored his sins, her pure prayers followed him in his reckless wanderings over the world.

She left the organ at last, and slowly quitted the church. Unlike that other Christmas, no moon nor stars shone. White, soft, ceaselessly, the snow fell. She put up her umbrella and hurried home the home of a boarding-house—took her belated and solitary supper, and ran up to her own little sitting-room. A fire burned in a grate, and her piano—sole relic of former splendor—stood open with some new music upon it. Before sitting down to her long practice she went to the window and looked out. All the world was white and still and ghostly, and faster and faster the snow was falling. As she stood the tall, dark figure of a man opened the gate and came plowing through the snow to the front door.

"One of the boarders," she thought, "belated as I was. How cross Mrs White will be?"

She left the window and went to the piano. Before she commenced her practice, and half unconsciously, she began softly to sing the old anthem:

Hark the herald! angels sing
Glory to the new-born king;
Peace on earth—and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.

Then she stopped, conscious that the door had opened, and that the intruder did not advance.

"Come in," she said, "and shut the door, please; there is a draught—"

She stopped with a low cry, but he took her at her word, shut the door, and came forward.

"I have come back, Katie," he said. "Will you forgive me and shake hands?"

He took both hers without waiting for leave, and held them fast.

"I only reached America yesterday," he went on. "All these years I have been in Europe, trying to forget you and be happy, and I had neither forgotten you nor been happy. You were right, and I was wrong. I have come back to tell you so, and to ask you if you have forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?" she repeats, almost with a sob. "Oh, my Harry! my Harry!"

"I am no longer rich," he says. "Rosie and the little ones are at the old homestead, and the drunken husband has drunk himself to death. I tried to palter with my duty, Katie, before I went away—I sought out Rose and proffered her a portion of her father's fortune. She was proud, as you told me she would be, and refused it with scorn. 'I am poor,' she said, 'almost starving, but I will not take as a favor from you, Harry Hatton, that which is my right. Keep all, or give all.' I kept all, Kate, and, if I could have forgotten you, might have kept all to the end. But I love you so well, my Katie, that I ask nothing but you for the rest of my life. We will be poor, but we will be together. Say you forgive me, Katie; you have not said it yet."

She said it then, holding him close, her happy tears moistening his already damp coat-collar.

"You and I are to spend Christmas with Rose," he says, presently, that first transport over. "She's a jolly little soul as ever lived, in spite of all her troubles, and right glad to have done with matrimony forever. Who knows but that, after eight years of it, you may echo her sentiment!"

"I think I will risk it, though," said Miss Englehart, looking at him, handsome, and big, and brown, with adoring eyes. "Oh, Harry! to think I did not know you, striding through the snow up to the gate. I was just thinking, with ever so little of a pang, that no gift would be mine this year, while all the time the best and dearest of all Christmas boxes was coming to me over the snow."

"Christmas has brought you your lover, and New Year shall bring you your husband," said Harry.

And New Year did.

"Usually through by daylight"—Sleep.

TIMELY TOPICS.

An exchange complains that the associated press telegraphs slang when it says a certain thief "skipped out." There is no slang about that. Take your Bible and turn to Ecclesiastics, thirty-ninth chapter and twenty-sixth verse. It reads: "Who will trust a thief, well appointed, that skippeth from city to city?"

There is one kind of matchmakers no body can reasonably find fault with. The kind that illuminates Christendom with matches not made in heaven—the kind that pays the government $3,561-300 a year taxes, at a cent a box. This would indicate that the average of use is about seven boxes annually for every one of the 50,000,000 of people in the republic.

Dr. Cutter states that the increase of nervous diseases, decaying teeth, premature baldness, and general lack of muscular and bone strength, are greatly due to the impoverished quality of flour now in use, the gluten being thrown away in order to make the flour white. He urges the use of unbolted flour, and of eggs, milk and butter. He denies that fish is brain food, or that Agassiz ever said that it was, and claims that butter, being nearly all fat, is a better kind of brain food than any other.

The passion play at Oberammergau this year was not a great success pecuniarily. The receipts amounted to $60,000, half of which was profit to be divided among all the performers. Mayer, who played the part of Jesus, received the largest dividend, but it amounted to only $250, while the lowest classes of the performers received only $16 for thirty-nine performances. They are greatly dissatisfied with their gains and complain that the innkeepers and peddlers received the largest share of the pecuniary income of the festival. The hotel men and the venders of trinkets and photographs are much more impressed with the sacred influence of the play and are more anxious for its repetition than are the performers. Meanwhile the attempt to introduce the play in this country has proved a failure, the pulpit and the press being almost solidly opposed to its representation.

Although the vexed question about the site of the world's fair of 1883 is settled and the committee are therefore "out of the woods," they are really in the woods, for "Inwood" is the site selected. Inwood is a level spot of 250 acres in extent, on the extreme north of Manhattan island, with the Harlem river on one side and the Hudson not far from the other. The plot is historical ground, too, and has the Black Horse tavern, of Revolutionary fame, on it, which will be more of an object of interest than the New England homestead was at the Centennial. The tavern was one of Washington's headquarters, of course. Inwood is seven miles from the city hall, and is reached by numerous busses and steamers, two elevated railroads and the Hudson River railway.

The suggestions advanced by Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, in regard to the establishment of an international cotton exposition at some prominent city in the South, has met with warm approval throughout the entire cotton belt, particularly at Atlanta, Ga. In that city a permanent organization has been effected and $50,000 was at once subscribed toward the general fund. The association was formed under the title of the International Cotton Exposition Company, and the capital stock was limited to $200,000. United States Senator Joseph E. Brown, of Atlanta, was chosen president. The other officers are Samuel M. Inman, of Atlanta, treasurer, and J. W. Ryckman, of Philadelphia, secretary. The board of directors includes many of the most prominent cotton manufacturers of America. It is designed to give the exposition at Atlanta during the months of September, October and November next, when all the improved appliances used in the culture, preparation and manufacture of cotton in all parts of the world will be brought together for the purpose of testing their merits. Efforts will be made to procure a charter from Congress before the holiday adjournment, and plans for the necessary buildings are already under consideration. The site selected is the City Hall square, which will afford about three acres of flooring for exhibition purposes. All kinds of cotton machinery will be constantly in operation during the days of the exposition, including the gin, compress card, ring spinning and looms, of both American and foreign make. The raw fiber will be taken from the bale and carried through the various processes necessary in the manufacture of the finest cloth. As this will take place under the eyes of experienced judge its is expected that the long disputed point as to the superiority of American or English methods will be definitely settled.

A Strange Recovery of Speech.

The East Portland (Oregon) *Telegram* gives the following account of the manner in which one of the mute inmates of the insane asylum near that city suddenly recovered his speech: For years Mr. Armstrong, a dumb inmate of the asylum, has plodded along, attending to his duties as a trusty, faithful man, being unable to speak a word. On Sunday last the inmates were given a romp in the handsome grove, which is surrounded by a high wall, in order to sun themselves. One of the inmates, a rather wild individual, imagined he was a squirrel, and away he went scampering up one of the tall fir trees to its topmost branches, and would neither return to solid ground for pleadings or threats. As usual, Armstrong was near at hand and volunteered to go up and bring him back. He had climbed about thirty feet from the ground when a limb broke and down came Armstrong bouncing among the branches, finally alighting down upon the ground like the hammer of a pile-driver. The wardens expected to see him killed or knocked senseless, but they were doomed to astonishment, as Armstrong sprang to his feet and burst out in a volley of profanity that would have put a trooper to blush. He kept up swearing without intermission for at least ten minutes, while everybody was transfixed with astonishment. He had recovered his speech and to-day can talk as well as any person, and to say that he is delighted in consequence of his fall is drawing it mildly.

There are 600,000 fewer acres under wheat in England than in 1874.

NECROLOGICAL RECORD.

Prominent People who Passed Away in 1880.

JANUARY.—3. Bishop Gilbert Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal church, Malden, Mass., 59....10. Frank Leslie, well-known newspaper publisher, New York; 59....14. Frederick Due, of Schleswig-Holstein; Germany; 59;....18. Duke Antoine de Gramont, French diplomat; France; 63....20; Jules Favre, eminent French statesman and republican senator; Paris, 71....21. Commodore Homer C. Blake; New York; 53.

FEBRUARY.—5. Adolph E Borie, General Grant's first secretary of the navy; Washington; 70....10. Adolphe Cremieux, life-senator of the French republic; Paris; 84. Major-General W. B. Tibbitts, of the Federal army; Troy, N. Y.; 43. Constantine Brumidi, celebrated fresco painter; Washington, D. C.; 75....25. General Carlos Butterfield, veteran of the Mexican war; Washington, D. C.; 66....28. Hon. Charles D. Coffin, member of the Twenty fifth Congress; Cincinnati, Ohio; 76.

MARCH.—1. Surgeon-General William Maxwell Wood, U. S. N.; Owing's Mills, Md.; 72....7. Judge W. H. Hayes, of Kentucky Federal court; Louisville; 59....17. Thomas Bell, English scientist; London; 87....19. Major-General Hector Tyndall; Philadelphia; 59....24 Mrs. May Agnes Fleming, novelist; Brooklyn....28. A. R Corbin, General Grant's brother-in-law and founder St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*; Jersey City, N. J.; 71....31. Lavinia Goodell, female lawyer; Janesville, Wis.

APRIL—5. Rear-Admiral Henry K. Thatcher, retired United States naval officer; Boston, Mass.; 74....8. Mrs. Lydia Dickinson, widow of United States Senator Dickinson: New York city; 71....11. Hon. William H. Howard, governor of Dakota; Washington, D. C....14. Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, distinguished American clergyman and author; New York city; 68....16. Edward V. H. Kenealy, M. P. and counsel for Tichborne claimant; England; 61....23. Charles De Young, senior proprietor San Francisco *Chronicle*; San Francisco; 35

MAY.—2. Major-Gen. Samuel P. Heintzelman, retired United States army officer; Washington, D. C.; 75....9 Hon. George Brown, leading Canadian politician and editor Toronto *Globe*; Toronto....14. Hon. Sanford E. Church, chief justice New York court of appeals; Albany, N. Y.; 65....19. Ex-Governor Henry S. Foote, superintendent United States mint at New Orleans, and at one time a prominent Southern politician; Nashville, Tenn.; 80....30. Richard B. Connolly, ex-comptroller of New York city, and member of Tweed ring; Marseilles, France; 70.

JUNE.—3. Empress of Russia; St. Petersburg; 56. Colonel J. C. Audenried, United States army; Washington, D. C....6. John Brougham, dramatic author and actor; New York city; 70....8. Charles W. Willard, ex-member of Congress; Montpelier, Vt.; 53....11. Ex-United States Senator James Ashton Bayard; Wilmington, Del.; 81....15 Henry A. Boardman, D. D., distinguished Presbyterian minister and writer; Philadelphia; 72....19. General John A. Sutter, on whose farm in California gold was first found; Washington, D. C.; 77....22. Geo. Merriam, well-known publisher; Springfield, Mass.; 78....28. J. B. Omohundro, better known as "Texas Jack," noted scout; Leadville, Col.

JULY—4. George Ripley, L.L. D. literary editor New York *Tribune* New York city, 78....6. General William L. Morris, veteran of the war of 1812 Bergen Point, N. J., 86; Pierce Egan, English author, artist and journalist, London, 66....8. W. F. Pelton, engineer and private secretary Samuel J. Tilden, New York city, 52....12 Tom Taylor, English dramatist, London, 63....11 Hon. John A. Campbell, third assistant secretary of state, Washington, 45....20. Jacob Brinkerhoff, member of Twenty-eighth Congress, Mansfield, Ohio; H. Constantine Herring, founder of homeopathic school of medicine in the United States, Philadelphia, 80.

AUGUST—General William O. Butler, veteran of the war of 1812, and once candidate for vice president of the United States; Carrollton, Ky.; 80....9. William Bigler, ex-governor of Pennsylvania and ex-United States Senator; Clearfield, Pa.; 66....15. Adelaide Neilson, celebrated English actress; Paris; 30. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, veteran English diplomatist; London; 93....19. Ex-Governor Herschel V. Johnson; Jefferson county, Ga.; 68....18 Ole Bull, famous violinist; Bergen, Norway; 70....20. Judge Henry M. Spofford, Kellogg's opponent for a seat in the United States Senate from Louisiana; Red Sulphur Springs, W. Va.; 58....24 General Albert J. Myer, chief of signal service department United States army; Buffalo, N. Y.; 52....29. Sanford R. Gifford, leading American artist; New York city; 57....30. Ouray, chief of the Colorado Ute Indians; Colorado....31. Rev. Dr. William Adams, LL. D., eminent American minister; Orange, N. J.; 73.

SEPTEMBER.—11. Marshall O. Roberts, well-known merchant; Saratoga, N. Y.; 66;....14. Major-General Bushrod, veteran of the Mexican war and an officer in the Confederate army; Brighton, Ill.; 63;....18. Ex-United States Senator Lafayette S. Foster, vice-president with Lincoln; Norwich, Conn.; 74....19. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, lord chief baron of the English exchequer; England; 84.

OCTOBER—4. Jacques Offenbach, celebrated composer of opera bouffes; Paris; 61....6 Professor Benjamin Pierce, eminent mathematical professor of Harvard college; Boston; 71....12 Captain Hobson, a well-known Arctic explorer; England; ....13. Peleg Sprague, ex-United States Senator; Boston; 87....14. Indian chief Victorio, noted Apache; Mexico....20. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, prominent American writer; Wayland, Mass.; 78....23. Harry Beckett, English comedian; London.

NOVEMBER.—4. Solon Robinson, well known writer on agricultural topics; Jacksonville, Fla; 77....10. Colonel E. L Drake, pioneer of the petroleum business in Pennsylvania; New Bethlehem, Pa. Brigadier-General Richard S. Satterlee, Mexican war veteran; New York city; 83....11. Lucretia Mott, reformer and Quaker preacher; Philadelphia; 87....18. Brigadier-General Jacob Zeilin, of United States marine corps, Washington, D. C; 70....20. J. D. Williams, governor of Indiana; Indianapolis; 72....22. Sir Alexander Cockburn, England's lord chief justice; London; 78....23 James Craig Watson, eminent astronomer, Madison, Wis.; 42....30. Lieutenant-Governor-elect George B Robinson, of Colorado; near Leadville, Evarts W. Farr, member of Congress; Little, N. H.; 40.

DECEMBER.—10. Colonel Chapman Biddle, distinguished Philadelphia lawyer; Philadelphia; 59....15. Hon. David Christie, once speaker of the Canadian senate; St. George, Ontario; 62. Senator Balthazar Buoncompagni, eminent Italian scientist; Turin, Italy; 59.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

New York Fashion Matters.

There is at present no indication of any change in ladies' bonnets and hats. Nearly all wear bonnets, although round hats of various shapes are worn by many to whom they are more becoming than the small bonnets, and also by young misses, who look better without the springs, which are often the only difference between a bonnet and a hat. The small capote now worn is a fashionable rival of the large bonnets which have been imported, a question of a few weeks whether the larger or smaller styles will prevail though the winter.

In the composition of bonnets the same combinations of richly blended satins and plushes prevail as during last month, and jet, steel, gold, cashmere and colored beads are still used in profusion, with variously designed ornaments of gilt, steel and jet. The small Fanchon, composed of a puff of plush three inches wide, a beetle and feather or small ostrich tip or occasionally a flower and bud at one side, with strings of silk or lace, is the extreme example of the small bonnet worn. As if to concentrate the warmth of the capotes they are being made of seal, tiger, and otto fur. Sealskin is also used in the composition of larger hats and bonnets in the place of plush. They are trimmed with birds and fancy feather ornaments and heavy silk and chenille cords, with seal balls in place of tassels at the ends.

Short English walking jackets of light cloth are found too convenient to discard, and are made of light colored cloth. They are usually double breasted and trimmed with plush or fur on the reverse, pockets and cuffs. Buttons representing owls' heads, bears, etc., about as large as a quarter or half dollar, are used for fastening and ornament. Fur buttons and bars with cords are also used. Sable and mink fur is occasionally used with the rich brocades for linings, and the ends are combined with the rich fringes of some of the most elegant and imported dolmans. Ermine and squirrel are, however, the principal linings of outside garments, where colored quilted satin or plush is not used. Marabout feather trimming is often used where bands of fur are appropriate. Fur lined circulars of silk or cashmere are too convenient as an easily disposed of wrap when not needed not to be popular. The ulster is also one of the morning cloaks which are as much worn as they have been during former seasons. They are sometimes made with dolman sleeves, which extend to the back and form a cape. The half fitting shapes are as much worn as those out lining the figure closely. Two or three small capes are warm, and are preferred by many to the revers or simple collar. Kilt plaited skirts are seen on some, but add greatly to the weight. The loose ulster of light cloth is made with Russian or Chinese sleeves. They are worn in all colors, from ecru tinted cloth trimmed on the collar and sleeves with beaver fur, to the darkest mixed goods and black. The dolman continues to be the leading shape for the rich silk and velvet materials and for black cloth, and in the latest importations the pelisse is occasionally seen.

Thumbs.

If anybody will look carefully at the end of his thumb, he will find that the surface is ridged with little threadlike ranges of hills, wound round and round in tiny spirals. If he will take a magnifying glass, and examine them closely he will find that there is a good deal of individuality in the way which these are arranged. No two thumbs in all the world are exactly alike. The miniature mountain ranges are fixed and decided as the Alps or the Sierras, the geography of the thumb as unmistakable. Now the Chinese have made use of this fact for establishing a rogue's gallery. Whenever a criminal is examined by the law, an impression is taken of his thumb. Smeared with a little lampblack, partially wiped and then pressed down on a piece of white paper, an engraving of the thumb is made, and kept in the police records. It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pickpockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty. Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features. Sometimes a ghastly proof of guilt is furnished, a murderer red-handed with his crime, may touch his fingers' end upon a white wall, and so leave in the color of his guilt a photograph on the accusing wall. His signature is left just as unmistakably as if he had signed the bond of his iniquity; and thus great crimes have been brought to light, and deeds of blood made to tell their own story.

But this individuality in the skin in the tip of the thumb strongly marked as it is, yet admits of strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who will take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers. Even thus minutely does that strange thing, family likeness, descend. What wonder is it that faces look alike, voices sound alike; how can it seem strange that members of the same family should have similarities of temper, of mental aptitudes and hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their infinite diversities. "The hairs of our heads are all numbered," and not only so, but each hair if examined with a powerful magnifying glass shows peculiarities as strong as the trees of a forest. No two are exactly alike. Everything, from the smallest to the greatest, is impressed with a specific character and individuality. The Creator's invention is exhaustless, and he no more repeats himself in the geography of a thumb than in the geography of a continent. Now if anybody doubts this, let him take a little black, or analine color, and try. He will acquire an acquaintance with his thumb and a respect for it that will be quite interesting. —*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

The Will.

Blame not the times in which we live,
Nor fortune frail and fugitive;
Blame not your parents, nor the rule
Of vice or wrong once learned at school;
But blame thyself, Oh man!

Although both heaven and earth combined
To mold thy flesh and form thy mind,
Though every thought, word, action, will,
Was framed by powers beyond thee, still
Thou art thyself, Oh man!

And self to take or leave is free,
Feeling its own sufficiency;
In spite of conscience, spite of fate,
The judge within thee, soon or late,
Will blame but thee, Oh man!

Say not, "I would, but could not—He
Should bear the blame who fashioned me—
Call you mere change of motive choice?
Scorning such pleas, the inner voice
Cries, "Thine the deed, Oh man!"

RUMOROUS.

The candle-wick is up to snuff.

Even dumb animals exhibit attachment. The horse is always attached to the vehicle he draws.

A physician gives directions "How to see the blood circulate." His method is not as simple as the old way of calling a prize-fighter a liar.—*Norristown Herald.*

We would inform "A Reader" that the term "Mind your p's and q's" originated with the Chinese. It formerly stood: "Mind your teas and queues."

A little girl had a penny given her to put in the collection box at church. When she dropped in the coin, she exclaimed: "That's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel!"

The wise ones say that nothing is so hard to bear as prosperity; but most men would like to engage in some hard work of that description, just to have a practical illustration of the adage.

A man in Canton, Steuben county, has raised a cabbage, around the head of which thirteen smaller heads were clustered.—*Exchange.* Probably the cabbage was on the table.—*Syracuse Standard.*

"I had a mind to see you yesterday and pay that bill, but couldn't come," said a procrastinating debtor. "That was presence of mind that did me no good," replied the creditor.

An effort is making to revive the spelling match. We should like to see something original this year in orthography, and herewith tender gratuitously the literary litter of our waste basket.

A small boy went to see his grandmother. After looking eagerly around the handsomely-furnished room where she sat, he exclaimed, admiringly: "Oh, grandmamma, where is the miserable table papa says you keep?"—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

There are some differences observable as we journey through life, which we cannot help remarking upon. We find: The difference between a man and his dog when they go into a gin shop together is, that the dog never comes out drunk; and the difference between a fashionable young man and a dummy in front of a clothing store is, that the dummy does not swear and swagger and smoke cigarettes and put on more style than two would be able to carry.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long-tailed coat,
All buttoned down before."

Why mourn for Grimes?—his daughters live
On Fashion's street—we find 'em.
And still they wear "Old Grimes' coat"
All buttoned down behind 'em.

—*Puck.*

Several Celestials while fishing off Angel island, on the Pacific coast, a few days ago, caught a huge devil fish in their nets. As it came slowly to view on the surface of the water its arms grasped the side of the boat. With a sharp ax they succeeded in chopping off the huge feelers and thus freed their craft. Finally the whole body was got into the boat and the prize conveyed to Chinatown, where it was cut into pieces and sold to various restaurants.

How a Boy was Poisoned.

In one of the public schools of Brooklyn, a boy thirteen years old, naturally very quick and bright, was found to be growing dull and fitful. His face was pale, and he had nervous twitchings. He was obliged to quit school. Inquiry showed that he had become a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. When asked why he did not give it up, he shed tears, and said he had often tried, but could not. The growth of this habit is insidious, and its effects ruinous. The eyes, the brain, the nervous system, the memory, the power of application, are all impaired by it. "It's nothing but a cigarette," is really; "it's nothing but poison." German and French physicians have recently protested against it. And a convention of Sunday and secular teachers was recently held in England to check it. It was presided over by an eminent surgeon of a royal eye infirmary, who stated that many diseases of the eye were directly caused by it. Parents, save your children from this vice, if possible. Do not allow them to deceive you. In future years they will rise up and bless you for restraining them.—*Christian Advocate.*

Music Bands and Bridges.

Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the large bridges of the world. A constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a band, will excite the wires to vibrations. As first the vibrations are very slight, but they will increase as the sound waves continue to come. The principal reason why bands are not allowed to play when passing certain bridges, the suspension bridge at Niagara falls, for instance, is that if followed by processions of any kind they will keep step with the music, and this regular step would cause the wires to vibrate. At suspension bridges military companies are not allowed to march across in regular step, but break ranks. The regular trotting gait of a large dog across a suspension bridge is more dangerous to the bridge than a heavily loaded wagon drawn by a team of large horses.