A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Home Interests, Politics, Agriculture, Science, Art, Poetry, Etc.

The Enterprise.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

J. W. HOUGHTON.

Office, West Side of Public Square.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys. J. S. DECEBON, Attorney-st-Law, Wellington, O.

W. F. HERRICK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law lenedict's Block, 2d floor, Welling on, O. Johnson & McLean, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Elyria, O. Office No. 2, Mussey Block.

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EVEDETT & STARR M

THE CHRISTMAS TREE. While the winter snows are dressing
All the trees in spotless white,
And the twilight and the fire-light
Bound my ingle
Blend and mingle,
And the night
Creepeth on space, there towers
On my hearth a tree whose flowers
Such were born in elfin bowers
Far removed from mortal sight.

'Tis the king of all the cedars, And its branches, green and fair, With their weight of golden fruitage Bend and glisten, And I listen, While the air Seems with benisons replete.
Which my lips and heart repeat,
Borne on incense weird and sweet
Incense sweet beyond compare.

Myriads of dainty baubles
Nestled in its branches are;
Ranks of shining tinted tapers,
Flashing, gleaming,
Each one seeming
Like the star
Which through all the toil and danger

As the tapers, slowly burning,
Set in darkness one by one,
And the troops of rosy children
Round my ingle
Throng and mingle,
While the fun
And the look of glad surprise
Fade from out their sated eyes.
Tell us now." my Frincess cries.
"Of the Blessed Virgin's Son."

Little Princess Golden-Locks, Throned upon my knee again. Waits to bear the old, old story, Waits to hear the old, old story,
New forever,
Which hath never
Ended been:
How the Eastern sages bring
Treasures to the Peasant King,
And the hosts of heaven sing.
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.
The earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below;
But, longing for springtime, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

And now, in this dreary December, Our glad hearts are fain To see if earth comes not to help us; We seek all in vain; Not the tiniest blossom is coming

Where love takes, let love give, and so doubt not Leve counts but the will. And the heart has its flowers of devotion, No winters can chill; They who cared for "good will" that first Christ Will care for it still.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SENT.

THE week before Christmas was THE week before Christmas was dreadful dreary. In the first place, father was away. He had been gone almost a month, in search of work, and we were expecting him home every day. In the next place, the wood was most gone, and we didn't dare to keep a very good fire. And it always seems dreary in cold, snowy weather, unless you have a good, roaring fire, I think, especially in a dug-out.

It was all on account of the grasshop-pers that we had to spend our second winter in the dug-out. We had been brave and patient—father said so—the first winter. But when the grasshop-pers came and ate up all our crop, and we had to give up the hope of a house for that whole year, we almost wished we were back in Vermont. Then, in the third place, and lastly, as the min-ister says, we had nothing left to eat but pumpkin. And pumpkin, though it's very nice for pies, when you have milk and eggs, and pretty good (at least better than nothing) for sauce, when you haven't got any better, and when you haven't got any better, and there is nothing left but the Johnnycake—isn't so very good for steady eat-ing. And there wasn't so very much of it either; and if that should fail before

But mother wouldn't be gloomy. Eat all you want of it. I dare say "Eat all you want of it. I dare say father will come before it is gone," she said. "It's lucky I dried so much." "And lucky the hoppers didn't like pumpkins," said my elder brother, Bob, trying to imitate her cheerful tones. "Bake some for supper, mother, I believe I like it best baked."

"Yes, I'll bake it for supper; and you and Lizzie shall have all the milk to eat with it. We who are well can do without milk. Can't we children?" and she looked round so brave and theorem and Johnny and John and and she looked round so brave and cheerful at me and Tem and Johnny that we were just as willing as could be to give up our share of the milk, now that poor Bess, who had nothing but coarse, dry hay and water, could only give a pint twice a day.

So Bob and Lizzie had all the milk that night, and we had only a little salt

that night, and we had only a little salt that night, and we had only a little salt on our pumpkin; because Lizzie wasn't much more than a baby, and Bob was sick ever since he broke his leg at the raising. Bob tried to have mother take some of his milk; but she wouldn't. Nobody complained—not a word—we should have been ashamed to; only I grumbled some, to old Bess, the cow, you know, when I was pulling down hay for her. I suppose I'm not hardly as brave as the rest of 'em. At any rate, I often grumble to Bess, when

rate, I often grumble to Bess, when things are hard; and I told her, that ime, that there was no fun at all in living on pumpkin in a miserable dug-out, and I wasn't going to stand it. At least, I wouldn't, if I had any boots to

But I didn't see that there was any thing. The neighbors were a good way off, and as poor as we were. All but old Mother Cripsey, and she was too cross and too stingy to live. No use to

But when I went in, and was crouching down before the fire to get my ingers warm, mother said: "William, I think somebody ought to go over and see if Mother Cripsey needs anything this cold weather. I know it isn't pleasent for you to go there; but it would ease my mind to know she wasn't freezing or starving."
"How can I go, mother, with no
boots but these?" and I held up my
right foot. There was a strip of flannel

tied around it, to keep the sole from flapping back and forth every time I stepped, and to cover a big hole that stepped, and to c let the snow in. "You might wear Bob's best one erhaps. It is better than that. Can' he, Beb?"
"Certainly," said Bob, without raising
his head or looking at me. Bob couldn't
help being gloomy, because he was
sick, and pumpkin didn't agree with
him; but he didn't like to have us take

any netice of it, so we didn't. I said: "Well, I s'posed I could go. The only thanks I should get would be to get my head snapped off and get called a beggar, and asked what I expected to gar, and asked what I expected to get by coming." But I was tired of being cooped up at home, and should be glad of a walk, if I could only have something to walk in. So Bob let me have his boot, and I started. It was about half a mile and off the road; so I had to make my own path, and the snow was pretty deep. But the sun shone bright and I rather liked the fun of breaking a track. I saw a smoke in

"Well! what do you want o' me?

S'pos'n you air all out o' breadstuff!" she began.

"I didn't say we were all out, ma'am?" I interrupted her, though that wasn't polite, I know. I had to speak pretty loud and fast, or she wouldn't have stopped to listen to me. "I came because mother was afraid you might accompand to out wood or some. need somebody to cut wood or something, now that the snow is so deep. She looked sharp at me while I said so much; but then she turned back to the wood pile and began to chop in a way that made the chips fly, I tell you. I suppose that was to show me how easy she could cut her wood herself. After she had worked that way awhile she turned round and put down her ax and said: "Come in, will ye?" So I went in and sat down by the fire.

"I s'pose yer mar thought I had hands like hern, that's just fit for knittin' and darnin' socks, and wanted a man to do such dreadful hard work as cuttin' wood enough to keep my own fire agoin'. So she sent you along, It's no use to remember and repeat

all the hard words Mother Cripsey said to me that day. She was more insulting than ever, accusing me of every kind of a mean motive in coming to inquire for her. I had a great mind to tell her just what I thought of her; and I would but for the thought of how mother would feel if I got downright angry and squeed a grey headed old stand, and then took rather a hasty leave and started for home.

On the way, as 1 climbed over a

fence, I saw something like feathers sticking out of the snow. I went for it, and pulled out a quail, that had been buried and frozen stiff. "That's for Bob's dinner!" I said with joy, and I thrust my hand down into the snow to hunt for more. "Here's for Lizzie!" I said as I pulled out another. And down I dived again.
"Here's for mother! And here's for
Tom and Johnny!" As three more

"And here's for me!" I almos screamed, as a rather anxious searc brought up another. I still dug about in the snow, and pretty soon I found one more. "For father, surely!" I

down to rub my aching fingers. When I had got them warm, I pulled a bit of board from the fence and dug the snow bank all over thoroughly, and found

"A dinner fit for a king! A dinner fit for a king!" I cried aloud, as I looked at the plump beauties lying before me. I found a bit of string in my on a tramp. I don't seem to feel any pockets, and tied them all together an slung them over my shoulder.

Didn't mother's eyes shine, when I came into the house with those quails! That was "a dinner as was a dinner," as Bob said. Of course, we had to go back to pumpkin again next day. Nevertheless, the change was delightful and made the week a good deal less Didn't mother's eyes shine, when I came into the house with those quails!

Thursday morning mother said: "It looks like more snow. I hope father will get here before it storms again." She was a little pale that morning—poor mother!—though she spoke just as cheerful as ever. I knew and Bob knew the pumpkin wouldn't last till Christmas Eve. But nobody talked about that

It began to snow at nightfall. I had out up the last stick of wood, and it was piled up inside the fireplace. We had a stove in front of the fireplace, "Father! Father! Father! Father! and the pipe ran into the rude ston

chimney.

It snowed all night, I suppose. When we waked in the morning no light came in at the little square window. I knew it was morning, because the clock struck eight just after I waked. We had got in the way of sleeping very late mornings to save the fire. I could just see where the window was. I called to mother.

Well, it seemed as in it was. First there came a long, narrow bag, covered with soot and ashes. It fell at our feet; but before we could pick it up a plump round package followed it and bounced

In the day-time there was but one room in the dug-out; but at night a cur-tain was drawn across one end, that divided off a corner that we called mother's bed-room. She answered: "Yes, William, I'm

"We're snowed in, I guess, mother."
"It looks like it," she said. "Build "We're snowed in, I guess, mother."
"It looks like it," she said. "Build the fire and I will come out directly."

We kept calling, "Father! Why don't you speak, father?" at intervals; but got no answer. But we were sure I got up and dressed myself. Bob waked while I was dressing, and asked me what I was getting up in the night for. I told him it was morning, but we were snowed in. So he got up, too.

I went to the door, to see if I could open it. It opened easy enough; but a bank of snow was all there was to be seen. I believe I turned white. I know I shook as people do with the ague. Ten sticks of wood for fuel, one half a candle for light, and about pumpkin enough for two meals. These were our resources; and we were snowed in. Mother came out. She was paler than "Let's have a fire, boys, quickly, and we will have breakfast soon. I feel sure father will come to-day."

She lighted our one piece of candle. I couldn't speak. There was a great lump in my throat. My shaking hands would hardly lay the sticks for the fire. Mother put the pumpkin on to warm. It was all cooked now. We had only of breaking a track. I saw a smoke in Mother Put the pumpkin on to warm. It was all cooked now. We had only near; so I knew she was all right. You see it wasn't as if she had been poor, for she was the richest one for miles in the fatal bullet.

"Never mind: I his is an earnest of better things. We shall have wood to morrow. Father will come. You will see. How thankful I am for this supsee. How thankful I am for this supsee. How thankful I am for this supsee. How thankful I am for this supsee it wasn't as if she had been poor, for she was the richest one for miles.

"Never mind: I his is an earnest of better things. We shall have wood to morrow. Father will come. You will see. How thankful I am for this supsee. How then on the table is the kind of a funeral pile his relatives. The form the fatal bullet.

around; only she was most too stingy to keep herself alive. She out her own wood and carried hear own wood and carried hear own will like them for a relish," said she smiling. I wished she wouldn't smile, and the smile of the smiling. I wished she wouldn't smile, and the smiling. I wished she wouldn't smile, and the smiling. I wished she wouldn't smile, she might fall sick, or get hurt, or something, and nobody find it out to thill she suffered. So we had to go over once in a while. Bas all we got in the comet in while. Bas all we got in the comet in while the sail we got in the suffered. So we had to go over once in a while. Bas all we got in it remember what. After prayers from once in a while. Bas all we got in it remember what. After prayers from she was forthen didn't seem to think her a bad sort of a warman. But, then, mother always the said; "and I am going to serve.

I broke a path up to the door, and there she was. An old black hood pilled down over her eyes, and a player of the serve of the seem to change of it, round her red, bony face, redder and bonier than ever. Her short striped entire early on the seem to the seem to the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down just below the toop of a pair of men's boots. She look of the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down just below the toop of a pair of men's boots. She look of the weak and the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down full than the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down full than the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down full than the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down full than the seem to do or say a thing to keep the petitioost came down full than the seem to do or say a thing to keep the pet couldn't help her. We lighted the candle again at dinner. We didn't have very good appetites. There was enough pumpkin left, so Lizzie had her supper.

She thinks there is nobody like our mother. And I guess I think so, too.

—Joy Allison, in N. Y. Independent.

How Families Endure in Vermont. She went to sleep early, in my lap; it was se still. The stillness was most as

had as the darkness. And now it was Christmas Eve. But nobody said anything about hanging up stockings. The little ones had not been reminded that to-night was the time for that; and the older ones were thinking too much about fire, and food, and tomorrow, even to speak of it.
"Christmas will bring father, I am sure," said mother, after Lizzie was laid in bed. "And now hadn't my lit-

tle Johnnie better be undressed? Morning will seem to come sooner if he shuts his eyes early. "Me wants my supper first," said "The pumpkin is all gone. But, if Johnnie is brave and patient, I think God will send him some breakfast."

"Does He know the pumpkin is all one?" said Johnnie, with a quivering Yes. I told Him. He will take care that we have some breakfast. I asked Him to," said mother, cheerfully and confidently. I wondered if she really felt so sure. I didn't.

"But the snow is all up over the door, so nobody can't get in," Johnnie "God can find a man who can shovel mother would feel if I got downright angry and sauced a gray-headed old woman as, I do think, she deserved.
But I held in my temper and just demourable. And then, in a quick, mourable words and the should be seen the should be He sent some bread! Ma, did you ask for pumpkin or for bread?" "For bread, dear. I think it will be

"O! then I'll go to bed quick." He submitted to be undressed, and when his head was on the pillow he squeezed his eyelids close together, determined to sleep, that morning might come sooner. He had to speak once more. "Butter on it! Did you ask for outter on it, ma?"

"I asked for some meat. A piece of meat would be good with bread. Wouldn't it, Johnnie?" "Yes; but I'd ha' asked for butter, too," said Johnnie, and subsided again.
"We had better go to bed before the room gets cold," mother said, as we sat crouching around the few glowing coals that the last stick of wood had

and quiet?" said Bob, bicterly, with a sound that was almost like a sob. "Hush, dear! Be brave and quiet yourself a little longer. God hasn't forgotton us. Are you so very hun-

" 'Take no thought for the morrow.

trying.

Christmas Day was Saturday, you know.

Thursday morning mother said: "It looks like more snow. I hope father will get here before it storms again."

your bed with a quiet heart, as I shall go to mine. There is a glad Christmas in store for us yet." So we went to bed—if not with quiet hearts, at least with a glimmer of hope, awakened by mother's strong faith. But we did not size; but then it has always been the custom, and it is probable it always are considerable.

The clock struck eight. There was a sound on the roof. We started up to listen. Yes, surely there was some one stepping above our heads. "It's father?" was our glad cry. We were out of bed in an instant, and beside the old chimney, which was the only out of the present generation."

Married With Rifle in Hand. old chimney, which was the only outlet

we called. But no voice answered. Instead, there was a queer sound, as of something rubbing and shuffling down the chimney.
"Santa Claus, for certain!"

Well, it seemed as if it was. First into the middle of the floor. A second like it, rolled along after, undoing it-self and showing a loaf of brown bread. Then came a shapeless package, with a bone sticking out, which Bob caught at, exclaiming, joyfully: "Dried beef. Hurrah."

it was he, and with joyous laughter welcomed the bundles as they came down the chimney. A few potatoes, a few turnips, a little soft clean package of tea, and then the shower of good things was over. But there was no voice yet, and the

sound of retiring footsteps left us look-ing in each other's faces in amazement. "It isn't father, after all!" said mother, with a good deal of disap-pointment in her tones. "He would never have gone off so, without speaking a word."

We fell to eating, with a keen relish. Slices of brown bread and dried beef disappeared rapidly. Johnnie was awakened to have his share; and we would have waked Lizzie, too, but mother said "No."

Some two years ago a physician in town was called to visit a patient living out of the village. He drove out, and as he was hitching his horse the door opened and a young woman with a child in her arms came out. They greeted each other, and she said, " O, you are the doctor come to see grand-mother. She's pretty sick. You'll find her in the house." He went in and mother. She's pretty sick. You'll find her in the house." He went in and found a woman about forty, who said, "You will find grandmother in that way." In the room to which he was directed he found an aged, white-haired lady lying on the bed. She was quite deaf, and did not notice his approach until he sat down and began to feel her pulse. She turned and said, "O, you are the doctor. I am not sick. It is mother you want to see. You will find her in the west room?" So into the worn wig, were a part of his home; and are the doctor. I am not sick. It is mother you want to see. You will find her in the next room." So into the her in the next room." So into the next room he passed, and at last was in the presence of his patient whose daughter, grand-daughter, great-grand-daughter and great-great-granddaughter he had encountered. He found her so reduced by disease and old age—she was ninety-seven years old—that he saw no chance of her living more than a week. He told the family so, but at their request he left medicines and directions. Some three weeks after he was driving by and saw an old lady is still living as 'chipper' an old lady of ninety-nine as you will often see."—

Windsor (Vt.) Argus. London Living. England is one vast show town. Everything is on exhibition at from a sixpence to a shilling. If one desires to visit the shrines, either of royalty or literature, he must weep tears, silver tears, in every instance. Shakespeare's grave, a sixpence; Shakespeare's chair, a shilling; dead Kings and Queens, one shilling; jewels of a live ene, two shillings, and so on. Your correspond-ent has been sweating sixpences and shillings ever since landing on the soil, and is likely to till he leaves it; but, after all, there is nothing like what is to be seen here in all the world, and if to be seen here in all the world, and if the charges could only be put into one grand total the traveler would think it cheap. It is the petty annoyance of drawing the purse at every turn, and the constant demand for a fee that, like a nail in the shoe, keeps one in irrita-tion. For instance, at the theater, the American, accustomed to pay for his seat and have the whole paying business over, is put quite out of conceit before the performance begins by the little anpays 10s., \$2.50, for his seat in advance, say on the morning of the performance and must pay an extra for "booking. his ladies must remove their bonnets. These are to be stored in the cloak room, 6d. each; then a programme, 4d. each; and a fee for the commissaire who closes his cab door as he drives away.

love affair has just reached us from Port Townsend. A certain young man fell in love with a beautiful young lady fell in love with a beautiful young lady residing near Port Townsend. His passion being reciprocated, marriage was proposed, but the young lady's parents would have none of it. The father and a belligerent uncle threatened to do the young "Romeo" serious personal injury in case his attentions were continued and forbed a him graph and graph an ued, and forbade him ever again enter ing the premises, and the young lady is represented as having been bitterly persecuted on account of her refusal to discountenance the discarded suitor. The young man becoming aware of this fact, determined to marry at once. Accordingly, procuring a license and the services of the necessarily constituted authority, and withal a good Winches-ter rifle, he repaired to the abode of the young woman's parents. Encounter-ing the father and the irate uncle in the yard, he bade them "hands off," de-claring that they had threatened to do him personal injury, and that in the eyes of the law he would be justified in doing serious execution with his rifle in case they attempted to execute it, and right there, before the gaze of the two astonished belligerents, with one eye fixed on them, the other on the fair one by his side, and with one hand clutching his rifle, and the other grasp-ing that of his affianced, the nuptial knot was tied, and the happy couple departed .- Portland (Oregon) Bee.

mother said "No."

"Too bad. The last spark of fire is out, or you should have a cup of tea, Mamma," I said.

"Never mind! This is an earnest of better things. We shall have wood to morrow. Father will

Most certainly, Number One, Crawlin Place, was a dingy abode at any time, but as Carol came in sight of it, one bright afternoon a few days before Christmas, with his mind full of much pleasanter places, he gave a little sigh of disapproval, and muttered, not gloomily, but honestly, as if he had been called upon suddenly to compare it candidly with brighter places he had

seen:
"It looks meaner than ever!" worn wig, were a part of his home; and when Christmas is near, home is dearer than any other place in the world, if it is dingy. Besides, Carol—but let him tell his own secrets.

"Darn up the old stocking I saw dangling on the line, Aunt Kizzy," he cried, as he came breathlessly up to the window where the old lady sat. "I'll make it strong enough to hold up two cents' worth of snuff," she said,

cheerily.
"I feel sure this will be a lucky was driving by and saw an old ady picking up chips. He pulled up his horse, intending to ask when his patient had died, when she looked up and said: "O, you are the doctor who came the d est money. For mother's present. You go buy it, for I must get more or there can't be any snuff."

Sit down and rest joursell while," said the young lady, kindly. "I brought you up too many stairs for you to sing right away."

you got this money! A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing."
"I won't tell."

Aunt Kizzy's back became very stiff and she handed him back the money. "It's all right," he said, impatient ly, waving away her extended hand. But if you must know," dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, "I sang

"Where, child?" "In the street." "Like a beggar?" "No, not quite. I did not ask fo money; they gave it to me."
"What did you sing, you scamp,
you?" said Aunt Kizzy, forgetting her

"I sang every song I knew—even the one you sang to me the other night." "Where? Anywhere about here?" "No; away up-town where the big folks live." "Don't you do it again."
"I have promised Santa Claus two
cents' worth of snuff for an old lady

"She can't have it." "She must." Aunt Kizzy dropped the money slow y, piece by piece, into her lap. "Seventy cents, Carel!" "Get anything you feel sure she'll like," he whispered in her ear, and

who hangs up black stockings."

larted away. "Seventy cents! Well, well, well! may be you're not ashamed of your want o' faith, old Kizzy Hopkins! No good comes o' twitting, so I'll only say, faith's a good thing always. Now step along, and see what you can buy. Seventy cents! And ten away down in your pocket for him, that he couldn't see. No, you can't get much for ten cents, but start out and do your best. Straighten your wig, old Kizzy; count up your change and don't go out with envious feelings in your heart because other old women carry heavier purses! Seventy cents and ten is eighty; eighty cents ain't to be sneezed at. Didn't you expect to have to start out with only ten? You know you did! Then why not look a little cheerful?"

This remark was evidently addressed.

This remark was evidently address to the faded, patient face that looked out at her from the small looking-glass But Carol's mother heard. "Don't dare find fault with that woman in the glass!" said she, coming in and smoothing the rusty black rib-bon on the worn-out bonnet. "She's orful ungrateful, Car'line. Instead of bein' thankful for a bonnet

to cover her old wig, she's wishing for a veil to hide her old bonnet." "The more people have the more they want, Aunt Kizzy. But where are ou going?"
"After Christmas presents," said
"After Christmas presents," said
"Good-bye!" Aunt Kizzy, proudly. "Good-bye!"
"There is a dear, strong heart under
that old shawl," said Caroline, as Aunt Kizzy turned the dismal corner.
"Only ten cents for both of 'em,"
muttered the old woman, as she left the

muttered the old woman, as she left the narrow street. "That boy is off trying to get something for me. Aint you ashamed of yourself, Kizzy H?" she con-tinued, falling into her favorite mode of addressing herself, which she called of addressing herself, which she called giving a dose to her pride. "Think of the times you might have earned a lit-tle, if you hadn't been so proud!" "I would do any thing now," she forced her pride to say. "No doubt you would," she returned severely. "Come in at the 'leventh

"I would do anything in the world that I could that was honest," said her pride, humbled now to the very dust of

our and take what you could find."

her pride now, and found it nothing but a vain boaster. A little red spot was burning in each faded cheek. She had left Crawlin Place far behind her. The houses she now saw

were beginning to wear a very well-to-do look. On she walked until the streets grew wide and the houses very What a contrast to Crawlin Place! "If you get envious, back you'll go, Kizzy H., without a chance for present money!"
This was probably addressed to an-

other weak spot in poor Aunt Kizzy's make-up. She went on without an idea where to stop. A house with the curtains up attracted her attention.

"Massy!" she exclaimed, as she looked in the window. "They must be made of gold and silver in there!" She walked up the steps and rang the "If you please, miss," she began, as the door opened.

"Back gate for beggars," said the With a choking feeling in her throat Aunt Kizzy stood staring at the closed

of a shut door to fill a stocking, unless "I'd j a miracle takes place, Kizzy H," she mother. grand steps.

House after house was passed before

another struck her fancy.

"Don't look quite so grand as t'other," she said, as she looked in at a window. "There's a picter o' Christ blessing little children. It makes me feel blessing little children. It makes me feel orful old. Dear little creeters! 1 don't believe the grand brass images and flumjacks have pushed everything good out of this place."

I didn't ask for snything, but they gave me something. I sang last Sunday in church."

"Carol," whispered Aunt Kizzy, "is my head on?"

out of this place." And she went up the high steps. As her hand touched the bell, a light step was heard behind her, and a pleasant voice said: "Whom did you wish to

"I certainly should," said the young lady, pleasantly; "and I'm sure grand-mamma would." "Open your eyes and take in all the style, old Kiz, to tell Car'line," said the old woman to herself, as they walked up the broad handsome stairs, but when she found herself actually standing before a sofa, where lay a proud-looking old lady, she forgot "Car'line," and almost her errand.

Aunt Kizzy closed her old hands nervously together, but though she duced a telephone into some water pressed them very hard, no song came which contained a fish. To his astontoher mind. What would they think ishment he found that the creature,

"Sit down and rest yourself a little can't be any snuff."

She caught him by his worn jacket as he was flying past the door, and sat him down in the old rocking-chair.

"Sit there, sir, and tell me where folks," said Aunt Kizzy, then adding mentally, "Don't act like a fool if

you've got common sense, Kizzy H.!'
She stood respectfully before them, and in a voice, not by any means to be despised, sang a simple ballad of "ye elden time." "Can you sing another?" asked if we are expert enough to read ciphers the young lady, as the last note died surely we might without great difficulty away.

her grandmother. "I want the same again."

Aunt Kizzy's heart beat joyfully. She had forgotten money; there was happiness in the thought of being able to give pleasure. She sang until her old brother, who lives in a small town in voice sounded weary, and they declared

she should sing no more. The young lady gave her a dollar.
"Too much," said Aunt Kizzy, firmly. 'I sang ten songs, and two cents apiece is high enough to reckon 'em."
"A dollar for a good concert is cheap enough, and I have not enjoyed one so much in many a day, madam."

"If you insist on it, I can't help it," said Aunt Kizzy, with shining eyes, as she thought of Carol's stocking. "I do not consider that I half pay for my pleasure," said the young lady's grandmother, as with old-school dignity she placed five dollars in Aunt Kizzy's hard. "I couldn't sleep to-night if I took that!" she cried. "Don't make me

think I'm dreaming now, and 'll wake up without a cent for Carol's stockin'."
She held out the money to the young lady, who took it, saying:
"You shall not be overpaid, but let
me give you a muff; your hands will be
cold going home. This is an old one,
but it is warm, and here are some pieces of silk for a new lining."
"Tell me all about it?" cried Carol, on Christmas morning as he stood with a full stocking by the fire-place in the

little sitting room on the fourth story of Number One, Crawlin Place. "I won't." "Sit right there Aunt Kizzy, till you

"Sit right there Aunt Kizzy, till you tell me where you got so much money. 'A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing!"

"Well," in a whisper, "if you must know, boy, I sang for it."

"Sang for it!" Carol's surprise was as genuine as Aunt Kizzy's had been, but he recovered himself and said:
"Like a beggar?" "Like a beggar?" "No," said Aunt Kizzy demurely.
"I didn't ask for money; they gave it

to me without." "Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call this a lucky Christmas?" said Carol, as he pulled on new boots, while Aunt Kizzy,

gloves from Santa Claus!"

"I shall not allow you to give me this muff," said Car'line. "It is just to any other, should be opposed to poison.—N. Y. Herald. what you have wanted for so long; and a new lining will make it just as good

"Of course I shall take it back, Car'-

"It wasn't a mistake, though, Car'-"What makes you think so?" "What makes you think so?"

"Well, I tell you how it was; I did something for—for two ladies away up town, and they offered me that bill, and I wouldn't lay a finger to it, and that pretty creeter put it in the silk; but I'll take it back, I'll take it k!"

"Come now, Aunt aizzy," said Carol, laughing, "bet you can't tell what street it was."

"Hey?" said the old woman with a blank expression on her pale face.

blank expression on her pale face. 'Massy, if I know any more than a old woman led by a dog!" Carol's mother touched Aunt Kizzy's

arm. "Tell me, Aunt, how you earned the money."
"I did what Carol did."

"What did he do?" "There's your stockin' just burstin' to see you, Car'line. Why don't you go 'tend to it?"
"You care more for the stocking than for me, Aunt Kizzy, for I am in

almost as sad a state." "Would you tell, Carol?" He grinned and said: "I'd just as soon tell," said his

said cheerfully, as she went down the grand steps.

Said cheerfully, as she went down the grand steps.

Gay. I sanq for it."

For a full minute, Aunt Kizzy and Carol stared at each other, and then exclaimed as if they had but one mind between them: "Like a beggar?" "O no," said Caroline, laughing. "I didn't ask for anything, but they

> "Looks to be. Is mine?" "You have something on that looks like a head. Is my wig straight?" "Straight as usual, Miss Hopkins. How's mine?"

"'Pears to have the right pitch, boy, "I came,"—Aunt Kizzy's voice was a little unsteady,—"I—I came to ask future forever!" and three grateful if any of the ladies here would—would like to hear a little old-fashioned singvoices rang out clearly with a song of praise to Him, who, in sending His Christmas blessings down, forget not even so humble a spot as Number One, Crawlin Place.—Sargent Flint, in St. Nicholas for December.

Telephones and Talking Fish. That the telephone would eventually prove a source not only of great grati-fication but of valuable instruction nobody ever doubted. It has, however, remained for some thoughtful scientific gentlemen to utilize it in a way which will commend itself to all who lovingly "She is going to sing us some old-fashioned music," explained the young lady, as her grandmother stared at observe nature. One of these, anxious to know how far the animal world assimilated itself to our own, lately intro-"Massy! massy! Where did you get it, child?" as the coppers and bits of silver fell into her lap. "You aint—" All right. Aunt Kizzy. Good, hon"Sit down and rest yourself a little in a letter to a scientific contemporary. in a letter to a scientific contemporary, confirms this assertion. He, too, has been listening, and he finds that the large "Mahsir"—Barbes Macrocephalus—converse with a peculiar "cluck" or persuasive sound, which may be heard has also discovered that a large bivalve exists in some parts of Eastern Assam which actually "sings loudly in con-cert." After this it would be interestsays to the roach before swallowing it. If we are expert enough to read ciphers learn the language of the jack. - Lond

Telegraph.

A comely young maiden, fresh from the shores of Old England, arrived in this city on her way West to join her Ohio. When she arrived here she concluded to stop over one train and visit her cousin, who is employed at the coke ovens on Mount Washington, After the greetings were exchanged she went to the depot and found that she had missed the train. As she was a stranger in the city she determined to return to her cousin's boarding-house and await the next train. She again ascended the mountain, and while on her way she passed around the corner of a stable and stumbled against a stalof a stable and stumbled against a stal-wart puddler, who is likewise a German, and bears the name of Latherbaugh, and who was coming from the oppo-site direction. He apologized for the accident, and being struck with the English maiden's appearance, stopped English maiden's appearance, stopped for a moment. Then a conversation was had, which ended by Latherbaugh accompanying her to her cousin's house. In half an hour after they had reached the boarding-house they were betrothed. The happy German immedistely started out in quest of a minis-ter, and in a few moments the silken knot of matrimony was tightly tied.— Pittsburg Gazette.

The superstition in regard to mad-stones is well-rooted in the popular im-agination, and has the right to be. It agination, and has the right to be. It is very ancient. Pliny gives its history, for it was old even in his day, and it has hardly shown any diminution since. The men recently bitten by a dog supposed to be rabid in this city have been anxious to get at a madstone. One of them has gone to India for the purpose, and others would be glad to do so if they had the means. Now, it is as capable of demonstration as anything can be that no stone, "mad" or otherwise, can have power to heal in a genuine case of rabies. to heal in a genuine case of rabies "Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call this a lucky Christmas?" said Carol, as he pulled on new boots, while Aunt Kizzy, with a new bonnet on, took snuff extravagantly, and his mother stood with her hands in the muff.

"Nothin' to do with luck," said Aunt Kizzy. "We worked for something and 't aint sense to expect when you work for something that you'll get nothin'." With a merry jerk she pulled out a pair of warm gloves from the long black stocking. "Cast your bread upon the waters, old Kizzy H. Give Car'line an old muff, and get new gloves from Santa Claus!"

Poison cannot be extracted from the system by such simple means. But it may well be that belief in the efficacy of the remedy accomplishes the cure. The imagination often plays an important part in causing or preventing disease, as Dr. William Hammond has lately shown; and there is no reason in the nature of things why an imaginary case of hydrophobia should not be relieved by the application of imaginary remedies. It is an odd fact that stones taken from the stomachs of deer, are supposed to be especially powerful in extracting poisons, and were so in ancient times, though it is difficult to Poison cannot be extracted from the taken from the stomachs of deer, are supposed to be especially powerful in extracting poisons, and were so in an-cient times, though it is difficult to conceive why this beast in preference

can be readily detected with a micro-scope, and people who like that article of diet would do well to insist on a care-"Massy, Car'line! the silk for it is in my pocket. Plenty of it you see."
As she unrolled it, she gasped; "Carol, hand me the campfire bottle!" for carefully folded in the little bundle of pieces, lay the rejected five-dollar bill.

"It must be a mistake," said Carol's microscope before it is sold, or a penal-

self-reproach.

"Would you sing for money?"

Aunt Kizzy said this abruptly, almost triumphantly, as if she had proved

"If it makes you feel so sick Aunt worth a dozen love letters. They cannot be introduced as evidence in a never see it again," said Carol, kindly. -A Wetzel County girl says one hug is