## YOUNG FOLKS.

#### LAME MAURICE AND THE BURGLAR.

One day Mr. Horn was called away to a neighboring town on business which was to detain him all night. The house seemed lonely without him, and all were glad to go to bed early, especially Mrs. Horn, who had a severe headache, Maurice slept on a cot in a small room which adjoined hers.

The town clock struck 12. It was a moonlight night, and the boy's room was flooded with the soft rays. He was not asleep, for he was having one of his seasons of pain, which were so sadly frequent now. Still he was as quiet as a mouse, fearing to waken his mother, who had at last fallen into a sound slumber. His thoughts were busy with every subject a good little boy ever thought of, and at last turned to the Pleasant

society. "It is very easy to be kind," he thought, "except when my leg hurts me uncommonly bad, for everybody is so good to me. should really like to try being nice to somebody quite disagreeable."

Then, the pain ceasing for awhile, he slept. He was awakened suddenly by the creaking of one of the boards in the floor, and opening his eyes he saw a man stepping was not half as frightened as he thought he shouldbe under the circumstances. If ever there was a chance to be pleasant when it was hard to be so this surely was that chance, and who could be much more disagreeable than a burglar?

Quick as a flash he seized his little crutches and jumped out of bed.

"Mr. Burglar !" he called, softly.

The man turned. mamma. She has just fallen asleep. Her know, if she had seen the wolf, that we head aches dreadfully." The man eyed the tiny figure standing

there in the white night-gown. "Well, I'll be blowed !" said he.

the door between the two rooms. morrow if I don't get back to bed." Then, father's voice shouting not far off. Oh, brought with him to Paris for the benefit of

"I think you must be a nice man and I am excited, and I soon heard him tearing down are in the habit of saying, gave France the sure you only burgle because you are out of the road in the wildest way. The wolf was Empire of the Earth, and it will be a grand your head, or hungry, or something. Have still in the window. I could hear him thing for the little island if another Corsican

you any little boys ! "Five," gasped the man. on the mantel-piece which I am sure you are silent now, but the silence was quickly preference the inventor would have made it welcome to. And now," added Maurice, broken by the crack of a rifle, which sent a of thin metal. Through the centre of the

his crutches did not fall upon the floor, stantly. "will you be kind enough to tuck me up?"

mother could have done. "Thank you," said Maurice in a whisper.

But they're starving at home-you don't of refuge. know what it is to starve, lad-and the mill work for an honest man."

"I knew you were out of your head, or hungry, or something," replied Maurice. "Now, Mr.-I don't know your real name- in sight."-Children's Hour. if you'll come around tomorrow-without mentioning how you got acquainted with me, you know-my papa will get you some work, and you'll never have to think of burglaring for a living any more. He vations on brickmaking in that town. All always does what I ask him, because he's so sorry for me for being a cripple. Nurse

dropped me when I was a baby.' once more to secure the window, the fasten-

was pleasant to him." room again. She was still asleep, so he Christians, but the turn-out is far behind crawled into bed and tucked the clothes the demand. Half-built houses sometimes around himself as best he could.

a poor man while you were gone, and he has no work, and has five little boys, all very The bricks are carried from the kiln on hungry. Can't you help him?"

"Where does he live and what is his name ?" asked Mr. Horn, wonderingly.

as discreetly as possible.

Jack arrived about ten 10 o'clock, looking as unlike a housebreaker ascould be. Finding that he was used to driving horses, Mr. tar in which they are laid, owing to their best of friends; and although on all ordinary building with new bricks. The old city occasions there is the most complete silence walls thrown down about 1870 by Midhat maintained as to the circumstances of their | Pasha when Governor General, remain still And Jack will reply with the same expression of wonderment : "Well, I'll blowed."

## Grandma's Story.

"Just one more story, grandma, about method. when you were a little girl and lived in the

woods," said Frank. And grandma drew off her spectacles and shut her book. She leaned her head back against the large easy chair and shut her

eyes, thinking. "I remember as if it were only yesterday," she said, raising her head and looking at the disaster has overtaken me. children who had gathered around her. "I was only 7 and my baby brother wasn't a love each other; and you forget that I have year old."

mother, 'and you must stay in the room and always thought that it was at least a hunrock the baby if he wakes. So I took my dred thousand, but I've just found out that knitting-for I had learned to knit, and was | it can't exceed forty thousand at the outvery proud of the stocking which was grow- side." ing under my hand."

"It was a cold day late in the fall and the She was an elderly woman and had mardoors were all shut. Baby slept, and I ried a young man. They were on their wedknitted for half an hour. As I got down ding tour on the cars and she had fainted. from mother's great easy-chair, where I had been sitting, I thought I heard a strange offered a woman, sitting behind them, "pernoise outside. It wasn't Lion, for he had haps this 'ill do your mother som good.'

gone off with father to the mill. Something rubbed against the door and made the latch rattle. I felt afraid and went to the door The Joys and Sorrows of Child-Life Baland fastened the bolt. I stood still, listening, with baby in my arms-he had stopped

thump, thump, thump!

the spring-house, and so there was no way bejuggling and bewildering them. "Please, Mr. Burglar, do not wake my in which I could give her warning or let her

> were safe. " For a long time the wolf tried to get at |

"Father ! father !" I cried from the loft "Well, I certainly will be blowed !" mut- window. He told me afterward that my tered Jack Jones again; but there was a voice came to him as from the dead. He weight, which by a mechanical contrivance moisture in his eyes not often found in those ran around to that side of the house. is movable at pleasure. By means of this of a burglar as he tucked the bed-clothes | Mother was with him, looking as white as a | weight and movable bar the inventor claims together in thankfulness to God.

When I tried to pull the chests away I any particular spot. It will thus be seen "The money is at your service-I give it to could not move them an inch. In my great that the new balloon in its full development danger God had given me strength to drag will have very much the appearance of an "Take your money," said the man, them over the loft-door, but now that the aerial ironclad, capable of doing a great deal hoarsely. "Lad, I'd die sooner. Let me tell danger was past, my little hands were too of damage to house-tops should it fall inyou-I'll speak soft," as Maurice held up his | weak to remove them. So father had to | continently upon them during a disastrous thin forefinger warningly; It's the first time climb up by a ladder in the loft-window voyage. As yet the inventor has simply ex-I ever undertook such a job, and it's the last. | and release the baby and me from our place | plained his models to Parisians, but no

"Mother did not know anything of our has been shut down for weeks and there's no danger until she had finished her work in the spring-house. Just as she came out she saw the wolf's head at the window, and at the same moment father and Lion appeared measurable distance. It may, in truth, be

Brickmaking in Bagdad. The British Consul General at Bagdad in his latest report has some interesting obserthus an enormous demand for bricks. These ing of which he found broken. "I'm glad I are all hand made and kiln-dried. There are Then he opened the door into his mother's work, in the hands chiefly of Jews and father at home whenhe went down to break- dation, and brickmaking is suspended. The "Papa," he said, "I got acquainted with £1 16s. per 1,000 of twelve inches square, and 18s. per 1,000 of seven inches square. small donkeys, each taking not more than ten large or twenty-five small bricks. In the course of transit they get much broken, "I didn't ask him many questions. He as the best, though good to look at and of a seemed sort of bashful," answered Maurice, chrome yellow color, are very brittle. Another great promoter of the demand for bricks is the absorption of water every Winter, bricks suffering equally with the morwas doing well. He and Maurice are the does not constantly call for patching or refirst meeting, yet sometimes when the little in spite of years of burrowing and abstraclame boy is perched upon the wagon-seat be- tion, a mine of broken bricks. Under a late side his friend he will say : "You were out regime it was said that the right of taking of your head or hungry, I was sure, Mr. B." these away and selling them was conferred as a substitute for pay on the soldiery; but at present all classes seem to help themselves to them. These remarks serve to show what a good opening there is in Bagdad for

# A Great Financial Disaster.

brickmaking after some simple but scientific

"Ah, my beautiful Edith, I am overcome with anguish.'

"Why Reginald !" age cannot take place. A great financial considerable speed,

"Alas, my poor Reginald, but we still

"Here's my camphire bottle young man,"

#### ARE OHILDREN HAPPY?

# anced.

People have a great deal to say about the crying-and I could hear my heart beat, happiness of childhood, but they are grown up before they say it. For, after all, child-"All at once there came a short, cruel ren have a harder life of it than their elders fifty years ago. There are some things kind of a bark, and then a snap. A moment have. To begin with, there is the constant disafter the window broke with a loud crash, cipline life gives them in such Scripture time and holly at Christmas. But holly and I saw the long head, open jaws, and measure-the things they want and are for- doesn't grow everywhere; and although in fierce eyes of a wolf glaring in upon me. An bidden to have ; the things they do in cities it can be bought at the florists', there angel sent by our good father in heaven ignorance, to be punished for without clear- are many persons with neither the florist must have told me in that instant of terror ly understanding the offence; the imagina- nor money convenient. what to do. The wolf was climbing in tive terrors of darkness and evil spirits and Well, well! dream of holly, then, and through the small window, and to have unknown powers to say nothing of an of- take the next best thing. The idea is to lingered but a second or two would have fended deity, angry with them at the bring together, as much as possible, the been death. Moved as if by power not my slightest misbehavior. And then there is the beauties of all seasons—the blaze, the cheer own, and without thinking what was best to school with its hard discipline of having to of winter fire, the odor and greenery of do, I ran with baby held tightly in my arms study Chapter XX. in the big book of learn- summer woods. Christmas means the best to the stairs that went up into the loft. ing, which is the long division, when their of everything-memory of months past rich Scarcely had my foot left the last step when legs are aching to be at Chapter XLI., in blessings, hope of even better things, and the wolf was in the room below. When a which is playing" tag on the village green. rejoicing in a present of good-will to everysavage growl hesprang after me. As he did And there is their wonderful misapprehen- body. so I let the door fall over the stairway, and sion of their elders and the vague but awful If one thinks of Christmas in July and it struck him on the nose and knocked him sense of suffering they have at hearing im- August (and most of us do), it is a happy foreback. A chest stood near, and something pending calamities spoken of, which they thought to gather mosses, leaves and berries told me to pull this over the door. So I laid can apprehend as sharply as their elders, that can be preserved. One of the prettiest baby down and dragged at the chest with but which they see no earthly means of es- houses I ever saw decorated at Christmas all my strength. Just as I got one corner caping—the possible death of a dear one, a time owed its beauty to various arrangements over the door the wolf's head struck it and coming scourge of disease, the loss of money, of pressed, trailing ferns. One of the ladies knocked it up a little. But before he could or the end of the world. And there is, oft- of the family hath gathered them during her strike it again I had the chest clear across. ener, perhaps, than all else—the sharp grief summer outing. I remember they were so softly toward his mother's room. Maurice This would not have kept him back if I had of being misunderstood; of having their beautiful and precious that they were put not dragged another chest over the door and | thoughtless and ignorance taken for wilful | away after the festival, to be brought out piled ever so many things on the top of these. disobedience; of feeling their natural, on some future occasion. My taste in decora-How savagely did he growl and snarl! But healthy fearlessness taken for pertness and tions is for something so simple, inexpensive shtrange. forwardness; of having even their very love and home-made, that it can be used without " And now I grew frightened about thrust aside because it is manifested at an stint. If, by rare luck, there is found a bunch mother. If she should come back from the inconvenient moment—at finding themselves of mistletoe, by all means hang it where all spring-house the wolf would tear her to in short, in a great big world, where every- the girls, young and old, pretty or plain, may other, so Oi did, fram th' n'ise ye med." pieces. There was only one window or open- thing is to be learned, and where the only per- get a Christmas kiss. For the wreaths that ing in the loft, and that did not look toward sons who can teach them are most given to should hang in every window, use what is the widow interposed. "Id was as noice an'

#### A New Balloon.

Should the design of reaching the North us, but at last I could hear him going down Pole by way of the air ever come to any the stairs. He moved about the room be- thing it will be assisted materially by a new Maurice hobbled swiftly by him and shut low, knocked things about for ever so long, navigable balloon, which a Corsican, named and then I heard him spring up to the win- Capazza, coming from the town of Bastia, "I'm cold, and my leg will be awful to- dow. At the same moment I heard my has invented, and a model of which he has thinking he must be very, very pleasant in- how my heart did leap with happiness ! aeronautic savants. The Bastians are very deed, he went on to the astonished man : Then came Lion's heavy bark which grew proud of their townsman. Napoleon, they struggling and breaking pieces of glass. should give it the Empire of the Air. The Lion was almost upon him when my father new balloon is flat in shape, like a huge "Well, there is \$1.45 over in my tin bank | called him off in a stern command. All was | pancake, and must be of immense size. For hopping into bed and making very sure that bullet into the wolf's head, killing him in- apparatus a horizontal iron bar is placed, from which the car is suspended by rods of wood or metal. Attached to this bar by a swivel-point is a moveable tube containing a around Maurice as tenderly as his own sheet. I saw them both clasp their hands that the balloon can be navigated in any direction, and can be made to descend at ascent has yet been made here. Just now a great craze prevails for ballooning, and if there is anything in a new machine at all it has every chance of a fair trial; but the Corsican's conquest of the air is still beyond described as in nubibus.

Remarkable Memories. tion which he had been accustomed to for others. at the same time pointed out the verbal bought from an aged or invalid woman. error. The same gentleman asked him to re different languages.

## Origin of the Bicycle.

The first ancestor of the bicycle and tricycle, the velocipede, was born in France, in the stormy days of the Revolution. The machine was a very simple and even clumsy, one. There were no pedals attached to the wheels; these were not invented till 1855. The rider struck each foot in turn against the ground with force enough to set the two low wheels of the machine rotating, and by " I have come to tell you that our marri- this fatiguing mode of progress attained a

# A Fraternal Greeting.

A sweet, laughing face, a figure divine, "I'm going to the spring-house," said "Yes, that's just it; it is so little. I A costume enchanting, a style neglige. he shirt was the principle part, by the way. s we chatted so gaily there came up the street to hang it up. It gave the mantel an ex-A man cross and frowning, as red as a beet. He called her aside—she clutched at her dress, With face full of sorrow and eyes of distress, "Twas all explained later-the deer little flirt-Why, he was her brother and that was his shirt!

> It is well to be clothed in righteousness, But many a woman fair Feels better at church if clothed in silk

Than had she all the righteousness there.

#### CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyfulest feast, Let every man be jolly; Each room with ivy leaves is dressed, And every post with holly."

Thus sang a happy poet two hundred and which never grow old-lilacs in the spring

abundant. The different varieties of cedar daycint a party as war uver given in Taranta can always be had, and nothing yields a me frind, up to a certain p'int, me frind. smell more sweet and woodsy.

THE CHURCH must of course be decorated. This beauti serkles. Me daughther Toozy, as ye know, ful custom, which has existed time out of goes into sassoiety a great dail, Mrs. Mcmind among the Roman Catholic and Epis- Glaggerty-id was only lasht Sathurda' copalian people, is becoming a habit in all noight she was at th' Nuversweat Club's other churches. And now this is the very ball in Doodleburg's Hall in Center sthreet time to exercise the spiritual grace which abow, an' fwhinuver any new doido comes Christmas celebrates. Oh, what a shame it up she's an to id loike a thousand av breek, is that even church festivals are sometimes as my b'y Tammy sez, an' afore id grows the occasion of bickering and back-biting! cowld we have id in th' house injyin' oursel s One of the sweetest scenes that Mrs. Stowe | wid it in th' hoight av shtoyle. So fwhin drew in "My Wife and I," is where Eva th' cobweb party got id's certifickit of chara-Van Arsdale and Harry Henderson, in the ckther fram the upper tin, Toozy brought id Episcopal chapel, twine wreaths for the sweet- home, an' id was id ye hurd th' other noight, the cross is its meaning-unselfishness.

order to give his memory exercise he was in receptacle. Chamois skin is much used for de Magoogin is, Mrs. McGlaggerty !"-[John the habit daily of reiting 600 verses from | making frames. It can be so easily sewed | J. Jennings. over cardboard, and admits of being painted or embroidered. Last year I gave two sets of photographs of my home interior to friends. There were three views in each set, which gave a representation of the two sides of the dining-room. This seems to me a capital way to give one's real life to a friend. I know of nothing that would interest me more than a friend photographed with some characteristic surroundings. Shopping-bags, scrap-bags to hang at the

end of the sewing machine, and travelingbags of heavy linen, are all useful presents. "holders," as I call them, to keep from quilted, seal-brown satin (bits left from a Works. jacket lining). She bound the edge with a cardinal ribbon, and put a loop at one corner pression of coziness that had a touch of

say, send a year's subscription of some that country.

periodical. Yes, young man, to your sweetheart, some literary or art journal; to your mother, one of the numerous good home papers, which, indeed, suit all the family; to your father, one that combines news, agriculture, stories and fun. Finally,

THE DINNER.

Not particularly the bill of fare, but the spirit in which it is prepared and eaten. If the cook is mother, as is generally the case, it will be nice to see that she has all possible help, so that she may not be too tired and worried to enjoy the dinner when it is on the table. With merry hearts and healthful appetites, a plain, bounteous repast is a feast-yes, even a "dinner of herbs" is good "where love is."

KATE KAUFFMAN.

#### THE IRISH WIDOW.

# Mrs. Magoogin Gives a Couweb Party to

"Ye warn't over to th' party, Mrs. Mc "No, but Oi hurd th' ruction ye riz at id,

Mrs. Magoogin." "Fwhy didn't ye come over, yersel' and

Jurry, Mrs. McGlaggerty ?" "Sure, 'n' we warn't inwoited, Mrs.

Magoogin." "Is that so, now? Well, well, isn't that funny? Oi thought Oi sint ye an inwoite, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi musht 'a' forgot-

ten id. Upon me wurrud, now, that's very "Fwhat for koind av a party was id anyways, Mrs. Magoogin? Oi thawt ye had a lot av proize foighters over there killin' aich

"Don't say that now, Mrs. McGlaggerty," Oi'll tell ye about id. Id was a cobweb party, Mrs. McGlaggerty, th' very latest an' shwellest thing that's known in sassoiety ly solemn holiday, and looking in each other's an' not proize foightin' or dog-killin', as ye eyes, find a responsive look of love. Harry, thawt it was, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Bliss yer in spite of his elevated, religious mood, com- sowl, woman, but id was fun. 'Pon me mitted a theft; he stole Eva's glove wurrud, me soides ache yet fram the laughand she saw him do it! Well, better in' Oi done. But, tut! tut! fwhat's th' such scenes in a church than grumbling and ushe av rinnin' an in this way afore Oi tell gossip. So let the posts be twined with ye fwhat it is. To be coorse ye nuver was holly, ivy, or such green as grows ; let the at a cobweb party, Mrs. McGlaggerty? alter flame with gas jets, proclaiming "good- Well, thin, let me tell ye fwhat we did. We will to men," or let a simple, homely text in got all the clothes loine in th' house an' all verdant letters tell the good news. The twoine and shtring we kud gather up, and real glory of the place will be the kindly tyin' thim to th' hangin' lamp in th' front human spirit behind it all. Crosses will be room we ran a dozen loines or more all over on wall and pulpit, perhaps dazzling with th' place, andher th' bed behoind th' shtove, pure white lilies; no matter, so long as each out in th' yard, down in th' cellar beholder feels that the greatest beauty of an' twishted thim around th' furniture in a way that id give the divil himsel' What is it which demands more attention a hard task to find an' untangle them. than any other one feature of our yearly in- At neight twhin th' gueshts kem an' id was toime to begin the game they tuk howld av th' shtrings an' throied to folly thim to There is often a great deal of nonsense their destination, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Well, mixed up with generosity and other fine well, well! It id do yer h'art gud to see th' human qualities. In regard to "exchang- turnin's and thwishtins av thim. Mother av ing" Christmas gifts, the nonsense predom- Moses, but wasn't id fun? Big Mike Canavinates. Did you ever hear of ladies making an crept undher th' bed follyin' his rope, bargains for this sort of exchange? I am and busht my buttons aff id didn't come sorry to say I have, and sometimes the story | roight down on top av him. Such laughin ran that one or the other thought she had an' shoutin' ye nuver hurd since th' day ye the worst of the bargain. How silly. Did war born, Mrs. McGlaggerty! KatieO'Rourk she wish the better of it? This is too much ran up against the goat out in th' yard an' There was a Corsican boy who could re- the principle denounced in the parable where kem runnin' into th' house scramin' melia hearse 40,000 words, whether sense or non- we are told not to bid our rich neighbors to murther an' sayin' that a big ghosht wud dred and sixteen thousand souls, may be sense, as they were dictated, and then re- a feast lest they also bid us again, and a re- fwhoite fwhishkers was afther her. Oh my, said to be built of kilndried bricks. Stone peat them in the reversed order without comperse be made us; but we should "call oh my! but we had th' toime! An' a is little used there, as it is in Mosul, in haking a single mistake. A physician, the poor, the maimed, the lame the blind." moighty pleasant noight it would have been house building, and, although the tenacious whole of " Paradise Lost" without a min "I'll be here," he said, and was gone. | nouse building, and, although the tenacious | whole of "Paradise Lost," without a missents, "we hear many a self-sacrificing mother | Terence McGowan. Fwhat did he do, Mrs. Maurice, regretium, thinking of the live comment chief to hats and agricultural years. Euler, the great mathematician, are exacting and dissatisfied. The mother lampan' twhin uvrything was dark he ups whole of Virgil's "Æneid," and could re- blessedness of giving. There is a deep sig- Mike Canavan's darby that he bought at about twenty-five large and small kilns at member the first line and the last line nificance in the German custom which, on a wholesale so he said, an a hoigh shtove-poipe in every page of the particular edi- child's birthday, sends him out with gifts that ushed to belong to Dinnis Hooley's father an' that Oi saw th' owld man-God read before he became blind. One The first persons on the list for Christmas be good to his sowl !--wear in many a St. kind of retentive memory may be con- presents should be the poor, self-supporting Pathrick's Day parade, Mrs. Magoogin. The kilns are dotted over the desert outside sidered as the result of sheer work, a deter- women who are, perhaps, in one's employ, Fwhin th' gang found th' hats and Terence mination towards one particular achieve- and always in one's neighborhood. Be sure McGowan was gone, they riz a cry fur the had been a dream, but the broken window or Euphrates lays acres of ground under or to memory on other subjects. This is fastening told its story. He found his water, these stand like islands in the inunusual prices of bricks at the kiln side is life in regard to the Bible. An double action in its kindness is to see if you hats an the min fell to foightin' among old beggar man at Stirling, known, can't buy some of the many gifts you will thimsel's an' Oi had to put thim all out. fifty years ago, as "Blind Alick," af need from some person who manufactures Tammy laughed and Toozy croied, an Oi forded an instance of this. He knew the them at home in circumstances of peculiar was laughin' an cryin an' fumin' an' b'ilin' whole of the Bible by heart, insomuch that need. There are some women skillful in mesel, not knowin' fwhat minnitth' coppersid if a sentence was read to him he could name | sewing, knitting or less homely arts, whose | bedown upon iz all an'get me namedishgraced the book, chapter, and verse; or if the book, industry, you can encourage by no sacrifice in th' papers. But, thank God, uvrythin' chapter, and verse were named, he could give on your own part. Many a delicate woman, blyew over noice an' aisy an' nobody was the exact words. A gentleman, to test him, not able to earn her livelihood by hard, re- kilt. Only fur that bla'guard, McGowan, repeated a verse, purposely making one ver- gular work, is capable at odd moments. we'd a had a rale good toime, Mrs. McGlagbal inaccuracy. Alick hesitated, named the Give thought to such. What could be better gerty. But there's always somethin' to go place where the passage was to be found, but | than a pair of silk mittens or a knitted rug | wrang, even at a cobweb party. They shtole me clothesloine, Mrs. McGlaggerty. There is no use trying to get something | Wait till they come to my house again; O'll ster, where, from the latest accounts, he or wall or brick pathway in Bagdad which the Book of Nursborn Alich almost instant ly replied, "There is no such verse." That These may be combined with something th' cobwebs out av their shkulls wud th' chapter has only 89 verses. Gassendi had ac- else, as one fastened in the top of a glove- soft ind av a shtove lifther ur broomstick. quired by heart 6,000 Latin verses, and in box, or it may be encased in a frame or other Oi'll show thim th' koind av a shpoider Ber-

## Kensington Palace to be Occupied.

So far from Kensington Palace being pulled down or converted into a picture gallery it is likely, at no distant date, to be inhabited by a larger number of Royalties than have been within its walls since the reign of George II. The largest and best "apartments" in the palace, which have now been empty, dismantled, and shut up for more than eight years, have been given by the Queen to Princess Beatrice and Prince Perhaps some may laugh when I suggest Henry of Battenberg. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught also are to go to Kensingburning one's hand on the hot tea-pot handle, ton. The palace requires extensive repairs to use around the grate or kitchen fire. of every kind, which will probably be taken Last winter a friend made some of pieces of in hand early next year by the Office of

# A Holy Shekel.

Mr. Gotschalk, of New York, owns the coquetry. I liked to look at it as well as only genuine and perfect holy shekel in the world. The interesting relic is about 3,400 A gift is always of value proportionate to years old, and was used in King Solomon's the want it fills and the spirit in which it is temple. Mr. Gotschalk is on his way to San given; so rules and suggestions are of little Francisco to fulfil a promise and show the value. To one utterly at his wits' end con- shekel to a friend, who is a celebrated numcerning an appropriate present, I should ismatist, and has the largest collection to