Once Upon a Time.

My little child comes to my knee
And tugging pleads that he may climb
Into my lap to hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of the skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host, serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime
Of One who prayed alone and wept
While His awearied followers slept—
And how His blood and Mary's tears
Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side
And echoes of the distant chime
Bring that sweet story back to me—
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners, once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tomes or fluent rhyme,
Like misty shadows fade away—
But this sweet story 'bides for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

—*Chicago News.*

Playing Barber.

"I wish I was a little fish,
Or else a little kitty,
Or something that don't have the curls
Which grown folks think so pretty.

"It hurts so when I have them brushed,
And Mary, ev'ry morning,
Says I am 'such a naughty girl,'
She surely will 'give warning.'

"She jerks, and don't care how she pulls,
She says I'm 'very trying,'
But when they're tangled full of snarls,
How can I keep from crying?

"I'll play I am the barber-man,
And cut them all to pieces.
I don't care if my papa does
Call them his 'golden fleeces.'"

She took the shears and cut them off,
With grave, absorbed demeanor.
And when the little lamb was shorn,
I wish you could have seen her.

—*Golden Days.*

What Ethel Said.

BY DACTYL.

Good-bye to Santa Claus, poor man.
You know, papa, it is not so,
It is a tale of long ago.
And do you think I do not know?
I really don't see how you can.

Indeed, papa, I'm 10 years old,
And our stove-pipe is very small
To hold St. Nick, his pipe and all.
Although he is not very tall,
I don't believe all I'm told.

Oh, dear! papa, what is the use?
He could not do it; that is flat.
I know you could not get a hat
Through such a small stove-door as that.
Indeed, I am not such a goose.

Where do they come from? Can't you tell?
Who came so lightly through the snow,
Stepping just this way, soft and slow,
For fear his little girls should know,
And at the doorstep tripped and fell.

I did not listen; no, nor peep;
But when you made that dreadful noise,
I thought most likely it was the boys
Of Santa Claus, with all his toys,
I winked so hard I could not sleep.

And then you laughed, and mamma, too;
In just one little minute more
I heard you both come in the door,
And pile the things up on the floor,
I know, I know, I know it was you.

Oh, yes! papa, now that is true.
The Christ-child came to us that night,
To tell us of his love and might,
And fill the world with Heavenly light,
But Santa Claus, you know, is you.

CHINESE WOMEN.

Their Superb Physique and Comeliness—Pictures of the Celestial Empire.

Far less mysterious and poetical than the veiled women of our own Mediterranean Orient—Turkish, Egyptian, Syrian, Moresque, Arabian—the great Chinese ladies lead, nevertheless, an indoor life, beyond the reach of vulgar eyes or public contact. When they do go out they are always accompanied by numerous servants, the palanquin is entirely closed up, its windows are covered with curtains of impenetrable gauze, one cannot even distinguish the shape of the woman within the palanquin, which is always decorated with the insignia of the privileged classes. A mandarin's wife must not show herself under risk of being sullied by the gaze of the populace. She shares the honors of her husband, gives parties in her own house, visits her female friends, but the street is forbidden to her.

In Turkey the wives of pashas may be seen, not only at the bazaars of Stamboul, but in all the shops of Constantinople. One prefect of police—a Turk of the old stock—thought himself even obliged to publish an edict forbidding them to visit the stores of Pera. In China no woman of the mandarin class is ever seen in a shop. When she desires to make a purchase the goods have to be brought to her house to be examined. If you should chance to meet a well-dressed Chinese woman, either walking or in an open palanquin, you may assure yourself that she belongs to the demi-monde. As for the women of the people, they can go freely through the streets; they carry packages, merchandise of all kinds, and adopt very successfully, by reason of their uncommonly well-developed muscular power, the trade of porters. The great Chinese ladies are served by female domestics called "amahs." These servants sometimes perform commissions, but not as a rule. No woman employed in such an aristocratic family allows herself to be seen upon the streets without good reason.

In the houses of the rich mandarins there are always several courts—little open yards—through which one has to pass before reaching the female apartments, which are always separated from those of the men. The married people alone occupy the same room; every other member of the family must occupy a separate room. The most luxurious Chinese upholstery and furniture never invites one to idle repose—in fact, the best furnished house is barely comfortable. The bed has no spring, but has a number of little cotton mattresses covered with silk; and padded counterpanes, which are rolled up in one mass during the day. Such a bed represents a perfect square, covered like a catafalque. The lighter furniture, of a very handsome hard wood, are stiff-looking; the tables are usually heavy, massive, solid, but I have seen some light ones made of bamboo. A Chinese parlor always looks like a council hall. Against the centre of the wall at the further end a divan is always placed, covered with thin mattresses. At either side is a row of chairs, and on the floor beside each chair is a magnificent porcelain vase—precisely the same as those Chinese vases we use for mantelpiece ornaments. These vases are used simply as spittoons. Lanterns symmetrically disposed fill the parlor with a pale light. Nothing even appears disturbed or even animated in these vast and glacial rooms during winter. Painfully the Chinese ladies moved their little feet over the slippery floors or other strips of Pekin carpet. Objects of art, valuables, etc., are kept in boxes padded and lined with silk. They are taken out occasionally, shown to visitors, admired, and put back into the boxes again. Embroideries and fine silks are in large chests. They are only taken out on the occasion of a wedding or some great holiday. Then they are hung at the doors, or draped all around the walls. This custom prevails also on the other side of Asia, among the Khirghiz. They also, upon great occasions, hang up broidered stuffs and colored textures in their yourtes.

Chinese ladies wear robes of silk of any or every color. Their frightful little feet protrude from the legs of a straight pair of satin pantaloons much like the European garment in form. The custom of martyrizing the feet always affects the legs, which invariably become thin, atrophied or deformed. Little feet are not admitted to the imperial court. Only the daughters of the Tartar generals are admitted to the Emperor's palace; and these Tartar girls are never subjected to the torture of having their feet deformed. Still, I am told that the Tartar girls are not at all anxious to go to Pekin, where some dozen of the poor creatures are condemned to the life of a recluse in those huge palace buildings surrounded by lofty walls. If one of them find herself favored by a momentary caprice of the Emperor, the only prerogative she obtains thereby is the hanging before her door as long as she lives a curtain of yellow silk. The curtain does not suffice to assure the happiness of these girls—they consequently use all kinds of stratagems and ruses to avoid the honor of attracting imperial favor. The high commissioner sent to the various cities of the empire to choose these young girls is often astonished at the multitude of infirmities from which they pretend to suffer. One says she has a wen, another consumption, another declares she is blind of one eye, etc.

Nevertheless, the Chinese Government is administered by a woman—an empress—but this sovereign does not seem inclined to do anything toward elevating her sex above its present condition—toward giving woman a larger place and more authority in the family and in society. Very old Russian ladies, who remembered the time of Catharine II. have told me that under the reign of that truly great empress women held a preponderant power in the State. It is otherwise in China, where the women remain cloistered in the gymnæceum. The Chinese women love their children, and are much loved and respected by them. The story about Chinese infants being thrown into the river is pure humbug. The affection shown to their children by the women of the lower classes is often very touching. They carry them wrapped to their shoulders even while at work. Chinese husbands are like husbands the world over—neither better nor worse. It is just a question of temperament and character, as it is everywhere else. Those whose professions oblige them to travel—such as governors appointed to distant Provinces or diplomats—take their wives along with them if they are fond of them, or confide them to the care of their own families if unable to do otherwise. In China the infidelity of the husband is not considered a crime. It is very different in the case of women; but the Chinese are far from being so severe in this respect as certain badly informed writers have declared. During my stay in China a woman was put to death for having killed her husband. She was cut into four pieces. The Russian consul went to see the execution. He stood very close to the victim, and came immediately to tell me his impressions while they were still fresh. Even now I shudder with horror at the memory of that recital. But let us return to the aristocratic Chinese ladies. I remarked that they are very fond of pearls; their heads are always adorned with them Strings of pearls are coiled into circles like little shields, which are fastened near the temples. Emeralds, sapphires and rubies are found in the Chinese mines, and are well appreciated; but the jade-stone is prized above all other stones and most sought after. The greatest ladies wear jade bracelets on both arms; some wear rings made of it. The color of this jade approaches either a torquoise blue or a pale green. The women of the people also wear bracelots of gray or white jade, less precious than the other varieties.

The hair of the Chinese women is thick, black, smooth, without ever a gleam in it—a dead black. This one of the things which I do not admire in them; but it is a distinct characteristic of the race. When the great ladies receive company they always eat alone. The men remain in other parlors and there receive their male friends. Every wealthy family has several country kiosks. They are built upon little hills. The gardens are united together by bridges, and stairways lead from one to the other—just precisely as is represented in the designs upon Chinese fans. Some mysterious little kiosks contain only two or three rooms, which were shown me with a peculiar smile. What mysteries must go on in these immense families! I have known Chinamen who had more than 150 mouths to feed. Here and there among the kiosks little temples of honor of Buddha, and of other Chinese divinities, are erected. Here the family worship is celebrated, and I was present at one ceremony. Some mandarins attired themselves as priests, others sang to a slow and melancholy air, certain religious chants, accompanied by the sound of gongs and cymbals. Candles were lighted, incense was burned, and when the ceremony was over we promenaded from one kiosk to another, in each of them the ladies invited me to take tea and eat some Chinese sweets, poppy-seed candied (which has also become a popular dainty in Russia), candied prunes, letchis ginger, quince jelly and almond preserves, together with excellent liquors, of which the basis is rice-brandy. The rich pass the winter season in the city. In the summer they go to the kiosks, surrounded by those gardens which seem so fantastic to European eyes. The tree are clipped into shapes of dragons, dogs, horses, junks, and, to make the resemblance more striking, the eyes and other accessories are made in porcelain. The Buddhistic temples are covered with porcelain tiles, and built usually in the centre of an artificial pond, where ducks live in multitudes, the duck being the favorite bird of the Chinese. The walks are paved with mosaic, and lined with magnificent vases, containing the rarest flowers.

But the woman of the people, the woman of the working classes, is really agreeable to see. What strength! What skill for all trades and callings! The boatwomen who pass their whole life upon the water are admirable for their courage and patience. With their bare legs and arms they are veritable Nereids; they leap boldly into the current to pull the boat over the gravel bars; they wrestle against rapids; they wade and swim by turns; re-enter the junks and direct their course with astonishing ease and grace. A painter could make his fortune simply by navigating the Chinese rivers. What wonderful types!

It must not be supposed that one Chinese woman exactly resembles another Chinese woman—it were just as rational to say that all French women look alike. The race type is the same; but the physiognomy is very different. I have seen fine aquiline noses, long or oval faces. But all these women have bright, intelligent, decided, energetic features. Their costume is simple, very graceful; and some little jewel of jade always glimmers in the ear, or on the swarthy arm.

The workingwoman runs, goes everywhere. She has the bold, brusque manner of the person who is wholly self-dependent, and is conscious of her force to do and dare. She is the exact counterpart of the aristocratic lady who staggers about upon her little feet. A good example of Chinese high life is shown by the fact that if any one asks what sort of a woman some great mandarin has married, the answer is always given, with an air of shocked surprise: "Oh! a woman with little feet, of course!" That is to say, he has not married beneath him. It seems that poor humanity is not quite satisfied with all the misfortunes and pains which nature inflicts, but must needs inflict artificial evils, among which I may cite the compression of the waist by European women and the deforming of the feet among Chinese ladies—two tortures each of which involves the most unfortunate consequences.—*Lydie Paschkoff in the Paris Figaro.*

TEACHING THE BLIND.

Their Proficiency in Modelling, Music and Many Manual Employments.

A class of little boys sat around a table in a pleasant room of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, at Twentieth and Race streets, yesterday afternoon. They were modelling in clay, and under their nimble fingers the outlines of boats, houses and other familiar objects began to appear. It was semi-twilight in the room. Outside murky skies, mist, and a drizzling rain darkened the surroundings.

"We do not realize that these little fellows are working in the dark," said Assistant Principal Battles to a visitor, softly closing the tall shutters of the window. The room was pitch dark. The busy modelling fingers could only be heard.

"Oh, Mr. Battles, just look at my cup. Wait and see me put a handle on it."

Mr. Battles threw open the shutters and out of the mist and rain the feeble daylight crept back into the room. The class with clay begrimmed fingers, worked at their boats and houses, and the youngster held out his finished cup for his teacher to look at. Daylight and darkness were alike to them.

"We only teach the blind those trades in which machinery does not compete," said the assistant principal. "When this institution was founded a rope-walk was also constructed, and its inmates followed that occupation for years. After rope-making the manufacture of shoes was taught, and since then making of baskets, brushes, door mats, mattresses and carpet-weaving. Machinery first took from the blind the rope and twine making industry, afterward the weaving of willow baskets, and later shoe-making. To-day the blind are taught to make brooms and brushes, cane chairs, weave carpets and make mattresses. These occupations are taught especially to the boys and men, while sewing by hand and machine, knitting, embroidery, crocheting and fancy bead-work are taught to girls and women.

"All pupils are instructed in music and given a first-class musical education if they show any aptitude for the study. Many of them become organists and music teachers. A most important business in which the blind are becoming very expert is the tuning of pianos. There are now about twenty expert blind piano-tuners in this city. In Boston all the pianos used in the public schools are kept in tune by pupils of the Massachusetts Institution for the Blind. The use of the type-writer is now being taught the blind. They become very expert with the machine, handling it as the piano-player does the keys of his instrument, but of course they can only be of service in writing from dictation."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Consumption.

Notwithstanding the great number who yearly succumb to this terrible and fatal disease, which is daily winding its fatal coils around thousands who are unconscious of its deadly presence, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will cleanse and purify the blood of scrofulous impurities, and cure tubercular consumption (which is only scrofulous disease of the lungs.) Send three letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's complete treatise on consumption and kindred affections, with numerous testimonials of cures. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For twenty years George W. Childs has owned the Philadelphia *Ledger*. His income from it is $400,000 annually.

Rupture Cured

permanently or no pay. Our new and sure cure method of treating rupture, without the knife, enables us to guarantee a cure. Trusses can be thrown away at last. Send two letter stamps for references, pamphlet and terms. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Zealand proposes to give the Scotch crofters homes and farms free if they will come out there to live.

Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co.

All seasons are pretty much alike to the Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co., the extensively known proprietors of the Canada Coffee and Spice Mills, and Baking Powder and Mustard Works, Main street west. But at this time of year possibly a little more activity is noted, from the fact that the classes of goods manufactured by the firm enter into the composition of Christmas provisions. Messrs. W. G. Dunn & Co. started business in Hamilton ten years ago, manufacturing coffee and spice. Eight months afterwards they suffered the loss of their factory by fire, but pluckily set to work and immediately rebuilt, and ever since have had a steady increase of business. Their products have a world-wide reputation. Encouraged by the success attending the manufacturing of coffee and spice, the firm in about four years added mustard to their products, for which they now have a very large sale. Subsequently the manufacture of baking powder was begun, and readers will be surprised to learn that no less than two tons per week are turned out at this factory. Last near the firm found it necessary to enlarge their factory, which is now the most commodious and best arranged in Canada. The firm imports all their stock direct, and are paying special attention to the importation of the finest brands of green coffee. The firm has just added at heavy expense the latest invention for roasting coffee, which is a vast improvement on the old style. The past year's business has exceeded any previous one, and the firm has the satisfaction of knowing that their goods are sold and appreciated all over the Dominion. Although trading as W. G. Dunn & Co., Mr. W. G. Dunn is sole proprietor.

An old lady of 86 years, living in Lewis county, Washington Territory, cast her maiden vote at the last election.

——Repeated requests have induced the proprietors of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to send by mail to various lady correspondents, large mounted portraits of Mrs. Pinkham; and now many a household wall is adorned by the familiar, motherly face of the Massachusette woman who has done so much for all women.

Some epicures say that prairie chickens will stand more red pepper and taste better for it than any game now on the list.

"A Perfect Flood of Sunshine"

will fill the heart of every suffering woman if she will only persist in the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It will cure the most excruciating periodical pains, and relieve you of all irregularities and give healthy action. It will positively cure internal inflammation and ulceration, misplacement and all kindred disorders. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

Christmas trees are already on their way outh from northern forests and will soon make fir groves on city streets.

From the Maritime Provinces

Comes a host of testimonials as to the Magic Corn and Wart cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. We select from the list of names before us that of Henry Taylor, Esq., Halifax, probably the most widely known druggist in the lower provinces. Mr. Taylor has no hesitation in stating "that in an experience of twenty years he has handled nothing that has given the universal satisfaction that Putnam's Corn Extractor invariably does." It never fails, it is painless, prompt and produces no discomfort. Beware of imitations and substitutes. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprs.

The Nile threatens to be deserted this year. A letter despatched from Cairo, Nov. 16th, states that only two dahabeeyahs had gone up at that date.

Don't do it. Do not wait,

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerviline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nerviline. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

Jefferson Davis' health is said to be failing fast.

The man who applied to a Denver surgeon to get his head amputated, and was surprised by a refusal to perform the operation, next undertook to accomplish his purpose by laying his neck before a buzz-saw, only to be again thwarted.

Those cranks who have no other ambition on earth than to accumulate a million postage-stamps have been struck by lightning and blown up on steamboats until the number has being reduced to about half a dozen.

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE. Write for Circulars &c.

CLIMAX Gentlemen's GRADE

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

HOME STUDY Thorough and practical Instruction given by mail in Book-keeping, Business Forms, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Terms reasonable. Send stamps for PAMPHLET to CORRESPONDENCE BUSINESS SCHOOL, 451 Main St. Buffalo, N.Y.

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THE VOLTALIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTALIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

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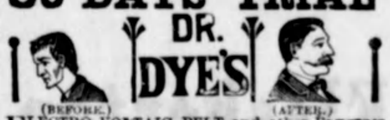

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
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