The Two Little Stockings.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireplace, broad and wide.
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ho! ho!" said he, with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
I know who dwells in this house, my dear,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney-place,
And measured a sock with a sober face,
Just then a wee little note fell out,
And fluttered low, like a bird, about.
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes,
And read the address, in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps, you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
Then, softly he blew, through the chimney high
A note like a bird's, as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals
That ever were seen this side earth's portals.
"Hurry up:" said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney comes tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he gathered them in
And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess,"
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there,
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying, "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pities them, too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words, and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky,
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

—SARAH KEABLES HUNT.

BLUE VEINS AND BLACK;

A Story of Blood and Iron.

"Why not?" asked Ulrich slowly, but with a lowering glance. "Why not?" reiterated he more passionately, as she was silent.

Eugenie's fearless character had often betrayed her into inconsiderate expressions; and even now she did not think of the possible consequences of her words, as, firmly returning his glance, she was hurried on to give this dangerous answer—

"Because your nearness has already proved fatal to a Berkow."

Hartmann shuddered and turned pale. For a moment it seemed as if he would break forth into all his old savagery; but it did not happen. The dumb repose remained upon his features; and his voice retained the masked, hollow tone it had had during the whole interview.

"Ah, that was it!" said he half aloud. "Truly, I might have thought that this at last had found its way to you."

The young woman looked with surprise upon this calmness which she had not expected here, and which, in spite of all, seemed unnatural to her; but even this incited her to a still greater venture. This morning he had shown her how unlimited was her power, and, for Arthur's sake, she wished to be certain as to who stood opposed to him in this conflict. She had a presentiment that the truth, even if concealed from all the world beside, would not be denied her.

"You must know what I mean?" she began anew. "You understand my hint? Hartmann, can you pronounce the reports false, which, since that unhappy hour, have been connected with your name?"

He crossed his arms and gazed morosely at the floor. "And even if I did, would you believe me?"

Eugenie was silent.

"Would you believe me?" he asked yet again, but with a tone as if life and death for him hung upon her answer.

She let her glance sweep over his face, which betrayed the same agonized suspense as his voice. It was still deathly pale, this face; but it was now again fully turned toward her.

"I hold you capable of crime when your passionate nature is aroused, but not of falsehood."

Ulrich's powerful breast rose and fell under its deep pulsations; and, as if to relieve her fears, he stepped back. "As it is you who ask, my lady, I will answer."

The young woman trembled and leaned for support on the arm of the divan. She felt the danger of such an interview with such a man, but still she put the momentous question.

"They declare to my husband that it was more than a mere accident which caused the rope to break on that unlucky day. What was it, Hartmann?"

"It was accident, or, rather, it was something better, if you will force me to say it—it was retribution. Our chief had caused a change to be made in the elevator, which, like all he did, was for necessity, not for security. What mattered it if a few hundreds of miners, who must every day go up and down this elevator, were every day exposed to danger? Double and treble what it was able to bear was demanded of the senseless thing; and it at last had its revenge, but not upon the workmen—it was upon the chief himself. It was not a human hand, your ladyship, which made the rope break just at that moment when it must bear his weight; and it was mine, least of all. I saw the danger coming; we were already at the last platform; I made a spring upward, and—'

'Pushed him back?' interrupted Eugenie breathlessly, as he paused.

'No! I only let him fall. I could have rescued him if I had wished. A half minute was time enough for that. In truth, it might have cost my own life; he might have pulled me down with him if I had come to his help; but for every one of my comrades, for every one of the officers, I would have risked this; for that man I would not. At that moment all he had done to us shot through my brain. I thought that the fate to which, for the sake of sparing his money, he every day exposed us, was only coming to him; and I would not interfere with the just retribution of Heaven. In spite of his outcries, I did not lift my hand; and a minute after it was too late. The elevator fell, and he with it."

Hartmann was silent. Eugenie in mingled horror and sympathy gazed up at him. She knew only too well that his accusations against the dead were just; and she felt that even if she herself at such an hour might have put forth her hand to rescue the hated Berkow, the man before her had been tried past forgiveness or forgetfulness. He had but let his enemy perish before his eyes, when perhaps at the peril of his own life he might have rescued him.

"Have you told me the whole truth, Hartmann?" she asked. "Upon your word and honor?"

"Upon my word and my honor, your ladyship."

His eyes sullenly yet firmly met hers. The young woman no longer doubted as she reproachfully asked, "And why did you not solve this mystery? Why did you not speak to others as you have to me?"

An expression of bitter disdain passed over his face. "Because no one would have believed me—not a single one, not even my father. He is quite right. I have been wild and uncontrollable beyond all measure my whole life long. I have thrown down all which stood in my way, and never troubled myself as to what others said of me; that I must now confess. They all know that I hated the dead man, and, as the accident happened when I was near, I knew they would lay it to me. There was no doubt of that. My own father said it to my face, and as I could not say 'Yes,' when he asked me if I was entirely innocent of Berkow's death—I had only to stretch forth my arm to rescue him and I did not do it—as I could not say 'Yes,' he would not hear another word from me. He would not have believed me even upon my oath. I have now and then sought to convince my comrades of my innocence, and, although they did not contradict me, I saw in their faces that they considered me a liar. I would not sue for their confidence, so I let things go as they would. I retained their friendship and comradeship all the same. If I had been arrested by process of law, I should certainly have spoken; but it would still have been questionable whether any one believed me."

Eugenie shook her head. "You should have forced them to believe you, Hartmann, and they would have done it if you had only seriously demanded it, but your pride and obstinacy would not suffer this. You met the suspicion with disdain, and that very thing strengthened it. Now you are suspected throughout the works, by the officers, by my husband—"

"What do I care for Herr Berkow?" he interposed roughly, "what for all the rest? Whether they condemn me or not, it is all the same to me. But I could not bear, my lady, to have you turn from me in fear and detestation; from you alone I could not bear it; and you believe me now; I see it in your eyes. I am perfectly indifferent to the rest."

"I believe you," said Eugenie gravely, "and I will see that my husband exculpates you from the worst suspicion at least. We must not judge you for not saving life where you might have saved it; for that you are answerable to your own conscience. But Arthur shall no longer believe that the murderer of his father stands opposed to him. It is certainly too late for reconciliation. You have gone too far. For the first time, two hours ago, I learned all that had happened, all that perhaps would happen if the attack upon the mines is renewed to-morrow. Hartmann—" the young woman thoughtlessly approached him and imploringly laid her hand upon his arm—"Hartmann, we stand upon the brink of a fearful catastrophe. You have forced my husband to protect himself and his from danger, and he has concluded so to do. To-morrow morning blood will flow, must flow; reflect upon whom the responsibility will fall."

Her nearness, her hand upon his arm, did not fail of their effect upon Ulrich; but this effect was no salutary one. His voice lost more and more its calm, indifferent tone, as he answered—

"Upon me, do you think? Have a care, my lady! It might also fall upon you, if it harmed the one you love. Herr Berkow certainly will not remain here in the house if there is fighting outside; that I know, and I also know whom I shall first seek when the conflict breaks out."

Eugenie had tremblingly withdrawn her hand and retreated from him. She heard this tone and at the same time saw a glance which warned her. He was always the uncontrollable tiger, who one moment listened to her voice, perhaps the next to rise against her in the whole terrible might of his rage; and the moment seemed to have come; that glance threatened even her.

"Hartmann, you speak with the wife of your chief!" she cried with an unavailing effort to recover her self-possession. "If you hate him—"

"The chief?" interrupted he with wild irony. "It matters not with whom I, at the head of my comrades, have to deal. It is Arthur Berkow I hate, because you are his wife, because you love him, and I—I love you, Eugenie, more than all else in the wide world! Do not be so horrified at this; you must have known it long ago; I could not help it from the first moment I saw you. I have tried by force to crush and annihilate this love, but I could not. I cannot to-day, even though I again feel more than ever the old truth that only equal must unite with equal, and that for the like of us there can remain nothing but an aristocratic shrug of the shoulder, even though we have perilled life for her we love. But if a life is again in peril, I am not the one so senselessly to expose my own as I did under the hoofs of your horses when you came here on your wedding journey; for that, another life must be risked than mine. I have already hated a Berkow to the death; I then believed I could hate no man on earth so bitterly; now I know better. I have not yet been guilty of murder; but there is one I could murder, one only! I did not kill the father; but if ever I should be thus alone with the son, then it would be he or I—or both!"

It was terrible, this moment, when the passion of this man, mounting almost to madness, burst its barriers—an impetuous, devastating torrent which nothing could any longer dam or restrain. Eugenie saw that here any work, any outcry, would be too late, and felt that her power was at an end. She could not fly; he stood in the way to the door; but she hastened to the bell-pull and rang with all her might. The servants were in the other wing, but still it might be possible for the sound to reach them.

Hartmann had followed her. He sought to snatch her hand from the bell-wire, but at the same moment he was seized by an arm to which indignation now lent strength to hurl aside this giant figure as if it had been that of a child. It was Arthur who stood between them, and with an outcry of joy, but also of mortal terror, Eugenie fled to her husband. She knew what must now come.

Ulrich rushed forward without a word, but with features so distorted by rage as to be past recognition. That which now flamed up in his eyes as they met his rival betokened inevitable destruction, but Arthur, with ready presence of mind, had taken down a pistol which hung over his writing desk, and throwing his left arm around his wife, with the right he pointed the deadly weapon toward his rival.

"Back, Hartmann! Do not again venture to approach! One more step toward my wife, a single one, and you lie upon the floor!"

The threatened man paused. In spite of the fury with which he was about to rush forward, he saw that the muzzle of the weapon pointed directly at him, and that the hand which held it did not tremble. If he took another step forward he would be shot and his rival remain conqueror. He clenched his unarmed right hand.

"I have no pistol," said he, gnashing his teeth. "If I had, then we should stand equal against equal, Herr Chief; but certainly we never have stood thus. You have better prepared yourself than I. I have only my fist to place against your ball and there is no doubt which would do the quickest work."

Arthur did not take his eyes from him. "It is your doing, Hartmann," he said, "that we must now always have loaded weapons in our hands. I will, at least, protect my house and my wife against you, even if it costs you your life. Back, I tell you once again."

There was once more that same steady, unflinching glance from both men as at their first interview, when each appeared to measure the other's strength; and now, as then, the young chief remained conqueror, though things had now gone on so far that he needed other weapons than his eyes alone. He stood there immovable as yet, his finger upon the lock of the pistol and with the same glance as at that former meeting he followed his rival until he reached the door.

"I have never yet placed much value upon my life," said Ulrich defiantly. "I think you both must have had proof of this; but I will not allow myself to be shot down upon your threshold. I have still to reckon with you, sir. Do not tremble so, my lady! You are in his arms, and he is safe; *now* he is safe, but we are not yet at an end. And even if you both stood there as if nothing could ever sunder you, as if you were linked one to the other for all eternity, still some time my hour would come; and then, then you would think of me!"

He went. The heavy step echoed first in the adjoining room, then in the ante-chamber; at last it died away outside. The young wife nestled more closely in her husband's arms. She had now proved in what manner they knew how to guard her.

"You came at the right time, Arthur," she said, still trembling with horror at the scene just passed. "I had left my room in spite of your warning; it was an imprudence, I know; but I wanted to await you here, and I believed I should at least be safe anywhere in the house."

Arthur let the weapon fall and drew her closer to him. "But you were not, you have just learned," he said. "What did Hartmann wish here in my cabinet?"

"I do not know. He sought you, but evidently with no good intention."

"I am prepared for all that may happen from this side," Arthur returned calmly, as he laid the pistol on the writing desk. "You see, I was ready for this attack, but I fear it is only a prelude to to-morrow, when the real drama begins. Do you tremble before it, Eugenie? The help I have summoned may arrive toward evening, but we shall have to hold out all day against the rioters."

"At your side I tremble at nothing more. But, Arthur,"—here her voice took an expression of anguished entreaty—"do not again go out alone into the midst of the uproar as you did to-day noon. He is there and he has sworn your death."

Arthur gently lifted his young wife's head and gazed deep and steadily into her eyes. "Life and death are not in Hartmann's hands," he said, "over them there is Another, who must decide. Be calm, Eugenie! I will do my duty; but I shall do it otherwise than in all these days before, for I now know that my wife is anxious about me. That I shall not easily forget."

Outside upon the terrace stood Ulrich Hartmann. The twilight had deepened; one could no longer decide as to the expression of his face as he glanced in the windows of the house he had just left; but his voice betrayed it. Half aloud, as an oath, he repeated the threat he had before hurled at Arthur Berkow—"He or I, or, if it must be—both of us!"

CHAPTER XIX.

It had come—the morning of that momentous day to which Arthur Berkow and all connected with his interests had looked forward with such anxious foreboding. And their most serious apprehensions seemed about to be realized.

At an early hour all the officers assembled at the house of their chief. They might have come to take counsel, or fear might have driven them there. It seemed as if the latter were the impelling motive; for the faces of the gentlemen were pale and agitated, and their manner betrayed great anxiety.

"I insist that it was a mistake to imprison the three miners," declared Herr Schaffer to the director. "We might have ventured this if military assistance had been at hand, but we never should have done so on our own responsibility. Now they will storm the house to free the prisoners and we shall have to give them up."

"Begging your pardon, that we shall not do!" exclaimed the chief engineer, who, as usual, placed himself in direct opposition to his colleague. "We will endure the storm, and, if necessary, defend ourselves here in the house. Herr Berkow has fully decided to do this."

"Well, you certainly must best know his decisions. You are his sole adviser," returned the director, somewhat piqued. He certainly could not boast of a similar intimacy with the young chief, although his place, perhaps, would sooner have entitled him to it.

"Herr Berkow usually forms his conclusions without help from others," replied the chief engineer dryly, "but in this case I, as usual, fully agree with him. It would have been against law and conscience, it would have been pitiable baseness, to let these three rascals go free. It was their fixed intention to destroy our machines."

"At Hartmann's command," interposed Schaffer.

"But they lent themselves to its execution. The master did right to hinder this knavish trick; and I would like to see the man who, in such a case, would have let these fellows go unpunished. He had them shut up, and he was right. Hartmann certainly was not at hand; he was at the mines, where the excitement was already at its height, and where, after all, he could not hinder the workmen going down, because his own father withstood him."

"Yes, it was a lucky thing that the overseer came to our help," said the director. "He must have seen that no other means was left him to prevent extreme measures, when he this morning, of his own free will, offered to lead the workmen to the mines, although that is not his office. He knew that, come what would, his son would not attack him, and none of the others would raise a hand against their comrades when they saw the leader quail. We must thank the old man solely, that the descent into the mine has been really accomplished."

"Yes, I admit that the descent has been accomplished. More than half the miners remained neutral; and, if they had not been enraged by the arrest of their comrades, the whole thing would have passed over in peace and tranquility."

"In peace and tranquility while Hartmann commands!" laughed the chief engineer bitterly, "you most wofully deceive yourselves. He seeks an excuse for attack, no matter what, and in an emergency would have made it without any excuse. The events of this morning must have shown him that his power is fast declining—that, perhaps, he can control his men only to-day, and therefore he dares all. The fellow knows that he is lost and recklessly carries with him into ruin all who follow him through fear or habit. He has nothing more for which to care, and he will spare us least of all."

They were interrupted by Herr Wilberg, who, with a blanched face, came from the window where he had posted himself for the last ten minutes.

"The tumult increases," he said timidly. "There is no doubt that they intend an attack upon the house if Herr Berkow does not yield. The park fence is already down, the grounds are stamped and trodden over. Ah, the magnificent roses upon the terraces!"

"Keep away from us with your sentimentality!" spoke up the chief engineer, while the director and Schaffer hastened to the window. "Now, when the rebels are storming the house, you think of the down-trodden rose bushes. Would you not like to withdraw and put this lament over the roses into verse? I should think it would be just the right subject for a poet."

"I have for some time had the misfortune of exciting the displeasure of the Herr Engineer with all I say or do," returned Herr Wilberg offended, but still with an air of secret self-satisfaction which seemed to ride above the malice of his superior.

"Because you neither say nor do anything sensible," growled the engineer, turning his back to Herr Wilberg and joining his colleagues, who, from the window, were watching the ever-increasing tumult.

"This will become serious," said the director restlessly, "they are threatening the entrance. We must inform the chief."

"Leave him in peace for the moment, at least," interposed the chief engineer. "I thought he had remained so persistently at his post since dawn, we might now allow him five minutes with his wife. The necessary measures have all been arranged, and wherever danger is there he will be. That you must know."

The officer was right. Since the early morning hours Arthur had been uninterruptedly engaged in giving commands, making arrangements and personal inspections, and had now for a few minutes withdrawn with his wife into an adjoining room. He must have informed her of the exact state of affairs, for the young wife's arms, in agonized excitement, were flung around his neck.

"You must not go out, Arthur," she said, "it is a rash, a desperate venture. What can you do alone against this raging multitude? Yesterday they were quarrelling among themselves when you stepped between; to-day they will all turn against you. You will atone for this daring; I cannot let you go."

Arthur gently but decidedly released himself from her arms. "I must, Eugenie," he said, "it is the only possibility of quelling the storm, and it is not the first time I have been forced to encounter such scenes. What did you do yesterday on your arrival?"

"I wanted to come to you," said Eugenie, in a tone as if this ought to justify every venture. "But you will break away from me to deliver yourself up to the blind fury of this Hartmann. Think of the scene of yesterday evening; of his threats! If you must go out, if no choice is left you, then let me, at least, go with you. I am not timid; I tremble at danger only when I know you are exposed to it alone."

He bent gravely but lovingly down to her. "I know that you have courage, my Eugenie, but I should be a coward in the midst of that mob when I knew that a stone from their midst might also hit you. I want my full courage to-day, and I should not have it if I saw you near me threatened and had not the power to protect you. I know why you wish to accompany me; you believe me secure from one arm so long as you stand at my side. Do not deceive yourself. Since yesterday evening that is past, since then you have a share in the hatred with which he follows me, and even if this were not so"—here his voice lost its gentle, pleading tone, and his brow contracted—"I will not owe my security to a sentiment which is an insult to you as well as to me, and which alone demands the removal of this man, even if his other proceedings did not."

The young wife must have felt the truth of these words. She bowed her head in silent resignation. Arthur continued:

"The tumult is breaking out anew; I must go. Our meetings to-day must be limited to minutes, and they will be full enough of anguish, my poor wife. You could not have come back at a worse time."

"Would you rather endure the storm alone, without me?" asked Eugenie softly.

A glow of passionate tenderness illuminated the young man's clouded features. "Without you? I have hitherto endured like the soldier upon a forsaken post. Since yesterday I have learned that a struggle may be worth something when one has a life's happiness and a future to win through it. You have brought both back to me; and if from all sides the tempest breaks forth more fiercely upon us, I again believe in victory since I again have you."

The debate among the officers, growing even more excited, was silenced as Berkow entered with his wife; but the emotion visible on all sides was more than mere respect for the entrance of the chief. All the grave, anxious, apprehensive glances were fixed upon his face, as if from it they would read hope or fear. All pressed around him as around a central prop, against which they sought a support and stay; all breathed more freely at his entrance, as if with it alone a part of the danger were removed. This emotion, involuntary as it was, sufficed to show Eugenie what a position her husband had won among those around him; and his manner, as he stepped among them, showed still more that he knew how to retain it. His face, which only a few moments before the young wife had seen so deeply troubled, now, when he met all these anxious faces, betrayed only a calm seriousness, nothing more; and his bearing was so confident that it must have infused courage into even the most timid.

"Well, gentlemen, it looks rather hostile and threatening outside there," he said. "We must prepare ourselves for a sort of siege, perhaps for an attack. Do you not think so?"

"They want the prisoners released," said the director with a glance toward Schaffer, as if demanding his support, and Schaffer now interposed—

"Yes, certainly, Herr Berkow; and I fear we shall not be able to maintain ourselves against the uproar. The incarceration of the three miners is, for the moment, their only ground or excuse for it; if we took this from them—"

"Then they would find others," interrupted Arthur sharply, "and the weakness betrayed by us would give them new courage. We must show neither weakness nor fear, or we shall lose the game at the last moment. I foresaw the consequences when I had the three mischief-makers arrested; but to meet this attack, only the most urgent measures will suffice. The prisoners remain in confinement until the soldiers arrive."

(To be continued).

Bird-Enemies.

From an out-of-door paper by John Burroughs, in the December "Century," we quote the following:

"The great bugaboo of the birds is the owl. The owl snatches them from off their roosts at night, and gobbles up their eggs and young in their nests. He is a veritable ogre to them, and his presence fills them with consternation and alarm. "One season, to protect my early cherries, I placed a large stuffed owl amid the branches of the tree. Such a racket as there instantly began about my grounds is not pleasant to think upon! The orioles and robins fairly 'shrieked out their affright.' The news instantly spread in every direction, and apparently every bird in town came to see that owl in the cherry-tree, and every bird took a cherry, so that I lost more fruit than if I had left the owl indoors. With craning necks and horrified looks the birds would alight upon the branches, and between their screams would snatch off a cherry, as if the act was some relief to their outraged feelings."

An Irishman Indeed!

The other day there left Dublin for Galway by the Midland Railway a social phenomenon, viz.: a respectable young man who could not speak or understand one word of English, having never spoken any other language than Irish. He had been a fortnight in Dublin, and during that time required in the capital of his native country to be accompanied everywhere by an interpreter. The young man is a native of the island of Boffin, off the Connemara coast, where, out of some 600 or 700 inhabitants, only 9 speak English. On this island they possess a rich treasure of traditional folk lore, old poems, etc. Fifty years ago on a large estate in West Galway there was not one tenant who spoke English.

A Cause for Tears.

She had just dropped in for a morning call on her way down town.

"Do you know, Cicely, dear," said she, "that it is awfully warm, but I suppose I must wear this fur-trimmed dolman anyhow."

"Oh, I didn't notice you had it on. Is it the same one you had last year?"

"No, it isn't, I'd have you know. It's brand new, and you knew it."

It's a very bad practice, this making morning calls; it always leads to the shedding of tears.—*Hartford Post.*

Father — What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling? Clara—The one you chased away over the fence last night, dear pa.

Humor has about the same enlivenin effect on some people that a setting hen has on a china egg.

THE BABY'S NAME.

How Some Plain Names Have Been Glorified.

SOUND ADVICE GIVEN TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

(Prof. Gouge in Albany Journal.)

DEAR PROFESSOR,—Having confidence in your warm heart, as evinced in your interesting letters, I make bold to write you and ask you to select a name for my darling child.—Yours truly,

DAISY BLUME.

In the first place, I would remark that I am entirely at sea, as you have forgotten to inform me as to the sex of the child. Names are generally arranged and adapted to sex. In regard to the general subject of names, I would say that a famous name is not of much importance at this end of the innocent's life. If it has a famous name at the other end of life it counts. I have never seen so homely and unwieldy a name as to be incapable of looking well in history if it was the cognomen of a noble man or woman. John Smith, after his romantic and thrilling seance with Powhatan and Pocahontas cast such a glare of glory over his name that to-day probably there are more men in the United States named after him than any other public man, and yet John Smith is a plain, rough, stoga name. I have noticed that the young men who attend the institute, and have names that they have to turn up edgewise to get through the doors, are no smarter than the others.

PEOPLE WHO CHANGE THEIR NAMES

There are people who send their names to the milliner, as it were, and have them done over. Smith becomes Smythe, or De Smith; Jones becomes De Jonges, etc., etc. Now, my dear, Paul Jones looks very well in history, very well indeed. If I had a good plain name, I do not think I would have it done over in the Queen Anne style with bronze stone trimmings, but I think I would try to shed lustre on it if I had any lustre, and it was the time of year to shed it. I suppose along at first Grant used to sit up nights and groan over his plain name. Hiram Ulysses Grant. If it had only been Montmorency or Mortimer or something pretty. But no, it was just Grant. Down in Mexico he used to go out in the chapparal and weep. But he got over it and became pretty much reconciled when the last war broke out. Then after Belmont and Donelson and Vicksburg he began to see his name in print, and somehow it looked pretty respectable. He went out behind his tent and "hollered" into a pork barrel, "Grant, General Grant," and he was pleased with it. Before he died I don't suppose he would have traded his name for any four-jointed poetical name in the world. I have heard so anyway, which goes to show us, madam, that a name is as empty as a book agent at 3 o'clock until you fill it up and pad it out with noble deeds or immortal works.

INAPPROPRIATE NAMES.

You may name a boy George Washington Bibb, and then he may grow up rutty, small and with a body that looks crushed beneath a portentous name. I knew a soldier in the late war with a name so long he used to coil it up and tie it on his knapsack, and he ran like a whitehound in the first skirmish. In the same way, parents may be injudicious in selecting names for girls. I was introduced to a young lady this fall. She never could have hoed potatoes, for her feet would have covered two rows at once. She was nearly six feet in height, and when she smiled the top of her head was an island. She was affected with warts on her nose, and her name was Lily. Doubtless she was a pretty baby. Let us hope so, at least. Her fond mother inflicted a name on her that has been a perpetual source of astonishment to sympathetic friends and of fun to the humorous. She is all right until you hear her name, and then the mind gropes in search of causes and effects like a student of German mysticism. Rose is a pretty name, very pretty, but in infancy you have to take too many chances. You may hit it, but it may be the worst kind of a miss. (Pretty good for an old man.) Daisy is nice, but nature may suggest a sunflower when Daisy is 18 years old. Nature is full of surprises. On the contrary, you may attach a coarse, every-day name to a girl, as Sarah, or Jane, or Mary Ann, and when she is grown up that common name may be embellished by such grace and sweetness that susceptible young men and admiring friends may think that it deserves to be set in jewels or written in the language of flowers. O, Angelina! but I forbear personal reminiscences.

THE GORGEOUSNESS OF MIDDLE LETTERS.

I would by all means get in a good many middle letters. They look gorgeous in commencement programmes and make the printer borrow all the fonts of small caps in the city to print them. Being devoid of middle letters in my name, I have allowed all the schools to whom I have advanced money to decorate my name with as many degrees as a complete circle. I would offer to lend you my name if I knew the sex of the darling, and if I had not lent my name to decorate some bank paper last spring which it cost me $3,000 to recover. I have thought a good deal of my name since.

The Last of His Race.

A good story is told about a purse-proud old nobleman who was travelling through the rural districts of Sweden. Over in that country the people do not have quite as much respect for the titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the continent. One day this nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and, as he stopped his carriage, he called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord; horses here at once."

"I am very much pained to inform you, my lord, that you will have to wait some time over an hour before fresh horses can be brought in," replied the landlord.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman; "this to me? My man, I demand horses at once."

Then, observing the fresh and sleek-looking horses which were being led up to another carriage, he said:

"For whom are those horses?"

"They were ordered for this gentleman," answered the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man," called out the nobleman to the slim gent, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus therefor?"

"Not much," answered the slim gent; "I intend using them myself."

"This to me!" exclaimed the nobleman.

"That's what I said," replied the slim man.

"Perhaps you are not aware who I am," roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into his carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a fast race."

A Berlin surgeon lately removed a quantity of dead bone from a man's arm. Immediately afterward he amputated the leg of another man for an injury. Then he took a large piece of bone from the amputated leg and put it in the place of the dead bone of the arm. The bone became firmly attached and made a very successful operation.

What season of the year is most in need a handkerchief? Winter, when it blows, sows.

HOW JAMIE PROSPERED.

Story of a Simple Scotch Lad Who Became Captain of the Great Eastern.

"In a small village," says Dr. Hammond in the *Christian Herald*, "there lived a little Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him and he loved his mother. The little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailing and about foreign lands he said: 'Oh, mother, I do want to be a sailor!' And his mother at last said: 'Jamie, you shall go.' She gave him her blessing and added: 'Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God, and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers and trust in God.' Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said: 'Mother, I promise you I will.' The boy went on board a ship for India. The first night, when the sailors had gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, a sailor went up to him, and, giving him a box on the ear, said: 'None of that here, sir!' Now, among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, who said to the man that struck the boy: 'Come on deck and I will give you a thrashing,' and they went on deck. Now, I am not approving of the fight, but these did fight, and the swearing sailor beat the one who had boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said: 'Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him.' Well the next night Jamie said to himself: 'I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will get into my hammock and say my prayers to myself.' Mark the effect of this on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into the hammock without saying his prayers he went up and took him by the neck and dragged him out of the hammock and said: 'Kneel down at once, sir. Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?' During the whole voyage back to London, Jamie had in that reckless, thoughtless sailor a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Now let me tell you a part of little Jamie's history. Some years ago the largest steamboat ever seen was built—the Great Eastern. Who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain knelt before Queen Victoria, who said: 'Rise, Sir James Anderson;' and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of."

Monkeys at Breakfast.

An English gentleman who lived in India during his early life tells an amusing story of some pranks played by monkeys. They were almost as tame and playful as kittens about his home, and there were a great number of them. He says:

I was married in India, and engaged for our home a house fourteen miles from any other habitation of white men. On the morning of our arrival my wife went to change her travelling dress, while the servants laid breakfast on the verandah overlooking the river. At the clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big trees that overshadowed the house, and up from the trees that grew in the ravine behind it, and from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly, in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the verandah, and sat there like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," said I.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said. "The people about here are not very fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment. In the middle of the verandah stood our breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as railings and the steps, were covered with an immense company of monkeys, as grave as possible, and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking, and their little ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily, at which the monkeys only looked the graver, my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" she said.

"Try them," I said.

So she picked up a biscuit and threw it among the company.

Three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defied description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit, and again the riot, and then another and another. But at length we had given all that we had to give, and stood up to go. The monkeys at once rose—every monkey on the verandah—and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupation.

Death of One of the Kennedy Family.

Scotsmen throughout Canada will learn with regret of the death of Mr. David Kennedy, jun., eldest son of the celebrated Scottish vocalist. The sad event took place at Pietermaritzburg, South Africa. Mr. Kennedy was born at Perth in 1849, and made his first appearance as a vocalist with his father in 1870. With the rest of the family he travelled from 1872 to 1876 through Australia, New Zealand and Canada. He wrote a graphic account of that journey, under the title of "Kennedy's Colonial Travels," which evinced considerable power of observation and real literary merit. He also travelled with the family in South Africa and India in 1879 and 1880, and published accounts of each of those tours on returning to Scotland. With the exception of a brief interval "at home" his remaining years were spent in South Africa, where, at the time of his death, he held the appointment of Secretary of the Council of Education in Natal.

The Smallest Dog in the World.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaine, of England, and in honor of his extreme tininess, is now carefully preserved under a glass case. Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a road and safe resting-place for him.

"Uncle James," said a city young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James; "he's a Leghorn." "Why, certainly, to be sure!" said the young lady; "how stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles!"

"Why, Trimmins, who are you in mourning for?" asked Meddle upon seeing crape on his friend's hat. Timmins, "Why, you see, my wife's first husband, from whom she was divorced, is just dead, and I can's do less out of respect to her feelings."

WOODSTOCK'S BEAR GARDEN.

Amenities of Life Around the Council Board.

There was a warm discussion at the last meeting of the Woodstock, Ont., Town Council. Mayor Grant was accused by Councillor Muir of having wished to enhance his own property by getting the Patterson Works, about to be established in the town, near his lots.

The Mayor left the chair, and said—Mr. Muir has said that I wished to have the works near my property. Mr. Muir was just as anxious to have them some place else. When he gets hard hit he squeals.

Mr. Muir—I deny it.

Mr. Grant—His character is too well-known—he is too well known to require anything from me. He's beaten and he squeals.

Mr. Muir—I deny it. You are lying as Mayor of this town.

Mr. Grant—He and his friends have been trying to locate the works, and have been beaten.

Mr. Muir—He has as many friends as you have.

Mr. Grant—Mr. Muir has never lost an opportunity to misrepresent my actions. He has gone around as a sneaking cur, behind my back, trying to injure me.

Mr. Muir—You are the cur.

Mr. Grant—He is a cur—the dirty tool of a clique which I have fought for years, and have beaten them.

Mr. Muir—It's a lie; you are the cur. I will not take such misrepresentations from any man. You think you are as big a man as any one in town. You are the cur, and were more than a cur when you were whipped in the barber shop by Archie Hay!

Mr. Grant—I have been attacked in my private character. I have met Mr. Muir and his miserable clique, and have downed them.

Mr. Muir—The waterworks question hasn't been settled yet. You may see how you'll down the cliques, as you call them.

Mr. Grant—If Mr. Muir had his deserts (and he may get them before he gets through), he would wear a different suit of clothes and carry something on his legs which would be rather awkward and heavy.

Mr. Muir (rising and advancing two or three steps towards Mr. Grant)—You're a liar. You are not in order, and if you don't sit down I'll knock you down. I'll smash your mouth.

Mayor Grant expressed his ability to vindicate himself before the electors, and the circus ended.

D-E-P-O-T.

A Little Word That People Pronounce in Many Ways.

Many of the simplest words in the "King's English" have, through affectation and folly, been so changed in their pronunciation, says the "Youth's Companion," that one must often refer to the dictionary of even dissyllables.

A gentleman, sitting with a friend, who is a railroad ticket agent, writes:

"I'd just like to know what d-e-p-o-t really spells," said the ticket agent.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it is pronounced a dozen different ways every day at this window. Now, you just sit here and listen. I'm going to open the window for the sale of tickets."

A very stylishly dressed, but rather affected-looking young lady, appeared at the window.

"Is this the Boston and Albany depo?" she asked.

"It is, miss," politely replied the clerk.

Then there appeared a dapper little fellow, highly perfumed, dressed in the extreme of fashion, his dainty moustache curled and every hair in his head "just so." He wore gold-bowed eye-glasses, and carried a tiny cane.

"Ah, may I ask, please, when the train for Buffalo leaves this dippo?"

Then a large old lady wearing a gingham dress and a green sun-bonnet came bustling up with a basket on either arm.

"Is there any train a going to Wuster after 6 to-night from this deepot?"

"That's three," said the agent. "And I'll wager anything that the young lady coming will ring in another change on the word if she speaks it at all."

"Is there a parcel and package window at this depoe?" she asked, giving marked emphasis to the final syllable.

An artificial-looking woman, with the powder in blotches on her red face, came