John and Percilly.

(James Whitcomb Riley in Christmas Judg

We got up a church-doin's
  Last Christmas eve—
Kind o' dimonstration
  At I railly believe
Give more satisfaction,
  Take it up and down,
Than any show or entertainment
  Ever come to town.

Railly it was a theatre—
  That's what it was!
But bein' in the church, you know,
  We had a "Santy Claus"—
So's to git the old folks
  To patternize, you see,
And back up the institution
  Kind o' morally.

School teacher writ the thing—
  (Was a friend o' mine)
Got it out o' Longfeller's
  Pome "Evangeline,"
Er som'ers, 'bout the Puritans—
  Anyway, the part
John Alden fell to me—
  And had it all by heart.

Claircy was Percilly,
  (School teacher 'lowed
Me and her could act them two
  Best of all the crowd)—
Then blame ef he didn't
  Git her pap, 'y jing!
To take the part o' Santy Claus
  To wind up the thing;

Law! the fun o' practisun!
  Was a week er two
Me and Claircy didn't have
  Nothin' else to do!—
Kep' us jes' a-meetin' round,
  Kind o' here and there,
Ever' night, rehearsin' like,
  And gaddin' ever'where!

Game was wuth the candle, though,
  Christmas eve at last
Rolled around—and 'tendance jes'
  Couldn't be su'passed—
Neighbors from the country
  Come from Clay and Rush—
Yes, and 'crost the country line,
  Clean from Puckerbrush.

You see, the way the play run,
  Me a-actin' John,
And Claircy, mind! Percilly—
  There was sparkin' goin' on!
Play it all so natchurul;
  And it tuck so well,
Even old man Santy Claus
  Had to stomp and yell!

So by the time his turn come
  Fer to take the floor,
It was nearly 12 o'clock—
  "Lacks a leetle more!"
That's what I whispered
  To Claircy, and she said
Somepin' in a whisper back,
  And laughed and shuck her head.

Meetin'-house jes' trembled
  As Old Santy went
Round amongst the children,
  With ther pepperment
And sassafrac and wintergreen
  Candy, "and a ball
O' popcorn," the preacher 'nounced,
  "Free fer each and all."

Scholteacher suddently
  Whispered in my ear,
"Guess I got you!—Christmas gift!"
  Christmas is here!"
I gave him a gold pen
  And case to hold the thing—
And Claircy whispered "Christmas gift!"
  And I gave her a ring.

"And now," I says, "jes' watch me!
  'Christmas gifts,'" says I;
"I'm a-goin' to git one—
  Santy's comin' by!"
Then I rech and grabbed him;
  And, as you'll infer,
'Course I got the old man's,
  And he gimme her!

A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

Victoria's Great Establishment and Her Army of Retainers.

Queen Victoria's household has nearly a thousand officers, subordinates and attendants. The lord steward is at the head of all with a salary of $10,000 a year. All officers and servants, except those connected with the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel, are subject to his orders. The active duties of this officer are performed by the master of the household, who gets $5,790 a year. The lord treasurer ranks next to the lord steward and acts for him in case he is absent, while to assist him he has the comptroller of the household, who likewise does nothing. The board of green cloth, composed of the four above named officials, adjudicate on offences committed in certain parts of the palace, and has clerks and secretary. The clerk of the kitchen and his clerks keep accounts, check goods, and give orders to tradespeople. There is a chief and many cooks, a head of the confectionery department, of the "ewer" or linen department, a chief butler, table deckers, men in charge of the plate, pantry and of the coal, and lamp lighters and dispensers of alms. The lord steward is judge of the court of marshalsea, with power to dispense justice among the Queen's domestic servants, and the court has a knight marshal. The lord chamberlain gets $10,000 a year and, with the vice chamberlain, superintends all the officers and servants of the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the groom of the state, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. The keeper of Her Majesty's privy purse is her financial secretary at a salary of $10,000. There are the mistress of the robes, the groom of the robes, ladies of the bed chamber, maids of honor, bed chamber women, lords in waiting, grooms in waiting, gentlemen ushers of the privy chamber, daily waiters, quarterly waiters, grooms of the privy chambers, grooms of the great chamber, and gentlemen of the privy chamber. The marshal of ceremonies must have an absolute knowledge of court etiquette.

The official places of many of them call for no performance of duty, because with the change of customs the duties have become obsolete. The master of the tennis court does nothing. There are a master of the house, burgomaster, keeper of the swans, and hundreds of assistants to the officers mentioned. All this looks like keeping house under difficulties, says a writer in "Good Housekeeping," and Queen Victoria ought to be well paid for it.

A Horrible Discovery.

Mrs. Westend—"I am greatly disappointed in that Mrs. Newcomer. I was in hopes they would be nice neighbors, but I see they are not people of refinement; they are extremely, inexcusably vulgar."

Miss Westend—"Why, ma, you said only a few moments ago that you had not yet seen one of the family."

"No, I have not; but I just caught a glimpse of their coachman, and I was shocked, positively shocked. They—allow—him—to—wear—a—mustache."

Miss E. R. Rice, of near Albany, Mo., was married to James Shepherd, of Santa Clara county, Cal., at St. Joseph, Mo., last week. The cooing was by letter and neither saw the other till a few days before the wedding. Shepherd is reported to be a millionaire.

A BABY INCUBATOR.

The First Patient Doing Remarkably Well—Fear of a Relapse.

Ward's Island was shaken from centre to circumference yesterday afternoon. It was not an earthquake, but for practical effect it might as well have been. The centre of the catastropne was the Emigrant Hospital. In one of the rooms stood a solid-looking box three feet square and four feet deep. It had a lid, and in the lid was set a large pane of glass. A fine-looking man, evidently a physician, was gazing through the glass with intense anxiety, amounting fairly to agony, depicted on his face. He stood motionless. The box was perforated at the top with holes, and warm air, 75 degrees by the thermometer, percolated through them. The box was divided into two parts by a horizontal partition. Below the partition was a square sheet-iron box filled with water. Two tubes entered the small tank from the side. They connected with a cylindrical tin box under which stood a spirit lamp. The lamp heated the water in the cylinder and the hot water ran through the upper tube into the sheet-iron tank and the colder water in the bottom of the tank ran out into the cylinder and thus kept up a circulation of warm water into the tank. The heat from the water rose into the upper compartment of the square box and thus kept up an equable temperature of 75 degrees.

On the partition dividing the large box was a miniature bed, soft and comfortable. And on the bed lay a minute human being 14 inches long, with a girth of 12 inches, a head as large as a cat's of medium size and feet and ankles small in proportion. This was a baby, and the man gazing at the baby was Dr. A. M. Thomas. "Only asleep, after all," he finally exclaimed, as he broke the silence and heaved a sigh of relief. "I really feared she was having a relapse."

The baby was Edith Eleanor McLean, and she was born early in September last. Her mother, Agnes McLean, came to the city from Glasgow late in August; was so ill that she had to be taken to the Emigrant Hospital, and there gave birth to the baby, which at that time weighed but two pounds seven ounces, was a foot long and hardly three inches in diameter at the waist. It was thought that the manikin could not live, but Dr. Thomas, who had taken a special interest in such minute mortals, and who had already had a "hatching cradle," as he calls it, put into process of manufacture, had utilized this means of incubation, as it were, to sustain the life of the child by a proper temperature and gradually lead it on to assimilated vitality. The box, with its two compartments, with its cylinder attachment, spirit lamp and hot water, was the invention of Professor Tarnier, of Paris, whose plan of saving such weaklings as little Edith Dr. Thomas had resolved to give a trial. The temperature at first was 90 degrees, now reduced to 75 degrees. The spirit lamp got away with the degrees for a moment yesterday, and a rumor is current that the upheaval on Ward's Island was due to Dr. Thomas' momentary fear that the natural sleep of his charge was a dangerous lethargy.—*New York Press.*

SIGNIFICANT FLOWERS.

French Women Troubled About Bouquets They Carry.

Parisian dames and damsels have been rather exercised in their minds of late by an important difficulty in the matter of the flowers with which they either adorn themselves or carry as bouquets, says a correspondent. Fashion has decreed that during the ensuing season flowers will be more *a la mode* than ever. These innocent ornaments, either in their natural state or as imitated from nature's handiwork by the adroit and artistic fabricator of artificial blooms and sprays who abounds in the city on the Seine, have of late attained an alarming political symbolism and significance. The old conventional "language of flowers" seems to have had its day, and a new treatise or dictionary on the verbal meaning of the product of the garden and conservatory will soon have to be compiled. Quelles fleurs porter? "What flowers are we to wear?" is now the question asked by many Parisiennes of their friends, their milliners, of their favorite artists. The violet has long been the symbol of the Imperialists; the carnation is the emblem of M. Boulanger, and the cornflower is the new Prussian kaiserblume, more correctly kornblume. The rose has been adopted by the Comtesse de Paris, while difficulties have ever arisen here regarding the trefoil, which reminds people of the Irish shamrock and the moonlighters; and finally the primrose, which is the emblem of another league. The latest solution of the great floral difficulty has been offered by a practical lady who advises people to patronize no particular flower, but to carry bouquets composed of heterogeneous horticultural specimens—a proceeding which would obviate political or diplomatic conflicts.

It Catches Them.

Tourist—"Any good hotels round here?"
Hayseed—"Never heard of any!"
"Any hunting or fishing?"
"No, siree!"
"Nice scenery, I suppose?"
"Naw!"
"How about mosquitos and malaria?"
"The woods are full of 'em."
"How do you live round here?"
"Same as other folks."
"Yes! but what industries have you ot to support the place?"
"Summer boarders!"
"For heaven's sake, what brings them here?"
"Printer's ink, Mister, printer's ink!"

A Chance for a Sore Tongue.

Mrs. Poots—What are you looking so glum about?

Poots—Oh, there's a confoundedly tender spot on my tongue from resting against a broken tooth.

"Humph! You're always grunting about something. Funny I never have anything like that the matter with my tongue."

"Nothing funny about it. Your tongue is never at rest."

The freedom of the city of London will be conferred upon the Marquis of Dufferin in recognition of his "distinguished services to his country as a statesman, administrator and diplomatist."

CURRENT TOPICS.

ALL Hayti may be said to be ruled by the *cocomacque*. It is a jointed stick about three feet long, of heavy, unbreakable wood, and is carried by the officers of the absurd Haytian army.

A PECULIARLY novel etter has just been sent by an inhabitant of Bath, England, to a friend at Trowbridge. It was written in shorthand on the back of a postage stamp, the address being in ordinary writing. The missive was dropped into the letter box at the General Post Office and was duly delivered at its destination.

A GENTLEMAN recently home from Europe has given us some memoranda of English as she is wrote on the Continent. In a hotel at Vienna was this notice: "Dejuners, diners, supers und a la carte zu jeder Tagesziet, a toutes heures, every time." Over a money changer's office in Salzburg: "Buying and sale of all sorts of Inlandish and outlandish moneys here.'

DO NOT err in clothing; all wool but all light is the rule for health. Exercise and a very well ventilated bed-room will give refreshing sleep, and this latter will speedily restore even the most debilitated system. But remember it must be a natural sleep versus that produced by narcotics.

THE Queen is the "nearest heir living to the Crown of Scotland;" it is as the lineal descendant of James VI. through his granddaughter Elizabeth, who married a German Prince, that Queen Victoria sits on the throne.

THE tendency of the better usage now is to ignore distinctions of sex in such designations. There seems to be a growing preference for "author" rather than "authoress;" "sculptor" is easier and more natural than "sculptress," and some go even so far as to prefer "actor," even when applied to women.

RECENT elections in England and Wales have placed medical men at the head of the municipal government in the towns of Hull, Bath, Marlborough, Wolverhampton, Liskeard, Morpeth, Godalming, Congleton, Calne, New Romney and Yeovil.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, the Hindoo woman who came to the United States and Canada two years ago to raise money to build a college for the education of Indian women, has returned to her home with upwards of $80,000. She was accompanied by Dr. Emma B. Ryder, who will have charge of the women's hospital connected with the college, and will lecture in the regular college course.

IT is stated that there are more ducks in Chi than in all the world outside of it They are kept on every farm, on the private roa s and on all the lakes, rivers and smaller streams. There are many boats on each of which as many as 2,000 are kept. Their eggs constitute one of the most important articles of food. They are hatched in establishments fitted up for the purpose. Some of them turn out as many as 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked ducks are sold in all the towns, and many of them are exported to countries where Chinamen reside.

Long hair is the newest fad among men. It is said that Henry Irving set the fashion in England, the swells followed closely, and now the New York dudes are using all manner of hair-growers to coax out their own capillary covering, so that with their cape coats they may be English to the last degree. Clean-shaven cheeks are also necessary to the dude who would be finished in the true Irving mold. By the way, this new style is hardly a la Prince of Wales, principally because Albert Edward has little or no hair to let grow, and then again he insists on wearing a full beard.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, ex-Attorney-General and leading counsel for Mr. Parnell, has a well-known trick of driving a point home to a jury which is inimitable by any other advocate. He begins to lead up to it with his right hand in his tail pocket, under his gown. Then he extracts a snuffbox, transfers it to his left hand, opens it, takes a pinch between the finger and thumb of his right, and with the box still in his left hand, and the pinch still in transit, he makes his point unerringly, so that it reaches his hearers' minds at the precise moment at which the pinch reaches its destination. Then with an inimitable flourish of a red and yellow bandana the oratorical effort is complete. But to be properly appreciated it must be seen.

WHAT will happen next? We are now assured by a medical authority that "plain living" is a fallacy. It is asserted that the stomach never performs its duty so effectually as when called to act upon a variety of food, provided of course that the food is well cooked. The popular opinion now is that a dinner consisting of three or four varieties of solid food is more easily digested than the meal which is confined to one sort only. The old-fashioned dinner of a single joint and a simply made pudding is pronounced to be a fruitful source of indigestion. On this subject Dr. George H. Taylor says in the *Sanitary Era*: "Ready-digested and easily digested foods are the abominations of dietetics; they prevent normal incitation of the digestive organs, necessary for normal secretions; they encourage a false notion that nutrition can be assured without reference to expenditure or to providing any use for nutritive material, and thus are liable to cause unnatural, irregular, unmanageable increase of the unstable ingredients of the organism, which react injuriously upon the digestive secretions, especially those of the liver. The prevalent recourse to these presumably enforced methods of nutrition are, in short, a violent and abnormal reaction against the former prevalent reign of physic, depletents, and so-called alteratives. These old methods actually provide modes of disposing of unused nutritive supplies, although they be morbid modes."

Looking a Gift Horse in the Mouth.

Clara's sister—"Oh, this must be Arthur's present!"

Clara—"Open it quick! I'm so afraid it won't be from Tiffany."

Clara's sister—"Well, is it!"

Clara (critically)—"Yes, so it is. It isn't a case, though; only a box. That's awfully shabby!"

Clara's sister—"But see what's inside A lovely necklace!"

Clara (coldly,—"I don't call that very lovely. A last year's design, not half as rich as Polly Thurston's. I think Arthur was very skimpy indeed."—*Christmas Number of Life.*

SANTA CLAUS GAME.

But the Object of His Visit Was Not to Bring Presents.

Gabriel Barton was an editor. After years of patient toil and continuous self-denial he had succeeded in amassing as large a competency of boys and girls as you could expect to find in a monogamic community.

Yet Gabriel was not content. Instead of being thankful for the blessings with which his family board was surrounded three times a day, he pined for other boons which he did not possess. He yearned ever for gold—that insiduous canker that gnaws the soul beyond reparation, and leaves a dark, indelible stain on the proudest escutcheons.

"Gold, gold! I must have gold!" he cried incessantly.

His strange demeanor was the occasion of grievous perplexity to his wife, for Estelle Barton was a simple, unaffected woman, ill acquainted with the selfish nature and ways of the cold world.

"But why, dear husband," she asked, "why clamor for the unattainable? Be satisfied with what we have—'tis humble, I know, but so long as our nine children are in good health, and so long as the water tax is not due, we surely shall not perish. Prithee, be content."

But alas, Estelle Barton's wise words weighed naught with Gabriel. Ceaselessly he yearned for debasing lucre, and his morbid appetite made him thin and pale, and brought a faltering into his gait and a tremulousness into his voice.

One bitter, cold Christmas eve little Eugenia Barton, the 9-year-old daughter, and the senior child of the family, asked, pleadingly, "Papa, do you not know what day to-morrow is?"

Gazing into the depths of the child's innocent blue eyes, Mr. Barton said, "How came you to know, child, that my note fell due to-morrow?"

"Nay, papa," interposed Eugenia, "I did not know it. But surely you cannot have forgotten it. To-morrow is Christmas—Christmas, papa! our gladdest, merriest day in all the year!"

A far-off look came into Mr. Barton's lack-lustre eyes.

"Well?" he uttered, inquiringly.

"Tell me, papa," cried Eugenia, "tell me will Santa Claus come this year?"

"I think I can safely say that, unless he intends to break his record, he will not," replied Mr. Barton promptly.

"Alas!" sighed Eugenia; and with this she hung her beautiful golden head.

Mr. Barton regretted that he had cast a gloom over the child's hopes. He sough to explain his seeming harshness.

"Why should Santa Claus come?" he asked, bitterly. "Haven't the neighbors got through lending us what we need? Where in all this great and heartless city can we expect to borrow anything to hang up?"

"True," said Eugenia, "I had not thought of that. Forgive me, dear papa, if in my puerile heedlessness I have caused you pain."

That night Eugenia sobbed herself to sleep on the sofa with a volume of old files tucked around her shivering form. How long she slept we will not presume to say. But the golden sunbeams of the early Christmas morn were dancing through the window frames and floating o'er the hardwood floor when she awoke. A man stood before her—a man clad in habiliments of fur. Eugenia uttered a cry of joy.

"Santa Claus!" she cried.

The man smiled pleasantly with that part of his personality that was exposed to the rigorous temperature of the editor's home.

"Oh, Santa Claus!" said Eugenia. "I knew you would come; we've been waiting for you year after year until the rest had given you up, but I—I knew you would come!"

Again the exposed surface of the fur-clad stranger wrinkled into a smile.

"Thank you for coming," continued Eugenia. "I knew that my faith in you would be rewarded. So tell me, dear Santa Claus, what gifts—what wealth of beauteous things—have you brought to pour out into our grateful laps at last?"

The strange, fur-clad figure stood still a moment as if dazed; then drew a bit of coin from the mysterious depths of his shaggy robe and tossed it to the anxious child.

"There's a nickel for you, little 'un," he said, as his tone betokened a kindly heart. "But, bless you, I'm not Santa Claus. I'm a constable!"

"One Foot in the Grave."

How often do we hear the above said of some poor pilgrim o'er life's thorny path, whose tottering step, pallid face, unnatural glitter of the eye and hacking cough, and its accompanying involuntary pressure of the hand over the lungs, the seat of the dread disease—consumption—that causes the remark? Too frequently, alas! and in the interests of such unfortunates this is penned, to assure them that their steps need tend no longer toward that narrow receptacle that awaits all—that is, until life's allotted space is covered—from any such cause, for the scientific researches of Dr. R. V. Pierce, resulting in the "Golden Medical Discovery," have wrested from Nature a remedy which never fails to cure this scourge of our race (which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs), if taken in time. Druggists sell it.

Figures That He Liked.

"Have you a good head for figures?

"No, but I have a good eye for them," and he gazed admiringly at a neat one flitting by in a handsome Newmarket.

ITCHING PILES.

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Clearing Up the Difficulty.

Eddie—And did Santa Claus really bring that big rocking-horse down the chimney?

Mamma—I suppose so, Eddie. That's what they say.

Eddie (eyeing the stove pipe)—Good gracious, mamma! How it must have grown since it came down!

A SEASONABLE BET.

A Man Who Knew All About It Finds Himself Left.

"Christmas and New Year's do not come on the same day of the week this year," remarked a solemn man at the bar of a city hotel.

"I guess you are mistaken, stranger," retorted a young fellow who had just emptied a bottle of blue label.

"No, sir; I am not."

"But I insist that you are."

"I am not a betting man," drawled the solemn man, as he wiped a tear out of his left eye, "but I'll wager you a bottle of the widow that I am right."

"That Christmas and New Year's do not come on the same day of the week this year?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I'll cover your wager," chirped the young fellow, smiling at the bar-keeper. "Now prove to me that you are correct."

"Got a calendar?"

"No."

"Well, never mind. I can prove the truth of my statement with or without an almanac."

"Go ahead; I'm getting thirsty."

"Well, my dear young friend," began the solemn man, "you see Christmas and New Year's, which are only a week apart, occur in different years, and not on the same day of the week this year. Come now, order the wine; I'm in a hurry. The gag is a fresh one, and I must make time if I expect to find any more sturgeons to-day."

For Ladies Only.

Ladies—why is it, that when your husband or your children are ill, you consult the best physician at once, care for them day and night, wear yourself out with sleepless watching, and never begrudge the heaviest doctor's bill, if only the dear ones are restored to health; while day after day, week after week, you endure that dull pain in your back—that terrible "dragging-down" sensation—and do absolutely nothing to effect a cure? In a few years you will be a helpless invalid, and soon your broken-hearted husband and motherless children will follow you to the grave. Perhaps delicacy prevents you consulting a physician—but even this is not necessary. Poor sufferer, tell your husband how miserably you feel—perhaps you never did—and ask him to stop to-night and get you a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has cured thousands of women suffering from weakness and complaints peculiar to your sex.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures when every other so-called remedy fails.

The most successful song writer of the day is said to be Will S. Hays, who has for many years been the river editor of a Louisville newspaper. He first became popularly known from his "Write Me a Letter from Home."

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