

Little Children.
ADELAIDE PROCTOR.
Our God in Heaven from that holy place,
To each of us an angel guide has given,
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give angels to their God and Heaven.
How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dear self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her dear child pleading
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?
How can she sin? Our heart may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied,
But can a mother's heart be cold or dreary
And thrust those little angel hands aside?
Those little hands stretched down to draw her
Ever nearer to God by mother-love—we all
Are blind or weak, yet surely she can never
With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.
She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice is all her own.
We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels flitting to and fro
Praise, smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.
One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet,
The children's place in Heaven—who softly
Sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings;
Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with, yes in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And ask her why their mother stays so long.
Then our dear queen makes answer, "She will
Soon be called"—meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen while she tells them
A story of her Jesus as a child.
Ah! saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers,
Yet there is a prayer in Heaven more tender still,
The little children pleading for their mothers.

Death of the Chief.
(E. Hough in New York Sun.)
"Now who are these, now who are these, that
swiftly bitherride?
New who are these that ride in blue?" the
Indian woman cried.
"They are scouts of the army, and they come
at break of day,
And they will seize our chief, our chief, and
carry him away!"
"What makes ye look so thin, so thin?" the
chief of scouts said;
"Are ye not fed by Government with beef and
also bread?"
"Nay, we are not, and we are not," the warriors
replied,
"These have been often promised us, but prom-
isers have lied."
"Why have ye paint upon the face?" the chief
of scouts asked,
"And why beneath your blankets close have ye
your rifles masked?"
"We have bitterness and sorrow, we have
famine and despair,
So we will die," the chieftain said, "in battle
foul or fair!"
"New will ye come, and will ye come?" the chief
of scouts said,
"For the general bids us bring ye though we
should bring ye dead!"
And the answer was the rushing that the hoofs
of horses made,
And the screaming of the rifles, and the flashing
of the blade!
Oh, bitter bleak, and bitter bleak, the northern
snow gust flew
O'er half a score of warriors in blanket and in
blue.
If these were starved or these were fed what
boots it me or you?
If half have fought for right and truth, but how
can that be true?
The general and his agent, shall they sit beside
the fire,
Shall they listen to the northern wind that walls
along the wire?
Shall their hearts be brave beside the board,
within the lighted room,
When the wind across the chieftain's grave is
singing of his doom?
Now on his grave, now on his grave, let simple
fate have room,
"Ye starve us, and ye slay us, and ye crowd us
to our doom!
The curse of Manitou be yours, and all curses of
the skies
Be on the man or government whose promises
are lies!"
Where is the grave, where is the grave, where
blacketed, a-leap,
Lies be whose death, if not his life, might shame
us all to weep?
Ye may mark it where the winter wind full
many a song hath made
Of the screaming of the rifle and the flashing
of the blade.

A Little World of His Own.
London Punch:
I'm a mighty man of science, and on that I place
reliance,
And I bari a stern defiance at what other
people say.
Learning I can I feebly kindle, with my
Haeckel, Huxley, Tyndall,
And all preaching is a swindle, that's the motto
of to-day.
I'd give the wildest latitude to each agnostic
attitude,
And everything's a platitude that springs not
from my mind;
I've studied etymology, astronomy, conchology,
And every other 'ology that any one can find,
I am a man of science with my bottle on the
shelf,
I'm game to make a little world and govern it
myself.
I'm a demon at dissection, and I've always had
affection for
For a curious collection from both animals
and man;
I've a lovely pterodactyl, some old bones a little
cracked, I'll
Get some monomies, and in fact pounce on
anything I can.
I'm full of lore botanical, and chemistry or-
ganical.
I oft put in a panic all the neighbors, I must
own.
They smell the fumes and phosphorus, from
London to the Bosporus;
Oh, and would be the loss for us, had I been
never known.
I am a man of science, with my bottles on the
shelf;
I'm game to make a little world and govern it
myself.

Three Letters.
I send you by express (she wrote)
Your presents every one.
Our friendship's past and I (a tear)
Am sorry it begun.
Now that it's Christmas time, you can
(Her eyes begin to swell)
Bestow them on some other girl,
You hateful man! Farewell!
The things came back (was his reply)
Your note came with them, too;
And really, dear, I've sought in vain
Some girl to give them to.
I'm in despair, and orly you
Can help me that is plain,
Come, say you'll be another girl,
And take them back again.
Dear John, you're right (she wrote again),
Return the gifts to me,
And after this, as you suggest,
Your sister I will be.

The rival ocean palaces, Teutonic and
City of New York, crossed the Atlantic 16
times each between May and December.
The average time of the Teutonic was 6
days, 6 hours and 5 minutes; that of her
rival, 6 days, 4 hours, and 55 minutes.
Vassar College points with pride to the
fact that no graduate of that institution
has ever been divorced from her husband.

BOB SCARLETT DEAD.

His Ante-Mortem Statement Implicate
a Saloon-keeper.

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE CORONER
Robert Scarlett died on Saturday morn-
ing at 4 o'clock from the injuries he re-
ceived on Christmas night.
James Douglas, one of the proprietors of
the Aquatic Hotel, Yonge street, from
which Scarlett was ejected, was brought
before Col. Denison on Saturday, charged
with causing Scarlett's death. Mr. Bigelow
appeared on behalf of the accused. No
evidence was offered, pending the coroner's
inquest. A formal remand was made till
to-day.
The ante-mortem statement of Scarlett
made before John Baxter, J. P., is as fol-
lows:
I, Robert Scarlett, being in a dying condition
and believing that I am not likely to recover,
and that I will die from my present illness,
and will not live, make this my dying declaration
as follows: I was going up to my sister's in King
street and met a friend. We went into Douglas's
in Yonge street. He keeps a saloon there. We
had a drink. Douglas was chatting me and said
he was a better built man than me. He came
from behind the bar and caught hold of me, and
we had a scuffle. Then he opened the door and
came into a lane. He threw me down and kicked
me in the belly once or twice. He then went in.
I got up and came home. I came straight home,
I was not injured by any one else.

ROBERT SCARLETT.
Coroner Johnson opened the inquiry
into the circumstances of Scarlett's death
at his boarding house, 59 Regent street, on
Saturday afternoon. After viewing the
body an adjournment was made to the
Police Court, where the jury reassembled
at 7 o'clock.

Charles R. Gray was the first witness.
He swore as follows: I was in the Aquatic
saloon at 10.30 Christmas night. Deceased
and Douglas were there and bantering
good-naturedly. Deceased was drinking. I
left the place and went half way to King
street. I came back and saw Scarlett
standing apart in the room. In a minute
or two I turned round and saw Douglas
with his arms around deceased's waist.
Douglas pushed Scarlett towards the side
door of the room. They struggled in the
doorway and went down, Douglas on top.
Douglas helped Scarlett up and the latter
went out. I saw him in the lane. He had
had a good deal to drink, but knew what he
was doing and saying. Scarlett walked
away as if nothing had happened, perfectly
straight. Douglas put him out quietly and
used no violence. Only myself, my brother,
Captain Kemp and Lewis Walker
could see what went on. Douglas could
not have kicked or struck Scarlett in the
position they were in. Douglas showed no
irritation.

J. W. Gray, Lewis Walker, T. C. Kemp,
Joseph Westman (bar tender in the
Aquatic) and Joseph Chambers, Charles
Andrews and William Farley gave similar
evidence. None of them saw Mr. Douglas
kick Scarlett.
Dr. J. H. McFaul saw deceased at 2 a. m.
Friday. He complained of pain in the ab-
domen and back. There were no marks of
violence on the body.
The inquest will be continued his even-
ing at 8 o'clock.

Mr. Douglas was admitted to bail.
Bob Scarlett's Death.
Coroner Johnson concluded the Scarlett
inquest in Toronto last night. Drs. Old-
right and Spencer, who conducted the post
mortem, were the only witnesses and they
gave evidence to the effect that the de-
ceased's death resulted from peritonitis,
but could not definitely assign any particu-
lar cause. The jury brought in a verdict
of death from peritonitis, practically leav-
ing the cause of the fatality a conjecture.
Mr. Douglas was thereupon discharged, so
far as the coroner's inquest is concerned,
but he will have to appear before the Police
Magistrate on Monday next to be dis-
charged from the \$8,000 bonds under which
he is at present.

A CASE FOR THE "OAT."

Personated a Millionaire's Son and Com-
mitted Bigamy.
A Buffalo despatch says: Harry Ham-
lin, son of Cicero J. Hamlin, the million-
aire grape sugar manufacturer and owner
of race horses, has a double who figures
in a divorce case, which became public
through proceedings in the Supreme Court.
Mr. Hamlin's father owns the big iron
block occupied by Barnes & Hengener, dry
goods merchants. Until recently Miss
Maud Westcott was a clerk in the store.
The duplicate Mr. Hamlin became ac-
quainted with her, represented that he had
untold wealth, and proposed marriage.
She did not know that the real Harry
Hamlin was married, and consented to
elope under the delusion that she was
marrying into wealth. She was not quite
sixteen. They went to Niagara Falls and
were married. They remained at a hotel
there and the deceiver telegraphed the girl's
mother to come for her.
Investigation showed that he was pre-
viously married to Virginia Rudston, of
Bath, Ont., and that his real name is
Harry Thorner. He carried Harry Ham-
lin's visiting cards, dressed in good taste,
and personated the millionaire's son suc-
cessfully on many occasions. If he returns
to Buffalo he will be arrested for abduction
and bigamy. She is suing for divorce.

Gave Herself Up.
A Detroit despatch says: Gussy Lawless,
the servant girl supposed to be the mother
of the infant whose dead body was found
in a vault in the rear of 373 Abbott street
last Saturday afternoon, and for whom the
police have been searching ever since, sur-
rendered herself at the Trumbull avenue
station yesterday morning and was after-
wards transferred to jail. She will be
arraigned in the Police Court on a charge
of infanticide. It appears that she has been
in London, Ont., since Saturday, and
returned here yesterday with a male friend
to get possession of her trunks. Hearing
that officers were after her she gave herself
up.

One block of real estate owned by Queen
Victoria is the most valuable in the British
Kingdom. It is in London, of course, and
includes both sides of the Quadrant and
Regent street from Piccadilly circus to
Oxford street.
—The best shelter for a young girl is her
mother's wing, especially if she's a little
"chick."

FIGHTING IN AFRICA.

Emin Pasha's Forces Win a Victory and
Free Some Slaves.

A Berlin cable says: The Tagblatt pub-
lishes a letter from a correspondent in
Zanzibar, dated December 5th. The letter
states that Emin Pasha recently sent
Lieuts. Langheld and Buslow, at the head
of a body of troops, to Urumbo, where they
fought a battle with the Watutsa tribe,
defeating the latter with severe loss. The
Watutsa tribe were subsequently joined by
the Waniamwesti tribe, and again attacked
the German troops. Another severe engage-
ment followed. The Watutsa were again
defeated. This second defeat was partly
due to the desertion of the Watutsa by
their allies. The Germans lost three killed
and had nine wounded. Lieut. Sigle, of the
German force, was wounded in the head.
The Watutsa escaped with difficulty. The
letter also states that Commander Stuhl-
mann recently captured a slaver's camp
near the Victoria Nyanza, after a fight in
which many Arabs were killed. The Ger-
mans released a large number of slaves. A
quantity of ivory, gunpowder, a hundred
muskets, and a quantity of other property
were seized. The troops then marched to
Makongo, where they met Emin.

The Turf.

The sale at Babylon, L. I., last week of the
crack racers and the pick of the yearlings
at the nursery stables of the late August
Belmont brought hosts of the most promi-
nent turfmen in the country out to Babylon
on Saturday. The event was generally
regarded as the most important sale of
racing horses that had occurred since the
selling of the Ranococas stable in 1886, and
the interest was correspondingly great.
With such flyers as Potomac, champion
2-year-old, the great Racland, Prince
Royal and La Tosca to be disposed of, it
was anticipated that the bidding would be
exceedingly lively and the prices paid
away up. For Potomac \$50,000 was talked
of as about the right figure, while the other
cracks were put down at \$10,000 to \$20,000,
and expectations were aroused to a high
pitch.

Racland, the famous bay gelding, and
winner of the '89 Suburban, was the first
lot offered. The price was started at
\$3,000 by Fred Eschner, and from that
point the figure slowly went up to \$6,500.
The horse was on the point of being
knocked down to Father Bill Daley, when
Michael F. Dwyer bid the figure up to
\$7,000, at which price he became the owner.
It was expected that at least \$10,000 would
be realized. As Potomac was brought into
the ring the sports began to show more
interest and there was a cheer when
Eschner started the bidding at \$15,000.
The bidding was slow, at \$500 a jump, till
\$20,000 was reached. Billy Lakeland,
W. C. Daley, Dave Gideon, Eschner,
Jennings and Jimmy Rowe were among
the bidders. Then Mike Dwyer jumped
in with a \$1,000 rise, and was seen with
\$1,000 better by Rowe. Two more bids
brought the price to \$25,000. At this price
Potomac, one of the grandest horses ever
led into a sale ring, was knocked down to
M. F. Dwyer. The comparatively small
price realized for him was a great
disappointment, and was due in all
probability to the fact that he was not
eligible for some of the richest 3 year-old
for stakes to be decided next year. The sales
were as follows:

Racland, b. g. foaled 1885, by imported Billet, dam Calomel, winner of 28 races out of 45 starts; M. Dwyer.....	\$ 7,000
Prince Royal, ch. h. foaled 1885, by King- fisher, dam Princess, winner of 18 races out of 39 starts; F. Dwyer.....	5,500
St. Carlo, ch. c. foaled 1887, by imported St. Blaise, dam Carina; W. F. Jen- nings.....	1,600
Magnate, b. c. foaled 1887, by imported The Ill-Used, dam Magnetism; Key- stone's stable.....	3,600
Potomac, ch. c. foaled 1888, by imported St. Blaise, dam Susquehanna, winner of the great Futurity, the Flatbush and the Red Bank stakes; M. F. Dwyer.....	25,000
St. Charles, ch. c. foaled 1888, by imported St. Blaise, dam Carina, winner of the Juvenile stakes; W. M. Barry.....	3,700
Masher, b. c. foaled 1888, by imported The Ill-Used, dam Magnetism; F. Eschner La Tosca, ch. f. foaled 1888, by imported St. Blaise, dam Tonques; Hough Bros.....	6,000
Flavia, ch. f. foaled 1888, by imported St. Blaise, dam Flavia; P. McCabe.....	13,000
Beauty, ch. f. foaled 1888, by imported St. Blaise, dam Bella; J. McCormick.....	2,800

The yearlings are royally bred and were
as follows:

Alliance, ch. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Affinity; M. J. Daly.....	.30
Bellissima, b. f. by imported The Ill Used, dam Bella; W. C. Daly.....	2,100
Captive, b. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Fair, by imported A. Thompson.....	1,800
Fidello, b. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Fillette; W. C. Daly.....	1,300
Ingot, b. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Simple Gold; W. C. Daly.....	5,100
Magnolia, b. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Fair, by imported W. C. Horton.....	3,400
His Highness, b. c. by imported The Ill Used, dam Princess; D. Gideon.....	1,450
Regina, ch. f. by imported The Ill Used, dam Royalty; Burridge Bros.....	3,100
Tarantella, b. f. by imported The Ill Used, dam Tarboine; D. Gideon.....	3,050
Caliph, b. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Sultana; A. Thompson.....	5,100
St. Carlos, ch. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Carina; F. H. Dwyer.....	1,900
St. Felix, b. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Fillette; Burridge Bros.....	6,600
St. Florian, ch. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Fan Follet; R. W. Walden.....	1,500
St. Mark, b. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Black Maria; O. J. Decker.....	800
Bel Demoulin, b. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Beladonna; J. Higgins.....	4,000
King Cadmus, b. c. by Kingfisher, dam Carita; G. E. Smith.....	4,600
Victory, b. c. by Brag, dam imported Viola; D. Johnson.....	2,800
Schuykiki, ch. c. by imported St. Blaise, dam Susquehanna; D. Gideon.....	71,900
Total.....	7,100

Total for 10 horses in training.....
Average.....
Total for 18 yearlings.....
Average.....
The total value of stakes won during
1890, calculated according to rule 119 of the
Rules of Racing in force this year, exclu-
sive of matches and private sweepstakes
(which amounted to £1,900) was: In Eng-
land, £418,427 18s.; in Scotland, £11,667,
and in Ireland, £15,605 19s. 2d.
In 1874 the amounts won in stakes was:
In England, £306,958 19s.; in Scotland,
£8,316, and in Ireland, £11,876.
In 1884 the amounts were: In England,
£381,857 17s.; in Scotland, £7,916 4s., and
in Ireland, £10,447 9s. 2d.
These sums do not include prizes to
second and third.

Continued trouble with her eyes prevents
Mrs. Grant from working on her book.
—"Shall I wire you again?" said the
barbed fence to the bull.

SURE CURE FOR CORNS.

Crude Petroleum Will Speedily Settle the
Worst Old Stager.

"You are troubled with corns, are you?"
said a Pittsburger to one of his friends
who walked with a peculiar limping gait,
says the Pittsburger Dispatch.
"Well, everybody has a remedy for
them, but the trouble with most of the
remedies is that they are no good with-
out faith, and the man afflicted with
corns generally considers his case hopeless."
"But I can tell you of a cure that is
simple and effectual. Soak the afflicted
portion of your feet for a considerable time
every night—the longer the better—in
crude petroleum; then saturate a cloth
with the same stuff, wrap it around your
toe, put your stocking on and then go to
bed.
"A few nights of this treatment will
cause the corn to disappear. I first heard
of this remedy when living in the oil
region, and of course I laughed at it. But
a little inquiry among the men who worked
about the tanks and wells convinced me
that they believed in it.
"They said they were never troubled
with corns, and assured me that the frequent
wetting of their shoes in the oil—a thing
they cannot avoid in their occupation—had
the effect of driving all these trouble-
some excrescences away. Try it and it
will cure you."

BET HA COULD SHOOT.

A Detroit Colored Woman Who Is Now a
Murderess.

A Detroit despatch says: A terrible
shooting scrape took place at 10.30 last
night on the corner of Brush and Fort
streets. Bertha White, alias McPherson,
a disreputable colored woman, fired a bullet
into the left breast of Fanny Tascall, and
sent one through the foot of Kittie Dupee.
The McPherson woman then took to her
heels, ran down Beaubien street, and darted
into a joint kept by Mrs. Greinger. A few
minutes later Detective Green found her
secreted behind a bed in one of the rooms.
She was locked up in the Central Station
charged with assault with intent to kill.
Upon investigation it was found that the
Dupee woman was not seriously injured.
Miss Tascall was taken to the Emergency
Hospital. She will probably die. The
occasion of the shooting was caused by the
jealousy existing between the women
over a disreputable colored rough, Sonny
White.

The Big Foot Fight.

The following despatch from Pine Ridge
Agency shows the steps which led up to
the attack and massacre on Monday:
The first battalion of the Seventh
Cavalry, consisting of Troops A, B, I and
K, under command of Major G. M. Whit-
side, arrived at Wounded Knee Creek at
dark on the evening of the 26th for the
purpose of intercepting and, if possible,
capturing Big Foot's band of Indians, who
recently escaped from Colonel Sumner on
the Cheyenne river. Early on the morn-
ing of the 27th scouts were sent out for
the purpose of locating the fugitives, and
about half-past 11 a. m. to-day a scout ar-
rived with the intelligence that Big Foot,
with 150 men and 250 women and children,
had moved into camp on the Porcupine
Creek. Immediately the bugle sounded "Boots
and Saddles," and within eleven minutes
the battalion was filing through the hills
toward the Indians' camp on a gallop, and
in a very short time the troops were upon
the brow of a hill overshadowing the camp.
The troops formed in position in double
columns of fours, relating to the right
and left, with two Hotchkiss guns in the
centre, commanded by Lieutenant Haw-
thorne.

The Indians also drew up in line and for
a few moments seemed undecided as to
what action they would take, when finally
a delegation began moving toward the
troops under a flag of truce. When Major
Whit-side ascertained that Big Foot was
not one of the number he demanded that
he should appear in person, where-
upon he was told that Big Foot was sick.
The major, however, insisted, and Big
Foot was finally brought to his presence in
a spring wagon together with his wife,
each of whom was positively sick.

Big Foot said he was sick and denied
that he had ever surrendered to Col. Sum-
ner or that he was even notified by that
commander that he was to consider him-
self and people as prisoners. Major
Whit-side had Big Foot and his wife trans-
ferred to an ambulance, ordered all the
other Indians to dismount and form in
double columns in centre of the line of
troops, in which position they were es-
corted to Wounded Knee Creek and en-
camped there within a perfect cordon of
guards, with a battalion of Hotchkiss and
Gatling guns conveniently overshadowing
their village.

Brutal Wife Murder.

A Brooklyn despatch says: Mrs. Bridget
Donnelly was murdered by her husband,
Henry Donnelly, this forenoon in a tenement
on Columbia place. The murderer was
arrested. Mrs. Donnelly recently left her
husband on account of his violent temper,
and went to live with a married daughter
at the house where she was killed. The
husband called there last night and stayed
over night. This morning he asked his
wife to return to him, but she refused.
Donnelly became so enraged that he pulled
a shoemaker's knife from his pocket and
stabbed his wife twice in the abdomen and
struck her fell to the floor and expired in
a few minutes.

His Last Railway Trip.

A Dover, N. H., despatch says: Isaac B.
Sawtell, convicted of the murder of his
brother Hiram and sentenced to be hanged
January 5th, 1891, left here to-day under
guard for the State prison at Concord,
where he is to remain until the execution
of his sentence. He bade farewell to all
the jail attaches, thanking them for their
kindness to him, and as the train left the
depot he threw kisses to some of the ladies
on the platform and shouted "Good-bye,
good-bye." He is apparently in the best
of spirits and has no fear of the future,
and does not believe he will ever be hanged.

Lord Tennyson is in excellent health.
The Hon. Hallam Tennyson writes a corre-
spondent that, notwithstanding the severe
weather and his advanced age, his Lord-
ship, who is staying at Farringford, Fresh-
water, Isle of Wight, takes his usual walk
every day.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.
"Buckwheat and ham?" asked the maid at our
table.
"The morning was white with new snow by the
way.
And I mused on these dawns when we boys to
the stable,
Hied forth to slice mangolds and fodder with
hay,
Then back to the house, with some frost in our
fingers,
To breakfast on buckwheat, and bacon and
corn;
And as warm as that food its fond memory
lingers,
As I gaze on the same among strangers this
morn."

Ah me, not the same, for the delicate flavor.
Has gone with the hope that in youth was the
spice
That gave to the simplest of fare such a savor,
As comes not to buckwheat or destiny twice.
The goal may be gained that we longed for at
starting,
And the girl who is sweeter than honey or
jam,
But, as light leaves a cloud when the day is
departing,
Some flavor has fled from the buckwheat and
baun.
COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HAMILTON.

—A l c k-out does not follow a baseball
player's strike.
—Figures must get tired standing, as it
is said that they don't lie.

—The fellow who plays a king on the
stage may be a knave in real life.
—If every man was for himself, the
devil would surely be for us all.

—A kiss thrown by a young woman may be
wasted, but is not thrown away.
—Inebriety in palatial places is just
as revolting as drunkenness in the slums.

—The biggest sponges in the world are
found at the free lunch counters.
—A pillow thief held on to the pillow,
though he gave the police the slip.

—When the millennium arrives the
recording angel will probably make a vacation.
—Teacher—What is the gender of grave?
Willie—Masculine! Teacher—Why so?
Willie—Because it gives up no secrets.

—The rich folk who get their sermons by
telephone in London secure sound doctrine,
at all events.
—"Speed the parting gessed," said the
editor, as he threw the solved conundrum
in the waste basket.

—Singers can raise a note without being
liable to arrest. They must look out for a
rest while singing, though.
—The present visiting card for women
is large and square, married women using
a larger size than single women.

—James R. Garfield, a son of the late
President Garfield, was married in
Chicago last Saturday to Miss Helen
Newell.

—The German Kaiser rises every morn-
ing at 7. He takes a cold shower bath, is
shaved and shampooed, and by 7.30 is ready
for breakfast with the Empress.

—Henry—How do you like that \$60
watch I sent you? Maud—You were badly
stuck on that watch. I only got \$2 on it.

THE SKATING GIRL.
Now doth the gentle skater skate,
The while admirers on her wait;
Her plainer sister glides alone—
For 'tis a fact to mankind known,
That beauty's ankles are unsteady,
To trip and totter ever ready—
While wall flowers of the social ball
Can skate without support at all.

—The Soudanese women wear no shoes,
but decorate their ankles with bright bands
of the most precious metals when they can
get them. They also wear rings on their
toes.

—Prof. Koch takes a horseback ride at
three o'clock every afternoon. This is his
only means of exercise, and by four o'clock
he is back at his work in the hygienic in-
stitute.

—Queen Amelie of Portugal is now almost
restored to health. She is the prettiest and
most fascinating of the sovereign ladies of
Europe. She is tall, and has a graceful
figure and a charmingly impressive face.

—Bishop Katzer, who is to be made
Archbishop of the Roman Catholic
Diocese of Milwaukee, is less than 47
years of age, and has been Bishop of
Green Bay since 1876. He is a native of
Austria.

—Grand Duke Nicholas, one of the
Czar's uncles, has become insane and has
been placed under restraint. He is 60 years
of age and has had a most adventurous
career, his life being filled with sensational
scandals.

—Solemn thought—Probably some of
those barem-scarum young fellows who
were belching forth their demonical strains
through fish-horns into the ears of inoffen-
sive citizens along the streets last night
will be in jail as 1891 is expiring. It is
hard to say.

—Bones facilis has captured the girls of
merry England. It is a most fascinating
work, a kind of new relief modelling in
metal, which can afterwards be colored or
not and gemmed. It is very easy, but little
instruction is required, and has great
beauty when done.

THE LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.
The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you;
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your house with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross and curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop the trouble out of sight;
To the little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night. —Exchange.

—The chief gown worn by the Austrian
Empress is a straight, black, plaited skirt
with a bodice like a Swiss peasant's. Over
this she wears a loose jacket, which she
changes three times a day, the material
varying with the temperature.
—The prettiest inkstand and penwiper
shown this season is Chinese in ornamenta-
tion. To get ink you must open the back
of the head of the image, and to wipe your
pen use the fan of many colored silk gauze
which the image holds. The inside of the
hand contains a box of pens.
—Mr. Depew used to smoke fifteen to
twenty cigars a day—Partagas and Roas
Perfectos. He found that his stomach was
constantly refusing to perform its func-
tions; he couldn't sleep at night and he
couldn't work without a cigar in his mouth.
After a three months struggle he gave up
the weed.—New York Press.