

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Christmas Morning.

In the rush of early morning,  
When the red burns through the gray,  
And the wintry world lies waiting  
For the glory of the day:  
Then we hear a joyful rustling  
Just without upon the stair,  
See two small, white, plump things coming,  
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing  
Rows of little socks to fill  
Are they angels floating hither  
With their messages of good will?  
What great spells are these two elves weaving  
As little larks they chirp and sing?  
Are these pains of peace from heaven  
That the lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,  
Eager faces peeping through,  
With the first red rays of sunshine,  
Chanting choruses come in view;  
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,  
Symbols of a blessed day,  
In their chubby hands they carry,  
Steaming a-long the way.

We will know them never weary  
Of this innocent surprise;  
Waiting, watching, listening always  
With full hearts and tender eyes,  
While our little household angels,  
White and golden in the sun,  
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—  
"Merry Christmas, every one!"

### Christmas Cheer.

**ROAST TURKEY.**—A good method for roasting turkey is, after having prepared and stuffed it as for boiling, to tie a couple of slices of fat pork on its breast, and put it in the baking pan with a very little water, some pepper and salt. Dredge with flour, the neck being laid in the bottom of the pan, put in a hot oven and baste often. When it is nearly done, remove the pieces of pork, so as to allow the breast to brown. It should be taken to the table while hot, and served with cranberry sauce or jelly. The gravy or sauce should not be poured over the bird, as it is a nuisance to the carver.

**ROAST TURKEY WITH OYSTER FORCEMEAT.**—Lay the bird on its breast and cut down the middle of the back in a straight line; then, cutting from the neck downward, and keeping the knife-blade close to the carcass, find the joints which unite the wings to the body and unjoint them, leaving the bones of the wings and the legs in the flesh. In this way free the bony carcass of the turkey entirely from the flesh, taking care not to cut through the outer skin, especially along the breastbone, where there is the greatest danger. Lay the flesh thus separated from the bones upon the table, skin side downward, seasoning with salt and pepper to suit the tastes of those who are to partake. Place the liver, after the gall has been cut away, on the skin of the neck from which the crop has been removed, lay on the oyster forcemeat in sufficient quantity to fill out the body plumply, then bring the skin together and fasten it by large stitches, taking care that the original shape is preserved as closely as may be practicable. The roasting is then done in the usual manner.

**DRESSING.**—Into a large bowl rub very fine the soft part of a small stale loaf, using none of the crust. Season the crumbs very highly with summer savory rubbed fine, salt and pepper. Then into a hot frying pan put two or three large spoonfuls of good dripping, add the seasoned crumbs and begin stirring the mass as one would scramble eggs, mixing the dripping well with the bread and adding more of either as necessary. In two minutes or less all will be steaming hot and moist, when it should be turned back into the big bowl and allowed to cool a little before being used.

**REAL OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.**—One and three-quarters pounds of raisins, one and three-quarters pounds of currants, one and three-quarters pounds of Sultana raisins, one and three-quarters pounds of suet, one pound of candied peel, three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, one and one-half pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, seven eggs, one nutmeg, one-half bottle of brandy. Sprinkle a little flour before mixing everything up, so as to make it less sticky, then mix well together with the hands first. Boil in small puddings, about eight hours, or six hours at first, and then two the day of serving. Put the pudding in a bowl, cover top with paper and tie the whole in a cloth. If the pudding is to be boiled twice, do not remove the cloth, but tighten the second day of boiling.

**RICH MINCE PIE.**—To five pounds of finely-minced beef use eight pounds of suet, juicy apples, weighed after being pared and cored, then minced fine; one pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of finely-chopped suet, one pint of New Orleans molasses, four pounds of granulated sugar, two ounces each of ground cinnamon and cloves, a tablespoonful of salt, a bowl of currant jelly, three pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of well-washed English currants. Mix well and set over the fire. When butter and jelly have melted add enough sweet cider to moisten well, and cook slowly for a couple of hours. If the meat is canned boiling hot, it may be kept for an indefinite time without using wine or liquor. Many times a housewife will have in the house fruit syrups that may be substituted for a portion of the cider, and with good result. The liquor from pickled peaches is excellent for this purpose. A few words as to the preparation of the meat itself: It will be found juicy and tender if put over the fire in boiling water and cooked very slowly until tender. Shortly before it is done season with salt, and allow it to remain in the liquor in which it is cooked until cold. The mistake is sometimes made of placing the meat in cold water. This draws the juices from the meat, making an excellent soup, but leaving the meat dry and tasteless.

The following rule for the crust is simple and reliable: A generous pint of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half level teaspoonful salt, three-fourths of a cupful of shortening, half butter, half lard. Sift the salt and baking powder with the flour. Have the butter and lard very cold, and chop through the flour until very fine. Mix to a stiff paste with ice cold water. This makes a crust that is light and tender, though not so flaky as the celebrated French paste, which takes so much time and patience to prepare.

### Chocolate Almonds.

Cut up one pound of chocolate and dissolve it with two or three teaspoonfuls of milk or cream in an enameled saucepan, or a jar standing in a saucepan of boiling water. When quite dissolved mix with it about four pounds of confectioner's sugar and sufficient milk or cream to make it into a thick

paste. Then add about a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla and about one-fourth teaspoonful of ratalia, according to taste. Have ready one-half pound of Valencia almonds, which have been blanched and dried in the oven to make them crisp, and while the paste is quite hot cover each almond with some of it, moulding them into a nice shape with the fingers. Roll them immediately in a soup plate or pie dish of fine crystallized sugar till quite covered, and place them on flat dishes for a few hours to harden. This quantity should make one hundred and fifty chocolate almonds.

### How to Make Cider Jelly.

A good substitute for wine jelly will find favor with those who object to the use of wine in cooking. One cupful of cold water, one-half box of Nelson's gelatine, one cupful of boiling water, a small stick of cinnamon, one cupful of granulated sugar, the juice and grated rind of one large lemon, one and one-half cupfuls of sweet cider. Let the gelatine soak half an hour in the cold water. Pour the boiling water upon the cinnamon and let it stand at the back of the range till slightly flavored. When the gelatine is soft add the sugar and boiling water. Stir until dissolved, then add cider and lemon and strain. If it is desired to mould the jelly, allow the mixture to cool, then dip the mould into cold water and pour the jelly in before it begins to stiffen.

### Christmas Cookies.

Take seven and a half ounces of butter let it melt on the fire, pour it slowly into a deep dish, taking care that the sediment does not mix again with the clear melted butter. It is the latter only which is used. Allow it to stiffen, but not to get hard. Then stir it in one and the same direction until of the consistency of thick cream, and add gradually, while you continue to stir, ten ounces of fine sugar, four eggs (which have been beaten before-hand), one-tenth of an ounce of cinnamon and fourteen ounces of the best flour. Keep stirring until you have a very smooth and light batter, then grease a shallow cake pan with melted butter and drop the batter in it by teaspoonfuls, taking care that the little heaps are not too near each other. Flatten each heap a little by a touch of the spoon, and bake them in a moderately hot oven until of a light yellow color. When done, cover the cookies with icing and put them back in the oven for a few minutes to allow the icing to get dry.

These cookies belong to the province of Holstein. The next is a recipe coming from Frankfurt-on-the-Main. It is for quince paste. Take some ripe quinces, peel and cut in quarters, remove core and seeds, cover them with water and boil until quite soft. Drain them and mash them through a hair sieve into a vessel which has been weighed beforehand. Then weigh it again with the quince, and get the weight of the latter by subtracting that of the vessel. Now take sugar weighing as much as the quince and put it on the fire to boil, with the water drained off, in proportion of one pint to one pound of sugar. Let it boil until, by dropping a wooden skewer into cold water, then into the boiling syrup and back into the water, you can whirl the syrup sticking to the skewer into a globule. This is called in French cookery "cuisson au bouillie." The sugar having boiled to this degree, you add to it the quince and boil the whole, stirring vigorously until it grows stiff and hard to the touch. Have little moulds of various shapes and sizes, fill them with your quince paste, put them in a warm place for a few days to harden, then turn out the paste and keep it in a dry place; or put your paste on a baking board which you have dusted over with powdered sugar, roll it out to any thickness you please, and mould it by means of a variety of cake cutters into different shapes.

### A Race that is Always Drunk.

"Did you know that there is an entire race of people who are never sober?" asked a traveller recently. "Well, it's a fact. There is in the world to-day an entire race of people who regard sobriety as a calamity and drunkenness as the acme of bliss. These people are called the Ainu, and inhabit the northern islands of Japan. They were the aborigines of Japan, but were crowded northward by the present inhabitants until they have reached 'the jumping-off place,' much as our Indians have been driven into the setting sun by the aggressive white man. And they are jumping off, too, at an alarming rate. They must have numbered several millions at one time, but now cannot count 20,000.

"They are a small, hairy, half-civilized people of a low order of intelligence and the filthiest on the face of the earth. The Japs believe that cleanliness is cousin-german to godliness, and are always paddling in the water, but the Ainu never bathe. At bear feasts and funerals they make a pretence of washing hands and face, but not a drop of water touches their bodies except by accident. They have a drink called sake. It is enough to cure an American of dipsomania, but it will make one drunk, and is swallowed by the Ainu in enormous quantities. Men, women, and children appear to be always drunk. I paid them several visits while coasting in the Eastern seas, and I never saw a member of the race who could be accused of being even reasonably sober."

### Hatching Eggs By Electricity.

A novelty in the hatching of eggs has appeared in the shape of an electric incubator. The special feature of this machine is that the heat of the egg drawer is automatically regulated to the fiftieth part of a degree. It consists of a tank incubator, heated by a radiation from the bottom of a water tank, which is constructed on the multitubular system. When the egg drawer reaches the temperature of 104 degrees an electric thermostat connects a dry battery with an electromagnet which actuates a damper, allowing the heat to escape through the open air, instead of passing through the fines of the water tank.

### A Comforting Thought.

Mrs. Hockheimer—Dis was awful, Abe—all four of der children down mit der measles at fun time!

Mr. Hockheimer—Vell, cheer up, Repecca. Any way, ve save by having der doctor treat all four at vunce, ain't it? Suppose dey vas sick vun after anudder, hey?

In the twelfth century a hook was attached to a footman's spear to enable him to drag a knight from the saddle.

### Curiosities of Currencies.

Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value, taking it at a time when it was very universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little States of Northern Italy and the imperfect coinage systems of the other countries of the Continent. A writer in *Siftings* says:—The decimal system is in almost universal use on the continent of Europe. Five nations—France, Italy, Belgium, Greece, and Switzerland—have formed a monetary union, and the silver and gold pieces of one country are legal coins in each of the other four. The copper coins and small nickel pieces of Belgium and Switzerland are not included. The standard coins on the Continent are:—In France, the franc; in Spain, the peseta; in Italy, the lira; in Holland and Austria, the florin; in Germany, the mark; in Russia, the rouble, Belgium and Switzerland use the French name for the piece of 20 sous. Each of these pieces is, like the American dollar, divided into 100 parts, called kopeck in Russia, pfennig in Germany, kreutzer in Austria, cent in Holland, and in Italy, France, and Spain by the word meaning hundredth. These small copper coins are at the post-office in France and collectively in certain industries, but are not in general circulation. In Italy and Spain they have a purchasing value with the small shopkeepers and are seen everywhere. The origin of the names of coins in present use is curious. In many cases they imply a standard of weight that lost its significance long ago. This is the case with the English standard, the pound. The word shilling is of German derivation, like penny, which comes from the German pfennig. The word "crown" came from the image placed on the coin. The name franc was given by King John, who first coined these pieces in 1360. They bore the motto, *Le Roi Franc* (King of the Franks), and were of two kinds, one representing the king on horseback, and the other on foot. The franc was formerly also called *livre* (pound), though the connection with any special weight is not evident. The name of the German coin, mark, meaning a weight of eight ounces, was formerly in general use in Europe. The name of the Italian coin that corresponds with the franc (lira) also means pound. The coins in present use in Spain have their names from other sources. The five-peseta piece, which corresponds with the American dollar, is called *esudo* (shield). "Peseta," the name of the small coin representing the monetary standard, means simply "little piece." "Rouble" is from the word meaning "to cut," and was so called because originally the coin was made with an ornamental edge. Few persons have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German *thal* (valley), and came into use in this way some 300 years ago. There is a little silver mining city or district in Northern Bohemia called *Joachimsthal*, or *Joachim's Valley*. The reigning duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "joachimsthaler." The word "joachim" was soon dropped, and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany, and also in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by the Americans with still other changes in the spelling. The Mexican dollar is generally called "piastre" in France, and the name is sometimes applied to the United States dollar. The appellation is incorrect in either case, for the word piastre or piastra has for the last 50 years been only applied with correctness to a small silver coin used in Turkey and Egypt.

### Curing a Cold.

The following is the advice given by a prominent doctor for getting rid of a cold: When the first symptoms manifest themselves is the time for action, and this should consist of a hot mustard foot-bath before going to bed and a hot draught of milk. The covering of the body should be linen and wool, the former in the way of the sheet and the latter in the blanket. No attempt to get up an active sweating should be made. The foot-bath and the warm drink will give a sense of warmth and facilitate the natural excretion of materials which should pass away by the skin, and any effort to aggravate this will be not only superfluous, but harmful. The blanket should never be worn next to the night-robe, and should not be so thick as to confine the air next to the body. It is, indeed, often advisable to lighten the covering of the feet, and to preserve a certain amount of weight over the loins, and to have the shoulders protected from the external surroundings in general. The last measure is not to be underrated. A sensitive lung carries with it susceptibility to take to itself everything that could possibly affect it to its detriment. Lung diseases belong to sensitive persons, and may or may not be the sequence of a "cold." The majority of them, however, can be traced to imprudence in dress and exposure. Pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption are partners of carelessness in the dressing of the chest and back, and "colds," which might stop at the throat by a little prudence, are their apprentices. If you have unconsciously contracted a cold and want to get relief from it, you must, in the first place, avoid too much medication. A properly clad skin and a clear digestion ought to shorten the life of the "cold." If a little comfort can be secured by wearing a light covering on the head during indoor hours it should be respected. Ventilation of apartments comes in for a slight amount of attention, and it should be simply sufficient to furnish fresh air and not to produce currents which can be appreciated. Nothing is more fallacious than the belief that health is promoted and life prolonged by air in excess, and this is proved by tombstones. There are a few good remedies which appeal to us as matters of tradition. Our grandparents used them with effect, and we might follow their example without injury. One of these is *sassafras* tea, another is *boneset* tea and another is *sema* tea. Each has its office, and each is of value in its peculiar line, and at the same time is harmless.

### No Time to Lose.

Featherstone—My ears were frost-bitten last winter, and I wouldn't be surprised if I had to wear ear-muffs this year.

Ringway—You'd better see about it right away.

Featherstone—Why? It isn't cold enough yet.

Ringway—Maybe not, old chap, but you will have to get them made to order.

### IN THE FOG'S EMBRACE.

**A Collision at Sea with None Able Either to Warn or to Save—A Fantasy of the Mist.**

Just at noon, as we lay anchored on the Banks with trawls out and the weather as fine as you ever saw it in that treacherous locality, a delirious drift into view. The current brought her down upon us until at one time we feared a collision, and when she drifted past you could have tossed a son-of-a-bitch on her deck. She was a lumber-laden bark, but waterlogged until her decks were almost awash. All her masts were gone, most of her bulwarks carried away, and hanging to her and drifting with her was half an acre of wreckage.

"Dismasted in a gale—sprung a leak—all hands took to the boats!" was the criticism passed upon the delirious as it floated away. There is something horribly lonesome in the looks of a wreck like this. A wrath greater than man's has been wrecked. She cannot sink, and she is not worth saving, and she must go drifting and drifting, a prey to the currents, a buffet for the waves and an object of vengeance to every gale. She may drift for months and months before her bones find a lee shore and the tread of the wreckers echoes along her decks.

The bark drifted off to the west of us for a couple of miles, and then a counter current caught her and carried her to the east. She held her course for about three miles, and then was caught again and carried to the north. It was as if a wounded whale seeking rest but unable to find it was towing her. Some we were still looking at her when she was blotted out of sight in an instant. It was the fog which had enveloped her—that ghostly, ghastly veil of death which rises on the banks with appalling suddenness and turns noonday into midnight. In ten minutes more we could not see each other at arm's length.

What adds to the weirdness of a fog is the uncertainty of sound. The eyes ache to pierce it, but the eye of neither man nor beast nor bird can penetrate that strange darkness. The ears seek to locate the sound of whistle or fog horn, but it may be to the right, the left, in front, or in rear. One simply stands aghast at his own helplessness—at the hidden menace above, below, and all about him.

An hour had gone by when we heard the deep bass of a great steamer's fog horn, and a few minutes later the thrash of her propellers. She is miles away, but the sounds travel along this fog as if it were crossed by a thousand telegraph wires. Of what use to sound her fog horn? It is a great steamer driving over this placid sea and through this midnight darkness without checking her speed in the slightest. There are fishing boats in plenty, but all at anchor and all helpless to move out of her path. The notes of their fog horns may reach the officer on the bridge, but how is he to locate them? How can he see or know until the bow of the leviathan looms up over the rail of the little fisher and gives him no time to call upon his God to receive his soul?

This steamer is headed across our bows and too far away to make us nervous. If it were daylight she would loom up grandly, and from her cutwater would spurt away a long, thin curl of dark-blue water, which would turn to foam as it fell. We should catch sight of hundreds of people on her decks, of the officer on the bridge, of the black smoke trailing for miles behind. We should dip our flag to this monarch of the sea and wave our hats to the happy people, and hats and handkerchiefs would be waved at us in return. The fog enshrouds them, but there is no fear. They make merry over it as they gather in the grand salon.

Crash! Half a dozen men on our decks shriek like women as the sound comes to our ears, and every man's heart stands still for the next fifteen seconds. Then comes down to us an awful cry—a terrible chorus of shouts, shrieks, and wails of despair. It is a cry which is drawn out for half a minute and in choking sobs. Then all is so quiet that we seem to have been engulfed—to be resting fathoms deep on the bottom of the sea—to be dead men striving to look into each other's faces as we incline our heads to listen.

### Relieving the Horse from Drudgery.

Is the horse soon to become a mere toy, a thing of pleasure for the rich only to enjoy? Many electricians boldly predict that within twenty years that animal will be utterly displaced from the wagon, plough, dray, street car, carriage and all other utilitarian places by that later power, electricity. They promise it shall be cheaper than the keep of the horse, safer to manage, swifter, stronger and every way more desirable. Already some very clever inventions point that way.

Alas! for the horse, then. A brute that was man's companion, friend and life, almost, when Job was bemoaning his sores and the absence of a turkey, what will be its fate?

True, there are the races, which man is not likely ever to renounce, and the delights of pleasure drives and rides are likely to continue; but what of the millions of patient drudges on farm and in city! What revolution their withdrawal would effect in agricultural economy, when hay and corn and oats are no longer required for their keep. Added cattle, sheep and hogs must supply their place, or so much increase of grain be put upon the market. In any event, the farmer would have much more to sell.

No danger of the equine's extinction may be thought of, but if the electricians speak truth, the glory of its usefulness will depart, and it will become as a parlor ornament or a trinket.

### He Encouraged His Wife's Singing.

Gray—"Your wife, I hear, is quite a vocalist."

Brown—"Yes; and I encourage her in it, as far as is in my power."

"Quite right, too, for music is a divine art. I think it is the most elevating and purifying of all arts, and Shakespeare was right when he said that 'the man who has not music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.' Don't you love music?"

"Very much indeed."

"And your wife's singing, I should think, would please you greatly?"

"It does, it does, I assure you; for when she sings she can't talk and—"

The lady came in at that moment and the conversation was not continued.

### Was Girl.

Hunker—Miss Flypp, will you have oysters or ice-cream?  
Miss Flypp—Both, please.

### Just For a Change.

Only nine days before Christmas and we haven't decided one single thing about the tree yet!" said Mrs. Bradon, drawing her chair a little closer to the bright open fire, that looked so tempting on that dull, cold day.

"Well, you know that's what we're here for to-day—to decide on something. Though I can't think why they put me on the committee, for I always feel stupid, and sleepy all the winter, like that sensible little animal the dormouse. Now, if they would only wait till the glorious spring time—" began lively Ettie Stevens.

"Unfortunately Christmas does not make a point of arriving in the glorious spring time," interrupted her friend, young Mrs. Teale, the newly installed mistress of the cosy house wherein these select committees were assembled. "But to business! First, there will be the tree to get; secondly, the tree to fix securely in its appointed place; thirdly, the tree to decorate—with the same old tissue paper and silver stars, I suppose. Oh, dear! why doesn't some one think of something new?"

"Mrs. Vallere," said Ettie, suddenly, turning to a tall, bright-faced, but thoughtfully looking lady who had not yet spoken, "you always have so many new ideas, won't you lend us some to-day?"

"I was just thinking," was the quiet answer, "why should we have a tree at all?"

"Why? O, to put the presents on, we can't lay them on the floor, and you know there must be something after the singing besides the distribution of candy."

"But we might have something a little newer and more original," and so the talk went on, till Mrs. Bradon looked at her watch and declared that it was six o'clock, and Jack would be waiting for supper. Then the meeting adjourned. Truly, the committee was not a gossiping one that year, for no one could find out from them when and where the tree had been purchased, or when it would arrive; and the young gentlemen of the church, who had proffered their aid in setting it up, were courteously thanked, but told their services would not be required.

No one saw the arch-conspirators, aided by Mr. Bradon and Mr. Teale, working away at the church the night before Christmas Eve, at an hour when other good citizens were sound asleep, dreaming, it might be, of Santa Claus. But everyone in the little town of Wellsford saw the notice in the postoffice the next morning to the effect that all gifts were to be left in the ante-room of the church, between 3 and 6 o'clock. Some wondered why, and decided that when they took their presents they would go "right into the church," and see for themselves what was going on! But when they tried the door they found it was locked, and when they knocked a voice from within demanded the password, informing them that none could enter without it.

"Doors open at 7," and at 7, promptly, the Wellsfordites were on hand to fathom the mystery; and then a chorus of admiration rose, for instead of the usual tree there stood a handsome sleigh, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Vallere, loaded with presents; an army of dolls occupied the seats, the floor of it was filled up with gifts wrapped in paper, with the more outwardly beautiful presents on the top; silk handkerchiefs and slippers hung from the shafts and on one runner was the Christmas gift for the minister, a handsome buffalo rug, while vases and toys were placed in studied confusion between the runners and under the sleigh itself.

"The prettiest idea I've seen for a long time," said one lady, when the music being ended, they sat awaiting the coming of Santa Claus. With a jingle of sleigh bells, he entered, clad in a long, padded, chintz dressing gown, a heavy (?) sack, seemingly overflowing with toys, on his back a fur cap, long, white hair, and mask with long grey beard, concealing his identity. "That's Mr. Jeans," said Tom Neal. "No, siree! he's taller, and not so fat," and a babe of voices arose, checked, when Santa Claus, after walking around the sleigh, said in a deep, slightly muffled voice: "Oh dear! oh dear! here's a pretty go. Go it is, and no mistake, I just left my sleigh a few minutes, while I was filling stockings for the pretty little dears at that house, and now my pretty little rein-deer have run off and left me in the lurch: all these presents must be delivered pretty quickly, for I have to visit Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia before daylight, not to mention the rest of America. Perhaps I can get this along myself (trying to pull the sleigh). No! It's quite beyond me. I'm getting too old. Why there's Mr. Bradon; can you help me? you see, when I started, I asked the livery man for his swiftest reindeer team, and when he brought them out, he said they were warranted to go, and they've gone! I didn't think he'd play such a joke on the old man." Mr. Bradon replied: "If you'll leave these things with us, we will soon distribute them, while you get a fresh team, and start for the next town as soon as you like." "Well," said Santa, "I'll accept your kind offer, for I can't bear to neglect any one, you'll find all the names on the packages," and wishing the audience a "Merry Christmas," he walked down the aisle, and disappeared in the darkness. It was a 9 days' wonder in Wellsford, as to "who was Santa Claus!" There was not much to talk about in that small town, and so every one guessed a different impersonation, always to find that that man or boy had been "sitting by" someone else "the whole time;" till one day, one of the girls remarked to Mrs. Vallere: "I can't think how he disguised his voice so well," and that lady, off her guard, replied: "Prunes, my dear, Prunes!"

The secret was out, the Wellsford Santa Claus for that year was a lady!

### He Took in all That Sort of Thing.

"So Charley has got back from England eh?"

"Yes; arrived last week."

"I suppose he saw the Prince and all that sort of thing?"

"Well, I guess he saw all that sort of thing, but I don't think he saw the Prince."

### A Suspicious Circumstance.

Skidds—Wasn't there something suspicious about the death of your grand-father?

Bloobumper—Yes. He was over eighty years old, yet he had never been known to do anything of the kind before.

About a third of the entire population of the world speak the Chinese language or its allied dialects.