Yule-Tide.

We meet to night-a band of far off, friends Long severed hear a whose lives have separate ends. Rich friends and poor, whose hearths are bright or drear: But pleage then all, "Good speed !'s since they are here! Why came the Child, who this fair night was born But that dark lives should sometimes see the morn Shake hands; and, parting, sing Love's sone agun: "Peace un o all on earth, and good will

towards men!" Perchance some heart from thy glad board hach ranged: Some heart from thee by grief or chance estranged Pledge him "Ged speed!" at this thy Christmas cheer. As in old days when he, in love, was near. Way came the Child who this fair night But to bring back the feet that roam for-Let be the buried Past. and softly say : "God speed, poor child, upon thy solitary

Perchance to-night some fading eyes are Who scarce may see another dying year; Pledge them "God speed" upon their on-A sweet "good night" until the break of | delight. Why came the Caild who this fair night "Good night and may the star of Bethle-

Shed, when they fall asleep, the same ture

light on them !"

Perchance to night the vacant chair is On one w' ose grave still blocms in memory green; Hedge him "God speed" as though he stil Though gone before thee into life's New Why came the Child who this fair night But for Heaven's barns to reap His golden Shed not a tear, but when ye hear the Ech ing through heaven of merry Yuletide Rejoic , and lay upon his grave a crown of immort lles!

BABY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY HAROLD W. RAYMOND.

PART I.

A queer baby that. A strange anomalous mixture of mental infancy and physical manhood.

When James Smith and Lizzie were married the shone in of their existence cloudless sky. ,The husband was rich, handsome and accomplished—and He was a man. He had sown his wild o ts in reasonable measure and resped a fair crop of regrets, and his experience with the world had given him a strength of character he never would have obtained otherwise, besides teaching him to appreciate to their fullest extent the rare beauties of truth and purity. And these he found in his lovely bride, who coupled a varm temperament with the clear light of a woman's brightest jewel, and who did what is either wom in's greatest wisdom or sublimes: folly-idolized her husband.

her diadem than they.

Smith's unconscious form was carried him home on a stretcher, it was an open ques-

corpse. ent to all command to the contrary.

be the first thing he sees."

"God bless you, my dear!" exhim together.'

heroic woman, this dear, patient, loving | woods. old doctor! But at length the poor batterpossession of his form.

moment."

bass of James Smith, he cried out:

hungry, I say." know me ?"

Lizzie, turning in agony toward the old | small chimney-hole and the big hands physician. strangely ?"

visibly. Professional habit atruggled tide. vainly with personal feeling, and he found I cannot tell all the preparations for life of him control.

"James, my lad, you have not forgotten me, Doctor White, your old friend, keep young Mr. Inquisitive out of the have you? Look at me well, my boy; fateful chamber while the carpenter was don't be in a hurry."

No answer but the old one; "Baby

hungry; give baby eat!" the best of men are wont to speak to children.

e little baby shall be fed; yes he shall. Shall old Whitey look after his own baby boy? Shall old Whitey give his baby some pepper drops?"

A sudden flash of intelligence came into the invalid's eyes, at the sound of the word "Whitey," and when the words "pepper drops" were uttered he clapped his hands together and crowed with

As for the loving old doctor, whose experiment had been only too successful, But from their brows to loose the dying he broke down entirely, and turning aside his head, fell to sobbing like the astonishment and delight of our huge in- mean that I am really sick, for I am not veriest baby in the land. To Lizzie's quick intuition the scene needed no interpreter, and without a sound she sank upon the floor and quietly fainted away,

PART II.

This happened a little over three years the intervening time Lizzie's life was absorbed in the trying occupation of caring for Baby. Three years! Lasy enough to write the words, but hard to suffer them when coupled with imprisonment. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon the miseries of her lot-a task for which my heroine would not thank me; for though t' was a constant torture in seeing

ta an she loved changed into a mental child, his brain living over the infant days and making him a constant source of wordiment, Lizzie never allowed herself to succumb to the darkness which enshrouded her life. With the heroic measure of courage, which all true women who love possess, she rose above the grief that hung upon her heart, and made her self-enforced incarceration a thing of laughter and song.

Lizzie's theory was that by patient teaching she could slowly orag her husband's brain from the gulf which it had tumbled. In her secret heart she

ed that they would some day reach a point where the missing link of memory lay, and then suddenly all would come back to him, and she would be the proud | floor below. possessor of a twice won husband. Perhaps it was this belief that gave her conrage to face her task, for hope is a powerful stimulant. It is very probable that this secret faith was a little in the nature of a chimera, but who can help honoring ed. Lizzie for holding fast by it?

In the three years fo lowing the acci-In short, the Smiths were as happy a dent, her success was not of a very startcouple as could be found in the city, and | ling kind, but there was at least a gain. society had no brighter ornament upon | Baby soon learned to know and love the | his body. sweet face which was so constantly before The accident occurred in the third him-to love it as a child loves its moyear of their wedded life. It was a com- ther-and after a somewhat protracted mon-place accident enough, an unman- i struggle, to obey her also. This was a ageable hor e, a swift-moving locomotive | very necessary lesson, for Baby's hands -a wrecked carriage, and a man lying | were mischief-loving, and being very pale and cold, and covered with blood, strong hands, he must look upon her as a by the roadside. And when James | master, or she never could get along with

The lesson of obedience being learned, tion whether it could be called a man or a the patient teacher set to work to seek the broken ends of memory, and if possi-For three days and nights Lizzie | ble to bind them together once more. watched by her husband's side, disobedi- Day after day, with a patience that was marvellous, she labored at her task; night "If he opens his eyes" she had said, after night she poured out a prayer for ill, little wife?" "whether it be to live or die, mine must | strength, never giving up the hope which glowed like a burning coal in her bosom.

People wondered that a society woman, claimed the old physician that had young and beautiful, and accomplished, doctored the Smiths for two generations. | should give up her social pleasures for "God bless you, my dear, we will nurse | such a hopeless, thankless task; but I tell people, that society women are the So together they watched, and nursed, | kind that do this thing when their hearts and battled with the terrible stupor are touched. I do not join hands with which had imprisoned his faculties, tak- | thos; who satirize those upon whom foring turns in sleeping, but neither leaving | tune has smiled, for I believe this weakthe sick man's chamber for any length of ness lies in their circumstances. Give time. It was a weary while of waiting, them an opportunity and they are but their love knew no flagging; this | Florence Nightingales and Lizzie Ash-

I wish the scoffers at society women ed brain awake to the consciousness that | could have peeped into the pretty home the attendant nerves were in pain, and which had become such a prison house testified its appreciation of the fact by a for my heroine. To see the great mangood honest groan which rang through baby p'ying her with the most foolish the room in pleasant contrast to the questions, which she never failed to selemn sil nee which had hitherto held answer, though he forgot and repeated them within a few minutes; to see them "Now, look sharp, my child," said the pouring so industriously over A, B, C, dear old physician, voice and hand which he never could remember, though trembling as he seized the wrist of the he tried so hard; to see her spinning his sufferer. "He may open his eyes at any top, or amusing him with a doll or jumpjack, while he sat upon the floor clapping How tenderly she bent the brown his hands and laughing like the veriest eyes—so beautiful, but oh, so weary—to | babe in the land; or when in the dusk of catch the first faint gleam of recognition ! approaching evening he knelt upon the It was a glance of wife and mother com- floor beside her, gazing into her face as bined. As she watched, pressing her she sang sweet songs to him. If sights hand against her fiercely beating heart, like these would not make you bow in dicates, "May Iskate the next music with there came a change in the face before reverence, there is a certain bump in your you?" her : the muscles were contracted into an | head that needs developing. The singexpression of pain, and then after a mo- ing hours were especially touching; for ment the eyes were slowly unclosed and | music seemed to come nearer the last gazed vacantly and without recognition | link of memory than anything else, and into hers. She poured into them the Lizzie often noticed with a fluttering great wealth of her heart, but her implor. heart that sometimes a far-off questioning ing glances met with no answering ones. look came into the great gray eyes as her In their stead came a sour, peevish ex- soft voice rose and fell in gentle song, as pression, and in a thin, childish voice, if he were striving himself to catch up which bore no resemblance to the manly | the broken ends, and she sang with redoubled energy, throwing her very soul "Baby hungry. Do you hear? Baby into her voice.

But Christmas was coming, and Lizzie "James. My darling! Do you not had promised to give Baby a Christmas tree. She had told him all about the "Baby hungry. Oh-h-h | Give baby | beautiful Santa who brought to good children an immense amount of uncom-"Doctor, what does he mean?" cried pressible material down an exceedingly Why does he talk so had clapped together with such delight

The old physician was now trembling should come to Baby, whatever might be-

it impossible to veil his emotions. He that Christmas tree, delightful though bent over the prostrate form, and spoke the task would be, for a hard-hearted to it in a voice that he could not for the editor warns me that I am apt to be longwinded and tedious when I get to wresting with print. How she struggled to putting up the tree; how she stole away from him at unexpected moments to stick on stray ornaments, rushing back in Suddenly the voice of the doctor violent hurry lest he should follow her changed to the sweetly silly tone in which | It required a great deal of sharp manœuvering on her part to get the magic fruit upon the evergreen without attracting "Is'e baby hungry?" he said. "Well, his attention, but she succeeded in doing it, and the Christmas tree was at length ready for lighting.

On Christmas Eve, after the supper and evening songs had been concluded, Lizzie coaxed Baby into undressing and dressing Dolly in the parlor while she slipped up stairs, and with the help of her maid got the tree lighted and burning merrily. Then going to the head of the stairs she called to Baby, who, obedient to her voice, came running up to meet her.

fant at seeing a real Christmas tree; as if, poor fellow! he had not seen a score of them in his normal childhood! Like a child who sees the starry evergreen for the first time, twinkling in its fantastic way, his mind seemed to halt between pleasure and awe, and while he showed prior to the time of our story, and during his delight by sundry chucklings and crowings, he clung very fast to Lizzie's hand at the same time. After a few moments though, he became accustomed to the novel objects, and sitting down upon the floor, began to play quite contente y

with some bright colored bon bons, that

Lizzie pulled from the tree for him.

Lizzie never remembered exactly what called her from the room; she had just left it for a moment intending to return without delay, when she heard the sound of something falling, and then a cry of terror in Baby's voice. Rushing back into the chamber she was almost paralyed with horror at seeing the Christmas tree lying upon the floor, and Baby's light clothing in a blaze. For an instant ner limbs refused to do their office, but Lizzie's schooling had taken all the nonsense out of her, and her presence of mind returned almost on the second. Without a word she ran into her own bed room, and tore a blanket from the bed but before she could get back again Baby's tall form dashed into the hall, and with a long cry fell the whole length of the stairs and lay, a motionless mass, on the

When the old doctor reached the house, he found all that remained of Baby lying upon Lizzie's bed-dead. A least so it seemed to the unprofessional eye, but doctors are not so easily satisfi-

"His pulse beats," cried the physician who immediately began to tear away the charred clothing from Baby's chest and to chafe and handle various portions of

"I find no broken bones," he said, "nor any serious bruises. See! Lizzie. He breaths! he moves! quick my dear, he is about to open his eyes."

Lizzie was quickly bending above him, and sure enough Baby's eyes slowly opened and gazed into hers. Baby eyes, do we say? What is it that makes her stagger and turn so pale, so that the doctor has to prevent her falling? It is not Baby's voice that speaks to her in such tender accents :-

"Why, Lizzie darling, what makes you so pale and weary looking? And why am I so weak and full of pain? Have I been

"Yes, James, you have been very ill?" "Well, I shall get well now. Tell me all about it, dear. But not now-I am too tired.

And James Smith kept his word and got well. After this will you call him a myth-that historical character, I mean who "jumped into another bush and scratched them in again ?"

SKATING FLIRTATION.

Lying on your right side, "My heart is at your feet.'

Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."

Lying on your back, "Assist me." One leg in the air, "Catch me."

Two legs in the air, "Mashed." heel, "I am gone."

Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V indicates, "? am paralyzed."

Punching your neighbor on the stomach with your left foot, "Iam on to your little

A backward flip of the heels and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor in-

An Anxious Suitor.

A young negro man looked in at the window of the Atlanta Police Station and anxiously inquired: "Capt'n, is you alls got Bill Davis in the callybosse yet !"

"Yes. Do you want to see him?" "No, sah! I dess wanted to ax' im ; dess wanted to know whudder I cood go down ter his house ternight.

"Well, you can ask him." "I don't wanter to ax 'im; I dess wanted ter know ef he was hyar an' gwinter stay in."

"What do you mean?" "Well, boss, I'se co'tin' Bill's gal, an' -an'-yer see, l'se be berry same nigger what he busted down er panel ob de fence that she determined that Santa Claus | wid las' Chusday night."

STRANGE CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Wonderful Powers Vouchsafed to an Invalid in Her Last Illness.

The following incidents happened during the last illness of a relative of the writer, and have never before been published. The deceased was a young married woman, about the age of 32 She left one child. Her husband was a mechanic, and she herself was by trade a coat-maker, at which occupation she worked until about three weeks before her death. She was a pleasant-tempered woman, the daughter of a well-to do farmer in New Hampshire, brought up in the usual plain manner of the region: When she first ceased her work and acknowledged herself an invalid her symptoms were feverishness and an unusual activity of mind, which was at first called flightiness, then hysterics, and later insanity. As a matter of fact, however, she was entirely normal in her mental action up to the very last, excepting in the matter of clairvoyance. She was cheerful and happy. She did not appear to have any serious functional disturbance outside of the brain. Soon after she was taken sick she told her husband: "I am much sicker than the doctor thinks me Imagine, if you can, the unbounded I am going to die pretty soon. I don't but I am going to die, that is all.' She made complete arrngements for her funeral, and gave directions for paying the expenses out of her own money in the bank. She told her husband one day: am going to die. Now it won't hurt me any, but I know of course that you will soon marry again. Only if I were you would wait awhile because it will look better; otherwise the neighbors will think that you do not care for me, but I know you do." A few days latter she said: Never mind what I said the other day about marrying again; it w. 'n't make the least bit of difference t ... vou is the title of an interesting illustrated by with specimens can marry just as soon as you like. sont for several of her relatives who had become estranged in family differ. Dispensary Medical Association, Boffalo to Bentley of his ences, and had them make up their quarrels. In this vein of cheerful content her life ebbed away without any well-defined reason.

The queer thing in her sickness was the development of genuine clairvoyance of a kind which no theory satisfactorily explains. Upon one occasion her mother came in the room after having left it for a few moments and found her making her bed. She said: "Emma, you aught not to do that; let me do lt. ' "Oh, no;" she said, "I am strong enough to do it. Aunt Mercy is coming down. She just started a few minutes ago, and you know how she hates to find anything in disorder. After a look in the glass the invalid returned to the bed, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of Aunt Mercy's approval. Nothing was thought of this at the time, but a few days later another case happened. The family doctor could make nothing of her sickness, and disposed of it under that convenient carry-all Besides the way he hawks and spits is said the successor "hysterics." So, without her knowledge her mother sent to a town some thirty miles away for a more skilful physician. a relative of the family. The next morning as she and her mother were together she suddenly remarked: "Why there is Dr. Lathrop just getting off the cars How fast he walks." Then a few minutes later, she laughed and said: "Why, how fast the doctor does walk; and he is coming the long way round, too. Why don't he take the short cut?" Presently the doctor came in, out of breath, when she immediathly said: "Oh, I saw you running; but why didn't you take the short cut? But of course you wouldn't know."

Another day she said to her mother, "What made you tell father to come down here to day? He is too lame to walk so far ?" Her mother replied that she had not done so, and that she had no idea that he would come. "Oh, yes," said Emma, "he is started and he is just | store. passing Mr. Smith's now." So she went on from time to time, telling how far he had got, until at the end he came in, just as she had seen him. One day she said to her aunt, who was with her, "Uncle Jo has just started to come up to see me, but what did he get those blue pants for?" Uncle Jo lived about forty miles away. Her aunt said, "I don't dnow. I should think Jo would look well in blue." Then the invalid said, "Oh, yes, he has got a blue coat. 'Well, it is becoming to him.' After a little while she said : "He is now opposite Ipswich, but he will not stop. When the train arrived Uncle Jo was on it, in the new blue suit, as she had seen him. When he came in she said: "What made you get off on the wrong side of the Hitting back of your head with your train at P? I thought you would get left." Uncle Jo owned up to having gotten off upon the wrong side at the junction and to having had a narrow escape from being left.

Upon another day she said to her mother, "I am going to have a party this week; Aunt Lizzie will wear her new black silk, and she has the funniest new collar that I ever saw." She then described the collar to her mother, who humored her, and said: "Oh, no, Emma, I guess I would not have the party this week." "No. I guess I will put it off until next week.' said Emma. "Then Aunt Abbey will have to get her new dress done." A day or two later she said: "Aunt Lizzie is coming here; she is at Ipswich, and is coming here on her way home:" Then after a few minutes, "I am so sorry; she has just decided that she will not come."

The "party" was her funeral. The new dress and the strange coller were worn, and Aunt Lizzie had been at Ipswich when Emma saw her there, and had intended to visit her but changed her mind. The incidents here given are true.

They are but samples of many others which took place during this strange sickness. No autopsy was allowed It was the opinion of the distant physician that her disease was cerebral. But in and warm, comfortable body clothing, no what way disease could operate to liberate exposures, and no late suppers or dissithe sense from their customary bondage pation.

to time and space the physician had no opinion to offer. The writer will add that a cousin of the deceased had in child. hood the gift of seeing friends at remote distances by the aid of a "magic stone" held in a hat, into which he looked. The faculty was tested at the time, and seem. ed to exist beyond dispute. It was lost

A New Remedy for Diphtheria. The medical world is just now all alive concerning a new discovery in the man. ner of treating diphtheria, commonly known as "croup" or "buffy angina." To Dr. Delthil we are indebted for this new improvement (says La Poussin). It ap. pears that the idea was thought of to try no one, that I am a on fowls the remedy intended for the ed a collection of the cure of man. Mr. Weber reported to the Few of the succent Veterinary Society that he had experd. into the mcdern by mented on a whole poultry-yard invaded pre, and so they see by diphtheria. From the moment the old things which we treatment was adopted, all the fowls Hope, in this mat which were not ill were safe from infec. the persister cy of tion, and the epidemic ceased immedi. all their provenent ately. The following is the treatment progress of art, then employed: "Turpentine and tar are mand, both in town mixed together, and the whole is burned ande breadsheets wh in a well-closed house, where the victims trade of the carol sin of the disease are roosting. Immediately a thick, black smoke fills the place, con. Christmas carols still verting the inmates into "regularsweeps," They are indeed cu and shortly after the most favorable iterature. They nea symptoms appear, viz., the detaching of sighborhood of the the spurious membranes, the moisture of everal printing-pies the mucus, and the result is a perfect wal supply. Chief cure in the majority of cases. This treat otorious press of ment, however dirty and strange, has bough now bearing been experimented on man and beast r printer. It is it with great success. New trials are budley-street. Geirg about to be made on a number of sub. I old clothes and

"Woman and Her Diseases,"

treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for ds and cui-threat le three letter stamps. Address World's

Bad colds and sore throats float in o cool winds and by reason of thin garments.

"Delays are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaclated; have a hack sations) ccarse, and ing cough, with night-sweats, spitting of beyond all rules of blood and shortness of breath, you have couctions should ha no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long on is rather mertify -'till you are past cure ; for taken in its educational progres early stages, consumption can be sured by supply can only eq the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical tle, the Christmas Co Discovery," as thousands can testify. By a less reputable issu druggists.

Good thoughts are fragrant spears of inter of Christmas ca green grass, enjoyed even after they have bether he would not faded.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to "." Mr. Hetten Itt converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. disgusting." . "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will care him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all ether respects he quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

Laugh and be cheerful and generous, that others may grow fat and happy over eccloused sheets as your good works.

As if by Magic.

This is always the case when Polson's e of the class. Each NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. se beadings are as for Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker or's Garlard: a che in action than any oth r remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Nerviline to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving drawing near at lar pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing ent Christnes carel to have in the house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Dat mas I clicase." Sample bottles only ten cents, at any drug sideheet we give just

Cruel croup comes climbing through & night of cold, foggy air, and clutches your little one's larynx.

An old smoker declares that he has been using Myrtle Navy tobacco ever since the second year of its manufacture, and that during that time he has never suffered from a blistered tongue or parched tonsils of lave poor souls from S. any other of the unpleasant effects which most to baccos will leave behind them. His experience, says, is that no other tobacco which he has ever tried is quite its equal and that in-value for the money no other comes anywhere near it.

Never sit on a damp cushion, moist ground, or a marble or stone step, if you p some certain shepher wish to avoid sore throat.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of imper there was Lorn in Bared circulation of the Blood. Dr Carson's Stemach Bit the SON of GOD Ly has ters promotes the circulation keep; the nowels regular and induces good health. Large bottles at 5 kg.

To cure croup, the air of the room must be warm, even tempered, and moderately et nothing you affrig dry during the entire attack.

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggae Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, and upwards per day. European plan, Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best, Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other families can live better for less money at the City. Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

Let your doctor do all the prescribing and not yourself, your drugist, or your cousins, or their aunts and all their hosts of friends.

How They oit.

So called respectable people would hesitate considerable before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same dischere oxen fed on hay. crimination is not indicated by the socalled respectable druggist when wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and carger ous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. C. Polson & Co., King

ston, propra. The best lung protectors are dry feet

UR CHRIS In days when readers few, the ca important.person t unlettered pearant was coce a thing Acched sound the dering delight, not song to a very q schools and village the sustic knowleds ustic ear. Most o can new supply the and are less derend enders of these Cl More than forty

author of the "E

that the old carels I

as not belerging to

ance to Mormouth out half way from ven Dials. , Enter e place where Cain even Dials Literati similar breadsheets e near; but a visit ow the nature of th flimsy, the type I or they are ain est al EBEEB. Hone cree : biened and ride w more n.coern des tcheler, "theseered a Seven Dials punte ech and tallac n

htes well lave neve he breedsbeers (T's en ir ches ly ten ir c carole, with a varie their sale nay give se who may seek-to: heading for the mest esteened c b:" " Savicur of Ma "The Nativity, a "The Evergree

reople who have the

matall if the picture

old say they veren

GOD REST Y rest you, meny gort et nothing you dismay

specimen of the who

ember, Christ, cur Sa as born on Christmas hich a leng time had And 'tis tidings of

n God, that is our Fa be blessed angels came ith tidings of the san there was bern in Be And tis

there is born in Bethle a pure Virgin bright able to advance you d beat down Satan o And 'tis

Shepherds at these tie loiced much in mind eft their flocks a fee tempest, storms, and straight they went t e Son of God to find. And 'tis

when they came to I here our sweet Savior found him in a mang olessed Virgin kneeling to the Lord did pray

And 'tis sudden joy and glad Shepherds they wer e the babe of Israel re his mother mild. they, "Upon this ble

And 'tis to the Lord sing prais you within this place true loving Chris er then embrace