

Young Folks' Department.

One Small Boy's Christmas.

The small boy looked at the Christmas tree, And straining his eager eyes to see,
Says he:
"Now, I wonder just what they have got for me."
"By Gee!
There's a bully old pair of nicked skates,
The six of which clearly indicates
That they're meant for a boy of about my size—
If I get them I'll draw a prize.
"Then over there is a dandy drum,
Which I'm rather led to believe will come
My way, and a printing press and type I see,
Which would be just about the thing for me.
"That clipper sled looks mighty fine,
And I shouldn't wonder if that were mine,
And I'm rather inclined to think, from the looks
Of things, that I'll get that box of books.
"And the shotgun up there behind the tree
I'm mighty sure is designed for me;
And the camera and the baseball bat
Are coming to me, I'll bet my hat!"
The camera went to another boy
And loaded him up with peaceful joy,
While the case of type and the printing press
Filled his cousin Tom with happiness;
And the nicked skates, his brother Jim remarked,
With a grin, belonged to him,
And the dandy drum and the clipper sled
Were both designed for his cousin Ned.
But when the small boy sadly saw
The shotgun go he dropped his jaw,
And doleful indeed became his looks
When he lost his grip on the box of books,
While the thing that simply knocked him flat
Was the fact that he missed the baseball bat.

ADUNT JANE'S PAPER OF PINS.

"I say now, Aunt Jane, what would you like for a Christmas present?"
Aunt Jane looked at her small nephew, who from his corner by the fire hurled this question at her in the twilight. "What would I like?" she said, briskly. "Oh, a set of Browning in Russia leather, or Omar Khayyam, or a new silk dress, or Miller's 'Angelus,' the etching, in a carved frame."
"Oh, phaw, now, Aunt Jane!" Fred interrupted, "you know we can't get one of those things. I meant—you know what I meant."
"You said what would I like?" answered Aunt Jane. She was rather fond of taking the children up for careless speaking, but Fred knew well enough the twinkle of fun that was in her eye now.
"Well, I meant what would you like that we could get," Fred said. "I do say picking and choosing is worse than anything when you haven't much money, and we haven't."
"No!" Aunt Jane said, dropping the subject, "mitten she was knitting for Fred."
"Well, then, a paper of pins."
"Oh, come now, auntie, that isn't fair; that isn't any present."
"It's something I want, and something you can afford to buy, isn't it?" Aunt Jane said, laughing a little, as she picked up her knitting. "But be sure they are the best make, Fred; I can't use poor pins." And with that she left Master Fred to his meditations.
"A paper of pins—phaw! Aunt Jane just likes to tease us boys. If she wasn't just an up-and-down jewel of an aunt about kites and gingerbread, and painting sleds and all the rest, I'd feel like taking her at her word. A paper of pins—hum!"
And therewith there crept into Fred's brain the first glimmer of an idea. Presently he shared it with Kate, the sister next older, and then with Will and Mary, and then with mamma; and the result was this:
On Christmas morning there appeared at Aunt Jane's door a procession of children carrying a large roll, which, after due greetings, they solemnly unrolled on the bed where Aunt Jane lay. At the head of the sheet was a pretty lace-pin from mamma (a golden arrow in filigree), next a handsome shawl-pin in wrought silver from papa, then some fancy hair-pins in tortoise-shell from Kate, and then every variety of pin the shops afford—large and small, black and white, mittler's pins, hat-pins, hair-pins, safety-pins, sleeve button-pins—all ranged neatly down the paper. And under all was fastened a handsome card—Mary's work—which stated that the linchpin and the thole-pin meet their compliments, which they thought would be more acceptable to a lady's toilet-table than they themselves would be.

Grandma's Christmas.

"Were you ever truly thankful at Christmas, grandma?" asked Jean, the household glaucous and pet, "right down thankful for real things, I mean, and not just thinking whether the turkey is big enough or the squash as good as it was last year?"
"Often think I am," said grandma, smiling over her knitting, "and once I know I was."
"Tell me about it," was, of course, the next demand, and grandma, unrolling another length of yarn, began her story.
"It was a long time ago, according to the reckoning of such young things as you, when grandpa and I lived in the little house in Canton, not far from the railroad track. Still, it was a good way from the station, and though the express trains whizzed by within a quarter of a mile of us, we had to travel seven miles before we could take one.
"One fall, before you were born, your father and mother went out West to visit your other grandma and left your brother Tom with me. He was only four then, and a dear little pet and comfort. We hoped they would be home by Christmas Day, but two days before, the greatest snowstorm I ever knew so early in the season, began to pack the roads, and even cover the fences.
"No use to expect 'em," said grandpa, "the trains will be blocked up, and we might as well give 'em up for a week or so."
"The snow kept coming, and on the very eve of Christmas the railway track was so completely covered that, although men had been busy day after day long

we knew the express would have a hard time to get through.
"We made up our minds to have a cozy Christmas all to ourselves, and tried to comfort little Tom, who had made up his mind that he must see papa and mamma that very night. I put him to bed at eight, and our troubles began; for Tom, dreading of flying awakes for perhaps ten minutes, got up in the dark, tried to find his way downstairs and fell from top to bottom of the steep staircase.
"We picked him up in a twinkling and it was not many minutes before the window that one of his poor little legs was broken.
"I'll go for the doctor," said grandpa, at once; and then he sank back into a chair and groaned, remembering that we had no horse, and that he could not fight his way through those drifted roads. I dare say we were foolish old people, but we absolutely didn't dare try to set that leg, and meantime it began swelling, and poor little Tom never for a minute stopped crying.
"And to think, father," I said, through my own tears, "the express will go by within a quarter of a mile of us, and we can't stop it. Oh, if we could! for maybe there's doctor on board, and he'd come for little Tom's sake."
"But the express did not go by. It whistled, and we could see from the window that the track was again blocked, and that it would have to be cleared.
"Hurry, father," I cried; "see if you can wade across the field, and get help."
"But there was no need. While he was trying on his scarf, there came a kicking and stamping at the kitchen door, and when we opened it, there stood your father, and weren't we glad then he'd studied to be a doctor!"
"Train had to stop, he explained, 'so I got out and waded across lots. Mary's gone on to town, and is going to spend the night there, but I had an impression I'd better stop and see to you.'
"It wasn't long before the poor little leg was safely within splints, and Tom had gone to sleep holding his father's hand. Next day, the roads were broken, and a horse sled brought Mary, your mother, to us."

A Faithful Ex-Slave.

The superintendent of census comes nearer the throbbing heart of poor humanity than any other official in Washington, says a letter to the New York Tribune. Of all the departments his alone is not governed by civil-service laws, and consequently that class of people whom Victor Hugo sweepingly described as "Les Misérables" turn to the census bureau. Some who apply are gentlemen of middle age who can not pass a civil-service examination, because when they were young, girls were taught to be housewives and no provision was made for a widowhood or adverse circumstances when they would be forced to earn their own and their children's bread. Mr. Porter, the superintendent, says there is always one question that he is forced to put to applicants that goes through them like a knife. It is the simple and legitimate question. "What can you do?" Marvellous it is the number of people in the world who have no definite idea of their own capabilities. When the question doesn't bring tears it usually followed by a wringing of the hands and a helpless "I cannot tell," but rarely by a direct confident answer. One of these cases is unmatched in pathos. Mr. Porter boarded for a time after coming to the capital at a hotel where he noticed that his waiter was unusually attentive. The man did not seem to care for fees, nor did he ask anything for himself. For a month or two this dumb admiration was carried on until finally Mr. Porter said:
"What is it, Wallace? You seem to have something on your mind."
"Yes, sah; I see been studyin', sah, as how like nuff dey mount be some place in the census for my young missis. She's dearest, but is to proud to ask for anything. I see been studyin' nigh, yeah how Wallace could get somethin' for de missis, and when de head watab, sah, send you to my table, I jest said, de Lawd will provide."
"Who is the woman, Wallace?" Mr. Porter asked.
"She's de only chile of my ole massa 'o de wash. Massa was kild an' missis an' de chile came nerf when dey los' all. Dey lib above Great Falls, an' doan tell it, sah, but dey's 'er poah."
As Wallace finished some one came up to talk with Mr. Porter and the matter was forgotten. Wallace knew how to wait, and it was not until another fortnight that he said, hopefully:
"My young missis, sah, I fobgot to say dat she ver' intellectual an' do everything conscientiously."
Wallace had the darty's aptitude for sounding words and passed among his colleagues as that mysterious Titian, a "college graduate." There was a ludicrous pedantry about him that made one think he must have been born a college graduate. It was his eldect destiny. Mr. Porter received further confidence from the honest fellow, who could do what few white people would do in this selfish world—ask a favor for some one else before himself, and in this case, for the daughter of the man under whom he had suffered bondage.
"Promising to remember the young missis," Mr. Porter left and might have forgotten her if it had not been for the faithful, ever-watchful Wallace. Finally one Saturday night he said:
"Well, Wallace, I have something for your young mistress. Tell her so come around to the census bureau next week and there will be some work for her."
Later he learned from the lips of the "young missis" that Wallace had walked fourteen miles through the rain that Saturday night after his work was done to tell her the good news of her appointment. She had not known that he was seeking the place for her, although for some weeks he had remarked mysteriously "De Lawd am providin'."—[Chicago Mail.

Preparing the Christmas Dinner.

Many of the extra preparations can be sandwiched in among the regular duties of each day, and Christmas eve will find you fresh and vigorous for the next day's work.
Plan to have part of the baking done early in the week. Mince pie can be made the week before, but the pumpkin and apple pies should not be made before Tuesday. On Monday select and cook the meat, and while that is simmering stone the raisins, and prepare the fruit for the pies and pudding; also pound and sift the sweet herbs for the stuffing, and see that you have some bread that will be stale enough for it by Tuesday. If you have time chop the meat and apples and mix all the ingredients for the mince meat.
MONDAY
Mix the white bread and also the brown bread. Stew the pumpkin, and make the pastry. The plain pastry, if properly made is rich enough for any pie, but, if you prefer, you may make puff paste for the rims and upper crust and use the plain pastry for the lower crust. Make the pies and while they are baking, roll the crackers for the pudding. Bake the bread.
TUESDAY.
Make the plum pudding. The crackers and raisins having been previously prepared, it can be put together in a short time. Bake it and set it away ready to be warmed over the next day. Stew the cranberries and make the hard sauce for the pudding. The pudding and chicken pie can be baked on Christmas day if you are so fortunate as to have a range in which you can bake them in the lower oven. Boll the chicken for the pie. Clean the turkey, stuff and truss it that it may be ready to be put into the pan the next morning. Stew the giblets till tender, and put them where they will not become hard and dry, but do not chop them until Wednesday. There are usually children or gentlemen at such a gathering, who are glad of the chance to crack the nuts for you on Christmas morning, but, if you must do the work yourself, it is pleasant occupation for Christmas eve. This reduces the actual labor for Christmas day to the making of the crust for the chicken pie, the cooking of the turkey and the vegetables, and the making of the gravy and tea and coffee.
CHRISTMAS MORNING.
Make the chicken pie, and bake it as soon as possible after breakfast. It can be warmed in twenty minutes, while the turkey and vegetables are being prepared. Then wash and pare the vegetables, and put the celery in a cool place. Lay the table, and get every thing ready that will be needed.
All these preparations made, you will be ready to change your dress and greet your guests, who, at a "Canadian Christmas Dinner," are not expected to wait until the dinner hour, before they present themselves. An hour before dinner will be sufficient time to cook and prepare all the vegetables, to reheat the pudding and put the finishing touches to the arrangements of the table. Lay your table with your largest plates; small dishes will be needed for those who do not wish the cranberry sauce or onions on a plate with the meat. Put the bread, butter, cranberry sauce and celery on the table, and arrange the fruit, nuts, pudding, sauce and pies ready to be brought on when needed. The vegetables are to be pared, and cooked in boiling, salted water about half an hour. The squash may be steamed over the potatoes, and the water on the onions should be changed twice. The squash and turnip should be drained, mashed and seasoned with butter, salt and a little pepper. A speck of sugar will improve the squash. The onions should be drained, heated again in milk enough to cover them, and seasoned with salt, butter and pepper. The potatoes may be drained, beaten up thoroughly with a fork, sprinkled with salt and piled lightly in a dish.
Keep each vegetable warm in the dish in which it has been cooked, while you prepare the gravy, put fresh water on to boll for the tea, and heat the plates and dishes for serving.
The pudding may be set into a large kettle of boiling water on the back of the stove. Chop the giblets and put them over the teakettle to warm. Make the gravy, and serve half of it plain, and half with the giblets.
Make the tea and serve it with the dinner, as your elderly guests will prefer it then. Those who wish coffee will doubtless prefer that after the dinner, and it need not be made till the first course has been served.
It is always wise to allow ample time for a dinner, but it is imperative on Christmas day. Doubtless your guests will understand how to add to your enjoyment of the dinner, by so curbing their own, that you will not be compelled to make a pretense of eating to avoid being "left behind in the race."
Of course your "better half" needs no hints about carving. And if you have no help in the kitchen we hope he has the happy habit of so diverting the attention of your guests that your necessary work in changing for the second course may not be done with the consciousness that every eye is upon you.
If a delightful custom of Christmas day in the olden time be not forgotten, there will be a spirit of kindness and informality among your most familiar guests, that will prompt them to vie with each other, as to who shall have the honor of helping you in that usually dreaded task, etc., the clearing up after the Christmas dinner—a time when, if ever, is proved the true of the old saying, "Many hands make light work."

Beavers.

"Freddie," said a little girl to her brother, "do you know why the world goes round and round?"
"Yes," replied Freddie promptly.
"Why?"
"Because it has its axis to grind."

He Knew.

"From your description of the symptoms," said the doctor, "I gather that your wife is suffering from the dumb ague."
"From the dumb ague?"
"Yes sir."
"I don't think so; it may be the ague, but it isn't the dumb variety."

CHRISTMAS CANDY.

HICKORYNUT CANDY.—Two cups of sugar, half a cup of water. Boll until thick, flavor with extract of lemon, stir in one cup of hickory nut meats, turn in a large flat dish. When cold cut in squares.
ALMOND CANDY.—To one pound of sugar take half a pint of water and the white of one egg, let stand a short time, then boll a few minutes, skim and boll until thick. Mix in a pound of blanched almonds, take from the fire, stir, and pour on buttered plates.
COCOANUT CANDY.—A pound and a half of white sugar and one pound of grated cocoanut; add the milk of the cocoanut to sugar, boll five minutes, put in the grated cocoanut, boll ten minutes longer, and stir to keep from burning. Pour on buttered plates to harden.

NOUGAT.—Drop a pound of almonds in boiling water, skin, when cool, cut in pieces. Dissolve a pound of sugar with a little water. Pour in the almonds, and cook eight minutes. Grease a pan, set in a warm place, put the almonds and sugar on, press them to the side and bottom of the pan with a lemon cut in halves. Take off the stove, turn on a plate and cool.
CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Put half a pound of chocolate, half a teaspoon of molasses, a cup of sweet milk, two pounds of brown sugar and two ounces of butter in a preserving kettle, set on the fire, let heat slowly, and stir until dissolved. Then boll until stiff. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, turn in a greased pan, when partly cool, mark in squares with a dull knife, stand in a cool place to harden.
CREAM DATES.—Put the white of one egg and a little cold water in a bowl; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until frothy, add sugar to make a stiff paste, work with the hands until smooth, form in small balls, lay on greased paper, and put in a cool place to dry. Remove the stones from large dates and press the little balls into the pieces, roll in granulated sugar and set away to harden.

QUICK MOLASSES CANDY.—One cup of New Orleans molasses; one half cup of light brown sugar, two tablespoons of vinegar, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boll steadily about ten minutes, then try in cold water, if it hardens it is done. Just before taking it from the fire add one-fourth of a teaspoon of baking soda; do not dissolve it, but put it in dry. Pour on buttered plates to cool, and pull as soon as can be handled. Very nice pop-corn balls are made by having the corn roasted and leaving a little of the candy in the bottom of the kettle, pour in all the popped corn it will dampen, stirring carefully until it takes up the candy.

A Lost Christmas Dinner.

The Barker family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Barker and a grown son. They were all possessed of good appetites, and a fondness for the flesh-pots. The family being small and times hard, Mr. Barker did not buy a turkey for their Christmas dinner, but in its stead brought home a nice plump chicken, just right for roasting. Some economies had to be practised before the Barkers could afford even a chicken, and they viewed their purchase with great satisfaction and pleased anticipation.
Just as Mrs. Barker was laying the cloth for dinner, there came a rap at the door, and a round-faced, robust-looking young Scotchman, a new acquaintance of Ben's, came in, and of course he was invited to stay for dinner, as the Barkers were the most hospitable of people.
The chicken came on the table so brown and delicious that Ben could not help smacking his lips, and Mr. Barker was in the happiest mood.
Instead of himself filling and passing the plates of his family and guest, it was Mr. Barker's custom to "pass things," with a "help yourself" invitation. He carved the chicken to the bone in the neatest manner, and putting all the meat on a separate plate, passed it to the guest.
To the amazement and consternation of the family, Scotch Joe passed back his empty plate, with a polite "Thank you," and immediately began operations on the entire chicken.
A half-fearful, distressed look came into young Ben's face.
Mr. Barker glanced sadly at the bare, white skeleton of the chicken on the platter, and at the meat on Joe's plate.
Mrs. Barker remarked soberly that she would take some of the "stuffing," if there was any left.
Ben's twenty-one years and prominent mustache did not keep him from saying—
"It don't look as thought we was going to get any, pap."
"We ain't," said "pap," as he slowly turned the skeleton over and over, only to discover that his work had been but too well done.
And they didn't get any; not a bite. Scotch Joe ate every fibre and shred of that chicken; and as Mrs. Barker tossed the bones into the swill-pail, she could not help saying—
"A two-legged pig has had the first chance at them."

Interesting to Horsemen.

The following, from the New York "Sun," is well worth making a note of by every horse breeder in the country: "The wonderful jumping of the Canadian horses at Chicago is in line with what is supposed to have been the hobby of New York riding men. It has never been commented upon in the newspapers, but it is a fact that a large number of hunting men around New York, like the Belmonts, Cheever, Kernochan and Collier, have for a long while been developing the breed of Canadian horses here and keeping a sharp lookout on the Canadian market. Some of the best jumping in the New York horse show of last year was by Canadian horses, and, though they do not yet quite rival the hunters of Ireland and England, there seems to be no doubt among the lovers of good horse flesh that they will eventually take the first rank. The magnificent performance of O'tario and Roseberry, both of them Canadian jumpers, in beating the New York record in jumping, has again drawn attention to the stamina and power of Canadian stock. It is said to be largely a question of climate. Now that Mr. Gebhardt's Leo is dead, Fleve-maker is about the only horse that we have left the east to uphold the high jumping record, and, as his highest jump has now been eclipsed by the two Canadian horses in Chicago, there will be a good deal of anxiety here over the entries for the jumping prizes for the coming horse show in N. Y. C."

War's Awful Facts.

In a recent article concerning the great European war Prof. Emilie Schuler prophesied that the number of troops wounded will in one day surpass the number of men of former times. The war will never have soaked the earth as ever. On the contrary, the earth will be regarded as a professional soldier's mess. Most of his published opinions are pro- and magnitudes of the war have been taken with a grain of salt by a contentant who writes for the military subjects has been impressed around to his extreme position. They formerly ridiculed. The change of front is largely due to the slon made by the energy of the press in furnishing their armies with the most and deadliest weapons which science has ever devised.
The vast superiority of these weapons all weapons of former times is the recent estimates of experts that in the war the losses of the combatants will be 40 per cent of the men in active service, that is, far more than double the losses of the war of 1871. The famous sea with which Germany won her battles twenty years ago is to-day considered as a relic of antiquated warfare. With a number of nineteen millimeter shells and 500 meters, hardly one-third of the To-day the French consider a gun with kilogrammes weight, eight millimeter caliber, and 2,000 meters range as obsolete. The time. The German gun of twenty years ago delivered eight hundred rounds per minute. The French gun, almost out of date, delivers eight hundred rounds per second. During the next year the man army will be provided with machine guns, and the gun used were deadly enough for its five years old. The introduction of modern magazines for the rifle among its infantry. During the year, however, the introduction of the caliber gun has been given up and small caliber have taken their place. Russia alone, with her army of nearly 900,000 men, sticks to the old of former days. A good many estimates to calculate the effect of all these improvements upon the conduct of the next war. A recent issue of Die Nation, a German journal, Hugo Hinze makes the following prophecy:
"The various 'zones' in which the infantry may act are as follows: 1,000 meters (one mile) to three-fifths of a zone of evolution; 1,000 500 meters fighting zone; 500-250 meters, range increased and hot firing; 250-100 meters of the last firing, whence the volley is fired and the attempt to storm is made. The only cover against attacking infantry is to be gotten by lying flat on the ground during the fire, while advancing from position to position, does not exist. The loss of the vanishing infantry will be enormous, the uninterrupted crowding forward of the uninterior forces at particular will render its attacks successful. A field of 300 meters breadth, constantly increasing volleys, necessarily a degree of moral courage and assistance that in past wars has never dreamed of. Nor will the losses of the infantry be confined to its operations in the zones described, for, save in a disadvantageous country, the attacking force will be able to sweep the advancing force with a very destructive fire."
"The battle of the field artillery will be less murderous. Aside from the difference in the range of the machine gun, the extreme range of grenades may be as 7,000 meters (well over four miles) and of shrapnel 5,000 meters. The duelling distance is between 2,000 and 3,000 meters. A prominent German artillery describes a modern German gun thus:
"It is a battle of life or death, at the end of which one of the principal pieces is dead on the field. It would be a death and inconceivable piece of recklessness, every possible means to victory, to enter into such a struggle without having every possible means to victory."
"I would apply a similar remark to the whole struggle on the battlefield. One principal lies dead on the field. Other lives are field a cripple."
"Artillery will do its deadliest work during a battle of the infantry, at a range of 1,500 meters; nearer than 500 meters dare not venture. Artillery must fire upon attacking cavalry beyond the meter limit; in an open field it will win without difficulty. What will be the cavalry in such a combat? It will be annihilated. Already in 1870-71 the cavalry, merely in line, repulsed the attacking cavalry. And to-day? The factory pays no attention at all to the cavalry till it has approached to 1,000 meters. Then it over-whims the horsemen, unprotected, in a shower of smokeless powder, even by a volley with twenty volleys to the machine-gun slaughter is over."
"The effectiveness of the sleeve and cation guns has been brought to a high degree of perfection. The big sleeve gun has a range of 10,000 meters. The projectile of sleeve cannons can be as high as 175 kilometers. Naval guns and guns of the coast carry shot weighing 1,000 kilograms. A 15-centimeter gun in 1870-71 was 40 or 45 pieces; to-day it is a barrel of 350 pieces of over 10 grams weight. 800 pieces of 1.10 gram weight are smallest pieces of less than 1 gram are thrown with sufficient force to penetrate a plank of two centimeters thickness. Fortifications can be constructed to open up with a bombardment of sleeve grenades."
Herr Hinze also speaks briefly of Zalkins dynamite gun, which he considers its formidable to be largely in these times of enormous gun and the shortness of its range.

In a Jolly Mood.

"Joggins was in a jolly mood last night. He came home late singing of his expense."
"He did?"
"Yes, and from the way they say he must have had his pocket full of it."

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"A two-legged pig has had the first chance at them."

Interesting to Horsemen.

The following, from the New York "Sun," is well worth making a note of by every horse breeder in the country: "The wonderful jumping of the Canadian horses at Chicago is in line with what is supposed to have been the hobby of New York riding men. It has never been commented upon in the newspapers, but it is a fact that a large number of hunting men around New York, like the Belmonts, Cheever, Kernochan and Collier, have for a long while been developing the breed of Canadian horses here and keeping a sharp lookout on the Canadian market. Some of the best jumping in the New York horse show of last year was by Canadian horses, and, though they do not yet quite rival the hunters of Ireland and England, there seems to be no doubt among the lovers of good horse flesh that they will eventually take the first rank. The magnificent performance of O'tario and Roseberry, both of them Canadian jumpers, in beating the New York record in jumping, has again drawn attention to the stamina and power of Canadian stock. It is said to be largely a question of climate. Now that Mr. Gebhardt's Leo is dead, Fleve-maker is about the only horse that we have left the east to uphold the high jumping record, and, as his highest jump has now been eclipsed by the two Canadian horses in Chicago, there will be a good deal of anxiety here over the entries for the jumping prizes for the coming horse show in N. Y. C."

War's Awful Facts.

In a recent article concerning the great European war Prof. Emilie Schuler prophesied that the number of troops wounded will in one day surpass the number of men of former times. The war will never have soaked the earth as ever. On the contrary, the earth will be regarded as a professional soldier's mess. Most of his published opinions are pro- and magnitudes of the war have been taken with a grain of salt by a contentant who writes for the military subjects has been impressed around to his extreme position. They formerly ridiculed. The change of front is largely due to the slon made by the energy of the press in furnishing their armies with the most and deadliest weapons which science has ever devised.
The vast superiority of these weapons all weapons of former times is the recent estimates of experts that in the war the losses of the combatants will be 40 per cent of the men in active service, that is, far more than double the losses of the war of 1871. The famous sea with which Germany won her battles twenty years ago is to-day considered as a relic of antiquated warfare. With a number of nineteen millimeter shells and 500 meters, hardly one-third of the To-day the French consider a gun with kilogrammes weight, eight millimeter caliber, and 2,000 meters range as obsolete. The time. The German gun of twenty years ago delivered eight hundred rounds per minute. The French gun, almost out of date, delivers eight hundred rounds per second. During the next year the man army will be provided with machine guns, and the gun used were deadly enough for its five years old. The introduction of modern magazines for the rifle among its infantry. During the year, however, the introduction of the caliber gun has been given up and small caliber have taken their place. Russia alone, with her army of nearly 900,000 men, sticks to the old of former days. A good many estimates to calculate the effect of all these improvements upon the conduct of the next war. A recent issue of Die Nation, a German journal, Hugo Hinze makes the following prophecy:
"The various 'zones' in which the infantry may act are as follows: 1,000 meters (one mile) to three-fifths of a zone of evolution; 1,000 500 meters fighting zone; 500-250 meters, range increased and hot firing; 250-100 meters of the last firing, whence the volley is fired and the attempt to storm is made. The only cover against attacking infantry is to be gotten by lying flat on the ground during the fire, while advancing from position to position, does not exist. The loss of the vanishing infantry will be enormous, the uninterrupted crowding forward of the uninterior forces at particular will render its attacks successful. A field of 300 meters breadth, constantly increasing volleys, necessarily a degree of moral courage and assistance that in past wars has never dreamed of. Nor will the losses of the infantry be confined to its operations in the zones described, for, save in a disadvantageous country, the attacking force will be able to sweep the advancing force with a very destructive fire."
"The battle of the field artillery will be less murderous. Aside from the difference in the range of the machine gun, the extreme range of grenades may be as 7,000 meters (well over four miles) and of shrapnel 5,000 meters. The duelling distance is between 2,000 and 3,000 meters. A prominent German artillery describes a modern German gun thus:
"It is a battle of life or death, at the end of which one of the principal pieces is dead on the field. It would be a death and inconceivable piece of recklessness, every possible means to victory, to enter into such a struggle without having every possible means to victory."
"I would apply a similar remark to the whole struggle on the battlefield. One principal lies dead on the field. Other lives are field a cripple."
"Artillery will do its deadliest work during a battle of the infantry, at a range of 1,500 meters; nearer than 500 meters dare not venture. Artillery must fire upon attacking cavalry beyond the meter limit; in an open field it will win without difficulty. What will be the cavalry in such a combat? It will be annihilated. Already in 1870-71 the cavalry, merely in line, repulsed the attacking cavalry. And to-day? The factory pays no attention at all to the cavalry till it has approached to 1,000 meters. Then it over-whims the horsemen, unprotected, in a shower of smokeless powder, even by a volley with twenty volleys to the machine-gun slaughter is over."
"The effectiveness of the sleeve and cation guns has been brought to a high degree of perfection. The big sleeve gun has a range of 10,000 meters. The projectile of sleeve cannons can be as high as 175 kilometers. Naval guns and guns of the coast carry shot weighing 1,000 kilograms. A 15-centimeter gun in 1870-71 was 40 or 45 pieces; to-day it is a barrel of 350 pieces of over 10 grams weight. 800 pieces of 1.10 gram weight are smallest pieces of less than 1 gram are thrown with sufficient force to penetrate a plank of two centimeters thickness. Fortifications can be constructed to open up with a bombardment of sleeve grenades."
Herr Hinze also speaks briefly of Zalkins dynamite gun, which he considers its formidable to be largely in these times of enormous gun and the shortness of its range.

In a Jolly Mood.

"Joggins was in a jolly mood last night. He came home late singing of his expense."
"He did?"
"Yes, and from the way they say he must have had his pocket full of it."