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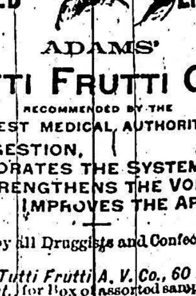

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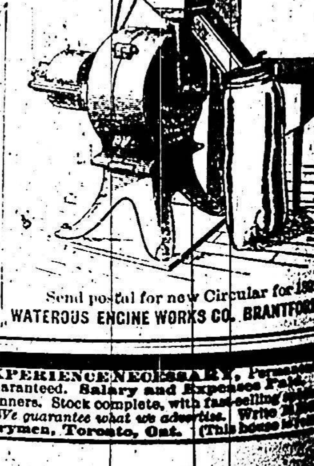

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DAFFODIL.

BY LELAH R. BENTON.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED)

In a very short time a parcel was sent up to her and opening it she found a black overdress, a wrap of prettily trimmed satin and a large hat with drooping ... everything black save a shimmer of fashionable yellow of oranges around ... of the dress. A note in the parcel ran thus:—

"Dear Mrs. Dayce:—

"Pray do as I ask you. In the box we occupy a secluded corner in which ... free from general observation. ... impossible for me to leave till ... moment and if you wish courteous treatment from me you must let me have my way. I will await you, here, in the reception-room. Please join me as soon as possible.

Yours devotedly,

A. D. KAYTER."

Daffodil read the note the second time. Her eyes lingered on his ... concerning the "courteous treatment" with rising fear and she took up ... began to shake it out. A tap ... made her lay it down again and ... one more took it up it was after ... partaken gratefully of the best ... could afford sent up by her ... protector below.

At the same time, in a more fashionable part of the city, Haidee Emfroy was ... out her part of the scheme.

... at the tea table where Mrs Dayeer ... sweet faced woman and ... faced now but handsomer ... were her only companions.

"Jack," said Haidee, lifting eyes that ... what they had been in the ... "I want you to do me a favor."

... over at her in a man... "What now?" but she did ...

"What is it?" Jack asked. He did not ... there was little interest in his ...

"... you do it?" the girl coaxed.

... clapped her hands. It was an ... of hers, to act as like a ... possible. It might make Jack ... of her in a more lenient light, in the ... escapades he knew she ... in her twenty-two years.

... promised now and you never ... I know. You are to ... at the right time this evening ... to see The Matchless."

... up then. He was thoroughly ...

"... Haidee—" he began.

"I know!" interrupted the girl, "But just this once!" ... stage! And this is ... too," she said, rising from ...

"... box and I must ... and her escort have de... and I said I would ... Day or!" she ... her voice. "You ... be careful ... young girls!" ... bitter hard ... its mother say ... Haidee, don't wound ...

... sobbing now. Real sobs they ... of the failure of ... his coldness to ... of his to the memory ... her anguish hard to ...

... a moment and then ... use of your crying ... this time," and ... demeanor, ... a word to ... her tea alone and ... frequently. ... into her son's library ...

... said, going up to him, ... faultless even... "Why did you not refuse to ..."

"... an advantage of me, did ..." he returned, kissing her. "... I should go out with her ..."

... was silent.

"Mother," he said presently, "Do you ... should seek a divorce and marry ... You know it would make her ... I suppose some happiness ought ... this mistake of mine, if possible."

Mrs Dayeer ... Jack and looked up into ... eyes.

"... she whispered, "Marry Haidee! ... I have ... your wife should be ... I would have you marry any... Haidee." She hesitated and flushed ... "The girl is not good enough—" ... Do you remember what ...

Mrs Dayeer's eyes shone, even through ... "You are not that now," she ...

"... a mother's prayers," he re...

... of Haidee in a marvellous ... red and black, was the signal for ... to cease.

... opposite boxes sa the ... we have to deal in this ... shrinking and nervous, in ... which was not sp... Kayter, triumphant, at... mask thrown off ... eyes every time he ... at his side, Haidee ... thrilling with pleasure ... expression on the face of her ... sat glowering dark... Kayter. When he ... Daffodil, his face changed. ... heartsick hopelessness ... surprise. And ... secret delight that he ... in Daffodil's trail.

... drew nearer, ... weak. This manner ... might mean. In a ... asked ... we leave at ...

... in a laugh... Jack ... life of excite... the staple ... changed a great ... never seen but ... a few moments. ... with her own ... any of the people ... stage passed ... her eyes, unenjoyed. ... she stood up to go, ... to escape, how, ... meant to, make a ... the moonlit ... Kayter, Haidee ... ordering of a ... Kayter's leaving her ... Jack passed ... silent gravity ... shiver as he ... her into their ... lingered, shut... turned to look ... movements sur... crept hastily down ... shadow of the projecting ... house. He seized on ... and with a glad ... help her to escape as ... to do. There was ... he could but very ... wheeled up to her very ... with a word "I will help ... he had handed her in ... was rattling away to the hotel ... to the driver.

Back to Haidee then, he hurried and no ... to witness the baffled rage of Kayter ... his prey, he drove home in ... surprised Haidee, careful as he ... with his team of thoroughbreds.

"Tell mother to prepare lunch," he directed ... to Haidee, leaving her at the front door, abruptly. "I will be back soon."

And away he went to the hotel where he ... Daffodil would be by this time." "For one little interview," he said to himself. "I will be willing to suffer for years again. And perhaps I may find out that she is tired of her profession."

His heart was aglow with hope. He would forgive everything to have her back. There was nothing he would censure in her, be it what it might, and when he reached his destination he went to the clerk eagerly and ... for the last arrivals.

An hour after he entered his own house ... weary step and met his mother's ... eyes with only a few brief words.

"I am sorry to have bothered you so, mother, I cannot eat any lunch after all. Good night. Kiss me, dear, and do not ask me anything. Only tell Haidee in the morning I wish to speak to her as soon as she has her breakfast."

The matter he wished to speak of culminated Haidee's triumph. After that interview she wore Jack's diamond ring on her engagement finger.

He had settled on this decision after coming from the R— hotel where he had not found Daffodil. She had tired of Kayter but she had not been willing to come back to her husband either, to judge from the way she had eluded him and never dreaming that she had not known whose assistance she had accepted, he believed she was still the wilful heartless girl of old and gave himself up to the effort to make Haidee happy after he should complete the necessary arrangements for securing a divorce.

While Daffodil, on this sudden appearance of a third rescuer from dire straits had considered it only another flitting from one cage to another, and in great trouble had given a counter command to the cab-driver, which change of destination brought her into a position in which we will meet her in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

"Creatures so bright that the same lips and eyes
They wear on earth will serve them in Paradise."—Moore.

The summer sun shone down brilliantly on the sparkling waves of Lake Ontario and the lovely little Island so dear to Torontonians, with its beach dotted with glistening white and scarlet tents wherein parties of merry idlers whiled away a season of hot weather intolerable in the city.

As the grove of Daphne was loved and resorted to by the pleasure seekers of Antioch, in the days of the Herods, so this wave washed up-heaval of sand and vegetation, with its walks and nooks, with its lily strewn pools, its fantastic structures, its rows of cool inviting tents its days of rest, its evenings of music, is held in the hearts of the residents of the Queen City.

'Twas here in the open sunlight on the left of the promenade between the Seaside Home and the Hotel Hanlan at the Point, in the days when Centre Island was less popular, that a certain commodious red and white tent sheltered a vivacious bevy of girls, this warm afternoon in July.

Laughing and chatting merrily as they lounged on low sofas and divans and in luxurious easy chairs, clad in bright gowns and beautiful with health and youth, they certainly gave pleasing proof of their attractions as the "Greek Tableaux Company," which had been making a successful thing of it at one of the Toronto theatres, previous to the arrival of the hot weather. To-day they were discussing triumphantly the successes of the season with their manager, Mr. Clayton, whose wife acted as their chaperone.

"Dearine," cried Leda Yarwood, putting her arm affectionately around the girl next her, "Talk about success! If we had not found this lovely blonde of ours at the Detroit depot in the spring, I rather think our successes would not have been quite so pleasant to review. We ambitious lovers of Hellenic mythology would have seen our castles in the air tumbling in ruins—our dreams of giving to the public a perfect representation of Grecian fable-life would have faded into failure had we not discovered this dimpled darling of a blonde. Golden wigs and pearl and pink swansdown powder could never take the place of these spun tresses and this matchless complexion. And I do think we were in luck when we found her."

"Friendless, homeless, penniless," finished the idol of the troupe, with great tears in her eyes.

"An unlucky position for you perhaps, but a fortunate one for us. For if you had had money to pay for that ticket that you asked for and then pushed back with such troubled eyes—"

"When I remembered I had no money to pay for it," was softly interjected.

"—We could not have taken the liberty we did to inquire if we could do anything for you."

"And I needed your kindness so much," the girl went on, gratefully.

"You have repaid us a thousand fold dearest girl, by the loan of your beauty in our tableaux," "And now if we are done with the past," spoke up a third young lady "let us drink to the present in libations of Chinese Pekoe and find the future in the bottom of our cups."

"Yes, let's," echoed some of the rest.

"Tea?" ejaculated Mr. Clayton, rising hastily. "Aren't you hot enough without making tea in the middle of the day."

"It's five o'clock," Mrs Clayton said, yawning. "Time for me to get over to the city," her husband said.

"Isn't it hot enough for you without going over to the city in the middle of the day?" some one asked, saucily.

"It's five o'clock!" he rejoined, as he went out the tent door followed by a general laugh.

The girls soon had the centre table decked out with china and glass and various dainty eatables.

"Girls!" said the wit of them all, as they drew near and helped themselves. "I believe we ought to be more economical. We should not waste our substance in riotous living. We must call a halt. Let's give up fish."

This caused a burst of laughter.

"You're thinking of the hard work of catching them. Has Charlie been complaining."

"Well, I second that motion—let's not have fish three times a day after this. I know it's an awful sacrifice but something must be done or I'll resign and go home," another girl said, tilting her nose disdainfully as she took a seat far away from the cold piscatorial dish.

"What shall we have?" Mrs. Clayton asked.

While they discussed the momentous question, they presented a pretty picture to those of the passers-by who were unmannerly enough to take more than a mere peep between the breeze stirred curtains at the entrance. There were just ten of the girls, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton completing the dozen members of the troupe. Educated, beautiful, with an enthusiastic love for the classics of the Hellenes, nine of the girls had formed a dramatic club in the small town they called their home, near Detroit, and meeting with such unlimited praise from all critics under the management of a retired theatre owner and his wife they had made a tour of the States obtaining a high place among the best troupes of the day. At Detroit, they had fallen in with their "Aphrodite" as she was sometime called, just as they were leaving for Toronto, the first Canadian city visited. Daffodil's story was not forced from her and she told them only a part. That she had three married sisters but they cared little for her, that she had run away from a persistent suitor and had forgotten in her mad desire to leave the city that she had no money to exchange for the ticket she asked for and then so despairingly pushed back, and satisfied that she had a right to withhold anything she did not wish to speak of, they took her to themselves and having tried her, now trusted, and more, idolized her.

The nine girls were generally styled the "Muses" a few of them never pretending to call each other any name but the ones assigned in the list. Leda Yarwood, a superb brunette, was the only one not so nicknamed and Daffodil was given the befitting one of Aphrodite, while to stray acquaintances she was introduced as Miss Brown, a name much laughed at by her companions but one she studiously adhered to as good enough for an assumed name.

And for Mrs. Clayton, as mother," so to speak of the Muses, the name of "Mem" was chosen, Memory being the parent of the Nine, in fabled lore.

Behold these charming nineteenth century Muses, then, drinking tea and talking "fortune."

"Tell me mine first, Mem!" Euterpe, the charmer, said, laughing. "Am I going to be in a crowd soon? and how many admirers are hovering around me now? How soon shall I get a letter and is my wish closed?"

Mrs. Clayton took the tea-cup handed to her and looked at the scattered grounds in a critical silence, Thalia, or Tallie, as she was oftener called, the wit of the company, leaned forward with exaggerated solemnity and convulsed her observers with her tragic interest.

"Hist!" she whispered, as a giggle broke the suspense. "The Oracle is about to speak. But first please pass the butter."

"Yes," said Mem, gravely. "You are going to be in a crowd soon. A very jolly crowd. Not a large crowd—"

"Just a nice crowd?" finished Euterpe, anxiously. The girls all laughed. "That means a sprinkling of gentlemen," Leda remarked.

"That's it, exactly," Mem said, putting the cup down, an act which the owner protested against, saying, "You haven't told me half enough."

"It's too hot for me to think," Mrs. Clayton said, reaching out her hand for a fan.

"Tell mine, anyway, Mem, won't you?" Daffodil asked, holding out her cup in a snowy hand.

"Yes, tell hers, Mem!" the rest seconded, sitting up and looking interested. "You never find much in her cup, as a rule, but to-day it looks very portentous. Give our Aphrodite her Adonis to-day."

"But an Adonis who will appreciate and return her affection, not one who will be deaf as in the old tale to his worshipper's devotion."

"Cruelist of all cruel things is the pain of unrequited love!" murmured Leda.

What pang shot through Daffodil's heart as she remembered the love given her in vain! She even sighed a little in regret that she had not loved Jack as he did her.

"Love!" she uttered, aloud. "What is love!"

The girls sat silent for a second, looking at her serious face, surprised.

"Are you in earnest?" some one asked. "Have you never loved?"

"No" she answered, "I have never loved."

The girls seemed amazed beyond measure—doubtless because each had decided that an *affaire du coeur* had been the main cause of woe in the past that she seldom referred to.

"She is teasing us, girls," at last said Tallie. "How well she plays the Innocent."

"Nay," Daffodil continued, "I have never in all my life seen the man to whom I could offer a devotion such as they say springs from the *grande passion!*"

"You little fraud of an Aphrodite, you little humbug of a Venus, a pretty goddess of love you are;" explained Leda.

"I always told you you were making a mistake in bestowing such an appellation on me. I often wonder if I have a heart at all."

"Here it is!" exclaimed Mem at this moment.

"What, my heart?"

"Your fortune. I have never seen anything in your cup before, my dear, worth speaking of. But now, your adventures are evidently going to begin over again. Here's a stranger with his heart in his hand! And such a series of walks and rows and sails and—oh girls it's going to be a sure case!"

Daffodil's creamy cheeks flushed. She rose up and went and stood in the doorway to look out over the crocus sea as it lay dimpling in a soft and roseate sunset. Something in the "fortune" jarred upon her. She felt there could never be a "case" with her. She had gone through so much she felt old and beyond such things. Two figures strolling down the beach, yonder, caught her eye. The slow idle happy manner of both made her divine that they were lovers. She sighed—and started! They had turned and in their contented smiling faces, Daffodil recognized Gus Howard and Annie, the little modest true-hearted assistant!

She turned back into the tent, sighing. A young man who had been watching her turned away too, when she had gone in.

"Gad!" said his friend, Telfer, to him. "You are not rid of that cursed fever yet. And you brood over that affair too much. You want to quit thinking about it."

The young man shuddered, "It was a horrible death," he exclaimed. "But that was not what I was thinking of when you came up. I have made a discovery. And if I can follow it up all is well. You must help me. It is the last forlorn hope of my life."

They went away slowly to their breezy apartments in the hotel. There ensued a long talk and afterwards Telfer went out and downstairs. "He is a regular fakir but I must forget that. Ah! here he is now!" he murmured to himself as he stood under the electric light near the "cage" and watched the passengers landing from the loaded ferry boats. The evening was drawing on and the band in their pavilion was already looking over the evening's music.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old Scissors' Soliloquy.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still;
To my right the exchanges and manuscripts white,
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen:
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the *Farmers' Gazette*,
And although I am old, I'm his favorite shears
And can crowd the compositors yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.

But when I was new (remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone by—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader.
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and grey,
And seldom lays hand on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say,
"We are needing some money to run this machine,
And subscribers will please to remit;"
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought us was green,
And so hotly it couldn't be split."

He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind,
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whenever they see
The result of a reckless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositors' jest,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon, be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the good
And the manifold trouble that irk us;
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass, now and then, to the circus.

Heigho! from the past comes a memory bright:
Of a tress of the freshness of clover,
Who urged me to clip from her tresses one night
A memorial lock for her lover.

That dear little lock is still glossy and brown
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—he's an editor here in the town—
I'm employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abroad and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a whopping big rat in the paste—
How I'd like to shut down on his tail!

To-morrow.

"Ah, wait," he cries, "but a little longer,"—
The young eyes glowing with holy fire,—
"And man through me shall grow purer, stronger;
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire.
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow—
The Good—the Beauty—I dream and plan;
There comes to-morrow: and then to-morrow,
And yet to-morrow, and I a man."

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow,
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured, "To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"—
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and his life is Duty:—
Ah, the old-time light in the eyes is dead:—
"I am faithful still to my dream of Beauty;
To-morrow, to-morrow, is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured, "To-morrow is mine! To-morrow!"—
Was there a thrill as of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is falling;
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands bewailing—
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened guest:
"Too late! There will be no morrow's greeting;
Of my grand, great Work but the ruined shell;
I have always dreamed, as the years were fleeting,
'There is yet to-morrow!'"—The dark night fell.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,
"There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "To-morrow!"
Was there a thrill as of tender sadness
Changing to gladness,
And dying away?

Observations.

In a friendship between two women there is either a man at the beginning or will be at the end of it.

A quarrel between two persons assumes its most serious aspect when a third party comes in who has nothing to do with it.

Revenge is sweet, but foregoing it is sweeter.

The rural visitor who comes to the city green usually goes out of it blue.

The egotist is in most cases the man who has the least reason to be one.

Many of the disappointments of life come from mistaking acquaintances for friends.

Do not say it was a week ago to-morrow, but it will be a week ago to-morrow.

The desire for social supremacy is one of the most pitiable weaknesses in human nature.

Distrust makes miserable those who cherish it. Confidence is a good thing to have, even if it is sometimes abused.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The First Snow Fall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping the fields and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ringed inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new roof'd with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And I thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not I kissed her
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

[James Russel Lowell.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHILDREN.

Christmas candles are not much known in this country. They are made by piercing a hole in an orange, putting a piece of quill three or four inches long, set upright in the hole, and usually a second piece inside this. Each quill is divided into several slips, each one of which is loaded with a raisin. The weight of the raisins bends down the little boughs, giving two circles of pendants. A colored taper is placed in the upper quill and lighted on Christmas Eve. The custom is a German one.

The harbinger of Christmas in Holland is a Star of Bethlehem carried along through the cities by the young men who pick up alms for the poor, and they gather much from those who at Christmas come to welcome this symbol of peace. They then betake themselves to the head burgomaster of the town, who is bound to give these youths a good meal.

The little Russian amid the snows looks for the red candle and the Christmas tree; the ice is all alight with gay illuminations. The little Roman boy watches with delight the preparation of the Befana in the public square of Rome. For the Befana is the witch who rides on a broomstick. She is a female Santa Claus who brings presents to a good child and a bunch of rods to a bad one. Her worship is celebrated on Christmas Eve to the noisy sound of trumpets and all manner of unearthly noises. Then the boy goes to the Church of the Augustine to see the little Jesus Child lying on the lap of His Holy Mother. He hears the most charming music and singing choristers swinging the censer before the Host, whilst above his head, Michael fights with the Dragon. He sees the splendid procession of the cardinals, in their gorgeous red and white robes, as he goes down the broad marble steps, on each side of which beautiful marble statues stand in niches. His mother, poor Dominica, peasant of the Campagna, kneels and makes the sign of the cross, and tells her boy that this is Christmas, the day on which the Jesus Child was born to take his sins away. Again, he wanders with her through the market-place. Everyone gives him playthings, fruits and cakes, a rich foreigner tosses him a *lira*. The little Antonio asks her why, and his mother tells him it is Christmas, but not so gay as when she was a little girl, for then the "pifferari," the shepherds from the mountains, came in their short cloaks, with ribbons round their pointed hats, to play on their bagpipes before every image of the Virgin. Then they go again to the church, the beautiful church of Ara Coeli, to hear the "angel girls" make Christmas speeches to welcome the little Christ-child, and as he looks at the image of the Madonna, all hung with jewels, he wishes it were Christmas all the year round.

In most families it is a purely domestic festival, although as the tree was enjoyed the night before when Santa Claus—noble, generous, German spirit—has held his revels, there is no reason why a grand dinner to one's friends should not be given.

The best Christmas present to a boy is a box of tools; the best to a girl any number of dolls, and after dressing and undressing them, giving them a bath, taking them through a fit of sickness, punishing them, and giving them an airing in the park (for little maidens begin to imitate mamma at a very early age,) the next best amusement is to manufacture a doll's house, and here the box of tools comes in. He must plane the box, the brother must, an old box will do, and it in four compartments, each of which must be elaborately papered. Then a "real carpet" must be nailed down, and then pictures hung on the wall. These bits, framed with gold paper, usually require mamma's help. The kitchen must be fitted up with tins which, perhaps, had better be bought, but after the "Batterie de Cuisine" is finished, then the chairs and beds should be made at home. Cardboard boxes can be cut into excellent dolly beds. Pillows, bolsters, mattress, sheets, pillow cases, will amuse little fingers many days.

When they get older and can write letters, a postoffice is a delightful boon. These are to be bought, but they are far more amusing if made at home. Any good sized card box will do for this purpose. The lid should be fastened to it so that when it stands up it will open like a door. A slit must be cut out about an inch wide and from five to six inches long so as to allow of the posting of small parcels, yet not large enough to admit even the smallest hand. Children should learn to respect the inviolate character of the post from the earliest age.

On the door should be written the time of the post. Most children are fond of writing letters to one another, and this will of course give rise to a grand manufacture of note paper, envelopes and post cards, and will call forth ingenuity in designing and coloring monograms and crests for their note paper and envelopes must be taken carefully to pieces to form a flat pattern. Those cut from it have to be folded, gummed together, and a touch of gum put on the flap, the monogram made to correspond. It is wonderful what occupation this gives for weeks. A paint box should be also amongst the Christmas gifts,

Capital scrap-books can be made by children, and old railway guides may be the foundation, every illustrated paper the magazine of art; a paste pot, next to a paint box, is a most serviceable toy.

Hobby horses are profitable steeds, and can be made to go through any amount of paces. But mechanical toys are more amusing to one's elders than to the child who wishes to do his own mechanism. A boy can be amused by turning him out of the house, giving him a ball or a kite, or let him dig in the ground for the unhappy mole. Little girls, who must be kept in of a rainy day, or invalid children are very hard to amuse, and recourse must be had to story telling, to the dear delightful thousand and one books, how written for children.

Happy is the child who has inherited a garret full of old trunks, old furniture, old pictures, all old things. It is a precious inheritance. Given the dramatic instinct and a garret, and a family of quick-witted boys and girls will have amusement long after Christmas holidays are passed.

It would be a great amusement for weeks before Christmas if children were taught to make the ornaments for the tree, as is done in economical Germany. Here the idea of secrecy and mysticism is too incarnate with Santa Claus and such an idea would be rejected. But it is twice as interesting if we put ourselves into a thing.

At Christmas time let us invoke the fairies. They, the gentry, the wee people, the "good people," are very dear to the real little, wee people who see the fun and do not believe in them any too much. Those who make their homes under old trees and resort to toadstools for shelter, who make invisible excursions into farmhouses, have afforded the Irish nurse with no end of legends. An old nurse will hold a magnificent position in the nursery because she had seen a Lyprochaun, the little red man, beloved of the Irish.

The meaning of the Christmas green is that it was once the home of the peace-loving wood spirit. Christmas evergreens and red berries make the most effectual of internal decorations; their delightful fragrance, their splendid color, renders the palace more beautiful and the humble house attractive. Before Twelfth Night (January 6) they must all be taken down.

If it will bring the rich to the poor, if it will not forget a single legend or grace, if the holly and evergreen shall breathe the sweetest and highest significance, if we can remember that every simple festival at Christmas which makes the hearthstone brighter, is a tribute to the Highest wisdom, if we connect Christmas and humanity, then shall we keep it well. For the world unlocks its heart on every Christmas Day as it has done for eighteen Christmas centuries. The cairn of Christmas memories rises higher and higher as the dear procession of children, that constantly arriving precious pilgrimage from the unknown world, halts by the majestic mountain to receive gifts, giving more than they take.

For what would Christmas be without the children?

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord made a display of a small package when he came home the other evening.

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied, as he sat down and carefully handled the package, "did you read of that case in Troy where a barber cut a customer slightly on the cheek and he died of blood poisoning."

"No. Say! you've gone and got another shaving outfit?"

"Another? When did I ever have one?"

"You got one two or three years ago in Detroit, and how did you come out with it? Mr. Bowser, you do the most foolish things of any man I ever heard of in all my life!"

"I do, eh? Is it foolish for me to want to avoid blood poisoning by shaving myself, to say nothing of the enormous saving of money? Yes, I did get an outfit in Detroit, but I had a boil on my arm and couldn't handle the razor. That was a cheap outfit, just as an experiment."

"And you cut yourself and pranced around and whooped until the neighbors thought we had a fire. How much did this outfit cost?"

"Only $10."

"Ten dollars thrown right away!"

"Is it? Let's see about that. Having my own outfit I can shave daily. That's 70 cents a week, or 2.80 per month. Seems to me that $34 per year is worth saving. In the twenty years I have been shaving I could have saved the trifle of $780. Where are you now, Mrs Bowser?"

"Just where I was before. You'll shave once and that'll end it."

"Will it? If that's your opinion I have a great surprise in store for you. I've been taking lessons of a barber on how to handle the razor, and I can shave clean in exactly four minutes. Easiest thing in the world when you know how. Just think of the $780 I have thrown away!"

Well, suppose you'll try it in pi ... anything can say, but I shall decline to be held responsible for any trouble."

"Responsible! Trouble! How could I hold you responsible? And what trouble can there be?"

"Why, that time in Detroit you almost tore the house down because you cut your ear."

"Pooh! I was probably joking. Don't remember a thing about it. I'd look pretty blaming you for what I did, wouldn't I? After dinner I'll take a little shave, and if you don't say it's a better one than any barber has ever given me I'll put the razor up for good."

After dinner Mr. Bowser took a bowl of hot water and started upstairs, saying to Mrs. Bowser as he went:

"Better time me by the clock. I may be six or seven minutes this time, but I'll be right on tick to-morrow night."

He went into the bedroom and locked the door. Then he took off his coat, vest, necktie and collar. He looked down at his shoes for a moment and then decided to take them off also.

"Let's see!" he mused as he opened the box and stood before the glass. "The first thing is to lather, of course. That's as easy as rolling off a log. This is something like comfort, this is. Hanged if I don't believe I shall want to shave twice a day!"

Mr. Bowser decided to put on plenty of lather. He put it on his chin, cheeks, nose forehead, ears and throat, and more or less fell on the carpet. When he had lathered until both arms ached, and no more would stick to him, he picked up the razor and chuckled:

"I just hold it with three fingers, this way, and lay it on my cheek this way, and move it gently down. A child three years old could do that. I'll show Mrs. Bowser a trick or two before I'm through. Good woman, but she thinks she knows it all. Razor just slides——"

Mr. Bowser gave a jump and at the same instant he saw the lather stained with blood.

"Don't amount to anything—just the head of a pimple!" he whispered to himself. "Barber told me to keep my arm stiff, and I forgot. Can't expect to get the hang of it in one minute, you know. A little more lather."

He lathered away until it began to drop off, and then picked up the razor again.

"The idea of my throwing away $780 to the barbers!" he muttered as he laid the flat of the razor on his cheek. "Well, better late than never. No particular hurry about this, however. Feller wants to give himself time to get hang of it. Perhaps I'd better begin on my chin first. Don't suppose it makes any great distance whether I shave up or down, so long as I—!"

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?" called Mrs. Bowser, as she kicked on the door.

"Nothing!" he answered.

"Then what are you jumping around so for? I thought you'd shake the chandeliers down!"

"The blamed thing must have slipped on me!" he growled as he returned to the glass to survey the cut. "Probably didn't hold it exactly right. Ah! that's more like the way the barber told me to hold it. Now, then, take it easy till you get the hang of it. May be ten minutes this time, but on the next occasion I'll——!"

"Mr. Bowser, open this door!" called Mrs. Bowser from the hall.

"W-what do you w-want?" he gasped.

"I want to know what all this swearing and kicking over the chairs means! Didn't I tell you how you would come out!"

"You go away! I'm all right! It was the man next door you heard!"

He heard her go away after a bit, and he went back to the glass to whisper:

"I'll be hanged if I haven't pretty near cut my old chin off! What in Texas ails the old thing, anyhow! I'll get the hang of it if it cuts my head off! I didn't have lather enough."

He lathered some more. Then he picked up the razor and carefully examined both sides, and the edge and back. Then he laid the flat of the blade on his chin and smiled sweetly and whispered:

"Probably a little nervous, being the first time. I'll just get used to it by degrees. That's the way to do it! No barber ever slid a razor over my chin any richer than that. The idea of Mrs. Bowser calling it $10 thrown right away! That's the way with a woman. If they can save a cent here they will waste a dollar there. I'll ——"

Mrs. Bowser heard a yell and started for the stairs. She met Mr. Bowser half-way up. The lather was flying about, and the blood streaming down on his shirt bosom, and his eyes were as big as onions.

"Well, didn't I say so!" she demanded.

Her words brought Mr. Bowser to himself. He turned back, beckoned for her to follow, and as they entered the bedroom he silently pointed. The razor lay on the floor, the bowl was broken in three pieces, and there was lather everywhere.

"Well?" she queried, as she picked up three towels and placed two chairs on their legs again.

"Woman!" he hoarsely whispered, "this is too much!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Sure! Done! Look at me!"

"Yes, but you tried to shave yourself."

"But you dragged me into it?"

"Mr. Bowser, you certainly can't blame me. I told you before you——"

"That's enough! This is the limit! I understand it all, and can see just how you planned it! It is not your fault that I did not cut my throat, and that you are not now a widow! Mrs. Bowser, leave me to myself! I have some papers to look over before consulting a lawyer to-morrow!"

Household of Twelve Persons Murdered.

News of a horrible crime has reached Berlin from Wilna. The house of a farmer named Abramovitch, at Autopol, near that town, was attacked by a mob of starving peasants, who, having forced an entrance, killed Abramovitch, his wife, children, and servants—twelve persons in all—and then plundered the place of all the food and valuables they could find. The object of the raid seems to have been only for the sake of robbery, as it cannot be discovered that there was any ill-feeling towards Abramovitch, while the brutal massacre of the inmates of the household was presumably prompted by fear that some of them might get away and raise an alarm. Several persons supposed to have been concerned in the affair have been arrested.

'TWOULD BE RUSSIA'S DOOM.

Sir Edwin Arnold on the Present Crisis in British India.

BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED AND REPARATION MUST BE MADE.

England Values it at £1,000,000 a Drop—She Was Never in Better Condition for the Struggle—The Russian Bear Must Retire or Fight—The Latter Alternative Would Mean Destruction of Russian Supremacy.

At St. Louis the other day Sir Edwin Arnold, in reply to a request for an interview on the fight of Gilgit, India, said:

"The crisis is unusually alarming for one special reason; the reason is the fact that the blood of English officers has been spilled in this skirmish near Gilgit. To one not familiar with Anglo-Indian history and spirit the gravity of such a fact can hardly be explained. There is a tradition in the English Army in India, and it is held almost as Gospel throughout the entire Indian Empire, that British blood is sacred. Once spilt there can be no washing it out, no compromising, no explanation, save the most convincing disavowal on the part of any foreign government implicated in the act of bloodshed; and no satisfactory settlement except the most prompt and complete expiation for the shedding of English blood and the blood of its officers in India is an article for which the Anglo-Indian Empire charges £1,000,000 a drop.

"Gilgit and the fort on the threshold of Cashmere, where the conflict occurred, are, it is true, not British possessions, but Cashmere is a State under the protection of the British Empire. The danger of trouble between Russia and England at that point of the position has been great for some time, for the reason that down the slope towards this pass, on their side, the Russians have been steadily advancing for months past. Russia has lately made advances there so marked that England cannot allow them. Russia now occupies a slope of the Pamir from which it will have to recede. England's demands to that effect would have been made in any event. They will now be made in such a tone that Russia must heed them and retire from its present occupancy of the Pamir slope. A refusal to do so will mean war, nothing more nor less.

"The present outbreak arises, I am convinced, from the fierce, restless and turbulent war spirit of those peculiar component parts of the Russian Armies. The Russian colonels commanding the frontier forces are officers whom it has always been difficult for the Czar, a ruler who desires peace, to control and keep in check. Their lives are spent on the frontier; they stagnate, they grow almost savage; they are always yearning for war; they have but one idea—to push on and push on towards India. There is no road to India for Russia there and although that particular region is not occupied by us, it is denied to Russia. In Indian parlance, it is a sphere of British influence.

"Now, as to the English officers and troops who engaged in the fighting near Gilgit, I say proudly that, as is inevitably the case, they have behaved nobly, and justified that English conviction that the Queen never wants for men suited to the emergency of the moment. The occasion developed the man, as it always has and always will in English history. I know Col. Durand, the officer in command there and who was among the wounded; and he and the other English officers, as English officers should, acted gallantly and promptly.

"As for the troops, I see they consisted of Ghoorkas and Cashmere forces, no English soldiers having been engaged. The Cashmere soldiery are not a part of the British Army in India. They are the troops of the Rajah of Cashmere, who is a warm friend of England, however, but the Ghoorkas are a part of the native soldiery enlisted in the British Army in India, and very gallant soldiers they are too. They have the true spirit of the Sepoy. Their battle cry of the present time is 'Maharini Ka Jai,' ('Victory for the Empress.') The Ghoorkas, in addition to the regulation arms of our troops in India, carry also their National weapon, the kookri, a curved knife or sword, which they use in battle with terrific effect, their favorite stroke being an upper cut, which disembowels the enemy.

"With the blood of English officers already spilt, war will follow any action save the most complete reparation and expiation. The British Empire is prepared for war. It is so tremendously prepared that no man can estimate the vast extent of that preparation, both in money and in men. A better time for war, if war must come, could not be selected. Whether or not war does follow this complication there will be one sure result arising from it—the Russian advance on the frontiers of India will be checked. The Russian forces will have to retire far within their present line of occupation along the frontiers.

"I doubt if the Czar will allow matters to reach a crisis. The inevitable result of Russian defeat in a war with the frontiers of India as the battlefield would be a stupendous catastrophe to that nation. It would mean that England would roll back once and forever the Russian approach on India, raze Central Asia to the ground from one end to the other, restore to the Khanates their independence, thrust Russia back beyond the Caspian, free Persia from the Russian influence, rescue Khorassan, inevitably cause a revolution in Russia and end in the overthrow of Russia's power in Europe."

RECOVERING AN EXPLORER'S BODY

The Remains of Douls, who was Killed in the Sahara, Restored to His Friends.

The body of the unfortunate French explorer, Camille Douls, has at last been returned from the Sahara Desert to Algeria. About three years have elapsed since Douls lost his life. In the dry desert air his body was remarkably well preserved, covered partly as it was by sand. It will be remembered that Douls lost his life while attempting to cross the desert south of Algeria to Timbuctoo. He was dressed as a Kabyle and passed himself off as a Mussulman. He had an excellent acquaintance with the Arabic language, and about five years ago successfully imposed himself upon the nomad wanderers in the western part of the desert as a Mussulman from the Mediterranean coast. Upon the occasion of his last daring journey, however, his disguise was penetrated, and the native who found his body and restored it to friends in Algeria gives some additional facts concerning his tragic fate.

This native says that Douls met at Selia caravan that had come from further south in the Sahara to secure a supply of dates. Douls paid to the members of this caravan 100 francs for the privilege of accompanying the party on its return to the south. It was while he was making this journey that he was assassinated by the men whom he had paid to guide and protect him. There is still to be seen on his neck the marks of the cord with which he was strangled.

Retribution speedily overtook his murderers, for soon after they had killed Douls they were assailed by the Hoggar tribe, who killed nearly all of them and captured the supplies with which the camels were laden. Douls' body will probably be buried in France.

Mahommedan Funeral in Liverpool.

In the presence of a very large gathering the remains of Sergeant Bukari, of the Gold Coast Constabulary, who died at the Royal Infirmary, Liverpool, under regrettable circumstances, were interred on Monday in the Necropolis. As the deceased was a Mahommedan, it was decided by the members of the Liverpool Church of Islam to have his funeral conducted after the Moslem manner, and accordingly the coffin was brought from the infirmary in an open hearse, followed by a number of sergeants, to the door of the Mosque, where it stood while a service was conducted within. At the Mosque the service was very simple. The muezzin having chanted the *azan* or call to prayer from the balcony looking out upon West Derby Road, where a small crowd had assembled, the worshippers proceeded to the carpet, and here the imaum, facing the east, repeated three sets of verses in Arabic from the Koran. A procession was next formed and the Moslems, each wearing a red fez, accompanied the hearse to the cemetery, almost directly opposite. Here, standing around the grave the soldiers forming a ring outside, more verses from the Koran were recited in English for the benefit of the assemblage and the proceedings closed. It was observed that no signs of mourning were worn, the Moslem practice being to distribute gifts to the poor instead, so that fifty poor persons will be relieved. This is the second occasion upon which a Mahommedan funeral has been witnessed this year, the first being that of a Nubian servant of Mr. P. H. Rathbone. During the Crimean War, however, thirty-three Turkish soldiers who died in Liverpool were buried here, and Sergeant Bukari's grave is amongst them.

DO YOU WANT TO GO TO SIBERIA

Russia Wants Immigrants and is Building a Railroad For Them.

The railroad which the Russian Government is building through South Siberia from the Ural to the Pacific Ocean, will open an immense country hitherto almost unknown to the world for foreign culture, and it may be of interest to see what the condition of the land is. Generally, it may be said, Siberia by the nature's hand has been endowed not less than other countries. It produces almost every kind of European grain and fruits, even grapes, and has an abundance of all metals, iron, gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, etc., coal, graphite, porphyry and precious stones, and it is, or has been, the home of all kinds of mammalian animals. The rivers and lakes are crowded with all kinds of fish, and the Arctic Sea abounds with whale and seal.

The area of Siberia is about 12,000,000 kilometres, but the northern and greater part of it is almost waste, inhabited only by a few thousands of Samojedes and Esquimaux. Snow and ice cover the earth in the north almost all the year round, only melting in two or three months in the summer, when the sun never sets. This country is then visited by large herds of wild reindeer, coming from the south and returning there as soon as winter sets in. The polar bear and the black fox live here constantly, and hunting these and the seals and fishing are the only occupation of the northern people.

The Samojedes and Esquimaux seem to be related to each other. Their languages are not so different that they cannot understand each other. Their manner of living and culture, if it can be named so, is almost the same. They are all nomads, going north in the summer and south in the winter. Their clothing is made of sealskin, and both sexes wear the same style of dress. In the summer they live in tents made of skin, and their only furniture is of skin. They cover themselves with skins and sleep on skins. The tents are heated with open fires in the middle of the tent, and, as the pine never here becomes a tree, only a shrub, the natives use the blubber of the whale and the oil of the seal for fuel.

The people are chiefly small, filthy and indolent. They do not provide for the morrow, and it seems incredible that a single man is able to eat from sixteen to twenty pounds of raw salman in a day. The Samojed can count only to seven. A larger number is "a many." They are very fond of intoxicating drinks, but fortunately these are rare in their regions and the importation of them is forbidden.

In winter they live in huts, made of turf and moss and covered with snow. The entrances to these huts are long and low, and one has to crawl through them. Three and four families live in one hut, where the heat is intense. They feed on fish and seal meat which they wash down with brain oil, and they do not leave the hut in cold weather except when they have anything to eat. They have neither priests nor authorities. The strongest man in the tribe is respected and he decides all quarrels. The men have only one wife, but wedding ceremonies are unknown. Wives are commonly gained by bargain and often exchanges are made in a good-natured way. Dogs are the only domesticated animals. Each party has at least six or eight of them and treats them well, keeping them in the general living room.

In the long winter season the weather-besieged people make and repair their implements and weapons. They sleep a great deal and tell legends. These varying only slightly. The Samojedes, however, has good common sense and almost mother wit and often entertains his company extremely with his tales.

Money is unknown among the people, all trade being carried on by barter, according, they are not poor people, as they say, and the Samojedes consider themselves a happy folk. They love their cold homes and in other countries always are homesick and take the first opportunity to return to their native land.

Central Siberia has a fertile land and cold winters, which make it unfit for agriculture. In this part of the country are found mines of coal and metals and there are small settlements where merchants drive bargains with the natives. Intoxicating drinks are not allowed to be sold on credit. Taxes to the Government are paid in skins, fur or other natural products. Here are immense forests of pine, beech, and birch of large growth, among which live several kinds of animals with costly fur. Hunting these and herding reindeer give sustenance to the inhabitants who for the greater part, like the Samojedes, are nomads; they are mostly of Russian origin and have the Russian orthodox religion. They live in tents and have in every ... In winter they go South.

South Siberia, from ... degrees to ... degrees latitude, however, produces European crops of all kinds. It has a greater area than European Russia, and is not settled for great distances. The railway, however, is expected to open the country to settlers as in America, and city after city, it is believed will grow up along the tracks. There will be a great number of stations, and it is the Government's purpose to make the rates for traffic low and to give the immigrants favorable terms and conditions. All building materials are found in more than sufficient quantity and of excellent quality. Horses and cattle are cheap and of fairly good breeds. The country needs only an intelligent, industrious population to become prosperous.

The cities on the caravan way from Kiachta to the Ural Mountains have a considerable trade and are comfortable places in which to live. Houses, ordinary food, etc., are cheap, but all imported luxuries, such as coffee, tobacco, etc., are extremely dear. But it is not impossible that the day will come when South Siberia can export products which it now must import.

Tom's New Year's Gift.

BY [illegible]

'Twas only a little kitchen with a cheerful lamp and fire;
And a gentle-looking woman sitting by:
'Twas a picture one would think, of which a man could never tire—
Only a simple picture; yet how pleasant to the eye.

Such a trim and tidy woman and a home so clean and neat
Should surely tempt a man at home to stay;
Yet she waited for her husband, whose unsteady, halting feet
Would tell he was coming with his senses gone away.

Tom and Nellie once were happy once, for Tom was like a lover,
And the planets ... concord, ... their horizon ...
But the dark eclipse came swiftly, scarce three happy years flew over,
When to Nellie came the knowledge that she was a drunkard's wife.

With the drunkard went the husband—with the husband went the man;
All their "household gods" went after—all Nellie's little store.
Yet she bore it, hoping, trusting, as only women can,
Yet no change came for the better; Tom worked less and drank the more.

And to-night was Nellie thinking, "New Year's Day is drawing near!
How happy once we used to be upon the New Year's brink!
When we planned a brighter future, which holds nothing now but fear.
There was naught on earth I wished for before Tom took to drink."

But was that her husband coming—that footstep that she heard?
A step she had not heard for years—the same old manly tread.
She started up to meet him, but could not speak a word
When he came in pale, but sober, and in his old voice said:

"Here's a New Year's present, Nellie," (in his eyes a new light dawning)—
'Twas a small square paper parcel—"You'll like it, wife, I know
But you must not open it, not until New Year's morning,
Then I'll open it—you should have had this present long ago.

"I've been thinking deeply, Nellie, for I've heard a few words spoken
At a meeting which have told me how I've fallen before men;
And I thought of all you've suffered and my heart was almost broken.
But wait till New Year's morning, you'll know what I mean then."

Nellie rose upon that morning, did her work and sang the while;
'Twas like the happy time gone by when Tom and she were lovers.
And she took the paper package, with a mingled tear and smile
To Tom—they stood together while he took off the covers.

Within a bright gilt frame she read the joyous words,
"I'll never touch intoxicating drink again;"
And in her heart there came a sound like singing birds,
For it bore her husband's signature, "Tom Lane."

He had signed the pledge. They hung it high up upon the wall;
"I'll begin the bright New Year," he said, "with a better, purer life."
And in after days he'd say that the dearest one of all
Amongst their "household gods" was his New Year's gift to his wife.

A man does not like to appear in public in a stolen hat because it is not his style.

Aluminum beer mugs prevent the beer from becoming flat for a long time.

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Torpedo net-cutting devices are now esteemed so effective that the British Admiralty has ordered much heavier nets for its new war ships.

The cargo ship of the future will in some opinions be a five-masted vessel with auxiliary steam, such as is now building on the Clyde. She will carry 6,000 tons.

Various English country doctors are complaining that the parsons help their own pockets at the expense of the physicians by practicing medicine among the parishioners, although they have no medical degree.

Susan Hill, an old inmate of Totnes Union wilfully set fire to herself on Sunday evening, and was so terribly burned that she expired early on Tuesday morning.

An affray, which took place between Norwegian seamen at Hull, on Friday night ended fatally on Monday morning when the most seriously injured man, Adolph Johnson, who had gradually sunk, died.

A telegram states that the ship Lord Beaconsfield, from Grangemouth to London with a cargo of pig iron, is believed to have been lost with all hands in the recent gales.

Five lads on Sunday found a loaded shell on the western shore at Southampton. Prompted by curiosity they ignited the fuse, and the shell exploded, injuring four of them. One of them named Penny has since died in the infirmary.

While a seaman named Smith was examining a revolver belonging to an elderly man named Morgan in a public-house at Swansea on Wednesday night, the weapon was accidentally discharged. The bullet passed through Morgan's lung and he is not expected to recover. Smith has been arrested.

The Rothschilds annually give 100,000 francs to be distributed among the twenty arrondissements of Paris for the assistance of deserving persons who have difficulty in paying their rents.

John Burns lately said at a ... demonstration that the trades unions' effort to obtain an eight-hour day was a failure. The trades themselves cannot and will not enforce it, so the only hope is through legal enactment.

The Liverpool mob has determined to drive out the Mohammedan Mosque. It stones the muezzin when he appears to recite the *azan* or call to prayer, and has even broken into the mosque and maltreated a child who was praying.

A cloth laid down for guests to walk on when entering a London house for dinner caused a lady to stumble and injure her knee, and she sued. Although the defendant pleaded a gas jet showing the carpet, the verdict gave the plaintiff twenty pounds.

The British Museum has received as a bequest the Tapling collection of stamps, containing about 200,000 specimens, exclusive of many cards and envelopes, and valued at between $250,000 and $300,000. Mr. Tapling was more than twenty years making it. It is pronounced the finest collection of stamps existing.

The Visitors of Sandhurst College have denounced the playing of polo as a direct incentive to extravagant habits. At the same time a polo association, lately organized in India by Sir Frederick Roberts, has decided to apply to the Government for State aid for the breeding of suitable ponies.

A mesmerist in England has run up against the vagrant act. A ... who professed to hypnotize, has been arrested under the clause which makes liable to three month's imprisonment with hard labor any one pretending or professing to tell fortunes or "using any subtle craft or device to deceive or impose upon any of Her Majesty's subjects."

At Goldington, a village in Bedfordshire, a cow belonging to Mr. Charles ..., dairyman, has given birth to a calf which possessed some extraordinary characteristics. It had three jaws, on each of which was a distinct tongue; two noses, three ears and four eyes (three of them perfect in appearance), together with six legs and the usual number of feet. The monstrosity died soon after it was born.

A woman named Mary Ann Bright was killed, on Sunday afternoon, in one of the main streets of Bolton by being knocked down and run over by a butcher's horse and trap. The driver, William Fielding, was subsequently arrested on a charge of manslaughter. He was remanded by the borough Magistrates on Monday morning until an inquest is held. It is alleged he was driving recklessly, and left the poor woman dying in the street.

METAMORPHOSES OF OLD SONGS

An Energetic and Ungodly Dance Tune Changed to a Church Hymn.

There are many songs which were composed in the time of Charles II., whose music is now very lofty, whose words were of the most infamously indecent description originally. Henry Purcell, ... that epoch ... many of these. But since even Shakspeare at times descended to the level of bawdry we need not too bitterly blame the musical genius (the greatest that England has produced) for trying to ... shilling by turning out such wicked ... compositions. Some of the early English ballads tell of times ... of bigotry, and of intolerance. Naturally these musical works have undergone transformation in modern times. ... "The Jew's Daughter," has ... and tells of the murder of Hugh of Lincoln, which took place A.D. 1255, and was charged upon the Jews of Lincoln, of whom over 200 were brought to London and tried with torture, for a mythical ... of the unfortunate lad.

The tale of ancient jealousy descends down to our times in the song, "O Waly, Waly Up the Bank," which refers to the separation of Lord James Douglas from his wife. The original tale reads much like the plot of Shakspeare's "Othello," for there was an Iago in the shape of a certain Lowrie of Blackwood, Secretary to Douglas, and in default of the fatal handkerchief which plays so important a part in the Shakspearean tragedy this wicked man placed a pair of boots in such wise that the jealousy of the Marquis was aroused, and a pathetic separation followed, of which few who sing the song know anything.

Some of the old transformation of songs are due to what must ... have been something very like theft. Thus "Willie, We Have Missed You" ... of the famous Scotch song, "Jock o' Hazeldean." The yet more celebrated "John Anderson My Jo" is suspiciously like "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again," a popular song of war times. But sometimes these resemblances to the Scotch ... came about very innocently. ... changed into "Oft in the Stilly Night," and this is by no means the first ... relative to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," thus making a favorite hymn tune first come in to an ungodly and very energetic dance. Such changes might occur through the unconscious retention of a tune in the mind, as once happened to Mendelssohn while composing "Elijah"; he had heard "Auld Robin Gray" sung to Reeves' tune; this popular melody is not the original tune which went with the words, and the melody clung to his memory without his being aware of the fact. When therefore, he set the words of "O, Rest in the Lord," to the extreme horror of the publisher, he used Reeves' tune without the least being conscious of plagiarism. When his attention was drawn to the fact he altered the melody, but the careful observer will still discover something of the flavor of "Auld Robin Gray" in "O, Rest in the Lord."

Many of the songs of the German students have been stolen and reproduced in new guises on this side of the Atlantic. "Maryland, My Maryland," for example, is note for note the old German song "O Tannenbaum," a song in praise of fidelity. The simple little song so often heard in Kindergarten or Sunday-school as "O, Come, Come Away," is one of the most popular of the student songs, but in Germany it represents the merits of a very fiery punch called "Crambambuli." Our national music is full of metamorphoses akin to those mentioned above, "Yankee Doodle" being old English, "The Star Spangled Banner" a jovial drinking song, and "America" the English national anthem. Even the hymnology is not exempt from these importune resemblances, for "Son of My Soul" is not very far from Mozart's "Se Vuol Ballare," and many other instances of metamorphoses might be cited, but enough has been noted to prove that Solomon's saying, "There is no new thing under the sun," may be very strongly applied to music.

In using the words farther and further remember that farther should be used in the sense of away from, while further in the sense of on toward: "As he advanced further on his way he realized that he was getting farther away from home."