ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little breast was heavy with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they must retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before:
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such a thing as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this is the reason why two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried to rain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me so very because
Dear papa had said there is no "Santa Claus";
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died:
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why can't we pry dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word
Four bare little feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive,
You must wait just as still till I say amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.—
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of thee:
I want a blue book full of pictures, a ring,
A writing desk, too, that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, Dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much even as he;
Don't let him get fretted and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen!"

"Please, Dessus, let Santa Claus come down to-night,
And bring for some presents before it is light.
I want he should give me a bright little box,
Full of acrobats, same other wooden blocks,
And a big full of candy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Dessus, I'll be a good boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon fast in slumber—both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-smothered sighs,
And to see the big tears standing in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this
But then I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door.
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arriving at their door heard both of their prayers:

His Annie's "thees papa" drawn forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I've forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers, ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Damned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold winter sleet;
He first went to a wonderful "Santa Claus" store
(He knew it, for he had passed it the day before),
And there he found crowds on the same errand as he,
Making purchase of presents, with glad heart and free,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything
From a box full of candy to a tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he went adding so much to his store
That the various presents commanded a score!
Then home ward he turned with his holiday load,
And with 'Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was nestled beneath a nice tree,
By the side of a table spread out for a tea;
A writing desk there in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;
Four acrobats painted in yellow and red
Stood with a block house on a beautiful sled;
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready for presents to drop;
And as the fond father the picture surveyed
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I have been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent, more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;
Then laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night
(Just the things they had wanted) and left before light.

"And now," said Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be:
As it told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said,
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer!
"Then we got up and prayed dest as we was we could,
And God answered our prayers; now wasn't He good?"

"I should say that He was if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
I would be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)"

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

John Dunn in Zululand.

John Dunn, trader and hunter, the chief of a numerous tribe of Zulus, and the intimate friend and counsellor of Cetewayo, has, by the current of recent events in South Africa, become a man of mark. For years buried in the remote obscurity of the Zulu hills, little was heard of him; and, as is usually the case when speculation about unknown people is rife, that little was said not to be to his credit. Some believed he lived in Zululand to trade on Kaffir ignorance and to satisfy polygamist longings; others that he was either a deserter from a regiment or an escaped convict, and could not live elsewhere with the same safety. Rumour, however, was wrong. The truth is that, as quite a boy in Natal, he was left to gain his own living by trading with natives. Having an adventurous spirit, and being endowed with the courage and instincts of a Nimrod, he imagined Zululand would prove a close hunting ground and untried field for trade. The surmise was correct. The Zulus were only too ready to exchange oxen for guns and cartridges, and the country itself was a wilderness overrun by big game. It was during a trading trip that Dunn was mixed up in a quarrel in which he took part against Cetewayo. The incident, which gave rise to a friendship with Cetewayo which lasted twenty years, and which Mr. Dunn says he has "never regretted," is worth recording in his own words:—"Years ago, when the brothers were quarrelling, I took part against Cetewayo. My party, however, were outnumbered and routed, after a terrible fight, and were flying in all directions. I was mounted on a grey horse, and had with me a six-chambered revolver, with which I had done fair execution. We were pursued to the bank of the Tugela, which was running very high, and was quite impassable. There was certain death on the brink, probable death in it. I chose the latter; so I put my horse to the Tugela and got over safely, under a reign of assegaïs." The story was narrated modestly, but there is no doubt the "grey horse" was ever a rallying point in the thickest of the battle. The courage which faced the foaming Tugela so won Cetewayo's heart that he sent messengers to the man who exhibited it, seeking his friendship and offering to give him land. The rest is soon told. The acquaintance that commenced in esteem soon ripened into friendship and confidence. Lands were given to John Dunn, wives were offered him, and he became a great chief and counsellor in the Zulu nation. His tribe numbered 2,000 men. The lands secured to him are for use and occupation, but he has only a life-interest in them. On his death they revert to the nation, to which they belong, and not to the King. It was during the early years of his trading and residence in Zululand that John Dunn carried on a lucrative trade in guns, which has been by some people stigmatized as contraband. The commerce was conducted openly; the firearms come through Delagoa Bay, and the question is an open one. With the cattle obtained by the barter of guns, Dunn became the largest stockholder in Zululand. His wealth is computed by those who know at £40,000. John Dunn is not a tall man, but the symmetrical proportions of the figure of an athlete add height to his stature, and give one the idea of great energy and endurance. His eyes—the striking feature that emphasizes a not unhandsome countenance—are of steel-grey blue, full, penetrating, and continually changing their tint with the varying moods of a temper that is held under complete control. A tawny-brown beard adds to the somewhat leonine aspect of his face, which is redeemed from fierceness by the stamp of unmistakable intelligence. His manner is that of a man whose will is law; but his speech has a gentleness about it, acquired, no doubt, from the constant use of what is really one of the most melodious languages in the world. There is a slight trace of a Scotch accent in his conversation, and a not unpleasant canniness suggestive of Scottish descent. Dunn is an unequalled shot as well as rider. Whatever his years may be, he does not look forty. A temperate, hardy, outdoor life is the secret of his vigorous and youthful appearance. He rises very early, and usually occupies himself till nine, his breakfast hour, with listening to the Induunas or headmen of his tribe, who, squatting round in a circle before the verandah—the whole time slowly passing round and round the indispensable snuff-box—furnish him with a minute account of all that is going on, not alone in his neighbourhood, but the surrounding country. Thus there is scarcely a movement made in any part of Zululand, a plot hatched, an intrigue carried on, a murder committed, a marriage celebrated, or a child born in his neighbourhood, that he does not hear about it at once. This power of obtaining the fullest and most reliable information first hand, and the still greater power of disentangling the truth in conflicting accounts, together with a shrewd insight into Zulu motives and character, made John Dunn Cetewayo's most trusted adviser and friend. Indeed, it is known that the King seldom ventured to take any step of importance without sending for him. And this reliance on the safety and wisdom of his counsel is common to the whole nation. On a late occasion, before the recent war, he boldly assured the King that the defeat of his armies by the English was certain, and that he would lose his kingdom, adding, "The day you gather your men to wash their spears in English blood, that same day will I leave Zululand and be no friend to your nation." He kept his word, and took up arms against them. Among other sins laid at his door, Mr. Dunn has been charged with the want of a proper religious feeling and with a prejudice against missionaries. His experience of such as he met in Zululand has been unfortunate and compromising. These evangelists, though earnest and upright as most of them are, are at the same time the most unwise and impracticable of men. Instead of being peacemakers, they are too often, by their ignorance of the native character and mind, and by a want of tact, fomentors of disturbance. But Mr. Dunn's dislike to the missionaries themselves does not extend to the mission of the Gospel itself. Though not an emotionally religious man, he is a Christian, and his "house is well ordered." He would gladly welcome a mission into Zululand that would avoid the sad mistakes and failures made by former ones. On the recent appointment of Mr. Dunn as Diplomatic Agent in Zululand, much has of late been said in an unfavourable tone. But it is evident that a man who has an unequalled knowledge of Zululand and the Zulus, and whose influence with the nation is as great as that of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, is the only person in South Africa who could satisfactorily fulfill the duties of an arduous appointment calling for such qualities, as he alone possesses—an amazing knowledge of native diplomacy, consummate tact, and high moral and physical courage. Sir Garnet Wolseley, a shrewd judge of character, saw the man and trusted him; and the selection has, by colonists, been admitted to be a wise one. For his services in the late war Mr. Dunn was publicly thanked by Generals Lord Chelmsford and Crealock.

Traits of Animals.

Dogs, Birds, a Parrot, a Monkey, a Spider, and a Bullfrog.

A BULLDOG recently caught at Westchester when opened was found to have swallowed a full grown mouse.

A CAT was sent by express, carefully boxed, from Danville to Rochester, a distance of fifty miles. Not many days afterwards, tabby came walking into her old home.

WHEN a good housewife of Kirkaldy went for a ham that had hung from the rafters, it had a fair exterior, but it was a perfect shell, rkin and bone only remaining to show its form, while the rat, after living so sumptuously, had built a nest in the centre, and was easily captured.

A PARROT belonging to Capt. Eichelberger of Baltimore was always present at family prayers. One morning, when in the garden, a hawk flew down and seized the parrot, when it shrieked: "Oh, Lord, save us! Oh, Lord, save us!" which so frightened the hawk that he dropped his prize.

AT Priest's Hotel, on the road from Calaveras Grove to the Yosemite, is a dog who one hour before the arrival of the stage goes leisurely down the road to meet it, then bounds back to the poultry yard, catches chickens, bites their heads off, and takes them to the cook. He takes one chicken for each gentleman in the stage, never making a mistake.

AN expert in antique coins in Paris is a poodle. The money being placed upon a table the dog is introduced, and after nosing among them will knock off the table all the bad pieces with his paw. After acquiring great fame it was found the whole thing was a trick. His master took care to handle only the bogus coins, and the poodle's decisions were arrived at by faculty of scent.

A COUPLE of seals, the property of Major Urch of Portsmouth, N. H., were kept in a tank, and were as tame as dogs. One of them died recently, and Major Urch concluded to give the other its liberty, it seemed to grieve so much at its loss. He took the tank to the river bank and released the seal, thinking it would swim out to sea. It swam all around the river, but soon returned crying in distress and flapped into its old quarters on the bank, and stubbornly refuses to be ejected.

A MONKEY belonging to a gentleman of the south of France often helps the cook. Being given a pair of partridges to pick one day, he seated himself in an open window. A hawk flew down, and snatched one of the birds, when the monkey tricked the hawk by secreting himself, and, waiting, soon saw him come for the other, when the monkey caught the thief. Plucking both the hawk and the remaining partridge, he took them to the cook, and the change was not discovered until the game (?) was served at table.

MISS NILSSON is going through the country again, leaving numberless broken-hearted young men and photographs in her wake.

THERE is a perfect fruit famine in the Grecian Archipelago. There has been for some years back a falling off in the produce of oranges and lemons, with a simultaneous diminution of the rainfall. The inhabitants of Rhodes, who formerly sent some hundred ship loads of fruit in all directions, are now unable to supply their own needs, and have to import lemons from Candia. This year there has been scarcely any fruit crop at all. The trees have been assailed by a destructive insect, which appears everywhere in myriads.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of sour milk, one egg, one small tablespoonful of soda, one-half cup molasses, one quart of Graham flour; mix well together; bake one hour.

STOCK SOUP.—Save all the bones from roast beef, mutton, chicken, turkey; put these bones in a pot, with three quarts of cold water, some salt; let it boil for five hours, then strain; cut some vegetables, carrots, turnips, cabbage, leeks, and put them in the strained stock; boil slowly for three hours more; just before serving, take a small piece of white sugar, put it on an iron spoon on the stove until it melts and is converted into caramel, and stir it into the soup.

MOCK BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Warm one quart skimmed milk to the temperature of new milk; add one tablespoonful dairy salt and three tablespoonful good lively yeast; thicken to the consistency of real buckwheat cakes with Graham meal in which three small handful of fine corn-meal has been mixed. Very coarse "middlings," such as one gets from country mills, answer quite as well, and none but an expert would know the difference between the imitation and the real.

LOVERS of that delicious vegetable celery will be happy to learn that it is not only a luxury, but a very useful article of diet. It is claimed that celery is a cure for rheumatism and small-pox. It should not be eaten raw, however, but boiled, and served with hot milk. The remedy it is said, has been tried by physicians, with uniform success, in severe cases of rheumatism and gout, and for small-pox it is pronounced a specific. but if our readers have none of these diseases, they may eat celery in any way they like, because it is good.

BRINE TO CURE MEAT.—Sixteen gallons of water, sixteen quarts of salt, one pound of saltpetre, three pounds of best brown sugar. Boil the whole together for ten or fifteen minutes, stirring it well and repeatedly. Remove the scum as it rises. When cold it is ready for use. Cleanse the meat, put it into the brine, place a weight on it to keep the meat submerged. The weight must be of such a kind that the salt will not act on it. The meat will be cured in eight days. When the brine has been used for four picklings, boil and skim it again. When cold it is fit for use. This may be repeated three times before fresh brine is needed. Brine for pickling is said to be fit for use as long as it will bear up an egg.

A WHITE SAUCE.—This sauce is used for vegetables, such as for cauliflowers to-day, or for asparagus when in season, or for fish. It is the French manner of making what the Americans call drawn-butter, which sauce is more adapted for pasting wall-paper than for food. Take a teaspoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of flour, with a good pinch of salt; put these two ingredients into a sauce-pan and on the range, where it is not too hot; keep stirring when the butter melts, but it must not cook; have some boiling water—it must be boiling—and pour in the water little by little on the butter and flour as carefully as you would oil for a salad dressing. About a pint of boiling water is necessary. This mixture must be made on that part of the range where it is hot, but not hot enough to cook. Then take the caserole and place it on the hot portion of the range; always keep stirring, until it boils. Remove it at once and put it in a sauce-boat, in which the yellow of an egg has been beaten. The egg must be raw. Stir thoroughly and serve hot. This sauce ought to be made in ten minutes.

Young Bears.

Young bears have always been great favourites as pets, being playful and affectionate when kindly treated. They can be trained to perform all kinds of amusing tricks, and their antics when playing together or with children are very laughable. They have been taught to execute difficult parts in theatrical displays; among other things, to ring bells, pretend to fall dead when shot at, beat the drum, and go through the manual exercise of the soldier with the musket. But, though playful and harmless when young, they cannot be trusted when their teeth and claws are full grown. Then their good nature cannot be counted on; and many instances have occurred in which they have repaid friendly confidence with sudden treachery. It must be said in their favour, however, that their wildness is often the result of bad treatment or thoughtless teasing. There is a story in print of a planter in Louisiana who once picked up a young cub that had either been abandoned by its mother, or had run away from the parental den. He carried it home and threw it down in the yard, where it was immediately adopted by the little negroes. It became a great favourite with them sharing their corn-bread, and taking part in all their sports. "Billy"—that was the name given to him—thrived and grew large and stout, and learned to box and wrestle with the boys so well that visitors to the plantation were always entertained with these droll exhibitions. But one day, in the spring, when he had been about a year in captivity, Billy was detected in making free with the young cabbages in the garden. A stout negro man picked up a branch of rose-bush, and gave the marauder a playful stroke. Filled with rage, Billy sprang upon the man, shook him as if had been a bundle of straw, and bit the poor fellow so severely that he died. Billy was at once shot. A pet that could not control his temper better than that was considered rather too dangerous to keep.

Down the Tientsin.

When we sailed down the river from Tientsin we had a strange passenger on board. The table-boy of one of the English merchants had risen, with the self-helpful energy that characterizes the country, until he became a mandarin and commander of one of the Chinese gunboats stationed in the river. He, his two wives, and four children had died within one week about a year before, and the geomancers having only now settled the lucky day, the coffins were placed on board for burial at his native town, a thousand miles away. The quondam table-boy's was the largest of these structures, standing at least three feet high, and by way of honour it lay just outside the cabin door, and on the top there was, in a cage, a pure white cock with a magnificent comb, a grave and stately bird that was to be killed at the grave. As we steamed slowly down, three-minute guns boomed, and a strain of the most mournful and wild music floated into the night. We were passing the dead man's ship, and the band played its last adieu, for every honour was paid, and a powerful mandarin was to accompany the body all the way. We saw little of him; perhaps his withdrawal was from reserve—mainly, I fear, from sea sickness. But even when our number was increased by another mandarin of equal rank, who came on board with a family of seven, a common nationality did not draw them together. Although one was an old gentleman of seventy, they spent their days in their respective state-rooms (and, alas! their nights also) fighting crickets. A supply of these insects travelled with them, trained as birds are trained for cock-fights; it is said that they have even what resemble spurs. The little wooden cages passed in every day; and as the creatures raise a wonderful chirp or war-whoop as they approach each other, a cry that grows shriller as the combat progresses, and is followed by quick, fierce notes of victory when one is slain; and as the men of office protested that the noise lulled them to sleep, we had the indescribable all-pervading smell of opium by day, and the never-ceasing cry of the cricket by night.—*Good Words.*

SUNDAY hunting compels H. Montanye of Ketchum, Pa., to carry the whole of Marion Sax's gun load in his back. Doctors are spending their spare time in picking the shot out. Sammy Wells was not so fortunate. His Sunday hunting cost him his life. He is buried in Oakwood Cemetery. Gun discharged in crossing a creek.

ONCE A WEEK.

A Week in Stocks.

Monday, I dabbled in future operations;
Tuesday, owned millions by all calculations;
Wednesday, on my avenue palace began;
Thursday, I drove out a spanking bay span;
Friday, I gave a magnificent ball;
Saturday, we busted at nothing at all.

—VERGNET.

WHO TOWS THEM? Why, the good housewife, in her children's pants.

HENS are very orderly creatures. It is seldom that they mislay an egg.

TEAMS have generally no religious belief, but all lean toward the church of team.

"HE becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand;" but he that slideth four aces up his sleeve getteth to himself riches.

WE saw a young man the other day with two heads on his shoulders, but didn't think it much of a curiosity—one belonging to his girl.

"Is he rich?" asked the tourist. "Yes," replied the sexton, "I guess he is pretty wealthy, at least he never puts more than ten cents into the plate, Sunday morning."

CHILDREN taught to believe that God will give them anything they ask for, with a hand-sled waiting to answer their prayer for a sled, will grow up to think lightly of God.

A LITTLE fellow, on going for the first time to church where the pews were very high, was asked on coming out what he did in the church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

ONE of the greatest orators in China is now addressing the people and taking up contributions for the purpose of supplying America, and especially California, with Chinese Bibles and the way to salvation.

THERE is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge-cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

WHAT could be more intensely American than the act of the Yankee who, on visiting an Italian convent and being shown a lamp which had not been permitted to go out for more than five centuries, quickly stepped up to it and blew it out, with the remark, "Well, I rather guess it's out now."

THE judge at a court in Maine has sentenced a culprit to twenty-five years in the State-prison. The fact was communicated to the prisoner's mother, who was struck at the magnitude of the sentence. "What did they do that for?" she exclaimed. "Twenty-five years! Why, he wouldn't be contented there three weeks!"

IT swells the manly bosom to hear Mr. Lowell say: "The men have such large, noble hearts! I can not but admire them! But when the turns to Mr. L., a slab-sided, watery-eyed specimen of fourthrate *genus homo*, and adds: "And you, darling Alfred, are the noblest, the largest-hearted of men," the manly bosom somehow shrinks up like a last year's bean pod.

THE Boston *Sunday Courier* is responsible for this: A popular clergymen was greatly bored by a lady who admired him without reserve. "Oh! my dear Mr. ——," said she last Sunday afternoon; "there isn't any harm in one loving one's pastor, is there?" "Certainly not, madam," replied the worthy cleric; "not the least in the world, so long as the feeling is not reciprocated."

A GENTLEMAN goes to an armorer's and asks for a revolver. "Here's a real nice family weapon," says the clerk. "Family weapon?" "Yes, family weapon—just the thing for domestic tragedies; six-shooter, you see, sir—two bullets for your wife; two bullets for the destroyer of your happiness, and two for yourself. At the go, sir! Sell hundreds of 'em for bridal presents, sir."

ELUCIDATION: Rector's Wife—How do you do, Mr. Wiggles? We have not seen you at church lately. Have you been away? Mr. Wiggles—Yes, ma'm, I've been a visitin' my old 'aunts at Manchester, ma'm. Rector's Wife—Really! I hope you found the old ladies quite well. Mr. Wiggles—I didn't say my 'aunts, ma'm—I said my old aunts—revisitin' the 'aunts o' my youth, you know, ma'm!

CAPT. MARTINI was recently intrusted with a regal golden crown by Pope Leo for King Menelik of Shoa. The monarch being always friendly to missionaries and never eating them was designated to be the wearer of a papal coronet, and the explorer was to take it. Unhappily the bearer fell among thieves, who not only took the diadem, but the accompanying papal brief, leaving Capt. Martini to explain the incident as best he can.

THE Cincinnati conference thinks that drunkenness is a crime of less moment than heresy. At its last session, recently, it expelled from its ranks the Rev. D. R. Baker for preaching the doctrine of annihilation or conditional immortality, but "passed" the character of a presiding elder who had been proved to have been drunk on the public streets. The Bible is emphatic on the drunkard; the conference is loose there.

FLORENCE, the actor, tells this story of the elder Booth: "He was playing Hamlet in Virginia one night and had no skull. A little darkey volunteered to get one. When Booth was leaving the theatre, he felt some one tugging at his coat-tail. He looked around and saw the little brunette. 'What will you have, sonny?' 'Please, sah, I want daddy's skull, sah.' 'Daddy's skull?' 'Yes, sah. Dat used to be de old man's headpiece afore de mewel kicked him, an' mammy'll lick me ter rage of I lose it.'"

A PIECE of poetry written some years ago contains the line "I hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of Time." This is all right and probably suited the age in which it was written, but now-a-days it would be more appropriate to say: "I hear the ragged tramp of twenty-seven years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoat in the hall." Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.

A Ten-acre Wife.

Unsuited to a Darkey with Sixty Acres of Land.

(Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.)

Yesterday Solomon Glass, a coloured man, whose experience in agricultural pursuits has enlightened his neighbourhood, came to town with a view of getting a divorce from his wife. When asked upon what grounds, he replied:

"Sufficient is de grounds on dis occasion. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule I married a 'oman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres ob lan' and work five mules. My fust wife is a mighty good ten acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a 'oman what can spread more."

When told by a lawyer that the grounds were not sufficient, he remarked:

"Skin produce de hist'ry to show what I'm careck. I's a learned man, and can read clar aroun' de majority ob coloured gentleman and a great many white fellers. De reasons belongs ter de French history, an' though I doesn't speak French I talks about it. You know Napoleon fust married Josephine de Beauharnais."

"Yes," said the lawyer, "but you may become a trifle too historically opulent if you proceed much farther."

"Dat's all right. An' you know dat when he got to be head of the guberument, an had charge of all de comissaries, he wanted a wife what would spread more, an' he got a dispensation from Josephine, an' hitched onto Maria Louisa, 'cause she could spread more. Dar's de history an' dar's de precedent, an' ef a man can't get a dispensation on dese groun's what's yer court-houses, an what's yer law?"

A special session of the legislature may be called, but otherwise Mr. Solomon Glass must continue to be the husband of a ten-acre wife.

Read and Learn for Yourself.

Many valuable discoveries and much useful knowledge is kept from the world, because of the immense expense in making them known to the people. This is not the case with BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP; although but a few years introduced into this country its sale now reaches in every town and village in the United States and Canada. Its wonderful success in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, Asthma, and all other diseases of the throat and lungs, was first made known by distributing every year, for three years, over 400,000 bottle to the afflicted, *free of charge*, by Druggists. No such a test of merit was ever given before to any other preparation. Could you ask more? Go to your Druggist and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it Sample bottles 10 cents.

STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—We have on several occasions been pleased to notice the spirit of fairness and promptness with which this Company meets the claims of policy holders who have sustained honest losses. The card we print to-day headed "Prompt in every respect," is certainly a very flattering one, especially in view of the fact that although several English and Canadian companies were interested in this loss, our Hamilton Company surpassed them all by being the first to hand in its draft and settle in full, although it was the last Company to issue its policy on the risk. If we remember right, in the great fire which destroyed the Great Agricultural Implement Works at Grimsby recently, the Standard then eclipsed the English Companies by being the first to hand over its draft and pay its policy of $1,000 in full. The policy of the Company appears to be to pay honest losses with the least possible inconvenience to the assured and with the utmost promptness, and where the loss is a dishonest one not to hesitate, but—in the interest of its stockholders and public morality—to stand up manfully and stoutly resist it. This we think is the true course for any Company to adopt. We were glad to learn in conversation with the Secretary that the business of the Company this year is far in excess of any previous year. He estimates the income of the Company to the close of the year at about $70,000 as against $45,000 for last year, an increase of over 50 per cent., from which it would appear that the Company is becoming very popular with the insuring public. We wish it continued success.—We clip the above from the Hamilton *Spectator* of the 6th inst. We endorse it all and wish the Standard the success it so well merits.

"TEABERRY," the new powder for whitening the teeth, stimulating the mouth and purifying the breath; the brightest, neatest, most perfect toilet gem extant. Ask your druggist for "Teaberry." Price 25 cents.

FARMERS feed your Horses, Colts, Cows, Fat Cattle, Calves, Sheep, Pigs, and Fowls. *Thorley's Horse and Cattle Food*, sold everywhere. More agents wanted. Manufactory 48 John St. S. Hamilton.

Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

It is formed from the best-known and most reliable Balsams, Gums and Vegetable Tonics, in chemical union with the extract of Wild Cherry Bark and Liquorice in their fresh and unadulterated forms, and is the most pleasant and effective combination that can be secured with a view to relief or permanent cure of Hoarseness, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and all diseases of the Lungs. For sale by all dealers at 25 cents per bottle.

AGENTS—Gen. Grant's Tour Round the World; fastest selling book now offered; exclusive territory; for terms address at once, Oberholtzer, & CO., Berlin.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil combines in such an eminent degree all the healing, curative and extracting qualities known to medical science, that it is truly a family medicine that cannot be dispensed with. When applied to any swelling sore, burn, chilblain, frostbites, skin eruption, etc., its effects are magical. It is highly esteemed wherever known, and its enormous sale annually is the best certificate of its merits.

For gents' underwear in fine Scotch and Canadian goods at prices as low as the lowest, go or send to Cooper's great American shirt factory, 109 Yonge st., Toronto.

The kidneys are subject to a variety of dangerous and painful diseases, arising from various causes. By the judicious use of Tweddle Dinks and Uva Ursi these affections may be cured. Bright's disease, diabetes, and all female complaints are successfully combatted by this popular remedy, which is for sale by all dealers. $1 per bottle.

Victoria Hypophosphites extends its influence into every part of the human organism, commencing from the foundation, correcting diseased action, and restoring vital powers, creating a healthy formation and purification of the blood, driving out disease, and leaving nature to perform its allotted part. It is the finest nervine remedy known, and the greatest brain and blood food in the world. For sale by all dealers. $1 per bottle.

Business Directory.

TORONTO.

Brush Manufacturer.
Machine Brushes. Jas. Wilson, 56 Sherbourne st

Barristers & Attorneys.
Watson & Heppart, 30 Adelaide East.

File Manufacturer.
Files Recut. Thos. Gerrard, 55 Sherbourne.

Furniture.
Oakwood Cabinet Co., 97 Yonge street.

Rossin House.
Palace Hotel of Canada. Mark. H. Irish, Prop.

PICTURE MOULDINGS, FRAMES, CHROMOS, Mottoes, Mirrors, etc. Dealers send for wholesale list. H. J. MATTHEW & BROS., Toronto.

SHEEP MARKS Supplied by M. H. YOUNG & CO., 64 King St. E., Toronto.

BUY ONLY *Ontario Baking Powder*

25 FANCY CARDS, WITH name, Plain or Gold, 10c. Agent's outfit, 10c. 150 styles. HULL & SON, Hudson, N. Y.

TRY IT. *Devonshire Cattle Food.* BEST IN USE. John Lumbers, Manuf., Toronto.

1,300 ACRES OF PINE LANDS in the township of Medonte, at the head of the Goldwater River, for sale. WM. LATCH, 578 Queen-street West.

FOR LIST OF VALUABLE PROperties in the County of Oxford, out, fees county in Dominion. Apply to JOHN BEARD Woodstock.

COME TO DELAWARE — 100 Delaware fruit and grain farms, cheap; mild, healthy climate; catalogue free. A. P. GRIFFITH, Smyrna, Delaware.

Tingley's Patent Lightning Stamp. Self-inking, with changeable Rubber Dies. The best selling Stamp made. Agents wanted. Box 1557. C. STEWART, & CO., Toronto, Ont.

BUTCHERS AND SAUSAGE-MAKERS—Best small sized hog sausage casing 30 cents per lb.; best imported English sheep casings, 50 cents per bunch; Bologna casings, 10 cents per lb. F. ROWLIN, Hamilton, Ont.

300 ACRES CHOICE LAND FOR sale cheap, in Township of Enniskillen, adjoining Oil City station, Canada Southern Railway; altogether or divided. G. W. BENTLEY, Oil City, P. O.

LIVING WATER Star Auger bores 20 feet per hour, hole 5 to 25 inches. Hand or horse power; good supply of pure filtered water. Send for circular. MANTLOCY, 68 Mary St., Hamilton.

Free Ticket to the For 6 old used U.S. Canada Postage Stamps or enough old Provincial issues U.S. English or Foreign. List 2c. stamp. Map with Belts 30c. Information free NORTH-WEST, Dominion Bureau Co., Toronto, Ont.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS OF PREPARED LEATHER Durable, Light, Elastic, and Cheap. First prize at Provincial Exhibition, London. Testimonials on application. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, J. DOAN & SON, Drayton, Ont.

A GOOD PLAN, Combining and operating many orders in one test plan has every advantage of capital, with skillful management. Large profits divided pro rata on investments of $25 to $10,000. Circular, with full explanations how all can succeed in stock dealings, mailed free. LAWRENCE & CO., 44 Exchange Place, New York.

The Canadian Air Gas Machine.

This machine is for lighting private dwellings, mills, factories, churches, public halls, hotels, etc. Call and examine the machine in operation at JOSEPH PHILLIPS', sole manufacturer, plumber and gas-fitter, 158 York Street. Send for circular and price list.

HALIBURTON.

TERMINUS OF THE VICTORIA RAILWAY—farm and village lots for sale. O. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager Canadian Land and Emigration Co., Haliburton, or near W. & C. Baines, Toronto-st., Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1874.

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELT INSTITUTION

4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.

These Electric appliances are made under my own personal supervision, I therefore confidently recommend them to the afflicted as the safest and most durable and beneficial appliances of the kind in the country as a curative agent for

LAME BACK, ASTHMA, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUSNESS, VARICOSE VEINS, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, NEURALGIA, CONSTIPATION, and GOUT.

TESTIMONIALS.

INGERSOLL, Aug. 1879.

A. NORMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir,—I suffered for four years from what Dr. Davis, of Chicago, and other eminent physicians called rheumatism of the bowels, which they tried in vain to cure, but I am thankful to say your appliances have entirely removed the pain. I recommend all sufferers to try them. Yours truly, PETER DOWDO

RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA.

TORONTO, Nov. 23, 1874.

MR. A. NORMAN.—I have fully tried and most carefully tested and soon used your Curative Insoles and Belts, and believe this to be one of the best forms of administering Electricity, now known to be of such valuable importance for the relief of Rheumatic and Neuralgic affections. I most cheerfully recommend their use to all sufferers of these complaints. C. B. HALL, M.D., 30 Carr Howell Place.

GENERAL USEFULNESS.

TORONTO, Nov 17, 1874.

MR. A. NORMAN.—Dear Sir,—I have applied Galvanism with marked success for thirty years to the cure of diseases of all kinds. In fact, the human body is a galvanic battery, and executes all its functions by means of galvanism. Diseases are caused by derangements of its currents, which these Curative Galvanic Body-Wear regulate. It therefore embraces nature's true curative instrumentality. I most heartily recommend these Galvanic Belts, Bands, and Soles as by far the best and simplest form of applying Electricity within my knowledge. PROF. O. S. FOWLER.

SPRAIN.

TORONTO, May 7, 1877.

MR. NORMAN.—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the curative properties of your Galvanic Soles. About twenty-five years ago my right foot was injured by a heavy weight falling on the instep, the effects of which apparently disappeared in a short time, but on the approach of winter the effects again appeared, in the foot becoming very painful and swollen. This occurred yearly, often having to discard my boot till spring. I have worn the Soles about a year. Last spring my foot was perfectly well, being able to wear my tight boot without the least sign of the old trouble. GEO. PEAL, 99 Ontario street.

Yours respectfully,

Circulars with Testimonials Free. No Charge for Consultation.

A. NORMAN, 4 Queen St. East, Toronto.

N.B.—Electric Baths and Sulphur and Vapour Baths on the premises for ladies and gentlemen.

THE MASSASOIT CRADLE CARRIAGE

Weighs from 7 to 8 pounds.

Comfortable and Convenient.

For sick children it is invaluable. Medical men recommend it. Prices within the reach of all. Send for circular. Just patented.

H. WILBY, Manufacturer, Toronto.

New catalogue of novelties in Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Plated Ware, Fire Arms, Boys' Tool Chests, Scroll Saws, Telephones. Special discounts on Acme and Barney and Berry's Skates. Selected goods for Xmas and Holiday presents. Send 6cts for our illustrated 96 page catalogue. *Great inducement to agents.*

ADDRESS,

ROGERS MANUFACTURING CO.

34 Church