## SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

An Oration That Fits Either a Wedding, Funeral, a Political Meeting Even a Dinner of Boston Puritans.

A Boston despatch says: Mark Twain was one of the speakers at the banquet in Music Hall last night to celebrate Forefather's Day. He responded to "Post Prandial Oratory," and said: "In treating of this subject, a subject which I have long been familiar with, and may be called an expert in observing it in others, I wish to expert in observing it in others, I wish to say that a public dirner is the most delightful in the whole world to the guest. (Laughter.) A public dinner also is the most unendurable suffering in the whole world to the guest. (Laughter.) These two facts don't seem to jibe, but I will explain:

"Now, at a public dinner when a man know he is coing to be called upon to

knows he is going to be called upon to speak and is thoroughly well prepared, got it all by heart, and the pauses marked in his head where the applause is going to come in—(laughter)—that man is simply in heaven. (Laughter.) But when at a public dinner it is getting way along towards the end of the things, and a man is sitting over his glass of wine or his glass of milk— (laughter)—according to the kind of ban-quet it is, with somebody at his elbow bothering him with talk and talk about nothing, that is just as nearly in the other place as can be. My scheme is this, to carry in my head a connected and tried and thoroughly and glibly emphasized speech that will fit every conceivable occasion in this life, fit it to a dot and win success and applause every time. (Laughter.) Now, I have a fitted speech of this kind and have

brought it along as an example."

Twain then showed how such a speech is appropriate at a wedding breakfast, a granger gathering or a theological assembly or a political blow-out or an inquest or funeral anywhere in the world, simply by changing a word here and there, making his delivery tearful or anguishing, chirpy and facetions or luridly and thunderously eloquent, turning himself loose.

"Suppose we are at a granger gathering," said he, "and are suddenly called upon.
We come up with some lively heatancies and deferences, so as to give the idea that the speech is impromptu. We can venture an impromptu remark to begin with: for instance, if a distinguished person is present we can make a complimentary remark about his great talent or his clothes (Laughter.) This gives us an opening, and about the time the audience is pitying him we open our throttle-valve and go for those grangers. (Laughter.) The person wants us to be gorgeously eloquent. He wants to fire the granger's heart and start him from his mansard to his cellar. That man may

say:
"'SIR: I am suddenly called up and "'Sin: I am suddenly called up and am indeed not—not prepared to—was not expecting to be called up, sir; but I will, with what effect I may, add my shout to the jubilations of this spirited, stirring occasion. (Laughter.) Agriculture, after all, sir, approximately speaking, may be said to be the palladium of our economic liberties. By it, approximately speaking, we may be said to live and move and acquire our being. All that we have been, all that our being. All that we have been, all that we hope to be, was, is, and must continue (Great laughter.)

' Now, suppose we were at a wedding breakfast and our speech has got to be delivered in airy, light fashion, but must terminate seriously. We say: 'I am suddenly called up, sir, and am indeed not —not prepared to day. I was not expect-ing to be called up, sir, but with what effect I may I will add my shout to the jubilations of this spirited, stirring occasion. Matrimony, sir, is after all the palladium of domestic liberty (great laughter) by it, approximately speaking, we may be said to live and move and acquire our being, all that we have been, all that we hope to be, was is and must continue to be by the sublimest of the mighty interests of men. Thrice glorious matrimony.''' (Laughter.)

# A SAD CHRISTMAS FOR HER.

Widowed Within a Year, Children in a

Asylum and Herself in a Cell. A New York telegram says: Jacob Baumann, of the firm of Baumann Bros., furniture dealers, appeared as complainant in the Yorkville Court before Justice O'Reilly yesterday against Kate Gibbons, 31 years old, of No. 518 West Fifty-first street, whom he charged with selling mortgaged property. The complainant alleged that Mrs. Gibbons purchased on the instal-ment plan from Baumann Brothers furniture of the value of \$134.15, giving a chattel mortgage as security. Last fall she had paid \$85 on account and then ceased mak-When the firm demanded the goods it is said she asknowledged she had sold them. Mrs. Gibbons told a pitiful tale to the Judge, saving that when she purchased the furniture she was in good circumstances and able to make the payments as they came due. Then her husband died and she was left without support for herself and her three little chil dren. She struggled along until she fell sick with erysipelas and was bedridden. She had no friends to whom to appeal, her children were starving, and she sold the furniture piecemeal to buy them food. When all was gone she appealed to Justice Murray at the Yorkville Court two weeks ago and had her little ones sent to an in-stitution. She begged the complainant to give her an opportunity to pay the balance as soon as she was recovered sufficiently to go to work, but he was inexorable and insisted that she should tell him where the furniture was or go to prison. She said she could not tell what had become of the property, and again pleaded through her sobs for mercy, and was again refused. Justice O'Reilly very reluctantly complied with the law and held the poor woman in \$300 bail to answer. Having no friend in her extremity she went to prison, moaning in her agony, and the final scene in the destruction of the happy home of a year ago was completed -- children in an asylum father dead and mother in a felon's cell.

SUIT OVER A KISS.

A Young Wife Wants \$5,000 for Oscula tion Without Leave,

Lyons, N. Y., despatch says; Jennie Walker, the pretty young wife of Daniel Walker, in Ontario, this county, has begun action against Henry Elman, the man in that locality, for \$5,000 damages because of a kiss he gave plaintiff upon the cheek last August. Mrs. Walker alleges that Elman called upon her husband, and that while her husband was in an adjoining room he stooped over her chair and kissed grieved at his hasty action that she was confined to bed several weeks and was un able to do household work. Elman admits the kiss, but will defend the suit. Seven lawyers have been retained in the case.

Trusting to Faith to be Cured.

A Lakewood N.J., despatch says: Miss Violet Hopkins, daughter of David A. Hopkins, the Jersey City manufacturer of railway supplies, who places implicit confidence in the faith cure, has come to this winter retreat to reside temporarily. is an accomplished young woman and a fine linguist. Her father is proprietor of the American Sentry, a devout follower of Swedenborg, and is said to have spent an McLaughlin, a milkman, of Sixth and Live immense sum of money in his religious zeal to disseminate the teachings of that night. noted leader. Miss Hopkins shared her father's religious enthusiasm, and when, a year ago, she was attacked with acute pneumonia she determined to test the efucacy of prayer and faith, refusing to accept the services of a physician. She has not improved, and her health is now so seriously impaired that grave doubts are entertained for her recovery.

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WHOLE NO 1,534 NO. 27.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

he, Who Can Neither See, Talk Nor Hear, Enjoys the Presence of Friends, Their Addresses and the Music of a Blind Boys' Band-Her Fifty Years in an

Miss Laura Bridgman, the blind, deaf and dumb immate of the Perkins Institu-tion for the Blind in Boston, has just tion for the Blind in Boston, has just given a reception to her friends to mark the 50th year of her residence in that institution, as well as the 58th anniversary of her birth. She enjoyed the music, the addresses of the guests and the presence of those she knew, after her own fashion, and expressed her approval of the remarks by clapping her hands.

Miss Bridgman entered the institution when she was 8 years old. When an infant sickness deprived her of eyesight and the powers of speech and hearing. The sense of smell was entirely destroyed and that of taste much impaired. She was a girl of quick sensibilities, a fact which aided her vastly in acquiring that wonderful compreof the things around her has made her, her benewhich factor and the institution famous the world over Dr. Samuel G. Howe, now dead, the husband of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, took charge of the girl when she came to Boston fifty years ago. She was taught, after indomitable and painstaking effort on the part of her preceptor and his assistant, Miss Drew, to write, read, spell, knit, and to converse with her teachers and with those who knew the mysterious lan-guage of the blind and the mute. The one sense left her, that of touch, enabled her to do this. Talking is carried on with her fingers. She places her hands in those of a person acquainted with the language, and conversation is successfully carried on by means of a finger alphabet. As her studies progressed, this child of unknowable world was taught geography, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history and philosophy. until now she is as proficient in the ordinary branches of learning as the average person not handicapped by the loss of natural

powers.
On Wednesday she sat in the hall of the institution with her tutor at her right hand. There was singing by a chorus of fifty little children in attendance at the institution, a recitation by a young blind girl, a voluntary on the organ by Miss Black, also blind, and an overture by a brass band composed of blind boys. So keen and refined is her sensibility that it is said Miss Bridgman can appreciate, in a small way, of course, the beauty of music by means of the sound vibrations on the floor. The exercises this afternoon were translated to her by her tutor in the mute language of the fingers, and Miss Bridgman attested her feelings by clapping her hands

Miss Bridgman was 58 years old to-day, and so the reception had a double signifi-cance. During her earlier years she made a practice of keeping a journal, and for ten years, from 1840 to 1850, wrote page after page of notes, so that to day she has forty or more manuscript books of her own make, the number of pages being about six hundred. She has also written three auto-biographical sketches, several poems and numerous letters.

# The Deacon's Green Goods.

A New York despatch says: Anthony Nelson, one of the "green goods" men recently arrested, was put on trial yesterday. Allen Gilliland, the deacon of a church at his home in Tennessee, or "Sucker No. 82" as the "green goods" gang termed him, identified the letters he had received inviting him to come to New York, where he could purchase \$10,000 for \$650. Counsel for the prisoner asked to have the case taken from the jury and his client discharged, on the ground that there was no proof that the "goods" mentioned in the circular and letters were counterfeit money. taken and discharged the prisoner. Before letting him go he warned him that if he was brought beforehim again and convicted he would receive every minute that the statute would allow. Turning to the deacon, who had been locked up in the House of Detention as a witness since he made his complaint, Judge Cowing lectured him severely. "The best thing you can do,' he said, "is to hurry back to Tonnessee. and don't come here again. Go back and leave the church, and tell your congregation how you fell." The deacon said he was going to-night.

A Royal Christmas Gift. A Vienna despatch says: Emperor Francis Joseph yesterday presented Count Andrassy with a magnificent portrait of himself as a Christmas gift, which accompanied the gift, the Emperor says the present is given in recognition of the hospitality to the Emperor by Count the hospitality to the Emperor by Count Andrassy during the military manœuvres. The gift is generally believed, however, to have a political significance, the opinion being that the Emperor wished to xpress his approval of Count Andrassy's chergetic policy. It is stated when the Count returned from the Berlin Congress, the Emperor wished to raise him to the rank of prince, and asked several of the Hungarian Ministers to try and induce him to accept the honor. Count Andrassy, however, refused the title and also declined to accept an order, so that the Emperor's only way to honor the Count was to send autograph letter, which is the highest Austrian distinction.

A San Francisco despatch says: Bolivian bark Remegio, which arrived from Hakodate, reports that last Tuesday night a Japanese who had the watch on deck iddenly became insane. All the crew were below and at midnight he called them on deck stationing himself at the door of the forecastle with a hatchet in his hand and prepared to give a lively reception to whoever ventured above. The appeared, a Japanese, was saluted with a plow upon the head. Next was a negro, who was also struck and dangerously jumped overboard and was seen no more. It was found also that the cook of the vessel had been almost killed prior to the assault upon the crew and his recovery is

# A Horse Eats Itself to Death.

streets, lost a horse from gluttony last night. The horse broke its halter, got out into the stable, opened the lid of the feed chest and cleaned it of all the corn and oats, something over two bushels. This morning the milkman found his horse dead beside the feed chest.

The mother of ex-President Garfield is now over 87 years old, but still remains bright and strong in mind and body. GUARDING RUSSIA'S CZAR.

He is Constantly Surrounded by Swarms of Soldiers and Detectives.

occupy almost a mile square the most superb structures, fountains, and miles of of trees and great crowns, crosses and figures, besides miles of high walls, were covered with colored lamps. There were millions of lights, and it required a regiment of soldiers and hundreds of civilians weeks to put them in place. All was poid the finest parking and drives in the world. Scores of buildings and fountains, hundreds weeks to put them in place. All was paid for from the public treasury, or rather a Czar's treasury repleted by the people.

At a time in the evening when the foun-tains and lights glistened most, the bands played the loudest, and the pyrotechnics and cannon from the men-of-war in the gulf glared and roared best, the royal family gave the assembled multitude a rare treat.

It showed itself. Seldom it is that people in Russia see their Emperor, their Czar, because he suspects them of designs. I was making my way between two of the great blazing walls of colored lights, through one of the drives, when a detachment of Cossacks came dashing along. slashing their sabres and driving the people out of the way. In their wake came soldiers on foot and great detachments of men in citizen's clothing. The latter stationed Eastenby, at Blackburn, went into the themselves in front of the lines of the kitchen in their night-dresses. The boy masses. A din of voices—lusty cheering is heard in the distance. It comes sister, who was so shockingly burned that nearer, then nearer. More Cossacks, more she died in Blackburn Infirmary the same soldiers, more men in citizens' clothing, and farther back we are crowded. The tier of officious citizens is re-enforced in our front and many linger in the driveway. Finally the caravan comes in view. More Cossacks, soldiers, citizens. Eight white horses, each one on the left bearing a liveryman, are next seen; then the royal equipage, an immense, gold-mounted chariot. The Czar, a reat burly fellow, with full beard, crown and uniform, is on the left seat in front The brother, the Crown Prince, the Czarina and grand dukes, etc., make up the load. On every hand of the carriage, four deep, are Cossacks, while the driveway in front and rear is blocked with soldiery, making a perfect shield against

violent attack. The "citizens" who were so very plenti-ful and officious were the most experienced detective and body-guards in the empire. There were thousands of them. It would have been impossible for one to raise his or her hand against the Czar or any member of his family. It is the boast of the Rus-sian authorities that their detectives have eyes in every portion of their heads and bodies. The whole service of protecting the Crown and members of the family, and suppressing all thoughts of dissatisfaction with the present form of government, is in full charge of Gresser, chief of the secret service. The authority of this officer is uppalling. He can order into exile or the execution yard any one suspected of un-lawful or disrespectful acts or intentions. He attends the theatres, and may be said to run all places of amusement. If he is displeased with anything he suppresses it,

and there is no redress.—New York Sun. People who Never Eat Meat There is no abstemiousness in the world and no thrift, like the thrift and abstemiousness of the average native of India. Almost alone among the workingmen of the world he has raised himself nearly above wants, has stripped himself of all the imediment of luxury. India, especially on the richer soils and in the river deltas, live, marry and rear apparently healthy children upon an incom which, even when the wife works, is rarely shove 2s, a week, and frequently sinks to 18d., says the London Spectator. The Indian is enabled to do this, not so much by the cheapness of food-for, though it chcap, a European who ate the same food would want five times the money merely to feed himself—as by a habit of living which makes him independent of the ordinary cares of mankind. He goes nearly without clothes, gives his children none, and dresses his wife in a long piece of the most wretched muslin. Neither he nor his wife pay tailor or milliner one shilling during their entire lives, nor do they ever purchase needles or thread, which, indeed, it is contrary to a semireligious etiquette ever to use. poorest peasant inhabits a hut taining a single covered room of the smallest size, with an earthen platform or two outside it, and as he constructs or repairs nis own dwelling, he virtually pays no rent except for the culturable land. touches alcohol or any substitute for it.

There is an idea in England that he eats opium or hemp, but he as a rule swallows with as much moral antipathy as any English gentleman, and secondly, because he could not by any possibility pay for articles which in India, as everywhere else, are exceedingly expensive. He eats absolutely no meat nor any animal fat, nor any expensive grain like good wheat, but lives on nillet or small rice, a little milk, with the butter from milk, and the vegetables he grows. Even of these he eats more sparngly than the poorest Tuscan. Once quarter, perhaps, he eats enough, during some festival, but, as a rule, he knows be enraged with the wife who cooks for nim if she prepared more. He is assisted in this economy by a religious rule which we have never seen a Hindoo break, and which is undoubtedly, like the rule against killing oxen, a survival from a mili-tary law or custom of the most remote

A Modest Maiden.

A very remarkable story is told in New York boarding school circles about Miss Nellie Arthur, the daughter of the late ex-President. She was at Mrs. Lockwood's chool, and had been there a year when one day she was missed by her little chums, who crowded around the Principal after the opening exercises to ask where she had Where's Nell?" they said. "Why, on't you know?" said the lady. "He father, Gen. Arthur, died last night."
"Was her father Gen. Arthur?" all asked as with one voice; "was she the President's daughter?" Miss Nellie had never hinted a what most girls would have told before

More Ways Than One.

The City Clerk of Ashland, Wis., shot a deer and wished to send it to some friends at a distance, but the express company refused to receive it. He thereupon placed the deer in a cheap pine coffin, marked it "John Deer, deceased, aged 1," and shipped as a corpse.

OLD WORLD GOSSIP BY MAIL

From England.

Mr. Joel Walker, farmer, Heanor Gate A few nights ago I attended the illumina-tions at Peterhoff in honor of the Czarina's crop of Swede turnips on his land. Three birthday. The Czar's palace is on a turnips filled a large wheelbarrow. One of peninsula and the grounds and buildings the turnips weighed 25 lbs. As some men were pulling down an old

shop at St. Mary Cray, recently, they discovered a very large number of Bank of pleasure as they saw the hopes of their own

his grand efforts. He will make them re-nowned in civic annals. They are the wedding. A man got into a London theatre the

other night in a curious way. He had gone out between the acts, but having lost his check, the attendants who did not remember his face, would not readmit him, so he asked them to look at his coat-tails. The paint on his seat had adhered to them. The attendants were convinced, and passed

One morning recently a little boy, aged 3 years, and his sister, aged 5 years, the children of a beerhouse keeper named

From Ireland.

cently a man named Walsh was charged with drunkenness. The evidence showed that when he was arrested his 4-year-old son was lying dead drunk beside him in the street. The father had taken the child

From Scotland. The cpidemic of measles is still raging in the island of Eriskay. There have been

eleven deaths from measles in the island within about two months. One afternoon recently when the inspec tor of the Port Glasgow Waterworks examined the filters at l'arkhill he found the supply from Auchendores almost com-pletely stopped. On faith a examination at the valve he found the pipe choked with a large cel 3 feet 2 inches in length, and

Most of the suburban burghs of Glasgow are showing much activity on the Bound aries question. They have united in stating a general case in opposition to the cluborate annexation scheme. The Secretary for Scotland has appointed the Earl of Elgin and Mr. Crum, of Thornliebank, additional members of the commission. Pollokshields has voted in favor of annexa-

A Remarkable Ferry Steamer. There will soon be launched at Detroit a vessel which, aside from her size, is one of the most remarkable ever built on the lakes. It is a carferry boat for the Mackinac Transportation Company, and when ompleted is to ply on the Straits of Mac Ignace. She is 235 feet in length, 52 in readth, and 25 in depth, and is to carry ten freight or eight passenger cars. But i is as an ice breaker that the new boat is expected to be remarkable. Everything that modern ship-building, practice and experience can suggest to make her successful has been done. She has fine lines, bow and stern being nearly the same form, and it will be an impossibility for the soft ice, which so often hinders the passage of ordinary ferry boats, to cling to her sides. Her bow, on the inside, is a mass of framing as strong almost as solid timber, and the outside planking is six inches thick. Besides this, the hull is to be sheathed outside with steel plates one quarter of an inch thickness, which will effectually prevent

Terrible Ravages of Diphtheria. Reference was made the other day to the ad affliction of a family living on Matyesterday were the two eldest of the family, aged 17 and 14 years respectively. The intense family, whose name is Smith, removed here he revie from Burford.-Woodstock Sentinel-Review. again the triumphs of his boyhood; the

An Accomplished Wife,

"Well, Nellie, does your husband still drink?" "Yes, mother, and it's worrying the life out of me." "Did you try the plan of breaking him of the habit that I drink?" suggested to you?" "Yes." "Did you put whisky in his coffee?" "Yes." "What did he say?" "He said I was the only woman he had seen since his mother died who knew how to make coffee as it should

Well Supplied With Grandparents. Williamsburg, aged 93 years.

A female Kilrain.

A Galena grocer named Scott offered to A Gaiena grocer named Scott oliered to let a woman named Taylor strike him with a codfish for 25 cents. It was all a joke, you know, but she paid the money, gave the codfish a whirl or two, and when it hit Grocer Scott it broke his jaw and tore off part of his ear .- Lee County (Ill.) Times.

nouns. No one can say a cows, a women."
"Why not?" said the good boy. "When we go to church we say a-men!"—Judy. -Some one has written a book on "How 

"You cannot," said the schoolmaster.

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

A Christmas Incident.

Ushered in by a heavy fall of snow, at last Christmas Eve had come, after long and anxious waiting on the part of the little ones throughout the city; and even the

pleasure as they saw the hopes of their own youth revived again in the faces of the children, bright with thoughts of the morrow. Happy fathers and mothers, laden with presents, were hurrying homeward; their purses were perhaps almost empty, but their arms were full, and their hearts Jubilee Day on the Queen's coronation, and the day on which the Prince and the Princess of Wales will celebrate their silver sleigh bells, then a rush of horses, a flurry of snow and a peal of silvery music dying away in the distance. The markets were filled with people buying provisions for the holidays. The tracesmen were busier than they had ever been before. Joyous laugh-ter kept breaking forth from the groups surrounding the gay shop windows, as some object more amusing than the rest caught their eyes. Every one seemed to be full of enjoyment. No one, as he looked at the others, could help involuntarily voicing the thought, "All Christendom must be happy at this time. For there is scarcely ever a joy existing in this world without a sorrow to equal it; great indeed is the burden, therefore, when it falls on a few saddened hearts to counter-balance the happiness of

a city. So it was in this case.

In the attic room of a many-storied tenement, in the humbler part of the great The Duke of Abercorn has been invited to accept the office of President of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland for the fittle three-legged wooden stool on next year. room. There was no furniture in it, unless An old woman named Lyons was found dead one day recently at her cottage in a lane out of Lower Leeson street, Dublin. Her skull was fractured, and there was a quantity of blood in the room. She was supposed to possess money, but except some trifling articles nothing seems to have been stolen.

At a Dublin Police Court one day recently a man named Walsh was charged to the store of the room of the previous night, and the snow was slowly drifting in along the bare floor. There were holes in the window panes; some he had filled with straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew keenly a man named Walsh was charged to be stored to the straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew whenly a man named Walsh was charged to the straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew whenly a man ramed walsh was charged to the store of the roof the rafters had been swept away in the storm of the previous night, and the snow was slowly drifting in along the bare floor. There were holes in the window panes; some he had filled with straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew whenly a man ramed walsh was charged to the store of the roof the rafters had been swept away in the storm of the previous night, and the snow was slowly drifting in along the bare floor. There were holes in the window panes; some he had filled with straw from his bed, but now there was no more straw, and the wintry wind blew the store of the roof the long white hair over his forehead. shivered, and drawing his ragged coat closer round him, he bent forward on the rude stool toward the meagre tire of coke. around to a number of taverns and given him liquor to drink. By means of a stomach pump the child's life was saved and the father was fined ten shillings. days. Down stairs in the flat below he could hear the voices of the children, as they gaily hung up their stockings, well-darned to hold carefully the presents that Father Christmas might give them. He heard their childish and sighed, as memory wandered

back to his own early days in the dear old home in the country. Nine, 10 and 11 rolled out the city clocks, and gradually all the sounds ceased except, now and then, the muffled footfalls of a late traveller hastening over the snow-covered sidewalk to his home. The old man dozed. His dreams were sorrowful for a tear glistened for a moment in his eye, and then trickled over his wrinkled face; even while he slept his sorrows were with him. The fire went out, but the snow still drifted slowly in. The wind grew bitterly cold and the old

came. Christmas morning! and the child

ren were joyfully examining the toys and

laythings that Santa Claus had brought

man moved uneasily in his sleep; he moaned once or twice, and sometimes he would mutter indistinctly. Thus the night passed and the morning

them in the night. Still 'Old Franz dreamed on. The sunbeams creeping dreamed on. The sunbeams creeping farther and farther over the floor made the room feel warmer, and as at last they played over his face, he smiled in his sleep and awoke. The smile changed as he remembered he was starving changed as he remembered he was starving. He rose up with difficulty, and immediately fell back exhausted; he waited a little and then, slowly rising, he staggered to the shelf and took down his last, his only friend, hia violin. For Franz was a musician; ay years his hands had trembled too much to lay, and he had been forced to teach for his daily bread. And now his pupils had left him; they said he was too old even to Poor Franz! He held the violin tightly in his arms as though he thought some one would take it from him. "Shall I sell thee for bread, my own? Shall I beg?" he murmured. "No! No! 'Old beg?" he murmured. "No! No! 'Old I'ranz' may be poor, but he would rather die than become a beggar, and he will never part with thee." Then his mind wan-The past came before him. hugged more closely his violinto his breast, It was for love of music that he had left the happy farm home of his boyhood. It was for music he had braved his father's anger and the tears of his mother, and had gone the members of which were all down with to the great city and had suffered so much iphtheria. Three of a family of six hare lready succumbed and the others are in dangerous condition. The two who died of joy, so filled with a longing that is esterday were the two eldest of the family, strangely sweet and yet so full of the most intense regret as that in which he reviews the years that are told. He sees well-earned prizes of his college life; he had worked hard to gain them, and, as he received them from the hands of his old masters, what hopes did he not form, what ambitions did he not cherish, what fame did he not see crowning his after life? Ah all that is passed now; the hopes were soon blighted, almost in their youth, never were the ambitions fulfilled, the fame always faded away before his eager grasp True! he can remember some of his com-panions, but how few they are, who have attained the goal of their wishes; they lile has been a failure. In the years of his A son of Mr. William Strader, of Morris- past he can see only disappointment suc burg, is burdened with grandparents. He coeding disappointment, misfortune rush-has fiveliving grandfathers, the eldest of ing upon misfortune; once more, as long the five being Mr. Strader, of Matilda, aged age, he can hear the bells ringing in cach 101 years. He has six living grandmothers, new year full of promise for the future. the eldest of these being Mrs. Reddick, of Ah | they were also tolling the burial of the hopes of the year before. Franz thought of the past. He remembered again

successes won at last after many years.
With his shaking hand he placed the violir to his shoulder, and drew the bow across His hand gained strength. Again he was before great audiences; again bouquets were showered upon him; again he heard their laudits and he bowed his head to thank them. The bells of the city place a, the singular article, before plural churches began to ring for the morning service. He started and murmured "It is Christmas." He thought of Christmas on the old farm, of his gray haired father, of his tender, loving mother, of her teachings of the holy service in the quaint old church, he was happy then but now—he bowed his head, overwhelmed with anguish. There

his early struggles; the old master that had had faith in his genius; his brilliant

comes a time in our lives when we near the final goal; behind us stretches the past with its mingled shadow and sunlight, but round us the mists of the evening are gathered, the shades of darkness deepen, sorrow after sorrow falls upon us with crushing force, the gloom increases, the light fades away and the night ensues, the darkouse is intense, liberk heavens from a upon us, earthly supports give way beneath us and we feel we are sinking. In that moment, if never before, we remember our Creator. Franz thought of his God, and browed his head in prayer. Presently he took up his violin and began to play again. The neighbors in the rooms below stopped

their gossip to listen. "It is the angels," whispered the chil-

"It must be 'Old Franz,' said one of th

"Hush," said another. And silently one by one they stole up the stairs and stood with listening ears at the door of the garret room. They held their breath as the musio, rising upward, swelled into an anthem of praise. It seemed like the morning carols of the birds returning thanks to their Maker that the day had come. Then the melody slowly died away into a wail of anguish, and as it rose again more softly they thought they heard a sorrowful child sobbing itself quietly to sleep in its Father's bosom. It ceased and ll was still.

all was still.

There were tears in the eyes of the neighbors as they opened the door and looked in. The old master leaned forward. His head fell upon his violin. "He is Ay! they were right. "Old Franz" was sleeping, "they whispered to each other. Ay! they were right. "Old Franz" was sleeping—forever. And presently the choir in the neighboring church began to chorus the Christmas anthem, "Peace on earth! Good will to Men." It was his ERNEST L.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE WHITEHEADS. "My love." said Mr. Simeon Whitehead s he sat before the fire on Christmas Eve this is a glad and joyful time; a time to draw fond hearts nearer to each other and make them throb in loving unison."

"Yes, Simmy," said his wife.
"And withal, he went on oracularly it is a rollicking, merry time, and just to carry out the spirit of the hour, let's hang up our stockings."
"O, what fun!" chirped Mrs. Whitehead

though I haven't a thing for you, Simmy dear, so you mustn't be disappointed," with a delusive smile.

So with many childish gurgles of glee they went off to bed arm in arm, leaving what looked like a long black sausage bag suspended from the chimney-piece by the side of a short striped sock with a hole in

In the silent watches of the night Mr Simeon Whitehead sneaked guiltily down stairs with a sealskin sacque under his arm. He groped his way to the yawning black stocking, and there ensued a wild and ineffectual struggleto stuff it in the sacque, but though he rolled it into its smallest possible compass and stretched the sausage-bag to the form of a peck measure, it was clearly a hopeless case, and wiping his perspiring face with a convenient portion of his attire, he hung the garment on the as he thought of the surprise it would create in the morning, for he wot not that the descendant of Eve who shared his joy had opened his drawer with a false key and torn a hole in the paper wrapping with a Meantime Mrs. Whitehead awoke, and

taking a tiny white box from under her pillow, slipped stealthily out of the room. At the top of the stairshe came in violent collision with her husband coming up, and with womanly presence of mind she grasped his bushy beard and screamed, "Burglars Taken off his guard and his feet at the

same time, Mr. Whitehead suddenly sat down, and, his wife clinging to him desperately, they coasted together down the stairs, landing in a confused heap at the A loose carpet rod had played havoc with

his abreviated garment, and scraped the porous plaster and a considerable portion of epidermis from his back. As he struggled to his feet with a volley of choice expletives, his wife, who had

escaped without a scratch, recognized the familiar tones and cried, "O, Simmy, are vou hurt?"

"Hurt? No! Dangfest it, no!" hopping about in an agony of pain, "its rare sport to be used as a toboggan by a fat old porpoise that weighs three hundred! Perhaps you will inform me, Madam, where the humorous part of this performance comes in, for Mrs. Whitehead had turned up the gas, and now stood giggling hysterically at his capers. "Must you stand there grinning like a dangfested idiot, because you've knocked your husband down stairs and peeled his blasted back for him? Took me for a condemned burglar did you? Well, if I ever burgle in way again you may have the rest of my blame skin.'

"O, Simmy, dear, don't swear. said Christmas was a joyful, loving time."

1 did, did I? Well, ain't we enjoying it? Ain't we out in full dress in honor of the occasion?" glaring wildly at his tat-tered garments. "Haven't I sacrificed half a yard of caticle to make this thing a howling success? Want to try anothe whirl? Perhaps I'm too slow for you? Maybe you'd like to rig me up with a set of wheels and an air-brake for a danglested roller-coaster. Anything to carry out these joyous festivities in rattling style There, madam," he continued, kicking the sacque savagely about the room, "there's the condemned institution that has brough such an overflow of joy into this family There's the last blame Christmas present you'll ever get from me. There's the dang-fested article." Here he kicked a table leg. He didn't injure the table leg but spoiled the shape of his largest corn, and

sponed the snape of its largest corn, and he limped groaning up-stairs.

"Simmy, dear," his wife called softly after him, "shall I come up and bathe your poor back with arnica?" but a vicious slam of the door was the only reply, so she tried the effect of the sealskin sacque over her robe de nuit and said, as she paraded before the glass, "I don't care, he can't take this back, any way, and if he won' have the diamond stud I'll trade it for Emma S. Olds.

Gout. Rheumatism and No Dog. " How is it you have so many young men call on you?" asked a jealous girl. "Because," was the reply, "father has the gout in one foot and the rheumatism

Steersman-All ready, Bascom? Bascom-Yes; or-er wait a moment. Miss Kittyman will kindly tuck her feet in a little closer, I think we shall find less wind resistance.

in the other; besides, we don't keep a dog.

What the Poets Say about Christmas With trembling fingers did we weave The holly 'round the Christmas hearth; A rainy cloud possessed the earth And sadly fell on Christmas eve.

> Shephords at the grange, Where the babe was born, Where the Dave was Sang with many a change Christmas carols until morn.
>
> Longfellow.

Be merry all, be merry all, Wild holly dress the festive hall, Prepare the song, the feast, the ball To welcome Merry Christmas.

It is the Christmas time, And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth In the glorious grief and solemn mirth, The shining angels climb. D. M. Mulock

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King.
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the body sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.
Milton.

ORIGIN OF OLD PHRASES.

'Cutting a Dido," "Catching a Tartar, and "He has an Axe to Grind,"

Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the natives for as much land as could be surrounded with a bull's hide, she out the hide into narrow strips, tied them to-gether and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the line thus made. She was allowed to have her way, and now,

when one plays a sharp trick he is said to "cut a dido." A tailor of Samarcand, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a pebble whenever a body was carried to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died, and, seeing the shop deserted, a person inquired what had become of its former occupant. "He has gone to pot himself," was the reply by one of the deceased's

neighbors.

During a battle between the Russians During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

While lying on the ground over a slow fire St. Lawrence—in whose honor the Escurial was built by Philip II., said to the Emperor who was watching his sufferings:
"Assatus ess, jam versa et manduca;" which one translator, not quite literally, but appreciatively of the same grim humor characterizing the original, rendered :

This side enough is roasted,
Then turn me, tyrant, and eat;
And see whether raw or roasted
I am the better meat.

Hence, "Done to a turn."
Formerly in London when a small dealer bought bread of the baker, for every dezen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit, from which circumstances "a baker's dozen" signifies thirteen. Various origins have been

assigned the phrase, but the above is the only one based on a sure foundation.

In a work, "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe," published in 1815, the author, O. Miner, tells the story of a boy w ho, by the offer of a liberal com-pensation, was induced to turn the grindstone for a man who desired to sharpen his axe. The promised compensation was never paid, and of one who disguises his own selfish aims under an appearance of generosity or disinterestedness it is remarked:
"He has an axe to grind."—Christian Union.

TRAGEDY AT SEA.

Steamer Burned to the Water's Edge-

Loss of Part of the Crew. A last (Wednesday) night's San Francisco despatch says: The freight steamer San Vincinte, plying between this city and Santa Cruz, took fire last night off Pigeon Point, about forty miles south of the Golden Gate and burned to the water's edge. The crew consisted of nineteen officers and men. The burning vessel was ighted by the Pacific ompany's steamer, Queen of the Pacific which was bound from San Diego to this port. Several boats were lowered and went to the rescue of the San Vincinte's crew. Capt. Chas. Lewis and the second mate were found on the deck of the steamer, preparing to jump into the sea, as the flames were rapidly surrounding them. The first mate and four sailors were found drifting in a small boat, in which they had escaped, and another sailor was discovered clinging to the bottom of an upturned boat.

These men were all rescued and taken on board the Queen of the Pacific. Several of and one of the sailors died in a few hours No trace could be found of the other eleven men who composed the crew, and it is supposed they were all lost. Captain Lewis stated that when the fire was discovered the men became panic stricken. Most of them jumped into one of the boats and before it could be lowered the tackle which held it burned away and the boat fell, throwing the men into the water. The San Vincinte was a small vessel and was valued at \$30,000; no insurance. The loss on the eargo is light.

Illustrated Snobocracy.

Bessie—Ma, dear; Mr. Spoonbill has to kiss me twice in the play we are doing for Mrs. Jamery's charity. Do you think I ought to let him? Ma—Certainly not, child! What can ou be thinking of?

Bessie-I was thinking he was a milionaire. Ma—Why did not you say so before. It

is for charity's sweet sake.

Happy man (to widow of three husbands) Whom shall I ask to perform the ceremony, darling? That matter, of course, I shall leave to you.

Widow (hesitatingly)—Woll, dear, I

haven't any very particular preference although I've always had the Rev. Mr Goodman. New York Sun. Go One Voyage to Learn, Mrs. Honeydove—Dear me. I can't see what can keep Charles out so late! Here it is 11 o'clock. He's a regular slave to his

Mrs. Twicemarried (pityingly)—That's what I thought of my first husband, dear;

but the second knows it's always best to get home by dinner time. -Judge. A Religious Man.

First Citizen-What makes you think your neighbor, Towson, is a religious man? Second Citizen—He always sifts his ashes

The study of Volapuk, the new universal language, is obligatory upon the students of the Royal Gymnasia of Munich. In Russia it is permitted to be used in tele-

graphic transmission. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, never goes to the theatre, and has read but two novels, "Jane Eyre" and the "Scarlet Letter." Her tastes are perfectly simple. She has a great liking for bread milk and apples. It is doubtful if society ever heard of her. But she is the only weman who has the freedom of the floor of the House of Representatives, at Washington, a right which even the President's

wife does not have.