

Life's Lessons.

Oh the world be dark an' dreary,
Dimes sit these down an' sigh;
Ye mannae will be bright an' cheerie,
Till make sunshin' by-and-by.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

"Ay, but he is a goodly man," she said,
though all the world belongs to him,"
and for the first time doubt crossed her
mind, whether Fay's childhood may not
have been to blame; for Hugh Redmond's
handsome face and frank, careless manner
always found favor in woman's eyes.

"Certainly, but Mrs. St. Clair—Lady
Redmond, I mean—has gone down to the
Rowans—the falls over yonder; shall we
walk there at once, or come in and see
a little?" moved by the pale, harassed
look of the face before him. "You have
had a long journey, Sir Hugh, and per-
haps you would like to get rid of the dust."

"No, I cannot rest until I have seen my
wife; you will understand my feelings, I
am sure, Mr. Duncan," said Fay, and
took down his hat from the peg and said
gravelly that he would understand them.
"It is only a step," he continued, "and I
will just walk with you to the gate. The
Rowans is Lady Redmond's favorite ha-
bit; she thinks there is no place to compare
with the falls. You will find no difficulty
if you follow the little path—but with
that rare intuition that belongs to a sym-
pathetic character, Fergus said no more.

He hesitated a moment—should he wait
for her here or seek her farther? He had
decided him. Among the raspberry bushes
that tangled the underwood was a little
bunch of wild flowers caught on a bramble.
The floral message seemed to lure him on-
ward, and he followed the narrow, winding
path. By and by he came to a little green
space shaded by a tree, and passed the
ash-tree as he went; there was a great pool
near it, where some silver trout were leap-
ing and flashing in the light. The whole
spot seemed to come before him strangely.
Had he seen it in a dream?

He crept along, cautiously. He fancied
he had caught a white gleam between
the trees that was neither sunshine
nor water. He groped his way
through the underwood, putting the
branches back that they might not crackle,
and then all at once he stood before a
little stream making
dimples of eddies round a fallen tree, and
a great silver birch sweeping over it; and
there, in her soft spring dress, with
the ripples of golden-brown hair shining under
her hat, was his lost Wee Wife. She had
a look about her that he had never seen
before; she was watching it, and Nero, sitting
up on his haunches beside his little mistress,
was watching it too.

Hugh's heart beat faster as he looked at
her. He had not admired her much in the
old days, and yet now, as he looked at
her, he felt as if he had never known her
before; she had changed, or these sad
months had altered her, but a fairer and a
sweeter face he owned to himself that he
had never seen, and all his man's heart
went out to her in a deep and pitiful love.
Just then there was a crackling in the
brushes and Nero growled, and Fay look-
ing up saw her husband standing opposite to
her.

In life there are often strange meetings
and partings; moments that seem to hold
the condensed joy or pain of years. One
grows a little wiser, a little calmer,
There are flashes perhaps of insight and
oppression of unshed tears, and a falter of
questions never answered; but it is not un-
til afterwards that full consciousness comes,
that one knows that the con-
centrated essence of bitterness or pleasure
has been experienced, the memory of which
will last to our dying days. It was so with
Fay when she looked up from her mossy
log and saw Hugh with his fair bearded
face standing under the dark larches. She
did not faint or cry out, but she clasped
her little hands, and said, piteously, "Oh,
Hugh, do not be angry with me. I tried so
hard to be good, and then stood and shiv-
ered in the long grass."

"You tried so hard to be good," he said
in a choked voice. "Child, child, do you
know what you have done? you have nearly
broken my heart, and you are now
have been very angry, Fay, but I must
forgetten it now; but you have come
back to me, darling, for I
cannot live without my Wee Wife
any more." "As if she were his face in his
trembling hands, and then he suddenly
lifted the little creature in his
arms; and as Fay felt herself drawn to his
breast, she knew that she was no longer an
unloved wife.

She was calmer now. At his words and
touch she had broken into an agony of
weeping that had terrified him; but he had
soothed her with fond words and kisses,
and presently she was sitting beside him
with her shy, sweet face radiant with hap-
piness, and her hands clasped firmly in his.
He had been telling her about his accident,
and his sad solitary wander, and the heart-
sickness that he had suffered.

"Oh, my darling, will you ever forgive
me?" she whispered. "It was for your
sake I went. How could I know that you
would miss me so—that you would be so
sorry? It nearly killed me to leave you; and
I do not think I should have lived long if
you had not found me."

"My child," he said very gravely and
gently, "we have both done wrong and
must forgive each other, but my sin is the
greater. I was so foolish, and I ought to
have remembered that my child-wife did
not know it too. If you
had not been so young you would never
have left me, but now my Wee Wife will
never desert me again."

not matter a bit to me how grey and old
you are." Then, as Hugh laughed and
kissed her, she said in a very low voice,
"Do you really mean that you can be con-
tent with me, Hugh; that I shall not dis-
appoint you any more?"

"Content," he answered fondly, "with
me is a poor word. I have ever ready
to give you all that I can; but I mean to
make up for that. You are very generous,
Fay; you do not speak of Margaret—ah, I
thought so," as her head dropped against
his shoulder—"she is in your mind, but I
will not venture to speak of her."

"I am so afraid you must regret her,"
Hugh said.
And Hugh, with a shade of sadness on
his fine face, answered slowly:
" If I regret her, it is as I regret my lost
youth. She belongs to my old life; now I
only reverence and cherish her memory.
Darling, we must understand each other
very early on this point, for all our
unhappiness springs from that. We must
have no secrets, no reservations in our
future life; you must never fear to speak
to me of Margaret. She was very dear to
me once, and in some sense she is dear
to me still, but now, thank God, so precious
in my eyes as the wife He has given me." Then, as she put her arms
round his neck and thanked him with in-
nocent, wisely kisses, he suddenly pressed
her to him passionately, and asked her to
forgive him, for he could never forgive him-
self.

Then, as the evening shadows crept into
the green net, Fay proposed timidly that
they should go back to the Manses, for she
wished to show Hugh their boy; and
Hugh consented at once. And hand in
hand they went through the tangled under-
wood and past the shimmering falls; and
as Hugh looked down on his little wife and
saw the new sweetness that had grown
on her with her motherhood, and the
mild purity of her fair young face, he felt
that he might have died within him, and
knew that it was God-given, and that his
blessing would last him throughout his
whole life.

CHAPTER XLII.
KNITTING UP THE THREADS.
Day unto day her dainty hands
Make life's old temples clean.
And her's the baby Jean, quick—no,
never mind his sash; he looks beautiful.
My husband has come, and he wants to see
him. Yes, my boy! Father has come!"
nearly smothering him with kisses, which
baby Hugh returned by mischievous grabs
at her hair.

"My darling husband," she whispered,
"know it is all my fault, but you have
forgotten me—you must not let me make you
unhappy."

"Oh," he said bitterly, "to think I
have brought my wife to this that she
should need to apologise to her own ser-
vants! But then they all know you are an
angel. But she would not let him talk like this.
What were his faults to her—was he not
her husband? If he had ill-used her,
would she not still have clung to him?"

"Dear, it is only because of your goodness
and generosity that I am here now,"
said the baby Jean, "you need not
have looked for me, you know," and then
she made him smile by telling him of
Ellerton's quaint speeches, and after
that he let himself be consoled.

"Years ago," he said, "I was told that the
day after tomorrow their return home
would be their real honeymoon, and she believed
him, for they were never apart."

"But our Sister," she said, "is par excellence,
the favorite, from the crippled little road-
sweeper who was run over in Whitechapel
Road by day and indulged in free fights
with others of her sex at night." "And the
other," he said, "is a high-souled,
clear intelligence enabled her to enter into
all his work, and after that he never car-
ried out a plan without consulting her; so
that Fay called herself the busiest and hap-
piest woman in the world."

"And we of the crowded courts of the
East End of London there is a Sister who
is known by the name of 'Our Sister,'
though many patient, high-souled women
belonging to the same fraternity work there
too."

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to banish sleep from his eyes. He could
see it all again—the green sunshiny hollow,
and the shining pool—a little listless figure
standing under the silver birch. A tremu-
lous voice breaks the silence—"oh, Hugh, I
tried so hard to be good, but I could not
be good, and now I am so old, and you
are so young, and I am so afraid you must
regret her."

Fay would willingly have remained for a
few days with her friends at the Manses;
she wanted to show Hugh all her favorite
haunts, and to make him better acquainted
with the good Scotch people; but Hugh,
generously sheltered her, but Hugh was
anxious to have his wife to himself and to
get over the awkwardness of the return
home. He would bring her back in the
autumn he promised her; and with that
Fay consented, but she had reason to bless
her Aunt Fergus, who had reason to bless
Aunt Jeanie's hospitality; for Sir Hugh
overwhelmed the inhabitants of the Manses
with liberal tokens of his gratitude—Aunt
Jeanie, Fergus, Jean, even pretty Lilian
Graham, resented the effect of English munificence. Fay had carte blanche to buy any
of everything she thought suitable. Silk
dresses, furs, books, and a telescope—
long the ambition of the young minister—
all found their way to the Manses; not to
mention the princely gift that made the
young couple's path smooth for many a
year to come. Want of generosity had
never been a Redmond failing. Hugh's
greatest pleasure was to reward the people
who had sheltered his lost darling.

It was a painful moment for Hugh of
his proud nature when the first crossed the
threshold of the Manses, and he felt that
he was a poor man, and that his wife's
simplicity and childishness broke the chief
awkwardness; for the moment she saw
Mrs. Heron's comely face she threw her
arms round her neck with a little sob, and
there was not a dry eye among the assem-
bled servants when she said in her clear
young voice, "Oh, how glad I am to be
amongst you all again! Was it not good of
my husband to bring me back? You must
all help me to make up to him for what he
has suffered."

"It was so much for the master," ob-
served Ellerton afterwards; "he just
turned and bolted when my lady said that
—a man does not care to make a fool of
himself before his servants; he would have
stood by her if he could, but his feelings
were too much for him, and you see he
kissed her as he went."

But Fay would allow nothing of the
kind, when she followed him into the
library, and saw him sitting with his face
hidden in his folded arms, and the evening
sunshine streaming on his bowed figure.

"Give me the baby Jean, quick—no,
never mind his sash; he looks beautiful.
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him. Yes, my boy! Father has come!"
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East End of London there is a Sister who
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that would have crushed a weaker nature.
Her life was an ungenial one. Often she
sickened of the hollow roar of gaiety in
which Lady Maltravers passed her days;
but she would not waste her strength by
complaining.

Mr. Power was very unlike the bright-
faced young lover of her youth. He was
grey-haired man in the prime of middle-
age, with grave manners, and a quiet
thoughtful face—very reticent and unde-
monstrative; but Evelyn did well when
she married him, for he made his wife a
happy woman.

"Evelyn is absurdly proud of Hedley,"
Lady Maltravers would say; "but then he
spoils her, and gives her her way in every-
thing." Every one thought it was a pity
that they had no children; but Evelyn
never owned that she had a wish ungrati-
fied. She was content with lavishing her
affection on Erle's two boys. To them
Aunt Evelyn was a miracle of loveliness and
kindness; and the children at the orphan-
age had reason to bless the handsome lady
who drove down often to see them.

"Do think Evelyn is happy now," Fern
said one day to her mother, who had en-
countered Evelyn and her husband in the
Row.
"Of course she is," he would answer;
"much happier than if she had married
your humble servant. Hedley Power is
just the man for her. Now, dear, I must
go down to the House, for Hugh and I are
on committee," and the young M. P. ran
lightly downstairs, whistling as he went,
after the fashion of Erle Huntington.

Yes, Hugh Redmond represented his
country now, and he had a home in the
city, and a little five-haired dog, and
daughters played with Erle's boys in the
Square gardens.

The young Lady Redmond would have
been the fashion, but Fay was too shy for
such notoriety, and was quite content with
her home life. She had a large shade, and
might be, for the face that Hugh Redmond
loved best on earth was the face of his Wee
Wife.

Men Who Distribute Money by the Car-
load Once a Month.
The paymasters of the several railroads
running into the city are getting ready for
their regular monthly trip over the lines.
The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylv-
ania Company have the largest number of
men on their pay-rolls. The latter com-
pany have in the neighborhood of 11,000
men on their pay-rolls. They are paid in
cash, generally gold. The car-
after paying all the employees in Pittsburg
and Allegheny, goes out upon the road
about the 11th of each month. They reach
Chicago about the 21st. The men along
the road are given notice that they are
coming by the train preceding it carrying
blue flags on the engine. On the flags are
the letters "P. M." meaning paymaster.

To guard against attacks of robbers at night
very little money is kept in the car. Before
the paymaster starts out he telegraphs to
the chief clerk of the road that he will be
there at a certain hour on a certain day
with cheques to be cashed. The
cheque is just for the amount that is
to be paid that day. The first point cheques
are given is at Salem, Ohio, where very
large amounts of money are represented.
The station and exchanges the money for the
cheques. There are always three or four men
beside the train crew on the car. The
paymaster and his assistants go heavily
armed, and it would be a hard matter for
anybody to rob the train. The car stops
at all stations along the line, and the em-
ployees in the immediate vicinity are sup-
posed to be on hand to receive their money.
The paymaster counts the money out be-
fore them and they sign the roll in his
presence. The roll is a list of the names
of the oldest employees of the Pennsylvania
Company, is the paymaster. The Pennsylv-
ania Railroad has about 10,000 men
on the three divisions between Pittsburg
and Philadelphia. All the employees
are paid in cash. They are paid in cash
by the Merchants and Manufacturers' Bank.
The cheques are received by mail and dis-
tributed by the officials of the various
departments. Those out on the road get
their cheques from the pay cars. There
are one car for each division. They pay
out about \$500,000 monthly. A high-souled
employee wishes to get his money, for
good cause, before the regular time, he is
paid out of the contingency fund. The
Baltimore & Ohio road pay about 2,500
men between Pittsburg and Cumberland.

She Wanted Smuggled Goods.
She asked for lace of a certain kind,
and the clerk took down a box and excused
the small quantity in it by saying:
"Please, sir, this is a quantity of this
other day at wholesale. A jeweller watch
is set in the end of the stick, and the price
is counted in the hundreds."

John Wesley's Pulpit for Sale.
The freehold of Epitaphical chapel in West
street, close to Shaftesbury avenue, which
connects Oxford street with Charing Cross,
is to be sold by auction on Dec. 15th.

Putting His Foot In It.
She—"And do you still squeeze up the
ladies' feet in your country?" He—"On
the contrary, madam! That is a Chinese
custom. We in Japan always allow the
ladies' feet to grow to quite their full size.
Not that any would ever rival yours,
madam!" (Is delighted with his neat little
compliment!)—Punch.

A Philadelphia grocer who had three
hams stolen from his store wrote and
pasted up a paper which read as follows:
"I know who stole the three hams from
my store, but I will not name the thief,
lest to any one but myself. If returned
in twenty-four hours no arrest." When
the clerk opened the store the next
morning the hams hung outside. They
were made of spawdust and only for show.

BALL-PLAYING BLIND BOYS.

A Remarkable Scene Described by an Em-
inent Educator.
(C. M. Woodward in American Teacher.)
When I was in Louisville, Ky., a while
ago I visited the Institution for the Blind.
While talking across the grounds I saw
some boys playing with a ball and bat,
and I asked, "What boys are they?"
"Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses,"
said the Superintendent. "But what are they
doing?" said I, thinking there must be
some mistake. When he told me that the
blind boys regularly played ball I could
hardly believe him, and begged that I
might be allowed to see them play. He
said the boys would play after dinner for
my special benefit. Five or six of the best
players were to play, and I believe that all
but two of them were stone blind. The
trunk of a tree, a man or a gravel walk. I
do not think they could see a ball on the
ground or in the air.

They took turns at the bat, and each one
was anxious to make his bases. Their way
of playing and catching was this: The
pitcher stood about six paces from the
batter, while the catcher sat squarely on
the ground immediately behind the bat.
When all were ready the pitcher would
count, "One, two, three," and gently toss
the ball. The batter would, at just the
proper moment, swing his bat, and the
catcher would spread out his hands and
feet to stop the ball. He seemed to hold
the ball as it passed the batter (and it
generally did) and struck the ground, and
it was most surprising to see him catch it
in his arms on the first bound, and yet
perfectly blind! If he failed to stop the
ball he would pursue it on his hands and
feet as spry as a dog and almost as keen
on its track. Either he could hear the ball
roll along the grass, or he could judge from
the nature of the surface and the known
speed of the ball just how it would roll.
His hands would sweep the ground with
great rapidity, and when he had the ball
he would jump on his feet and rush for the
home base.

With the exception of the home base, all
the bases were in a large shade, and I
was astonished to see how rapidly the boys
could run. They just flew over the
ground, making a great stamping on the
smooth earth until they were within five or
six feet of a base, and then they would
feel up to it. Not once did they run against
a tree, though it was a wonder to see
how near they came to doing so. I suppose
they knew when they were near a tree by
hearing the echo of their steps. Occasion-
ally the batter would make a good hit; then
all hands but the runner went in search of
the ball, as if he had made his home. He
would jump on his feet and rush for the
home base. He would jump on his feet and
rush for the home base. He would jump on
his feet and rush for the home base.

Expensive Christmas Gifts.
Nashville American's New York Letter
Somebody showed me an ostrich feather
fan in a Broadway store yesterday. Its
feathers were as long as pieces of mother
and pearl inlaid with gold. On each was set
a tiny gold rose, and in the heart of each
rose sparkled a diamond. The ostrich
plumes were thick and heavy, such feathers
as one seldom sees. Each was chosen
expressly for its position, and the whole
made the most beautiful toy that ever a
woman played with. It was cost \$1,000,
and was meant, I was told, for a Christ-
mas gift to Mrs. George Gould. It was
ordered by a friend of the family or by
one of the younger Gould boys, and will
be a beautiful addition to the famous
collection. People not so rich as the
Goulds, plain, ordinary every-day million-
aires, are putting a year's income for many
hard-working folk into similar toilet trifles.
I have seen within a week an umbrella
which is being sold to a woman unknown to
fame, but which has eaten up money at an
extraordinary rate. It has a cover of silk,
hand woven by a Brooklyn man who alone
possesses the secret of its peculiar sheen.
Its handle is a long hook, overlaid with
oxidized silver, upon which are set curious
and costly designs in the finest of the
gem. There are daintily cut cameos, old
gold coins, snakes outlined in rubies, a
toad in emeralds, a head of Bacchus etched
in silver—every odd notion that fancy can
devise, all to make an umbrella such as no
woman carried before. A jeweled watch
is set in the end of the stick, and the price
is counted in the hundreds.

The Lady and Her Maid.
Some light was thrown on the duties of
a lady's maid in a case made up at the
Westminster Police Court, London, in
which Felicia Vincent was charged with
stealing some articles, the property of Mrs.
Sebright, of No. 33 Lowndes street. It
was stated by the prosecutor that the
prisoner had been discharged for import-
ance in reply to Mr. Patton, who de-
fended, pro se, said the prisoner
declined to face her boots, and was very
impertinent. It was a maid's duty to put
on her mistress's boots. Mr. Dutton—
"On one occasion do you recollect putting
on your mistress's boots?" "Yes, I re-
member going out to dinner." Witness—
"No, Mr. Dutton." "And were there not
words between you and defendant because
of the spot' fell off into your soup at the
dining table?" (Laughter.) You put it
on my boots?" "Yes, I remember."
Mrs. Sebright—"The whole story is a
fabrication. I never allowed the prisoner
to put sticking-plaster on my face, and she
was not discharged for carelessness in this
particular." Other evidence having been
given, the prisoner was remanded.—St.
James Gazette.

A Baby in the House
is the source of much sunshine and joy,
brightening many a dark cloud and light-
ening many a heavy load—but joy's continual
abide only in a healthy body. The Creator
has great wisdom has distributed his gifts
to the vegetable kingdom for every ill
of human kind. This marvellous Labo-
ratory reveals its secrets to man only by long
and searching labor. Few men have
attained greater success than Dr. R. V.
Pierce, not devised for suffering humanity
the most valuable remedy ever known in
the history of medicine. The unfailing remedy
for consumption in its earlier stages, as
well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula,
tumors and all blood disorders.

Have You Thought About It?
Pain is one of the sure things of life, and
it becomes then a most important question
to have at hand the quickest and most
efficient remedy. Poison's Nervine com-
bines the most powerful of the vegetable
kingdom, headache and all pain, internal or
external. Nervine is the most perfect com-
bination ever offered to the public for the
relief of pain. It will not cost you much to
try it, for you can buy at any drug store
for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will con-
vince you of its mighty pain relieving
power.

A Mayor in a New Role.
The following letter, addressed to "Santa
Claus, City Hall," found its way into
Mayor Hewitt's official mail in New York
city:
DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I am writing to you
to tell you that my sister Maggie is very
sick, and she says that you sent her a dol-
lar, and she wants a big French doll and
a stocking full of sugar plums and candy;
and Santa Claus will you please send me
the name of the City Hall, and a stocking
full of sugar plums and candy, and send my
sister Nellie a doll and a bank and a stocking
full of sugar plums and candy, and my
brother John wants a hobby-horse and a
velocipede and a stocking full of sugar
plums and candy. My name is Mamie
Lyons, No. 8 Gansvoort street.

That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl
isn't she?"
" Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town
if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"
" She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant
to be near her. She has tried a dozen
things and nothing helps her. I am sorry,
for I like her, but that doesn't make it any
less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh
Remedy these would have been nothing of
the kind said, for it will cure every time.

A Difference in Dudes.
Fashionable Americans are often re-
proached with Anglomaniac, but the dude is
occasionally capable of an original idea. It
would never occur to an English dandy to
wear a strap round his neck with a gold
chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here
in New York you will sometimes see a
Mexican beetle crawling lazily over an
expanse of shirt-front. The Mexican beetle
is a large creature, with yellow head and
black legs. He was offered to me in
a shop the other day for \$5, having
enjoyed two or three days of freedom on
the floor. "Is he expensive to keep?" I
inquired. "Not at all," was the reply.
"Give him a little sugar about once every
two months, and he'll be quite happy."

BUFFALO BILL ABROAD!

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—
W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying
to his thousands of admirers. There was
more truth than many imagined in his
reply to the inquiry:
" What are you doing in England?"
" Chiefly playing poker with Duchesses,"
said the Superintendent. "But what are they
doing?" said I, thinking there must be
some mistake. When he told me that the
blind boys regularly played ball I could
hardly believe him, and begged that I
might be allowed to see them play. He
said the boys would play after dinner for
my special benefit. Five or six of the best
players were to play, and I believe that all
but two of them were stone blind. The
trunk of a tree, a man or a gravel walk. I
do not think they could see a ball on the
ground or in the air.

They took turns at the bat, and each one
was anxious to make his bases. Their way
of playing and catching was this: The
pitcher stood about six paces from the
batter, while the catcher sat squarely on
the ground immediately behind the bat.
When all were ready the pitcher would
count, "One, two, three," and gently toss
the ball. The batter would, at just the
proper moment, swing his bat, and the
catcher would spread out his hands and
feet to stop the ball. He seemed to hold
the ball as it passed the batter (and it
generally did) and struck the ground, and
it was most surprising to see him catch it
in his arms on the first bound, and yet
perfectly blind! If he failed to stop the
ball he would pursue it on his hands and
feet as spry as a dog and almost as keen
on its track. Either he could hear the ball
roll along the grass, or he could judge from
the nature of the surface and the known
speed of the ball just how it would roll.
His hands would sweep the ground with
great rapidity, and when he had the ball
he would jump on his feet and rush for the
home base.

With the exception of the home base, all
the bases were in a large shade, and I
was astonished to see how rapidly the boys
could run. They just flew over the
ground, making a great stamping on the
smooth earth until they were within five or
six feet of a base, and then they would
feel up to it. Not once did they run against
a tree, though it was a wonder to see
how near they came to doing so. I suppose
they knew when they were near a tree by
hearing the echo of their steps. Occasion-
ally the batter would make a good hit; then
all hands but the runner went in search of
the ball, as if he had made his home. He
would jump on his feet and rush for the
home base. He would jump on his feet and
rush for the home base. He would jump on
his feet and rush for the home base.

Expensive Christmas Gifts.
Nashville American's New York Letter
Somebody showed me an ostrich feather
fan in a Broadway store yesterday. Its
feathers were as long as pieces of mother
and pearl inlaid with gold. On each was set
a tiny gold rose, and in the heart of each
rose sparkled a diamond. The ostrich
plumes were thick and heavy, such feathers
as one seldom sees. Each was chosen
expressly for its position, and the whole
made the most beautiful toy that ever a
woman played with. It was cost \$1,000,
and was meant, I was told, for a Christ-
mas gift to Mrs. George Gould. It was
ordered by a friend of the family or by
one of the younger Gould boys, and will
be a beautiful addition to the famous
collection. People not so rich as the
Goulds, plain, ordinary every-day million-
aires, are putting a year's income for many
hard-working folk into similar toilet trifles.
I have seen within a week an umbrella
which is being sold to a woman unknown to
fame, but which has eaten up money at an
extraordinary rate. It has a cover of silk,
hand woven by a Brooklyn man who alone
possesses the secret of its peculiar sheen.
Its handle is a long hook, overlaid with
oxidized silver, upon which are set curious
and costly designs in the finest of the
gem. There are daintily cut cameos, old
gold coins, snakes outlined in rubies, a
toad in emeralds, a head of Bacchus etched
in silver—every odd notion that fancy can
devise, all to make an umbrella such as no
woman carried before. A jeweled watch
is set in the end of the stick, and the price
is counted in the hundreds.

The Lady and Her Maid.
Some light was thrown on the duties of
a lady's maid in a case made up at the
Westminster Police Court, London, in
which Felicia Vincent was charged with
stealing some articles, the property of Mrs.
Sebright, of No. 33 Lowndes street. It
was stated by the prosecutor that the
prisoner had been discharged for import-
ance in reply to Mr. Patton, who de-
fended, pro se, said the prisoner
declined to face her boots, and was very
impertinent. It was a maid's duty to put
on her mistress's boots. Mr. Dutton—
"On one occasion do you recollect putting
on your mistress's boots?" "Yes, I re-
member going out to dinner." Witness—
"No, Mr. Dutton." "And were there not
words between you and defendant because
of the spot' fell off into your soup at the
dining table?" (Laughter.) You put it
on my boots?" "Yes, I remember."
Mrs. Sebright—"The whole story is a
fabrication. I never allowed the prisoner
to put sticking-plaster on my face, and she
was not discharged for carelessness in this
particular." Other evidence having been
given, the prisoner was remanded.—St.
James Gazette.

A Baby in the House
is the source of much sunshine and joy,
brightening many a dark cloud and light-
ening many a heavy load—but joy's continual
abide only in a healthy body. The Creator
has great wisdom has distributed his gifts
to the vegetable kingdom for every ill
of human kind. This marvellous Labo-
ratory reveals its secrets to man only by long
and searching labor. Few men have
attained greater success than Dr. R. V.
Pierce, not devised for suffering humanity
the most valuable remedy ever known in
the history of medicine. The unfailing remedy
for consumption in its earlier stages, as
well as for chronic nasal catarrh, scrofula,
tumors and all blood disorders.

Have You Thought About It?
Pain is one of the sure things of life, and
it becomes then a most important question
to have at hand the quickest and most
efficient remedy. Poison's Nervine com-
bines the most powerful of the vegetable
kingdom, headache and all pain, internal or
external. Nervine is the most perfect com-
bination ever offered to the public for the
relief of pain. It will not cost you much to
try it, for you can buy at any drug store
for 10 cents a trial bottle, which will con-
vince you of its mighty pain relieving
power.

A Mayor in a New Role.
The following letter, addressed to "Santa
Claus, City Hall," found its way into
Mayor Hewitt's official mail in New York
city:
DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I am writing to you
to tell you that my sister Maggie is very
sick, and she says that you sent her a dol-
lar, and she wants a big French doll and
a stocking full of sugar plums and candy;
and Santa Claus will you please send me
the name of the City Hall, and a stocking
full of sugar plums and candy, and send my
sister Nellie a doll and a bank and a stocking
full of sugar plums and candy, and my
brother John wants a hobby-horse and a
velocipede and a stocking full of sugar
plums and candy. My name is Mamie
Lyons, No. 8 Gansvoort street.

That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl
isn't she?"
" Yes, and she'd be the belle of the town
if it wasn't for one thing."

"What's that?"
" She has catarrh so bad it is unpleasant
to be near her. She has tried a dozen
things and nothing helps her. I am sorry,
for I like her, but that doesn't make it any
less disagreeable for one to be around her."

Now if she had used Dr. Sage's Catarrh
Remedy these would have been nothing of
the kind said, for it will cure every time.

A Difference in Dudes.
Fashionable Americans are often re-
proached with Anglomaniac, but the dude is
occasionally capable of an original idea. It
would never occur to an English dandy to
wear a strap round his neck with a gold
chain attached to one of his legs. Yet here
in New York you will sometimes see a
Mexican beetle crawling lazily over an
expanse of shirt-front. The Mexican beetle
is a large creature, with yellow head and
black legs. He was offered to me in
a shop the other day for \$5, having
enjoyed two or three days of freedom on
the floor. "Is he expensive to keep?" I
inquired. "Not at all," was the reply.
"Give him a little sugar about once every
two months, and he'll be quite happy."

An Extraordinary Phenomenon.

No other term than the above would
apply to the woman who could see her
youthful beauty fading away without a
 pang of regret. Many a woman becomes
prematurely old and haggard because
of functional derangement. What a pity that
all such do not know that Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription will restore their
organs to a normal state, and make them
youthful and beautiful once more! For the
ills which follow the disappearance of the
youthful beauty, it is the only medicine
sold by druggists under a positive guarantee
from the manufacturers that it will give
satisfaction in every case, or money will
be returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

A Long Ten Years.
Miss Prime—Philosophers disagree as
to which period of life seems the longest
to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?"
Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies.
In women, for instance, the longest gener-
ally is between 29 and 30. I know in my
30th and 31st year I was between her
30th and 31st birthday.—Judge.

"That Miss Jones is a nice-looking girl
isn't she?"