

Yule-Tide.

We meet to-night—a band of far off friends:
Long severed hearts whose lives have separate ends.
Rich friends and poor, whose hearts are bright or drear;
But pledge them all, "Good speed!" since they are here!
Why came the Child, who this fair night was born,
But that dark lives should sometimes see the morn?
Shake hands; and, parting, sing Love's song again:
"Peace unto all on earth, and good will towards men!"

Perchance some heart from thy glad board hath ranged;
Some heart from thee by grief or chance estranged.
Pledge him "God speed!" at this thy Christmas cheer.
As in old days when he, in love, was near,
Why came the Child who this fair night was born,
But to bring back the feet that rove from-
lorn?
Let be the buried Past, and softly say:
"God speed, poor child, upon thy solitary way!"

Perchance to-night some fading eyes are here,
Who scarce may see another dying year;
Pledge them "God speed!" upon their onward way,
A sweet "good night" until the break of day:
Why came the Child who this fair night was born,
But from their brows to loose the dying thorn
"Good night and may the star of Bethlehem
Shed, when they fall asleep, the same pure light on them!"

Perchance to-night the vacant chair is seen,
On one whose grave still blooms in memory green.
Pledge him "God speed!" as though he still were here,
Though gone before thee into life's New Year:
Why came the Child who this fair night was born,
But for Heaven's barns to reap His golden corn?
Shed not a tear, but when ye hear the bells,
Echoing through heaven of merry Yuletide bells,
Rejoice, and lay upon his grave a crown of immortelles!

BABY'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY HAROLD W. RAYMOND.

PART I.

A queer baby that. A strange anomalous mixture of mental infancy and physical manhood.

When James Smith and Lizzie Ashwood were married the sun of their existence shone in a cloudless sky. The husband was rich, handsome and accomplished—and more. He was a man. He had sown his wild oats in reasonable measure and reaped a fair crop of regrets, and his experience with the world had given him a strength of character he never would have obtained otherwise, besides teaching him to appreciate to their fullest extent the rare beauties of truth and purity. And these he found in his lovely bride, who coupled a warm temperament with the clear light of a woman's brightest jewel, and who did what is either woman's greatest wisdom or sublime folly—idolized her husband.

In short, the Smiths were as happy a couple as could be found in the city, and society had no brighter ornament upon her diadem than they.

The accident occurred in the third year of their wedded life. It was a common-place accident enough, an unmanageable horse, a swift-moving locomotive—a wrecked carriage, and a man lying pale and cold, and covered with blood, by the roadside. And when James Smith's unconscious form was carried home on a stretcher, it was an open question whether it could be called a man or a corpse.

For three days and nights Lizzie watched by her husband's side, disobedient to all command to the contrary.

"If he opens his eyes" she had said, "whether it be to live or die, mine must be the first thing he sees."

"God bless you, my dear!" exclaimed the old physician that had doctored the Smiths for two generations. "God bless you, my dear, we will nurse him together."

So together they watched, and nursed, and battled with the terrible stupor which had imprisoned his faculties, taking turns in sleeping, but neither leaving the sick man's chamber for any length of time. It was a weary while of waiting, but their love knew no flagging; this heroic woman, this dear, patient, loving old doctor! But at length the poor battered brain awoke to the consciousness that the attendant nerves were in pain, and testified its appreciation of the fact by a good honest groan which rang through the room in pleasant contrast to the solemn silence which had hitherto held possession of his form.

"Now, look sharp, my child," said the dear old physician, voice and hand trembling as he seized the wrist of the sufferer. "He may open his eyes at any moment."

How tenderly she bent the brown eyes—so beautiful, but oh, so weary—to catch the first faint gleam of recognition! It was a glance of wife and mother combined. As she watched, pressing her hand against her fiercely beating heart, there came a change in the face before her; the muscles were contracted into an expression of pain, and then after a moment the eyes were slowly unclosed and gazed vacantly and without recognition into hers. She poured into them the great wealth of her heart, but her imploring glances met with no answering ones. In their stead came a sour, peevish expression, and in a thin, childish voice, which bore no resemblance to the manly bass of James Smith, he cried out:

"Baby hungry. Do you hear? Baby hungry, I say."

"James. My darling! Do you not know me?"

"Baby hungry. Oh-h-h! Give baby eat."

"Doctor, what does he mean?" cried Lizzie, turning in agony toward the old physician. "O why does he talk so strangely?"

The old physician was now trembling visibly. Professional habit struggled vainly with personal feeling, and he found it impossible to veil his emotions. He bent over the prostrate form, and spoke to it in a voice that he could not for the life of him control.

"James, my lad, you have not forgotten me, Doctor White, your old friend, have you? Look at me well, my boy; don't be in a hurry."

No answer but the old one; "Baby hungry; give baby eat!"

Suddenly the voice of the doctor changed to the sweetly silly tone in which the best of men are wont to speak to children.

"Is the baby hungry?" he said. "Well, 'e little baby shall be fed; yes he shall. Shall old Whitey look after his own baby boy? Shall old Whitey give his baby some pepper drops?"

A sudden flash of intelligence came into the invalid's eyes, at the sound of the word "Whitey," and when the words "pepper drops" were uttered he clasped his hands together and crowded with delight.

As for the loving old doctor, whose experiment had been only too successful, he broke down entirely, and turning aside his head, fell to sobbing like the veriest baby in the land. To Lizzie's quick intuition the scene needed no interpreter, and without a sound she sank upon the floor and quietly fainted away.

PART II.

This happened a little over three years prior to the time of our story, and during the intervening time Lizzie's life was absorbed in the trying occupation of caring for Baby. Three years! Easy enough to write the words, but hard to suffer them when coupled with imprisonment. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon the miseries of her lot—a task for which my heroine would not thank me; for though there was a constant torture in seeing the man she loved changed into a mental child, his brain living over the infant days and making him a constant source of worry, Lizzie never allowed herself to succumb to the darkness which enshrouded her life. With the heroic measure of courage, which all true women who love possess, she rose above the grief that hung upon her heart, and made her self-enforced incarceration a thing of laughter and song.

Lizzie's theory was that by patient teaching she could slowly drag her husband's brain from the gulf which it had tumbled. In her secret heart she felt that they would some day reach a point where the missing link of memory lay, and then suddenly all would come back to him, and she would be the proud possessor of a twice won husband. Perhaps it was this belief that gave her courage to face her task, for hope is a powerful stimulant. It is very probable that this secret faith was a little in the nature of a chimera, but who can help honoring Lizzie for holding fast by it?

In the three years following the accident, her success was not of a very startling kind, but there was at least a gain. Baby soon learned to know and love the sweet face which was so constantly before him—to love it as a child loves its mother—and after a somewhat protracted struggle, to obey her also. This was a very necessary lesson, for Baby's hands were mischief-loving, and being very strong hands, he must look upon her as a master, or she never could get along with him.

The lesson of obedience being learned, the patient teacher set to work to seek the broken ends of memory, and if possible to bind them together once more. Day after day, with a patience that was marvellous, she labored at her task; night after night she poured out a prayer for strength, never giving up the hope which glowed like a burning coal in her bosom. People wondered that a society woman, young and beautiful, and accomplished, should give up her social pleasures for such a hopeless, thankless task; but I tell people, that society women are the kind that do this thing when their hearts are touched. I do not join hands with those who satirize those upon whom fortune has smiled, for I believe this weakness lies in their circumstances. Give them an opportunity and they are Florence Nightingales and Lizzie Ashwoods.

I wish the scoffers at society women could have peeped into the pretty home which had become such a prison house for my heroine. To see the great man-baby plying her with the most foolish questions, which she never failed to answer, though he forgot and repeated them within a few minutes; to see them pouring so industriously over A, B, C, which he never could remember, though he tried so hard; to see her spinning his top, or amusing him with a doll or jump-jack, while he sat upon the floor clapping his hands and laughing like the veriest babe in the land; or when in the dusk of approaching evening he knelt upon the floor beside her, gazing into her face as she sang sweet songs to him. If sights like these would not make you bow in reverence, there is a certain bump in your head that needs developing. The singing hours were especially touching; for music seemed to come nearer the last link of memory than anything else, and Lizzie often noticed with a fluttering heart that sometimes a far-off questioning look came into the great gray eyes as her soft voice rose and fell in gentle song, as if he were striving himself to catch up the broken ends, and she sang with redoubled energy, throwing her very soul into her voice.

But Christmas was coming, and Lizzie had promised to give Baby a Christmas tree. She had told him all about the beautiful Santa who brought to good children an immense amount of uncompressible material down an exceedingly small chimney-hole and the big hands had clapped together with such delight that she determined that Santa Claus

should come to Baby, whatever might betide.

I cannot tell all the preparations for that Christmas tree, delightful though the task would be, for a hard-hearted editor warns me that I am apt to be long-winded and tedious when I get to wrestling with print. How she struggled to keep young Mr. Inquisitive out of the fateful chamber while the carpenter was putting up the tree; how she stole away from him at unexpected moments to stick on stray ornaments, rushing back in a violent hurry lest he should follow her! It required a great deal of sharp maneuvering on her part to get the magic fruit upon the evergreen without attracting his attention, but she succeeded in doing it, and the Christmas tree was at length ready for lighting.

On Christmas Eve, after the supper and evening songs had been concluded, Lizzie coaxed Baby into undressing and dressing Dolly in the parlor while she slipped up stairs, and with the help of her maid got the tree lighted and burning merrily. Then going to the head of the stairs she called to Baby, who, obedient to her voice, came running up to meet her.

Imagine, if you can, the unbounded astonishment and delight of our huge infant at seeing a real Christmas tree; as if, poor fellow! he had not seen a score of them in his normal childhood! Like a child who sees the starry evergreen for the first time, twinkling in its fantastic way, his mind seemed to halt between pleasure and awe, and while he showed his delight by sundry chucklings and crowings, he clung very fast to Lizzie's hand at the same time. After a few moments though, he became accustomed to the novel objects, and sitting down upon the floor, began to play quite contentedly with some bright colored *bonbons*, that Lizzie pulled from the tree for him.

Lizzie never remembered exactly what called her from the room; she had just left it for a moment intending to return without delay, when she heard the sound of something falling, and then a cry of terror in Baby's voice. Rushing back into the chamber she was almost paralyzed with horror at seeing the Christmas tree lying upon the floor, and Baby's light clothing in a blaze. For an instant her limbs refused to do their office, but Lizzie's schooling had taken all the nonsense out of her, and her presence of mind returned almost on the second. Without a word she ran into her own bed room, and tore a blanket from the bed; but before she could get back again Baby's tall form dashed into the hall, and with a long cry fell the whole length of the stairs and lay, a motionless mass, on the floor below.

When the old doctor reached the house, he found all that remained of Baby lying upon Lizzie's bed—dead. At least so it seemed to the unprofessional eye, but doctors are not so easily satisfied.

"His pulse beats," cried the physician who immediately began to tear away the charred clothing from Baby's chest and to chafe and handle various portions of his body.

"I find no broken bones," he said, "nor any serious bruises. See! Lizzie. He breathes! he moves! quick my dear, he is about to open his eyes."

Lizzie was quickly bending above him, and sure enough Baby's eyes slowly opened and gazed into hers. *Baby eyes*, do we say? What is it that makes her stagger and turn so pale, so that the doctor has to prevent her falling? It is not *Baby's* voice that speaks to her in such tender accents:—

"Why, Lizzie darling, what makes you so pale and weary looking? And why am I so weak and full of pain? Have I been ill, little wife?"

"Yes, James, you have been very ill?"

"Well, I shall get well now. Tell me all about it, dear. But not now—I am too tired."

And James Smith kept his word and got well. After this will you call him a myth—that historical character, I mean who "jumped into another bush and scratched them in again?"

SKATING FLIRTATION.

Lying on your right side, "My heart is at your feet."

Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."

Lying on your back, "Assist me."

One leg in the air, "Catch me."

Two legs in the air, "Mashed."

Hitting back of your head with your heel, "I am gone."

Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V indicates, "I am paralyzed."

Punching your neighbor on the stomach with your left foot, "I am on to your little game."

A backward flip of the heels and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates, "May I skate the next music with you?"

An Anxious Suitor.

A young negro man looked in at the window of the Atlanta Police Station and anxiously inquired:

"Capt'n, is you alls got Bill Davis in the callybosse yet?"

"Yes. Do you want to see him?"

"No, sah! I dess wanted to ax 'im; I dess wanted to know whudder I codd go down ter his house ternaht."

"Well, you can ask him."

"I don't want to ax 'im; I dess wanted ter know ef he was hyar an' gwinter stay in."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, boss, I see co'tin' Bill's gal, an'—an'—yer see, I see be berry same nigger what he busted down er panel ob defence wid las' Chusday night."

STRANGE CLAIRVOYANCE.

The Wonderful Powers Vouchsafed to an Invalid in Her Last Illness.

The following incidents happened during the last illness of a relative of the writer, and have never before been published. The deceased was a young married woman, about the age of 32. She left one child. Her husband was a mechanic, and she herself was by trade a coat-maker, at which occupation she worked until about three weeks before her death. She was a pleasant-tempered woman, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in New Hampshire, brought up in the usual plain manner of the region. When she first ceased her work and acknowledged herself an invalid her symptoms were feverishness and an unusual activity of mind, which was at first called flightiness, then hysterics, and later insanity. As a matter of fact, however, she was entirely normal in her mental action up to the very last, excepting in the matter of clairvoyance. She was cheerful and happy. She did not appear to have any serious functional disturbance outside of the brain. Soon after she was taken sick she told her husband: "I am much sicker than the doctor thinks me; I am going to die pretty soon. I don't mean that I am really sick, for I am not; but I am going to die, that is all." She made complete arrangements for her funeral, and gave directions for paying the expenses out of her own money in the bank. She told her husband one day: "I am going to die. Now it won't hurt me any, but I know of course that you will soon marry again. Only if I were you I would wait awhile because it will look better; otherwise the neighbors will think that you do not care for me, but I know you do." A few days later she said: "Never mind what I said the other day about marrying again; it won't make the least bit of difference. If you can marry just as soon as you like, she sent for several of her relatives who had become estranged in family differences, and had them make up their quarrels. In this vein of cheerful content her life ebbed away without any well-defined reason.

The queer thing in her sickness was the development of genuine clairvoyance of a kind which no theory satisfactorily explains. Upon one occasion her mother came in the room after having left it for a few moments and found her making her bed. She said: "Emma, you ought not to do that; let me do it." "Oh, no," she said, "I am strong enough to do it. Aunt Mercy is coming down. She just started a few minutes ago, and you know how she hates to find anything in disorder." After a look in the glass the invalid returned to the bed, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of Aunt Mercy's approval. Nothing was thought of this at the time, but a few days later another case happened. The family doctor could make nothing of her sickness, and disposed of it under that convenient carry-all "hysterics." So, without her knowledge her mother sent to a town some thirty miles away for a more skilful physician, a relative of the family. The next morning as she and her mother were together she suddenly remarked: "Why there is Dr. Lathrop just getting off the cars. How fast he walks." Then a few minutes later, she laughed and said: "Why, how fast the doctor does walk; and he is coming the long way round, too. Why don't he take the short cut?" Presently the doctor came in, out of breath, when she immediately said: "O h, I saw you running; but why didn't you take the short cut? But of course you wouldn't know."

Another day she said to her mother, "What made you tell father to come down here to day? He is too lame to walk so far?" Her mother replied that she had not done so, and that she had no idea that he would come. "Oh, yes," said Emma, "he is started and he is just passing Mr. Smith's now." So she went on from time to time, telling how far he had got, until at the end he came in, just as she had seen him. One day she said to her aunt, who was with her, "Uncle Jo has just started to come up to see me, but what did he get those blue pants for?" Uncle Jo lived about forty miles away. Her aunt said, "I don't know. I should think Jo would look well in blue." Then the invalid said, "Oh, yes, he has got a blue coat. Well, it is becoming to him." After a little while she said: "He is now opposite Ipswich, but he will not stop." When the train arrived Uncle Jo was on it, in the new blue suit, as she had seen him. When he came in she said: "What made you get off on the wrong side of the train at P? I thought you would get left." Uncle Jo owned up to having gotten off upon the wrong side at the junction and to having had a narrow escape from being left.

Upon another day she said to her mother, "I am going to have a party this week; Aunt Lizzie will wear her new black silk, and she has the funniest new collar that I ever saw." She then described the collar to her mother, who humored her, and said: "Oh, no, Emma, I guess I would not have the party this week." "No, I guess I will put it off until next week," said Emma. "Then Aunt Abbey will have to get her new dress done." A day or two later she said: "Aunt Lizzie is coming here; she is at Ipswich, and is coming here on her way home." Then after a few minutes, "I am so sorry; she has just decided that she will not come."

The "party" was her funeral. The new dress and the strange collar were worn, and Aunt Lizzie had been at Ipswich when Emma saw her there, and had intended to visit her but changed her mind. The incidents here given are true. They are but samples of many others which took place during this strange sickness. No autopsy was allowed. It was the opinion of the distant physician that her disease was cerebral. But in what way disease could operate to liberate the sense from their customary bondage

to time and space the physician had no opinion to offer. The writer will add that a cousin of the deceased had in childhood the gift of seeing friends at remote distances by the aid of a "magic stone" held in a hat, into which he looked. The faculty was tested at the time, and seemed to exist beyond dispute. It was lost at a later age.

A New Remedy for Diphtheria.

The medical world is just now all alive concerning a new discovery in the manner of treating diphtheria, commonly known as "croup" or "buffy angina." To Dr. Delteil we are indebted for this new improvement (says La Pousin). It appears that the idea was thought of to try on fowls the remedy intended for the cure of man. Mr. Weber reported to the Veterinary Society that he had experimented on a whole poultry-yard invaded by diphtheria. From the moment the treatment was adopted, all the fowls which were not ill were safe from infection, and the epidemic ceased immediately. The following is the treatment employed: "Turpentine and tar are mixed together, and the whole is burned in a well-closed house, where the victims of the disease are roosting. Immediately a thick, black smoke fills the place, converting the inmates into 'regular swoopers,' and shortly after the most favorable symptoms appear, viz., the detaching of the spurious membranes, the moisture of the mucus, and the result is a perfect cure in the majority of cases. This treatment, however dirty and strange, has been experimented on man and beast with great success. New trials are about to be made on a number of subjects.

"Woman and Her Diseases."

is the title of an interesting illustrated treatise (96 pages) sent, post-paid, for three letter stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bad colds and sore throats float in on cool winds and by reason of thin garments.

"Delays are Dangerous."

If you are pale, emaciated; have a hacking cough, with night-sweats, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, you have no time to lose. Do not hesitate too long—till you are past cure; for taken in its early stages, consumption can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," as thousands can testify. By druggists.

Good thoughts are fragrant spears of green grass, enjoyed even after they have faded.

"Yes; I shall break the engagement," she said, folding her arms and looking defiant; "it is really too much trouble to converse with him; he's as deaf as a post, and talks like he had a mouthful of mush. Besides the way he hawks and spits is disgusting." "Don't break the engagement for that; tell him to take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It will cure him completely." "Well, I'll tell him. I do hate to break it off, for in all other respects he's quite too charming." Of course it cured his catarrh.

Laugh and be cheerful and generous, that others may grow fat and happy over your good works.

As if by Magic.

This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of NERVILINE to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in the house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only ten cents, at any drug store.

Cruel croup comes climbing through a night of cold, foggy air, and clutches your little one's larynx.

An old smoker declares that he has been using Myrtle Navy tobacco ever since the second year of its manufacture, and that during that time he has never suffered from a blistered tongue or parched tonsils, or any other of the unpleasant effects which most tobaccos will leave behind them. His experience, he says, is that no other tobacco which he has ever tried is quite its equal, and that in value for the money no other comes anywhere near it.

Never sit on a damp cushion, moist ground, or a marble or stone step, if you wish to avoid sore throat.

Cold feet and hands are certain indications of imperfect circulation of the blood. Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters promote the circulation, keep the bowels regular and induces good health. Large bottles at 50c.

To cure croup, the air of the room must be warm, even tempered, and moderately dry during the entire attack.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

Let your doctor do all the prescribing and not yourself, your druggist, or your cousins, or their aunts and all their hosts of friends.

How They do it.

So called respectable people would hesitate considerable before pilfering your pockets in a crowded thoroughfare. That would be too too. The same discrimination is not indicated by the so-called respectable druggist when that wonderful corn cure, PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR, is asked for. He will pilfer your pockets in the most genteel manner by substituting cheap and dangerous substitutes for the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor. Watch for these gentlemen, and take none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists everywhere. N. O. Polson & Co., Kingston, props.

The best lung protectors are dry feet and warm, comfortable body clothing, no exposures, and no late suppers or dissipation.