

### Wedding Bells.

By J. A. MORRISON, TORONTO.

The wedding bells are ringing,  
Sweet joy and gladness bringing,  
To every heart, who from their peal, finds Love's rich  
radiance springing;  
And though the lips may falter,  
To speak before the Altar,  
The words that bind, "I do death do part," yet  
sweetly with the Psalter:—

"O, Love, die not and tender,  
Voiced in thy softened splendour."  
We clasp with trust, thy praise, and pray:—Oh, be  
this home a defender;  
God bless these hands united!  
And bless these hearts thus plighted!  
In all their lives may they be one, unsevered and un-  
lighted.

Give grace in fullest measure,  
Let duty be a pleasure,  
And every gift that Fortune sends, accepted as a  
treasure.  
Sunshine and shadow sharing,  
Each for the other caring,  
And each, with tender heart and true, the other's  
burdens bearing.

So, by Thy spirit guided,  
Life's duties all divided,  
May all in complex choices be, by Love's sweet voice  
decided.  
Thus with bright hopes supernal,  
Through all life's season vernal,  
May each receive, for work well done, a Home and  
Life Eternal.

## Mrs. Burke's Pudding.

It had always been the custom in Mrs. Capulet's day to bake one of her best plum-puddings during Christmas week for the char-woman, Mrs. Burke, who was never likely to taste such a dainty at other seasons. "Why should we keep all the good things to ourselves," she used to ask, "eat plum-pudding whenever we fancy it, and this poor hard-working woman never know the taste of such a morsel?" It was also the custom of the house "to build," as Harry Capulet used to say, several of these rich puddings at the same time; they would keep for weeks or months without spoiling, and there they were at a moment's notice, if dinner company arrived unexpectedly on washing or ironing days, when it was inconvenient to concoct nice desserts. When Mrs. Harry Capulet took the management of affairs after his mother's death, her husband's cousin, who had been regent during the interregnum, said to her at Christmas-time: "I hope, dear, you will continue Mrs. Burke's pudding; she has received it for so many years, she will feel injured, I'm afraid, unless you do."

"Oh, certainly," answered Mrs. Harry, who was of an economical turn of mind; "I shall give Mrs. Burke a pudding, but not one of these. What are you thinking about—waste all these delicacies on a char-woman?"

"Gingerbread pudding, with a few raisins added, will satisfy her quite as well," put in Mrs. Harry's sister.

"What they call a poor-man's pudding?" asked Mrs. Harry.

"Yes—the very thing."

"But, my dear," expostulated Sue Capulet, "Mrs. Burke will know; she has been accustomed to the best. I have made it a principle to send her as good as I kept; I hated to scrimp her at Christmas-time."

"Oh, you're too extravagant, Cousin Sue. Besides, you give an old ignorant char-woman credit for all your own virtues and tastes. I don't think it worth while to waste so much money upon her; a poor-man's pudding is more appropriate for the circumstances."

"Noblesse oblige," insisted Sue. But Mrs. Harry laughed, and ordered the poor-man's pudding to be baked the same size as her own plum-puddings.

"I can hardly tell them apart, cook has given them all such a rich brown. Surely the proof of the pudding is in the baking as well as the eating."

But Sue sighed. "Mrs. Burke is English. You won't be able to deceive her about an English plum-pudding."

"I'm not going to label it, and she can take it or leave it. Beggars shouldn't be choosers, I've heard," cried Mrs. Harry, who couldn't keep her temper as well as she could keep other things.

"That was a pudding!" said Mrs. Burke, one morning after Christmas, having come in for some work. Mrs. Harry looked at Sue. "I think," continued Mrs. Burke, "they grow nicer every year, Mrs. Capulet. This one just melted in your mouth; it was too good for poor folks."

"There!" cried Mrs. Capulet, as soon as Mrs. Burke's back was turned, "what did I tell you, Sue? After educating Mrs. Burke up to the English plum-pudding! This is all the good it does to educate the lower classes, you see."

"I hope it isn't blarney in Mrs. Burke," hazarded Sue.

"A man convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still,"

quoted Mrs. Harry.

After this, whenever Sue and Mrs. Harry disagreed, her sister would say, "Remember Mrs. Burke's pudding, Sue." However, the matter faded out of their minds in time, and perhaps they would never have thought of it again if Mr. Gus Blake hadn't happened to drop in upon them. Now Mr. Blake was somebody worth while in Miss Lily's eyes. She had met him here and there, danced with him at Germans, yachted with him, picnicked with him, lunched with him; once he had even sent her some flowers; she had some of them now, pressed in a book of love sonnets. He was one of those cordial people who shake hands as if they were making love. Miss Lily was more than fond of his society; she intended to marry him. But it was a pity that he should arrive on the only day in the week when they had a picked-up dinner.

"There is one of the Christmas puddings left at any rate," said Mrs. Harry; "that will redeem the dinner."

Mr. Gus Blake was very affable as usual. He and Lily sang duets together before dinner; she had also to show him over the grounds, the view of the river, the eagle's nest; they hunted for four-leaved clovers together, and she told his fortune with a daisy. He was complimentary and gallant. Lily felt as if a crisis was at hand. They met Sue, with her hands full of wild flowers coming from school.

"A neighbor?" he asked, with his most indifferent manner, as she just nodded and hurried by.

"Oh no. That is Sue Capulet, Harry's cousin. She used to keep his house before he married."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. She's rather prim in her ways, and opinionated, like all country people."

"Ah! she must be very disagreeable."

"Perhaps; but one needs to live with her to find it out."

"And you live with her?"

"Yes. She will live here I suppose till somebody marries her."

"Then she has a lover?"

"I never heard of one."

"And yet she is not precisely ugly," with a wicked twinkle in his eyes.

"No, not at all; only commonplace," conceded Lily.

The dinner progressed as far as the dessert. It was a picked-up one, to be sure; but what could any one expect who came without announcing himself. Mrs. Harry assured herself. Mr. Blake was a famous diner-out; he knew, moreover, how to make himself agreeable over a dinner of herbs; and then there was her English plum-pudding to top off with. How plump and delicious it looked as it came upon the table, and what royal odors it emitted! She cut it, with pride in her mien. Sue tasted it, and shot a quick glance at Mrs. Harry, but said nothing.

The guest was quietly nibbling at it and talking brilliantly. Presently Lily, who had been listening to him, attacked it. She turned pale, and gave her plate a little angry push. Then Mrs. Harry, having helped everybody else, settled herself to the enjoyment of her pudding. Sue, regarding her, saw a look of consternation gather upon her face. She uttered an exclamation as if she had been wounded.

"Sue," she said, angrily, "you carried the wrong pudding to Mrs. Burke. This is the poor-man's pudding," regardless of her guest.

"I carried the pudding the cook gave me," returned Sue.

"No wonder Mrs. Burke thought it too good for poor folk!" put in Lily, sourly.

They both glowered at Sue. They were obliged to repress their wrath before their guest, but they were too full of indignation to talk rationally or coherently. If Mr. Blake guessed that there was thunder in the air, he was as facetious and anecdotal as usual, ignored the atmospheric changes, and did not hurry away. But when he was obliged to take his train at last, the thunder-bolt burst about Sue's head.

"So you carried your point, after all my directions to the contrary," said Mrs. Harry; "Mrs. Burke had her English plum-pudding in spite of me."

"I had nothing to do with it," returned Sue; "it was as much a surprise to me as to you."

"Pity Harry hadn't been here," said Miss Lily, ignoring Sue's version. "If his wife isn't to be mistress in his house, it is time he knew it. A poor-man's pudding to set before Mr. Gus Blake, one of the most fastidious of men!"

"I'm very sorry," said Sue. "It wasn't a nice pudding."

"Nor a nice thing for you to do in an other's house."

"Mrs. Capulet, I had nothing whatever to do with it," protested Sue.

"Susan Capulet, I don't believe a word you say."

"And if I were sister, you or I should leave the house."

And so it happened that Sue packed her trunks, and Harry Capulet had such a version of Mrs. Burke's pudding that he did not dream of recalling her.

Sue went to a friend's house in the city, who had promised to find her a situation.

In the mean time Mrs. Capulet's servants confided the story of the plum-pudding to Mrs. Burke herself, and Mr. Gus Blake's part in it. Mrs. Burke felt it her duty to write Mr. Blake and repeat the whole affair, and through him to help sweet Miss Sue, who would never hurt a fly, out of her trouble.

Mr. Blake smiled over this letter. So they had made it hot for Miss Sue! He had suspected as much. He went to call on his friend Mrs. Barnes and request her co-operation. He was shown into the music-room, and met Sue.

"So," he said, shaking hands, "this is the result of Mrs. Burke's pudding. What a lucky pudding for me and Mrs. Burke!" And then Mrs. Barnes entered.

"I came," he said, "to consult you about the affair of a friend of mine who has come to grief. Her case is even worse than that of the man in the South who burnt his mouth eating cold plum-pudding."

The upshot of the consultation was that Sue had a position, a little later, where Mr. Blake was intimate enough to drop in at his pleasure and carry the governess off to the opera, or for a few hours' recreation in the Park behind his span; and so it happened that one day Lily and Mrs. Capulet received the wedding-cards of Miss Susan Capulet and Mr. Gustavus Blake, which was all owing to Mrs. Burke's pudding.

### Eccentric.

The best of men are swayed by mixed motives, and the greatest mind has its distinct phases. The late Bishop Thirlwall, of England, was very fond of pets. His favorite tabby would perch on his shoulder at dinner, and steal a morsel from his master's fork. Dogs took to him, and over the remains of his pet dog he erected a tomb with an inscription written in Greek.

He loved children, and to them was always sweet and gentle. Every year the pupils of the Aberguili schools, where he resided, were furnished by him with a Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, and in the evening with fireworks and a Christmas-tree.

But the Bishop also loved solitude, and disliked general society. He always had a book in his hand, when it was possible to read a page, and his happiest hours were spent in his library, which he called, appropriately, "Chaos."

Though he seldom spoke to his servants, and scarcely knew the women-servants by sight, he was a kind and indulgent master, and they remained with him for years.

His valet once sent for a barber to cut the bishop's hair.

"How will your lordship have your hair cut?" asked the barber, scissors and comb in hand.

"In silence," answered the bishop, knowing the usual loquacity of the profession.

A new gardener, accosting the bishop one morning, as he was walking in the garden, with a book in his hand, asked, "How will your lordship have this border laid out?"

Receiving no reply, as the bishop walked on, he asked again,—

"How will your lordship be pleased to have this border laid out?"

Still no reply, and the question was repeated a third time. Then came the answer:—

"You are the gardener, I believe, and I am the bishop."

### HOUSEHOLD.

#### ARRANGING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Every one who has a home wishes it to look its best on Christmas day, above all other days. How can we arrange our rooms so they will look their prettiest for the home-coming of the children, or the relatives, or friends who are coming to spend Christmas with us? Is a question we ask ourselves as the time draws near. We would like to have our rooms fragrant with flowers, wreathed with holly, and garlanded with evergreens. If we live in the city we can buy fresh flowers, smilax, holly, evergreen wreaths, to the extent of our fancy, or the length of our purse. We can call in the professional florist and have our rooms look like a green bower, with flowers, vines and potted plants; or we can at a more moderate figure do it for ourselves. We can buy our roses and pinks, smilax and ferns by the dozen and use them to suit ourselves.

But what of the dinner table? It will not be quite the thing without some flowers. Haven't you a Chrysanthemum in bloom? If you have put a large bunch in that old-fashioned china bowl that belonged to grandmother. If you can't find the bowl and have no flowers, or even a specially pretty dish for your fruit, make a combination one. How? Here is one way. Take a soup plate, lay some ferns around the edge partly on the cloth; now set a saucer on bottom up, this holds the ferns in place; upon this set a glass preserve dish on a stand; select some finely colored red and yellow apples, pears, crab-apples, with a piece of soft flannel polish them, arrange them on the ferns around the soup plate; fill the glass dish with green moss, first setting in the centre a goblet, put some small ferns around the edge, then lay on the moss some handsome clusters of grapes, letting some hang over the edge, keeping them steady by fastening with stout hair-pins into the moss, a few white grapes are an addition in the way of color; fill the goblet with ferns, leaves and bright berries.

#### CHRISTMAS CREAMS.

**RASPBERRY CREAMS.**—Add to a dessert-spoonful of raspberry jam, enough confectioners' sugar to make a paste; if not acid enough to taste like the fruit, add a speck of tartaric acid. Make into balls between the palms. Melt some of the hardest "Fondant" you have, in a cup in boiling water, stirring all the time; then to it add drop by drop cochineal coloring to make it pale pink, and a few drops of raspberry juice, if you have it; if you get too much of the last, you will find it dilutes your candy so that it will not harden as you drop the balls. Then dip them twice.

**COCONUT CREAMS.**—Take two tablespoonfuls of grated coconut and half as much "Fondant" candy; work them both together with your hand till the coconut is all mixed in it. If you choose you can add a drop of vanilla. If too soft to work into balls, add confectioners' sugar to stiffen; make into balls the size of hazelnuts, and dip twice, flavoring the melted "Fondant" with vanilla.

**CREAM WALNUTS, OR ALMONDS.**—Melt a piece of "Fondant" by stirring in a cup in boiling water; add vanilla to flavor, and stir till like cream; drop half-walnuts or almonds into it, take them out on the end of a fork, and drop on oiled paper. If the candy thickens too much, return to the fire and stir till liquid again, remember that the candy must always be in a vessel set in boiling water, and as the water cools it hardens. When the nuts are all dipped once, give them a second coat of candy. You may change flavoring, and color them if you choose.

### OUR CHRISTMAS CYCLOPEDIA.

**BOAR'S HEAD.**—It was the custom in merry old England for the butler with great ceremony to bring into the banquet hall at Christmas dinner a boar's head ornamented with flowers and ribbons. As the smoking dish appeared a Latin song was struck up.

**CAROLS.**—Originally religious songs dating back to the second century. Gradually degenerated until they were prohibited by clergy. Under Saxon kings in England they were revived and a gayer element introduced. Puritans abolished them and substituted psalms in 1642. At present, in England, merry songs sung on Christmas morning.

**CHRISTMAS.**—Celebration of Christ's nativity. Appears in history about 190 A. D. The day December 25 probably not real date. At first the day was observed any time in January, February, or March. December 25 probably adopted because it is at the winter solstice, when the sun is nearest the earth. Germans held a festival at this date before they were Christianized.

**CHRISTMAS-BOX.**—A gift made to a servant or one in a lower position than the donor. An English custom and term.

**CHRISTMAS TREE.**—The Roman Church in order to convert the heathen Germans, instituted all manner of festivities, dramas, and songs. Trees decorated with various ornaments were an outgrowth of this same plan. These trees have always been a characteristic of German Christmas celebrations.

**LORD OF MISRULE.**—A man appointed to superintend the boisterous Christmas games which were permitted in old England at Christmas time.

**MISTLETOE.**—A parasitical bush to be found on many trees in southern England, and more rarely in other localities and countries. It has white translucent berries, and leaves of a yellowish-green color. It was regarded as a sacred plant by the Druids in early England. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe appears in both English and German history. The precise origin of this custom is not known.

**SANTA CLAUS, ST. NICHOLAS, KRIS KRINGLE.**—St. Nicholas was a saint of the early Church, and his birth was celebrated in Germany about December 6 with ceremonies much like those afterward employed at Christmas time. Gradually the celebration of St. Nicholas' day and of the Nativity became identical. Santa Claus and Kris Kringle (Dutch) are almost synonymous with St. Nicholas.

**YULE-LOG.**—Yule was the name for the celebration of the return of the sun or fire-wheel at the winter solstice. The yule-log which in England used to be drawn in and put on the hearth Christmas-eve is a relic of fire-worship.

### CHRISTMAS TREES.

Every well-regulated family should have a Christmas tree. Children take delight in it, young people are to be pitied who do not enjoy it, and old people always love to watch the happy company about it. Next to the satisfaction of sitting under your own "vine and fig-tree" is the pleasure of gathering around the brightly lighted, wonderfully laden Christmas tree. Long may this green tree, with its marvelous fruits, flourish in our Canadian homes, the center of a merry throng, and of happy recollections! Because our Churches and Sunday-schools have Christmas trees do not think the home tree unnecessary. Cling to the old custom, and make the home circle the brightest, jolliest, dearest spot in all the world.

Christmas trees cause some trouble, to be sure. They usually insist on shedding their foliage, and then weep candle-grease in penitence, but "with all their faults we love them still," and would not banish them for these little frailties. The tree once admitted, how shall we deck it for the festive rites of Christmas-tide? A very pretty and at the same time inexpensive tree is what we call

#### THE ARCTIC TREE.

A well-shaped hemlock shrub is best suited for this purpose. Fix it firmly in a broad low box. The idea is to give the shrub the appearance of a tree heavily loaded down with snow and ice. The snow effect is secured by tearing (not cutting) cotton batting into long narrow strips, and fastening them with thread or fine wire along the top on each branch. When this has been done, the tree will begin to look quite wintry. Now for the ice. Almost all large toy stores in cities have glass icicles in stock. Suspend these icicles along the snow-covered branches. The weight of the glass will cause them to droop quite naturally. Then over the whole tree sprinkle "diamond dust," a preparation of mica, to be had at almost any drug store, which will make the snow glisten and give the green of the tree a frosty look. Tinsel shreds also may be used to advantage. About the base of the tree an Arctic scene may be introduced. Cover the box with cotton to represent the snow-clad earth. Snow-houses may be made of the same material, and skillful fingers will find little difficulty in fashioning a few Esquimaux. A sledge and a half-dozen toy dogs will complete the scene. Over all sprinkle the magic powder. Pure white candles should be used to light the tree, which with its contrasts of dark green and snow white will make a fairy-like picture. If the glass icicles cannot be obtained a substitute may easily be found in small cylindrical glass beads, which are to be bought almost anywhere. Make strings of these on white thread four or five inches long, and hang them on the branches. Instead of the diamond dust, isinglass may be powdered very fine in a mortar, but it is better if possible to obtain it already prepared. Tinsel may be bought in sheets and cut up into very narrow strips, but this too is better when made for the purpose. Give the "Arctic Tree" a trial. We are sure you will like it. Remember that it will appear to best advantage only when the room is darkened and the candles lighted.

#### Good Boys.

The wisest teacher may be at fault when he attempts to foretell the future of his pupils. The model boy, who escapes bad marks and wins prizes, whose hair is always smooth, his teeth and nails are always as they should be, who never drops his slate, nor slams the door, nor leaves it open,—how natural to predict for him sure success in after life!

Perhaps he will achieve it. Probably he will do so if the foundation of his goodness is strong and well laid. But if it is built up on a basis of timidity, or inordinate love of approbation, it indicates weakness of character, not strength; and in the rude struggles of men, strength wins the victory—strength intelligently used.

We once knew a boy who was, in all visible things, an absolute pattern. Not a flaw could be found in his conduct, any more than a spot of dirt could be found on his garments. Yet at the age of thirty-five this model was a man in ruins,—bankrupt in fortune, debauched in morals, past any reasonable hope of reform; and those who had known him best were obliged to admit that the model boy was father of the dissolute man.

His goodness at school had been genuine as far as it went, but it did not spring either from principle or from benevolence. At the first rude test it had disclosed itself as empty and shallow. Then his former companions recalled that he had always been unpopular, that he had had few friends that he had been the friend of few of his fellows.

Perhaps the surest mark of inferiority that a human creature can show is coldness of heart. The human quality of human nature is love. He is most a man who loves most and he is least a man who has least capacity of affection.

A good case in point is Abraham Lincoln, now newly revealed to us in a popular biography. He was far from being a model boy, or an exemplary youth; but he could love, pity, give and help. He could save the life of the town drunkard whom he found freezing by the roadside. Some of his old comrades remember to this day his bursts of human rage at cruelty done to turtles and cats. He had his faults; but he could feel, and he could love. He was a good boy.

#### "The Wire Fence Man."

The "wire fence man" is a new swindler working the farmers. His modus operandi is thus described: He wants the privilege of exhibiting his wire fence stretcher machine to farmers in your township on your farm, and for which privilege he will build you thirty or forty rods of good fence for exhibition, and all that he asks of you is to board him, go after the machine at the nearest depot, and pay the charges, not to exceed \$3, for the fence all set up where you want it. In order to have all satisfactory, and as a warrant of the farmer's good intentions, he requires him to sign a written contract on a postal card, which he mails to his partner, and which proves to be an order for the machine, price \$200, worth about \$25. After the machine comes a new man turns up with his postal order for the machine and requires payment of \$200 as per agreement on card. He claims to be attorney for the company and threatens to sue.

### The Little Maid Over the Way.

Over the way sits a dear, little maid,  
As busy as busy can be;  
But I think she is timid, I think she's afraid,  
For she never looks over at me in the shade,  
She never looks over at me.

A little white shawl on her shoulder lies,  
As white as the clear driven snow;  
But I'd give all the wealth there is under the  
skies  
(If I had it, you know) to be so near her eyes  
But I have not quite got it, you know.

She holds in her fingers a little stub pen,  
That she pushes and pulls to and fro;  
If she could only know, over here in a den,  
There's a fellow who'd give half his life for  
that pen—  
That's putting it strong, but it's so.

I don't know her name, and I'm sure I don't care  
For there's naught in it, as you know;  
But there's nothing that I wouldn't do, yes, and  
dare  
If she'd only throw one little glance from down  
there,  
If only one glance she would throw.

Who is she, and what does she do, do you ask.  
That little maid over the way?  
Why, she works at insurance, a dry sort of task,  
While I in an atmosphere legal do bask,  
When I'm not looking over the way.

### Homesick Horses.

Not long since a large and noble-looking horse, without halter or bridle, was seen trotting rapidly through the business part of Wilton, New Hampshire, finally turning down Maple Street, and going directly to the stable in the rear of Mr. D—'s residence.

"Isaac" trotted through the carriage-house into his old stall, apparently delighted to see the members of the family, who soon visited him. Nearly three years previous the gentleman had sold him to parties who soon disposed of him, and after exchanging owners several times, had for a few days found a home in the town of Greenfield. The day he returned he was taken from the carriage in the door-yard, and after eating a mouthful of "feed" designed for the chickens, tossed his head high in the air, and at a lively gait went the entire fourteen miles, followed by his new owner, who soon obtained a fleet team at his own village, but was one hour behind the horse.

A little later the same family were still more surprised. A man who was engaged in work about the premises saw a horse come into the yard, walk up to a building that was formerly the stable, but now used for another purpose. After gazing through a window, he looked about outside, and discovering a handsome new stable, with doors wide open, only a few rods away, he trotted gracefully up the drive and took possession.

The man did not recognize him, and tried to drive him away, but he wouldn't go. Finally, with a halter about his neck he succeeded in leading him, but as he persisted in returning, he asked Mrs. D—, in the absence of her husband, to look at him, remarking that it must be a horse they had owned before he worked there.

Quite a delegation had already visited the stable, but all the information gained was simply that he had been seen to pass through the town; so there was nothing to do but await further developments.

The moment Mr. D—, who soon returned from a drive, saw the horse, he exclaimed to his wife: "Don't you know him? Why, this is a colt I sold between ten and eleven years ago, and have regretted it ever since. The only other day I was wondering what became of him." (It was one of a pair he drove the year before his marriage, and he thought his wife ought to recognize him.)

When his old mate was brought out, the horses showed so much pleasure it was as affecting as witnessing his joy, when his former owner entered the stable. He had journeyed from Fitchburg, Massachusetts, more than twenty miles away, and so far as can be ascertained it was the first time he had been "loose and free" since he left Wilton so long ago.

The present owner had "turned him out to feed," to find an hour later that bars and fences were not an opposing force to a home-sick horse, though hitherto well-behaved and apparently contented.

### Princely Jokes.

A story is told of one of the imperial palaces in Russia which is illustrative of the fierce and brutal humor which underlies the Muscovite character, even in its best phases.

The palace of Taigi was built by a Prince Demidoff, who was possessed of enormous wealth. His daughter was betrothed to a neighboring boyar, to whom no reasonable objection could be made. But Demidoff remained resolutely silent concerning the marriage, refused to give a dowry to his daughter, and when the wedding-day arrived, went off on a boar-hunt, saying that he would send a fitting representative to the ceremony. When the newly-married couple arrived at home from church, a gorgeous coach drove up to the door, with coachman, footman and outriders. Inside, magnificently dressed was a dead pig, which was lifted out and carried into the house, with every token of honor, as the representative of the prince. It burst open, and the skin was found to be stuffed with gold pieces, rubies and emeralds.

Another trick of this rough joker was played on an impoverished boyar from whom he bought an estate and castle. After he had taken possession of them he invited the boyar to dinner, plied his guest with drink until he was unable to move, and then dispatched a messenger to his family to say that he had died suddenly.

The senseless man was sent home in a coffin; and when his wife and children crowded about it, lamenting bitterly, they were startled to see the dead man open his eyes, and to find that the coffin was filled with roubles.

This kind of generosity is akin to that of King Frederick, who used to jump upon his children's feet until they shrieked with pain, and then give them money as a slave.

There are people in the world who are too poor to give anything but sympathy and helpful words and looks. They are probably the best loved of all men and women. Pig-skins filled with diamonds cannot buy affection for a selfish nature.

Mrs. Gildory—"I think it's a shame to ride about in that old chaise when Mrs. Spread-eagle is always getting something new in the way of a vehicle." Mr. G.—"Why, my love, surely she hasn't a new equipage, has she?" Mrs. G.—"Of course she has! I heard her say at her party the other evening that her husband had given her a carte blanche." Mr. G.—"A carte blanche? Oh, yes, it's one of those basket phaetons, I fancy."