☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

"THE OLD YEAR OUT."

"How stands the record of the dying year?"
Claims it a sigh or must we drop a tear?
With drear December are our souls in tune,
Or chant our songs in unison with joyous June?

"How stands the record of the dying year?"
That wish attained, was it at cost too dear?
And when we failed, did failure never bless
And Fortune bruise and soothe with rough caress?

"How stands the record of the dying year?"
Its promise has it kept to heart and ear?
Its memory shall we cherish while we live,
Or would we, to forget it, half our treasures give?

"How stands the record of the dying year?"
And how the changing groups of near and dear?
Friends, lovers gone! new friends, new lovers found?
Where would we choose to be, above or underground?

"How stands the record of the dying year?"
When all is said, the answer not so clear.
Let those who will to prophecy aspire,
If we the gift to understand the past acquire.

—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

A BACHELOR'S STORY.

A "Female Dragon" and a "Detestable Old Crab."

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things.

I can not afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding house. A bachelor of thirty odd who has been at the mercy of boarding-house keepers all his days, can understand that.

So when I engaged a suit of rooms—third floor in a French flat edifice—and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine lookout over a green dot in front, and the glimmer of the Palisades far away to the rear, I considered myself quite well off.

What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I am an artist, and draw a little daily in front of my easel. I contribute to the press and write when the divine afflatus seizes me. I read law when I feel like it, and draw a regular income from a snug little property, left me by an uncle in India.

Consequently I was able to decorate my quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.

And when the fire was burning cheerfully on the hearth that first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red carved table, and the waiter from a neighboring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bird, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, etc., I considered myself pretty comfortable.

"Upon the whole," said I to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."

I rang the bell.

The janitor, a respectful, decent sort of a fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers, answered the summons.

"Janitor," said I, "who occupies the floor above?"

"Nobody, sir," the man answered. "Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."

"A large family?" said I, rather dubiously.

"Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all. It is a single lady that is coming."

At this I congratulated myself more and more.

"I shall have a prospect of a little peace, I think," I said, and I ate my dinner in a fool's paradise.

The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down town, selecting some new millboards and color tubes for the summer sketches that I intended to make; for when I returned, fondly expecting to enter my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.

There was a banging and pounding overhead, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess, in hob-nailed shoes, was enjoying herself in a promenade.

I sent for the janitor.

"Is the house coming down?" I asked, in a rage.

"It's the new tenant movin' in, sir," said he.

"Does her furniture consist entirely of Herring's safes and square pianos?" I asked.

"There is two pianos, sir," said he. "She's musical."

"The deuce she is!" replied I. "Two pianos? And does she play on both of them?"

"Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.

I endured the noise until midnight, and then I sent up the janitor's wife.

"The third floor's compliments to the fourth, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night."

Down came the woman again.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to be settled without a noise."

The next day the piano—only one, however, commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay, and and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could, and then I had recourse to the janitor's wife.

"Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor me with a little peace and quietness, long enough to do some necessary writing."

There was no reply, but the music ceased abruptly.

But that evening when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap came the janitor's wife at my door.

"Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness long enough to write a letter."

How I hated that woman!

So we lived for a month exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat and gone back to boarding only luckily I had engaged it for the year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private reading whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorous than that of a Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable, and had classes of heavy-booted girls there twice a week to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! If she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise or enjoyed the making of it more.

At the end of the month, however, an accident happened which turned the current of my whole life.

I went on a pic-nic. I don't often go to affairs of that kind; but that was an especially select affair, gotten up by my friend Harold Webster.

I went, and [illegible] met Barbara Willis and fell [illegible] in love with her. She wasn't exactly too young, but neither am I—and to my taste a full-blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you may find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, with satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked—our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's.

"Miss Willis," cried I, "way is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends."

As I spoke I gently pressed her hand, and she smiled back unutterable things.

I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.

"Harold," said I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel."

"Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he. "Well, I think she is rather a fine girl."

We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.

"A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.

"I can readily imagine that," said she, softly.

"I live in a flat," confessed I.

"Do you?" said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her), "why, how strange! so do I!"

"Isn't it dreadful?"

"Horrid!" said she, closing her rosy lips as if she meant it.

"And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me and torments me out of my life."

"Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," said Barbara! "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me who takes all the pleasure out of my existence."

"Should two lives be thus blighted!" said I emphatically.

"I don't think they should," said Barbara, enthusiastically, looking intently at the bouquet of pansies she held in her hand.

It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.

"I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands, briskly.

"You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."

I called a hack; I helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.

"Where shall I drive to?" said the man.

"No. 69 Ravenal street," said she, "fourth floor."

"What!" cried I, "not the Ferdinando Flats?"

"Exactly," said she.

"Why, that's where I live."

"Are you on the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.

"Are you on the fourth?" I counter-questioned.

"But you are not a crab at all!"

"Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary——"

But what matters it what we said? Things were altered at the very beginning. I took my violin up stairs the next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new educational theory for the hob-nailed classes. I is cned enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's "Brook," and at the quarter's end we are to be married—Barbara and I.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A STUDY OF DUDES.

One of the Few Happy Mortals Who Is Always Well Satisfied with Himself.

What is a real dude?

Dude is a very much abused word. It is a word that has a real meaning and stands for a real thing. But nine-tenths of the time it is applied, it is not used correctly. Some seem to have an idea that most any one may be a dude if he tries, but this is not the case. There is a great deal more in a dude than clothes. The real dude is something natural. He is a sort of a freak of nature. The way he dresses is only one of his peculiarities. Those who are most often called dudes only dress like dudes. The real live dude is not near so plenty as might be imagined. A good sized town generally has no more than three or four of these curiosities. It is only now and then that you see a real dude while walking along the crowded streets of a city, but when you do see one, you know he is one at a glance, if you know what a dude is or have ever seen one before. There is something about him that can't be mistaken. He has the form and bodily appearance of a man, and though his clothes may be a little noticeable as being in the extreme of style, it is his face that gives him away more than anything else. There is something about it so remarkably vacant and expressionless. Something almost child-like; or rather more like an idiot. He is usually a frail, delicate-looking creature. One wonders as he sees him how he manages to live through the heat of summer and the frosts of winter. Yet he survives the hardships of life much better than his appearance would indicate. This is probably because he takes such good care of himself. He never takes part in the sports of other young men. They are altogether too violent and rude for him, and then they are nothing but dull, tiresome amusements anyway. Dancing is as far as he ever goes in the way of exerting himself, and then he always clings close to his girl.

Perhaps another reason why the dude, so frail and delicate, lasts so well is his remarkable freedom from all mental disturbances; you will notice he always takes things very cool and always appears perfectly composed. This, however, is not the composure and self-[illegible] mind. It is the natural result of a lack of mind. The poor thing has so little brains that he is incapable of being impressed by those things which affect ordinary mortals. His mind is never agitated or troubled, because he has none. Hence the dude sleeps well, and is often less affected by the hard things of life than many who possess greater physical endurance.

Although the dude thinks only of the girls—as far as he is capable of thinking—and seldom associates with any one else, there are few girls who think anything of him, unless it happens to be one just like himself, differing only in sex. The reason he is tolerated at all by the girls is because he comes handy. He is very attentive, and is always on hand when wanted. The girls know he is a fool, and despise him all the time they are enjoying his favors and services.

The dude walks along the street in an abstracted, self-important manner. He seems to take little notice of any one or anything going on about him. He appears to think he is to be looked at, not to look. Although every sensible person thinks he looks more like an idiot than anything else, he is, apparently, exceedingly well satisfied with himself, an thinks himself an object of admiration wherever he goes.—*The Judge.*

AN ARMLESS WOMAN'S FEATS.

Writing, Threading a Needle, and Feeding Herself With Her Toes.

"Now, let me show you what I can do. Dinner'll be here in just a moment. Thread a needle! Of course I can see?" and suiting the action to the word, Mrs. Thomson picked up a fine needle with the large and second toe of the right foot, held it tightly between the tips, and taking some yarn in her left foot, rolled the end deftly on a small, smooth stone, put it to her mouth by bending her body almost double, and deftly inserted the yarn in the needle, more easily than a bachelor threads a large needle with very fine thread. Next she took a handsome tidy on which she was crocheting and with remarkable deftness held the work with her right foot while with her left she guided the needle in and out, catching the threads with ease and fashioning the figure as fast as "my lady" in the sitting-room does with her soft hands. Her right eye giving her some trouble during this work, she deftly pushed back the spectacles which she wore and with the second toe rubbed the eyelid. Then she bent forward and brushed back a few stray hairs from her forehead. Taking up the pen between the large and second toe of her left foot, and holding a slip of paper with her right toes, she wrote in a feminine hand, small and rather neat: "He that lent is to all shows good will but little sense. Ann E. L. Thomson. Born without arms, December 23, 1859, Ga." This written, she put the pen down, took up a blotter with her left foot, placed it over the writing and dried the ink. Taking up a pair of large scissors with the large and third toe of the left foot, she cleverly cut off the portion of the paper on which she had written.

"Here comes my dinner. Now you can see me eat—not that it's such a sight, but you may find it odd to see one eat with toes instead of fingers."

Mr. Thomson spread out a napkin on the platform, and placed on it the dinner of a person in good health. Mrs. Thomson turned around in her seat, took up a cup of tea in her foot, stirred it up with a spoon held in her right toes, and half bending, half raising the cup to her lips, drank off the tea and placed the cup on the platform. Then she grasped a flat-handled silver knife in her left toes, caught a fork between the first two toes of her right foot, and cut some steak into pieces. Part of it was tough, but she had no more trouble in cutting it than an ordinary person would have. A piece of meat held on the fork was transferred to her mouth, and was followed by a piece of bread broken from a slice by her large and second toes.

As soon as she had finished this novel meal, Mrs. Thomson continued: "I forgot to tell you about my schooling. O, yes, I went to school. The pupils were kind, and I had a little raised platform for my use. I held my books in my toes, and read and studied as well as the rest of the girls. I held a slate in my right foot and the pencil between the toes of my left and managed to figure as well as anyone. My right limb is shorter than my left, and I learned to write with my left foot, as you have seen. I learned all that was taught in the common schools of Georgia before the war."—*Detroit Times.*

CHEWING GUM.

The Complicated Process Indulged in by the People of Patagonia.

To fit it for use the natives make it into pellets, then hold it on the point of a stick over a basin of cold water; a coal of fire is then approached to it, causing it to melt and trickle down by drops into the basin. The drops, hardened by the process, are then kneaded with the fingers, cold water being added occasionally, till the gum becomes thick and opaque like putty. To chew it properly requires a great deal of practice, and when this indigenous art has been acquired a small ball of maken may be kept in the mouth two or three hours every day, and used for a week or longer without losing its agreeable resinous flavor or diminishing in bulk, so firmly does it hold together. The maken chewer, on taking the ball or quid from his mouth, washes it and puts it by for future use, just as one does with a tooth-brush. Chewing gum is not merely an idle habit, and the least that can be said in its favor is that it always the desire for excessive smoking, no small advantage to the idle dwellers, white or red, in this desert land; it also preserves the teeth by keeping them free from extraneous matter, and gives them such a pearly luster as I have never seen outside of this region. My own attempts at chewing maken have, so far, proved signal failures. Somehow the gum invariably spreads itself in a thin coat over the interior of my mouth, covering the palate like a sticking-plaster and inclosing the teeth in a stubborn rubber case. Nothing will serve to remove it when it comes to this pass but raw snet, vigorously chewed for half an hour, with occasional sips of cold water to harden the delightful mixture and induce it to come away. The culmination of the mess is when the gum spreads over the lips and becomes entangled in the hairs that overshadow them; and when the closed mouth has to be carefully opened with the fingers, until these also become sticky and hold together firmly as if united by a membrane. All this comes about through the neglect of a simple precaution, and never happens to the accomplished masticator who is to the manner born. When the gum is still fresh occasionally it loses the quality of stiffness artificially imparted to it, and [illegible] rhyme or reason, transforms itself into the raw material as it came from the tree. The adept, knowing by certain indications when this is about to happen, takes a mouthful of cold water at the critical moment, and so averts a result so discouraging to the novice. Maken-chewing is a habit common to everybody throughout the entire territory of Patagonia, and for this reason I have devoted the delightful practice at some length.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

A Similarity.

A writer describing Paganini's violin playing, says: "When the G string wailed, then tears came through the eyes from the listening hearts of men, tears of sadness and delight." You may perhaps have noticed that pretty much the same thing occurs nowadays when the young man next door tortures a violin. When his G and other strings wail, then tears come through the eyes from the hearts of listening [illegible] of sadness and agony [illegible] monument at the wild, unconquerable [illegible]ington was a moment [illegible] and revenge. The [illegible] wa'ls, the more hi[illegible] and there is about [illegible] wail as in the ot[illegible] *eld.*

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

"A happy New Year!" Yes, dear child!
How many things in a year may do.
It may bring gifts for every day,
It may take away a gift or two;
It may bring sorrow, it may bring tears,
It may ruin hopes on each hand.
We can not tell till it is dead
And gone to join the other years
What take shall do for me or you.

We can not tell till it is dearly
That this same thing we solely know,
But we can look to me as it fairly,
And change our broken hopes and minds.
Some days must flower and some must fade;
Some spirits quicken in God's light;
Some take root and grow wise and staid
Depend not, then, for joy ahead
To think that we must alter not.

So frail and wise one will be dear
Before the year is half gone away.
Your hair with frosty will mingle,
But never friends who gladly stay.
The years of youth are soon fled,
Time gives to you and me no [illegible]
Yet I know not, [illegible]
Dyed [illegible] of pale moon,
So different from your dawn of day.

So here's a New Year wish for both,
May we keep growing, you and I
Learning wisdom from the past and way,
Using it each day to every day,
Having from one for work, for study
With no life's hearts which [illegible]
To mend the wish and to spread [illegible]
To comfort over sad and mood
So kiss me, dear, and let us try.

—*Susie Coolidge.*

TELLING THE TRUTH.

The Boy Who Testified to the Truth in Spite of His Seeming Self-Interest.

Some time after the beginning of the present century there were living in a busy country town in the North a plain couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God. So the counsel one of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these very especially a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years, the lad's school-days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in the country town, and, as there was no prospect for him there, he came up to England, to one of the great seaports, and by-and-by he got a good position in a merchant's office.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to the test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he had received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when a ship came into port, that its Captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo; and it was the duty of the manager of the office to send back instructions to the Captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this little lad from the North came to the office, a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the Captain came; but, somehow or other, no answer was sent back to him. The Captain waited a week, but still no word came back. Now, that was very hard on the Captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo, it had to lie idle in the dock; and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle, too. So, at the end of a week, the Captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it had missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the Captain, he was very angry. He sent for the little lad from the North and said to him: "Did I not send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?"

The little lad said: "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down."

"Oh, but I did," answered the manager. "You have forgotten." And there for a time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the Captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, he took the matter of the office to law. And, by-and-by, his complaint came before the Judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial, the manager came to the little lad from the North and said to him: "Mind I sent you to the dock with those instructions to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I can not remember your doing so," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, but I did. You have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent, and he foresaw that he would have to say before the Judges what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial, he went to the court. The manager came up, and the poor lad tried once more to assure him that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right, he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly!"

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this: "You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter to the Captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Captain Smith to discharge his coals?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir.

"Nor next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the questions was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for them. But when he heard the little lad's replies, he turned to the Judges, and said: "My lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the Captain's favor and against the office in which the little lad had found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go [illegible] and in the morning [illegible] was supposed [illegible] his superintendent drinking.

A PUDDLER named Em[illegible] recently killed near Salem

By and by the manager came [illegible] after a little time, he was [illegible] master's room. It was a long [illegible] before he came out. Then [illegible] lad was sent for. "I am going to [illegible] dismissed," he thought to himself. [illegible] the master said to him: "I [illegible] yesterday, but not with you. [illegible] right to speak the truth, and [illegible] my approval of what you did. I [illegible] giving to put you in charge [illegible] working and sales of our [illegible] mine." Then he sent for [illegible] and told him what he had [illegible] off: "And the young man [illegible] roberts direct to me."

Six months afterward the [illegible] left the office and, [illegible] was the little lad was appointed [illegible] place. And before as many years [illegible] passed, he was sole [illegible] partner in the firm, and he [illegible] head of the entire business [illegible] ing partner.

In his case truth was the best. [illegible] want to say that, if [illegible] cut other than they did, and [illegible] been dismissed, it would still [illegible] the best for him the speak the truth.—*Dr. McLeod, in Sunday Magazine.*

GRANDPA'S MISTAKE.

How Tessie Earned Five Dollars and Nineteen Cents for a New Year's Present.

Tessie was just learning to add. Decaffed work she made of it, poor [illegible] times, and occasionally, when she was all mixed up, she would declare that she added numbers with all her might, so she did, and she added the more she made the addition until she had got into the woods, and never found his way out.

Getting lost in the woods was something that Tessie lived in terror of.

Grandpa made a great pet of Tessie and was always trying to help her out of her troubles.

One night in the midst of the newspaper reading he heard Tessie working out over the addition table this time, but over the last time she had no trouble money. Her church subscription was due—she gave two cents a week to the build-a-church for the new church. If all the people had done as well as that in proportion to their wealth the church would soon have had a new church. She belonged, too, to the Children's Band of Foreign Missions, and gave ten cents a month to that, although her hands were full. Just now was a new call.

A New Year's present to Miss Kelly, our own teacher, that was for us all the children of the Band spoke of the lady out in New Mexico, who sent them letters. Tessie wanted to give to it, but some bought second paper dolls in the window of the toy store had been too much for her, and her money was all gone. No wonder Tessie wailed.

"What's all this?" said grandpa, putting down his paper and passing over his glasses. Tessie, with the tears still shining on her lashes, explained. Grandpa never could endure tears in her eyes. His hand went into his pocket.

"See here," he said, "seems to me I wasn't to give you any more money for a week; but there's no law against your earning some. We'll make a bargain. If you count what I've got in my hand and get it right the first time, you may have it for your own, Miss Keith."

Joyfully Tessie agreed to this. She did not like adding, but she could afford to try very hard and be very careful with such an object in view. So the small handful of pennies was passed over from grandpa's hand to hers, and she carried herself into the great chair and commenced her task.

"Only one count, remember," said grandpa. So her lips moved slowly and carefully. At last she looked up.

"Grandpa, there's five dollars and nineteen cents."

"What! what! what!" said grandpa, in great astonishment. "Why, my little Tessie! How could you make such a big blunder as that? Let me see!"

"It's true," said Tessie, with a gay little laugh, covering up her treasure, and turning herself away from grandpa.

But timidly she ventured to count it for him. "Look, grandpa! There's five cents, and five cents, that makes ten cents."

"Aye," said grandpa.

"And there's nine bright pennies, and they make nineteen cents."

"Just so," said grandpa.

"And then there is this very bright penny, made of gold, and it says 'five dollars' on it, and that makes five dollars and nineteen cents."

"Oh, ho!" said grandpa. "I've caught you now. That is a new cent, and nothing more."

But Tessie declared that it was not a cent, it was made of gold, it was just exactly like one that her papa showed her only yesterday, and had just the same letters on it, and papa told her it was five dollars.

"Let me see," said grandpa, and he took the shining penny in his hand and turned it over and looked at it through his glasses, and finally said: "Bless my heart! Well, well, well! grandpa is the one that is caught this time, sure enough! It must be helped now. I'll stick to my bargain. You counted right, Tessie; the money is yours."

And that was the way it happened that Tessie Warren gave five dollars and nineteen cents toward Miss Keith's New Year's present.—*The Parent.*

Had No Sense.

"I ain't g[illegible] matter. [illegible] standin' at [illegible] erlong an' [illegible] fifty cents [illegible] mighty fine [illegible] cabbage, so [illegible] ter de gate [illegible] han' [illegible] fifty cents [illegible] ys' had da[illegible] him. He [illegible] an' gunter [illegible] 'whar de do[illegible] office,' sez [illegible] wun so 'ston[illegible] in' but sta[illegible] man till he [illegible] outer sight. Den I [illegible] got mad. I [illegible] de air in dat neighborhood lo[illegible] like er bucket o' blue paint had [illegible] flung up. Now I'se lookin' fur s[illegible]body ter hit me wid er maul."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Ter-lookin' er'roun' fur some sort o' reason ter hit me wid er maul," said old Sampson, the chairbottomer.

"What's the matter?" asked the [illegible]

—A young lady in New York recently paid five hundred dollars for a pair of shoes. They were made of white satin, embroidered with pearls. And here you see the advan[illegible] of living in New York. For a simila[illegible] pair of shoes, in Chicago [illegible] for obv[illegible] reasons, would have to [illegible] about t[illegible] thousand dollars.—*Boston [illegible]*

RELIGIOUS READING.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

[illegible]

AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON.

A Conflict of Christian Faith Not Only Due to God, but the Worst Enemy of Man.

[illegible] the simple and sincere one what [illegible] will it is nevertheless true that God [illegible] all the mightiest forces in the soul of [illegible]. In the great crises of life and death, when all that is noblest and [illegible] as well as most heroic, is developed into activity, and not to the surface [illegible] there feelings of dependence upon an invisible yet all-controlling [illegible] springing to the surface, and longing for a assurance of His forgiveness [illegible] redemptive love take absolute possession of the heart. Christ is today the real, the most influential, the [illegible] decisive Ruler of men. In proof of this, what a profoundly pathetic and [illegible] scene was that discovered by [illegible] Sunday upon entering Lieutenant Greely's tent up there amid eternal ice and snow. Here is the picture painted:

[illegible] was found in his sleeping bag, his body [illegible] forward, and head [illegible] upon his left hand. The book of Common Prayer was open and lying on his right [illegible]. He appeared to be reading prayers to [illegible] Comrades. Whose condition was most [illegible] to and critical. He was cold, the [illegible] of starvation gnawed [illegible] his and almost breathless, his eyes [illegible] and glassy. Indeed his weakness [illegible] that it was with difficulty he swallowed [illegible] stimulant given him by Dr. Green [illegible] he had dropped, his heart [illegible] and his body temperature was in the low [illegible] of the dying comrades [illegible] in the tent brought tears to [illegible] of the hardest and stoutest of them [illegible] about him on the merciful errand [illegible]

Could anything be more impressive [illegible] more significant than this? It reminds us of the last act of that other [illegible] explorer, De Long, which was [illegible] over a fallen comrade, [illegible] finding comfort in the thought [illegible] God was with him and his starving [illegible] company even in the dire [illegible] which brought them face to face with eternity. Evidently the secret [illegible] dime devotion to duty, of a pitying kindness that loses all sense of [illegible] ministering to the distressed [illegible] in spite of everything that [illegible] humanity above the brute, and [illegible] him with Divine traits, comes [illegible] faith in a personal, living and [illegible] present God. It was this [illegible] do martyrs, his "witness," of [illegible] in the early days of [illegible] Christianity, and it is some the best [illegible] is crowning mankind with [illegible] and glory in our own time. [illegible] is it out of place here to call [illegible] to the unmerciable and wicked, [illegible] shall we not in merited pinion [illegible] speechless as the despicable task [illegible] engaged in destroying human [illegible] Christ the Son of God and the [illegible] is Saviour of penitent sinners. [illegible] good would it do the atheist if [illegible] could insure every soul to give up [illegible] a God what benefit would it [illegible] infidel if he could secure the [illegible] rejection of Jesus as the [illegible] Guide of the lost, the Comforter of troubled hearts? Suppose these men could tear from our literature [illegible] sweet and precious hymns that have thrilled millions of souls; suppose they demolish the churches, and [illegible] hospitals, and homes for the aged, and [illegible] for the insane, and [illegible] which the churches have [illegible] suppose they would deprive the [illegible] of comforting prayers, the dying [illegible] of peace, the wayward [illegible] of redemption, the discouraged of [illegible] and redemptive agencies [illegible] they should crush out all [illegible] appeals to conscience, [illegible] Christian hopes for the sorrowing—[illegible] would be no better off [illegible] the race would sink into [illegible] of doubt and despair. Think of the desolation of spirit [illegible] such sufferings as these expose [illegible] Long and Greely in the [illegible] of the North—think of the [illegible] remedy all around as [illegible] there were no Christ [illegible] or the Heaven! Verily [illegible] Christian faith is no [illegible] to be the worst enemy [illegible] man. It [illegible] instructive to the [illegible] of the [illegible] movement. Originally [illegible] an unbeliever, [illegible] Christ [illegible] Because an unbeliever [illegible] the sources of pain [illegible] and [illegible] to be [illegible] a [illegible] of [illegible] Christ [illegible] from the [illegible] thought and from the [illegible] with [illegible] a hot [illegible] of life [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]