



GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS.

In his great cushioned chair by the fender,  
An old man sits dreaming to-night,  
His withered hands, licked by the tender  
Warm rays of the red anthracite,  
Are folded before him, all listless;  
His dim eyes are fixed on the blaze;  
While over him sweeps the restless  
Flood tide of old days.

He hears not the mirth in the hallway,  
He hears not the sounds of good cheer,  
That through the old homestead ring always  
In the glad Christmas time of the year.  
He heeds not the chime or sweet voice  
As the last gifts are hung on the tree,  
In a long vanished day he rejoices—  
In his lost used to be.

He has gone back across dead Decembers,  
To his childhood's fair land of delight;  
And his mother's sweet smile he remembers,  
As he hangs up his stockings at night,  
He remembers the dream-haunted slumber  
All broken and restless because  
Of the visions that came without number  
Of dear Santa Claus.

Again, in his manhood's beginning,  
He sees himself thrown on the world,  
By pleasure's strong arms he is hurled,  
He hears the sweet Christmas bells ringing,  
"Hear ye, repent ye, and pray,"  
But he joins with his comrades in singing  
A Bacchanal lay.

Again, he stands under the holy,  
With a blushing face lifted to his;  
For love has been stronger than folly,  
And has turned him from vice into bliss;  
And the whole world is lit with new glory  
As the sweet vows are uttered again,  
While the Christmas bells tell the old story  
Of peace unto men.

Again, with his little brood 'round him,  
He sits by the fair mother wife,  
He knows that the angels have crowned him,  
With the truest, best riches of life;  
And the hearts of the children, untroubled,  
Are filled with the gay Christmas-tide;  
And the gifts for sweet Maude are doubled—  
'Tis her birthday, beside.

Again, he leans over the shrouded,  
Still fond of the mother and wife,  
Very lonely the way seems, and clouded,  
As he looks down the vista of life;  
With the sweet Christmas chimes there is  
Blended  
The knell of a life that is done,  
And he knows that his joys are all ended  
And his waiting begun.

So long have the years been—so lonely—  
As he counts them by Christmas-gone.  
"I am homeless," he murmurs—"if only  
The Angel would lead the way on,  
I am cold—in this chill winter weather—  
Why, Maude dear, where have you been?  
And you, too, sweet wife—and together—  
O Christ, let me in."

The children ran in from the hallway:  
"Were you calling us, grandpa?" they said,  
Then shrank, with that fear that comes always  
When young eyes look their first on the dead.  
The freedom so longed for is given,  
The children speak low and draw near,  
"Dear grandpa keeps Christmas in Heaven  
With grandma this year." —[Ella Wheeler.]

A CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

It is the Christmas time,  
And up and down 'twixt Heaven and earth,  
In glorious glee and solemn mirth  
The shining angels climb;  
And unto everything  
That lives and moves, for Heaven and earth,  
The shining angels sing.

It was one of those unequal balances  
which we are constantly finding ooth  
in the world of humanity, a great,  
splendid residence upon one corner, and  
a poor, shiftless, tumble-down dwelling  
on the other, which the law protected  
from the covetous eyes of the  
rich speculator, and reserved for minor  
heirs. Meanwhile it was rented, for  
what it would bring, to a class of people  
who were always either moving in  
or out, and in the summer time, when  
the windows of the great mansion were  
open, and the cream of society holding  
its revels, such hilarities as these would  
be tobacco-wafted through the India  
mull curtains:

"Whack de fidel! Pass the cratur  
this way, an' don't be kappin' the bottle  
dle."  
"Shure yees hev had had mor'n's  
good for yes now."  
"Stand oop and fight like a man!"  
"Murther! don't interrupt whilst I'm  
enjoyin' meself."

And similar dialogues of a domestic  
character.

But for some months preceding Christ-  
mas there had been a new family in the  
old house—two young people who lived  
alone and were out of sorts. The man  
had nothing to do. He was a slim, pale,  
sickly-looking young fellow and some-  
one had found out that he was a south-  
erner, well educated and of good  
family, but poor as poverty itself and  
likely to starve to death, as he was  
proud as well as poor. Every day he  
went out looking for work in the aim-  
less way a man gets into when his over-  
coat is gone and he has to button his  
other coat to the chin, and every day  
he came back empty handed or with  
something that had been acquired on  
the border-land between respectability  
and vagabondage—a turkey won at a  
raffle or a measure of potatoes that he  
had acquired at a guessing match.

Life was at this low ebb when Christ-  
mas came—Christmas, bringing cheer  
and light, music, warmth, presents,  
hope and jollity to nearly everybody,  
but certainly not to the poor family in  
the tumble-down house on one corner,  
nor to the patrician people who lived in  
splendid misery on the other.

What was the matter with them?  
Everything. In the first place there  
were only two people in the great house;  
they had neither chick nor child, nor  
bird, nor any living thing about them,  
except their own two dry-as-dust selves,  
and they got mighty tired of each other  
sometimes. Then they both had indig-  
estation, and lived on a diet of hot wa-  
ter and graham toast. Next, their ser-  
vants robbed and deceived them sys-  
tematically, and finally their children—  
happy little ones—were all dead. Their  
young lives had been smothered out un-  
der lace cap-frills and embroidered  
stomachers, and they had gone to a  
place where there were no velvet car-  
pets, or if there were, they were not too  
good to play on.

This Christmas morning when the  
millionaire got up he looked out of his  
plate glass window and cast an envious  
glance at the corner opposite. Jack  
Frost had been playing tricks there. He  
had sent a soft white fall of snow, which  
had wrapped its beneficent arms about  
the unsightly pile, and it was now trans-  
figured in the silver flood. The frost  
king had made each tiny pane of glass  
resplendent with castle and turret and  
feathery palms, and the rich man ac-  
knowledged to himself grudgingly that  
it was a pretty sight; he wanted to buy  
that spot, tear the old house down and  
do what he chose with the lot; his neigh-  
bor had bought one next to him for a  
play ground for his children. But  
Heaven had given his little ones a play-  
ground on which he had no title or pre-  
emption. While he stood looking his  
own family physician, a wealthy man,  
who had almost retired from the profes-  
sion, came out of the old house. He  
was walking briskly past, when Mr.  
Markham threw open the window and  
called to him.

"Good morning, Dr. Farnham. Merry  
Christmas! if you can find one, ha! ha!  
Returned to practice, I see," with a  
contemptuous glance at the old corner.

"Yes," said the physician gravely, "it  
is rather a sad case. Four months to  
feed and nothing to put in them. How-  
ever, the same God who sent the ravens  
to feed Elijah lives to-day."  
"Doctor," said Mrs. Markham,  
crowding a lace breakfast-capped head  
out beside her husband's, "come in and  
eat breakfast with us. My appetite is  
worse and I want a prescription."  
"Dyspepsia be blowed!" growled the  
doctor, who was as gentle as a woman  
in the sick-room. "If you want to be  
cured of all the ills of life, observe the  
eleventh commandment."

"Eleventh commandment! Why,

there isn't any. Doctor, you must go  
to school."

"Isn't there any?" said the doctor,  
gruffly. "I thought you didn't know  
it. Love thy neighbor as thyself.  
There! A merry Christmas to you  
both, and no dyspepsia, if you do your  
whole duty."

"Peace—on—earth—good—will—to  
—man!" chimed the bells.

There was a confusion of tongues  
over in the house on the corner. When  
the good doctor had announced to the  
young husband in real Christmas  
phrase, "Unto you a son is born," the  
news had been received at first with a  
natural spasm of delight, and then the  
dejected query, "What on earth am I  
going to do with him?" But when  
later the doctor went to him, with his  
face beaming with mischief, and said,  
"Unto you two sons are born," the con-  
sternation he caused would have been  
amusing, if it had not been so real.

There was a gloomy outlook for the pale  
young mother and her beautiful babes,  
even though the good doctor had left  
some temporary relief.

"Will she live?"  
"Yes; care and nourishment is all she  
needs. Now I can leave her in your  
hands, Mrs. Markham. The nurse un-  
derstands the case, and is trustworthy."  
Mrs. Markham, the millionaire's wife,  
sat by the sick bed and held one babe  
in her silken lap. It wore her baby's  
dresses and was wrapped in soft blan-  
ket muslin, and tied with blue ribbons,  
had come down from the dust of the man-  
sard roof to hold the two babies. There  
were light and warm and comfort in  
the old house. When late at night Mrs.  
Markham returned from a last visit,  
prior to retiring, she found her husband  
standing piously before the open fire  
on the tiled hearth in the library.

"And how are they now?" he asked,  
with more interest than he had shown  
in anything for a year.

"Doing nicely," but, Hiram, they  
would have died if I—we—hadn't  
looked after them. Two such sweet  
babies—they remind me—"

And then the poor mother broke  
down and cried.

Mr. Markham cleared his throat.  
"A-hem! I expect we've got our hands  
full," he said.

He never thought of hearts; but that  
was just what it meant. With neither  
children nor grandchildren of his own,  
he has two pairs of stockings to fill  
every Christmas, and this year he makes  
the same objection to filling them that  
he did last year. They will not hold half  
he wants to put in them, and he will  
not divide, either with his wife or the  
good doctor, that annual pleasure.  
There is a shining path worn to the old  
house, and now when the rich man's  
covetous eyes watch it, there is no com-  
mercial value in its remodeled walls;  
he is looking for what gold cannot buy  
the smiling faces of two happy Christ-  
mas children, who love him just as  
much as if he wasn't rich. And for  
these people Christmas brings the hap-  
piest cheer and to their opened ears

"The bellies of all Christendom  
Now roll along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."  
—[Detroit Free Press.]

The Short Story Writer.

It is the function of the writer of a  
short story closely to group his figures,  
carefully cull and mass his details, in-  
dicate his heavy shadows and shades  
with a free hand, and "stack on" high-  
lights with Chinese white, so to speak.  
In a word, the short story is nothing if  
not an impersonist sketch of the novel  
or romance which might be built out of  
the same material.

But Christmas time was coming fast  
And old "Kris Kringle" 'twas at last  
Inspired by happy thought,  
To help me gain the gift I sought.  
Whispering, I said to her: "Last night  
A sweet dream filled me with delight,  
For Santa Claus most generously  
A woman's dear heart gave to me.

"And hush me, darling, go to you  
To find its owner fond and true,  
So I have come. I pray you, sweet,  
Kind Santa Claus' gift complete;  
And if your heart I have indeed,  
Another in its place you'll need;  
And oh, my love, I'll gladly sign  
A deed in full to you of mine."

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY.

Miss Eleanor Slingslander sat in her  
crimson boudoir on Christmas morning,  
regarding with scornful expression a  
little bronze figure which she held in  
her hand—the figure of a pretty peas-  
ant girl, in cloak and hood, carrying a  
covered basket on her arm. And a  
scornful expression, though rather in  
rare instances very becoming to some  
girlish faces, was not in the least be-  
coming to Miss Slingslander. It  
wrinkled and shortened her nose, wid-  
ened her nostrils, and pouted her full,  
red lips. All of which, as her nose was  
already a trifle too short, the nostrils a  
trifle too wide and lips a trifle too  
prominent, tended seriously to detract  
from the beauty of her face.

"The idea," said Miss Slingslander,  
the scornful expression giving place to  
a frown, which brought her much too  
near eyebrows so close together that  
they seemed like one straight, heavy  
line, "of Spencer Royall sending me  
this thing for a Christmas present.  
Why, I expected something splendid  
from him with an offer of marriage.  
Heaven knows he's been dangling after  
me long enough—half a year nearly—  
and I'm sure his mother and sisters  
have set their hearts on the match.  
Of course they have, and with good  
reason, too, for with the help of my  
money Spence could carry on the busi-  
ness in a much more princely manner  
than it was carried on during his father's  
lifetime, and the returns would be much  
more princely in proportion. And I've  
been agreeable, for they're a decidedly  
aristocratic family, and Spence is by  
all odds the handsomest fellow I  
know and has a very talking way with  
him, though Jack Raynor is a hundred  
times jollier and three times as rich.  
But I'm not going to stand this shilly-  
shally any longer. I've been waiting  
for him to speak for the last three  
months, and not a word on the subject  
has he said. Something he dropped  
last night led me to believe the propos-  
al was coming this morning. But in-  
stead comes this thing—pretty enough  
in its way and 'artistic,' I suppose, but  
I don't want it. The house is full of  
peasant boys and girls, and shepherds  
and shepherdesses, and cupids, and all  
the rest of them now. What shall I do  
with it? Well I declare, it looks like  
Ella Mellis. I'll send it to her. She's  
been sewing for us for the last six  
months and no doubt she'll expect a  
Christmas gift—that kind of people al-  
ways do—and I don't feel like spending  
any money on her, so off this goes.  
She'll be delighted with it, and I can  
keep her an hour or two beyond her  
work hours, sometime when I'm need-  
ing a dress in a hurry, on the strength  
of it. And, Mr. Spencer Royall, if  
Jack Raynor comes a-courting me  
again to-day, my money will never  
help you and your family to greater  
magnificence. A bronze peasant girl,  
indeed, when I expected at least an  
elegant solitaire."

An hour later Ella Mellis sat in the  
plainly furnished room which served  
her and her widowed mother for sew-  
ing room, dining room and parlor, hold-  
ing the bronze figure in her little right  
hand—on the second finger of which  
was a well worn silver thimble—and  
viewing it with a look of delighted ad-  
miration that added wonderfully to the  
attractiveness of her delicately-featured  
face, lending as it did a charming light  
to her soft, tired brown eyes and a  
flush to her pale cheeks. "I never  
dreamed he would think of me at all,"  
she said in a sweet voice tremulous  
with joy, "and he has not only thought  
of me, but has sent me this beautiful  
Christmas present. Why, we have  
never met but a half a dozen times  
since I became a sewing girl, and then  
always in the presence of Miss Slings-  
lander, with the exception of that  
night when I slipped on the ice in front  
of her door—she had kept me very late  
helping her dress for a ball—and he,  
happening to be near, helped me to my  
feet and assisted accompanying me  
home, saying so kindly, 'it is too late  
for any young lady to be out alone,'  
and came in and talked to mamma for  
an hour afterward. Poor mamma!  
how glad she was to meet some one  
whose father had known and loved  
papa!"

"Dear me! how happy Miss Slings-  
lander will be—for of course he is go-  
ing to marry her—though, for my part,  
I'd like a lover a little more lover-like.  
I've actually caught him yawning when  
she was talking to him—and I don't  
wonder, for she does run on so about  
'style' and 'fashion'—and I've never  
seen him look at her in an adoring way.  
In fact, I really think he looks—kind-  
er—at-me. But among wealthy  
people everywhere, I suppose, matches  
are made much as they are among loyal  
personages. Love isn't consulted at  
all."

"Oh! dear, if papa hadn't lost all his  
money I might—for I think Spence  
used to like me a little in those days.  
"But how perfectly lovely of him to  
send me this, though no doubt he  
sent it as much for mamma's sake as  
mine, remembering what she said to  
him that night about her love for artistic  
things."

"Miss Mellis. How much he writes  
like Miss Slingslander, and how simple  
and pretty this Christmas card is, with  
its wealth of flowers surrounding the  
words, 'from Spencer Royall.'" But  
these words are not in the same hand  
writing. Ah, I see, some one else has  
written the address.

"You dear darling little peasant girl!  
I wonder what you are carrying in your  
basket. Good Gracious! the cover flies  
up when the handle is pulled and there's  
something inside. A tiny velvet box,  
in the loveliest of rings—and a note, yes  
a note to me!"

"MY DEAR ELLA—By this rural  
maiden I send you an offer of my heart  
and hand. It may seem strange to you

that I have never spoken to you of my  
wish that you should become my wife,  
but the fact is, I have been waiting until  
my financial affairs, somewhat disor-  
dered by my father's sudden death,  
should be brought into proper shape  
again. Now seems all clear ahead, and  
if you will consent to give me yourself  
for a Christmas gift I shall be most  
happy."

"Anxiously awaiting your reply, I  
am "Yours faithfully,

"SPENCER ROYALL."

"His wife—his wife! Mamma, mam-  
ma, come here instantly. It is the  
merriest Christmas that ever was, and I  
am the happiest girl in the whole wide  
world!"

Spencer Royall stood before the grate  
fire in his smoking-room on Christmas  
afternoon with wide-opened eyes, a  
half-burned cigar in his mouth and a  
dainty notelet. "By Jove, here's a go,"  
said he in forcible if not elegant phras-  
eology; "I send an offer of marriage to  
Miss Eleanor Slingslander, and receive  
a note of acceptance from Miss Ella  
Mellis. Pretty little thing. I've al-  
ways been more or less spooney on her,  
but it seems as though Fate insisted  
upon my marrying the other. Perhaps  
Fate has changed its mind at the last  
moment. 'Pon my word, it's the  
strangest thing that ever happened to  
me. I must see if I can't find out  
something about it." And ringing his  
bell, he asked the small boy who an-  
swered his summons: "Did you take  
that box I gave you this morning to  
Miss Slingslander?"

"Yes sir."

"By Jove! the riddle of the sphinx  
was nothing to this. You may go."

"Yes, sir—but, sir—"

"Well, go on—go on!"

"I stopped a minute in the kitchen  
to give the cook a message from my  
mother—the cook's my cousin Sarah  
Jane—and Miss Slingslander's maid  
came down with the box, and says she,  
'Miss Slingslander wants this box took  
to Miss Ella Mellis. She told me to  
git a messenger-boy,' says she, 'but  
you'll do just as we I and earn a quar-  
ter.' 'What am I to say?' says I. 'With  
Miss Slingslander's compliments,' says  
she, and I forgot to say 'with Miss  
Slingslander's compliments,' and said  
'Merry Christmas' instead, cause I'd  
been saying that ever since I got up,  
and it come the handiest. But that  
couldn't have made no difference of no  
consequence, could it, sir?"

"Oh! no," with mild sarcasm, "not  
the slightest."

"And Miss Slingslander's maid said  
sir, that Miss Slingslander was in an  
orful temper at first 'cause you hadn't  
sent her something more valuable, but  
she'd got over it, and was a-making fun  
of you with Mr. Raynor. An!—"

"There—there—that will do—clear  
up the riddle is read. I see it all  
plainly now. Eleanor never thought,  
being in a tearing rage on account of  
the apparent smallness of my gift,  
of lifting the cover of the basket, but  
dispatched the bronze at once to her  
seamstress, forgetting in her indigna-  
tion to detach my card. Tom forgets  
to deliver the compliments which she  
sends with it, and as a matter of course,  
Ella Mellis thinks the figure came  
straight from me. She does not  
look upon it with contempt, and un-  
covering the peasant girl's basket finds  
there a proposal of marriage seemingly  
addressed to herself, her name being  
the same as Eleanor's diminutive. She  
replies to it in the sweetest and most  
artless little note that I ever received."

"By Jove! I'll accept the situation. I  
begin to find myself very much in love  
with her, and Miss Slingslander may  
continue to laugh with Jack Raynor."

Christmas evening at the home of  
Mrs. Mellis.

Ella—"How happy I am! I never  
dreamed that you loved me. I thought  
you had entirely forgotten that we had  
ever been friends. Imagine my surprise  
when I found your letter in the peasant  
girl's basket. What a cunning way to  
send it."

Spencer—"Yes; I flatter myself it was  
rather cunning. But, darling, don't  
breathe a word about it to a soul. To  
tell of it would break the charm."

Ella—"Not for the world if you don't  
wish it, dear, not even to Miss Slings-  
lander."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

The precise date of institution of the  
Christmas festival is involved in obscu-  
rity. The origin of Christmas as a  
religious feast, is ascribed to the decre-  
tal letters addressed to Pope Teles-  
phorus, who died A. D. 135. It was at  
first the most movable of Christian festi-  
vals, and was confounded with the  
Epiphany and celebrated by the eastern  
churches in the month of April and  
May. Under the Pontificate of Pope  
Julius L. 337,352, St. Cyril of Jerusa-  
lem urged the importance of making  
Christmas an immovable festival, and  
obtained an order from the pope to  
make a proper investigation for the  
purpose of determining the exact date.  
A conference held between the churches  
of the east and west resulted in the  
adoption of the 25th of December. Gib-  
bon says the festival of Christmas was  
placed at the winter of solstice, with  
the view of transforming the Pagan  
Saturnalia into a Christmas festival.  
It is curious to note that at the present  
day many of the customs which are ob-  
served at Christmas are of Pagan origin  
as described by Martial and other Ro-  
man authors. The Christmas tree is  
another example of the power and influ-  
ence of Christianity to transform Pagan  
rites and ceremonies. The Christmas  
tree; which is of German origin, is sim-  
ply the symbol of the tree Isdragil, or  
tree of life, which figured so conspicu-  
ously in Scandinavian mythology. No  
festival of the Christian church sur-  
passes Christmas in the exemplification  
of the power and influence of religion.  
Wherever the Christian may be when  
this day arrives, his heart is moved with  
that common impulse of joy, peace and  
good will which the season invokes.  
The old recall the days of youth, the  
young are absorbed in the present, the  
distant wanderer revives kind thoughts  
of home, and tender recollections serve  
to render absent friends more dear, and  
that one touch of nature which makes  
the whole world kin exhibits its best in-  
fluence.

At last the supreme court has  
knocked the Scott liquor tax law into  
smithereens by declaring it unconsti-  
tutional. Presumptions as it may  
seem in laymen to criticize the learned  
judges who made the decision, there are  
eager, nevertheless, very many in beer  
brewing, beer-selling, and, one might  
add, beer-swilling Cincinnati who  
deeply deplore and vigorously disap-  
prove of that decision. Had the  
court been unanimous in its decision,  
its act would have been respectfully  
regretted, and that would have been  
the end of it. But it was not unani-  
mous. Three democratic judges con-  
curred in the opinion that it was un-  
constitutional. Two republican judges  
dissented, but they gave no dissenting  
opinion. Their departure from this  
timed-honored custom of giving a  
reason for their dissent has been at-  
tributed by a republican paper at Col-  
umbus to the supposed fact that the  
decision of the majority of the court  
was agreed upon, and their opinion  
was written out, before the minority  
were notified, and that after they were  
notified the decision of the court was  
speedily promulgated. The judges  
of the supreme court have not thought  
fit to say whether or not this suspicion  
was well grounded, and probably they  
will remain silent on that point. Here  
in Cincinnati the common people,  
without respect to party, criticize the  
court for holding back their decision  
on the case since last August, and  
then selecting the eve of the presiden-  
tial election for announcing it. Re-  
publicans charge the court with being  
actuated by partisan motives, and say  
that the decision was intended to be  
a sort of campaign document. Demo-  
crats who regret the decision speak  
of the conduct of the court as a damaging  
blunder. Many men among the demo-  
crats, principally lawyers, say the  
decision was a sound one. As to the  
saloon-keepers and brewers, the ma-  
jority of them are pleased with the  
result. A very respectable minority  
of them deeply regret the decision and  
greatly dread the consequences. The  
out-and-out prohibitionists all rejoice  
over it. They have always been op-  
posed to the Scott law; and to any  
and every other law that countenanced  
the traffic in intoxicating liquors in any  
shape. As everybody knows, the con-  
stitution of the state of Ohio forbids  
licensing of traffic in intoxicating  
liquors, but authorizes the legislature  
to provide measures for regulating the  
traffic in liquors, and providing against  
the "evils arising therefrom." The  
statutes of Ohio before the enactment  
of the Scott law were virtually pro-  
hibitory, but they were not generally  
enforced. In fact, they were defied  
in all the great cities. Most of the  
quasi-prohibitory laws were repealed  
by the Scott law. There were one or  
two unimportant exceptions in which  
former laws on the subject were em-  
bodied in the Scott law. Now arises  
the question, since it has been de-  
clared unconstitutional, whether that  
act of the supreme court does not re-  
vive all of these stringent laws that  
the Scott law repealed. And if it does  
revive them, the next query is whether  
the people of Ohio in their present  
temper will not be more generally  
inclined to enforce these stringent  
laws. The feeling that the liquor traffic  
should be subject to stringent restric-  
tion and regulation has been growing  
rapidly in Ohio. That the wiping out  
of the Scott law, which was a popular  
law in Cincinnati, and for that matter  
in the whole state, will intensify that  
feeling, is pretty generally believed.  
Everybody expects now, with more  
or less dread, several years agitation  
of the liquor question in Ohio, and no-  
body can tell where it will end.  
The Scott law was framed to avoid  
the form which proved fatal to its  
predecessor, "the Pound law"—that  
of a license. It was on the very same  
ground—namely, that it was virtually  
a license law—that the supreme court  
last Thursday decided the Scott law  
unconstitutional.—New York Cor. Bos-  
ton Herald.

Marvelous Slate-Writing.

At Moffit's gallery we saw a photo-  
graph taken from some writing on a  
slate. This slate, which by the way is  
a double or pair of slates, belongs to  
a well-known citizen of 50 years of age.  
He took the pair of slates to Boston,  
after having first tied them together  
tightly and attaching sealing-wax in  
four places. Calling upon a spirit  
medium there he asked for a genuine  
test of spirit-writing. He did not let  
the slate leave his hand once. He was  
told to place it on his head and hold it  
there with one hand, taking hold of  
the medium's hand with the other. He  
could hear the writing going on. In  
ten seconds the writing was done. He  
left Boston and came to a relative's  
house in Springfield. Not till he  
reached his sleeping-room did he  
break the sealing-wax, and then he  
saw the message. The handwriting  
was instantly recognized as that of a  
deceased sister and brother. This citi-  
zen is an honest man, and would not  
knowingly be a party to any imposi-  
tion. Spiritualism is a subject about  
which I know nothing—but the facts  
here related are facts.—New Britain  
Cor. Hartford Times.

Arabian Horses.

It is a curious fact that the thorough  
bred Arab, from which, with some  
intermixture of what is supposed to be  
a poorer strain, the English thorough-  
bred sprang, should be much inferior in  
spirit and stamina to the English horse,  
which at its best has an existence of  
about two centuries. Carrying a much  
heavier burden, the English horse can,  
without any sort of effort, out-gallop  
the more direct descendant of his  
Eastern ancestor. On Indian race  
courses the Arab has an allowance of  
no less than three stone against En-  
glish-bred horses. The Arab very  
rarely wins a race, even with this ad-  
vantage. The courage, docility and  
endurance of the Arab must be recog-  
nized with every praise. Omar Pasha,  
a bay horse belonging to the Turkish  
General of that name, is said to have  
galloped ninety miles, from Silistria  
to Varna, without a halt, carrying a  
messenger who brought news of the  
Russian repulse.—New Orleans Times-  
Democrat.