ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER. Twas the eve before Christmas; "Goodnight" had been said, And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes.

And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—for to-night their stern father's command had

That they should retire precisely at seven, instead of at eight, for they troubled him With their questions unheard of than ever be-He had told them he thought this delusion a No such being as Santa Claus ever had been, And he hoped after this he should never more How he scrambled down chimneys with pres-

ents each year; And this was the reason that two little heads Bo restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled When Willie's sad face from the blanket did And whispered: "Dear Annie, is you fast "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes, somehow it makes me sorry because Fr papa has said there is no Santa Claus. Now we know that there is, and it can't be de-

For he came every year before mamma died. But then I've been thinking that she used to And God would hear everything mamma And God would say.

And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa.

Claus here.

With the sacks full of presents he brought ev-Four little feet bounded out on the floor, And four little knees the soft carpet pressed, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly be-That the presents we ask for we're sure to remust wait just as still till I say the And by that you will know that your turn has Come theu.

Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee; I want a wax Dolly, a tea-set and ring, And a beautiful work-box that shuts with a spring.

Bless Papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"

" Please, Desus, 'et Santa Claus tum down to And bring us some presents before it is light; I want he would dive me a nice 'ttle sled, With bright shining yunners and all painted ▲ box full of tandy, a book and a toy— Amen—and den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds. They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep, And with fairies in dream-land were roaming

struck ten Ere the father had thought of his children He seems now to hear Annië's half-sup-And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally "And should not have sent them so early to But then I was troubled, my feelings found yent, Forbank stock to-day has gone down ten per But, of course, they've forgotten their trou-And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for one hand, and a bar of yellow soap in Mab?" But just to make sure I'll steal up to the For I never spoke barsh to my darlings be-

do saying, he softly ascended the stairs, And arrived at the door, to hear both of their prayers; His Annie's "Bless paps" draws forth the big tears, and Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strangel Strangel I'd forgotten," he said,
with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my trunk, clasping her damp, gloved hands Then be turned to the stair and softly went down, Threw off velvet-slippers and silk dressing-Donned bat, coat and boots, and was out in the A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet.

Nor stopped he until he had bought every-

thing, From the box full o' candy to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a Then homeward he turned, with his holiday 'twas stowed.

Alise Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had

prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
With bright, shimng runners, and all painted red. There were balls, dogs and horses, all pleasing _ to see, And birds of all colors were perched in the trees, While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the As if setting ready more presents to drop,
And as the good father the picture surveyed
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid, And he said to himself, as he brushed off a

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever be-What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. Horeafter I'll make it a rule, I believe, To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas

As soon as the beams of the bright morning died, or left the dear, peaceful stupid sun Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one old Hollow—and I among them. by one, Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened And at the same moment the presents espied. Son who would have been my aunt really now, if Ben and I could have kept our and the very gifts prayed for were all of them And shouted for papa to come quick and see What presents old Santa Claus brought in the Just the things that they wanted—and left be fore light.

The last lorgotten me, but Aunt Nancy might be glad to see me, and—yes, a dollar and a half will take me to the Hollow. I'll go. The room is mine tonight, and sufficient unto the day is the fore light. And now added Annie, in a voice soft and of the fatherless, who leads us on by "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, pape, I paths we know not of." While dear little Willie climbed up on his be.
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago
The dear, blessed mamma, so long ago
The dear, blessed mamma, so long ago
The dear of the little dear and bittle little dear and bittle little dear and bittle little little dear and bittle little little little dear and bittle little littl Used to kneel down and pray by the side of en flew open, letting out a scent of their young on the islands in the lake, her chair.

And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer.

Then we dot up and proved dot as a proved dot as a bouling coffee into the clear December and save for the occasional Indian's trip for plunder they were unmolested. "Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as passage-way, and Aunt Nancy Dawson And Dod answered our prayers—now wasn't popped into the sitting-room, armed "I should say that He was if He sent you all with a broom which she at once pro-

(Well, well, let him think so—the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.") Blind father, who caused your stern heart to And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-And made you His agent to answer their -Mrs. Sophia P. Snow.

BACHELOR BRINDLE'S CHRISTMAS.

"Be merry now, be merry now,
With joy bring in the holly bough;
With song, and feast, and smiling bro w."

Bachelor Brindle gives the half- lev?" burned log in the fire-place a kick that sends the red sparks flying, and won-ders crustily where that bit of rhyme, know she does weigh most three hunstrung on a half-forgotten fragmant of melody, comes from, and how it happens tochant itself to him so persistently to-night. It is a dismal night. Outside, a high east wind shrieks and squeals, akirmishes around corners and schoes away dolefully in every stray conversions retreat and nook. Within hursts of tawny and scarlet flame light to Bachelor Brindle's favorite apartment, big, low-ceiled and comfortable, yet wearing the air of careless disorder beculiar to a bachelor's apartments.

know she does weigh most three hundred, and is kind of curious and cross-grained like."

"New York photographer keeps a seal-skin sacque. He says: "A poor girl will pay a dollar extra to be taken in a seal-skin sacque. She likes to show her friends that she can look like a lady no crooks nowhere. She'd put strings to all the young ones ahe could find and that. This Gainsborough hat I generally throw in for fifty cents. It's a great she could ret me up on poles like butter beans if she could. Anyhow, Aunt Nancy, I she was now."—N. K. Grantia.

wind's boisterous whistlings and plaintive minor chords, becomes grained, and even misanthropical.

Song and feast," he mutters grumbly, "holly etc! Humph. Gam-mon! Where's any holly, and who'd go draggling round in this slush and sleet to bring it in? What's set me to Hev?" thinking of-

"Christmas Eve," chants the teakettle, swinging briekly over the blaze.
"Cricky!" is Bachelor Brindle's reprehensible exclamation, "so it is. like to have forgot it." As if sprinkled with some subtle,

magic powder, the fire-light, flickering, get my s quivering, dancing, suddenly lights a bonnet or path across the floor, through the cottage walls, beyond the murk and mist. far into the past, where a cheery Christhands and hurrying feet and merry voices; there is an intoxicating flavor holiday cheer; there is song and Not a word had been spoken by either till girl with a turned up nose, who wore then.

Security of the clock on the steeple tolled diant among all, a romping, black-eyed fire-place; that'll be good enough, only the gravy 'll be full of cinders."

Bachelor Brindle drove slowly home-

"And had temper enough for two," fully. "More than half," snorts the wind, belifgerently, coming in a puft down the chimney to back the tea-kettle. "'Twas, 'twas, 'twas." A momentary lulling of the aggres-

mind back to his present lot. "Snow," be mutters, with a shudder. "Time was when the idea brought only

bless us. What an old wretch I was to and slightly upturned nose raised toward forget it." Bachelor Brindle gives the fore-stick a discontented poke, and turns to light | Lacy, or a Christma; vision?" once more follows the sweet story of come back to see Aunt Nancy. the beautiful Babe and the first Christ-

"Ugh! what a depressingly un-Christmas evening, Christmas Eve!" Mab Lacy caught her breath, and lutched at her veil with both hands, as of the grim, tall, narrow-chested house with its gray-green shutters, the bit of

white paper tacked against its door bearcharacteristics. mackeral-scented halls and roachy sible girl, and we'll see.' corners," she continued, plunging into the shadows of the long, dim hall, and feeling in the dark for her door-knob; "with all its faults it is a haven of of her gray vail. "I can't go home

slopping up my oil-cloth for? And whose is this big barn of a trunk?"

The stout maid-of-all-work, on her Brindle. "First give me your hand, arose with a red flannel floor-cloth in the other, eved Mab doubtfully, tried to scratch her eye with her elbow, and failing, gave her broom-like head a random rub with the soap, and an-

"New feller comin' to-morrow; and Miss Malone sayed as how you hadn't knew?"
paid yer rent this week, an' bein' gen"Yes tlemen preferred-'cause they don't muss things up a cookin' in their rooms, an' not wantin' to lose a shure pavin' roomer, an'-an'-." "But, Peggy, to-morrow's Christ-

swered:

mas!" Mab sat down on the strange in helpless bewilderment. "That's what I know," said Peggy, rubbing her ear with the soap, Miss Malone she says how the rent ain't

paid an'--" "But I was going to pay it next week, and would have last week if I hadn't

been sick and not able to work, as I told her.' "That's so. But I reckon the' ain't

no use in rasin' a fuss." said Peggy. philosophically, "he's done paid her a month's rent. and she's tuck it. She saved, anyhow, she reckoned you was more of a lady'n to want to stay wher' you weren't wanted. But he won't come till mornin', you can stay tonight." But what am I going to do then?"

"Room-rentin' agency down yander," said Peggy, indicating the direction by a flirt of the floor-cloth. Mab opened her flat little pocket book and shook its contents into her lap. "Peggy," said she, "how many rooms could I rent for a dollar and a half?" "Dunno." answered Peggy, with easy

vagueness as she picked up her bucket

of suds and departed. "Nor care," added Mab to herself, leaning her head against the cold, white wall of her little bed-room, "neither does any one else in the world. How different from the old Christmas Eves in Bo thinking, he softly extinguished the light, And tripped down-stairs to retire for the night.

different from the old Christmas Eves in the country, when royal fires roared on every hearth, and everybody was kin to everybody else, before so many of them And now there is scarcely one left who would know me—only Aunt Nancy Dawtempers till the wedding day. Ah. well, he has forgotten me, but Aunt Nancy evil thereof. I will trust in the Father

"Aunt Nancy-Aunt Na-an-cy!"

"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,

And knew just what presents my children would please,

Well a broom which she at once proceeded to devote to the obliteration of the string of powdery tracks left by her mephew across the striped rag carpet. Shippers. These eggs, although too nephew across the striped rag carpet. "Knowed there'd be tracks wherever ther' was a man," observed the little woman, whisking away briskly, "what out so early fer?"

"We-el" said the old bachelor, rather dolorously, "you see the long and short of it is, I'm lonesome, Aunt Nancy

-awful lonesome.' "Jest what you orto be," returned Aunt Nancy, with blunt candor, "y' own fault. I've told you to get married forty times, ain't I?" "But-there ain't any one left to marry round here as I know of."

"Fiddle! ain't ther' the wider Bar-"Y-es, there's the wider Barley,

And Bachelor Brindle, listening to the off to-day, and I would kind of like some one to cook a Christmas dinner for me. Not that a fellow can't pack the spirit of Christmas round in his heart without any dinner, but it would make it seem like old Christmases, and I want you to jump right into my sleigh and go home with me, Aunt Nancy, and stay all day.

"I sha'nt." said Aunt Nancy, with no waste of empty apology: "I'm agoing to Jim Dawson's folkses, across the Branch-promised 'em a month ago, an' it's saved me cookin' a lot of truck. Old Pepper's hitched now, 'n I'm goin to start in just the time it takes me to get my shawl an' green woosted sunbonnet on. You can go along, too, if

"No-I don't like," returned Bache-lor Brindle. "They'll fish out all their mas fire is burning; there are busy kin-folks from six counties and have 'em there, and I don't know half of 'em. and don't seem to want any crowd today-only just them I know. I'll go gladness; there are bright-eyed cousins, home and roast a sweet potato in the troops of relatives and friends, and ra- ashes and cook a spare-rib before the

ward, his spirits rather depressed in grunts Bachelor Brindle. There is a spite of the beauty of the day, bright dim spot in the path of light. "Half with a glad gleam of sunshine pouring your fault," sings the tea-kettle, cheer-down goldenly over the flawless white fully. "More than half," snorts the fleece of the night's bestowing, yet already beginning to grow damp and heavy under the warm glow, when turning the corner of a fence, where the drifts were blown up like blocks of marsive wind, and a soft sputtering in the ble, his horse gave a startled spring and red coals brings Bachelor Brindle's stopped at sight of a small, dark figure trudging along on foot, a picture unus-ual enough to scare any horse in the country where not a farmer's daughter. foolishly bright visions of sleigh-rides in however moderate circumstances. with her, of frolics and fun, and-oh, will undertake a mile journey at any And ask him to send us some presents aden?" what's the use? They're all gone, she season of the year unless provided with "I've been thinking so, too," and without a mong the rest, and I'm a forlorn old some shape or form of a "nag." And soul with no one to so much as cook a Mr. Brindle gazed down with a wonder Christmas dinner for me-unless I could that grew deep and intense at sight of coax Aunt Nancy over. Christmas Eve! the fair little face with its dark eves

> "Mab Lacy!" he cried; "is it Ma the tall lamp on the shelf, then brings "It is Mab Lacy," she answered, forth his old-fashioned brown Bible, and with a little, fluttering laugh. "I've

> "Then you've come on as much of a mas morning, while without the wind wild-goose chase as I have," he retosses and whirls its fleecy white burden turned, ruefully. "She's gone-gone about at its own erratic will. plum to the Branch. Her Old Pepper beats my Floss woefully, and I saw the gable end of her sleigh shy around the corner before I got to the end of the

the rampant gale charged with millions cried Mab, overcome with the sudden of sleety needles swooped around a desperate appearance of her position, corner and nearly blew her off the steps and sitting recklessly down upon a wayside stump, whose white cap of snow was gradually shrinking away and oosing in drops down its side.

ing the faded notice "Furnished Rooms Don't do that!" cried Mr. Brindle, for Rent," revealing its nature and with alarmed sharpness; "you mustn't sit on a wet stump and catch a cold just "Shelter is shelter, such a night as because Aunt Nancy took a notion to this, if it is the waste and desert gloom go bumming around for a Christmas eight, nine, and the little French clock had of Malone's establishment, with its lark. Jump in my sleigh, like a sen-

> refuge from-Mercy, Peggy! What are with you, and there's no where to go. you tumbling my furniture about and Oh, Mr. Brindle-Ben, what shall I

> knees by the desolate little box-stove, and you jump in here back of this robe. Now we'll have a talk. So you're alone. "All alone, Ben," sighed Mab.

"Well, look here. I'm the same old Ben you always knew-and hated." "I didn't," said Mab. "I-I-vou know. Ben--" "And you're the same Mab Lacy

"Yes: I'm tempted to wish I was some one else just now." "Weil, I ain't. If you're alone we'r both alone. Mab. for I am: and it's rather rough, in my opinion. Now, why couldn't we drop overboard this big slice of time that s separated us so long. and go back to where we left off before we flew out at each other?" "How could we?" asked Mab.

"Look through yonder," said Ben pointing to a little vellow cottage at the end of a lane branching off the road. "Our new minister lives there. Mab." "Does he?" Mab's tone expressed nothing whatever, but Bachelor Brindle's solemn gray eyes caught the flicker

of a blush in the cheek. "Yes, he does," he answered. "Mab. 've got ten dollars in my pocket. I expect the minister is needing about ten dollars awful bad."

"Hadn't you better make him a pres ent of it?" asked Mab, sweetly smiling off at the lace-work of the snow-dapple tree branches in the winter-blue distanca. Ben looked a little disconcerted, then rallied.

"But Mab," he said, "he's kind of proud. I wouldn't dare to offer it to him without giving him a chance to for her funeral charges when she exearn it. Mab-Mab, you haven't lot pired. vour tormenting ways, but the bargain we made back yonder at the stump was that I would help you out of your trou-ble if you'd do as I said. There's no one to find fault with what we donothing to keep us apart. Now. Mab. we're going straight to the minister's cottage, and you know what for." "Then," said Mab, turning her blooming face to him, "all I've got to

say, Ben is, if you're right sure you're right, why go ahead."
"So Mr. Brind e had a wife to cool his Christmas dinner, after all. There was merry bustling, there was laughter and gladness in the hithertolonely bachelor quarters. And there was, too, a sweetly solemn hour in the tender gray Christmas twilight, wherein Ben and Mab, with the big Bible between them, bent low their heads in grateful ac-

A War of Extermination.

Three or four years ago the waters of Mono lake were the stamping. "Dear sakes! don't shriek a body all ground of thousands of gulls, curlews The door of the little deep-eved kitch- These birds laid their eggs and hatched But it became known that upon the islands millions of gul eggs were pro-curable for a small outlay of trouble, strong for the average egg-eater straight. were found to possess advantages over all others in the culinary department, and the hotel and private family's cook alike took kindly to the young gulls in their native state. Bo ie became a live market for the produce, and prices were quoted as high as two bits a dozen. But the bottom of the egg 'plant' was encountered one day, and the old gull never attempted to replenish the de-pleted stock. As a result, the slaughter of the innocent young birds has deprived Mono I ake of much life, and now the number of gulls is preceptibly diminishing, the old birds having no place to deposit their eggs, and if they are not allowed to breed upon the islands again undisturbed, the gull tribe, in

peoplier to a bachelor's spartments. | den't reches I could get me wied right here now." - N. L. Graphie

Card Stories.

On one occasion, when Washington Irving, Bancroft and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the last-named told how, after he and the Neapolitan Ambassador had been presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game at whist with the Duchess of Kent. "I play but a very poor game myself," said Mel-bourne, "in fact, I scarcely understand it; but the Duchess is very fond of it." "And I." said the Neapolitan to Everett, "am a very bad player, and should chance to be your Excellency's partner I invoke your forbearance in advance:" to which the American Euvoy replied that he knew very little of the game him-self. As he put it, three dignified per-sonages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game they im-

of them cared in the least. Upon reaching the Duchess' apartment the Ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation, sat down to play, As soon as the cards were dealt, a lady. in-waiting placed herself at the Duchess' back, and the latter said: "Your excellencies will excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am a very poor player. This was almost too much for Everett's gravity; a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work. Bold as he could be when the game

was worth the candle, Lord Beaconsfield would never have been tempted to risk much on the cards; for, knowing the weakness of his play, he carefully eschewed anything like high stakes. One evening, at the time when Parliament was agitating itself about the Empressship of India, Lord Beaconsfield sat down to whist with the Prince of Wales, and asked the latter: "What points, sir?" "O, a sovereign, if you please," was the answer. Seeing the Premier's look of annovance, Mr. Bernal Osborne observed: "I think, sir, the Premier would rather have crown points." The Prince, taking the joke and the hint, altered the

stakes accordingly. Marlborough was not above playing for smaller stakes, though, perhaps, the great Captain did not play high out of fear for his loving Sarah, who had a tongue and knew how to use it; like the lady whose liege lord contrived that she should not more than suspect the secret of his bad hours, until, coming home at six in the morning tired out with "attending a sick friend," he dozed at the breakfast-table, and solemnly passing, the bread, said: "Cut!", "That's your sick friend, is it?" exclaimed the wife; and what followed may be imagined.

A card-hating wife can upon occasion set her scruples aside. Soon after the purses found the sum total of their their men, bearing the St. George's Cross catch rats. I take this from averages for five years before the introduction of poker was sure to be played, proposed that he should tempt Fortune to the full extent of his means, and asked his wife to pray for his success. She would not promise; but he felt that she was for him and knew how it would be. Let him tell the rest himself:

"They had three tables -one was a to the quarter table. By dinner time I had won enough to do better; and after we had eaten, sat down to the dollar and a half table. Sometimes I won, and then again I'd lose, until nigh upon midnight, when I had better luck. I knew Mary in the hat. I sat there until day broke and then I took my hat up in both hands, smashed it on my head and went home. When I got to my room there

one of his clery if she was able to sit up half the night playing whist at the bath sea, turned aside and flowed past Rye. rooms she must be well enough to do Then the sea receded so steadily that on duty at home, the invalided once si- the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visit lenced him with: "My lord, Mrs. Bea. she was petitioned by the inhabitants to don would tell you that late whist acts | make Winchilses once more a port; but as a tonic or restorative to dyspeptic people with weak nerves." The Bishop's better half would have sympathized with Goldsmith's old lady, who, lying sick-cess by its river to the sea, and lived en unto death, played cards with the curate prosperously through the days of buccato pass the time away, and, after winning | neering and piracy to those of slaving and all his money, had just proposed to play smuggling. All these changes affected for her funeral charges when she ex-

There have been stranger stakes still. In 1735 Henry and James Trotter sat down at the Salmon inn, Chesterle Street, to play a game of cards against Robert Thoms and Thomas Ellison, the latter pair staking five shillings and the former a child, the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Leesh, who gave up their boy to the winners. A traveler in New Zealand, spending a night in a squatter's hut. was invited to cut in for a rubber of whist. As he took his seat he inquired: "What points?" His partner responded in a tone significant of surprise at such a question: "Why, the usual game, of course—sheep points and a bullock on the rubber.'

Even the sharpest of sharpers may meet more than his match. Robert Houdin happening to saunter into a Continental casino where a Greek was reaping a rare harvest at ecarte, looked on quietly until a seat became vacant, and then dropped into it. The Greek, dealing dexterously, turned a king from the bottom of the pack. When the deal came to Houdin he observed: "When I turn kings from the bottom of the pack I always do it with one hand instead of two; it is quite as easy and much more elegant, See! here comes his majesty of diamonds;" and up came the card. The cheat stared at the conjurer for a mo-

hat, coat or stakes. Another of the fraternity, after winning ten games at ecarte in succession, tried his fortune against a new op-ponent; and still his luck held. He had made four points, and, dealing, turned up a king and won. "My luck is wonderful," he said. "Yes," said his adversary; "and all the more wonderful since I have the four kings of the pack in my pocket!" and the professor of leg-

erdemain laid them on the table. "I remember said the gentleman who had traveled in Russia, "being at a ball given by the Empress to the late Emperor on his birthday. I was playing at ecarte, when the Emperor, who was wandering about, came behind me-to watch the game. My adversary and I were both at four, and it was my deal. 'Now,' said the Emperor, 'let us see whether you can turn up the king.' 1 dealt, and then held up the turn-up card, observing: 'Your orders, sir, have been obeyed.' A dozen times afterward the Emperor asked me how I managed it, and he never would believe that it was a mere hazard and that I had taken the

chance of the card being a king." The Czar was as much astonished at the result of his remark as the voung gentleman who, looking over a pretty girl's shoulder while she was playing eards, observed: "What a lovely hand!" "You may have it, if you want it," murmured she; and all the rest of the evening he was wondering what her in-tentions were. — Chambers Journal.

The Cinque Ports.

The Cinque Ports, on which the Kings

of England depended for their navy till the reign of the last Tudors extended their rule, guaranteed by numerous charters, so as to overleap the mouth of the Thames and reach to Brightlingses on the Essex coast. The original five ports included neither Rye nor its neighbor Winchilsea, but were Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings, to which the two former were subsequently added, as well as many "limbs" on the coast between Seaford and Feversham and places not quite on the shore, but lying inland towards the fringe of rising ground which bordered the sea when it colled over the broad expanse of pasture low known as Romney Marsh. For Dungeness, a name of evil omen to sailors, is only the last result of those tidal forces by which the sea has itself brought the massive material which inch inch has thrust it back until Lymne, the ancient Portus Lemanis, is miles inland, and Hythe itself, after following the sea up, is again left some distance from the ever-growing beach. Old Rom-ney and new Romney have a similar tale to tell, except that neither one nor the other is at all near the sea at present. Sandwich is, it is true, still accessible by water, but it is far from the actual coast. With Winchilses and Rye the sea has been capricious, for the island of Old

Winchilsea was overwhelmed in a storm

and disappeared forever, and New

Winchilsea has been abandoned by the

treacherous waves and left to shrivel

within its spacious walls and strong gates like a kernel in a nut. Rve is almost without a rival in its peculiar picturesqueness. It is an ideal haunt for bold and not over-scrupulous mariners, such as were the men do the Cinque ports, unless history of them foul wrong. It is literally built upon a rock, only a few centuries since washed by the channel waves, and furnished with long flights of steps still extant, albeit the sometime seagirt crags now rise, not from the gray-green of the hoarse breakers, but from the brighter verdure of meadows musical with the lowing of kine. When William of Ypres built the tower which bears his name dwellers by the sea and voyagers upon it seem to have had little choice between shearing and being shorn, and there is shrewd suspicion that the men of Winchilsea and Rye preferred the former alternative; for they were the object of ,the special vengeance of the French, who made several descents upon them and sacked and burned their towns. The race, whose delight it was to lie snug until a bevyof fat merchantmen laden with Gascon wine or rich stuffs of Flanders attempted the passage of the narrow seas between Antwerp and Bordeaux. By alternate defense and attack the valiant set her scruples aside. Soon after the close of the secession war, General Fortagenet and Tudor periods kept their rest and his wife stopped at a hotel in hand in against actual war, when they Memphis, and upon examining their made a gallant show with their ships and being due that evening at a house where their own cognizance. For this service they were paid by extraordinary privi-leges. They had extensive rights of trading and the towns were entirely self-

governed, even the King's writ requiring the concurrence of the Lord Warden. For offenses the freemen or "barons," as they were called, could only be tried by their peers before the Lord Warden, or quarter-dollar table, one a half, and before the King in person. At corona-one a dollar and a half. I wanted tions they claimed the right of carrying to make my seven dollars last as canopies over the King and Queen, and long as I could make it, so I sat down of sitting at the King's right hand at the banquet. The affairs of the general body were discussed at the Courts of "Brotherhood" and "Guestling," held twice a year, once at Romney and once at Shepwaycross, near Hythe. The latter trysting-place is one instance among was sitting up anxious and it made me cool. I set my hat on the floor, and every time I'd win I'd drop the money air. At the election of a bailiff and iurats at Seaford proceedings are commenced by striking some blows with a stick on a certain post, as at Romney a trumpet is blown in the middle of the sat Mary in her gown. She seemed tired night. Through good and evil times and anxious, and though she looked these strange old customs have retained mighty hard at me, she didn't say a the form they bore when on the eve of word. I walked right up to her, emptied St. Agatha, in the year 1287, the old my hat right into the lap of her gown, town of Winchilsea, with, it is recorded. and then we sat down and counted it. all the ground between it and Hythe.

Just \$1,500 even, and that gave me a start."

Was submerged, and there ensued a "pitiful waste of people, of cattell, and of houses in every place." Broomhill was whist so well that when the prelate told

the Cinque Ports still less. In quite modern times the Cinque Ports have derived their chief lustre from the celebrated men who have held the post of Lord Warden. England had certainly undergone many changes between the time when Henry of Anjou and Rosamond Clifford walked hand in hand by the great dovecote at Westen-hanger, and William Pitt took up his pesidence at Walmer as Lord Warden and invited much company to meet Lady Hester Stanhope, who left a mark of her energy in the grove of trees planted as swiftly as Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. Pitt's immediate successor was Lord Liverpool, and then came the Duke of Wellington, who died at Walmer, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Granville. The Lord Warden still holds his court at Dover for the licensing of pilots, and is Constable of Dover Castle, but these are the only remains of a post which must have been of great trust when held by the mailed warriors who have slept soundof a Hundred Years. The establishment of a royal navy did away with the necessity for the Cinque Ports, and with their necessity died out gradually their privileges.—London News.

Cat Shaking.

It seems that cats can be put to some ment, and then rushed from the place use besides catching mice and making without waiting to possess himself of his noise in the backyard. There is a new play introduced in which the cat plays a conspicuous part, and we shall expect to hear of a number of new quilts being "put in." It is called "cat shaking," and the modus operandi: "All hands, boys and girls, gather round a quilt that has been fastened in the frame, place a cat on it, and shake vigorously. The cat after many ludicrous attempts, will be apt to jump off over some one's shoulder. Should it be a young lady, she is crowned 'Queen of the quilting party;' but should it be a young man, a piece of wax is stuck on his nose, and he has to pass from one to the other as they may need their thread waxed. None of them mind this, however, as the cat jumping over their shoulder is regarded as an indication that they will be the first one of the party to get married."-Columbus (Ga.) Times.

A Diamond in the Coal. A few days ago a well-known farmer living in the south part of the town of Volney, purchased his winter supply of coal in this village and drew it home. A few days after, having occasion to go into his cellar, a bright, glittering object caught his eye among the ceal. It flashed and sparkled so brilliantly that he went to it and picked it out and carried it into the sunlight. Satisfied that it was a gem of value he preserved it carefully and it proved to be a valuable diamond. - Pulton (Oswego County) Times.

-Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection anishes him -Locks.

Rats on Sugar Estates in Jamaica.

Rat-catching has been, and is, an important item in all sugar estate expenses, not only in Jamaica but in all the West India Islands. From a careful series of returns received from planters in all parts of the Island of Jamaica, the loss caused by rats in rat-eaten canes, up to within a recent date, is estimated at no less than \$220,000 per annum. Other crops also suffer from depredations of rats. Exam-ples given of the distribution of rats and the destruction caused by them in the island are afforded in such reports as the following: The proprietor of an estate in Trelawny says: "The annual number of rats destroyed and paid for on one estate was over 20,000 at the rate of one penny per head; exclusive of what was destroyed by poison and dogs." A large proprietor in St. James reports that he paid, in a district not remarkable for the lepredations of rats, on an average \$350 per annum for rat-catching, an the destruction of canes by ratsmight be moderately estimated at \$1,000 per annum. Taking the number of sugar estates and their returns, as given in "The Ja-maica Handbook" for 1881, it appears that there are at present in the island

some 216 estates, containing in the aggregate 39,505 acres under canes and vield ing about 31,400 hogsheads of sugar and 20,700 puncheons of rum. Taking sugar at \$75 per hogshead and rum at \$55 per puncheon, this would represent an annual value of \$3,500,000. While some dry districts, such as Ven in Clarendon, are comparatively free from rats, others, such as St. Thomas in East Portland and Westmoreland, have always suffered very severely from their depredations. A rat enemy, therefore, is in urgent request. For many years, in spite of rat-catchers, dogs, traps, baits and poison, the evil remained as great as ever. About twenty years ago the capabilities of the mungoose as a rat-catcher was questioned and an attempt was made to introduce it, with results not natisfactory. The experiment was later repeated and these animals firmly established in the neighborhood of Kingston and in every parish on the island. Mr. D. Morris, in a letter in the Field, tells what have been the practical results of ten years' experience with the mungoose in Jamaica. He says: "In the first place there can be no doubt that on sugar estates the mungoose has fully realized the hopes held out respecting its powers as a rat-catcher, and sugar planters all over the island speak in the most unqualified terms of the good it has done in destroying the rapacious 'cane-piece rat,' and reducing the expense of rat-catching in all its

On an estate where the mungoose had only been introduced in 1878, the attorney speaks of its usefulness as follows: "In comparing the expenditure of an estate where I lived for some years I find the present yearly expenditure for rat-catching shows \$40 as compared with \$400 spent in catching and poisoning rats, the mungoose, as compared with last year's expenditure. This amount does not include the cost of poisons, baits and traps, which would average fully \$100 a year, making \$500 as compared with \$40. In comparing the quality of rat-eaten canes destroyed before the introduction of the mungoose, I take the number of gations of rum canes ground during the crop preceding the introduction of the mungoose, and compare it with the quantity ground last year. This shows 14,850 gallons rum cane ground before 1878 to 7,425 gallone ground in 1881, which, compared at the rate of seven loads of canes to a siphon of 450 gallons, shows eleven and a half hogsheads of sugar spoilt before 1878, com-pared with five and three-quarter hogsheods spoiled in 1881-taking twenty loads of good canes to the hogshead, or destruction of ten per cent. as compared with five per cent. under existing circumstances." Again: "Some of the best lands on the estate I have just mentioned had to be thrown out of cultivafor years, owing to the impossibility to save the canes from rate. This land is

now being taken up again and put into cane cultivation." Letters similar to the ones from which these extracts were made, and representing many estates in the island, give similar results as regards the benefits which the mungoose appears to have conferred upon the cultivation of sugar. Mr. Mor-ris thinks that the annual saving to sugar estates by the introduction of the mungoose might very fairly be put down at ninety per cent. of the rat-catching expenses, and at seventy-five to eighty per cent. of rat-eaten canes.

The introduction and complete naturalization of an animal possessing such strong predatory habits and remarkable powers of re-production as the mungoose must have an important influence on all indigenous and introduced animals capable of being affected by it. As is well known, the mungoose, although shaped like a weasel, belongs to the civet-cat family (Viverridæ) and its disposition is as senguinary as its habits are predatory. Its natural food consists of birds, snakes, lizards, rate, mice, and last but not least, he eggs of both birds and reptiles. In India the destruction which it often sauses among poultry is well compen-sated by the incessant war which it wages against snakes and vermin. Even pages of seven columns each. The Hon the lethal cobra falls a victim to the Frank W. Palmer (Postmaster of Chiagility of the mungoose, which, according to Eastern tradition, is said to possess an Daily for to Eastern tradition, is said to possess an antidote, by means of which it can stand the poison of the most deadly reptile.—

.. Fatten Your Own Stock.

The meat production of the United States could easily be absorbed to the extent of feeding 100,000,000 of population. It will never be done so long as the average farmer is content to sell his grain, ly in Winchilsea Church since the War Leaving the production of meat, beef especially, in the hands of a comparatively few, who make a specialty of fattening stock. The same is true in the case of sheep, though not to the same degree. But for some reason the American farmer, and, indeed, the American people, do not take kindly to mutton. The taste should be educated in this direction. In CHICAGO HERALD COMP'Y As trains run to and from Union Depots at all principal points. all our hill country sheep should be the most profitable of farm stock, and particularly in the hill region of the South, where early lambe may be turned off at a low cost, to be eagerly bought in the northern markets. So swine should be carried to the full capacity of every farm. both North and South. There is a world's demand for well

fattened, healthy pork, and always will

be. Where the climate is adapted to the

growth of Indian corn, the most profits-

ble use it can be put to is fattening steers

and hogs for market. If the farmer, cultivating from eight acres upward, would study these meat problems carefully as to the profit in a series of years, taking into consideration the increased coarse grains we sold, he would not be long recognizing the fact that his true interest lay in carrying as much live stock as his land would feed. Our most wealthy farmers are those who have given their attention to the production of meat, butter and cheese. They always wil be. Instead of producing comparatively little more wheat than is required for home consumption, our export should be in this direction, rather profits as he goes along, and accumulates manure enough year by year to keep his still fully up to its original fertility.—

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