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UNDER THE MISTLETOE: TO THEIR CHEEKS THE WARM BLOOD FLIES
AS INTO HER EYES LOOK HIS, BUT—THERE ARE OTHER EYES.

WHEN SANTA CLAUSE ARRIVES.

With a rub,
And a dub
And a rub-a-dub dub,
And a rub-a-dub-dub on the drum.
The boy comes a tramping
And stamping
And ramping
And a rub-a-dub drubbing his drum.

With a rink,
And a tink,
And a rink-a-tink ting
And a rink-a-tink tink of the bell.
Number Two comes a flashing
And dashing
And crashing
"Fire injin, an horses, an' bell."

With a whoot,
And a toot,
And a whoot-a-toot toot,
And a whoot-a-toot on the horn.
The youngest comes roaring
And roring
And tearing
And raising the roof with his horn.

With a whang
And a bang
And a whang-a-bang bang!
And a whang-a-bang bang all around.
Hurrah for the noise
And the joys
Of the boys
When Santa Claus comets to town!

—Carl Currie.

Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere, large drifts, through which the horses floundered as they drew the sled, on which was the wagon-bed, filled with hay, and covered with quilts and buffalo-robes, where we nestled down as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas, but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gif." That entitled him to a present instead of us. For it was all around was usually the way we paid of our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fireplace and there suspended by a stout string from the ceiling was a great turkey, packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth, and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen, where a cooking stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee strong

A BRIGHT FIRE BURNED.

and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were called to dinner. No one was left to wait, and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he served the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-cheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's buff while the older ones "visited" in the "keepin-room" until the time came to return home.

PURITAN CHRISTMAS.

The riotous celebration of Christmas day prejudiced the early Puritans against the holiday. In Scotland Knox set his face against the special observance of the day with such sternness that to this day the holiday in Scotland is but slightly observed, and much the same feeling animated the Nonconformists of England. Naturally in the New England settlements this sentiment prevailed. Cotton denounced the "wanton Bacchanalian Christmases spent in reveling, dicing, carding, masking, mumming consumed in compotations, in interludes, in excess of wine, in mad mirth."

Of the first Pilgrim Christmas, but little was known, except that it was spent, as was many a later one, in work. Bradford said: "Yet 25 day became to erect ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." On the following Christmas the Governor records with grim humor "a passa-rather of mirth than of waight." Some new company excused themselves from work on that day, saying it went against their consciences. The governor answered that they would spare them until better informed. But returning at mid-day and finding them playing pitch-the-bar and stool-ball on the streets, he told them that it was against his conscience that they should play and others work, and so made them cease their games.

By 1659 the Puritans had grown to hate Christmas more and more. The very name smacked to them of incense, stole and monkish jargon, any person who observed it as a holiday by forbearing of labor, feasting or any other way, was to pay five shillings fine, so desirous were they to "beate down every sprout of Episcopacie." Judge Sewall watched jealously the feeling of the people with regard to Christmas, and noted with pleasure on each succeeding year the continuance of common traffic throughout the day. Such entries as this show his attitude: "Dec. 25th, 1685.—Carts come to town and shops open as usual."

"Some somehow observe the day, but are vexed. I believe that the Body of people profane it, and blessed be God no authority yet to compel them to keep it." When the Church of England established Christmas services in Boston a few years later we find the judge waging hopeless war against Governor Belcher over it and hear him praising his son for not going with other boy friends to hear the novel and attractive services. He says: "I dehort mine from Christmas keeping and charge them to forbear."

Christmas could not be regarded till this century as a New England holiday, though in certain localities, such as old Narragansett—an opulent community, which was settled by Episcopalians—two weeks of Christmas visiting and feasting were entered into which zest by both planters and slaves for many years previous to the revolution.

The Custom of Carol Singing.

The practice of singing carols appears to be as ancient as the celebration of Christmas itself. The word "carol" is believed to be derived from the Latin "cantare" to sing, and "rola" an interjection expressive of joy. In the early ages of the church the bishops were accustomed to sing carols on Christmas day among their clergy. In process of time these Christmas hymns became very much secularized, and latterly were nothing more than festal chants sung during the revelries of the Christmas season.

In his "History of English Poetry" Warton notices a license granted in 1562 to John Tysdale for printing "Certayne goodly carrowles to be songe to the glory of God," and again "Christmas carowles, auctorisshed by my Lord of London." This may be regarded as a specimen of the endeavors made at the time of the Reformation to supplant the old popular carols by compositions of a more devout character, and in Scotland instances of the same policy are found in the famous "Gude and Godly Ballates" and "Ane compendious book of Godly and Spiritual Songs."

A Prince an Electrician.

Prince Victor Emmanuel of Naples is said to be an expert electrician. He experiments on all its applications to light, sound, motive power, and photography, and was one of the first persons in Italy to investigate the Roentgen rays.

THE FEAST TIME OF THE YEAR.

This is the feast-time of the year,
When hearts grow warm and home more dear;
When Autumn's crimson torch expires
To flash again in winter fires;
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmed circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow.
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toll, yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year;
The blessed Advent draweth near;
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must ope for Him a common door
Who comes a Guest, yet makes a feast
And bids the greatest and the least.

GOOD ST. NICHOLAS.

(By Mary Diefendorf.)

As the merry Christmas tide approaches there is often present in our thoughts the vision of the guardian spirit of the season. At the time when the name of St. Nicholas, or the more familiar nickname, Santa Claus, is so often upon our lips, it is surely fitting that we should spend a few minutes in the study of that well-beloved saint, and of the traditions in which he holds so prominent a place.

The birthplace of the subject of our sketch was the city of Patara in Asia Minor. There he was made abbot, and won renown by his religious devotion. He afterward became Archbishop of Myra. At the latter place, in course of time he died, and was duly buried. In May, 1087, his remains were carried by some pious Italians to Bari, on the Adriatic coast. There they now rest in the splendid church that bears his name.

Every year a pilgrimage is made to his shrine by the people for miles around. No one seeking food on that occasion is refused it by the priests, while shelter is given to as many as the edifice will hold.

On St. Nicholas Day, Dec. 6, there is a great celebration. Early in the morning the sailors, who, as well as maidens and children, claim to be under the peculiar protection of the saint, take his image from the priests and parade with it through the town. Then they sail away with it, returning and bringing it back at nightfall amid the general illumination of the city.

Now, this same pious bishop, who beams so faintly upon our vision through the vistas of the past, veiled in a "dim, religious light," is to us of the present day, perhaps, the most beloved saint on the calendar. Moreover, to all Americans he should be peculiarly dear and invested with great historic interest as the guardian genius of our metropolis.

In that wonderful book, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," that work so quaint in humor and rich in the perpetuation of old traditions, we find many edifying references to our hero. The Dutch ship, the Goede Vrouw, so runs the story, came over from Holland three or four years after the return of Hudson, bringing settlers for the new world, who located at Communipaw. At the bow of the goodly vessel stood an image of St. Nicholas, smoking a long-stemmed pipe and wearing a broad-brimmed hat. To his guiding care all attributed their prosperous voyage. In due time a prophet among them dreamed a dream, which was that St. Nicholas appeared and directed him to seek another abiding place. Thereupon Heer Van Kortland, the dreamer, and selected band of men went in search of another habitation, and were stranded on Manhattan island. There, after regaling themselves on oysters, they rested a little time. Meanwhile the dreamer dreamed again. Again St. Nicholas appeared, and sitting down at the foot of a tree, smoked his pipe. And as the smoke rose, it spread over a vast extent of territory, and resolved itself into many peculiar shapes, as of spires and steeples, after which it finally cleared away. "And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hatband, and laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortland a very significant look; then mounting his wagon, he returned over the tree-tops and disappeared.

"And Van Kortland awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he roused his companions and related to them his dream and interpreted it that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build a city here." That spot was Bowling Green.

Now, when these voyagers had returned to their homes and related this incident, all "the people lifted up their voices and blessed the good St. Nicholas."

After these thrifty folk had become settled in their new abode, they constructed a fort, and within the fort they built the first church erected in the future city of New York. It was made of stone, and named after St. Nicholas, who, as Irving tells us, immediately adopted New Amsterdam as his special charge, and became its tutelar guardian.

The people of New Amsterdam swore by St. Nicholas when they had any swearing to do. They blessed him when they were happy, thanked him when they were favored, committed their voyaging and absent friends to his guiding and protecting care, went to the field of war singing his great song and fought their conflicts shouting, "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes," as their battle cry.

Interesting as the history of the grave bishop of Myra may be, and interwoven as his memory must ever be with the traditions of the city of which he afterward became the tutelary saint, it is not of either of these manifestations that the children like best to think. It is as master of the ceremonies of Christmastide that he appears enveloped in the most fascinating glamor.

Bayard Taylor tells us that on one occasion, when he was in Germany, about December 1, a fair was held in the town he was visiting, at which fair many toys were exhibited, and St. Nicholas, in counterfeit presentment, was everywhere to be seen. On many of the little booths were also "bundles of rods with gilded bands," designed for the punishment of naughty children. On St. Nicholas Eve, December 5, the family with which he was staying was visited by a gentleman wearing a "mask, fur robe, and long, tapering cap," and "carrying a sack, a bunch of rods and a broom." He threw the contents of the sack upon the table, and, while the recipients were devouring the nuts and candies, "gave them many sharp raps over the fingers." He remarks further that some of the children had been taught to say, "I thank you, Herr Nicholas."

In Germany, in days gone by, all presents were put in charge of Herr Nicholas, called, in Northern Germany, Knecht Rupert, who talked with each child about his conduct for the past year. If he had been naughty, he left a rod, recommending to the parents its frequent use. As the custom is still followed in some of the German villages, we rejoice to know that the "night before Christmas" a beautiful lady generally appears, who pardons the faults of the culprit. So everything ends happily after all.

In America, the descendants of the old German and Dutch settlers have some undefined notions of the Pelsnichol floating through their brains. In the old days, they are told, Pelsnichol (Nicholas of the furs), dressed in a buffalo robe, and with horns and tail, would pass from house to house, talked gruffly to the children, who would flee for refuge to their mother and cluster round her skirts.

In some such families the children still hang up their stockings in the belief that they will be filled with rods by Pels-nichol, the punishing spirit, or with goodies by Kriss-Kringle (Christkindlein) the Christ-child.

It is then a two-fold role that our hero has been called upon to fill at Christmas—that of Pels-nichol, the avenger, and that of St. Nicholas, the beneficent giver. The former phase of his office, now fast passing into obscurity, was but a subordinate one, even in the days gone by. It but gave a little variety and added zest to the Christmas merriment. Christmas then, as now, was above all, a joyous season. Then, as now, it was in the reindeer steeds that the children delighted, and their—

"Little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

"He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself."

In the days of Peter Stuyvesant—most obstinate and best beloved of the Dutch governors—all the holidays, including St. Nicholas Eve, were celebrated with especial glee, while early in the history of New Amsterdam St. Nicholas, who once used to ride gayly along the tree-tops, dropping presents down the chimney at any time of year, changed his haunts in that regard, and there "was instituted that pious ceremony, still religiously observed in all our ancient families of the right breed, of hanging up a stocking in the chimney on St. Nicholas Eve, which stocking is always found in the morning miraculously filled, for the good St. Nicholas has ever been a great giver of gifts, particularly to children."

Christmas Decorations.

The use of holly and mistletoe, the plants sacred to Christmas, is now very general, and as they are abundant in our markets, as well as cheap, every household may be made bright with them. In parlors and sitting rooms wreaths, crowns and festoons can be arranged over mantels and windows, as well as hung from lamps and over pictures.

For the Christmas dinner-table a large bowl of holly leaves with the scarlet and white berries makes a beautiful center piece, while tiny bunches of holly laid at each plate brighten the table wonderfully. Cakes may be ornamented with candy designs of holly, while ices may be molded and colored in the same style. If in remote localities it is not possible to obtain holly and mistletoe, green of some other variety should be procured. All-over greens, such as pine and cedar, can be utilized and bittersweet and Indian arrow berries arranged with these can be made into beautiful decorations. When chrysanthemums are yet blooming, they add greatly to the beauty of the table; the bright yellow and dark crimson are particularly appropriate for the Christmas dinner table.

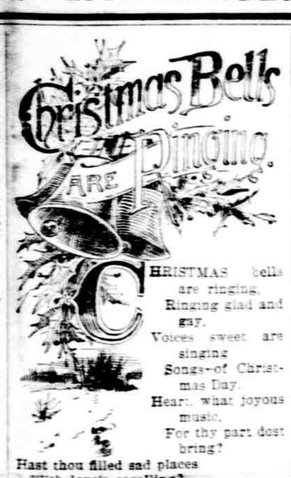
In arranging the table, the cakes, bonbons, nuts and fruits may be placed on it at the beginning, and will give it a festive appearance, rendering very little additional decoration necessary.

A Queen's Christmas Gifts.

"It is quite impossible to form an idea as to the value of the presents made by the queen or given to her," writes Lady Jeune in an article on "What Christmas Means to Queen Victoria," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In some cases, when her gifts consist of India shawls, jewelry and the like, they are very valuable because they are unique, but the presents she gives to her family, or in turn receives from them, are not expensive. The royal purse is not an inexhaustible one, and the claims on it are enormous, so that the presents given by royal people must always be regarded in the light of souvenirs and not as costly gifts. The Queen's children are not rich, and as they are not able to afford expensive presents so we may consider the value of all royal gifts from the sentimental, not the commercial, point of view, and it is its pleasantest as well as most touching aspect, for it shows that simplicity and depth of the family affection, which is neither nourished nor fostered by any feeling of greed or expectation, but which is as simple and genuine as that of the poorest subject of our great Queen."

Christmas Gifts of Money.

"If, after thinking for a long time, you cannot decide what she (my poor girl friend) would like best," writes Ruth Ashmore, in advising girls as to their Christmas-giving: "and you know her well enough to leave to her the choice of the gift, then send her the money that she may spend it for herself. But make this money look more like a chosen gift, and less like that which is so hardly earned by her; trouble yourself to go to the bank and put it in gold, or at least in a new bank note, and inclose it in a tiny little purse."



CHRISTMAS bells are ringing,
Ringing glad and gay,
Voices sweet are singing
Songs of Christmas Day.
Hear! what joyous music,
For thy part dost bring?
Hast thou filled sad places
With love's carolling?

Christmas bells are ringing,
Heart, what gift of thine
Marks the day's sweet meaning
Purposes divine?
How dost tell the story
Of the heavenly birth
With its streaming glory
Filling all the earth?

Christmas bells are ringing
Ringing joyfully,
Heart, a holy helper
Thou thyself must be:
Thou must follow, follow
Him who is the way—
Be love's advent angel
Bringing Christmas Day.

LEGEND OF THE MAGI.

The legend of the Wise Men of the East, or as they are styled in the original Greek, "the three Magi," became, under monkish influence, one of the most popular during the middle ages. The Scripture nowhere informs us that these individuals were kings, or their number restricted to three. The legend converts the magi into kings, gives their names and a minute account of their stature and the nature of their gifts. Melchior, we are thus told, was king of Nubia, the smallest man of the triad, and he gave the Savior a gift of gold. Balthazar was king of Chaldea, and he offered incense; he was a man of ordinary stature. But the third, Jasper, king of Tarshish, was of high stature, "a black Ethiope," and he gave myrrh. All came with "many rich ornaments belonging to king's array, and with a multitude of people to do homage to the Savior, then a little child 12 days old."

The barbaric pomp involved in this legend made it a favorite with artists during the middle ages. The picture of "The Offering of the Magi," which we publish, is from a circular plate of silver chased in high relief and partly gilt, which is supposed to have formed the center of a morse or large brooch, used to fasten the decorated cope of an ecclesiastic in the latter part of the fourteenth century.

The Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, found what she considered the burial place of the three kings, and their remains were removed to Constantinople and interred in the church of St. Sophia. Later they were removed to the Cathedral of Milan, and in the twelfth century to Cologne, where they still lie, in a magnificent reliquary, enriched with gems and enamels. These relics are enveloped in velvet and decorated with embroidery and jewels, so that only the upper part of each skull is seen.

OFFERING OF THE MAGIS.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

One of the greatest blessings that Christmastide brings to us is the Christmas spirit—the fulfilment to the letter of the Christian law embodied in the Golden Rule.

This is not invariably the case, but it is fortunately the rule in a great number of cases. For a little while—a month—during the Christmas season, we are turned away from all spirit of avarice and selfishness. From the tiny toddler, who has for the first time begun to realize her responsibilities as a member of the family, to the grandmother in her snowy kerchief and cap, we are all plotting and planning for others. Going to the greatest pains to conceal all our doings in order that our gifts may be genuine surprises.

If we are members of Christian churches, we have the poor with us at this season, as at no other. We think out their needs. It has been the rule in Christian churches of late years to devote the offerings of the Christmas tree to the mission school. Loving bands of King's Daughters go about and gather all manner of gifts for those who are less fortunate, for those to whom Christmas otherwise brings only empty larders and threadbare clothing. The most sordid among us, like Old Scrooge, is sure finally to have an awakening of his better nature, to find a drawing at his heart strings more powerful than the tight drawn strings of the money bags.

In Excelsis Gloria.

(A hymn dating from the 13th century.)

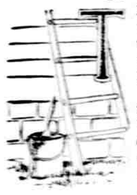
Christ is born of maiden fair;
Hark! the heralds in the air!
Thus adoring hear them there,
"In excelsis gloria!"

Shepherds saw those angels bright,
Carolling in glorious light;
God, His Son, is born tonight,
In excelsis gloria!

Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find.
Therefore sing with reverent mind,
In excelsis gloria!

A WILD ADVENTURE.

BY Y. Z.



THE adventure of which I am about to narrate occurred in the spring of 1852.

Among my shopmates was one Ned Wilson, a pattern of that class of mechanics who apply themselves only when being overlooked, and are never particular how their work is done, so that it is done. He had conceived a deep-seated dislike to me because of my rapid progress in the mysteries of my art and being, consequently often the recipient of commendation from our employer.

Time wore on, and by judicious investment of my little capital I had become possessed of a shop and the necessary surroundings peculiar to my business.

One day, about four years after I had bid adieu to the old shop, I was called upon to make an estimate for painting the church and tower situated on B—— street. As I knew that to secure this job would be the forerunner of a profitable line of work I became quite anxious to be the successful bidder, and to such an extent had the contemplation of my securing it worked upon my nervous system that I became quite feverish, and seated in my cosy parlor, my wife and cherub long since retired, I gave myself up to Fancy's sway, and many were the airy castles that were there built, to be as speedily dashed to atoms. I realized that through the kind intervention of friends I had secured the coveted contract, and, without unnecessary delay, entered upon its completion. Employes were scarce, and, as the agreement required me to have all completed in a given time, I began now to experience a new fear that, by an inability to secure the requisite help, I might blast all my contingent hopes by a failure to comply with the contract.

I had forgotten Wilson, in fact, since my establishment on my own account. I had never seen him, and as time effaces very many of the animosities which, under the influence of an hour, possess us, so, with me, had the recollection of the ill-feeling evinced toward me by him given place to a feeling of commiseration for, and, lastly, to forgetfulness of him.

One day, when almost in despair of completing the work in the required time for want of workmen, I was startled by the appearance of a man whose face wore a familiar expression and which I soon recalled to be no other than Wilson. A long, persistent course of dissipation had told sadly on him, and want spoke through the tattered garments of its continuous presence. He soon made known the object of his visit by applying for work. Under any other circumstances an indignant refusal would have met this proposal; but I saw in his presence means to assist me to the completion of the church, and, forgetful of his old malice, and deaf to the inward monitor that bade me hesitate, I engaged him to commence work for me on the next day, taking occasion, however, to require strict abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a precedent to continuation at work.

I HUNG SUSPENDED.

At the usual hour on the morrow Wilson was at the church with brushes and kettles prepared to commence work. My hands had given the first outside coat to the tower, and on that morning was to begin the application of the second. High up in the clouds raised the spire, and from its top humanity below had assumed Lilliputian proportions. The scaffolding had been placed in position the evening before and nothing prevented my workmen from pursuing their labors.

This trestle was so framed that by turning a screw it would widen or close at will, by means of a groove, so as to apply it to any window, and by entirely removing the screw it could be taken apart. I had fitted it to a window, and, securing a short ladder to it, was at the top of the ladder, busily engaged in my labors, my mind, however, creating disturbed fancies, the result of my encounter with Wilson.

How long a time had elapsed I do not know, but suddenly a feeling of insecurity possessed me. I essayed in vain to dispel it as an illusion produced by the excited state of my nerves, but the more I tried to believe it a whimsical fancy the stronger I became impressed of impending danger. No longer able to resist the warning of that inevitable monitor which at times attends every one, and forewarning of coming evil, yet failing to indicate a means of escape, I descended the ladder, intending to abandon my work until I felt sufficiently calm to resume it, when—oh, horrors!—upon the inside of the tower before me, with the malignity of Satan depicted upon his face, stood Wilson. The screw had been removed from the trestle, and with one hand he held it over his head, while with the other he balanced the trestle.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he screamed; "I've got you—now's the time to square old scores. By the gods, you've but a minute more to live; so if you've any prayers to say you'd better be quick!"

Rooted to the spot, and with hair standing on end, I essayed to beg him for my life, but the words choked in my throat and refused utterance. In vain I attempted to call to the workmen on the opposite side of the tower for help—my lips refused their duty. With the desperation of despair I sprang forward, hoping to reach the window, when the uplifted screw fell with crushing force upon my right shoulder, missing my head, at which it was leveled. At the same instant the trestle slipped, and, with my footing gone, I wildly flung my arms about.

Oh, the agony of that moment! I soon began to realize that I hung suspended in mid-air, and discovered that in my fall I had caught by the waistband of my pants to a spike, which had been left by my workmen. Still, my lips refused to utter a sound of alarm. Above me but a few feet stood Wilson. No relenting look, but the same fiendish hatred beamed down on me.

Too far below the casement to reach it I hung suspended by the brittle thread. Presently the blood commenced rushing to my head, and then slowly the band began to rip a stitch at first, then, as if gathering strength, two or three at a time. A few more breakings of the thread and I knew that I would be dashed to the hard pavement 150 feet below.

All this time, which occupied but a few seconds, yet which appeared of endless duration, I had been offering to God my prayers for the reception of my soul. Another break, and my life hung upon one more thread. Casting one more look above, my eyes, burning with pain and almost blinded by the rushing of blood, rested upon that same dreadful face. I once more prayed to God and closed my eyes. The last thread parted, and down—down—until my brain whirled, and it seemed as if the reverberations of ten thousand belching cannons were rolling through my head and my eyes were starting from their sockets—then a stillness—the seraphic music from heavenly choristers—struck upon my ears, and then I was—awakened, to find that I had been dreaming and had fallen from my chair. But the evidence of my internal agony that night remained with me, for my hair, which before was a beautiful black, had in that short hour changed to white, and for a long time there remained with me the impress of that face as I saw it looking down on me.

A TRACT FOR HER PAINS.

Dire Result of Speaking to an Old Lady in an Elevated Train.

"Julia," asked the lady who had just descended the elevated stairs of the friend whom she met at the corner, "do I look like any particular sort of reprobate? Because I've just been taken for one, and the moral of it all is to me, 'Don't volunteer any information to strangers in the cars.'" Then, taking pity upon the wearily mystified expression of Julia's face the alleged reprobate proceeded to explain the situation, says the New York Tribune. "You see," she said, "an old street a nice-looking old lady got into the train and happened to sit down by me. I noticed that she watched every station sign as if she were afraid she would not get out at the right place, and finally, when we were at about 50th street, I think, she asked the guard to tell her the nearest station to 74th street. He didn't seem to pay much attention to her—perhaps he didn't hear her—so I thought I would be polite and offer my services. 'I am going beyond that, madam,' I said, 'and I shall be glad to see that you get off at 74 street, which is the nearest for you.' Well, she thanked me, and then she began to look me over from head to foot. Just as I was getting rather nervous at this, and wondering what could possibly be wrong with my clothes, she pulled out a little pamphlet from her satchel and offered it to me. Julia, what do you think it was? A tract, as sure as I'm alive! I stared at it and then at her. Then a confused idea that she might be selling these for the benefit of some charity occurred to me, and I began to open my purse. 'No, no,' she said, in a rather grieved tone, 'salvation is free.' 'Oh—er—yes, of course,' I murmured, trying to apologize, but she went right on: 'I always carry a supply of these little leaflets with me, and make a practice of distributing them—here she looked at me harder than ever—'where I think they will do the most good.' This is 74 street, where you want to get out, was all I needed to say just then, and you may be sure I said it. But you see it all came of my speaking to her in the first place. Well, we live to learn. Good-by!' and she hurried off across town.

The Popular Chatelaine.

The chatelaine is to the front again, and the most popular are of oxidized silver. Another favorite is of gun metal and gold plate. White metal is also very much in evidence. The jeweled chatelaine is a new departure. In gold or silver, with precious stones, these very soon develop into luxuries beyond the purse of the average woman. Such excellent imitations can be secured however that almost anybody can indulge, for a moderate price, if so inclined. It is usually better to have all the attachments match in color, if possible. But, if this is not feasible, it is quite en regle to mix the oxidized and white metals. The attachments come in any number from three up. For three the most useful are the purse tablets and pencil. To these are added, in the full-dedged affairs, the salts, bon-bonniere or powder box, mirror and charity box. Novelties in neckwear are the little fur collars trimmed with lace and ribbon, and the stock and four-in-hand tie made of plaited mousseline de soie trimmed with pencil velvet and edged with lace. The new cashmeres come in thirty or more shades. This multiplicity of nuance has a long list of French names, which the general shopping public will take a long time to master.

More Precious Than Gold.

Although gold is considered the most precious of all metals, there are no fewer than sixteen others which far exceed it in value. An ounce of vanadium commands a price of $150 and could only be purchased by thirty-seven ounces of pure gold. Zirconium is valued at $100 an ounce, lithium at $98 and calcium at $62. Descending the scale of metals we find that iridium, which occupies the last place on the list, is worth 3.5 times as much as gold; palladium 4½ times as much and barium, which is fourteenth on the list, nearly six times as much.—New York Journal.

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