Across the hedge a scream I heard, And saw Priseilla run. Pursued by a gigantic bird Out in the winter sur. The gander flapped his wings in air And, hissing, presse I the pace While she with feelings of despair Led the unhappy chase.

I scaled the hedgerow double quick, And as the gander came In range I raised my walking stick And with unerring aim Landed upon his head a whack Which proved the maid's release From harm-for he turned on his back

And closed his eyes in peace. "Our Christmas bird is really quite To dangle on the peg." She murmured, "ill with rare delight

We eat him wing and lez." She smiled and said, "You'll come aroun On Christmas Day to dine? I answered, with a bow profound, "I'll be there snow or shine!"

In juicy pride the gander lay Most luscious, brown and fat. Upon the dish that Christmas Day, While we about him sat. Across the board upon me fell

Her smile, which was the spring's, Till I was dazed and couldn't tell The drumsticks from the wings. We ate him till he was a wreck-A wreck of loveliness-And then unto her fairy beck And call, I must confess,

I went for love's most precious sake-(Love set my dreams astir)-Behind the flowered screen to break The frail wish bone with her. I won the better part, and wished-She seemed my wish to read.

With subtle skill indeed. Just then the Christmas chimes with zest Trembled across the dell, She blushed as if they did suggest The merry wedding bell.

While with her eye in mine she fished

My golden wish, made on that day Of revelry and mirth, Has been fulfilled-percetual May For me begilds the earth. That wish bone, like the horseshoe old. That brings good luck galore,

Now, mended, hangs wit' charm untold Above our cottage door. -R. K. Munkittrick.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.



Jason Hogarth looked at his daughter inquiringly as if expecting her to suggest some suitable gift. But she was busy at that moment testing the condition of a cake in the oven by thrusting a broom straw into it, and when she had risen to her feet her father said: a silver handle las' Christmas; paid

four dollars an' seventy-nine cents for it; an' I'll be switched if she's had it out o' the case it came in but one thing this Christma, that she'll have reckon. You an' Tom'll be over to the arms had tightened in a warm emto use an' enjoy. West kin you suge eat dinner with us Christmas, I brace around his neck, and of how gest, Mandy?' His married daughter, Amanda Jen-

ness, now stood at her molding board rolling out pie crust. She was a dumpy of manner on both sides. little body with laughing blue eyes and a good-humored expression of as her father walked out of the yard countenance. But now a look of de- and down the road toward his own termination came in her face and she home. "The settest man that ever rolling pin held in both hands across dying to see Jenny's babies, an' I just growing warmer. her checked gingham apron. "You want me to tell you what to

get for ma's Christmas gift, pa?"

"I can tell you in one word, pa." "You kin? Well, I'll git it if it It was dark when Jason Hogarth to the kitchen. His wife looked up tival because the coming of Christ don't come at too high a figger. Never reached his house. There were no from the weekly paper she was read- has changed altogether the position of had better crops in my life than I had lights in the front win lows of the big, ling and said: this year. My onions an' tobacker 'Il square farm house with an incredibly bring me in \$200 more'n I expected to long L back of it. He walked around git for 'em, an' the rozberry crop was to the rear, where streams of cheery come down an' gone to bed long ago." something tremenjus an' I didn't have light shone from the kitchen windows. to sell a quart for less'n twenty cents. A pleasant odor of frying ham greeted Your madone her full share o' work him as he entered the kitchen, where the coffee so I kin make me a cup an' I'm anxious to git her something a table with a snowy cloth was set for l'fore I start.' real hansom for Christmas. What supper, close to the shining kitchen

His daughter looked at him steadily for a moment and then said slowly and distinctly:

"Jenny!" A sullen frown took the place of the His eyes flashed ominously and his voice was harsh and cold as he said: | per 'about ready?" "Haven't I told you, Mandy Jenness, never to mention that name to

"I know that you have," replied what he called his daughter's "impu-Mandy with gathering courage; "but | dence," and Mrs. Hogarth's thoughts I never said that I wouldn't do it, and could not be given utterance, because come in at the front door?" when you asked me what I thought they were of Jenny.

It was 9 o'clock at night, bitterly Dashaway—"While Miss Perstock ma'd like best for Christmas, I just "I must go up to the attic an' git cold and stormy, and Christmas Eve. was under the mistletoe last night I gold you what I knew she'd like best. out the buff'lo robes," said Mr. Ho. Jason had just come home from He. talked with her five minutes and di-ln't

father's frowning visage: shortening her days grieving for Jen. got to be off by 5 o'clock.

Overcont. "When your stater Jenny trunk."

disgraced the family by up an' running away with that Will Martin an' marown her as my daughter ag'in, an' I runk lid, he held the candle lower. In said that she should never cross my threshold ag'in, an' she china head. He picked it up and cheerily:

"I know that the Martins are a as trifling as any of 'em. Like enough | married man then, and he had worked it was born in 'em to be so. But there nearly all day at husking corn for a how. It's all on the table. never was anything bad about 'em, neighbor, to earn money to buy that an' he's dead an' gone now. An' when | doll head, and his wife had set up unwe weren't so poor ourselves, an' if | before Jenny had yet come into the | hind Jason. my husband's invalid mother didn't world. It was the very first tiny garhave to live with us, I'd bring Jenny ment she had made, and her husband an' her children right here to live."

shame, pa, that you won't even let her her and kissed her, and then he had go to Hebron to see Jenny. It's kill- kissed the tiny garment itself. ing ma. To think of her own daughsix years! It's wicked. If I was ma I'd go no matter what you said."

replied her father, coldly. Then he

brass-headed nails that had lost their said: ryin' into that good-for-nothing brass-headed nails that had lost their said:
Martin family, I said that I'd never luster years ago. Throwing up the "I want to go into the parlor a minstared at it a moment.

poor, shiftless lot, an' that Will was long years ago. He was a poor young can't wait until morning. recalled how she had blushed and tried for me, and this is Marthy Isabelle, "I'd never darken your door ag'in to hide it under her apron when he had found her at work on it. He re-"I guess ma would. It's a burning membered that he had taken it from

The caudle in his hand shook

He dropped on one knee before a light and joyous that she looked up small, old, heir-covered trank, with quickly. He picked up a lamp and

A moment later he called out

"Come in here an' see your Christ-His mind went back to a Christmas mas gift, me. It's such a beauty I "Better wait until after supper any-

"No; come in here first." When she reached the open door of I think of poor Jenny workin' the way | til midnight to make the clumsy body | the parlor she saw her husband on his she has to work over there in Hebron | stuffed with sawdust. He remembered | knees between a little boy of about to support herself an' her two little how his little Jenny had shricked with four years and a little girl of two, his children, an' you with plenty and to joy when she found the doll in her arms around their waists. A little wospare, I know it isn't right. I can tell stocking the next morning. And what man with a thin, pale, tear stained you now, father, that I go to see Jenny ev'ry time I go to Hebron, an' if baby sacque. His wife had made it mourning bonnet, was standing be-

"Why-why-Jenny!"
"And this is Walter Jason, named named for you," said Jasov, joyously. "Ceme, come ma; stop huggin' an' cryin' over Jenny an' take a look at your gran'-children. What do you say to them for a Christmas gift?" She knelt down and took them in

A Strange Reconciliation. "The strangest thing I ever knew

ELLICOTT CITY, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

in nature," said Albert Sentez, "was in Texas. The town of Cisco at the junction of the Denver and Rio Grande and the Texas Pasific Railroads is right in the cyclone district. Eastland, the county seat, is twelve miles east of Cisco and not so large a place. Between the trio is a creek, in which the water is not deep. There lived in Cisco a couple who could never get along, and the wife finally left her husband and went to live with her parents on the outskirts of Eastland. They had not seen each other for nearly three years, when one day the little city of Cisco was almost entirely destroyed by a cyclone. The man at the time was sitting on his porch, and the wind picked him up, carried him out on the prairie, then rolled him along, until he reached the creek, when he stuck in the mud. That night another evelone came from the other direction and struck the house where the wife lived. It was not so severe, and after blowing away a few houses, passed out on the prairie. Among the residences destroyed was that of the wife. She started to run and the wind blew so hard that she could not stop until she, too, stuck in the mud of the creek within ten feet from her husband. He succeeded in extricating himself first, and, seeing some one else in trouble, although having no idea as to who she was, helped his wife out. Then, for the first time in years, they spoke to each other, and the result of the wind blowing them into the same hole from opposite directions was a reconciliation, and they are living together now. I have known cyclones to do many queer things, but that is the only instance of two com-bining to unite a family."--- Washing-

A Headsman With a History.

On the little Island of Ustice, forty miles from Palermo, Italy, there died the other day a man who for years was the terror of Naples and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. He was Gaetano Impellizzeri, once the headsman under Ferdinand II. of Naples. The useless executions attributed to Impellizzeri are countless, and, with the craelty which he showed, led to his denunciation by Mr. Gladstone forty years ago in the Phillipies which that statesman directed against Ferdinaud. The executions were only in part public; it was the executions in secret - usually at -which gave the man his power. It was he who executed in San Francisco place, Naples, the Calabrian Agesilas Milanoque, who on December 9, 1856, had made a bayonet thrust at King Ferdinand II., and patriots innumerable became his victims.

When Garibaldi entered Naples in September, 1850, the excited populace went in search of the hated headsman; but he cared much for his own life, although he thought little of that of others, and escaped with his wife. Later he was imprisoned on the Island of Ustica, where he became an officer of the fort built in those days to protect the island against pirates. He was in receipt of a pension of \$5 a month-much more than he deserved. He was eighty-one years old at the time of his death. - New York Tribune.

Grafting a Snake. Dr. G. A. Countryman, of Mallete South Dakota, possesses a combination snake. It is half garter and half sand snake, and his peculiar composition was possible by a surgical operation performed by the doctor. His attention was directed to snakes from observing that when a snake was killed its tail appears to live until the sun goes down, when life ceases. It is thought by many that this is owing to the nerves, but the doctor was somewhat sceptical on this point. Being a surgeon, he dissected several, and made some interesting discoveries. He found that in both the sand and garter snakes the spinal column extended little more than half the length of the body. Knowing that it was possible to graft flesh, this led him to chloroform them and try splicing them, making the splice, of course, below the end of the spinal column. He made four unsuecessful attempts, but succeeded in the fifth. The grafted snake he has now is apparently in good health, and the jointed parts are perfectly knitted together. Its body is of the sand snake and its tail is a garter snake's. - Fargo

(South Dakota) Argus.

Evidence Against Him, "Why don't you have me called at 6 o'clock?" roared a commercial trav- is a sick headache which has been the plague eler in one of our city hotels, as he of your life, and you appoint some ocfaced the clerk and banged his fist casion of mirth or sociability or usofulness,

down on the register. "I did," calmly replied the clerk. "You did not, sir."

"I tell you I did." "You did not, sir, and I can prove

"All right, go ahead; but you cen't prove it." "Yes, I can." "Prove it, then."

"Well, you did not have me called at 6 o'clock, because I did not leave word to be called at all," and the commercial man grinned and looked for the clerk to blush and apologize. But he looked in vain. A little thing like that wouldn't bother a hotel clerk .- Bangor News.

Pleasure Galley of a Roman Emperor. Divers in the lake of Nemi, near Albano, have found at the bottom of the lake, eighty feet from the shore, the pleasure galley in which the Emperor Tiberius held his orgies. It still seems to be decorated with bronzes and mosaics. They have brought up bronze heads, a wolf and a lion, targets with inscriptions, and rings for the docss. Cardinal Colonna tried the docks. Cardinal Colonna tried or the extravagance of a partner who overwithout success to recover the galley in the fifteenth century, and another or the extravagance of a partner who overdrawn is account, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man, "If you in the fifteenth century, and another attempt was made at the beginning of this century, when some large bronze nails were brought up. - New York

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

Subject: "The Petty Annoyances of Text: "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."-Deuteronomy vii., 20. It seems as if the insectile world were de termined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grainfields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colora to beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzal out of Noah's ark as the ark was opened.

In my text, the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run billowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cau-tiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful covering we were

Sunday Sermon.

them alighting on one man will produce The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts upon which Persians role were army was broken up and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Causan nites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of warcould not accom-

plish was done by the puncture of an insect.
The Lord sent the hornet.
My friends, when we are assaulted by great behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, n!as! for these insectile annoyance of life, these foes too small to shoot, these things without any avoirdupois weight, the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the protect. the hornets! In other words, it is the sma'l stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and giorious purpose, God has sent the hornet.

remark, in the first place, that these small stinging annoyances may come in the small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of nervous organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says. "Oh, she's only a little nervous, that's all?" The sound of a heavy foot, the bursh clearing of a throat a discord in harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this coun-try are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are un-der the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor phystor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaan-ites spoken of in the text or in the context they have a very thin covering and are vul-

nerable at all points. "And the Lord sent Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeennot be with for an hour but you feel cheered and conforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for an other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and retail it. They gather up all the alverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, au I they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They kuuch heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh, too—outside.

These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the book of Ruth. Naomi went forth beautiful and with the fluest of worldly prospects, and into another land; but, after awhile, she came back widowed and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out, and, instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their han Is and said, "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you do look!" When I entered the ministry, I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consump tion, and, passing through the room I would sometimes hear people sigh and say, "A-ah, not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I spenk reap and bind in the great harvest field of discourage. ment. Some day you greet them with a hi-larious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing infor-mation. "The Lord seat the hornest." When I see so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler. a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." Isnid, "Yes." He said, "No use, no use;

The small insect annoyances of life some times come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it and when the clock strikes the hour you can-not make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your intellect elearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employes, but whatever be the fact we all a lmit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equi-librium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say, "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to seeld Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances.

"The Lord sent the hornet." These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody eise.

It is not the panies that kill the merchants.

Panies come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our Na-tional commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost deflant, but

their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances.

"The Lord sent the hornel."

I have noticed in the history of some that

hornet is of no use? Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spilers, and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyaness of our life upon The Eminent Washington Divine's us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

Times.

These annoyances are sent on us, I thin't, to wake us up from our letharzy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest or "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persurde us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bol of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow treesends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright, parallel bars--upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand, and he begins to climb one inch it a time, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured reaches after awhile the ceiling. And it seems to me that these aunoyances in life are a moral zymusium, each worriment a pez with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it struck with something that sent us shricking caunot be cultured in fan weather. Pationes away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has is a child of the storm. If you had every-thing desirable, and there was nothing more captains over hundreds, and twenty of to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about and sick and half deal. "Oh," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-to man I would be patient, too." You might as well say, "If it

vere not for this water. I would swim," or. of could shoot this gun if it were not for the charge." When you stand chin deep in aunoyaness is the time for you to swim out toward the great heallands of Christian at the charge. linment, so as to know Christ and th ower of His resurrection and to have felowship with His sufferings. Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the stag. I have formed

this theory in regard to small annoyance and vexations. It takes just so much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverized and granulated. there is one man who takes it in the oulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him, while the vast majority of people take the thing pieceneal. Which way ple take the tiling piece neal. Which was would you rather have it? Of course it piecemeal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken law; better ten fly blisters than an amputation; better twenty squalls than one eyelone. There may be a difference of opinion as to allopathy an I homeo-pathy, but in this matter of trouble I like nomeopathy doses—small pillets of annoy-ance rather than some knock down dose of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt gives would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than \$100 than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting his \$10,000. In this tatter case you cough and look down to the floor, and you look up at the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require an to trust in Christ for success and for de iverance from impatience and irritablilty. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an in vasion of rats, and these small creatures a'most devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him—followed him to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could,

on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the lepths forever.

How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50.000 touches. I hear the canvas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "Yo," says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which under God are making up the picture of your life to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to

look at. God knows how to make a pict-I go into a sculptor's stu lio and see hin shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives i very gentle stroke--elick, elick, elick. "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh. he replies, "that would shatter the statue! I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after awhile the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fascinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke prepare you for heaven. Ah, no! God says that is not the way. And so H, keeps on by strokes of little vexitions until at last you shall be a glad spectacle for angels and for

You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small de-pletions. It is the little troubles of life that ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain-field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my properly. I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of little annoyances that are hewing, digging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One luciter match may send destruction through a block of store-houses. Catherine de Medicis got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus. by stopping and asking for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan con-vent, was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection between trifles and immensities, between nothings and everythings.

Now, be caroful to let none of those annoyances go through your soul un arraigned. Competthem to administer to your spiritual wealth. The scratch of a sixpenny nail sometimes produces lockjaw, and the clip of i most infinitesmal annoyance may damage you forever. Do not let any annoyance or perplexity come across your soul without its making you better. Our Government does not think it belit-

tling to put a tax on small articles. The in-dividual taxes do not amount to much, but n toe aggregate to millions and millions of dollars. And I would have you. O Christian man, put a high tariff on every nanoyance and vexation that comes through your sou. This might not amount to much in single pases, but in the aggregate it would be a great ravenue of spiritual strength and sails faction. A bee can suck honey even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of a lyenturers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by flies that infest that region at certain seasons. I have seen the earth strewa with the carcasses of men slain by insect annoyanees. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the conflict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait until there comes a general engagegeneral would say to such a man, "If you are not fathful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general engagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale, you will never be able to apply them on a large scale.

If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you even one a garden-1 river flowing through it, garantums and shrubs on the sides and the gass and flowers as beau-tiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid man-sion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every half in your house set with statues their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a ways sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The

your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live 150 years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath.

"Not each one of us?" you say. Yes. Each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes. The only difference f would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah, I bethink myself, He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven—that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world,

or we would want no heaven. Polycarp was con lemned to be burned to death. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kindled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout brezz, so that the flames, instead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to undersained that by God's grace the flames of trial, instead of consuming your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of blessing. Got is going to fulfill to you the blessing and the promise, as He did to Polycarp, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand. You shall know hereafter. In understand. You shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hor-

WORDS OF WISDOM,

The man who dies young will not be bliged to die old.

It is often a good thing that men do not practice what they preach. There is a great deal of common

sense in getting scared in time. The man who assiduously courts rouble will in the end be married to it. It is exceedingly bad husbandry to 'harrow" up the feelings of your wife. When a woman is indifferent to the size of her feet, it is a sign of old age.

Hindoo Fakirs.

Herr Kahn not long ago presented communication on this subject to he Anthropological Society of Munich. He had the opportunity of personally observing two cases as to the genuineness of which he had no doubt whatever. One of the fakirs referred to had been buried alive for six weeks, the other for ten days. The condition which the fakir has the power of producing artificially is in all respects identical with the cataleptic trance. The fakirs, who are all hysterical subjects of a very pronounced type, put themselves through a regular course of training before the performance, weakening themselves by semi-starvation, taking internally various vegetable substances known only to them, keeping their bodies motionless in the same position for

several hours at a time, etc. When the fakir has by these means got himself into the proper condition he has only to lie down in one of the positions enjoined by the sacred books and fix his eyes on the end of his nose to fall into a state of trance. The fakirs are also believed to use hasheesh for the purpose of lessening the force of respiration; that bypnotic agent, associated with other vegetable substances and used in a special manner, is believed by them to supply the want both of air and nourishment. At the beginning of the trance the fakir has hallucinations, hearing heavenly voices, seeing visions, etc. Grad-

ually, however, consciousness becomes annulled, the body becomes rigid, and, as the fakirs themselves say, "the spirit rejoins the soul of the world." -British Medical Journal.

A Tough Goose.

The manager of a certain cotton mill in Lancashire keeps some geese on a bit of square ground behind the engine house. Last Thursday morning, about 6.30 o'clock, the engineer went out and left the engine house door open, and the geese walked in. One of them in some way got into the fly-wheel, and when the engine started and the fiv-wheel commenced going round at the rate of seventy-seven revolutions a minute, goosey could not get out again. When the engineer went into the engine house again he saw the unfortunate bird still going round, but, thinking that it must be

already dead, did not stop the engine. Imagine his surprise, an hour and a half after, when he stopped the engine for breakfast, to see the goose walk out as if nothing had happened. It was very dizzy, but in a few minutes it seemed to come round, and started walking up and down and eating along with the others. It is living yet, and does not look any the worse for its ride, only that it is covered with black oil. The fly-wheel is sixteen yards in circumference, and goes around at the rate of seventy-seven revolutons per minute. The goose was in ninety minutes, and so would have gone round 6030 times, or have traveled sixty-three miles. J. H. Clegg, of Milnrow, near Roch-

dale, vouches for theaccuracy of these facts.-London Weekly Telegram.

Robbed a Stage With a Bogus Gun. A stage robber held up the stage on the Ager-Klamath Falls line near Keno, Oregon, with a bough of a tree one day last week. The District Attorney and a Deputy Sheriff were the only passengers. A voice from a clump of bushes by the roadside called out "Hey, put up your hands," and glancing in the direction of the voice the driver and passengers saw what they took to be the barrel of a rifle sticking out of the bush. They promptly threw up their hands. Then, following instructions, the driver threw out the mail sacks and drove on. A few rods further on the Deputy Sheriff jumped off, stole back, and shot the robber. The man had no weapons and had pointed a stick of wood at the stage. But experience teaches people in that region not to question appearances too closely when they indicate firearms. - New York Sun.

The Burglar's Mistake.

A burglar shows his ignorance when he cracks a safe in this age. Business men no longer leave large amounts of money in their safes over night, but use the safes for the safe keeping of books and papers, valuable only to the owner. A burglar might crack & dozen safes, and not find enough money to buy a new suits of clothes. A good many merchants leave their safes unlocked, and keep a placard hung on them stating this fact for the benefit of burglars. - Atchison (Kan.)



It is the holy Chrisimas-iime That sheds a glow through all the year. Hark, how the bells, a silv'ry chime, Ring out their welcome far and near!

'nose?'' "Yes, I s'pose so."

They parted with manifest stiffaess "Set! set! set!" said Mrs. Jenness, leeve that father'd soften if he saw 'em once. The only grandchildren

so he should see those two dear little for the first time. tots once!"

"It was so chilly in the dining-room,

I thought we'd eat supper out here," said his wife, a small, slight, gray haired woman

"Yes; I'll take it right up." Jason was inwardly rebellious over on gittin' up at 4 in the mornin'."

She'd rather have my sister Jenny than anything money can buy."

Then she added, undaunted by her mornin' I won't have time to git the with her supper that it might be find out?" robes then. I guess I'll put right off ready and hot when he came in. She "I firmly believe, pa, that ma is for bed soon as I git the robes. I've had also bathed her eyes hastily in

ny. She just is! I'm going to say my Five minutes later he was in his that she had been crying. But he say while I'm at it, whether you like musty, cobwebbed old attic, candle in would know if he had any discernment it or not. I know that I owe you re- hand. When he had found the robes at all, for she had been crying nearly

"Wait a minnit, Mandy," her father I'll need it if it's cold as I think it'll the front door?" she asker. said, rising and buttoning up his be in the morning. Mebbe it's in this

O blesse i season, angel-quest. Thou comest alike to all on earth. Bearing sweet gifts of love and resi, Of precious hope and heartfeit mirth.

"I must be goin', for I've got to go | fifth birthday and in a heavy black solitary time, an' then she knowed it 'round by Job Prouty's an' see if he'll case was a daguerrectype of her with here by me, Jenny an' Jason, an' let wa'n't goin' to rain. Beats all how loan me his light wagon to go to He- the beads around her neck. The lit- me thank the Christ who was born on savin' your ma is of things. There's bron with, Wednesday. I broke the tle pictured face smiled up at him Christmas Day for this an' for the the silk dress pattern I got 'er two tongues o' mine Sunday au' that pesky from the frame and there was a mist beautiful Christmas there will be unyears ago this Christmas, not even wagonmaker down to the village ain't before his eyes when he thought of der this roof to-morrow!"---Detroit made up yit. I want to git her some- | goin' to git it fixed fer a month, I | how many, many times those bare lit. | Free Press.

many times those smiling lips had kissed him and said:

"I love you best of anybody in all the world, farver." Everything in the trank was a reminder of her in her baby days, of his little Jenny. He sat down on the is more forcibly impressed upon you, floor beside the trunk and took the turned suddenly and faced her father, | walked the earth! I wouldn't stand | things out one by one, the stern look | ceive." with her back to the table and the it about Jenny if I was mother. She's in his face softening and his heart

he's got on earth, and he nor ma never how Jenny had looked when she came on its solution would solve the tariff "Yes; blamed if I know what to even saw them. If I dared I'd fix it toddling out to meet him, wearing it question if it could all be gathered to-

It was 9 o'clock when he went back

"I'm goin' right away. Set me out | child is in the midst thereof. some breakfast on the table and fix

"I shall get up an' get you a good hot breakfast myself, Jason.' "You needn't to, Marthy, it'll be so

"I shall get up just the same. How husky your voice is, Jason. I'm 'fraid offerings to the poor have been the "I enjoy eatin' in the kitchen of a you took cold up there in the attic. way in which people have expressed kindly smile on his wrinkled face. cold night like this," said her hus. What ever were you doing up there thanks and shown their joyfulness. It band. "It's gittin' colder fast. Sun- all this time?"

"Oh, just lookin' over some old the Christmas gift that pleases the rethings. I didn't take any cold. Bet- cipient. They talked little while they atc. ter go to bed, Marthy, if you're bent

> Why, Jason, how'd you happen to It was 9 o'clock at night, bitterly cold water that he might not know any longer."

"You mustn't ask questions so near she hasn't come down yet."-Parper's explain why he is permitted to be such Christmas time," he said in a voice so Young People.

Ring, Christmas belis, and tell again

The good old truth for ever new! There is no heart so dull with pain But will rejoice and sing with you. than you are to me. Kneel right down

Christmas Thoughts. tiny present will fill it.

A child's hand is so small that The gift of gifts is love, and there is no other in the world that can hide its lack or its scantiness. It's at Christmas that the old adage

"Tis more blessed to give than to re-The principal Christmas problem is to extract a variety of pretty presents He smiled when he came to a little from a limited financial area, and the white sunbonnet and remembered just amount of wearing brain work spent

gether and applied. Christmas should be the home festhe woman and has put in their proper "Why, Jason, you ain't been up in light the rights of childhool. Hencethe attic all this time? I s'posed you'd forth the wife an I mother is the chief figure in every home, and a little

> Origin of Christmas Gilts. At the time of the Roman Saturnalia, friends, masters and slaves feasted together, and gifts were exchanged in a manner similar to the present time. In fact, from the earliest times the giving and receiving of gifts and the is the thought, and not the expense of

In giving presents at this season they should be chosen with love in the heart, and the thought of suitableness. Breaking the Ice.

Cleverton - "How did you findly Dashaway-"She said she guessed

there wasn't any use in standing there

Freddy (the day before Christmas) - "Santa Clause is going to have some spect, but I owe my own and only sister something, too, and one duty is just as important as the other. If I—" up here in some o' them trunks? "How'd you happen to come in at "I went up to the roof yesterday and all day. Her heart had been so heavy trouble coming down our chimney." put a stray cat in the chimney, and other two \$50 a year each, which may

A Pooh-Bah in Michigan,

There does not appear to be much of a scramble for public office in Tawas City, Mich., as one man there holds five at the present time. He is village marshal, street commissioner, truant officer, night watchman and lamplighter. Three of these offices pay him \$100 a year each, and tho a Poch bai.