

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY A. W. HOLLOWAY.

They say to-night is Christmas Eve, and high as I could reach I've hung my stockings on the wall, and left a kiss on each.

MIDNIGHT.

Mother, is it the morning yet? I dreamed that it was here. I thought the sun shone through the pane, so blessed and so clear.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

All night has I wept with weeping till the bells are ringing wild. All night have I wept with my sorrow, and in my tears like a child.

Philips's Last Manifesto.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The division among Republicans in several States is no sign of hostility to the party. They are only protests by its friends against its inactivity.

are to help temperance and self-control to secure culture and leisure, to help work out the social problems of the day, to bring to a focus and to practical results the scattered hopes and dreams of thoughtful and wise men.

Of this change the leaders of the Republican party do not seem to be aware. Bred in old Whig or Democratic schools, and living on their traditions, they fancy that this or that man's claim to the Presidency, this or that idle and ephemeral theory of finance, some old national grudge or new revenge, are enough to found a party on.

In order to do this we sought to lift it to a pledge on behalf of temperance and workingmen's causes. We knew no party could afford to risk such a step until, by some means, its leaders were shown that a fair portion of their followers accepted these ideas.

The marching of these two moral questions out from republican ranks had special significance. It showed advanced thought and the highest moral protesting against the low plane of party purpose.

It is remarkable how much the public interest has increased within forty years in moral questions. It is the general belief that government and society are bound to watch and serve not only the paid, civil rights, but the moral improvement and social elevation of the race.

politics, I did not dare to refuse my name when friends thought the use of it might help this rally in behalf of the institutions. Had there been any chance of being elected I should not, as I told both committees, have allowed my name to be used.

Of course we have just such insults, misrepresentation and abuse as the old Whigs and Democrats heaped on the Abolitionists when they first organized a political party.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY J. H. HOLLOWAY.

There's a song in the air, There's a star in the sky, There's a mother who prays, And a baby's low cry.

Beautiful Gardens.

One of the prettiest spots in the neighborhood of Genoa, probably forming the most beautiful gardens in the sunny clime, is described at length in the letter of a correspondent who visited them.

RESPIRATORY SURFACE OF HUMAN LUNGS.—According to Hopley's "Lectures on the Education of Man," the number of air cells in the human lungs "amount to no less than six hundred millions."

A Wolf Story.

A wien-like romance hangs over the heights that crown the River Rhine. Tales of feudal magnificence ancient times rival the stories that lend romantic history to scenes of the same character in Scotland, and the Rhine passes in its course through all the varied changes of nature.

The Upper Rhine form a frontier department of France, and Alsace, which belonged to the German Empire till 1568, after passing the control of Austria, was finally annexed to France by Louis XIV. in 1697.

Rarely, however, does the wolf make these incursions, unless impelled by the natural business of his disposition, and he then becomes the most ravenous of animals, exercising all the capacity of the fox with an insatiable intensity that leads him in extremity to prey upon the carcass of his brother wolf.

An old hunter relates a night's experience in the forest of the Vosges (when the presence of these animals were more numerous than at the present time) and how, by an ingenious ruse, he defended himself and dogs from the onset of a pack of these ravenous beasts.

Night had over taken the hunter more than a league and a half from the nearest civilized border. Accustomed to the bivouac, he did not hesitate to spend the night in the forest, relying upon the results of the day's labor for a satisfactory meal, which with a huntsman's providential skill, was duly prepared by the cheerful fire that contributed both nourishment and warmth.

At last a bright thought suggested it to the hunters' experience, and knowing that the nature of wolves was sometimes appeased by scraping of a violin, he drew from his vest his flute, and struck upon it the highest keys in the loudest notes.

The effect was so instantaneous as remarkable. A rushing sound of flying feet sounded accompaniment to the notes of the flute, and the rustling of leaves in the distance died away as the ravenous pack fled to the inner recesses of the forest.

Since then he never ventured to make a bivouac without companions, even in the forests bordering on civilization, for at that period it was not unusual for a predatory wolf, urged by hunger, to peck the border settlements, and bear off the sheep of the hardy peasants.

The wolf, when taken young, may be domesticated and readily bred with dogs, and their progeny are esteemed as valuable shepherd dogs.

In the east, as in Europe, they are found, but ever fleeing from the face of civilization; they are only sheltered in the recesses of the mountainous forests, or lurk on the borders of arid and unpopulated plains.

A colored mail carrier in Virginia was recently well shaken by a man for kicking his dog: "Look-a-here, massa," he said, "you'd better be keener how you shakes dis chile's cos when you shakes me, you shakes de whole ob de United States; I carries de mails."

A Grave Without a Monument.

The noblest of the cemeteries is the ocean. It is, and in human language ever will be unwritten. Its elements of sublimity are subjects of feeling, not description.

The French courts of Algiers have decided the marriage of ex-prisoners and it is very natural that Russia should have an eye on Turkey these thanksgiving times.

The inhabitants of various western towns celebrated, November 17, the anniversary of Swiss independence, and the best quality of charcoal pig can be profitably produced in Tennessee and Georgia for less than \$20 per ton.

A woman in Iowa, womanly and virtuous, that she will not be answerable for her husband's debts.

Whenever a man opens a champagne in Boston he gives a grand banquet to the mayor, clergy and nobles.

Upwards of one hundred tobacco barrels have been burned in Paducah, Ky., within the last few months.

A charming girl in Covington, Ky., last week giggled to the extent of losing her lower jaw.

A large hall for little children, opened in New York City, and over twenty to be admitted to the floor.

The war is affecting the tobacco fields of this country adversely, France and Germany being the largest consumers.

A Chicagoan, pitying the miseries of a bachelordom, has invented a contrivance for wearing pantaloons without a waistcoat.

A Newport couple have just celebrated their pearl wedding, having been married for seventy years.

The Union Catholic paper published in Rome, has assumed, and proposes to continue, a black border until the Pope is restored.

The experience of all the agents of our charitable societies confirms the opinion that it is very unwise to give money to these beggars.

The Prussians are having a quiet time in the wine districts of France, and monuments of their progress may be found in the shape of piles of empty bottles.

Stocking suspenders are a new article for ladies' wear just coming into vogue, and are regarded as a valuable substitute for the barbarous and injurious garters.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

John Peckerel, aged 103, died recently in Pendleton county, Kentucky.

Memphis disrespectfully styles the Mississippi the "daddy of flood."

\$1,000,000 worth of gold has been mined in Hall county, Georgia.

New Iberia, Louisiana, has a newspaper called the "Sugar Bowl."

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In railroad cars the reason that they put locks on the stove doors, of course, is to "keep the fire from going out."

Mr Smith, of Ohio, had to change his name to Dr. Farret Montpelier, before his girl would marry him.

The police force of Portsmouth, Va., not having been paid for three months, have quit the business and gone a-begging.

At a New York fashionable wedding, recently, the gloves of the bride cost \$190.

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