HOW OFTEN WE FORGET.

We are too heedless of the little things Done for our comfort by our own each day Too thoughtless of the cheek our lips might

kiss: The grateful word-so short a word to say! We notice not the tired feet hurrying On our small errands: fail to heed the meek Word of reproof, nor sicken with the thought That at our blunders less kind lips might speak God trains His angels in our simple homes, While we search skyward for the radiant

And heaven's light plays about the patient

wings;

Who at our hearthstones daily toil and sing-How often we forget, till dear tired hands And tender watchful eyes Weary of waiting for our tardy thanks Slip into Paradise.

THE IMP'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

On the day before Christmas, or, to be perfectly accurate, at half past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th of December, the Imp was driving through a heavy Ver-mont blizzard, huddled on the back seat of an old-fashioned sleigh, between his mother and his Aunt Gertrude. Facing them sat his father and his Uncle Stanley; and Joshua Peebles, the driver, was perched upon the raised seat in front.

The Imp was cold and cramped; his mother was cold and frightened; his father was cold and angry. And the horses, to judge from their actions, were cold and tired, for they stopped suddenly in the middle of the whirling flakes and refused to move a step, for all Joshua Peebles's

clucking and urging.
"Oh, dear," cried the Imp's mother, "what a dreadful storm! What shall we do, Mr. Peebles? Isn't this terrible? How I wish we had stayed at the hotel !"

"Mebbe't would 'a' been jes' as well if you had," replied Mr. Peebles politely. 'That's enough of that," said the Imp's father decidedly. "Do you know where we are at all, Peebles?"

'Well," Mr. Peebles began, "I ain't so sure as I might be, but I guess we're on the road. I guess we're somewheres, more or

The rest of the party, cold and unhappy as they were, laughed at this cautious remark, and the Imp poked his nose out of the bearskin rug to see what had amused His sharp little eyes pierced the thick white veil around them, and he cried

triumphantly. 'Here we are! Here's Grandma Stafford's! Let's get out, quick!"

Joshua Pesbles shook his head. "No,

sonny, you're wrong. This ain't your gran'ma's by a good three miles. We ain't near to any place—wish we were. That's just a snow bank you see." He stopped suddenly and shaded his eyes with his big red worsted gloves.

"By gracious, it is a house!" he shout-"It ain't Mis' Stafford's, but it is Darius Hobbs's! I didn't know we'd come so far. Now, look here, folks; I guess you've had enough o' this. You just get out while you can, and go right into Darius's and wait till this lets up. The team can't drag you much farther, and that's a fact. With your weight out, I'll take 'em to Mis' Stafford's—it ain't but two miles, and if I get stalled before I get there I can stop off at Deacon Scofield's. She'll know why you had to wait. What do von sav ?"

'But I don't see any house," the Imp's father began doubtfully. Mr. Peebles handed him the reins, jump ed down, sank nearly to his waist in snow,

and plowed ahead a few yards. "Here's the gate!" he called back. 'Come in my path before it fills up, an' bring the ladies along. Hurry up, now."
Almost before they realized how they had come, the little party was standing on the snowy front porch, surrounded by traveling bags and suit cases, the Imp congratulating himself publicly on his good eye-sight; he was very proud that he had discovered the house first.

"I'll ring the bell, Mr. Peebles," he said, stamping his feet in imitation of the men, and seizing the white china bell knob. 'Here's some writing pinned up," he added, pointing to a sheet above it.

Aunt Gertrude stepped forward, shivering, and read the writing aloud. 'Have gone to Cousin Lon's for the Will be back tomorrow,''' she read

with chattering teeth. They stared at one another in consterna-

"Well !" cried Mr. Peebles, if that ain't the greatest! Gone over to 'Lonzo's have ? Well, they'll stay there quite a spell, I guess. They're snowed-up there, ' as you're snowed-up here."

Poor little Aunt Gertrude sank down on the white step and choked. She had never been so cold in all her life. The Imp's toe began to ache, and he whined fretfully Why didn't his father do something? Well, what'll we do, Joshua?" said

Uncle Stanley, as cheerfully as though there were a dozen things they might do and he were offering the choice.
"Do?" repeated Joshua, "do? Why,

just go right in an' make yourselves to home, that's all! Darius and his folks would want ve to do that. I know where they keep the key," and he reached up be-hind one of the blinds and took down a big

brass door key.
"Here, Mr. Stafford, here you are. Make a fire and find something to eat, and when lets up I'll come and get you. I daresn't leave the team another minute, or they'll freeze stiff. Good-by !"

They watched him beat a way to the deected horses, clamber into the sleigh, and shake the reins. The team started up, the bells jingled faintly, he faded into the shifting flakes. Uncle Stanley half lifted Aunt Gertrude to her feet, patted the Imp's heaving shoulder, fitted the key into the lock, and threw open the front door.

'Walk in, my friends, and make yourselves at home," he said politely. "Ring once for ice water, twice for hot water, and three times for the bell boy. I regret that the family is, with the exception of myself, over at Cousin 'Lonzo's, but anything that I can do-

"Oh, Stanley, you are too absurd !" cried Aunt Gertrude; but they all laughed, and then they felt better.

The Imp pranced ahead into the deserted sitting room, and looked curiously about him. A large, tall stove, with many shining knobs and a little white china bowl on the top, stood well toward the center. The carpet was covered with big wreaths of bright flowers, which he thought cheerful and pretty in the extreme, and there were many interesting pictures on the walls. He was just beginning the careful study of one hanging over the worn haircloth sofa, in which an enormous, long haired man with a very cross face was engaged in bending way to repay them before we get away.

two great stone pillars which supported the "Joshua Peebles said to make ourselves

father caught his hand.

"On to the wood house," he cried your Aunt Gertrude will turn into a yellow haired icicle with a pink nose!" And he led them through a clean, bare kitchen into a fascinating room full of piled up logs, little, middle sized, and big, with all manner of shingles and lightwood besides. He and Uncle Stanley and the Imp carried in armfuls of this, and soon a fire was lighted in the black stove, and they were toasting their toes in a circle around the shining knobs. As the light glimmered red through the isinglass doors, casting many rosy shadows on their faces, now on the furniture, and the delicious warmth crept into their cold, tired bodies, a sudden impulse seized the older ones, and they burst into laughter till the room rang with it, the Imp, as was his custom, laughing loudest of all as he sprawled contentedly on a gay rug by the side of his mother's chair, though he had no idea what they all were so merry about. When Aunt Gertrude had finished at last, and his mother had wiped her eyes, the Imp turned to her curiously,

and asked confidentially:
"What is it, mother? Tell me. Is it a

joke? "A joke?" repeated Uuncle Stanley huskily. "A joke? By all means, my dear child. I was laughing because your Grandmother Stafford sprained her ankle, and we thought it would be so pleasant to spend Christmas in the country with her and cheer her up !"

"And I," said the Imp's mother, pursing her mouth into a queer little shape, "I was laughing because I packed everybody's presents to everybody else into a fine big box together, so they could be easily got at when we came to grandmother's."

"And I," continued the Imp's father, a little crossly, "I was laughing because I insisted upon storing the box in the hotel barn to save lifting it about—and then the barn burned to the ground."

"And I," Aunt Gertrude concluded, her voice shaking a little, she had langhed so hard, "I was laughing because I teased Brother Donald to let us start from the old hotel, blizzard or no blizzard, till he gave way and let us come-and here we are !' The Imp stared at them a moment incred-

ulously. Then he shook his head. "I don't believe you at all!" he declared with decision. "I don't believe a word! There's some other reason!"

And then, because they were the jolliest family in the world, and never gloomy for more than an hour at most, they began to laugh again, and actually laughed away all their misfortunes.

"It's an adventure, a real adventure!" cried the Imp's mother, "and we ought to be delighted with it. We're a house party for over Christmas, that's what we are! "Well, let's inspect the house then," suggested Uncle Stanley. "Imp, lead the

way. Take us to our rooms, please."

The Imp giggled and started up the stairs. Four doors opened on the narrow upper hall, and he peeped into each, waving the rest of the party back till he had made his assignments. After a swift glance into the third room he beckoned Aunt Gertrude to him.

'This is for you, 'cause the looking glass is full of pictures," he announced. She entered with much ceremony

they peered in over her shoulder. "Yes, this must be the daughter's room," said Mrs. Stafford. "See the ribbons on the curtins, and the little knickknacks."

"This one with the blue quilt is for Uncle Stapley," the Imp called out importantly, "'cause there's skates and a hockeystick there !!!

Uncle Stanley bowed and took possession of his property, and the Imp moved on to

"This is yours," he said, looking slyly ture here like my baby picture, and one like when I was three, and one like me with my corduroy trousers !" His mother leaned down and kissed him.

'Yes," she said softly, "this is the mother's room. And where is yours, dear?"
"Mine's this small one in here," said the

Imp, "with the two little girls' pictures." At the head and foot of the cot bed hung pictures of a little pink faced girl in a bright blue frock, with a chain of dasies around her neck. Under one was written "Wide Awake," under the other "Fast Asleep," and, as Uncle Stanley remarked, there was no doubt that the legends described the young lady correctly.

'There's a door between ours,' the Imp added in confidence to his mother, "same as at home. I guess there always is, most us'ally, don't you?" And she agreed with him cordially.

They brought up their bags and unpacked them, so as to spend as little time as possible at night in the cold upper rooms; and then with one consent they fled to the kitchen, where a fire was soon lit, Aunt Gertrude and the Imp's mother smiling and competent in their clean gingham aprons, and his father and Uncle Stanley eagerly stumbling over each other in their well meant efforts at assistance. They were very hungry, and delighted shouts greeted the frizzling ham and eggs that found its way to the stove, and the good home made ead and deep pumpkin pie that came out

of the pantry.

"Only we sha'n't have any real Christmas dinner," said Aunt Gertrude, a little sadly, in the midst of all the fun and chat-Aunt Gertrude always decorated the table on these occasions, and enjoyed the work as much as the praises she won by it.

The Imp's mother looked mysteriously at her, one hand on the brown stone teapot. 'I don't know about that; maybe we shall," she announced. "When I went into the cellar for butter I saw-I saw-"

'What? Oh, what?" they cried eagerly, as she paused. "I saw a big, big turkey, with bowls and

bowls of cranberry sauce! "Ah !" "And mince pies-" "Ah !"

"And nuts-" "Ah !" "And I could make a plum pudding; I'm sure I could !" "Say no more," said Uncle Stanley sol-

emnly, "but Gertrude, start the decorated place-cards !" "Only, only -- " Mrs. Stafford looked doubtfully at her husband, "I'm not sure if it's right, Don dear, to step in so coolly

and eat up their nice Christmas dinner. You see, when they started away yesterday morning it was just the end of the storm they thought, and they expected to be back. They had no idea it would begin again at noon. And we haven't any right—" "For that matter, we haven't any right to this ham and that most delectable pie,

nor to the feather beds we shall get into to night," said the Imp's father cheerfully 'Where do we draw the line? They'll eat their Christmas dinner where they didn't expect to, and if they're nice people they'll be glad that this surprise party had such a good dinner to eat at their house. I shouldn't wonder if we could find some

building he was about to destroy, when his at home ; yes, he said Darius's folks would was food and fuel enough to stand a siege, and that seemed to settle the matter, for they washed the dishes and set the table for breakfast in the best of spirits.

In fact, as they sat about the stove in the sitting room and laughed till they cried, as they discussed the probable characteristics of the Hobbs family, each one drawing a vivid picture of some member of it, and in-sisting that he was right and the others wrong if they held different views, they almost forgot that the box was burned, and that something was lacking this Christmas

Suddenly, however, in the midst of Uncle Stanley's brilliant picture of William Henry Hobbs, whose room he was to occupy, and who, he insisted, had gray eyes and hated baked beans, the Imp heaved a

sigh. "We've none of us got any presents on the tree, have we?" he said softly-"not

"That's a fact, Imp," Uncle Stanley agreed. "It is a pity, too. If I had just one I wouldn't mind. Just the idea of the

thing, you know." They looked at one another in silence. Then the four older ones got up from their chairs as one person and ran upstairs. In a few moments they came down, one by one, and as if they had waited for the coast to clear before they ventured. When they had settled themselves somewhat consciously, in separate and distant chairs, the Imp's father rose, stepped toward Uncle Stanley with a package in his hand, and remarked .

"My dear Stanley, let me present you with this box of fine cigars, with my compliments and best wishes for the season. They are really too good for you, but Christmas comes but once a year.

Uncle Stanley seized his present with unfeigned delight, even cutting a little caper as he tucked it under his left arm. With his right hand he offered his brother a long,

slim object. "My dear Donald," he replied, "let me. before thanking you for this truly valuable and unexpected (by both of us) present, beg your acceptance of my fountain pen, for which you have hinted in vain for two years, and which I am certain you have been near stealing before this. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!' The Imp's father smiled broadly and

grasped the pen eagerly.
"Good enough!" he cried. "I'd rather have this than anything you own, Stan!' They all laughed with excitement, wondering what would come next, and Aunt Gertrude took the floor.

"Here is my alligator card case, Stanley," she said, "so you won't need to borrow it any more. Be careful of it, and—

merry Christmas !" "Bless you, Gertrude," returned Uncle Stanley. "I can't go all around, but you'll get your reward sometime, and meanwhile I take great pleasure in presenting you, my dear nephew, with this camera, which is a much larger one than I should ever have purchased for you, and with which I ask only that you'll allow me to get a few of these blizzard scenes." Speechless with joy, the Imp seized the

hands. His cup ran over.
"Gertrude," said Mr. Stafford, "I believe you have often remarked that these sleeve links matched your belt buckle. Let me offer them to you, with the compliments of the season!' 'Oh, brother Don! They are too love-

ly !" sighed Aunt Gertrude, flushing with pleasure. "Helen, dear, this is only my 'party' handkerchief, but you always said it was the prettiest one you ever saw"; and little master drowned. The Newfoundshe laid it in her sister's lap.

Mrs. Stafford drew two fat, square boxes

nds to the Imp's father and Uncle Stan-

ley. "Here, you two babies," she said, "let me pat my lovely handkerchief, and take this old fashioned molasses, Don; yours are

burnt almonds, Stanley!"

The Imp interrupted their thanks. "Everybody's given something to everybody else but just excepting me," he said sorrowfully, "and I haven't a single present, 'cause all my things were packed in mother's bag, and it's only clothes and cough med'cine anyway-you wouldn't want 'em. But I'm going to give something to somebody, just the same. I'm going to give my 'Sports of All Nations' puz-zle to little Hezekiah Greenleaf Hohbs, that sleeps in my little room !"

They looked at one another silently. "It's the best present that's been made tonight, Perry boy," said his father, "and I'm going to leave my 'Kidnapped' and 'Treasure Island' here for Mr. Hobbs. I see he's a reading man by the books on the table, and I'll read something else at grand-

mother's." "I'll put my new blue satin stock in the bureau drawer when I go," said Aunt Ger-

trude, after a moment. "And I'll give William Henry my clubskates that I brought up," said Uncle Stan-"his are clumsy, old fashioned

The Imp's mother hugged him and smiled on them all.

"Isn't this fun ?" she asked them delightedly. "Won't they be surprised? I shall leave my new bed room slippers for Mrs. Hobbs; I noticed hers, and they're about worn out. I'm so glad I had big bows put on, and saved them. They may fit. They're large for me. And we must write them letter and tell them what a good, good time we had, musn't we?"

They trooped upstairs with their presents, the Imp assuring any one who cared to lis ten that no Christmas he had ever known could compare in brilliancy and bliss with this one; but as they all were telling one another the same thing, it is to be doubted if anybody heard him.

Christmas morning, after breakfast, they sat quietly about the stove, while the Imp's father read to them out of a big calf bound Bible about that First Birthday; and the Imp, who had gone out early with the men, through all the sheds and building that joined the house to the barn, to find something for the chickens and cows and horses to eat, -his father, who had been a boy on a farm, had thought of that,-remembered the dimness of the big barn, and the warm coziness of the neat stable, and wove it into the story till he seemed to see it all. Then they went into the parlor, and Aunt Gertrude sat down in front of the melodeon in the corner, and they sang "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," which was the Imp's favorite hymn, as it is that of many people, and which he shouted so lustily as to shake the glass prisms on the candelabra

heside him. And the dinner! His mother rolled up her sleeves and made a pudding of puddings
—she seemed to find the spices by instinct,

want us to," suggested the Imp helpfully; as his father said, and they watched the steady fall of the flakes with more interest

than dismay. When the turkey smoked in the oven, they put on the best their traveling bags afforded, and sat merrily down around the red and green table. Never, never were

dishes so delicious. "You must really cook your Christmas dinner to appreciate it," said Uncle Stanley, who had done little but pound his finger on the flat iron and steal the celery

hearts. Later they drank toasts in black coffee to the Hobbs family, collectively and individnally, and made plans for inviting them to their next Christmas at grandmother's. "For I'm sure they're nice, nice, peo-

ple," said the Imp's mother. And after dinner they popped corn in the stove, and told stories, and played the most delightful games, of which they knew more than any other family in the world, and altogether so enjoyed themselves that not till a thundering knock at the door sent them to the windows did they realize that the

storm had stopped.

Joshua Peebles stared in at the corn popper, the candy, and the merry, brightly

dressed ladies.
"Well, well," he said, "I guess you ain't so bad off, after all! You seem to keep your spirits up. I keep the snow plow up to my place, an' the minute it stopped I started out. So you can get up to ol' Mis' Stafford's right away. I passed by 'Lonzo Dearborn's place, and yelled out to 'em that you were here, an' they yelled back they hoped you'd found the turkey. They wanted you should have everything just's

if you was in your own home." "There!" cried the Imp's mother, "I

said they were nice, nice people!"
"An' so they are," said Joshua Peebles -"nice as they make 'em! Now come on, and maybe you'll get a little of your Christ-mas yet."

'My dear Mr. Peebles," said Uncle Stanley, in his best manner, "we have had more Christmas to the square inch than we have enjoyed for many years. A tree, Mr. Peebles, is for institutions; stockings are for the very young only. For real pleasure all round, let me recommend to you a Christmas on an abandoned farm!"

"Except I'd like to have seen little Hezekiah Greenleaf Hobbs!" murmured the Imp.—By Josephine Dodge Daskam in December St. Nicholas.

"Old Sport" A Hero.

Dog Dives in Icy Bay and Saves His Little Master. "Old Sport.,' a big, black, shaggy Newfoundland dog, will be presented with as handsome a silver mounted collar as Wm. G. Morrissey, his master, can buy. For "Old Sport" is as true and brave a dog as ever rubbed his nose against the knee of

Morrissey's eight-year-old Willie was playing on Wednesday on a pier at the foot of Twenty-first street, Bensonhurst, N. Y. He was wrestling with "Sport." They got near the edge of the pier in their play, Speechless with joy, the Imp seized the and when "Sport" arose to paw at the lit-camera and balanced it in his trembling the fellow's chest the boy lost his balance and fell into the freezing water.

The lad was heavily dressed. He wore a stout reefer jacket and big rubber boots. So, when he struck the water, the boy, although a swimmer, could not keep afloat. He shrieked in despair as he sank, for the little fellow realized that heavily burdened

as he was, he would not rise again. But "Old Sport" had no intention standing there merely barking while his land plunged after the boy, got under the thin ice, and took the lad's coat collar from behind her back and extended her firmly in his teeth. Then he swam to tractive and will make a most beautiful

Willie was not unconscious. He got on his feet and started for home, with "Old sold for four dollars and a half. The daint-Sport' trotting beside him. The lad's jest kimonas are now shown and come in home is in Twenty-first street, not far from white cashmere and flaunel and in all of the pier; but when he was about half way there his clothes had begun to freeze on him, and the little fellow was chilled and sleeves. It is a wise plan to add a set of weakened. He began to totter, and then Canton flannels sacques to the babies'

again, and tried to drag him home. But untidy in appearance. If one does not the boy is stort, and it was slow work for like Canton flannel these little sacques may the boy is stout, and it was slow work for 'Sport," big dog though he is.

Mrs. Morrissey, however, worried by the absence of the lad, came out of the house to look for him. Then she saw the dog panting and tugging at the form of the unconscious lad. She bore the little fellow home, cut away his icy clothing, and wrapped him in heated blankets.

Half an bour later Willie, clothed in woolen blankets to the neck, sat before a roaring fire, and "Old Sport" was stretched at his feet, blinking at the flames and his coat quite warm and dry.

Last winter Mr. Morrissey's daughter. Marie, a child of ten, was playing on the fell in. "Sport" dove between the broken ice and brought her to safety.

So Morrissey, who is a wealthy real estate broker, has decided that "Old Sport" must

New Cudgel Game. Whack-me-if-you Can Sport for Goosey Huma

Here is a new game, which is causing a great deal of amusement at social gather-

ngs in Europe. Two boys, or young men, are blindfolded, and in the right hand of each is placed a stout roll of paper in the form of a club or cudgel. The players then have to lie down on the carpet and to grasp each other by the left hand. Thereupon the fun begins. One of the players asks the other :

"Are you there?" When the answer "Yes" comes he raises his right hand and strives to hit with his cudgel the spot where, from the sound of the voice, he supposes the other player's The other player, however, is at perfect

liberty to move his head after he has answered "Yes," and the result is that in nine cases out of ten, the blow misses his head and falls on his shoulders or some other part of his body. In that case it is his turn to retaliate. and so the game goes on indefinitely, the sole object of the player who asks the ques

Lost \$56,000 in a Poker Game.

tion being to strike the other player's head

and that of the player who answers to save

his head from being struck.

Some Suggestions for Christmas.

The perplexing question of Christmas giving is the prominent topic of the hour

just now. Have you thought of a remnant of old brocade, velour or Liberty velvet for a sofa cushion top for a housewife or a girl friend with a pretty den of her own? This is always acceptable in these days of multitudinous cushions, that so often need renewing. A length of silk velour or suitable material for a bookcase curtain is another welcome piece to a woman.

In Xmas giving quality and not quantity should be the foremost consideration. Have what you give dainty and good and only a trifle rather than a much larger

piece of less desirable degree. A honsewife will appreciate one towel of great beauty and fineness rather than a doz-on of inferior quality. Give one handkerchief of dainty sheerness, with the initials band embroidered across one corner, and it will be in better taste than six times the number of lesser quality.

Betsy Ross rugs are new, artistic and inexpensive. There modern rag rugs in blue and white, green and white, and mixed colors with a decorative touch in the border. They have become quite the fashion along with the Colonial fad, and may be had from two dollars and a half up, according to their size. These are especially desirable for presenting to anyone having a country house. A basket is always received with pleas-

ure, as no woman can have too many Fashionable folk have set the seal of their favor upon Deerfield baskets—made in Deerfield, Mass.—at the present time. They certainly are attractive enough to account for the craze. There are two kinds-palm leaf ones,

woven so far as to resemble Panama hats. making an exceedingly light, delicate basket. The second style, the Pocumtuck baskets, although dissimilar both in material and colors, strongly resemble the Indian basket, weaving of the Navajo In-

The Deerfield baskets may be had round. square, bowl shaped, covered and uncoverblue, green, yellow, reds, brown and self-colored, from thirty-five cents to three dollars. No analine dyes used in them, either; all vegetable.

One of these making a unique gift and one not so likely to be duplicated. Perhaps you are thinking of fashioning your presents yourself? Scented bodice hangers, while not exactly new, are pretty

and easily made. This is the ordinary coat hanger ribbon trimmed and sacheted. Book racks for holding books standing on the table are exceedingly attractive when made of pretty pieces of old brocade or tapestry. Little cases for holding the ever popular little turn-overs are having quite rage this Christmas.
Collapsible work baskets or waste baskets made of pretty cretonne or India silk

are nice for the traveler or for those who always go away every summer. These will lie perfectly flat in the bottom of a trunk, but in an instant may be tied up in basket shape. For matrons a Marie Stuart cap of cashmere or Henrietta for evening wear is novel and attractive. It will not crush the hair, yet protects the back of the head and throat from colds.

For a masculine recipient a necktie rack it very acceptable, being a daily conven-ience. One new this Christma has a back panel of any preferred material, on which is embroidered the word "Neckties." To the lower edge of the panel is affixed a rod fastened on with fleur de lis fixtures.

Beautiful hand-worked bibs, exquisitely knitted socks and sacques, lace caps with delicate things of quitled silk are all atder the long coat are most useful and are the pale shades. They are finished with a band of white silk around the neck and ward-robe that may be worn under the "Old Sport" acted instantly. He seized the lad's coat collar in his strong teeth knitted sacque, which so soon becomes so be made of the silk and wool flannel which comes from eighty cents to a dollar and a quarter a yard. One yard will make sever al of these little sacques, and they should be plainly made with either a plain hemmed or a pinked edge. If these are worn one can then have the pleasure of seeing the pretty yoke and sleeves which are oth-erwise hidden.

In the smaller articles, one may chase one of the pretty oil silk lined bags that are now used for the powder puff boxes, which have been used for so many years. Another pretty gift is made from strip of chamois lined with soft flannel and filled with nursery pins of all sizes. These fell in. "Sport" dove between the broken may range from the tiny gold pin to the largest size that may be needed for the baby's toilet and may be made a very pretty gift as well as a very useful one. Pretty pins be presented with a most magnificent col- of all kinds, silver cups and spoons, and crib and coach blankets may be added to this list of gifts for the little one, and cribs, coaches and bassonettes are always acceptable and useful.

The Pennsy's New Engines.

The 180 locomotives ordered from the Baldwin Locomotive works by the Pennsylvania railroad are to be of a new and improved type. They will be used on the fast freight trains, and can also be used, when necessary, on passenger trains. There will be seventy-eight moguls, with a wider fire box than the engines now in services Some of them will be sent to the Panhandle and Fort Wayne roads for use. The new engines will have driving wheels 62 inches in diameter, 2,469 square feet of heating surface, 205 pounds of working steam pressure and will weigh 162,500 pounds. All told, the engine order of the Pennsylvania for the coming year will foot up about 400, to cost approximately \$6,000,000. This is in addition to the car order of 19,000, to cost about \$19,000,000.

The Charleston Exposition Reduced Rates Via Pennsylvania Railroad.

During the continuance of the South Carolina Inter-State and West Indian Exposition, to be held at Charleston, S. C., from December 1st to June 1st, the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell excursion tickets to Charleston and return from After three days of steady playing at all points on its line at reduced rates. poker at Walla Walla, Wash., for the big-gest stakes seen in years in that part of the vember 30th to May 31st and will be of vember 30th to May 31st and will be of while Aunt Gertrude set the table, and trimmed it with cranberry strings and evergreen sprigs that Uncle Stanley pulled off, leaning out of an attic window. The farm house cellar was a cave of treasures. "They seem to know just what we like," the Imp remarked, as they cracked the butternuts on a flat iron and selected the celery. There

Would-be Avengers Shot.

Herbert Marks Resists an Attack in His Virginia Home-Killed Two Men; Another is Dying.

Two men are dead, another is dying, and another, supposed to be seriously wound-ed, is missing, as a result on Tuesday night of an attempt of the four men, with another, to punish Herbert Marks, a New York lawyer, for an alleged insult to Miss Rose Taylor, a seventeen-year-old daughter of Dr. Thomas L. Taylor, of Westmoreland county, Virginia.

W. P. Taylor was shot in the heart. William Hefflin was shot in the stomach, and died in the hospital, and J. Q. Stiff was shot through the neck-and paralyzed from the head down, and is dying. Geo. W. Thompson is the missing man.

Herbert Marks, whose father became fa-

mous through a suit against the Bell telephone company, recently purchased one of the old colonial estates in Westmoreland county, very near the birth place of George Washington, and it was from a front window of the mansion the shooting was done. The house is at Cedar Hill farm, a few

miles from Oak Grove, Va., about fifty miles down the Potomac from Washington, and the details were learned Wednesday night, when William Hefflin and J. Q. Stiff were brought to the Emergency hospital in Washington for treatment. Those who accompanied the wounded men said that Marks insulted Rose Taylor

last Sunday evening while she was return-

ing from church at Oak Grove Five young men of the neighborhood went to Marks' house Tuesday night to punish him for the insult offered to the girl. She had informed her patents, and the news spread like wildfire. When the young men attempted to enter the house Marks opened fire upon them with a revolver. The first shot killed Taylor. J. O. Stiff was shot through the neck, and William Hefflin received a ball in the stomach. The attacking party hastily

withdrew. Hefflin and Stiff were immediately started for Washington with the hope of saving their lives through proper medical atten-tion. Hefflin died Wednesday evening shortly after reaching the Emergency hospital. The ball that passed through Stiff's neck shattered the spinal column, and the doctors have little hope for his recovery.

George Thompson, another member of the party, has been missing since the occurrence. His friends believe that he was wounded and, becoming delirious, wandered to the woods around Colonial Beach. only a few miles from the scene of the shooting.
Following the shooting a determined ef-

fort to arrest Marks was made by the sheriff. Barricaded in his house, Marks sent word to the sheriff that he thought the men who attacked his house were burglars. He also told the sheriff that he would kili anyone who attempted to enter the farm house. Marks later surrendered to the sheriff, and was taken to the county seat, and, after an examination, was acquitted.

It is reported that he has left for his home in New York.

He denied that he made any improper remarks to Miss Taylor. The alleged remarks were made at a church entertainment, and a friend of Taylor, the girl's cousin, reported that he overheard Marks

make them. The Taylors are the wealthiest family in Westmoreland county, and the shooting has caused a sensation

A Great Meeting of Stockmen.

The third annual meeting of the Pennylvania Live Stock Breeders' Association will be held at the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, December 18th aud 19th, 1901. Every breeder is cordially invited to

Here are some of the good things which enterprising breeders will appreciate. O. E. Bradfute, of Ohio, will discuss beef cattle topics, management of beef herd and growing steers for market. S. H. Todd, the veteran breeder of hogs and sheep will take on these subjects. L. P. Bailey, a prominent breeder of dairy cattle, will give a valuable talk on the future of that industry. Prof. J. Fremont Hickman, of the Ohio Experiment Station, will give some practical points on silage and its value to the breeder. Dr. H. P. Armsby, of the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, will discuss the only apparatus of its kind on the continent—something of interest to all feeders and breeders. Dr. Leonard Pearson will take up the confirmation of the dairy cow, and promises to upset some the-ories about it. Prof. Geo. C. Watson talks poultry, the only Bob Seeds trots out his nteresting hobby, forage crops, and W. F.

McSparran tells about raising calves. This is not all—but come and hear the rest. A grand opportunity to learn, meet old friends and make new ones. Rates on railroads, 2 cents per mile, east of Pittsburg. Apply for card orders to E. S. Bayard, Sec'y, Box 65, East End, Pittsburg, Pa., stating line over which you travel.

Schoolboy Killed His Playmate.

Joseph Creelman, a schoolboy, 'eight years old, was stabbed to death by Edward Armines, a schoolmate, eleven years old in the streets of Newport, Ky., on Wed-The boys had a quarrel in the school

room, and it was renewed on their way home. A third boy, taking the part of Creelman, threw a piece of brick, which struck Armines on the head. Creelman ran up to him just then and was stabbed. He fell and in tifteen minutes was dead. "Eddie" Armines walked rapidly away, carrying his pocket knife in his hand. He went to the fire engine house, where his uncle is captain, and threw the knife away,

the lad's death became known. His uncle then surrendered him to the police. "Creelman missed his reading lesson and was sent to the foot of the class," said the little prisoner. "The teacher made him sit at the black board and I laughed at him. When school was out he cursed me. I started for the engine house, and Plummer threw a brick at me, and Creelman ran up and grabbed me by the arms. I did not think the brick was thrown at me until it hit me. Then I stuck the knife out

but said nothing about the murder until

West Point and Annapolis.

easy and heard his coat rip."

The educational requirements for admission are reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States, for West Point; reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, world's history, algebra, through quadratic equations, and plain geometry (five books of Chauvenet's geometry or an equivalent), for Annapolis. The age limit is between seventeen and twenty-two for West Point; between fifteen and twenty for Annapolis. The pay is \$540 a year at West Point, \$500 at Annapolis.