



**A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE**  
By Col. Henry Lathrop Turner  
Late Comd. 67th Regt 1st Ill. Inf. U.S.V.

Through the glistening glory of moonlit air  
When frost through the night was steal-  
ing.  
I rode to the rush of a glorious pair  
One night long ago, with my beautiful  
Claire,  
As the Christmas bells were pealing.  
The night was sparkling, sharp and still,  
The snow held the earth in its keeping,  
While under its mantle o'er vale and hill,  
By the banks of each river and ice-bound  
hill  
The unblossomed flowers were sleeping.  
Roy Griffith was out with his dappled grays,  
And Fanny Cremona in his cutter,  
And wild Willie Ford with his blooded bays,  
And that dashing beauty, Miss Kate Du-  
Pays,  
A trifle too utterly utter.  
Now a gray grows white and a bay horse  
fades,  
But mine showed beauty and breeding,  
For Ronald was black as the queen of  
spades.  
And Lais still blacker by several shades,  
And bred with a view to speeding.  
And the face by my side was the loveliest  
far,  
Like a dream, through its fur wraps show-  
ing.  
Ah, never shone sun, nor moon, nor star,  
And never broke wave over crystalline bar  
With the light in those dark eyes glowing.  
And never sang seraph a sweeter strain  
Than the song of her rippling laughter;  
And never a field of golden grain  
Followed the breeze like a soft refrain  
As her echoing smile followed after;  
And never breathed spirit of light and air  
With a grace so winning and tender;

Hi, Ronald! Come down from that dance in the air!  
Hey, Lais! Have done with your frolicking there!  
Come! show us your best for the Lady Claire!

Gently, there! gently! Now steady! So, so!  
Ah, grandly, my beauties! We'll let the boys know  
What it means to come up with a pair that can go.

Ha! Ha! Lady Claire! the bays are in air!  
They never could trot with the blacks, fair and square;  
And there go the grays off their feet, over there.

Great Scott! but they're both coming up on the run!  
Hold tight, little Claire, this thing's just begun;  
They shall have all the running they wish ere they're done.

Go, Ronald!—Go! Go, Lais!—Away!  
Great heavens! Just see Willie Ford's cutter sway.  
Get on, my black beauties! Get on there, I say!



Hi, Lais! Look out! Look out or you'll slip!  
As I live, Lady Claire, it's a two-minute-clip;  
And see! do you see? Roy's using the whip!

Ah, steady there, Ronald! Cling close, little one,  
We're making a beautiful, beautiful run,  
And the blacks' blood will tell before we are done.

I told you! I told you! Will's out of the race;  
My soul! little one! that was a bad place;  
Those boys cannot run when the blacks set the pace.

Now carefully, Claire; mind, child, how you sit,  
I'm going to touch up the blacks just a bit.  
Not afraid, my brave girl? Not a whit?—not a whit?

Hi! you black phantoms! Get away!—Get away!  
My life! how they go! This has passed beyond play.  
I hope—!—yes, Claire—that this cutter—will stay!

See! little one—see! Look back at that gray!  
He's done, and hurrah! we've carried the day.  
Hurrah, you wild beauties! Hurrah, there, I say!

We had won, we had won with my brain  
all awirl,  
But my heart most blissfully singing;  
For through all the desperate rush and  
whirl  
I knew that that dear little, sweet little girl  
Was close to me, close to me clinging.  
Of course, I was tired after the race,  
And my heart in a terrible flutter.  
So I pulled down the blacks to a moderate  
pace  
And sat, while my right hand held them in  
place,  
With my left on the back of the cutter.  
And then, as the heavens were not quite  
clear,  
And the chains of love were clanking,  
My arm crept along on the seat, by the rear,  
And slyly, with doubling and many a fear,  
I strove to capture my captor, by flanking.  
But Claire was awake with her videttes out  
And soon had the enemy routed.  
'Twas merely a whisper, I have no doubt,  
But it seemed as if earth and air about  
With a thousand voices shouted.  
'Do you think it quite safe' (in a tone very  
graceful),  
'Single handed to drive with a lady?  
I'm sure, sir, you'd better take two—and—  
and  
I think that perhaps—I could—lend you a  
hand.  
As I see you have only one ready.'  
As that last low whisper flew off into space  
And my darling grew scared into coldness,

I read in the beautiful, blushing face,  
Its story of trust and of loving grace,  
And my heart thrilled up into boldness.  
'And what happened then in the soft moon-  
light?'  
Well, I certainly did not borrow.  
Is it anyone's care if I seized that night  
That dear little hand by my love's strong  
might  
And kept it through joy and through sor-  
row?  
And never a one to-night shall know  
That those bells to my thought seem  
weeping,  
With a sobbing cry, as they sweet to and fro,  
Over the beautiful, silent snow,  
Where the unblossomed souls lie sleeping  
Ah, me!—how I long for the years by gone!  
Alas! that their glory is ended—  
When horses were horses, and knew how to  
run;  
When the girls, pure and true, were not  
like a nun,  
By a she-dragon always attended.  
My Willie goes out with his girl, goes he,  
And his coachman fine as a fiddle,  
And his footman arrayed most gorgeously  
In a sleigh that was built with a seat for  
three,  
And a chaperon sits in the middle.  
Oh, my heart and my temper both are wrung  
For the ancient days so golden,  
When life was royally sweet and young,  
And love was never a trio sung,  
With the third part cracked and olden.

**PUZZLE PICTURE.**



WHERE IS THE BOER GENERAL?

**GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY.**

**Rules and Regulations That Govern Officers and Men of That Country.**

Army and navy officers in Germany are not allowed to marry unless they have a certain private income and must make a deposit of 30,000 marks cash (\$7,500) with the government before the marriage can take place, writes William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald. This is deposited to their credit in the public treasury, and they receive three per cent. interest a year. At the death of the officer the principal is refunded to his family. The purpose of this rule is to protect the government from the burden of destitute officers' families, and also to protect the officer against court-martial, for the regulations prohibit him from incurring debts. When an officer gets into debt he must resign or go before a court-martial, and if he cannot show that his misfortune was unavoidable and due to circumstances over which he had no control, he will be dismissed from the service. If the debts have been incurred for reasons which he could not prevent, they are paid out of the deposit to his credit and the amount is deducted from his pay in installments.

The privates in the German army get no pay at all. By the constitution of the empire every German capable of bearing arms is enrolled in the standing army or navy for six years from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh year of his age, although he is liable to be called upon at the completion of his seventeenth year. Of these six years, two must be spent in active service in the infantry and artillery, and three in the cavalry, and the remaining years in the army of the reserve. During this time the soldier receives allowances for food and clothing and the other necessities of life. He is also given beer and tobacco from the commissary, and if he is economical can commute his rations into cash and thus acquire a little spending money. The soldiers of the United States army, who receive \$13 a month, are the best paid in the world. Those of the British army, who receive a shilling a day, are next.

The pay of the officers of the German army is very small, and no one can obtain a commission unless he has a sufficient private fortune to yield him an income of at least 500 marks (\$125) a year. Captains receive about the same compensation as second lieutenants of infantry in the United States, and officers of the lower grades even less in proportion. A second lieutenant in the German army receives less than a commissary sergeant or a hospital steward in the United States. The Germans get marks where our officers get dollars—a mark being 25 cents. Army officers in Germany, however, have privileges that civilians do not enjoy. They are

entitled to half fare for themselves and their families on all the railways, like clergymen in the United States; they are given half rates at most of the hotels and restaurants, and a discount from the regular prices at the shops, usually from 10 to 30 per cent. They have half rates at the theaters and operas, but at the royal opera no officer is allowed to appear in uniform unless he occupies a box or seat in the parquet or in the first row of the first balcony.

The regular garrison of Berlin is 20,000 troops, which, with the general staff and the various bureaus, gives the city a large military population, and nearly every third person you meet on the street wears a uniform. During an hour's walk on the principal streets the other day I met 28 generals.

**MILES OF JOB-LOT BOOKS.**

**Vast Numbers of Volumes in London Library Storerooms That Are a Drag.**

One of the most curious sights in London is that provided by the cellars and storerooms of the great circulating library firms, who have literally miles—nearly 20 miles in one case—of shelves of once more or less fashionable books that may be bought now for a few coppers apiece, says the New York Herald.

To show how uncertain is the fate of any book that may be issued, it may be said that in a vast number of cases there are often in these catacombs hundreds of copies of one book, the latter less than three years ago having been read by thousands of people, though absolutely a drug in the market now.

In a great number of instances, too, the books now offered at a few coppers—published at £1 12s. 6d. originally—have never been issued by the library or read by a single being, although written by a supposedly noted author.

The libraries throughout the country, from second down to twentieth rate, having been supplied from these many miles of shelves, millions of novels issued during the last few years remain, and tons of them are periodically carried off to the paper makers, and very likely to revisit once again the literary dead house of one of the libraries. Sometimes, however, these catacombs yield treasures.

An author, hitherto unrecognized, writes a book that goes with a swing, and that brings him fame at once, and then people discover that many unread stories by him are mouldering in library cellars.

**World's Largest Picture.**  
The largest picture in the world is "Paradise," by Tintoretto. It hangs in the Doge's palace at Venice. It is 84 feet wide and 34 feet high.—N. Y. Herald.

**HAD WATER IN HIS SYSTEM.**



Sockless Feet—Wat's de matter wit Willie? Brewer—He run so hard gittin' away from a wood pile dat he sweat reel water. It almost give him a bath. Dere's de result—a fit.

**SLOT MACHINE CHARMED HER.**

**She Had Been Bitterly Opposed to Gambling Until Her Husband Won a Dollar.**

"One of the most decided and quickest changes from a pronounced stand that ever came to my attention I noted in the case of my wife while we were on a vacation trip recently," remarked a well-known local official. "Ever since we have been married Mrs. G— has been unalterably opposed to gambling in any form. The mere mention of the word caused her to shudder. While strolling about a summer resort a few weeks ago we passed one of those machines that bear a sign inviting all who pass to drop a nickel in the slot. The inducement is the possibility of the coin dropped striking a channel that will result in the dropper receiving an amount varying from one dollar to \$2.50 in nickels as a return from the investment. But the dropped coin follows a winning passage about once in a lifetime.

"More for the sake of witnessing my wife experience a momentary chill than for any other reason I suddenly halted in front of the machine I spoke of and parted with a five-cent piece. Vastly to my surprise, 20 nickels slipped from the machine. The event of a lifetime had actually come to pass. But more remarkable was the transformation of Mrs. G—. Without a word she took possession of my winnings, deposited them, and when they were gone borrowed a dollar more in small change from me and placed all of it in the slot. She next called for more. Thereupon I protested. "But I'll surely win \$2.50 if I keep on trying," she expostulated. "You won't try with my money, though," I declared. Since this little occurrence, says the Washington Star, Mrs. G— has not discoursed on the evils of gambling.

**CELTICISMS ON THE STAND.**

**Funny Sayings of Irish Witnesses While Undergoing the Customary Examinations.**

Lawyers with an appreciative sense of humor enjoy nothing so much as to get a quick-witted, ready-tongued son of the Emerald Isle on the stand to relieve the monotony of the legal technicalities of a case. A gentleman who has been collecting samples of Irish wit and repartee for some time relates the following anecdotes, says the Baltimore Sun. Some of them are doubtless mellow with age, but in any case they will bear repetition:

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court clerk of a prisoner charged with some trivial offense.

"That are yees there for but to foind out?" was the quick rejoinder.

A henpecked husband had his better half arrested for assaulting him. The plaintiff was on the stand.

"And now, Mr. O'Toole," said his counsel, "will you kindly tell the jury whether your wife was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sor?"

"With impunity."

"She wuz, sor, now an' then; but she ginerly used th' potato masher."

A witness testifying in a murder case was asked to describe to the jury the exact location of a flight of stairs.

"Explain to the jury," said the prosecuting attorney, "exactly how the steps run."

"Shure, sir, if ye shtand at th' bottom they run up, an' if ye shtand at th' top they run down."

**KITCHEN WALLS.**

**Should Be Covered with Tile Paper to Be Kept Constantly in Good Order.**

I want to speak a word for the desirability of enameled or tile paper for bathrooms and kitchen walls, says Anne Warner, in Good Housekeeping. The friend who recommended it to me is still enjoying her kitchen paper in its ninth year of service, and mine is in its fourth and has been washed twice every year. The secret is this: When it is first put on have a coat of good varnish laid over it. This will render it impervious to water along the edges and the line where the paper is matched and where it soon shows wear without this bit of "know how." In washing, use warm water and soap, or a little soda, if the walls are badly smoked, and a soft flannel. Clean, a spot at a time, quickly and lightly and wipe dry before proceeding. Do not wet a large surface and leave soaking and expect good results. The original expense, and the outlay of strength and patience in care, are considerably less than an oil paint finish exacts. I prefer not to have the ceiling papered, but calomined when necessary, until some one invents and applies to humanity the facilities enjoyed by flies for keeping a comfortable working position upon it.

**A Helpful Hint.**

If your woollen dresses look dreadfully creased and wrinkled after packing, try the following plan, and don't, however, if you are tempted, try to iron the creases out. Instead dip a clean piece of stuff of the same material as the dress, if you have it, in hot water. Wring it slightly and sponge the creased places with it. Then hang the dress in the open air, but not in the sun, and the creases will disappear as it dries.—Washington Star.

**A Gentle Hint.**

He—I love you more than words can tell!  
She (shyly)—Well—there are other ways.—Summerville Journal.

**SCHOOL AND CHURCH.**

Statistics of Atchison county, Kan., show that of the 16,501 people living there 12,143 have never attended Sunday school.

Rev. Samuel Scoville, the son-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher, has become associate pastor with Dr. Hillis, of the Plymouth church in Brooklyn.

The bishop of London said recently in talking of the poverty of the clergy that 4,566 livings average \$750 a year, and no fewer than 1,343 benefices were worth only \$325 per annum.

Rev. Richard Lewis Howell, one of the best known Episcopal clergymen of Washington, D. C., has a project for the erection of a magnificent edifice in that city to serve as a meeting place for the communicants of all religious denominations.

Nearly 1,000 men and women are employed to conduct summer vacation schools and playgrounds in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. Last summer more than 100,000 boys and girls were in more or less constant attendance.

In the future Boston's public school buildings are to contain well-appointed bathrooms. The impulse was given two years ago, when the Paul Revere school was erected, and now bathrooms are to become a regular adjunct of the public school system.

Carrie Nation the other evening lectured to a large audience in Marietta, O., under the direction of H. J. Conrath, a saloon keeper, and Joe Bruner, a pugilist. In answer to criticisms on her appearance under such management Mrs. Nation said: "Neither the W. C. T. U. nor the churches would bring me here, but these men did, and I am grateful to them."

President Eliot, of Harvard, insists that the school-teachers spend altogether too much time trying to teach arithmetic to young children. In his Twentieth Century club lecture he told of a naughty boy who was told by his mother that he must either do as she told him or leave the room. The boy thought for a moment and then remarked: "That's fair." "I would give more for that judicial comment for its effect on the boy's later life," said President Eliot, "than for any amount of accurate figuring."

**A WEAPONLESS HUNTER.**

**Woodsmen Who Choke Bears and Wildcats to Death, and Hunt Small Game with Stones.**

Bob Brown, of Fox Hollow, is a woodsman who gets much game, yet uses neither gun nor knife, nor any other weapon except occasionally a club or a stone, says the New York Sun.

He has a record of choking bears to death, and even a wildcat is among his trophies that he bagged in that way. His manner of hunting bears is to trail one to its feeding grounds, get to the windward of it, creep stealthily upon it, and, when near enough, throw a horse blanket or sometimes his coat over its head.

While the bear is blinded and its forepaws entangled in it, Brown jumps in, finds the bear's windpipe with his right hand, clutches it with a grip like a vise, and actually chokes the bear to death. At least, he has succeeded in killing two in this way. One of them weighed over 200 pounds and one was a 110-pounder.

The wildcat that Brown choked to death leaped at him from a hollow stump where she had kittens concealed. Brown, who is a powerful man, seized her by the throat while she was still in the air and held her at arm's length until she was dead, with her hind legs drawn clear up to her breast.

He killed a wildcat once with a single blow of his fist, crushing the animal's skull.

Ruffed grouse, or partridge, as they are called by the natives, will tree when flushed if they hear the barking of a dog. Brown hunts partridges by imitating the bark of a whiffet, when the birds rise.

When they tree he brings them down with stones, with which his aim is almost unerring. He is said to be able also to kill a running rabbit by stone throwing.

**Hunting the Fog Germ.**

The London city council have tunneled under the Thames, reconstructed bridges, demolished many streets, provided parks and music for the masses, and are anxious to add a service of free steamboats and hope to buy up all the water companies whenever parliament will grant the requisite powers. Not satisfied with these enterprises, it is now suggested that the fog fiend should be localized, run to earth and deprived of his asphyxiating terrors. As a commencement it is only proposed to spend £250 on an experimental investigation. When preliminaries are completed fogs may cease as soon as the Essex marshes are reclaimed, the river diverted and smoky chimneys suppressed. These cannot be called trifling obstacles, but with ambitious councillors on the job there is sure to be a big effort made to overcome them.—N. Y. Sun.

**Mustaches of Old.**

Men with enormous mustaches really have nothing to be proud of. Rather are they to be pitied. Those of high rank among the Gauls and Britons, according to Caesar and Diodorus, shaved the chin, but wore immense forests of hair on the upper lip. The mustaches of the inhabitants of Cornwall and the Sicily isles hung down upon their breasts like wings.—N. Y. Press.

**Poverty Not the Worst Thing.**

Poverty may sidetrack a man, but it never blows him up.—Chicago Daily News.

