

Evolution of a North American City.

The evolution of the North American city may be studied to better advantage along the North Pacific route than anywhere else.

The youngest settlements are on the newest part of the line, and that is under the west slope of the Rockies...

Now we get by rapid strides to well-established communities, which date their origin ten or twelve months back...

The social and business development of the town generally follows this order: Saloons, stores in the necessities of life are sold...

Oriskany

The Oriskany monument will be completed shortly so far as the stonework is concerned...

FLOUR SOUP. Put some dry flour in a fryingpan, and shake it lightly over a clear, not too hot, fire until it becomes a golden brown.

BROWN BREAD. Two cups each corn meal, graham flour and sour milk, 1 of molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, steam four hours.

CONTINUE to cultivate and keep clean all hood and growing crops, and prevent the formation of a crust.

"NEVER MIND."

What's the use of always fretting At the trials we shall find...

BRIGEST AND BEST.

"Only three days now to Christmas," said Jones, joyfully; to merry Christmas.

"The chick-click of the machines was keeping up a noise like the descent of a gigantic hail-storm along the narrow looms of the factory."

Outside, the December sky was already darkening for the storm-clouded sunset, and pines and cedars that fringed the mountain side...

"Merry Christmas—is it, then, so merry to you?" she repeated, with a slight smile. Oh, I forgot. You have a home.

Ruth Harper went home and counted up her slender stock of money—not very much, we may be sure—and in her own mind she appointed it to various kindly uses.

There was one time—when she kept the district school at the foot of the mountains, before the factory wheels had begun to buzz...

"What's the use?" she said to herself sadly. She went to the village the next day, after work hours, and bought a little five-pound turkey...

"Dollar and a quarter is a good deal to pay for a cake," she pondered. But, then, Christmas comes but once a year, and grandmother Cappel used to be fond of cake.

Mrs. Liffert, the boarding-house keeper, was there, pinching body turkeys under the wings, pricing fowl looking genes, bargaining for damaged apples and wrangling over shriveled bunches

of celery. She looked keenly at Miss Harper.

"Eh?" said she, "I said I won't give you enough to eat? Buying fruit and cakes for yourself?"

"No," said Ruth quietly, "I am going to spend Christmas with a friend."

"Neither do I expect it of you," said Ruth biting her lip.

The wind was from the east—a quarter that never agreed with her rheumatism—and the fire smoldered, and her oatmeal porridge had been scorching by the widow Perkins, who came in, by fits and starts, to "do" for her.

"Yes," said Ruth brightly, as she came in and set down her multifarious baskets, packages and parcels. I'm Santa Claus, Mrs. Cappel. I've come to spend Christmas with you.

How badly the words in general had used her. How careless the widow Perkins was of her wants although the town allowed her one dollar and a quarter a month for "keeping an eye" on the solitary inhabitant of the mountain cottage.

How Bill Bisley's wife, her cousin once removed, had taken no sort of notice of the letter which had been dispatched to her, asking for something to buy a new winter shawl.

"Nobody cares nothing about me no more," said Mrs. Cappel very sorrowfully.

Here, indeed, was some one more forlorn and more solitary than herself—some one for whom she, powerless as she was, could help to make a merry Christmas.

"It is as easy for me to go back and forth to the factory from here as from Mrs. Liffert's. I will come and stay with you, Mrs. Cappel. I have a very nice grey shawl which I don't often wear. I can do very well with my fur-gedged saque, if you will take the shawl, and you don't know what a good cook I can be. May I come, Mrs. Cappel?"

Christmas came, all wrapped and mantled in pearly snow, and Mrs. Cappel's lonely cabin was glowing with freight and warmth, while she herself, in a clean cap trimmed with black ribbons, sat basking before the blazings.

"Don't leave me, dear Ruth," she faltered, "keep hold of my hand. For I'm very old, and all this seems like a dream."

"Not a bit of it," said Jolie, with a great breezy laugh. "But I've come into a little learning of common sense. I decided to leave off mining and to come home to work grammar Cappel's farm among the mountain pastures."

"Very wise," said Ruth. "Only is it not rather late to arrive at such a conclusion?"

too late to start the world anew? Too late to ask you, Ruth, if you will stand shoulder to shoulder with me in my battle with fate? Look into my eyes, Ruth, and answer me."

"Dinner is ready," said the factory girl shyly.

"What shall I tell him, grandma?" said Ruth, laughing and coloring, yet making no attempt to withdraw her hand.

A reporter, while talking to a gentleman in New York one evening, heard that he had just been "done up" through the manipulation of a crooked device that has never until recently been attempted in that city...

"By George! I've got 50 cents right here that I didn't know I had, and I don't care to have so much silver. Just give me back my \$20 bill," which he gentleman did, and received in return, as he supposed, the \$10 bill and the silver he had given the thief...

The manner in which it is worked is about as follows: The thief, or "flim-flam," as he is called, goes up to the party that he has picked out, and has a \$10 bill concealed in his hand...

During the late exhibition of fast and valuable horses at Carter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., says a correspondent, we took a ride along the track to see some of the renowned animals that were valued at tens of thousands of dollars.

Mr. B. K. Jamison, the Philadelphia broker, who, together with his wife and two sons, arrived in Washington, having driven all the way from Philadelphia, was met in the Riggs House by a reporter the other day.

Upon an invitation of Mr. Jamison, the reporter examined the equipage. The body is built something like an old-fashioned stage, and painted a rich black.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I wanted that patient as bad a tramp wants rum, but I sent him over to Dr. Tombs just to make Tombs think I had more business than I could handle."

Portrait of Christ.

About the original portrait in the Vatican I know but little, says a scholar, but I remember reading about it falling into the hands of the Turks, probably at the fall of Constantinople. It was in their possession many years, and at last it was given as a ransom for the Christians at some subsequent period.

Codfish Near-by.

To the angler the codfish is one of the most interesting of the inhabitants of the sea frequenting our coast. It usually makes its appearance off the New Jersey coast about the first of November and remains there until April.

As a fish of commercial importance, however, none equal the cod. As early as 1694 Normandy sent several vessels annually to the coast of New England after it.

In his earliest letters from this country, Penn expressed the hope that cod would be found in the Delaware bay. I believe there are no recorded catches of that fish there, although it is taken every winter a few miles beyond the cape of the Delaware.

Life in a Coach.

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all kinds of cooking utensils, napkins and table-cloths marked "Rambler," are packed. On the sides of the coach are two willow cases for canes, umbrellas, fishing rods, guns and such things.

The vehicle complete weighs only 1,370 pounds, and the reins are handled by the owner, who generally makes an average of twenty-five to forty miles daily. The party go into camp about 12 o'clock, when the horses are picketed, the tent put up and the camp fire kindled, each part of the party performing his or her part in the work.

Indian Clubs.

This is a new craze. It is the craziest kind of a craze among the nobility of America. The youth who does not swing Indian clubs every morning before breakfast is a great many points below par.

We took a modest swing with the Indian clubs last week. We believe they are intended to develop the muscles, expand the chest, and produce other physical changes in the worn out, debilitated system of a man of sedentary habits.

We again essayed to swing them. Something attracted our attention. It was a urinary club colliding with the organ of secretiveness. We immediately went down to avoid punishment.

Round first. Acquisitiveness next got a welt, and the bump of approbation was slightly flattened at the poles. Round second knocked veneration into a cocked hat, but it was not until benevolence received a contusion that we dropped on one knee and claimed a foul.

Round number five, we came up smiling, and shook hands with the clubs. At this juncture our friend stepped out of the wardrobe to act as referee, and one of the eccentric weapons caught him under the chin and lifted him about three feet from the floor, and dropped him limp as a rag in the quiet recess of a bay window looking to the South.

Central Africa.

Mr. Stanley, the African explorer says: Since I arrived at the Congo, last December, I have been up as far as the equator and have established two more stations, and, beside discovering another Lake, Mantumba, have explored for a hundred miles or thereabouts; he river known on my map as the Ikelembu, but which is really the Malumbda. It is not as large as I stated in my book, but is a stream of the size of the Arkansas, and is deep, broad and very navigable.

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