I cannot tell. He gently rapped at the door and turned, As it opened and walked away; And which were the happler tears that burned

On his or the widow's cheeks that day I do not know, He spoke no word— Only whirring snow In the wind was heard.

Where want and hunger and cold abode He never was far away. And when the chimes in the tower wer tolled He never was heard to pray.

Yet into the box His alms bestowed. His faith? What was it? I do not know.

He knew no sect, Jew, Greek or Moor, Nor Christian, nor church, nor race, But the way to the homes of the attic poo And the basement damp would trace, By night or day, His creed: What was it?

I cannot say. For the hungry poor he believed in bread, And clothes for the ragged and cold, And fuel for hearths, where coals were

And hearts that never grow old. His sect? His creed? His faith? Who knows? 'Tis the "greatest of all' His warm heart glows.

JILTED.

Claude Melner, a young artist, sat in his studio in New York one morning, putting the finishing touches to the life size portrait of a young lady. He was undoubtedly talented; but as the saying goes, 'his father was born before him." Melner, senior, was a well-known and apparently well-to-do portrait painter, whose pictures fetched handsome prices. The son inherited a certain share of his father's artistic genius, but had not yet been compelled to struggle with the world like the latter so fully develop the gift. He had never known the up-hill work of the friendless aspirant for fame. His life had hitherto been smooth and uneventful. The father's surplus business had quietly flowed into the son's studio. Claude had thus managed to get a name among a certain class, which true judges of art he should not do what others had would not have awarded him, and to done and attain equal success. So, his make enough to keep him afloat-when mother being comfortably settled, he his own earnings were added to the frequent presents that came out of the he could, and make art his sole too ready purse of doting parents to thought. And bidding New York faretheir only, and in some respects spoilt,

So Claude painted leisurely. He was never in a hurry to push a picture, or to demand payment for it. His bread and butter were sure, even if they were not the fruit of his own exertions. He had only himself to care for. There was no wife and child in the background instruments by which to carve his way artistic world. Throwing the unhappy held out any attraction for him. Ap- back, he looked forward to a bright preciative of industry in others, he tuture, disliked it himself. He was genial and much liked by his brother artists, who Claude now knelt before that of his considered him a lucky fellow, likely to noble profession. And in the end his inherit wealth, even if he did not attain love cross, instead of marring, was the his father's professional success. Sev-eral of them envied him, for Lucy would never have soared above the rank Blake, one of the prettiest girls in New of mediocrity. As it was, his latent York, was his betrothed. Inpeed, it talent, fanned by a healthy competition, was her portrait that he was then completing. But though Claude was deeply conspicuous, and in a few years wafted in love, he had not the divine Afflatus his name to America as one of the most and devotion to work which marks the promising artists in Rome, thereby true master, and ultimately makes him bringing him many valuable commistower above his fellow-students in the sions, and ultimately a pressing invitaworld of art. His was more the occa- tion to settle in his native country and sional dilettante pencilling of the ama- make his birthplace his home. This he teur than the steady application of the finally accepted. protessional. And parties and the park claimed a considerable share of his Work and wealth poured in on him.

engaged in building-not art-but love forgotten Lucy. He had tried to banish castles in the air; and thinking of his her image from his heart, but found it approaching wedding and marriage impossible. He could not bring himtour with his bride, over the art galler- self to believe that she was tolblame ies of Europe; for he knew that Lucy for discarding him. And now that anxious as himself to revel in their more drawn to her than ever, and beauties.

"A telegram for you, sir," said a boy in uniform, opening the door suddenly after knocking. "Wait a moment," said Clande, an-

noyed at being interrupted in retouching a delicate flesh tint. "It's marked 'in haste,' sir, and I him where she had gone. think you'd better read it," continued One day a well-known in the continued of th

the boy. This made Claude take it up and open it, it was from his mother and

read as follows: "Your father is dead. Dropped suddenly in the street an hour ago from apoplexy. Come home immediately. I am distracted."

month afterward. "Have you had time to look them over?"

"Yes The sonnets are particularly

To his disappointment and the great surprise of everybody, the old gentle- more ambitious pieces. Altogether, it man died very poor, leaving only a comparatively small sum in the bank tion But here and there it betrays and a little real estate, barely enough

to support his widow for the remainder sition. I should say it is by a female. Her descriptive power is wonderful, and Claude was thus thrown suddenly on his own resources. But what of that? With Lucy to cheer and spur him on, like to meet the author or authorhe believed that he could do wonders,

and, at least, earn enough to keep them in moderate comfort, But misfortunes seldom come alone. He had been reckoning without his host. The course of true leve is often rugged and unpleasant. As Claude sat in his studio one forenoon, a month meet the unknown authoress at dinner later, somewhat busier than before— at the house of his friend, the pubfor he had now his own bread to win, and often found it hard to make both

ioned, and too full of expression for a

baby's."
"Well, Lucy," asked Claude, after a cided yet? Two months ago you said-

"Yes, Lucy. How can you pretend to misunderstand me?" "I must take time to think over it," answered Lucy, evasively. And this was all the answer he could

get from her. So she departed, leaving her lover in as great do not and anxiety regarding her and his future as ever; for the two, as he thought, were now indissolubly connected. After she had gone he could not help thinking that her manner ap

peared colder and more reserved than usual, and he puzz'ed himself with thinking why. Next day brought a solution of the

difficulty in the form of a small note, in which Lucy desired that their engagement should be at an end. It was not her wish, she said. but her father's. Her love, she declared, was unalterable; but she dared not disobey her parents, and positively declined seeing or hearing from him in the future.

Claude knew her father, and could easily divine his reason for this sudden and unexpected decision. The rising merchant would not place his daughter's comfort and happiness in the hands of a poor and struggling artist. His father's death had lowered him in the social scale. There was no denving it, and he had to look the fact in the face. He thought he would not have discarded Lucy on such slight grounds, but love forbade him to critipise her conduct too severely or think

too harshly of her. In more ways than one the future was now a blank before him; and the world fee," not quite so sunny and joyous. For a time he thought life was scarcely worth the care we bestow upon it, and that the sun of his happiness had forever set. But though heartlessly jilted, he never once thought of dying of despair, or of committing suicide. In spite of all his faults, he had a fair share of length his innate self-esteem and hope -those twin blessings, without which thousands would go to the wall-came to the rescue; made him take a healthier and more manly view of things, and nerved him for the real battle of life before him. With God's help and his own right arm, he saw no reason why determined to forget Lucy and love, if well, though with a still heavy heart. he sailed for Europe.

Before reaching Rome, his final des-tination, Claude visited all the great galleries and famous pictures in the various capitals and churches of the continent.

The Eternal City was at length clamoring for food, clothing and shel- steady work, his imagination and soul ter. As yet he regarded his palette fired with a praiseworthy ambition to and brush more as playthings than as become like his father, a leader in the to fame and fortune, neither of which past as much as possible behind his

The heart must have a shrine, and and aided by application, soon made him

In New York his success was great, time, especially since his engagement His society was courted, his opinion valued, his advice much sought after While thus employed on the portrait and his position apparently an envia-of his fiancee, Claude was mentally ble one. But all this time he had not -herself of a literary turn-was as misfortune had overtaken her, he felt longed to discover her whereabouts and cheer or aid her if necessary; for her tather, after suffering a crushing reverse in business, which ruined him, had died, leaving his daughter in poverty. Sue had since then left the city. and no one that he knew could inform

> One day a well-known publisher consulted him with regard to illustrations for a volume of poems, and left the manuscript for perusal.

"What do you think of 'Musings Among the Mountains?" asked he, a

"Yes The sonnets are particularly good; and also some of the longer and is unquestionably a first-class producthe hand of a novice in poetical compowill materially facilitate the illustration. which I can undertake, but would first

"So you shall, if I can prevail upon her to let you into her secret. Sue writes under a nom-de-plume, and wishes her name to be suppressed. If

possible 1 shall arrange a meeting."

Ere long Claude had an invitation to

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Ciaude ends meet, especially as he had no Meiner," said he, as the latter entered father to send him stray customers—a the parlor, and found himself vis-a-vis tap came to the door which made him to a young lady clad in deep mourning, start, for he knew the knock, and ran who started violontly and blushed toward it as it was opened by Lucy deeply in evident astonishment, as the

pame reached her ears. "I'm glad you have come. Lucy," he Nor was Claude less surprised to find said, "as I so much want you to see that the fair authoress was his former this infant head. It is purely ideal. triend and fiancee, Lucy Blake. She What do you think or 11?" met him frankly, and he was too pleased

tual explanations followed, and their friend, the worthy publisher, at whose house she was stopping, was soon let into the secret of their former inti-

Claude seized an early opportunity to have a private interview with her to ascertain her feelings toward

"Lucy," he said, "may I ask if it was your wish to have our engagement broken off?" "In a sense it was. Still, I was true

to you and loved you; but did what I then considered my duty, and yielded to my father's judgment. "You say you loved me, Lucy. Don't you love me now?"

She made no reply, but only crept closer to him, to be folded to his heart and loved and prized more than in times of yore, in his younger and more thoughtless days,

Twenty-Five Cent Meals.

"How can you manage to furnish a meal at such a price?" asked a customer in Chicago, after paying a twenty-five cent dinner check at the counter of a well-known restaurant in Chicago.

"I couldn't if I bought the material only for myself, or even for myself and buying for a great many hundred meals meet and make a handsome profit be-

"What is your regular bill of fare for twenty-five cents?"

"I give for dinner a different kind of soup every day, fish, a choice of meat or fowl roasted, four or five kinds of vege. tables, fruit and some kind of pastrysuch a variety, but includes tea or cof-

"The attendance must be an important item?" "It is, generally, but so many cooks

and waiters, who run on the boats in summer, are out of work that it doesn't cost so much here in winter." Is there such a difference between

good, practical common sense. At that you can afford to throw in the wholesale and retail rates of provisions cooking and service gratis?" "Not ordinarily, but with the system

of cold storage now practited, I can buy meats vegetables and fruits when they are cheap, and hold them for use. In the matter of meats and game that is a decided advantage, and they are really improved in flavor and tenderness by storage."

'Do you buy your meats in bulk?" "No; I buy only loins and quarters, but I buy from large houses who do their own packing and have means for using up the rougher pieces. Buying you look up a long carriage drive which in large quantities, of course I get low is lined with these trees. At the end prices, even better than most of the re- of this roadway may be seen the new my storage facilities I am not subjected to waste. It may seem strange that I roof, and the tower, which seems to can furnish a complete meal at barely shoot up from the midst of the gables, twice the retail price of the raw meat stands one hundred feet, and can be used, but it is the fact. Now, take seen for miles out at sea. Oh, everyreached; and there he settled down to fowl, for instance. Previous to Thanks- thing about that place is lovely enough giving and Chrismas turkeys sold for to suit the most capricious nature. from sixteen to eighteen cents a pound. There is on this island, and not far from The wholesale price was fourteen. A Dungeness, an old graveyard where are change of weather alarmed dealers, and buried a number of eminent men, heone, rather than run the risk of having roes of every war this country has ever them spoil on his hands, sold me his had since its independence was declared, In fact, many citizens wonder how I While there I copied from the tombcan set them out meats so much finer than they can buy, but it is mainly due

"Then I have other advantages in the matter of oysters and canned goods, which I buy in such quantities that I can get at dealers' rates from first hands. There isn't such a mystery in it, you see, after all, but I need to have plenty of ready money, though, and to watch the markets closely for bar-

gains," 'How many meals do you set in a

day?" "I have set as high as 800 and frequently feed people at the rate of 175 every twenty-five minutes. Of course I have to guard closely against leakage and don't have much, and generally have something over, besides, for the Little Sisters of the Poor." "Yes, I'm very well satisfied with

the profits, and the public seem to be satisfied with my fare and prices too."

Three Famous Documents.

The world has three great constitutional documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Declaration of Rights of 1688 and Magna Charta of King John. The original of the first named is preserved in the Independence hall, Philadelphia and is familiar to most Americans. The bill or Declaration of Rights that followed the revolution of 1688 is preserved in the Somerset house. Lordon. It is written in a small but plain hand, in English, and covers a parehment twelve inches wide and nearly thirty feet along. Such was the form in which, in those days, the re-cords of the House of Lords were kept. The original of the great Magna Charta of King John has had a varied history, having been many times moved, and barely escaping destruction in the great fire of 1666. It is written on very heavy parchment, in size 30x42 inches, and surrounded by the seals of the eighteen barons who forced the Plantagenet kink to execute the document on the plains of Runnymede on that June day 669 years ago. The text is in old Latin, the exact translation of which has given rise to a great deal of learned controver-ary. At the bottom right hand corner is the signature of the king in a bold hand, and through it runs a leather thong which sustains the seal-a black and white quartz rock the size of a walnut, or thereabouts. The interesting old document is now preserved in one of the mammoth safes in the British museum, and is shown to visitors only upon an order from the lord chamber

A wisk housekeeper is careful where she keeps her flour, for she knows it is more readily tainted than milk,

Black Varnish,-To make a good black variash for iron or other metals. dissolve by heat three ounces of asphal What do you think or 11?"

met him frankly, and he was too pleased tum, four quarts of boiled oil and eight to see her again, especially under such ounces of burnt umber. Mix the comtists, you have made the face old fashCarnegie's Castle.

John Kessler of Allagheny has returned from Cumberland Island, Ga. This is where the historical mansion of the famous Lee family was located until shelled into a ruin during the late war. The "Dungeness," as this place was then and is still known, is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie. They have just finished a magnificent palace on this island, and Mr. Kessler while there was doing the plumbing and gasfitting work in this beautiful home. He was visited at his house one afternoon by a reporter, and upon being asked to give his impressions of this historic spot, said with great enthusiasm.

"It is paradise. When I was not working I was roaming about the plantation and becoming as familiar with its beauties as my inquisitiveness and the romance of my nature would permit. There was no one there to talk to, beside Mr. Carnegle, but the colored folk, and when I had time I got the superstitious people to amuse me with their strange stories. I often received from them bits of interesting history about this romantic place. The most discontented man in the world could be happy at Dungeness. This island is one of a group, and it is separated from the family," returned the proprietor, "but main land by Cumberland Sound. To go there from here you must travel by at a time, I manage both to make ends | rail to Fernandina, Florida, and from the dock to Dangeness it is eight miles by water. The present house is built on the spot where the old Lee ancestral mansion once stood. That old house was one of the grandest in the South, and had sheltered some of the greatest men of this nation. It was seventy-five feet square and three For breakfast or supper there is not stories and an attic in height. The walls were two feet thick and built of shell rock, which is the common structural material for houses in that part of the country. When Mr. Carnegle built his new house he erected it on the exact former location of the old house, which had been ruined during the war by shells fired into it from Federal gunboats. This new house is the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in this country. I have worked in some splendid houses, but this one goes ahead of all I have ever seen. It is situated on the highest point on the island, and is surrounded by a plantation of 20,000 acres, of which over 3,000 acres are in cultivation. Cotton is the principal product. It is the best cotton grown in the world, I am told, but as I am no judge I don't know whether that is true or not. The plantation is mostly covered with a grove of live oaks, and one of the finest bits of scenery on the island is where tail dealers can obtain, and then with house, which is built of red granite brought from Maine. It has a slate entire stock at nine cents, and I have and ladies who are all now persons well stones in this graveyard a number of

> Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary war fame. It reads: Sacred

> To the memory GEN. HENRY LEE, OF VIRGINIA. Obiit 25, March, 1818.

Aet, 63, "You will notice some of the words are in Latin. Here is another:

Memory of CHARLES JACKSON, ESQ., OF NEWTON, Massachusetts, On the 23d of April, 1767. He was educated at Harvard College, and was a Commissioned Officer in the

American Revolutionary War, and for several years a Counsellor-at-Law. who died on 25 October, 1801, at the mansion of Phineas Miller,

Cumberland Island, "I made a copy of one, of a celeold Continental days, It reads as

follows: LOUISA C. SHAW, Relict of James Shaw, Esq., and youngest daughter of Major General NATHANIEL GREEN, Of Army of the Revolution. Died at Dungeness, Ga., April 24, 1831, Aged 45 years.

There were others, but it would fill a big book to tell all about those people. I would like to know if there are not romantic surroundings to this Dungeness? I found them so, any.

On a Rallroad Train.

"Bridal couples you meet almost generosity has been his ruin. every day?" was remarked to a rail-road conductor,

"Yes, and it's amusing to watch them sometimes. Human silliness usually reaches its climax when newly married couples begin their honeymoon. Who ever saw a bride and bridegroom on a wedding tour who could let each other alone, and not give themselves dead away by their demeanor? The palace car or the sleeping car porter gets onto a newly married couple as quick as he does onto au unblacked pair of boots. The hotel waiter detects them surely and uner-ringly, and the bell-boy and the chamringly, and the bell-boy and the chamber-maid scent their game and grow extra attentive and more than usually numerous, in the expectation that the happy bridegroom will do the handsome thing in the way of fees. About a week ago I had a couple on my train aristocratic Lendon ladies in old or rethat attracted more than ordinary attention because of their advanced age. do likewise, The bridegroom was about 75 years old, and the bride not much younger.

They were a precious pair of accient than to satisfy all that follow it.

turtle-doves, and no mistake. In the sleeping-car, when everybody else was quiet, this giddy old Benedict was heard to say to his bride: 'Who's a little lamb?' And she replied, in her most gushing tones: 'Bote of us!' Then a pair of toothless mouths met in noisy osculation, and the other passengers tittered. Human nature in motion, by fast express or accommodation, is the same as human nature elsewhere, and so far as opportunity can be had it

will in any and every place assert itself.
"Confidence men? Well, yes, they continue to work the trains to some extent, though not as much as formerly. The railroad companies have detectives constantly on the lookout for sharpers, and the roads running out of Chicago are now comparatively free from them. They are giving their attention mostly to new roads in the north and west, such as the Northern Pacific, where I understand they are as thick as fleas. Three card men have had their day in railroad work. People have learned to be afraid of them, no matter how eleverly they. may play the green, country gawk, nor how simple their little game may appear. If Canada Bill were alive, I suppose he could still make the racket young protege busy scissoring labels. pan out well, but he has never had a successor equal to him. Bill bad the cheek once to write a letter to President of the Union Pacific, offering him \$10,000 a year for the privilege of working the trains on that road."

'Is a conductor's life a pleasant one,

in the main?" "It has its ups and downs, its dangers and its hardships, but it has its bright side, too. The bitterest pill a conductor has to swallow is the knowledge that he is almost constantly watched by spies and spotters hired by the company; but the company is not to be blamed for taking this precaution. The conductor is exposed to temptation, and, as I said, human nature is the

"What tricks are practiced by dishonest conductors to defraud the com-

same on the railroad as elsewhere."

panies?" "The commonest one is the knocking down of cash fares. This is done every day, and is really the secret of the sudden elevation to wealth and position which is so frequently the lot of a man after he begins to run a train. It isn't in the nature of things that a conductor on a salary of \$150 a month, can rise from poverty to opulence within a few years, and be strictly honest, unless he fall heir to some rich relative's estate. I have known conductors, however, who never knocked down a dollar of the cash fares they collected, and yet made a barrel of money outside of their salaries."

"How did they do it?" "By crooked dealing in tickets. Unless a conductor punches a ticket it pocket certain tickets without canceling his tongue. them, and sell them to scalpers and other persons at a reduction. By working this plan carefully and systematically a mint of money may be made. Some of them have a special arrangement with ticket agents of the road. with whom they form a secret partnership and divide the spoils. Others do business solely with the scalpers, It's very risky, though, this thing of stealing from the company, and the shrewd-Cincinnati and St. Louis folks last winter. All but one of the conducthe inscriptions. Here is one of Light tors on this division were bounced, ing. and it was about the same on all the you see.

"Was it the work of spotters?" "Yes; but not the regular railroad detectives. Conductors have no trouble in getting onto them. These were men from Pinkerton's agency, as I have been told, and they put in about three months testing the conductors of that road. I know a man who used to be with Pinkerton, and I a different thing. learned something from him about their methods. He says that in testing conductors there are usually two detectives in each coach—one occupying a seat in the centre of the car, and the other as near the rear as possible. When the conductor collects a cash fare they note the station where the passenger got on, and also where he gets off, and report accordingly. A conductor is required to make a prompt report to the auditor of the road of the cash fares collected on each run, and by comparing his report with those of the detectives brated Southern lady of fashion in the old Continental days. It reads as making full returns or not. Sometimes the poor fellow inuocently steals the fare paid by the detectives themselves. The spotters also take note of every failure on the part of the popular, and yet he cannot do so, except at the risk of losing his position. The fact is, a conductor's friends seldom consider the magnitude of the sacrifice they so coolly ask him to make as a special favor to them, and the consequence is that many a conductor's

Blue Blood.

The Empress of Austria makes good bread. All Queen Victoria's girls were brought up to do needlework and make pies and puddings. The Crown Princess of Germany goes this month to Italy to remain until May with her eldest daughter, both seeking restoration of health.

not approve of Beatrice's engagement.

How Boys Succeed.

A few years ago a drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants. Among them was a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the proprietor said, "I can't take him; besides he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful, and never drinks, uses tobacco or profane language."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eves which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see what they wanted with such a boy-he wasn't bigger than a pint of eider. But after consultation, the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his 'What are you doing?" said he, "I

did not tell you to work nights." "I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders from the merchant to "double that boy's wages, for he was willing."

Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts passed through the street, and, very naturally, all the hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more, 'Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful." To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next month will become a

member of the firm. Anecdote of Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, whose fiftieth birthday has recently been celebrated, began to preach while a mere boy. An anecdote, associated with these early ministrations, illustrates the fact that, like most precocious boys, he was not only remains good, of course. He can self-reliant, but a little too free with

In the early part of his ministry Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he came on the Sunday morning Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him:

"I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me."

"Well," he said, "I can go back." "But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds est of 'em sometimes get caught, I of vehicles,' and then he put his hands some of them still in my cellar in as known in history. They are nearly suppose you noticed what a clean under his coat-tails and asked what the good condition as when I bought them. all members of the old Lee family. Sweep was made by the Pittsburgh, world was coming to when the boys the property and St. Louis folks had not get vid of the tests of who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preach-

However, he did preach, and Mr. other divisions. They were detected, Brown planted himself on the pulpit

stairs. Spurgeon read a lesson from Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage. "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a gray head who could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say: "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was

When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him, "Bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

"How shall I hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snow-fall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life of every failure on the part of the and laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the them up, and if he permits an inti-mate friend or relative to ride, the dogs. There is a mighty march of fact is reported. A conductor who never deadheads a friend or a fellow employe over the road gets himself over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the most popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid cahots, or bumps,

Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized. Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women and children revel in the dashing flight. The hilis are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and buge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Per-haps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visit-Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be

"How did you like it?" asked a

"Oh! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"You'll try it again, won't you?"
"Not for a thousand dollars!"