- Twas Chrisimas eve, and little Mabel, Kneeling for her evening prayer, Thinking only of Kriss-Kingle. And of what would be her share,
- Casting glances at the chimney, And her stocking hanging there, Sleepy, treed little Mabel. Thus began her evening prayer;
- "Now. I lay me down to sleep,— Auntie, I hear him now, Coming wight down our shimly Making such a dweadful wow,
- "I pway the Lord my soul to teep,— Just listen Auntie, do. I's sure I hears the sleigh-bells And the hobby-horses, too.
- "If I should die before I wate,— Auntie just tell Kwiss-Kingle To bwing me a pitty wag-dollie, Wis hair all banged and shingled.
- I pway the Lord my soul to tate,— I hope he'll bwing some tandy, Now when I hears him tuming Shall I wate you up, Auntie?
- 'Dod bless Mamma—and good Kwiss-Kingle And Papa—is my stocken wight? And little bwothers.—oh! I'se so tired; I hope I'll get some cakes to-night.
- And little sister, oh! dear, I'se seepy, Auntie just tell him I'se done to seep-lease tell him not to fordet my stocken, And little Mabel was fast asleep.

KNOXIE GRANGE.

"She is certainly a very pretty girl!" said Elbridge Root, decidedly, to his friend, Mr. Berry.

"Yes," assented his friend, "but it strikes me that for a young lady brought up in the splendor which, ac- Just across the road an unpainted barn cording to her own account, surrounds her, she is rather lacking in refinement and elegance of manner."

"Do you think so?" said Root, somewhat uneasily. "Well, perhaps her manuers are a trifle original; but she is pretty and graceful. And upon the whole, Frank, I have about made up my mind to ask her to marry me."

"Ob, you have, eh? Then there is no use in discussing the matter any further. Love is blind, they say, and I certainly shall not make an attempt | here?" to remove the bondage from his eyes, Yes, Miss Knoxie is sweet and winning; but have you ever reflected El, how your mother, whose manners would grace a court, and your sister, who leads society in New York, would welcome such an alliance?"

"From all that I hear, Knoxle Grange and its surroundings must be more than equal to the Root estates," laughed Elbridge. "And-"

But here conversation was interrupted by the appearance of a third person, and the subject was abandoned.

"Yes," Golden Knoxie was saying indifferently, "I suppose it's all very grand at Root; but our establishment at the Grange is on such a large scale. Mamma couldn't exist without a French maid, and the cook think herself abused if she didn't have at least two assistants,"

Betty Berry opened her pretty brown eyes very wide.

"I should like to see the Grange."

she said, innocently. "Yes, to be sure you would," replied Golden, rather hurriedly. "There is the picture gallery, and the billiard- ered by her brother on his return. room, and the bowling alley-I assure

style.37 where the pretty young school teacher fore it was too late." lives, that we called at yesterday, very

picturesque?" "Picturesque? Yes, I suppose so; but you see I am accustomed to things so entirely different;" was the reply.

"How glad you will be to get home!" "Ahl" sighed Miss Knoxie, as she are so few places like my home!" "Good-by, Mr. Root," said Golden.

pausing on her way down stairs and holding out her hand,

"Good-by, Golden," he said softly. He held her hand in a tight clasp for a moment. She was standing on the steps above him, and her lovely, be-

Root suddenly raised his dark, handsome face and kissed the sweet young lips, and Golden ran laughing and blushing down the stairs.

"Well, puss," said Frank Berry to his sister that night, "so your grand friend has returned to her ancestral halla?"

"Miss Knoxie has gone home-yes " "Do you miss her?"

"Well, no, I don't, Frank. I had become rather tired of her boasting. She never saw anything handsome without declaring that at her home things were twice as elegant. One gets wearied at that siyle of conversation. you know. Is Elbridge Root really smitten with her pretty face, Frank?"

"I'm afraid he is," Betty burst into a merry, ringing

"Poor Ell Well, she is very pretty;

but, oh, so conceited!" "I am going out to Mordaunt county with El next week, to visit Knoxle-Grange and play the part of a faithful friend while he proposes the eventful question."

"Are you? Ob, Frank, then you can tell me all about the giories of the Grange. To judge from what I have heard, it is second only to Windsor Castle. 1 only wish I were going out there with you."

The sunset was flooding all the west with a golden glory of orange brightness as Mr. Root and his friend drew ness and affection.

up to a lonely little mountain inn, which nestled close to the tall gate as if for companionship.

"Can you tell me, my friend, if we are far from Knoxie Grange?" said Root, hailing a little old man who sat on the piazza steps apparently half asleep.

"Knoxle Grange! Knoxle Grange!" repeated the old man, with a puzzled look. "I don't know as I ever heern tell of sich a place hereabout,"

have been the show place of the country."

Knoxie lives," interposed the old man | done. with a sudden accession of intelligence. "Mrs, Hugh Knoxie?"

"Yes. It's down a piece by the swamp. It's a yaller house with a barn road,"

"Thank you," said Elbridge, touching up his horse, "A yellow house with he had stolen the money. a barn opposite! What a curious idea the e country aborigines must have of architecture!"

The two miles were soon passed. The swamp followed in due succession. Then a tumbled down, one-story house, painted a dingy cream color. The windows were stuffed with old hats, and a plg was promenading the front yard in a wilderness of plantain and nettles.

was falling to decay. for?,' exclaimed Frank Berry, laying his hand upon the reins.

"This cannot be the place!" "Why not? Isn't it a yellow house with a barn opposite?"

"A shanty with a ruin opposite!" exclaimed Elbridge scornfully. "Still, it may be just as well to in-

quire before going further." "Does Mrs. Hugh Knoxie reside

"Yes, but she ain't home."

"Where is she?"

and Wednesdays she goes to Mr. Pond's."

Elbridge Root sat aghast. Frank Berry pursued the question. "Is Miss Knoxie at Home?"

"Golden? No; she's hired up to Widow Brown's doing housework. Be you Golden's beau from York?"

Neither of the young men thought it proper to hear the embarrassing quesjourney. Berry sat silently beside him until they had driven about a mile.

you did not propose in New York!"

her so truly. I would not marry ber

the account of Knoxte Grange, rend-

"There always was too much preyou, my dear, it is on the old castle | tence about the young woman," she | and purposeless, in time became insep-"But didn't you think the cottage am that El discovered the truth be- state giving rise to them, so as to coin- open it and answer letters with one

Sardines in China.

in China-I fear this prefatory remark tation and modification of different members, and ready for discussion with century. will remind some people of "Shakes- natural sounds, the voices of other ani- the best of them. He took an active paused in packing her trunk, "there peare and the musical glasses," but I mals, and man's own instinctive cries," part in framing the sections of the cannot help it-where the little fish are highly appreciated. It appears that their introduction to Celestial palates was a matter of pure accident. It appears that the Chinese import from tion of the last 10 years of his life by England a large quantity of the color called smalt, for painting blue figures on their pottery. At any rate the Lonwitching face was dangerously close to don agent of a Chinese firm received that might have showed itself since bass in Saratoga lake in a somewhat an order for a large quantity of smalt, the previous evening, would light his novel way a few days since. He had ket, involving the whole train in hopesome thousands of pounds sterling value. The word smalt was so badly written that the agent arrived at the larly took his afternoon nap on the tention was arrested by a disturbance conclusion that "smelts" were meant, and went about to consult fish dealers his last visit to the cherished spot he very shallow spot. Looking closely, he as to the best way to procure and cure requested me to decipher for him the saw that a large bass, with dorsal fin these dainty little fish. Naturally, he dates upon several of the gravestones; above the surface, was the cause of was told that such a thing had never and we conversed about many whom troubling the water. He approached as been attempted, and he was advised to we had known in life, and who had near as he thought safe and was about "Miss Knoxie has gone home—yes" been attempted, and he was advised to we had known in life, and who had answered Betty, arching her eyebrows. try sardines, as the approximation to passed away. I remarked that the to shoot the fish, when he discovered the gauzy stuff was badly torn. The them, "Sardines are cheap just now," said the dealer, "and I'm sure they'll meet the difficulty;" so the bargain was 'Ah, mester, I've always thought I had been scooped in with a net, that struck, the sardines were bought, should like to be buried here, for, the greedmess of the bass was the and shipped off to China. On the ar- looking around, 'you see there's such a cause. In his mouth was found a sunrival of the cargo a dispute arose. John Chinaman avowed that he had ordered a blue pigment, not fish, whether smelts or sardines; and John Chinaman lid nor churchyard clods would obseemed to have the right of it in law; struct his view. Perhaps they don'tl so he shrugged his shoulders and left In a few brief weeks he came to his has reported strongly in favor of leper the boxes of the oily little fish on the favorite haunt to stay. 'Poor old Wil- legislation, and urges that the provisions hands of the merchant. Some British liam, the flowers upon your grave have residents at Shanghai purchased some run wild long ago, and no one seems to as a slight alleviation of the trouble; remember you as they pass by." but one consignment was a big one, and, with the kindest intentions in the world, they could not consume any appreciable quantity. At last the happy thought occurred to somebody of presenting some to a Chinese epicure for his gracious opinion. He tasted them and pronounced them good, spread their fame among his friends, and very soon the lot went off apace. Now the sar-

> nese institution. Three things to love-courage, gentle-

dines a l'huile are quite a popular Chi-

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

Affecting Story of a Little Newsboy Who Lost \$10.

A business man of Detroit, whose office is cn Woodward avenue, relates this singular experience in the Free

"I wanted a \$10 bill changed, and as I was alone I stepped to the door "That is strange," said Elbridge, frequently employed to run errands, turning to Berry. "I supposed it must and told him to carry it to the nearest though I have it on very good austore and get it changed. I then went thority that he is not above lining his ins:de and waited. My partner came | pockets at a confectioner's shop with But I can tell you where Widow in and ridiculed me for what I had sweets and biscuits, and dispensing

"You will never see the boy or the change again," he said.

"I must say his prophecy looked possible when as hours went by the boy when the downpour was heaviestopposite, two miles beyond the plank | did not return; still I trusted him. I could easier believe that he had been run over or made away with than that resting place, and he was protected

> "I did not change my mind when a week had passed. I did not know where He was wet through. From his large he lived or who his associates were, and no newsboy seemed to be missing. The second week was nearly gone, when a woman came into my office one day. She was crying.

"'Are you Mr .---?' she asked. "I am, madam. What can I do for

"Then she told me that her little boy was dying; that he had been ill "Hold on-what are you driving past | nearly two weeks, and kept constantly calling my name. I went with her and found my missing newsboy. As soon as he saw me he began to rave.

"I lost it! I lost it!' was the burden of his cry, but I alone knew what he referred to. He had lost the \$10 note, and it had preyed on his mind, causing brain fever. He died in my arms, unconscious that I had trusted him from the very first, and that I would have done anything to save his life. I have not a doubt that he either lost it or had it snatched from him, and his sensitive young lady said to me in an ecstacy of vian countries. The natural order to "Up to Squire Low's washing; she nature kept him from telling the truth, washes there Tuesdays and Saturdays, and he gave his life up in the struggle."

Evolution of the Voice.

Darwin seems inclined to believe that, as women have sweeter voices than men, they were the first to acquire musical powers in order to attract the other sex, by which I suppose he means that the feminine voice owes its greater | the great poet who wrote "Atalanta." full growth, is sometimes upwards of sweetness to more persevering culture His face is transfigured and from his tion. Elbridge Root only guided his for purposes of flirtation, I do not know eyes there shines a light which is not of horse around to begin their homeward whether the ladies of the present day the earth. whether the ladies of the present day the earth. will own this soft impeachment, or whether they will be flattered by the "So that is Knoxie Grange!" he ejac- suggestion that their remote ancestresulated at last. "El, what a lucky thing ses lived in a perpetual leap-year of courtship. Other emotions, however, "She has deceived me from begin- besides the master passion of love had Convention of 1873. Although he was in England of mistletoe-bearing oaks. ning to end," said Elbridge in a husky to be expressed, joy, anger, fear, and then conducting one of the greatest It is said that the finest specimen is voice. "And I believed in and loved pain had all to find utterance, and the business enterprises of the world, he one at Bredwardine, discovered by Sir nervous centers excited by these vari- found or made time to attend the ses- G. Cornewall, in 1871, a fine oak, as yet her so truly. I would not marry her nervous centers excited by these vari-now were she helress to all Golconda's one stimuli threw the whole muscular sions of the Convention regularly as than fifteen clusters of this parasite. system into violent contractions, which long as he could be of public service, In France and Switzerland it is found volume of good counsel. Betty Berry was highly amused by in the case of the muscles moving the and when there was nothing but rou- on the spruce firs; in Italy on the vine chest and the vocal cords naturally produced sound-that is to say, voice. These movements, at first accidental said. "But, oh, Frank, how glad I arably associated with the emotional bring his morning's mail to the ball, cide with it, and thus serve as an index | hand while he was jotting down notes or expression thereof. From this to of the proceedings with the other, and, the voluntary emission of vocal sounds notwithstanding this dual labor, it was of whose story Longfellow sang so is an easy step, and it is probable found when he rose to speak that he I have read a curious little para- enough that the character of those graph about the popularity of sardines sounds was primarily due to the 'imi- ings of the body and the speeches of

Slept in a Churchyard.

A writer in the Chamber's Journal tells of a man who spent the greater porhis wife's grave. "He went to the cemetery in the early morning, and after removing any microscopic weed pipe and solemnly contemplate the started out early in the morning for stones in his vicinity. He went away hish but his quest was unsuccessful. regularly to his meals, and as regu- While rowing back to his place his atgrass by the graveside. Shortly before of the water near the shore and in a churchyard was a very pretty place, that it seemed somewhat disabled. Inand his face lighted up as he rejoined: vestigation showed, when the game splendid view from here.' This was fish weighing almost a pound. uttered in good faith, until the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin

A Famous Indian Chief.

United States a few years ago, is fully is broad and high, slightly sloping from a pair of heavy, beetling eyeglossy without any bear's grease.

THE PASSIONATE POET.

Swinburne Dispensing Lollipops to Children.

How very conservative Mr. Swinburne is in his daily habits. He generally takes an afternoon walk from Putney over to Wimbledon, where he "puts up" for a quarter of an hour at the carries a walking stick or an umbrella, them freely to youngsters who he meets on the road. The other day Wimbledon was deluged, and the Common especially was a place to be avoided, but about 4 o'clock-I saw Mr. Swinburne calmly marching along toward his usual against the ungentle rain from heaven by neither umbrella nor mackintosh, brimmed felt hat rills of rain randown upon his garments, his face was shining as if anointed with oil, his long white cuffs were in a miserable state. The number of stories, by the way, which are told at Wimbledon about the poet, whom every child in the village knows and admires, (the admiration being, no doubt, a kind of cupboard love), is quite endless. The other day I asked the confectioner's wife, whom Mr. Swinburne honors with custom, whether she knew who the gentleman and harmony. was who had just left her shop. "Oh, yes," she replied at once, "that's Mr. Swinburne, a private gentleman, but he isn't quite right in his head; he is what they call a poet, I'm told," When and a talisman against witchcraft in all he is walking along in his soldierly spiritual evil influences, a belief obfashion, Mr. Swinburne never takes his eyes off the ground, and evidently does not see that he is the observed of all ob- on the oak that used to be specially esservers. The other day a charming teemed by the Druids and in Scandinaadmiration: "If I only dared, wouldn't which it belongs is the Loranthacoe, I like to have the honor of shaking hands with him. But he looks too stern." The sternness, however, vanishes altogether when, on their play- and whence it derives its nourishment, ground on the Common, he sees the children at play or being wheeled about In their perambulators, And if you "catch" Mr. Swinburne at such a moment, you no longer marvel that this is Baldr, but the stem, if left to attain its

Franklin B. Gowen

useful member of the Constitutional tine work to be done, he resigned. He and loranthus; and in the Himalayas on the kind of a man to hold an the apricot. It is also a native of Siwas not the kind of a man to hold an beria. The "Spignel" (or "bald meigne office and neglect his duties. During otherwise Baldr's money" was dedicated the sessions of the Convention he would to Baldr, and the "may weed" (Anthewas fully acquainted with the proceed-Constitution bearing upon railroad corporations, and did not hesitate to advocate radical restrictive measures, provided they accorded with the principles

A Victim of Greed.

James H. Riley captured a five paund

The Leper Question in India.

of the bill already drafted should be strengthened and extended so as to prohibit the employment of lepers in washing clothes, preparing food and similar occupations. Native opinion Chief Joseph, the famous chief of the is, however, generally averse to legisla-Nez Perces Indians, who defied the lion going beyond pauper lepers, on the ground that the contagious character six feet in his mocassins, and weighs of the disease is not sufficiently estab-200 pounds. His features are fine and lished. The papers here are asking denote decided character; his forehead | what has become of the Damien Committee's proposal to send out a commission of inquiry. This would be brows, above a pair of piercing black useful, and would strengthen the hands eyes. His hair black and straight, is of the Government in educating the remarkably fine for an Indian's, and is native public to the necessity of such

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

Like the holly, the Mistletoe (Viscum album) claims a place amongst our historical flowers' being employed at the winter festival so time-honoured and dear to us all. It is somewhat difficult to record any circumstances respecting its history with which the reader is not already acquainted; yet, perhaps, the origin of the primitive fashion of kissing under the white-berried branches and called a little newsboy whom I had house he is fond of visiting. He never may be known to comparatively few. For the explanation we must go back to very early ages in the history of northern nations, and dip into the annals of Scandinavian mythology. Baldr, the beautiful (the northern Appollo), the son of Odin, had a potent foe in the evil spirit, Loki; and this latter endeavoured to compass his destruction by the hands of the blind god, Hodr. So he made an arrow out of the wood of the mistletoe (supposed to proceed from one of the elements), and placing it in his hands, directed it to Baldr, who fell to the earth—a catastrophe which by no other weapon could have been affected, as his mother Frigga (or Freyja), had rendered him proof against harm from any of the four elements. This outrage displeased the gods, and they restored Baldr to life, and as they dedicated to Frigga the only instrument by which her son could be harmed, she took the precaution of having it placed out of touch of the earth, and thus beyond the jurisdiction of Loki. From this old fable the practice of hanging bunches of mistletoe from the ceilings and tops of the doorways has arisen, and the "kiss of peace" beneath them followed in natural sequence. The nonformation of arrows from its wood, with which to compass the death of anyone, was guaranteed so long as hung aloft; the kiss was an assurance of good faith

The use of the mistletoe in the heathen sacrificial rites of the Druids needs no comment, so well is the subject known. They regarded it as a cure for every disease, an antidote to all poisons, taining amongst the Greeks, Romans, in France, and all European nationalities. But it is the mistletoe that grows consisting of some 450 evergreen parasitic shrubs, chiefly tropical, though found in temperate climates. It cruelly kills the branch on which it grows, and thus compasses its own death. The brittle twigs which we obtain for homestead decorations might well be supposed unsuitable for the construction of the shaft that transfixed the beautifu an inch in diameter, and subdivides into a fork, thus lending itself naturally to the form of an arrow. More mistletoes are found on the apple tree than any other, but it grows on the hawthorn, lime, maple, mountain ash, poplar, larch, pear and others. Though Was a conspicuously brilliant and propagated in Ireland and Scotland, it mis cotula) is still said to be as fair as

the brow of "Baldr, the beautiful, God of the summer sun, Fairest of all the gods:

sweet a lay. No earlier notice of the time-honoured custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" appears to be on record than about the middle of the 17th

The Small Screw.

A screw in the crank of an engine of an express train at full speed thus addressed itself to the surrounding ma-"I'm very small, but exceedingly im-

portant; without me the whole fabric would come to grief. Upon me depends the successful working of the whole engine-now just you observe how important I am !" and then without more ado, the screw leapt from its socless wreckage, MORAL,-Do not parade your own

importance at the expense of others.

A Graceful Tribute.

Among the gems possessed by Mr Kendall is one presented to her by the Prince Leopold, the late Duke of Albany. She says, "I met him at a drawing room and passing through a hallway my dress caught on a cactus plant young prince came to my aid, snatched a jewel that secured a decoration on his shoulder and pinned up the torn breadth of my train.

Hard on the Travelers.

Up in the vicinity of Schoodic lake a man who had a new road to sell failed to make satisfactory term with the town, and so, on the theory, "no pay, no road," felled trees across the way until the town should pay him for opening it, Travelers who recently passed through that region think the innocent senger gets the worst of the con-

A Striking Resemblance.-A more than middle aged bachelor married a young girl. When a son and heir was added to the family, the nurse was wont to show the new comer to visitors, with the

"Looks like his pa, doesn't he?" One day a grouty old gentleman' who couldn't see the resemblance, replied, with a grunt: "Just so; he's quite bald; and has no

Monotony is much more insupport-

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Three thing to hate-cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to delight in-beauty, frankness and freedom.

Three things to admire -intellect dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to wish for-h alth, friends, and a contented spirit.

Three things to like-cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid-idleness, lo-

quacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate - good books, good friends and good humor

Three things to contend for - honor, country and friends. "Live above a dam" is the watchword of the hour.

A true friend is one who is not afraid to tell us of our faults.

There is nothing so natural as to lie, and then dodge behind it. There are but few people that you

can praise without fixtering them. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

People who slander themselves cannot expect other people to extol them. Take the he out of the world and the sweetness will be gone from truth.

We seldom learn the true want of what we have till it is discovered we can have no more. Where faith and love go not together

they are both wanting; the are both dead if once divided. One fit and earnest word carries more

weight than does a whole yard of high flown eloquence, Some bugs are creatures of a summer

No man has yet lived long enough in this world to doubt the infallibility of

day, but the humbug has all seasons for

his judgment. Don't count much on friendships formed in cafes. They never turn out

The man who has sworn not to forgive has uttered the worst oath he can take.

It may be difficult to decide which may pursue the most eagerly, interest or fame.

A man who has a cent left after all his debts are paid is like a theatrical advance agent-one sent ahead. When you walk, pray once; when you

go to sea, pray twice; when you go to get married, pray three times. It is no vanity for a man to pride

himself upon what he has honestly got and prudently uses. Inconsistency between words and actions is generally fatal to the accom-

plishment of good. A good action is never thrown away, is not a native of those countries. There and that is why so few of them are found lying around loose.

> People who make it their business to run other people's business, never receive any cash dividends. The silent pressure of the hand is

> often of more vital good than a whole No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and

> kept aloof from idle companions. It is easter to find six men who can tell exactly how a thing ought to be

done than to find one that will do it. There is a great deal of poetry about poverty, no doubt, but it takes the poor man's well-to-do neighbor to ais-

It is the person who talks most during the performance that always applauds the loudest at the wrong time. To acquire great wealth shows great vigor, to keep it requires great wisdom and to use it well is a virtue and an

Genius is like a barrel on the top of a hill; it will not indeed move unless pushed, but once pushed it goes of it-

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture of equal parts of serenity and cheerful-If we are ever in doubt what to do.

we shall wish on the morrow that we had done. The heart may leap for a time under a fine gown, but the sight of a

it is a good rule to ask ourselves what

gown yet finer puts an end to rapture. It is in the purpose itself and in the active exercise of the faculties required to carry it out that the chief happi-

ness of life is found. He alone is able to attend impartially to virtue and execute her commands, without hesitation, who has reduced

his senses to obedience. Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath. Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

When a man disagrees with you it is often best to let him alone. The same is true of rich food: Work calmly in the presence of God. Are you sad and perplexed? Call upon him. Are you anxious? Turn to Him

for a moment, and ever continue your work. God has not given strength and energy to all souls; there are some which He has only made good. Are there not flowers which are only in-

tended to give perfume? It is to the angel of piety God has confided the special mission of guarding the peace of the family and preserving in it that sweet joy which makes it like a reflection of heaven.

"I have remarked," says Lacordaire, "that those who give themselves up to their senses are incapable, as it were, of feeling, or even understanding friendship. One must be pure to love." Sometimes we think things are going

slowly. They are going more rapidly than you think, my friends. There is more motion upon the people who do not stand with us than at any period of the history of the earth.