

The Christmas Tree.

While the winter snows are dressing  
All the trees in spotless white,  
And the twilight and the fire-light  
Round my ingle  
Blend and mingle,  
And the night  
Creeps on apace, there towers  
On my hearth a tree whose flowers  
Sure are born in elfin bowers  
Far removed from mortal sight.

Tis the king of all the cedars,  
And its branches, green and fair,  
With their weight of golden fruitage  
Bend and glisten;  
And I listen,  
While the air  
Seems with benisons replete,  
Which my lips and heart repeat,  
Born on incense wild and sweet—  
Incense sweet beyond compare.

Myriads of dainty bangles  
Nestled in its branches are;  
Hanks of shining, tinted tapers,  
Flashing, gleaming,  
Each one seeming  
Like the star  
Which through all the toil and danger  
Led the magi to the manger  
Where was born the Royal Stranger  
From the heavenly court afar.

As the tapers, slowly burning,  
Set in darkness, one by one,  
And the troops of rosy children  
Round my ingle  
Throng and mingle;  
While the fun  
And the look of glad surprise  
Fade from out their satiate eyes;  
"Tell us now," my princess cries,  
"Of the Blessed Virgin's Son."

Little Princess Golden-Locks,  
Throned upon my knee again,  
Waits to hear the old, old story,  
New forever,  
Which hath never  
Ended been:  
How the Eastern sages bring  
Treasures to the Peasant King,  
And the hosts of heaven sing  
"Peace on earth, good-will to man."

Christmas in Anderson Court.

It was not a palace—it was only one dingy little room where Maggie Burton lived. It was one of the twenty or thirty very humble homes in Anderson court, not far from a busy, bright street in a great city.

It was the day before Christmas that Maggie sat in this forlorn room tending baby and trying to keep her two brothers still "so she could think," as she said. Maggie was only ten years old, but she had to be mother to these boys and to the baby from morning till night, almost every day in the week, for very hard times had come to this family, and Mrs. Burton had, for several months, been obliged to leave her little ones and "go out washing." It had not always been quite so bad—but Maggie could never remember when they were not poor, though she remembered they used to have a neat room and plenty to eat and wear. Before the strike, Mr. Burton got very fair wages, and as Mrs. Burton was a very good manager, and they all had been well, they got along very comfortably. But now for four months the men had been on a strike at the mills, and Mr. Burton had earned nothing since, except what he would get now and then for little jobs of work, so that Mrs. Burton had to go out washing to get food for the children.

Maggie was singing to the worrying baby in her arms, and the boys were playing horse terrifically, when she exclaimed impatiently: "Now, boys, I wish you would keep still, so I can think."

"What do you want to think about?" said Johnny, pushing his brother over, and coming to Maggie's side.

"I'm trying to think about Christmas and the handsome things in the store-windows, and I'm trying to think how nice it would be to be a lady, with lots of money to buy dresses and dolls, and toys and candy."

"Candy!" exclaimed George, picking himself up from the floor and stopping his crying; "I wish I had some candy! Can't we get some, Maggie?"

"No, George, we can't have one bit. Mother says if we can get bread we may be glad. I do wish we could have something nice to-night; and I do wish mother would come, I'm so tired."

"Maggie, do you think we'll ever have money enough to buy nice things?" asked Johnny, his round eyes growing very large and thoughtful, and his chin resting on his dirty hand.

"I'm sure I don't know, Johnny; I guess not—unless the mills begin again, and I don't think then we could ever have a carpet, or good clothes, or a big looking-glass like they have one place where mother washes."

"Where do some men get so much money?" Johnny asked; "because I'm going to get a lot when I'm big—if I can find out where it comes from."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Maggie; "I guess they find it."

When Mrs. Burton came home, weary and worn, George ran to her, pulling her dress and teasing, "Mamma, did you bring me a horse for Christmas?"

"I've brought you some bread. That is all the Christmas gift you children will get this year," and she set some large pieces from a loaf, which the little boys grasped with their dirty hands and ate voraciously.

"Now, Maggie," she said, "lay the baby down, and run out with the boys and see the handsome stores and the happy people. You've been a good girl, dear. I could not get along without you. Poke the fire a little, for father'll be coming soon, and it is getting very cold."

Maggie and her brothers looked in at the windows of a candy store, and talked about old snow-covered Santa Claus and his pretty reindeer, and the candy animals, and the popped-corn baby, and the pretty things for Christmas-trees. Then they ran on to a toy store whose windows were a wonder-world of beauty.

"Oh, I wish I had that doll with the red silk dress on," said Maggie.

"I'd like that drum, and that funny man that keeps his head going, and that donkey, and them steam cars, and that fiddle," rattled Johnny.

"Oh, there's the ring I want—that wooden horse," said George. "Maggie, can't I have that horse?—it won't cost more'n two cents."

"No, George, it costs awful much, I know, and we're so poor," groaned Maggie.

"What makes us poor? Is it because we're bad?" asked George.

"No, I don't think father is bad; he doesn't drink a drop. I guess God made us poor, or else we wouldn't be so."

Just then a big boy with a sled in his hand and a great package on his shoulder passed. Swinging the sled carelessly, he hit George and threw him upon the walk. He screamed frightfully. Maggie and Johnny rushed to help him.

"Is he much hurt?" asked a lady who had a few moments before alighted from a carriage, and who had lingered to hear the curious talk of the children.

"Oh, I hope not," said Maggie, trying to lift her screaming brother, "for we're so poor. 'Twould kill mother if his leg is broken, and we would all starve, I know."

She succeeded at last in getting him on his feet, and rubbed his leg and comforted him.

When Maggie found he could stand, and was beginning to stop crying, she turned to look at the lady, who still stood by them.

She saw a beautiful girl, so lovely and so richly dressed it seemed to Maggie it must be a fairy; for to tell the truth, Maggie had always been expecting to meet a fairy.

Her grandmother had told her about the wild folk, till she believed something might happen to her as well as to Cinderella. The lady stood looking at the beautiful golden hair from which the faded shawl had slipped, and scanning the ragged little boys, and trying to recall their strange words about being poor.

"Don't you have any nice Christmas at your house?" she asked.

"No, indeed; we're too poor," said Maggie.

"And you came out to see the pretty toys you cannot buy," said the lady.

And Maggie, still half believing it might be a fairy or a magic god-mother, or some such creature, told her all about their hard times—about her sad father and her weary mother, and the strike, and how hungry they sometimes were, and how she tended the baby all day, and kept just a little bit of fire because they couldn't afford to be very warm.

People passing turned to see the curious group, and many smiled because the grand, proud young lady had so forgotten herself as to talk to a set of dirty children in the open street, where everybody could see her.

But the proud young lady cared very little for the opinion of the world just then. She was not even conscious of the people who were passing. After a few moments she turned back to her carriage and drove away.

Maggie thought how happy she must be, she was so beautiful and so rich; but if Maggie could have seen the torn and tortured heart beneath the velvet robe, she would have felt more pity than admiration.

The children lingered till they knew everything in the window by heart, and then, helping on the limping George, they went on to others, till they had seen, Maggie said, "all the pretty things in the world."

"It's fun to look at them, if we can't have them," she said, as they turned down the dark street and into Anderson court to their desolate home.

And very desolate did it seem to Maggie that night. She wanted to cry, but would not, because it would make her father and mother feel badly. There was just a little fire in the grate, for the coal was almost gone. Her mother was walking with the crying baby and had not even a smile for the children when they came in; and when they told her of George's accident she only said: "I'm glad it was not worse."

Mr. Burton was seated on a low bench, his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands. George went to his father's side and said, "Papa, a big boy hurt me, and a pretty lady came and said she was sorry; and I saw the prettiest horse and everything; and can't I have the horse for Christmas?"

"Go away, boy," said Mr. Burton sulkily, "there ain't any money to buy toys with. We ain't got any money to buy food for to-morrow."

"Father, something good will turn up soon, I'm sure," she said tenderly, and then took her brothers by the hand and led them to a dusky corner of the room, where they talked low for a long time. Then she undressed George, and the three curled down on a bed which, in her father's words, had called a pile of rags.

"There wasn't anything to come here."

"This is the place," said the man, with a smile, and he placed on the floor a box which Mrs. Burton began to examine.

"Oh, there's my horse!" screamed George. "I knowed I'd have that horse."

"And there is the doll with the red dress," exclaimed Maggie.

"And a drum!" screamed Johnny, grasping the article and giving it a few sound raps with his fist, which made them all start.

"There's been some mistake," said Mr. Burton, but nobody heeded him. The baby squeezed the rubber doll to make it cry, Johnny had found the sticks and was drumming with all his might, while Mrs. Burton kept taking things out of the box, and baby helping her. Mr. Burton stood looking on, very sour and suspicious, when another knock at the door aroused him.

"Mr. Burton live here?"

"Yes."

"I have some flour for him, and some other articles."

In came a barrel of flour and a turkey, and half a dozen other things which taste good on Christmas.

This time they all began to laugh. Mrs. Burton laughed more than she had in four months, and Mr. Burton smiled and said "he'd like to know who had dared to send them these things," and somehow the words came into his mind, "Good-will to men," "Peace on earth."

"There's some good-will in the world after all."

When the third man knocked and said he brought a load of coal, there was such laughing, and talking, and hopping around of children it would have blessed your heart to have heard them.

"I knew that lady was a fairy, or a princess, or something," said Maggie. "She has sent these things for us asked where we lived, and said, 'Dear heart,' when I told her about you all, and that we hadn't only enough coal to last a few days, and how hungry we got."

Mr. Burton went to get the coal in, and said he never was so glad of work in his life; and Johnny filled the grate and made such a fire as they had not seen since the winter before.

"I wonder what'll come next," said Maggie, clapping her hands and jumping up and down in her gladness.

"My child, don't expect anything more. I'm afraid all this will prove only a dream," said Mrs. Burton.

But something more did come, and this time it was the princess herself. She shrank back a moment when she saw the dirty floor, the ragged bedstead, and thought of six people crowded in this little room. Her daintiness and elegance had never before come face to face with such squalor, but she had been passing through great experiences of late, and she was brave enough to meet this.

"And this is your mother, and this your father," she said, shaking their hands and smiling so sweetly that Mr. Burton said afterward it was just like an angel right from heaven.

"I thought I would drop in and wish you a merry Christmas," she said.

"Mr. Burton wiped the tears on his sleeve and began thanking the lady.

"The good Lord has sent us help in our distress," he said.

"If He has shown me how I can be good for something, I am glad," she said with a smile. "Your little girl tells me you are in trouble and I have come to see if I can help you out of it."

Now I need not tell you, my reader, how they talked till Mr. Burton said "all the trouble seemed lifted off their hearts," and, after she went away, they set the turkey roasting before the fire; and how they were so hungry they only waited for one side to get done, and sliced it off and ate it while the other side was cooking; and how the children ate nuts and candy till they couldn't eat any more, and carried some to all the children in the court; and how Mr. Burton said he never saw such a blessed day in all his life; and how he tended the baby, and kissed Maggie half a dozen times, when she put her arms around his neck and hugged him so hard, he couldn't help it; and how the children in Anderson court came in to see the beautiful doll in the red silk dress; and how they squeezed the rubber doll till it burst; and how the boys wanted to beat Johnny's drum "just two times;" and how they stood and gaped at Johnny as if he had been a hero, and not a poor ragged little boy like themselves—no one can imagine all that, but I am going to tell you a little about the princess herself.

She was the only child of very wealthy parents. She had been petted and pretty nearly spoiled by too much happiness.

Miss Princess had come to fancy herself the special favorite of Providence, not dreaming that God and all sensible people saw that her life was poor and mean.

But our princess had been having sad troubles of late. I will not tell about them for it would take a whole story book to tell it all, but they had been working a great and excellent change in the character of our Princess. Trouble is good for us all if we are strong enough not to be crushed by it.

Her father, anxious to cheer his child, and believing something beautiful to wear was the best comfort, had given her a great deal of money and told her to select for herself a handsome set of jewelry for a Christmas present. She felt it was absurd to soothe her sore heart with jewels, so she did not select them till her father urged her again and again, and the afternoon before Christmas she had driven out to purchase them.

And just as she stepped from her carriage Maggie and her brothers were there—to step into her life and save her. Their strange words about their poverty caught her ear, and something urged her to watch them. She would once have disdained to notice such wretched children, but now their very rags drew her to them.

It seemed to her it would be sweet to deny herself the jewels she had come to purchase, and to help this family in their dark hours. So she stepped into her carriage and drove away to purchase provisions instead of pearls, and toys for

Hearts Overworked.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train, and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and the blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives, and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a sinking or emptiness as it is called.

The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from the central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for the blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member, but if it is made to fetch and carry incessantly, if it is "put upon" as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children.

Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high pressure is employed. Hence young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly sad one. The precocious, cooped-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it; in a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts. It in the school-room some hearts are broken from mental strain, in the play-ground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain.

"It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underestimate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the danger of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscles they attained; the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results." But, indeed, it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganized.

"Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.—Chamber's Journal.

Story of a Vagrant Painter.

A London paper says: "Many instances of the large sums realized by chance purchases of old paintings have been given; but none can well be more curious than the well-authenticated case which has been supplied by the surviving parties to it. In 1853, a well-known picture restorer, who was at that time engaged in cleaning the paintings at Guildhall, was proceeding down the London road toward Blackfriars bridge, when he noticed a workman, with his wife and child, walking by the side of a van in which goods were being removed. The man was carefully carrying under his arm a small, dirty looking painting. The practiced eye of the picture restorer, detecting something genuine about the picture, asked the man what he would take for it, to which he replied, 'half-a-crown'; but his wife interposing, the price was raised to five shillings, at which sum the bargain was struck, and the party, including the driver of the van, adjourned to a neighboring public house, where the money was duly paid down. The picture on being cleaned, proved to be a genuine Teniers; the subject a village with figure and landscape, at the corner of which was inscribed, 'David Teniers, Junr., fecit, 1666.' The picture, which was sixteen by thirteen inches, was soon afterward sold to Mr. H. Good for \$825.

The largest gun in the world is a 100-ton gun, made in England by Sir William Armstrong for the Italian government. At the trial at Spiez, Italy, with a projectile of nearly 2,000 pounds, and charges of powder of 295 to 373 pounds, the pressure at bottom of barrel ranged from 16 to 20 tons per square inch. The velocity of shot obtained was 1,337 to 1,564 feet per second. The targets used consisted of various metal plates of 2 1/8 inches thickness, backed up by sufficient wooden supports to make a total of 51 inches. A steel plate, from the Crenset foundry (costing \$4,000), was also used, and although the shot failed to penetrate the plate, it dealt the target such a fearful blow as to fully destroy it, and there is no iron shot now stout capable of resisting the shot of this gun. The length of shot is from 4 feet to 4 feet 4 inches, and is 30 inches in diameter. Length of bore of gun is 90 diameters; diameter over all nearly 85 inches.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NECROLOGY.

Prominent Persons Who Have Died During 1875.

JANUARY.—5, General La Marmora, distinguished Italian soldier and statesman; Florence, Italy; 74... 6, Richard Mumford Pierson, chief justice of North Carolina; Winston, N. C.; 73... 7, Mrs. Mary Mapes, who had seen every President of the United States; Baltimore, Md.; 99... 8, Francis Vincent Raspall, well-known French chemist and politician; Paris; 83... 9, Victor Emanuel, King of Italy; Rome; 59... General John O'Neill, Fenian leader; Omaha, Neb.; 51... 11, Demetrius Bulgarias, prominent Greek politician; Greece; 77... 12, Jose Martiniano de Alencar, Brazilian poet and dramatist; Rio Janeiro; 48... 13, Sir William Sterling Maxwell, English author; Venice; 60... 14, Samuel Bowles, editor Springfield Republican; Springfield, Mass.; 62... 15, Edward C. Collins, founder of first American line of steamships; New York; 76... 16, Major-General Augustus Willich, Federal officer; St. Mary's, Ohio; 68... 17, Alexander J. Johnson, United States circuit judge; Nassau, West Indies... 18, John B. Kerr, ex-Congressman; Washington; 69... 19, Sir Edward S. Creasy, English historian; London; 66.

FEBRUARY.—3, Major-General Charles Thomas, United States army; Washington; 80... 6, Pius IX., head of Catholic church; Rome; 86... 11, Gideon Welles, ex-secretary United States navy; Hartford, Conn.; 76... Charles M. Conrad, ex-secretary of war; New Orleans; La... 9, Theodore Roosevelt, eminent New York citizen; New York city; 47... 11, General Duplessis, prominent French officer; Paris, France... R. W. Taylor, first comptroller of the currency, United States treasury, Washington... 26, Father Angelo Secchi, famous Italian astronomer; Rome, Italy; 60.

MARCH.—2, Benjamin F. Wade, ex-Senator United States; Jefferson, Ohio; 78... 7, Judge Ass Briggs, once United States Senator; Norfolk, Va.; 68... 8, Count Sclopis, Italian statesman and president Geneva board of arbitration on Alabama claims; Turin, Italy; 80... 11, Arolduke Francis, emperor of Austria's father; Vienna; 76... 15, John E. Leonard, Representative to Congress from Louisiana and special commissioner to Cuba; Havana; 47... J. Clancy Jones, ex-Congressman and at one time United States minister to Russia; Reading, Pa.; 64... 27, Sir George Gilbert Scott, distinguished English architect; London; 67.

APRIL.—2, Earl of Leitrim, county Derry, Ireland; 76... General Thomas C. Deven, United States army; New York... 6, Cardinal Giuseppe Berardi; Rome; 68... Dr. Francis Gurney Smith, prominent physician and medical writer; Philadelphia; 61... 10, Prince Napoleon Lucien Charles Marat, son of General Marat; London; 75... 11, William M. Tweed, head of the notorious New York "ring"; New York; 55... 19, George W. Blunt, New York pilot commissioner; New York; 76... Major-General John J. Peck, veteran of Mexican war; Syracuse, N. Y.; 58... 22, William Orton, president Western Union Telegraph company; New York; 52.

MAY.—1, John Morrissey, New York State senator; Saratoga, N. Y.; 47... 7, Giuseppe Tagliabue, inventor; Mount Vernon, N. Y.; 66... Charles Morgan, New York, millionaire; New York city; 83... 10, Ex-Judge Samuel A. Foot, well-known jurist; Geneva, N. Y.; 88... 12, Catherine E. Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher; Elmira, N. Y.; 78... 13, Major-General Thomas S. Dakin, hero of international rifle match; Brookly; 47... 20, Samuel M. Isaacs, oldest rabbi in the United States; New York; 75... Mrs. Leon Lewis, well known novelist; Rochester, N. Y.; 37... 28, Lord John Russell, twice English's prime minister; Richmond, England; 86.

JUNE.—1, M. Frederick Arnould, eminent French senator; Paris; 69... 3, W. F. Allen, judge New York court of appeals; Oswego, N. Y.; 70... Major William J. McDonald, chief clerk United States Senate; Washington; 65... 6, Count Achille Barague d' Hilliers, marshal of France; France; 83... Rev. Nathaniel Benton, D.D., New Hampshire historian; Concord, N. H.; 79... Don Manuel Freyre, Peruvian minister to United States; Washington; 83... 10, John A. MacGahan, celebrated war correspondent; Constantinople; 82... Thomas Winans, well known locomotive builder; Newport, R. I.; 59... 11, George V., ex-king of Hanover; Paris; 69... General B. L. E. Bonneville, oldest retired United States officer; Little Rock, Ark.; 83... 12, William Cullen Bryant, distinguished poet and editor; New York; 84... 16, Samuel Williams, oldest printer in New York State; Boundout, N. Y.; 89... 18, Hon. Terence J. Quinn; member of Congress; Albany, N. Y.; 42... 23, George T. Kane, mayor of Baltimore, Md.; Baltimore; 84... Charles Matthews, celebrated English comedian; Manchester, England; 75... 26, Mercedes, Queen of Spain; Madrid; 18.

JULY.—3, Dr. James C. Ayer, well known advertiser of patent medicines; Winchester, Mass.; 60... 8, George W. Appleton, publisher; Riverside, N. Y.; 57... 12, Harvey S. Eastman, mayor of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Denver, Col.; 46... 20, John A. Lott, ex-judge New York court of appeals; Flatbush, N. Y.; 74... Minnie Warren, famous dwarf; Middleboro, Mass.; 27... 23, Abigail H. Smith, leading woman suffragist; Glastonbury, Conn.; 82... 25, Major-General Charles W. Sandford, for thirty years commander first division New York State national guard; Avon Springs, N. Y.; 82... 31, Cardinal Francis, postoffice secretary of state; Rome; 59.

AUGUST.—2, General A. L. Bousfort, United States officer, and ex-mayor Harrisburg, Pa.; 52... 11, Henry F. Montague, well-known actor; San Francisco, Cal.; 85... 13, Evert A. Duyekinet, American author; New York city; 62... 18, Dr. Benjamin R. Robson, oldest doctor in New York and veteran war officer of 1813; New York; 85... 21, Henry Armit Brown, prominent Philadelphia

lawyer; Philadelphia; 82... Maria Christiana, former queen dowager of Spain; France; 72... 22, Samuel B. Crocker, founder, Literary World; Boston, Mass.; 41... 26, Beth Padelloff, ex-governor Rhode Island; 71.

SEPTEMBER.—6, General John J. Sprague, United States Army; New York; 68... Mehmet Ali Pacha, renowned Turkish general; Yacona; 50... 20, Colonel T. B. Thorpe, well-known literary man; New York city; 63... 24, Addison H. Lafin, ex-member of Congress; Pittsfield, Mass. 55; James A. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton; Irvington, N. Y.; 90... 27, Dr. August Heinrich Petermann, distinguished German geographer; Gotha, Germany; 56.

OCTOBER.—2, Cyrille Dion, leading billiard player; Montreal; 32... Mengdon-Meng, king of Burmah... 5, Sir Francis Grant, English painter; Melton-Mowbray, England; 75... 8, General Gideon J. Pillow, ex-Confederate general; Arkansas; 72... 12, Felix A. P. Dupanloup, bishop of Orleans and French senator; Paris; 76... 14, Eugene A. Cronin, Oregon elector in last presidential election; Portland, Or.; 36... 19, Benjamin H. Latrobe, distinguished civil engineer; Baltimore, Md.; 71... Hon. J. S. Carlisle, former United States Senator; Clarksburg, W. Va.; 61... 20, Rear-Admiral Hiram Paulding, oldest officer in United States navy; Huntington, N. Y.; 24, Cardinal Paul Cullen, head of Catholic church in Ireland; Dublin; 75... General James S. Whitney, well-known Massachusetts politician; Boston; 67... 27, Christopher R. Robert, once leading New York merchant and founder Robert college, Constantinople; Paris, France; 77... 28, Colonel Richard Beale, poet and journalist; San Francisco, Cal.; 58... 31, Louis Antoine Garnier Pages, French statesman and historian; Paris; 75.

NOVEMBER.—5, Alexander Smith, Congressman-elect; Yonkers, N. Y.; 60... 7, Aaron Simonsen, veteran war officer of 1812; Totterville, N. Y.; 83... 9, Rev. Henry Jones, prominent Congregationalist clergyman; Bridgeport, Conn.; 77... 11, Hon. Norman B. Judd, ex-United States minister to Germany; Chicago, Ill.; 63... 14, John S. Sleeper, author and editor; Boston; 84... Thomas S. Powers, American chemist; Philadelphia; 65... 21, George Dawson Rowley, famous ornithologist; Brighton, England; 57... 23, Robert Willis, celebrated English engraver; England; 84... 24, Hon. D. J. Baldwin, United States district attorney in Texas; Houston, Texas; 60... 27, Robert Heller, noted magician; Philadelphia, Pa.; 45... 29, Commodore William F. Spicer, United States navy; Boston, Mass... Major-General Robert C. Buchanan, retired list United States army; Washington... Louis A. Godey, publisher Lady Book; Philadelphia; 75... Lyman Tremain, ex-member Congress and leading lawyer; New York city; 59.

DECEMBER.—1, George Henry Lewes, eminent English philosophical writer; England; 61... 2, Justin E. Colburn United States consul-general to Mexico; Mexico; 33... 4, Professor Richard Smith, member of British parliament; Belfast, Ireland; 52... 8, Frederick Gye, English operative manager, England... 11, Henry Wells, founder Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express company; Glasgow, Scotland; 73... M. Gustave Rouland, French senator; France; 73... 13, General Joseph Henry Liebenau, of New York national guard; New York... 14, Princess Alice, second daughter of Queen Victoria and grand duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt; Darmstadt, Germany; 35... 17, Karl Ferdinand Gutzkow, German dramatic poet; Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Germany; 67... 19, Bayard Taylor, eminent American author and United States minister to Germany, Berlin, Germany, 53... 21, Alpheus S. Williams, member of Congress of Michigan, Washington.

Rules for Home Education.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.—Home Illustrated.

Man sometimes reaches an exalted position. Sometimes pride lifts him up so high that he will scarcely recognize or commune with others even on his own level; riches may gain for him honors and the admiration of his fellow-men; he may court the muses and win everlasting fame; he may cultivate the sciences and win renown by some discovery either in the blue etherial heavens or in the dark caves of earth; he may become the most noted of men, and thus be freed from associating with those of common clay; but, nevertheless, he cannot help unconsciously keeping step with the tune of a brass band that passes him on the street.—Salem Sunbeam.

The Utica Observer truthfully remarks, when a printer sets on a poem it is bound to be printed, but when an editor sets on a poem it will never be printed.