

Table with 12 columns for months (Jan-Dec) and 31 rows for days, showing the calendar for 1881.

CHURCH DATES AND CYCLES OF TIME.

Table listing church events such as Epiphany, Roman Indiction, and various Sundays (Septuagesima, Quinquagesima, etc.) with their corresponding dates.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

Winter begins, 1880, December 21, 5:12 A.M., and lasts 89 days, 18 hours and 45 minutes.

MORNING STARS.

Venus after May 3. Mars until June 20. Jupiter after April 22, until August 1.

EVENING STARS.

Venus until May 3. Mars after July 20. Jupiter until April 22, after August 1.

PLANETS BRIGHTEST.

Mercury, April 7, August 6 and November 24, rising then just before the sun.

ECLIPSES FOR THE YEAR 1881.

There will be four eclipses this year, two of the sun and two of the moon, as follows:

I. A partial eclipse of the sun May 27. Invisible in North America.

II. A total eclipse of the moon June 12. Visible in the United States.

III. An annular eclipse of the sun November 21. Invisible in the United States.

IV. A partial eclipse of the moon December 6. Invisible in America.

A transit of Mercury November 7. Invisible on this continent.

She Washed on Sunday. He only whispered it to a lady friend who sat beside him in church, but it cost considerable trouble.

There comes Mr. Proud's wife. Do you know she washes on Sunday? I've seen her do it, it is what he said.

"Heavens! Can it be possible?" ejaculated the lady.

"Yes, but please don't say anything about it."

She didn't. In exactly seven days by the clock everybody in church knew it.

It came to the ears of Mr. Proud, and he set about tracing the story to its origin.

Mrs. Proud was being snubbed by nearly everybody in the congregation.

Even the minister forgot to take off his hat when he passed her in the street.

There was some talk of dropping Mrs. Proud's name from the roll of church membership.

Mr. Proud became furious. He went around town with a pistol in his pocket.

He finally found the lady who had started the report, and asked her who her informant was.

She referred him to the gentleman who had mentioned it to her in church.

Mr. Proud jammed his hat over his eyes and sought the miscreant.

"Did you say that my wife washed on Sunday?" asked Mr. Proud, with murder in his eye.

"Certainly," responded the man, without budging a muscle.

"I want you to take it back."

"I can't. It's a fact, and I don't see anything to get mad about. I wouldn't let a wife of mine come to church without washing. Would you?"

Tableau.

The number of British vessels of all kinds which enter the ports of Great Britain and Ireland within a year is estimated at 600,000, with a tonnage of about 102,000,000, carrying on board between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 persons.

In the year ending June, 1879, of enormous number only 490 lives been lost, and 3,002 vessels met disaster.

The reason why the ends of men's noses are flat, is that they always sticking them into other men's business.

Russia in Christmas Time.

When the leaves fall, the Russian winter sets in at once, imprisoning the serfs in their cabins for seven dreary months.

Deep canon-like cuts lead from house to house, and there are frequent atherings of young and old.

When Christmas comes the father of marriageable children arrange with their neighbors, and the girls are all taken to one house with their parents.

A Christmas tree is set up on the table, where brandy is dealt out to each corner with pirogue—a meat biscuit.

Then the marriageable girls are placed in a row on a long bench, each one veiled.

The young men, who have been kept in an adjacent room, are let in one by one by the master of the house.

With throbbing heart each girl awaits the entrance of the youth to whom she has already given her heart.

Will he be sure to recognize her in her disguise? We do not know whether the heart of the true lover is preternaturally keen.

or whether in these cases there is some preconcerted signal, but it rarely happens that when a young man bows low before a maiden she does not raise a veil to meet his glance with blushing looks of love.

Yet it sometime occurs that a blundering dolt hits upon a girl whom he does not love, or who eyes him with scorn.

The unfortunate fellow is then the butt of ridicule from all sides, and can escape only by a considerable present in the way of damages.

When the couples have all been satisfactorily told off, each bride and groom proceed to their parents' cabin, where they enter veiled.

The oldest of the family then exchanges rings between them three times, a holy picture is given to them to kiss, they embrace one another, and are recognized as betrothed.

As the Russian government always gives a young married couple farmland and wood for a house the marriage follows soon after the engagement.

On the wedding day the friends of the bride dress her up, taking off her maiden attire to invest her with that of a married woman, on which they lead her to her groom.

The wedding always ends in copious libations of brandy.

The next day the parents enter the house of the new-married couple to wish them happiness, and offer them bread and salt.

Thus peace and happiness enter the new home, the best of Christmas gifts.

A Cliff Town in New Mexico.

James Stephenson, of the United States geological survey, district of Mexico, brings news of an important discovery he has made recently in the course of his labors.

While near Santa Fe, New Mexico, he was informed by Indians that there were within a few miles some ancient caves that he would find interesting.

Guided by them he found, forty miles from Santa Fe, ten miles from the Rio Grande river, a cliff town composed of caves in the rocky side of a canon thirty miles long, never before visited by a white man.

He was so much impressed with the greatness of his discovery that, for a moment, he could scarcely speak.

When he did it was in terms of wonder and admiration. This town, or succession of excavations in the solid rock for thirty miles, is one of the largest, if not the largest, ever discovered.

The houses are dug out of the rock side to a depth of from fifteen to twenty feet. Apparently they were excavated with stone implements.

They are almost inaccessible from the plains. Mr. Stephenson, however, managed to clamber up the rocky precipice and entered and examined several of the houses.

He found in them a number of articles that he thought remains of their first possessors. He will probably prepare a report upon the cliff town, as he calls it.

A scientist who has traveled in that region and visited other caves and excavations of a similar kind says he is disposed to believe that they have been tenanted within modern times by Indians at war with other tribes, seeking safety and advantage over their enemies.

He thinks the remains found there are the remnants of the things these belligerents have used, eaten or worn, and not the relics of the first owners of the rock houses.

Polar Lords.

Like all aborigines the men of the Arctic regions are lazy, and compel the women to do all the manual labor.

I saw two women, each with a child on her back, drawing a thirty-foot net for salmon, while the men stood by smoking without offering to assist, although it was evident that the task was much too difficult for the women.

These people are remarkably good-natured, laughing heartily at every trifle, and always smiling when spoken to.

They are very susceptible to ridicule, and to avoid it will do many things that they could not otherwise be induced to do.

They have no marriage ceremony; when an Inuit brave desires a wife he makes her an offer of a present, generally an "ah-teghe," to the maiden of his choice; if it is accepted she becomes his wife and is taken to his "tupek."

This brief form of marriage seems to be quite as effective as the more elaborate form of civilization. They seem to live happily together, and separations are very unusual, especially if children have been born to them.

In cases where there are no children by the first wife it is not unusual for a second to be taken. The two wives are said to occupy the same "tupek" without envy or jealousy.

Captain Hooper.

Curious Things Revealed by the Census.

Among the curiosities of the census, which has developed no end of curious things, is a native of Arkansas who was never twenty miles from his birthplace, and never saw a locomotive, yet is still a citizen of France, having been born in Arkansas three years before the cession of that territory to the United States in 1803.

Another curiosity is an Alabama giant, only twelve years of age, who weighs 380 pounds, and is six feet in height, while both his parents are of medium size.

Fulton county, Georgia, furnishes, in the person of Mrs. Davinia Cobb, a lady who had seen her five score years and ten, but if we mistake not, Missouri has a veteran who was born in 1769, or four years in advance of the venerable Davinia.

There are 80,000,000 people who speak the English language, and out of this number 15,000,000 punctuate their remarks when they stub their toes.

me with the article on "Mothers-in-law."

That reading, as I have already narrated, resulted in my staying at home. "I suppose," I said, bitterly, to myself, "that Gabriel has gone, and that that Price girl, with eyebrows like interrogation points, will be hovering about him all day, as she always does;" and I gave my wrapper such a pull that two of the buttons came off, when Adeline Eliza came in.

"Why, Caroline," said she—everybody else called me "Carrie"—"ain't you gone?"

"No," replied I, shortly, resisting an inclination to make some sarcastic remark on that most obvious fact.

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to"—pettishly and ungrammatically.

"Had a tiff with Gabe?" (Everybody else called him Gabriel.) And then seeing I would not answer, she continued, good-naturedly—to do her justice, she was the soul of good nature—"Well, don't stay moppin' here. Take a cup of coffee, put on your things, and come along."

And I hurried up and went along, for, as I quickly reasoned, spending the day with daisy-dotted fields, fine old trees, green hills, and an old-fashioned picnic would be much better than being nearly driven crazy by cannons, fireworks, smoke and boys.

Hillside looked cool and inviting as we stopped at the depot, but my heart sank within me as I stepped on the train. I seemed to be so far from Gabriel, and the thought that the Price girl was no doubt so near afforded me anything but consolation.

And now while we are walking single file along the narrow sidewalk, shaded by round old apple trees, I'll go back a little in my story to tell you that a week before this Fourth of July a burglar had been caught in grandmammas' house. Adeline Eliza caught him, but unfortunately had been obliged to let him go before assistance had arrived.

Since the eventful night I had heard her tell how she "woke up, about twelve o'clock"—Gus being away—"feelin' as though somethin' was goin' to happen, and there stood a great, tall fellow, with big black whiskers, at the burer;" and how she "sprung for him, and hung around his neck till he begun to choke, screamin' 'Murder!' all the time;" and how he "got away, and jumped out of the back window on to the grape arbor, just as the policeman came in the door;" and how "he had a pistol, and if he could have got it out of his pocket, he would 'a' shot me" (before that dreadful day was over I almost wished he had)—so many times that I was as awestruck as "Mariana in the moated grange." And when I heard Adeline Eliza begin, to a relation who had met us at the station, and in whose footsteps she followed, "A great, tall fellow," I groaned in spirit. Not that I had any idea how that burglar would pursue me all day. If I had had, I should have silently turned and fled, and taken the next train back to the city.

After a quarter of an hour's walk we arrived at the house of the particular aunt who was to be our particular hostess, and found her and her whole family awaiting us on the ample porch, while before the gate stood a large and comfortable-looking carry-all. Into this, after numberless hearty welcomes, we were helped, and in a few moments were upon the grounds selected for the picnic. Pleasant, grass-covered, undulating, tree-shaded grounds, with a little brook running along at the back of them, glittering, splashing, and chattering in a most delightful manner.

Beneath a grand old hickory which partly overhung this brook I sat me down, and Adeline Eliza and several of her brothers, and a few of her sisters, and two or three of her cousins, and her aunt, and her bright-eyed old mother, grouped themselves before me.

"Isn't this lovely?" exclaimed one of the cousins.

"Beautiful!" said Adeline Eliza. "But I must tell you about the burglar; never came so near being killed in all my life." I gently swung my feet over the bank on which I was sitting. "I went to sleep that night awful tired"—I dropped almost into the brook below—"but somethin' made me wake up"—I stole away on tip-toe—"and there stood a great, tall fellow" reaching my ears as I descended into a Lilliputian valley with my sparkling little companion.

I walked with the happy brook a mile or more, and then turned back as the dinner-horn sounded. And such a dinner! or, more properly speaking, such a breakfast, lunch and dinner all mingled into one huge meal, as met my astonished vision when I again joined the party!

Giant loaves of home-made bread; biscuits, buns, crackers; pork and beans together; beans without the pork; pork without the beans; chickens roasted, broiled, and in salads; beef boiled and baked; peas, corn, and more beans skillfully combined, or in separate dishes; young beets, cucumbers, lettuces; cakes—a legion of cakes; pies—a host of pies; berries—bushels of berries; coffee, tea, and lemonade—gallons of them all! If ever table did groan beneath the weight of food, those tables should have groaned with a groan more appalling than ever was heard from the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never saw I so bountiful a repast before, and, truth to tell, it was a welcome sight, for, notwithstanding my grief at being separated from my Gabriel,

youth and country air asserted themselves, and I was decidedly hungry.

"Set right down here, Car'line," called my sister-in-law, the moment I came in sight, pointing to a vacant seat on her right. I obeyed, unfolded my napkin, took a cup of coffee somebody handed me, said, "Yes, thank you," to an offer of roast chicken, when Adeline Eliza, with her mouth full of succotash, turning to her neighbor on the left, resumed the story which my arrival apparently had interrupted for a moment: "A great, tall fellow with big—" I jumped up hastily. There was an unoccupied chair at the children's table. "I'll help take care of the little ones," said I, and fled once more.

Dinner lasted about two hours, and shortly after a stalwart, brown-faced young farmer bashfully proposed a swing, or a "scup," as he called it. I eagerly accepted his invitation. Anything, anything, I thought, to get away from those "big black whiskers," and keep Gabriel and that forward Price girl out of my mind. Besides which, I was very fond of swinging. So in a few moments I was merrily flying up among the tree-tops, and in another few moments a shrill, too well known voice followed me. I glanced down. Adeline Eliza stood beneath an adjacent tree, talking to her dear old grandfather.

"No, no, I didn't say black sisters," she screamed; "black whiskers—big black whiskers."

And thereafter, no matter how high I soared, that wretched story soared with me.

"I gave him a choke," yelled Adeline Eliza.

"No, no, not 'joke.' It wasn't no 'joke,' but a real burglar."

"Let the cat die," murmured I to my farmer friend, and before it was fairly dead I sprang from the swing, and precipitately joined a noisy party who were playing "Follow my leader" with shouts of laughter that could have certainly been heard a mile away.

Supper. Another heavily-loaded table, and people eating as though they had had no dinner. Adeline Eliza sat opposite to me. An elder sister, who had just arrived on the scene of action—her carriage having broken down and tumbled herself and children into the dust five miles up the road, from whence they had all trudged, while "pa" went to look for a blacksmith—took her place at my side.

"I declare, when that wagon went to pieces," said she, "I was almost scared to death."

"Scared to death!" repeated my sister-in-law, with an accent of scorn. "Guess it you'd 'a' waked up and seen a burglar in your room, as I did 't'other night."

"No!" exclaimed her sister.

"No 'no' about it," replied Adeline Eliza, gupping down her ice-cream in such a hurry that her nose turned blue, and I shivered. "A great, tall fellow—"

I started to my feet, plumped an open-eyed, open-mouthed urchin into my plate, handed him my cake and ice-cream, and rushed out into the old-fashioned garden. Even there my evil spirit seemed to pursue me, and I fancied the crickets chirped over and over again, "A great, tall fellow," and the treetoads and katydids joined in with "Big black whiskers, big black whiskers."

"Oh, Gabriel! Gabriel!" said I, "if you but knew what I have suffered, you wouldn't even speak to that Price girl, let alone play croquet with her, as I suppose you have been doing all afternoon!"

And I wandered about among the sleeping flowers until the crickets and tree-toads and katydids had resumed their usual song, and then I returned to the house, hoping to find the old armchair that stood at one end of the porch without an occupant. It was. All the party, as I saw when I peeped through the white muslin window-curtains, were assembled in the long, low-ceilinged parlor. Adeline Eliza sat in the center of the room, one of her children asleep in her lap. "And I woke up," she was saying, "and there stood—"

"Where, oh, where shall I fly?" exclaimed I, in nervous agony; and in my agitation and the darkness, missing the porch steps, I stumbled, and fell into the arms of—Gabriel, my Gabriel.

"Who are you flying from, dear?" he asked, as he gave me a kiss.

"A great, tall fellow—" began I. He put me away from him sternly.

"While I have been at home alone all day," he said, "thinking of you, and at last, unable to endure your absence any longer, have followed you here, you, it seems, have been flirting!"

"No, no, Gabriel," I almost shouted; "you are mistaken—ever so much mistaken. You can't imagine—you never could imagine—what this day has been made to me by—what's its name?—'iteration,' as somebody says in Henry the Fourth. Poe's raven, with its funeral 'Never more,' must have been bilas in comparison. Only listen." And he listened, laughing heartily one moment, and sympathizing with me the next.

"You poor little martyr," he said, when I had finished. "But it's all over now, and we'll never quarrel again. Had you fifty mothers, they should all be welcome to the shelter of my humble roof."

"Oh no, you are too good, dearest," cried I, not to be outdone in generosity. "We'd take care of them nicely just around the corner."

When the party breaking up, Gabriel helped me into the carry-all. "Why, Gabe," exclaimed Adeline Eliza, "is that you? You'll have to sleep in the barn." And then looking down into

Winter.

There's glory in the screaming blast, A beauty in the frosted tree; A mystery in the lake that's glassed With ice, and awe upon the sea; Enchantment on the far-off hills, A music in the snowflake gale, Beneath the ice, the ringing rills, Sing many a song, tell many a tale.

I always knew—I scarce know why— But knew that superhuman power Was in the snowdrift 'neath the sky, As well as in the little flower. Knew it when first I saw the snow Lie like a shroud upon the earth; When I felt the gentle south winds blow, And newborn roses sprang to birth.

And I have learned to love the time When nature wears its frosty crown; The alleghenies with their merry chime, O'er hills and valleys, up and down. I like to hear the schoolboy's shout, The sparkle of the lass' eye; And mark their footsteps on the route That leads beyond the winter's sky.

A GREAT, TALL FELLOW.

I had known my sister-in-law Adeline Eliza in a desultory way ever since my fourteenth birthday—June 15, 1879—when I was brought home from boarding-school to be present at her marriage to my eldest brother; but never until that dreadful Fourth of July, 1877, had I had the slightest idea of her extraordinary capability and endurance as a story-teller. Nor do I suppose I should ever have known of them—our ways in life lying far apart—had not Adeline Eliza's annual visit to New York happened at the very time I had my first serious quarrel with Gabriel Haviland.

That occurred the evening before the above-mentioned anniversary of the declaration of American independence, and was about—dear me!—the silliest thing. Looking back, it seems almost impossible to believe that we could have been so extremely foolish as to quarrel as we actually did— but I'll tell you all about it, and you can judge for yourself. Gabriel had been reading aloud from some English paper or other—the Saturday Review, if I remember aright—an article entitled "Mothers-in-Law," and as he laid down the paper he said: "I fully agree with the writer that the jokes—many of them very stupid ones—at the expense of mothers-in-law have been carried quite far enough, and I also agree with her—"

"Or him," I suggested.

"—or him, that there are lots of splendid women among them, but at the same time I must confess that I'd prefer a home without a mother-in-law."

Now I had been an orphan ever since I was five years of age, and what possessed me to feel so angry at Gabriel's remark I cannot imagine; but angry I was, and with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes I raised my head from his shoulder—of course we were engaged—and asked, indignantly, "Do you mean to say you would not have liked my mother?"

"Nothing of the sort," said he, with a smile. "I know I should have liked her. She must have been charming, to have had so charming a daughter."

But I refused to return his smile, and with head very erect, went on: "But you would not have shared your home with her?"

"No, darling, frankly, I would not."

"Then I would never have lived with you if you refused to allow my mother to be one of the household," cried I.

"Ah, your affection for me must be deep indeed," said he, with provoking coolness. "But in spite of your touching declaration, my dear, I still repeat, no mother-in-law in my house. I've seen too much of that arrangement in my own family. A man may be a good fellow, and his wife's mother may be a good fellow, while apart, but bring them together under the same roof, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred fire and gunpowder would be amiable companions in comparison."

"Other families might be better-tempered than yours," said I, with an attempt at sarcasm. "Mine might be."

"No mother-in-law, my love," was Gabriel's sole reply.

"Then no Caroline Brower," said I, in a perfect rage. "And what's more, you needn't wait any longer. I won't go to your sister's. So there, now!"

"Very well" (why do people say "very well" when they mean quite the contrary?). And at last, really provoked, my lover seized his hat, and was gone in a flash.

Did you ever hear of a sillier quarrel, taking into consideration, as I said before, that I had no mother, and, as I didn't say before, Gabriel was also motherless?

The bells were ringing merrily when I awoke the next morning (I had shut out the moon, and cried myself to sleep the night before), and when I drew up my shade the sunshine came in as gloriously bright as though Gabriel and I had not quarreled. But its brightness could not make me forget that we had. I was thinking of it all the time I was dressing, and wondering what I was to do with myself all the long, hot, noisy day.

It had been arranged a month before that Gabriel and I should spend the Fourth with his only sister, who lived in a charming country house in a pretty Connecticut village, and Gabriel had called to escort me thither on the morning of the third, when, unfortunately, having a little time to spare, he regaled