Through the "Holy Days." Glad the light of Christm Merry is the Christmas feast, Through a thousand happy homes, North and South and West and East; Blithe the song the traveler sings, Blithe the wish the revelor says. Lifting hearts to happier things Through the Christmas holidays.

Other dear desires were ours, Few fulfilled and many lost Though we catch, in rarer hours, That which we have longed for most; Life hath found a fuller measure, When we tread forgotten ways, In the sudden stress of pleasure Through the Christmas holidays,

In the future we shall see Much to promise and forget There are tendencies that be Which we cannot fathom yet; Still a song the traveler sings, Still a toast the reveler says, Trifling with familiar things, Through the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Chester's Mistake.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Now, Bertha, read over the list, and tell me if I have omitted any friend whom you particularly wish to honor."

"I should say not, judging from the depth and thickness of that formidable pile of missives !" laughed pretty Mrs. Chester from her cozy arm-chair, drawn up close to the fire in the library of a most charming house.

It as within a week of Christmas, and snow was falling from a leaden sky on the lawn and wooded park that surrounded Chester hall. But the gloom without only served to heighten the luxurious comfort within. The firelight danced and played upon the rows of gay-looking volumes that lined the walls--upon the stately busts of bygone poets and authors of high repute that appropriately filled the corners-upon the bright-colored silks that had fallen from Mrs. Chester's work-basket on to the rug of valuable tiger-skin-lastly upon the fair faces of the two ladies who were bending over the writingtable.

In the center was a capacious cardtray, which had been emptied of its contents; and the elder of the two began to call over the names, referring at the same time to the pile of written notes, a proceeding much retarded by the comments passed upon them.

"Melvilles, Greys, Hunts, Agnes

"Stay, that note will have to be burnt. It is no use to ask Agnes. She has declined all invitations for the last two years, until people grew so certain of refusal that they let her alone."

"You surprise me!" returned Mrs. Harding. "I used to hear of her as the liveliest girl of your set, always ready for a frolic, and devotedly fond of dancing. What can have changed

"No one has any idea; but it is a great pity, for she is just as charming and as beautiful as ever."

"I must take her in hand myself and alter such a state of things," rejoined the kindly widow, resuming her task. "Boyds, Pridhams, Macleans, and here is a name I am unacquainted with, and lail aside as 'doubtful.' Who is Rose Davenant?"

"Oh! please don't omit her, or my party will be a failure. The Davenants came to reside in the neighborhood some eighteen months since. She is the belle of every ball, the men are quite wild about her, and I believe she might marry any one of them she chose, but she is a finished coquette, and dispenses her favors so equally, that if she has a heart it certainly cannot be touched."

There was a moment's silence : then she resumed, thoughtfully:

"I can scarcely understand Rose. I have watched her at her gayest, and seen such a wistful, far-away expression suddenly shade her face, that I question whether her gayety is always real."

It was an unusually sober speech for the lively little blonde to utter, and betrayed more interest than she general-

ly felt for her lady acquaintances. There! that is the last, then," said Mrs. Harding. "I fear you will not get answers from all the guests-the time is so short—only the day after tomorrow.'

"Yes; that is the worst of it. I shall not know who is coming. I hope the girls will have some sort of toilet ready upon so short a notice."

Tell them to put clean frills to their best dresses-that is all you require,' laughed the widow, sweeping the notes into a capacious bag. "And now for our drive to the postoffice. Take plenty of wraps with you, Bertha; the cold is

The Chesters of Chester hall had been noted for generations for their hospitality, and the reception-rooms were the scene of many a brilliant gathering.

The present occasion, when the guests were so hastily called together, was for the especial honor of the young chatelaine's only brother, Henry Sinclair, and his companion in travel. They

their brief and unexpected advent was an opportunity too welcome to be lost; and, furthermore, Mrs. Chester longed o reclaim her brother from his nomadic life, and settle him down with a suitable bride to perform his long-neglected that the glimpse, transient though it might be, of home-life in its pleasantest aspect, and the bright faces of the girls, in their English youth and freshness, would awaken the wish for its constant enjoyment.

Agnes Lester stood at the window on the following day, an open letter in her hand, and a half-sad expression upon her fair countenance. It was an invitation for the next evening to the hall, and the unlooked-for attention awoke a conflict of feeling.

How long it was since she held a similar missive in her hand she did not remember; but it was two years since the tidings reached her of a heavy sorrow, all the heavier because her maiden pride compelled it to be borne in secret. Must she cease to mourn for the dead? Must she enter the gay world once more? Yes. She could be as constant to his memory in the crowded ballroom as in her self-imposed solitude. She would accept the friendship once more offered to her and go. Then arose the very different, but important question, what should she wear? There was no time to provide herself with a new robe, so she proceeded to inspect

the means already at her command. Her last dress, a rich lustrous silk. was finally set aside as not unbecoming the event, and one of her treasures was a quantity of choice old lace, creamy and elegant.

This was brought into requisition, and with a white camellia for her hair, and silver chain and bracelets for her neck and arms, she trusted her toilet would not disgrace her reappearance in society. She went to her chamber that night with a vacue, undefined feeling of hope, and something of the old light-heartedness within her that spoke in pleasant anticipation of the morrow.

The day dawned bright and frosty; the December sun shone for a brief space upon the crisp and sparkling snow, and then sank down, to be succeeded by a clear starlit night.

Rose Davenant drew aside the heavy curtains when she rose from the dinnertable and looked out. For a wonder she was free from any engagement, neither rout nor concert claimed her that evening, and she contemplated devoting it to the fulfillment of a duty that of late scant leisure had obliged her to defer, not that it was by any means a duty devoid of pleasure, for a visit to Mrs. Allen, the dear old invalid lady that lived so near them, was always a source of delight to her.

Whenever her round of engagusents allowed her an hour to spare, she spent it with her elderly friend; and in the amiable, unaffected girl, listening so seriously to the anecdotes and stories of a long-past youth, seasoned with many a homely adage of counsel and advice, none would have recognized the brilliant, sparkling coquette, whose sarcastic speeches had sometimes a point too keen for her admirers wholly to relish.

It was not too far for her to venture alone; so, wrapping a fur-lined cloak tightly round her, the ample hood protecting her head, she stepped out into the still winter night.

The keen air brought the roses to her cheeks and the brightness to her eyes, and never had she looked more beautiful than when she stood in the doorway of her friend's tiny drawing-room.

Her usual gentle tap had remained unanswered; and dazzled by the sudden blaze of light, she did not at first discover that Mrs. Allen was absent. The casy-chair by the fire was vacant, but leaning against the mantelpiece, apparently in deep thought, was a gentleman. His back was turned toward the door until the sound of some one entering caused him to look round.

For a moment they gazed at each other speechless and spellbound; then summoning all her presence of mind, Rose greated him with a dignified bow, a vivid flush of crimson dyeing her cheek the while. It was met by an answering look of pain on the part of the stranger, who held out his hand, exclaiming:

" Is this all the greeting you can be stow upon me, Rose? You need not be afraid. I have forgiven the suffering your fickleness has caused me, although the scars will remain forever. It is the penalty he must pay who loves but once, and that too well!"

"I do not understand you," murmured Rose, scarcely heeding what she said. "It is I who have to forgive; I, whose love you won, and then threw aside, when it was no longer a living presence near you. Not a word!" she gasped. "Not a line! although I hungered for it happened to overhear the remark as he

night and day!" "Rose! come to me, my darling! I see it all now, and the blame is mine! is pleased to call 'chance' again. It The letters from home told me of a lover always at your side, of a titled kind Providence that prompted you to

were literally birds of passage, and yours, and without giving you a chance of vindicating yourself, in my hasty pride I gave you up to the rival whom, as I believed, you preferred to me. I lost all trace of you, and in my blindness hoped never to see you more! Rose, dearest! forgive me: the fate that duties as country squire. She trusted has brought us together to-night was surely meant to unite us!"

He had folded her in his arms during this impassioned appeal-her whole being seemed to vibrate to his eloquence; and when, shortly afterward, Mrs. Allen entered her small drawingroom, she found it tenanted by a pair of betrothed lovers.

Chester hall was brilliantly lighted, the pretty hostess and her sister were standing in the principal receptionroom awaiting the arrival of the guests; but the fair face of the former was clouded and gloomy. With all her evening was destined to be a complete failure. True, the expected travelers patronize it. had arrived; but her plans for her brother's welfare had been set at nought. He had left word with the butler, on rising from the dinner-table, that he had gone to visit a friend, and should let himself in quietly and retire to his room. His sister had abstained Pleasanton in apparently good confrom mentioning the expected assemblage, knowing her brother's recluse turn of mind, and Mr. Chester could died almost instantly. Whether they render no further information of his whereabouts, reducing his wife to the verge of tears.

The sound of carriage-wheels, however, compelled her to wreathe her face in smiles. The rooms were filling fast, when smid the ripple of laughter and conversation came a slight burst of admiration.

"Who is that lovely girl, Bertha, who has just entered? What an exquisite toilet!" exclaimed the widow, waying her hand toward the last comer.

Mrs. Chester glanced in the direction of the door, and her countenance assumed a look of the greatest consterna-

"Why, that is Agnes Lester! I am delighted to see her; but, oh! Clara, whose note of invitation could I have burned? It is quite impossible to tell, but some one will be hopelessly offended. How could I have been so stupid as to burn any note !" she said, ready to cry with vexation.

Her brother's friend, Captain Colston Jack Colston, as he was familiarly called-a handsome man in the uniform of a naval officer, was standing near the door as Agnes entered unperceived by

She turned pale, and for a momen her heart stood still Could the dead come to life again?-was it a spirit standing beside her? She must speak, if only to assure herself that she is not dreaming.

"Jack !" she said, softly. He turned with a start.

"Agnes!"

Their eyes met, and their hands were clasped in perfect rapture of bliss and contentment. In the midst of a crowded room, with a gay company round them, it was neither place nor opportunity for anything beyond that ope brief exclamation; but shortly afterward, when leaning upon his arm, she entered a dimly-lit ante-room that not even a stray couple had as yet evaded, he said, tenderly :

"It was my cousin Jack's death that was announced in the Times. He died in his chambers in London; and on looking over his papers a few days since I discovered the two last letters I wrote him, the inclosures to you still in them and unposted, and strangely enough I failed to connect the circumstance with your sudden silence. It was a fatality altogether, and was well nigh ending in the wreck of two lives. When you ceased to write, I ceased to hope, and resolved henceforth to live for my profession. To-morrow I should et sail for the East, and I tremble to think that we might never have met again."

"And I have grieved in secret for your death, till life itself seemed hard to bear. My very youth had passed away. Am I altered?" she asked, exchanging her tone of sadness for one of playful banter.

"Yes; I left a pretty girl. I come back and find a beautiful woman !"

At this juncture their quietude was broken by the entry of several guests, so the reunited lovers wended their way again toward the lighted rooms.

"And to think that, after all, my unlucky mistake in burning Rose Davenant's invitation instead of Agnes Lester's should have produced such delightful results!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester the day after. "Four people made happy for life by a chance-a mere chance? But," she added, seriously, "is it not something more than just a lucky

"Yes," exclaimed her brother, who and Rose entered the room together; "I shall never believe in what the world could have been nothing less than a suitor whose name was linked with make such a lucky mistake !"

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Henry Clay's grandson, Henry Clay, who went out with an Arctic expedition a year ago and was grounded on the icebergs by Howgate s failure, concluded to go up and find the pole himself, but after traveling several days by dog team, concluded that the pole is well enough where it is, and came home.

The American Palace hotel to be erected on the Victoria embankment of the Thames in London, between the river and the palace of Whitehall, is to be nine stories high, accommodate 1,300 guests, be managed by Leland, of the Delevan house, Albany, the waiters and barkeepers American, the capital \$2,000,000 or £400,000, furnished by Englishmen with whom the idea, suggested by their liking hotels in this country, originated. It will not be run clever scheming she foresaw that the for American travelers exclusively, but it is expected that Englishmen will

> The San Antonia (Texas) Express reports a remarkable mortality among drove of sheep. Mr. Sawyer, who is a large sheep-owner in Medina county, drove a flock of 4,500 sheep out of dition. The drove had hardly got thirteen miles from town before 1,915 were maliciously poisoned or not is a question of doubt, but certainly the vultures that devoured the carrion dropped dead on the ground. Some argue that the sheep fed on the deadly senna berry, but this is mere conjecture.

> Governor Neal, of Idaho, says with reference to Mormonism that the government must go right at it now and cut it out by the roots. If not it will have to be put down at the end of the bayonet. He says: "Already they think they can defy the United States, and I have seen a mob of 20,000 Mormons in Utah march by the Federal court when it was in session, and hoot in derision of its authority. I have seen the flag borne covered with insulting mottoes, and I have seen it dragged in the dirt. We must meet this thing now or it will cost bloodshed to put it down."

> The fund for the monument to Garfield at Cleveland may very likely reach \$100,000 in time. It is now about \$72. 000, of which Ohio has given nearly \$60,000 and the rest of the Union about \$12,000; and of Ohio's portion about \$50,000 was contributed by Cleveland. Expectations are raised that the relics constructed from the wood, cloth and other material used around the catafalque will net a handsome sum for the building fund, to which the proceeds are to be devoted. These relics have lately appeared in several cities, including New York, and are advertised for sale, the authenticity of each memento being duly certified.

> When the late General Kilpatrick was in Chili during his first term as United States minister, Henry Meigs, the great Peruvian railroad contractor, who, while waiting to close his contract with Peru, had become bankrupt, asked Kilpatrick to scrape together every cent he had and lend it to him. Against his family's advice the United States minister drew \$1,700 from the bank, borrowed a hundred dollars to live on, until his installment of salary was due. A month later the contract with Meigs was made and he sent Kilpatrick a check for \$15,000. He also offered him \$25,000 a year as manager, but another American accepted while he greatest mistake of his life.

before the end of the next half century New York city will be the best built city in the world. The space of Manhattan island is so small that there is no room for a poor structure perma-Land is too valuable for any but buildings of the first class. The work of reconstructing the lower part of the city has been begun on a grand scale, and is moving forward with rapid strides. Besides the new barge office, the new produce exchange and other fine buildings already completed, buildings planned or in course of construction within five minutes' walk of the barge office are to cost not less than \$4,000,000. The structures now in course of erection on the island will cost \$55,000,000.

The great lumber-producing regions of the Northwest are divided into three distinct districts, known as the Missis sippi valley district, the Eastern Michigan and Huron shore and the Lake Michigan. The first named, embracing the territory drained by the Mississippi, St. Croix, Chippewa, Wisconsin and other rivers, produced last year 2,000, 000,000 feet of lumber and 950,000,000 shingles. The second district, inc.uding the Green Bay shore, Cheboygan, Manistee, Ludington, White Muskegon, Grand Haven and Wolf river, yield about the same amount while Eastern Michigan, taking in the Baginaw valley and Huron shore, pro-

duced about 1,100,000,000 feet. Although there has been an unusual cutting in the Saginaw valley, the greatest increase this year is in the Mississippi

A sanguine and imaginative writer predicts almost incredible marvels which electricity is expected to accomplish before the end of the twentieth century. Chops and steaks will be cooked by the electric spark. The fruits of the earth will be multiplied behind colored glass. Fruits and vegetables will be grown all the year round, winter and summer, day and night. We now take our air and water raw, and through these two elements come all disorders and contagions which afflict humanity. In the future water will b distilled and purified from all germs of disease, while air, cleared of all noxious qualities, will be admitted to glass-covered streets and dwellings. Houses and places of business will be situated in immense inclosed edifices, the air of which will be wholesome and delightful to the sense of smell. Summer and winter will be abolished, as the temperature can be controlled by artificial means, and all parts of the globe will become equally inhabitable. Day will have no attractions over night, for the artificial lights will be more pleasing than the sun. The air will be navigated, and the great cities be situated on beautiful hilltops. With the great motors shortly to be discovered, huge mountains can be leveled, while the ice packs around the two poles can be liquefied and made navigable. Wild as this seems, it is, as the New York Hour suggests, scarcely more so than the present marvels of gas and water, telegraphs and ocean cables would have been to an Englishman of the time of Queen Elizapeth.

Capturing a Huge Cuttle Fish.

In an article on this monster of the ocean a New York paper says: It is only occasionally that these monsters venture to attack fishermen, but Mr Harvey says that on the second of November, 1879, Stephen Sherring, a fisherman residing in Thimble Tickle, was out in a boat with two others: not far from the shore they observed some bulky object, and supposing it might be a portion of a wreck rowed toward it, and to their horror found themselves close to a huge fish having large glassy eyes, which was making desperate efforts to escape, and churning the water into foam by the motion of its immense arms and tail. It was aground, and the tide was ebbing. From the funnel at the back of its head it was ejecting large volumes of water, this being its method of moving backward, the force of the stream by the reaction of the surrounding medium driving it in the required direction; at times the water from the siphon was as black as ink. Finding the monster partially disabled, the fishermen plucked up courage and ventured near enough to throw the grappel of their boat, the sharp flukes of which, having barbed points, sank into the soft body.

To the grapnel they had attached a stout rope which they carried ashore and fastened to a tree so as to prevent the fish from going out with the tide. It was a happy thought, for the devil-fish found himself effectually moored to the shore. His struggles were terrific as he flung his ten arms about in dying agony. The fishermen took good care to keep at a respectful distance from the long tentacles which ever and anon darted out like great tongues from the central mass. At length it became exhausted, and as the water went out it died. It was the largest specimen ever taken, the body hesitated, and as he said, made the alone measuring twenty feet from the work is appreciated by those who are beak to the extremity of the tail: one of the long arms was thirty-five feet in The Mail and Express claims that length, and the whole animal was twice as large as the one exhibited at the New York aquarium. From these accounts it would seem that the maximum length of these giants of the sea, as far as known, is from fifty-five to sixty feet, but there is no reason to doubt that they greatly exceed this living in the greater depth of the ocean.

A great number of species are known but most of them are extremely small when compared to the giant squid of the NorthAtlantic, many of them being hardly over a foot in length, but in general appearance they resemble their huge relative. Their power of throwing ink and water from the siphon must be great; the writer has observed a small squid throw a stream three feet from the water with dire effect upon an enthusiastic naturalist. The black staring eye, nearly as large as a plate in the large ones, presents a striking appearance, resembling greatly that organ in vertebrate animals, but the resemblance is superficial, as the eye of the squid is formed upon the same plan as that of the snails; the bills resemble those of a parrot, only larger, and the upper one fits into the lower. Strange to say the pen that supports the body of the giant squid is extremely fragile, while in the small sepia of the Mediterranean sea it is formed of limestone and familiar as the "cattle-fish bone" of commerce.

A book with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the piece.

Dredging for Oysters. The oyster fishery in these localities

is carried on in two ways, either by "tong ing" or "dredging." The first method, being confined to small areas and to a limited number of fisherman, and susceptible of use but in shoal water, need not be considered. The second method of taking the oyster is as follows: The implement used is called a dredge or scrape, and resembles a large iron claw, the nails representing the teeth of the redge. To the back of this claw, or the dredge, is fastened bag of iron meshwork, large enough to hold two or three busbels. When the dredge is dragged along the bottom the teeth or claws dig up the oysters and shells, which pass between them and into the network behind. The action is somewhat like that of a harrow. The dredges vary greatly in size, being from two to five feet across the mouth, and of greater or less weight, according to the depth of the water in which it is intended to use them. The dredging vessels vary in size from five to thirty tons, and all use two dredges. When on the oyster ground the dredges are dropped, one from each side, and a sufficient amount of line paid out to insure the "taking" of the teeth; the vessel is then kept under easy sail and at a moderate speed until the dredges are full, that being indicated by the strain on the dredging line and by other signs known to the fishermen. The instrument is then hauled in by means of a small winch, the contents emptied on the deck and the dredges put over again. This is continued until the vessel is near the edge of the bed, when the dredges are recovered, the vessel put about, and dredging resumed in an opposite course. While the dredges are in the water the mud, sand, sponge, grass or other debris brought up, are separated from the oysters, and together with all oysters unfit for market, thrown back into the water. The limits of the dredging ground are not accurately defined, and the vessels frequently drag large numbers of shells and oysters beyond the boundary of the beds. The dredge, especially when full, acts as a scrape and carries before it much that would be collected in the network attached to it had that receptacle been open. After "culling" the oysters, or separating them from the old shells, those shells are thrown back again, and with them many young oysters .- Popular Science Monthly.

Stuffed Kittens in Favor.

In Boston a lady has been quite extensively engaged in preparing kittens for the art market. She is studying for the medical profession, and while deriving profit from her present pursuit, learns something from her work in preparing the little animals for stuffing. The first stuffed kitten that she saw was imported from Italy, and as an experiment she essayed the work. A gentleman friend contrived a machine which chokes six kittens at once, and he is so tender-hearted that he turns his bead during their dying struggles. The lady prefers to leave this part of the work to others than herself. She recent!y stated that a single firm had purchased from her 381 stuffed kittens, and that she had prepared over 500 in all for the market. At times kittens of desirable size become so scarce that it is difficult to fill orders without a systematic canvass of the cat population of the section in which she lives. The favorite colors are Maltese, gray, and black and white, but all colors appear to find admirers. It is a curious business for a lady, but it pays, and her of pretty no tion

An Unintentional Thief.

A tourist was standing the other evening in one of the shadowy areades of the Coliseum at Rome, when he was somewhat brusquely hustled by a passing figure. With a quick instinct he clapped his hand to his watch pocket. His watch was gone! He darted after the thief, who turned sharply round, at the same time clutching a watch. "Give me that watch!" A dash-the stolen property was recovered. The startled robber disappeared and the gentleman went home to boast of his adventure and his prowess. What was his consternation, on entering his bedroom, to find his own watch, which he had forgotten to put on, staring him in the face from the mantelpiece! He had been the thief, and the other wretched man had stumbled over him in the dark, and when overtaken and stopped was merely clutching his own watch, which he had not the nerve to rescue from the tourist. That tourist is now known to an admiring circle of friends as the Bandit of the Coliseum,

Weight of a Million Dollars.

In round numbers the following table represents the weight of a million dolars in the coins named:

Description of coin... Standard gold coin... Standard silver coin... Subsidiary silver coin Minor soin, five-cent a