

**AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.**  
So blithe this hour, when once again  
The stars glow steadfast in the sky;  
So hope attendant, when human pain  
Grows less, for faith that help is nigh;  
So hallowed, when the angel train  
With song and harp are passing by.

Once more, between the midnight's gloom  
And the pale rose of breaking dawn,  
Heaven's matchless lilies wake and bloom,  
And far athwart the east are drawn  
The pencilled sunbeams which illumine  
All pathways men must journey on.

Arain the Sages and the Seers  
Bend low before a little child;  
And o'er the long and stormy years,  
The desert spaces vast and wild,  
The strife, the turmoil, and the tears,  
He looks, and smiles, the undefiled.

'Tis Christmas tide! At Mary's knee  
The shepherds and the princes meet!  
Love-bound in dear humility,  
To clasp the Infant Saviour's feet.  
The Star is bright o'er land and sea;  
The Gloria sung is full and sweet.  
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

**HEYSER'S CHRISTMAS.**

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

It was 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve, and the streets of the busy factory town of L— were crowded with eager, excited shoppers. Silly's variety store was like a great beehive, and the clerks were kept busy wrapping up dolls, trumpets, drums, toy pistols and other toys dear to the heart of child hood; while the buyers jostled and crowded each other good-naturedly, too thoroughly imbued with the peace and good will of the season to mind a dig in the ribs or a bruised toe.

"How happy everybody is!" exclaimed a bright-faced, middle-aged woman, pausing a moment on her way past the store to look in. Then she drew her old plaid shawl closer around her and hurried on, the sawdust-filled limbs of a big doll dangling from a cumbersome parcel on her left arm.

If she had paused a moment longer she might have caught the derisive, contemptuous sneer on the face of a young man who lounged in the open doorway, his hands thrust into his pockets and his soft hat pulled down over his scowling brow. His eyes followed the woman in the plaid shawl until she disappeared in the crowd, and a short, hard laugh escaped his lips.

"Everybody happy!" he muttered. "What fool remarks some women do make!"

A little girl passing before him just then dropped a bundle; but he didn't stoop to pick it up for her. He wasn't in the humor to do a kindness for any one. All this Christmas excitement and hurry had filled his heart with anger and bitterness. In his pocket were his week's wages—twelve bright silver dollars; but he didn't expect to spend a cent. There was no one to whom he felt inclined to carry even a dime's worth of candy, no one who expected anything from him.

He remembered Christmas Eve of last year. He and Nan had gone shopping together. They had bought a woolen cape for old Mrs. Bosley, with whom Nan had lived previous to her marriage, and a trumpet for a little orphan boy Mrs. Bosley was "raising," and stockings and flannel for the Widow Wisk and her imbecile daughter. They had also laid in a stock of good things for their Christmas dinner, to which old Mrs. Bosley and Sammy had been invited, and had deliberated a long time whether to have plum pudding or fruit for dessert.

Nan hadn't been sure the plum pudding would prove a success, for she had so little experience in cooking, and so, they had bought fruit.

What fun it had been to buy their presents for each other! Nan had made him promise not to look while she made a hasty tour to the counter on which were men's furnishings, and where she had bought a crimson muffler and two bordered handkerchiefs.

Then they had stopped at a jewelry store, and Nan had waited outside while he went in and made a mysterious purchase, which she found under her plate at breakfast the next morning, and which proved to be a plain gold ring.

Heyser remembered how she had kissed him and told him it was just what she had wanted, for she had always regretted not having been married with a ring.

The wind caught one end of the red muffler around his neck and whipped it against his cheek, and Heyser lunged away from the store door with an angry growl, the scowl on his face growing darker. He turned from the busy main street into one that was comparatively quiet, and in a few minutes was at the door of the great, barn-like tenement house in which he had lived ever since he and Nan had quarreled and parted.

That was nearly nine months ago, and he had never seen Nan since—had never heard a word from her nor sent her a message of any kind. They had parted in hot anger; he had told her she was a wretched cook, and he'd warrant she could spoil anything she turned her hand to; and when she had replied that she wished she had never married him, he had rejoined that she didn't wish it half as much as he did, and that he could have had Sarah Humes for the asking. Nan had always been a little jealous of Sarah, and this remark had fanned her anger

to white heat. Recriminations and reproaches followed, and the quarrel had ended in his leaving the little house which he had bought on their marriage, vowing never to enter it again until Nan apologized.

The next day he had sent a messenger for his clothes, half hoping the apology would come instead. But it hadn't. He had felt angry at himself for searching all "the pockets for a note, only to be disappointed; and he had sworn to make Nan sick of her "blasted pride."

He had left his place in Hinckle's store in Bridge City, where he had been employed since boyhood, and had gone to L—, to take a place in the iron works. And not a word had ever come from Nan.

A bitter loneliness filled his heart as he entered his cheerless room with its carpetless floor and curtainless window. The fire in the rusty little stove had gone out, and the cheap kerosene lamp on the wooden mantel gave only a sickly light.

Heyser shivered and flung out of the room, muttering something between his teeth. It was too early to go to bed, and he had lived so entirely to himself during the past year that he had no friends in the tenement house upon whom he could drop in for an hour's talk. What was he to do with himself? Walk up and down Main street, he supposed, and see people stare at him because he had no bundles.

As he went downstairs he heard the Payne children laughing, and through a door that stood a little ajar saw them hanging up their stockings.

Heyser's heart swelled with self-pity, and he tugged at the muffler about his throat as if it were choking him as he went stamping down the bare, dark stairway. In all this

Christmas festivity he had no share. There was no one to give a thought to him, no one of whom he must think. And it was all Nan's fault. She had ruined his life. How could he help hating her? Why had she never sent that apology? Evidently she had never repented her share of their quarrel.

Reaching Main street again Heyser hesitated, gave a quick glance around him to see if any one were looking who might suspect his purpose, and then turned abruptly down a street that led directly to the river.

He walked rapidly, with his head down, the collar of his coat high above his ears, and his slouch hat pulled down over his scowling brow.

It wouldn't do any harm to go and give a look at his old home—that pretty brown cottage in which he and Nan had lived for four short months. He had nothing else to do—and he needed the exercise.

The wind blew stiffly as he crossed the bridge. On the other side a woman was crossing in the opposite direction. She had a shawl about her shoulders and wore a white hood. Heyser remembered that Nan had worn a white hood on Christmas Eve just a year ago. The keen air had made her cheeks rosy, and given a sparkle to her black eyes. People had turned to look at her on the street, and he had felt proud of his pretty wife. He had not dreamed then that in less than three months from that time he and Nan would have gone separate ways.

It was only a short walk from the bridge to the heart of Bridge City, and the little brown cottage Heyser had bought stood on one of the steep, ungraded streets. He felt a chill sense of disappointment when he reached it and saw that it was dark and all the blinds were closed.

He stood at the little gate and stared at the cottage for a long, long time. Nan had deserted it, of course, and it had stood empty all these months. He ought to have known she wouldn't stay there alone, and yet—somehow he had always thought of her as keeping a home there, waiting for him to come back.

He was stiff and chilled when at last he turned from the gate and went slowly up the hill, with a vague idea of walking through the village before returning to L—. Not that he expected to meet Nan—that was most unlikely. In all probability she had left Bridge City and was following her trade of dressmaking in some larger place.

As he reached the top of the hill he saw a sudden tongue of flame shoot up from the roof of an old house which

stood back from the street at some distance from any other. It was the home of old Mrs. Wisk and her weak-minded daughter, and Heyser sprang forward as if electrified, wondering if any one were inside.

As he approached the "gate he saw the imbecile girl run out from the front door, and at the same moment the flames burst from half a dozen places in the roof.

"Is any one in there?" shouted Heyser, seizing the girl by the shoulder. She only whimpered and smiled in reply, and Heyser released her, and with one bound was at the door and had dashed it open.

Before the wide, open hearth was a wickerwork carriage, and in it, staring up with bright black eyes, lay a baby perhaps two months of age. Heyser seized it in a rough but careful grasp and rushed out—just in time, for the old roof fell with a crash behind him, sending the sparks flying over him and his precious charge.

The yard was full of people now who had come running from every direction, and as Heyser staggered forward with his burden he heard a loud, piercing cry, and a young woman in a big shawl and a white hood sprang through the gateway and tore the baby from his arms. She was weak and almost breathless from fright and her run up the hill.

Heyser looked down at her, passing his hands over his eyes as if to clear away a mist.

"Nan!" he cried. "Jerry!" and around his neck went one round arm, while the other held the baby close to her heart.

"Let's get away from here, Nan," said Heyser, thickly; and he led her through the gateway and down the hill, paying no attention to old Mrs. Wisk who ran after them, crying and

to Nan and the baby—which as yet he hardly realized as his own—he had taken time to go to his lodging house for Nan's note, and he read the words it contained with eyes suspiciously dim.

How gayly his heart beat as he tramped across the bridge! How happy he felt! Christmas was a glorious time! He didn't wonder people enjoyed it!

And this time when he reached the cottage it was all aglow with light and warmth, and Nan met him at the door and exclaimed over the number of his bundles, and laughed because he had bought the baby a drum and a toy engine.

"But we can save them for him," she added; "and just come out into the kitchen, Jerry."

Jerry followed her, wondering what he was to see, and gave a little gasp of surprise when he found a nice supper spread upon the table and a delicious aroma from a coffee pot filling the room.

"I've learned to cook, Jerry. Mrs. Bosley says I can't be beaten at it," said Nan, laughing, though her eyes were full of tears.

Jerry's lips quivered, and he swallowed a lump in his throat. Then he put his arms around his little wife and drew her close to his happy heart.

"This is a Christmas, sure enough, Nan," he whispered, huskily.—Independent.

**Christmas in Egypt.**

The following Christmas experience in Egypt is related by a writer in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. He was at the house of a Greek who was apparently not a Crossus, as the entire furniture of his cafe consisted of a stone-and-mud fireplace in one corner,

**"CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR."**



wringing her hands and saying she had gone out only for a minute to borrow a little molasses, and if the baby had been burned she never would have forgiven herself—never!

Heyser's brain seemed strangely confused; but just at the base of the hill he stopped.

"What did she mean, Nan?" he asked; "and—what's this?" he asked, touching the baby.

"Didn't you know?" she cried. "Oh, Jerry! I thought some one would surely tell you."

Heyser shook his head. He couldn't answer her just then.

Nan stopped at the gate of the little brown cottage and drew the key of the door from her pocket; but just as she put it into the lock Heyser threw both arms around her and strained both mother and child to his breast.

"Oh, Nan, I have missed you so!" he whispered, huskily. "And to think you've been living here all this time!"

a palm-branch divan occupying the remainder of that side of the banquetting hall, and a lot of rush mats on the earthen floor. I took the place of honor on the divan, says the writer, and soon the Arabs commenced dropping in and squatting on the floor. Our Copt had made so much noise that he had awakened the whole village.

It was Christmas Eve, or, rather, morning, and I felt liberal, so I ordered coffee and mastic for the party, and kept the landlord busy until I had filled the whole lot—a feat never before accomplished in Tel-el-Baroud. I began to feel hungry, and the landlord fished out from under the divan, which also served as a chicken-coop, three squabs, which he killed, plucked, broiled and served up on Arab bread. This bread is baked of unbolted flour in round cakes, seven inches in diameter. It is hollow like a doughnut, and of about the consistency of heavy blotting paper.

After breakfast everybody went on a hunting expedition. After their return they all went for their bath, a change of clothes, then to dinner—and such a dinner!

The bill of fare could scarcely be equalled at that season of the year in this country; the little oysters from Alexandria Harbor (they were first planted there by McKillop Pasha, who was admiral of the Egyptian fleet under Ismail Pasha), soup, fish from the Mediterranean, turkey, ham, ducks, snipe, fresh vegetables of every description, figs, grapes, oranges, bananas and the flaming English plum-pudding.

As Usual.

"Did any one remember you on Christmas Day?" inquired Jhoes. "Oh, yes," responded Smuta, showing a handsome collection of lately opened envelopes, "my creditors did."

Mme. Regnen, a florist of Roostoen, Holland, is the owner of a giant rose bush, which had 6000 roses in full bloom at one time during the past summer.

**FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.**

**In the Senate.**

5TH DAY.—In the absence of the Vice-President the Senate was called to order by Mr. Harris. Mr. Call offered a resolution looking to the independence of Cuba. Speeches in favor of Government control of the proposed Nicaragua Canal were made by Messrs. Morgan and Mitchell. A resolution was introduced calling on Secretary Grosham for the correspondence in the Berlin Sea damage cases.

6TH DAY.—Mr. Morrill spoke on "Quack Financial Panaceas," and Messrs. Dolph and Sherman on the Nicaragua Canal bill.

7TH DAY.—Motions to take up the bill repealing the differential duty on refined sugar and to consider a closure resolution were defeated by decisive votes. Mr. Mitchell introduced a bill providing for the abolishment of the death penalty in the army and navy and in places where the United States has exclusive jurisdiction, except in cases of murder, desertion to the enemy in time of war and aggravated mutiny.

8TH DAY.—Mr. Morgan finished his argument in favor of the Nicaragua Canal. The bill to establish the University of the United States at Washington was taken up and speeches in favor of it were made by Messrs. Hutton and Vilas. Mr. Sherman introduced a bill providing for a statute of the late Chief Justice Chase. Mr. Bates presented a favorable report on the bill creating a National park out of the battlefield of Shiloh.

**In the House.**

5TH DAY.—The greater portion of the session was devoted to a continuation of the discussion on the bill to amend the Interstate Commerce act as to permit railway companies to pool their earnings. A resolution offered by Mr. Wilson was passed distributing the President's message among the several appropriate committees. On this resolution the House was briefly addressed by ex-Speaker Grow, who presented his views in regard to amendments to the National Bank act. A resolution offered by Mr. Springer was agreed to, giving the Committee on Banking and Currency permission to sit during the sessions of the House.

6TH DAY.—Cham Clark spoke in opposition to the bill providing a retired list for the revenue cutter service. Under the special order the House took up the bill to amend the Interstate Commerce law to permit railroad companies to pool their earnings. Mr. Geary, Mr. Dabell, Mr. Grow and Mr. Mason advocating the bill. Mr. Blair gave notice of an intention to offer at the proper time an amendment proposing that all contracts entered into should be subject to be changed, rescinded or terminated by Congress.

7TH DAY.—The day was devoted to discussion of District of Columbia affairs. The Urgency Deficiency bill was reported. It appropriates \$245,995 for the collection of the income tax.

8TH DAY.—The bill to permit pooling by railroads was passed by a vote of 166 to 116.

9TH DAY.—Mr. Bartlett's motion to strike out from the Urgency Deficiency bill the appropriation for the collection of the income tax was defeated. Mr. Sikes introduced a bill for a pension of \$100 per month to Mary Palmer Banks, the widow of Major-General Nathaniel P. Banks.

10TH DAY.—Mr. Cookran's motion to recommit the Urgency Deficiency bill with instructions to strike out the appropriation for the income tax was defeated—yeas, 49; nays, 103. The bill was then passed. The Fortification and Military Academy Appropriation bills were passed. Secretary Carlisle sent in an estimate of \$54,000 deficiency in the appropriation for enforcing the Chinese exclusion act for the current fiscal year.

**NEWSY GLEANINGS.**

CHINA uses American shingles. LINA statistics show 143,669 more females than males in Sweden.

UNCLE SAM'S revenue from customs and internal taxation increases.

THE oat crop of France is 100,000,000 bushels in excess of that of 1892.

THE German Anti-Socialist bill is more drastic than had been expected.

SECRETARY MORTON suggests exporting dressed beef instead of live cattle.

THERE are 1500 untried cases in the District Attorney's office, New York City.

BOSTON boasts of having had 610 pairs of twins and nine triplets during the past year.

A big glacier has formed in the Rocky Mountains, near St. Mary's river, Montana.

The Alabama Legislature passed the Knight bill to punish usurpers of State offices.

It is estimated that about forty per cent. of the hogs in the country are now being fed on wheat.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND square miles of grass lands in Texas have been swept by prairie fire.

THE King of Italy has ordered that five more American trotting stallions be added to the royal stud.

FORGOTTEN American school bonds to a large amount are found to have been floated in England and Ireland.

ENGLISH capitalists propose to build six suburban residence towns between Milwaukee, Wis., and Chicago.

PROVISION was made for a five-cent postage rate on letters to nearly every foreign country, effective January 1.

A SYNDICATE with \$20,000,000 capital is raising coal in Texas within ten days.

THE King of Italy has ordered that five more American trotting stallions be added to the royal stud.

CONGRESS reports indicate that the production of wheat in the Argentine Republic is enormous and will keep prices down.

THE Hon. James, Member of Parliament and labor leader of England, says the slugs of Chicago are more filthy than those of London.

**LIVES LOST BY DROWNING.**

Treachorous ice on a Millpond in Iowa Gave Way.

Neva has been received of the drowning of seven persons at the town of Littleton, in Independence County, Iowa. George and Hannah Cook went skating on the millpond near the village, and on their failure to return home search was instituted. A crowd gathered around an alrhol through which it was supposed the children had fallen, when suddenly the ice gave way and twelve persons were precipitated into the water. Seven were rescued by bystanders, but the other five were taken out dead. The bodies of the Cook children were also found. The dead are Frederick Hanks, John Morton, George Roberts, S. H. Hanks, George B. Floss, George Cook, Hannah Cook.

**SLEW FAMILY AND SELF.**

A Missouri Farmer Murdered His Wife and Three Children.

David Spragg, a farmer residing in Hamilton County, Missouri, cut the throats of two of his children. Their cries brought their mother to their aid. Spragg then cut his wife's throat from ear to ear and she died instantly. The murderer then killed a six-months-old baby in its cradle. After killing the baby Spragg returned to where his wife's body lay and cut his own throat. He died on his wife's corpse.

**CHIEF CLARENCE PENSIONED**

England's Grant to the Ex-Ruler of Mosquito.

Ex-Chief Clarence, the former ruler of the Mosquito Territory, has been granted a maintenance of \$22 per day by the British Government. The Nicaraguan Govern-



EX-CHIEF CLARENCE.

ment has issued a decree granting amnesty to all the members of the defunct Mosquito Territory Government, with the exception of Clarence.

**GOLD PRODUCTION.**

The Immense Yield in the United States During 1894.

The United States Treasury Department has received returns in regard to the production of gold in the United States during the calendar year 1894 which warrants the statement that the output will approximate \$43,000,000. The States of Colorado, Montana, Idaho and California will show an increase amounting in the aggregate to \$7,000,000. Of the total production of the year it is estimated that California will contribute \$13,750,000; Colorado, \$11,775,000; Montana, \$4,575,000, and Idaho, \$2,225,000.

**THE MARKETS.**

Late Wholesale Prices of Country Produce Quoted in New York.

50 MILK AND CREAM. The surplus sold during the past week at the platform at an average of \$1.57 per case of 40 quarts. Exchange price remains 5c per quart net to the shipper.

Receipts of the week, fluid milk, gals. 1,508,434 Condensed milk, gals. 11,670 Cream, gals. 55,997

CREAMERY—PENN., EXTRA... 21 @ 23 Western, extra... 21 @ 24 Western, firsts... 21 @ 23 Western, thirds to seconds... 16 @ 20 State—Extra... 21 @ 22 Firsts... 21 @ 20 Thirds to seconds... 12 @ 17 Western Im. Creamery, firsts... 12 @ 19 Seconds... 12 @ 14 Western Dairy... 11 @ 16 Factory, June, firsts... 12 @ 14 1/2

CHEESE. State—Fullcream, white, fancy... 10 1/2 @ 11 Full cream, good to prime... 10 @ 10 1/2 State Factory—Part skims, choice... 7 @ 9 1/2 Part skims, good to prime... 4 @ 5 1/2 Full skims... 4 @ 5 1/2

EGGS. State & Penn.—Fresh... 20 @ 25 Jersey—Fancy... 20 @ 25 Western—Prime to choice... 24 1/2 @ 25 Duck eggs—South & West... 20 @ 25 Goose eggs... 20 @ 25

BEANS AND FEAS. Beans—Marrow, 1894, choice... 2 1/2 @ 3 20 Medium, 1894, choice... 1 1/2 @ 1 70 Pea, 1894, choice... 1 1/2 @ 1 70 Red kidney, 1894, choice... 2 00 @ 2 10 White kidney, 1894, choice... 2 00 @ 2 10 Buck turtle soup, 1894... 2 05 @ 2 10 Lima, Cal., 1894, # 60 lbs... 2 85 @ 2 90 Green peas, bbls... 1 05 1/2 @ 1 07 1/2

FRUITS AND BERRIES—FRESH. Lemons... 1 00 @ 3 00 Oranges, Fla., # box... 1 87 @ 1 87 Cranberries, Cape Cod, # bbl... 12 00 @ 12 00 Jersey, # crate... 5 00 @ 5 25 Apples, greenings, # bbl... 2 00 @ 3 00 Baldwin... 1 75 @ 2 50 Common qualities... 1 00 @ 1 50 Grapes, Del., # basket... 10 @ 12 California... 10 @ 12 Concord... 12 @ 14

HOPS. State—1894, choice, # lb... 11 @ 12 1894, common to fair... 6 @ 8 Pacific Coast, choice... 11 @ 12 Good to prime... 9 @ 10 Old odds... 2 @ 3

HAY—PRIME, # 100 lb... 40 @ 75 Hay—Long, mixed... 50 @ 60 Straw—Long rye... 35 @ 50 Old odds... 30 @ 30

LIVE POULTRY. Fowls, # lb... 9 @ 9 1/2 Chickens, # lb... 7 1/2 @ 8 Roosters, old, # lb... 5 @ 5 1/2 Turkeys, # lb... 8 @ 9 Ducks, # pair... 50 @ 85 Geese, # pair... 1 00 @ 1 17 Pigeons, # pair... 20 @ 30

DRESSED POULTRY. Turkeys, # lb... 9 @ 13 Chickens, Phila., broilers... 10 @ 15 Western... 8 @ 10 Jersey, # lb... 10 @ 12 Fowls, # lb... 7 @ 10 Ducks, spring, L. & East # lb... 11 @ 13 Geese, # lb... 10 @ 13 Squabs, # doz... 1 50 @ 2 75

VEGETABLES. Potatoes, St. & Jersey, # bbl 1 25 @ 1 62 Long Island... 1 75 @ 2 00 Sweet, # bbl... 1 50 @ 2 50 Cabbage, # 100... 1 00 @ 1 30 Onions—Yellow, # bbl... 1 00 @ 1 50 Red, # bbl... 1 00 @ 2 00 Squash, marrow, # bbl... 1 00 @ 75 Hubbard... 1 00 @ 1 25 Turnips, Russia, # bbl... 80 @ 75 White... 80 @ 75 Egg plant, # bbl... 2 00 @ 5 00 Celery, # doz roots... 10 @ 60 Cucumbers, # crate... 1 00 @ 2 50 Green peas, # bbl... 1 00 @ 3 00 Cauliflower, # bbl... 1 50 @ 4 00 String beans, # crate... 1 00 @ 1 75 Spinach... 1 50 @ 2 00 Carrots... 1 00 @ 1 50 Parsnips... 1 00 @ 1 50

WHEAT—WINTER PATENTS... 3 15 @ 3 25 Spring Patents... 3 50 @ 3 80 Wheat, No. 2 Red... 2 60 @ 2 60 December... 2 60 @ 2 60 Corn—No. 2... 2 60 @ 2 75 Oats—No. 2 White... 1 00 @ 1 00 Track White... 37 1/2 @ 41 Rye—State... 1 00 @ 1 00 Barley—Ungraded Western... 62 @ 66 Scotch—Timothy, # 100... 5 00 @ 5 00 Clover... 9 00 @ 9 75 Lard—City Steam... 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2

LIVE STOCK. Beeves, city dressed... 6 1/2 @ 9 1/2 Milch Cows, com. to good... 4 00 @ 4 50 Calves, city dressed... 6 1/2 @ 10 1/2 Country dressed... 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2 Sheep, # 100 lbs... 2 50 @ 3 00 Lambs, # 100 lbs... 3 50 @ 4 15 Hogs—Live, # 100 lbs... 4 60 @ 5 00 Dressed... 5 @ 7