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The Christmas Time.

Blow! winds of winter! blow!
Stretch forth your viewless hands
And waken every living thing
Through all these frozen lands!
The branches of the gnarled oak,
The hemlock's swaying limb,
All trees and shrubs, wake these to join
In one harmonious hymn;
For is not this the Christmas time,
The loving, hopeful Christmas time,
Long waited for, with faith sublime!

Fall fast! Oh, fleecy snow!
Thy ministry is good;
The earth our greater human needs
Has little understood.
With thy deft fingers weave
A robe, of faultless seam,
And white, as angel-vestments are,
Of which the poets dream
For lo! the earth receives a King,
And thou, Oh, snow! a robe shalt bring
To grace the happy welcoming.

Fly swifter! Oh, ye clouds!
Through all the realms of air;
Chase day and night the world around,
And tell it everywhere—
To peoples, lands—a Christ is born
For every race and creed—
A living, sympathizing soul,
The very Christ they need;
That this is now the Christmas time,
The loving, hopeful Christmas time,
When want is sin and greed a crime.

Beat fast! Oh, throbbing heart!
And yield! Oh, stubborn will!
In God's good time, He came at last,
Love's mission to fulfill
He came, with pleasant words and ways,
The world's Redeemer, guest;
Gave manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest—
Gave to the world such hopes and cheer
As prophet tones or lips of seer
Could never breathe in human ear.

Vain is your task, Oh, winds!
And yours, Oh, fleecy snow!
In vain the swift-winged clouds
Upon their mission go;
In vain, Oh, throbbing heart!
Is prayer, or song, or creed,
Unblest by love's sweet ministry—
Here find the Christ you need.
By this sweet grace, and this alone,
His praise shall spread from zone to zone,
'Till all the earth His sway shall own,
—*Ira E. Sherman.*

THE DEACON'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas day dawned bright and fair and cold.

All the hills around the little country village of Lanbornton were white with snow. The roads were trodden hard, and the prospect for fine sleighing under the light of a nearly full moon never was better. Deacon Haines' wife sighed as she put back the curtain from the bedroom window that morning and looked out.

Five years ago, that very day, the great sorrow of her life had come to her. How well she remembered that fateful morning, when, though the sun shone gloriously, and the heavens were blue and cloudless, all the life and joy went out of her life and left the world a blank or gloom, almost of despair.

Twenty-four years she had been John Haines' wife, and in all these years she had never repented of her choice. There had been many times when the man's hard nature had wounded her sensitive spirit, but she trusted all things to heaven and uttered no complaint.

Just, upright in his dealings, Deacon Haines was a man who never erred—in his own judgment; and mercy was a word unknown in his vocabulary. If people would live as they ought to and as they might, he was wont to say sternly, they would not need to be forever crying for forgiveness.

If the deacon's right hand had offended him he would have cut it off, thus obeying the Scripture literally. He was religious to a fault, for there is such a thing as carrying even one's piety too far, until it becomes a curse instead of a blessing. In the simple faith of an obedient soul there is peace and rest, but in the bigoted fanaticism of a self-righteous man—well never mind the rest, I am writing a story and not a sermon.

Deacon Haines had only one child—a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, and in his stern, ascetic way, he idolized this girl. When she was eighteen years of age she fell in love with Royal Clayton.

When the news of this reached the deacon his rage was terrible. He struck his foot upon the floor and raved with what was almost an oath, that if ever she spoke to him again he would disown her forever. Emma had something of her father's own spirit, and she loved Royal with all the strength of her fond young heart, and she told the deacon without hesitation that she would follow love instead of duty.

Five years before, on that Christmas day, Emma had left her home without the knowledge of her parents, and became the wife of the man she loved. Immediately after the ceremony the young couple had taken the cars for the West, and only once had any tidings of them reached Lanbornton. A letter came to the deacon in Emma's handwriting, but the inflexible old man had brought it himself from the postoffice, and in the presence of his wife had laid it unopened upon the fire and watched it shrink to ashes.

He had no child, he said, sternly—he would hold no communication with one who was none of his.

Emma's name was forbidden to be mentioned in the household. A servant-girl who inadvertently referred to Miss Emma in the deacon's hearing was at once dismissed, and poor Mrs. Haines, having once been betrayed into a burst of tears by coming suddenly upon some article of clothing which had been last worn by her child, received such a dreadful admonition that she did not get over trembling for a week.

Mrs. Haines was one of those gentle, clinging creatures, who ought to be loved and cherished by some true, tender heart, but who usually fall to the mercies of just such iron-natured men as Deacon Haines. It is a law of nature, I suppose, and who shall again say it? She submitted to him in everything, and would no more have thought of disputing the right of the wind to blow in a northeast snowstorm?

But nights, very often, when the deacon was fast asleep, she would steal softly up to the chamber which had been Emma's, and there upon the cold pillows last pressed by the head of her darling would she weep away the soreness of her heart.

She hoped always that some letter or message might come to her; she would risk the deacon's anger, and write just one little word of love to her daughter; but she hoped in vain. No tidings ever came.

Days and weeks and months passed by, as (Oh! Heaven, be pitiful!) they will drag by, whether we soar to heights of ecstasy or sink into depths of despair—as they have dragged on ever since creation; as they will go on forever!

This beautiful Christmas morning Mrs Haines went about her plum pudding and her chicken pie and her sponge cake and other dainties with a heavy heart. She never dreamed of omitting a single item in the Christmas bill of fare, for the deacon was a methodical man, and if there had been so much as a dish of preserves missing he would have demanded the reason of it. He would have looked upon it as a crying sin against the faith of his forefathers if Christmas had not been kept in the way he had kept it from his youth up.

So, though the mother's heart was full of sorrow and heaviness, she remembered the exact quantity of spice to be put in the mince meat for the pies, she kept in mind just how much shortening must go into the crust for the chicken pie, and she trussed the fat turkey, and filled him full with stuffing, and watched him while he was roasting, just as solicitously as if she was not ready to sink down and weep her life away for her lost child.

By 4 o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready. Dinner smoked on the table, and filled the great kitchen, when the table was set out with a savory smell.

The weather had changed suddenly, and heavy storm clouds drifted across the sky, driven by the fierce wind, and the distant hill-tops were wrapped in mists of snow. Lanbornton was near the sea, and the low beat of the waves on the broken beach came ever and anon to the ear in a wail of despair.

Mrs. Haines lighted the candles in the tall silver candlesticks, and set them on the table. The voice in which she called her husband to dinner trembled; she was wondering if Emma had a Christmas dinner that day, or if indeed she was still alive and a dweller in a land where Christmas was remembered.

The deacon sat down at the table, put his steel-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and opened the large Bible which lay beside his plate. It was always his custom to read the first passage on which his eye rested, and on this occasion he read aloud.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

There was no softening of the stern voice as he read the beautiful words; no tenderness of feeling crept over his face at the thought of the loving Christ who uttered them. But Mrs. Haines' eyes ran over, and she bowed her head upon her hands.

"Oh, John," she cried, "think of Emma!—five years ago to-day since she went forth blighted by a father's curse—and heaven only knows if she is still among the living! Oh, my child! my child!"

The deacon rose slowy from his seat, his face pale as death, his long right arm extended solemnly to heaven.

"Martha," said he, deliberately, "if you were not my wife I would turn you from my door. Such passages of Scripture as these have no reference to wicked and disobedient children who persist in going to ruin in spite of counsel and admonition from their legal guardians!"

There was a faint moaning sound at the door, and the quick ear of Mrs. Haines caught it at once. So did the old house dog, for he leaped from his warm corner by the fire and sprang to the door with a cry of welcome.

The deacon took a step forward, but his wife was before him. Perhaps some subtle prescience helped to prepare her for what she was to see, for she did not cry out or faint at the sight.

Across the doorstep lay the still figure of a woman, holding in her arms a little child. The snow was drifting over them both, but the light from the blazing hearth shone out broad and red, and tinged with roseate bloom the wan, white face of Emma Clayton.

Mrs. Haines was a slender little woman, but she never felt the weight of her unconscious daughter as, lifting her into her arms, she bore her into the warm kitchen and laid her on the lounge.

Livid with rage, the deacon strode toward his wife and laid a rough hand on the shoulder of the unconscious girl. But for once Mrs. Haines did not shrink from her husband in his rage.

"John," she said, firmly, "she is my child; I will do a mother's duty to her!"

"She is no child of mine!" said the deacon, fiercely; "she chose her path in life, let her walk therein!" And he laid his hand on the girl and would have dragged her to the door, but Mrs. Haines stepped before him. Her face was white as death, and every vein stood out like cords upon her forehead.

"Deacon Haines," said she, "do this thing, and though you were thrice my husband I will not remain under your roof another moment after she is thrust out! and may God judge between us!"

Just then, while the deacon, paralyzed with amazement, stood motionless before his wife, the little child crept to his side and put two warm, soft hands around his fingers. The sweet, grieved face, with the soft, blue eyes lifted to his stern countenance, might have melted anything but a strong human heart.

"Grandpapa," said she, "please don't hurt poor mamma! She is sick, and she has come so far in the cold!"

"Grandpapa!"—the word he had never expected to hear addressed to himself.

His memory went back over half a century and more to the gray-haired man he had called grandpapa—the man who was always kind to him, who petted him and made him whistles and wooden horses, and told him quaint stories of old, old times when the country was new, and bears and Indians plenty as blackberries. He remembered when he stood beside that kind old man's deathbed, and felt the withered, trembling hand, cold with the dews of death upon his forehead—he remembered the grieving tones of the failing voice which said:

"God's blessing upon you, John! and when you, too, lie down to die, may your grandchildren stand around your bed, and comfort you in your last hours!"

This aged man had died and gone to heaven.

The deacon shrank from the inspection. For one moment, with that child's clear eyes upon him, he saw himself as he was—a hard unyielding, unmerciful man—dead in tresspasses and sin.

He sank down on his knees and buried his face in the clustering golden hair of his wondering grandchild.

"Martha!" he cried, bitterly, "I have sinned and fallen far short! Do as you will—and may God show me the mercy I have never shown to my fellow!"

Emma Clayton lived, though she was never very strong—but never was daughter loved and cared for by a father as she was. And little Annie was in sore danger of being spoiled by the indulgence of her grandfather.

Everybody noticed the great change in the deacon—he grew humble and forgiving, and his prayers in the public meetings were no longer full of vindictive threatenings hurled at the sinner, but were rich in mild persuasions and gentle intimations to try the goodness of God.

Royal Clayton was dead; and Emma lived always with her father. Everything was forgiven—everything forgotten except the love which united the family ever after in a bond of unbroken peace.

Deadman's Land.

A writer connected with one of the Arctic exploring expeditions says: While tramping around beyond Green Harbor, near where I found the cannon ball stones of such peculiar formation, I came upon several wrecked and rifled graves. The men must have been buried before the frost was out of the ground, for the coffins were not covered, but seemed to have been put into a slight depression scratched in the clay. The coffins had partially rotted away and broken, and the grinning skulls and bleached bones were strewn about in horrid disorder, indicating that the fox and bear had disturbed their rest. I spent some time in gathering the bones of those poor fellows into their original resting-place and covering them up with rocks and sods of moss. No history of these lonesome graves could be gleaned, but it is likely that they were those of Norse or Russian victims of the scurvy. It is possible that they fell in some of those bloody fights, gossips of which are still current among the fishermen and hunters of Northern Europe. The tradition runs that more than two hundred years ago the Dutch and Russians, who came here to harpoon whales, divided their time in bloody combats in which no quarter was given. The whale fisheries were then very valuable and worth fighting about, so every ship sent out was fitted for offense and defense. Some attempts at colonization were stamped out in consequence of this feud. If a colony of Russians managed to survive the scurvy for a winter and a Dutch ship arrived fresh from the south in the spring the colony was sure to be obliterated, and the Russians treated the Dutch with the same kind consideration when they arrived first. The finding of unknown graves is quite common on the shores of all the bays and fiords of Spitzbergen. This dreary, inhospitable place might fittingly be called Deadman's Land, a name given to a small spot just outside of Green Harbor in Ice Fiord.

Struck by a Waterspout.

One morning recently the spick-and-span new brig Moses Knowlton, of Baltimore, found herself in Caribbean waters, about half way between Trinidad and Morant Cay. It was squally and the captain, A. H. Turpie, ordered his crew of five men to remain on deck. About the middle of the morning, while the Knowlton was running before the wind, she was suddenly struck by a waterspout. Her bows were lifted a great distance, and her decks were swept and overswept by seething white waves. Then the wind and water seemed to pick the brig up bodily. In the howling of the tempest Turpie shouted a command for his men to leap overboard. They heard and obeyed, each struggling to reach some such object as a chain box or galley-top that had been hurled into the sea at the first stroke. A few moments after the Knowlton was deserted she was picked up and turned completely over, her masts pointing downward and her kneel being above the surface. The waterspout and accompanying tornado passed swiftly away. It was then discovered that Charles McLeod, sailor, had been drowned. Captain Turpie directed his efforts toward getting the nearest of the small boats, which was lashed to the davits twelve feet under water. He swam down, knife in hand, and desperately strove to cut the ropes. Three attempts were made, and after a long struggle the boat was released from its fastenings and hauled to the surface. The survivors pulled off from the wreck to remain three days in an open boat, without food or water, and to be rescued in the midst of great suffering by the British bark Elsie.

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

Senate.

Mr. Edmunds introduced a bill for defraying the extraordinary liabilities and expenses incurred in consequence of the assault upon the late President of the United States.... Mr. Rollins introduced a bill for the increase of facilities for the just adjudication of pension claims. ....Mr. Blair submitted and asked present consideration of a resolution instructing the committee on education and labor to inquire into the condition of common school education in the United States, and report thereon, and also as to what measures, in the opinion of the committee, Congress can lawfully and properly enact in aid of such education. Adopted....Mr. Hill, from the committee on privileges and elections, reported back certain memorials from members of the New York legislature affecting the right of Messrs. Miller and Lapham to occupy seats in the Senate, and asked that they be tabled and the committee discharged from their further consideration. He stated briefly that the committee did not think any one nor all of the five reasons alleged by the memorialists as invalidating the election were sufficient to justify further intervention, or did in fact invalidate it....The tariff commission bill was then taken up and Messrs. Garland and Beck denounced and Mr. Morrill defended the present tariff. On motion of Mr. Morrill the bills on the subject were then referred to the committee on finance.

Mr. Vest presented a bill to incorporate the Intercoceanic Ship Railway company, and for other purposes....Mr. Logan, from the committee on military affairs, reported with amendments the bill to place General Grant on the army retired list. Placed on the calendar. Mr. Maxey, of the committee, said the report just made was not unanimous, and he would indicate his objections at the proper time....Mr. Edmunds submitted a resolution requiring the President, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to the Senate all the correspondence between the government of the United States and its diplomatic agents in Peru and Chili respectively, occurring since the 1st of April, 1879, touching public affairs in or between those States, and also such correspondence on the subject as may be in possession of the department of state. Agreed to without dissent.... Mr. Hoar offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the committee on military affairs to inquire what legislation, if any, is needed to enable the widows and heirs of deceased soldiers to receive the benefits of bounties to said soldiers while living, and remaining unpaid at the time of their decease....Mr. Pendleton's bill to regulate and improve the civil service came up. In a speech Mr. Pendleton urged the necessity and possibility of civil service reform. Messrs. Dawes and Hill also spoke upon the bill, which was finally laid on the table for the time being.

Mr. Jones, of Florida, offered a resolution requesting the secretary of war to communicate information or evidence on file in the war office relating to the construction of a ship canal across the peninsula of Florida, including estimates of the cost of the work and the surveys made by the United States with a view to the construction of such canal. Laid over and ordered printed....The resolution of Mr. Hoar, for a select committee on the rights of women, was taken up. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, said he could see no necessity for a committee on the subject and regarded the resolution as a step toward the recognition of woman suffrage, to which he was opposed on principle. Action on the resolution was deferred....The subject of the presidential succession in the event of the removal by death, resignation or inability of both the President and Vice-President was considered, the resolutions introduced by Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, and Mr. Maxey, of Texas, and the bill of Mr. Garland, of Arkansas, being before the Senate for discussion. The matter was debated without action by Messrs. Beck, Maxey and Anthony.

Petitions were presented by Messrs. Sherman and Ferry for a regulation of railroad transportation routes, and by Messrs. Plumb and Mitchell for the abolition of taxes on bank deposits and checks....Mr. Sherman, from the committee on finance, reported favorably, with amendments, the bill to provide for the issue of three per cent bonds. He gave notice he would ask its consideration immediately after the holidays. The bill was placed on the calendar. ....Mr. McPherson submitted a resolution referring to the committee on naval affairs the President's recommendations in favor of a thorough rehabilitation of the navy. Adopted. ....Mr. Ingalls submitted a resolution instructing the committee on pensions to inquire and report what increase of pension, if any, should be allowed the widow of Abraham Lincoln. Adopted....Mr. Garland took part in the presidential succession debate, supporting his own bill against the bill introduced by Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, Mr. Coke, of Texas, and Mr. Jones, of Florida, also spoke on the question.

The Voorhees resolution, referring to the finance committee the parts of the President's message relating to the repeal of the laws authorizing silver coining and the issue of silver certificates, was taken up, and Mr. Voorhees discussed the silver and greenback question at length, charging that the recommendation of the secretary of the treasury for the early retirement of the silver certificates was an assault on the financial stability of the country.

House.

On the first regular "bill day" in the House a flood of bills poured in. The introduction of bills began at half-past 12, and continued until the House adjourned, at 5 o'clock. During the four hours and a half thus occupied 754 bills and joint resolutions were introduced. Only seventeen States were called, beginning with Alabama and ending with Massachusetts. Had the remaining twenty-one been called, the number of bills would have doubtless gone beyond 1,500. The highest number ever introduced in the House in one day was on the first bill day of the last Congress. The number then reached 1,385. But on that occasion all the States were called. Of the 754 bills and joint resolutions introduced, 442 are private bills, 283 public and 208 joint resolutions. Of the private bills 207 are for pensions. The public bills related to almost every conceivable subject of legislation, judging from the measures brought in by them. Mr. Phelps introduced bills to have the trade dollar made a legal tender, all ship material admitted free of duty, and the bank check tax repealed; Mr. Cook presented bills to have private claims adjudicated by the court of claims; Mr. Marsh proposed bill to have United States legal tender notes subjected to State taxation; Mr. Thomas introduced a bill for the equalization of bounties; Mr. Springer desires to have telegraph lines appraised, and to collect information regarding postal telegraph systems; Mr. White handed in a bill to distribute $10,000,000 among States for educational purposes according to illiteracy; Mr. McKenzie, of Kentucky, wanted free salt; Mr. Ellis, of Louisiana, desired to grant government aid to steamship lines; Mr. Knott, of Kentucky, introduced a bill to remove the tax on tobacco; Mr. Gibson, of Louisiana, proposed bills to reduce the whisky tax to fifty cents per gallon, to remove the tax on bank checks and matches, and to impose an income tax; Mr. Henderson, of Illinois, sought the passage of what is known as the Adams' bill for the creation of a board of railroad commissioners. Many of these public bills were on the files of the last Congress.

The call of States for the presentation of bills was continued. Among bills presented were the following: By Mr. Robeson, to provide for the safety of life on railroads. By Mr. Hill, to reduce letter postage to two cents. By Mr. Cox, of New York, to promote the efficiency of the life-saving service; also to grant pensions to the families of keepers and crews who lost their lives in the life-saving service; also making an apportionment of Representatives in Congress under the tenth census; also in relation to the Japanese indemnity fund; also making the trade dollar a legal tender; also a resolution requesting the President to communicate to this house all correspondence with the British government on file in the state department with reference to the arrest and imprisonment of American citizens in Ireland. By Mr. Hewitt, to secure a uniform standard of value. By Mr. Robinson, to reduce letter postage to one cent after July 4, 1882. By Mr. Townsend, appropriating $50,000 for the relief of the widow of the late President Garfield. By Mr. Randall, to redeem and refund portions of the bonded debt of the United States.... Mr. Dibble announced the death of his predecessor, the late M. P. O'Connor. The usual resolutions of regret were adopted, and the house at 5:15, out of respect to the memory of the deceased man, adjourned until Monday.

Old Time Congressional Perquisites.

The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier Journal*, discussing the appropriations for contingent expenses, writes that the first appropriation was an item in the appropriation act passed in September, 1789. The accounts of contingent expenses of the Senate, commencing as early as 1789, contain many items which show that Senators in those days, as well as now, liked their perquisites. In the early days of the republic, Senators—the very fathers of the country—subscribed for many papers, and the subscription prices thereof were paid out of the contingent fund. Stationery they put their hands upon without limit. They used large quantities of English gilt-edged paper at $9 and $10 per ream. Not only did they take stationery, but the records show that our revered forefathers were as agile as their descendants in everything that was "contingent." Penknives in those days were bought by the dozen, and so were silver pencil cases, seals, memorandums and wafer boxes. When a committee of Congress called upon the President of the United States, its hack hire was paid from the contingent fund. The congressional funeral was a nice little jaunt—nobody can say that such is not the case now. Hundreds of yards of black crape and of white sarcenet were used in making mourning scarfs, and gloves were supplied. Some preferred white kid, while others were more practical, and with an eye to the future utility of the funeral hand covering, took beaver and buckskin gloves. Francis Maloone, of Rhode Island died in 1809. His remains were interred in the Congressional cemetery. Among the items of expenses for his funeral were the following: Sixteen pound of crackers, $3; eleven and a quarter pounds of cheese, $2.81. The committe to audit the expenses of the Senate evidently thought that though their brethern seemed to be on pleasure bent, they should have the accompaniment of a frugal meal. Therefore they economically ordered that payment be made for the crackers, but rejected the claim for the cheese. This same committee also had presented to it the following voucher:

Seven gallons best Madeira wine	$28 00
Four gallons Cognac brandy	8 00
Twelve pounds almonds	4 80
Ten pounds of raisins	5 80
Total	$45 60

The committee, after cogitating the matter, came to the conclusion, perhaps, that the partakers of these luxuries had had almost too good a time of it, and so they only allowed "for four gallons of wine and three quarts of brandy, $22." At the same time, however, they passed another voucher "for fourteen pounds of cake, $7," and "twelve pounds of crackers at $1.50." The following is in the account of the Senate contingent expenses for 1809: Thirty-four gallons syrup, $103; fifteen gallons syrup, $46; fifteen gallons syrup $46; fifteen gallons syrup, $46, thirty-five gallons syrup, $46; fifteen gallons syrup, $49; total, $333. What this syrup was does not appear. There is a tradition among the older officers of the Senate that it was used in the concoction of a beverage known as "switchel." This is corroborated by a voucher passed for two-quart decanters, evidently to hold the syrup. The items for beverages of different kinds scattered over the books of accounts for contingent expenses are curious, and in the nineteenth Congress here is one of $123.37 for "soda water and syrup." Umbrellas, congress water, engraved seals, pearl nail knives and toilet sets were then secured by Senators out of the contingent expenses.

Chewing Gum.

Forty thousand dollars worth of chewing gum is gathered in the State of Maine every year. In Oxford county is a man who makes it his business to collect spruce gum. Every year he buys from seven to nine tons. The gum is found chiefly in the region about Umbagog lake and about the Rangely lakes. A number of men do nothing else in the winter season except collect gum. With snowshoes, ax and a sheboygan, on which is packed the gum, they spend days and nights in the wood. The clear, pure lumps of gum are sold in their native state, the best bringing $1 per pound. Gum not immediately merchantable is refined by a peculiar process. Sieve-like boxes are covered with spruce boughs, on which is placed the gum. Steam is introduced underneath. The gum is melted, is strained by the boughs, and then passes into warm water, where it is kept from hardening until the packer takes it out, draws it into sticks, and wraps it in tissue paper, when it is ready for market.

The gum meets with a ready sale. There is not a village, town or city in Maine where it is not in demand. One dealer last year sold $1,400 worth. In the large mill cities gum has a free sale. In Biddeford, Lewiston, Lawrence and Lowell the factory girls consume large quantities. It is said that in the lumber camps the gum is used as a means of extending hospitality. After meal time the host fills his own black clay pipe and hands it to his guest. Later, clear lumps of spruce gum are placed before the visitor, and he is asked to take a chew. Maine produces $40,000 of gum in a year, some of which finds its way to this market, from which it is distributed to the various outlying factory villages, where, as stated before, it is in good demand. Spruce gum is adulterated, and those who adulterate take the trouble to fashion the pieces of gum to appear like those taken in a pure state from the trees. The ingredient of adulteration is supposed to be the gum of the pine tree.

Iowa last year dug 3,500,000 tons of coal, worth $7,000,000 on the dumps. It has 550 mines in operation, employing 6,176 men.

FOR THE LADIES.

Winter Bonnets.

Small bonnets made entirely of feathers are among the recent importations, and are offered in lieu of the feather turbans which have already become so familiar, and are copied in such coarse feathers that they are losing favor. These bonnets are made of breast feathers laid close over the entire frame of small capote shapes, and have for trimming a bird perched on one side, or else two heads are crossed near the top. The lining of the brim shows in the front and is made of glace plush that combines the colors in the feathers, and the strings are of changeable plush ribbon to match. These bonnets are very handsome in blue-green impion feathers; and in the brown and red mixed pheasant feathers they are also useful, as they are appropriate with suits of any of the various colors that appear in the feathers, as well as with black costumes.

Red bonnets are the favorite of the winter. The taste for the gay red plumes that were seen on so many round hats at the summer resorts has increased until entire bonnets or great round hats of this single color, through various shades, from shrimp pink to garnet, are seen. There are street hats for morning of red felt and beaver, and the most dressy hat for receptions is of red plush with shrimp pink feathers. Young ladies choose for the street the tall crown and wide-brimmed Mother Shipton hats of dark garnet felt, or perhaps with fur-beaver edges on the straight brim, though it is equally popular to have a puff of velvet or plush as a binding on the wide flat brim. A row of nodding ostrich feather tips in red shades is then set around the crown, and completes the hat. This hat is most picturesque when set straight on top of the head, shading the forehead well in the way similar hats are worn by peasants, rather than in the Gainsborough fashion, far back on the head to display the coiffure. For ladies who prefer bonnets, and for dressy receptions, there are the new round crown pokes with brim projecting downward, made of red velvet or plush. There are always two kinds in such pokes—a smooth fabric for the crown, and figured velvet or the new pomponette plush for the brim. The smooth material drawn over the crown in a single piece, instead of being cut to fit it, and the front is laid on in folds, wrinkles or plaits; shirring is very little used in this way at present. A single cluster of ostrich tips on the left is enough trimming for such a bonnet, and strings may be dispensed with.

Small bonnets are preferred for dress by ladies who adopt here the prevailing Parisian style. Cream white and shrimp pink are the colors most used for these, and the materials of white bonnets are of remarkable fine beaded net and lace, with white pearl or iridescent beads in Spanish designs. This lace is laid over satin, and droops over the coronet front, leaving the scallops to rest on the hair in a most becoming way. Three comb-like curves of beads are on the crown, and the only trimming is the panache of white ostrich tips on the left side. White moire or plush strings. A shrimp pink plush similarly made has white Oriental lace for its trimmings.

The favorite black bonnet that forms a part of almost every lady's outfit is of plush this winter in preference to velvet. The front of the brim is of pomponette plush, or else of plain plush nearly concealed by the ostrich feathers that are laid close upon it. The crown is plainly covered, and is quite prominent by reason of its height, and because it is left in relief by the trimming being placed far forward on the brim. Two or three rows of jet faceted beads are inside the brim, and the strings are moire or plush ribbon. For a more youthful black bonnet, the Bolero hat is covered with black plush quite smoothly, and feathers are the only trimmings. The inexpensive black hats for general wear that ladies are apt to arrange at home have small crowns of black felt—broad crowns belong to last year's bonnets—with long napped brims in poke shape. A large bow of ribbon, either black or colored, is placed on the left side, and one or two demi-long plumes, held by this bow, droop down the right side. The brim is left "raw"—that is, not bound—and a facing of plush is inside, beginning two inches from the edge, and under this is a wire to keep the brim in shape. The strings match the bow of ribbon on the outside.—*Bazar.*

Fashion Fancies.

Muffs are worn very small.

Fur-lined wraps are in demand.

Plush in fancy colors is made into evening bonnets.

Handsome wraps are edged with beaded plush bands.

Copper, brickdust and terra cotta are the fashionable colors.

Cloaks are worn longer this season than for some time past.

Grecian bands for the hair are made of silver inlaid with mock gems.

Watered silks are more in demand than they have been for some years.

Plushes and velvets, plain and embossed, are used for trimmings of satin Surah and for wool stuffs.

While bead passementeries are on the wane as fashionable trimmings, black jet is more worn than ever.

Earrings, except where brilliant solitaires or other gems are to be exhibited, are less worn than ever before.

The largest cotton producer in the world is Mr. E. Richardson, of Mississippi. He has 52,000 acres of land, and raised last season 12,000 bales of cotton. He expresses the oil from his cotton seed, obtaining thirty-five gallons from a ton worth $12.25, while the cake sells at from $6 to $7 per ton.

Marwood, the new English hangman, has invented an ingenious slip noose, that has been adopted by his government, which is making nooses after Marwood's design and sending to various parts of the world where there is a possible demand for them.

WISE WORDS.

Strong language utterly fails to bolster a weak argument.

When you face a difficulty never let it stare you out of countenance.

No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of true obedience.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

No man was born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a teacher.

Earnestness is the path to immortality, thoughtlessness the path to death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

There is no truth that our young men have to learn more important than this—that to admire that which is right is one thing, but to do what is right is another.

The best people need afflictions for trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment if all things succeed well; or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

Mutual affection and respect and congenial tastes always have been and always must be the true basis of conjugal happiness, whatever the views of philosophers and theorists to the contrary.

The Wine Press in Hungary.

I had had dim ideas of snowy garments dyed purple with the juice of grapes, and the delicate feet of girls treading the luscious fruit under the shade of vine-clad trellises in the open air. In my imagination there were fountains of pure water washing away all stains and impurities, and long processions of men and maidens bearing the fruit on their heads, all decked with flowers, and singing and dancing to the sound of harps and flutes. Had I not seen pictures to that effect, read poetical descriptions of it, and had I not always been encouraged by my childhood's instructors in this delusion? And now, behold, there were not any snowy garments at all; the Hungarians had on coarse shirts and loose drawers tucked above the knee, and I came to the conclusion that they had never seen any fountains of pure water, and wouldn't have known the use of them if they had. For there was a kind of grimness about them, burned in by the sun, which seemed to indicate that they never washed either themselves or their clothes. In fact, they had a fine contempt for the ordinary rules of cleanliness. One black-eyed, purple-legged fellow, with the grape juice just drying on his bare feet, seized a basket, and ran off down the steps and into the vineyard, and presently returning with a load of the fruit, shot it into the press, and, with all the dust and dirt of the road still clinging to his feet, mounted, and began to tread the grapes, and soon stood almost knee-deep in the liquor, which, having served him as a sort of foot-bath, was to be the drink, perhaps, of future generations of refined, fastidious palates. Having seen this I became melancholy, and preferred to leave the rest of the manipulations of earth's choicest nectar in obscurity.—*London Argosy.*

Firewood.

Wood seasons much more rapidly when split, therefore it is economy not only to fell and haul wood for fuel from the lot before stormy weather and heavy roads are at hand, but to cut it in shape for stove and fireplace at the same time. Wet, sappy wood is not only wasteful, but it is sure of vexation and discomfort. In the burning of dry wood the heat is nearly all of it available, while from one-half to two-thirds of the heat produced during the consumption of green wood escapes latent and useless in the evaporating sap and water.

In selecting wood for fuel it becomes a matter of economy to take for firewood such sorts only as will do best service in range and stove, leaving behind for rails, timber and fence posts the varieties which, while possessing little value as regards their heating qualities, stand in the foremost rank for durability under exposure to the weather, other things being equal. Shell-bark hickory is regarded as representing the highest standard among forest trees for fuel, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel as follows: Shell-bark hickory, 100; pig-nut hickory, 93; white ash, 87; white oak, 83; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beach, 65; black birch, 61; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestnut, 52; yellow popular, 44; butternut and white birch, 43, and white pine, 30.

Measuring Dreams.

The longest dream, says the *Medical Monthly*, lasts less than ten minutes. A man fell asleep as the clock tolled twelve. He wakened ere the twelfth stroke died away, having in the interval dreamed that he committed a crime was detected after five years, tried and condemned. Shock of finding the halter around his neck awoke him to consciousness, when he discovered that all the events had happened in an infinitesimal fragment of time. Mohammed, wishing to illustrate the wonders of sleep, told how a certain man, being a sheik, found himself, for his pride, a poor fisherman; that he lived for sixty years, bringing up a family and working hard; and upon waking up from his long dream, so short a time had he been asleep that the narrow-necked gourd bottle, filled with water—which he knew he overturned as he fell asleep—had not had time in which to empty itself.