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OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the authority given to the undersigned by the last will and testament of John Boucher, late of Middlecreek township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd., I will expose to sale by public outcry, on the premises, on

Thursday, December 20th, 1881,

at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the real estate of the late John Boucher, dec'd, consisting of a valuable farm, situate near New Lexington, in Middlecreek township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of W. M. Snyder, R. S. McClintic & Bro., Henry Hertzenkamp, Dedrick Trimpey, J. B. Critchfield and Rechler Brothers, containing 222 acres, more or less, about 155 acres clear, 30 acres in meadow. There is a

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and a

LARGE FRAME BANK BARN!

and other outbuildings on the premises; also, a good apple orchard and a variety of other fruit trees, grapes, ornamental trees, &c. The property is all in good condition, well fenced, and under good cultivation.

TERMS:

One-third in hand, one-third to remain a lien on the land, the interest thereon to be paid annually to the widow of deceased during her lifetime, and after her death the principal to be paid to the heirs of the deceased, and the balance in three equal annual payments, without interest. Possession will be given on the 1st of April, 1882 when the deed will be delivered and judgment notes taken for the deferred payments. Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid down on day of sale.

C. H. MOORE
Executor.

nov23

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THE MODERN SANTA CLAUS.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

Where is the old man Santa Claus,
With his airy sled which the reindeer draws,
And the round little twinkling face hedged in
By the icicled cap and the frosted chin?
Storm-proof leggins and a huge surtout,
Speckled with snow and with chimney-soot;
And his packs that hold
Treasures untold
For young and old!
Where does he live and what does he do?
Or where is the fortune-teller who
Can tell us if these things are true?

Come here, Conrad; listen, Prue!
I am the fortune-teller, who
Will tell you if these things are true.
Turn down the gas to the feeblest spark,
Now take my hands, sit close—and hark!
Out there in the dark!
What's that looming,
What's that glooming,
What's that booming,
There in the dark?

Something wonderful, something white,
Fills the night
With a strange dim light!
Is it the world of Arctic snow,
Of the polar bear and the Esquimaux?
Where the avalanche falls
And the glacier crawls—
Mother of Icebergs! where she crawls
Eternally over the world's white walls,
And litters her whelps in the brine below;
Where they go,
Where the slow,
Huge, wallowing, growling young icebergs go,
Crowding and crunching through fog and floe!
Unconquered realm of the tyrant Ice,
Whose palaces rise,
Mountain size,
Peak over peak and stair over stair,
In the twilight air!
Is this the country of Santa Claus,
Where life never blooms and the frost never thaws?

And what are the mingling sounds I hear?
The small sharp click of the hoof of a deer,
The crack of a whip, and the edges
Of an ice ledge
The clank of a sledge;
A frozen-in whale-ship's whistling tackle;
The crimson aurora's fitful crackle,
As it flashes and fades up the sky, with the sound,
The dreary sound,
Of waves dashed round
An iceberg aground;
And the roar
Evermore,
Of grinding floes on a polar shore!

Do my eyes and ears deceive me?
Something I hear and see, believe me!
Something wonderful, something white,
Fills the world with a soft bright light!
Is it ice and snow?
My children no!
Nor icebergs topple nor glaciers flow.
But peaks of pallid paper rise,
A stairway leading to unseen skyes!
Ledges of snow white paper gleam,
Terrace on terrace,ream aboveream:
And I hear the quick
Multitudinous click
Of types falling thick
In the printer's stick;
No northern lights, as they flash and fade,
But the curious flapping and cracking made
By the folder and binder plying their trade;
And the sound that seemed the sea, I guess is
The thunder of hundreds of printing presses!

Not the iceberg's crashing
That fills the air,
Nor the gnashing
And splashing
Of walrus and bear;
Nor the floes that grind on a polar shore;
But those are the monsters that clank and roar.

'Tis steam, my children, steam, that draws
The steed of old man Santa Claus!
Here is the region whose ribs of snow,
Whose magic mountains melt and flow
In a thousand rivers, a million brooks,
Paper and magazines and books;
The realm of his choicest gifts that fill
Boxes and mail bags, what you will!
Covers that hold
Words brighter than gold,
Leaves that enfold
Thoughts more precious than gems of gold!
Picture and story, rhyme and prose,
By the modern modes;
All sorts of loads,
On all kinds of roads,
To all men's abodes,
They are bundled and bound and borne away
To gladden all hearts on Christmas Day.

Believe me, Conrad! hear me, Prue!
Your marvellous tales are half-way true.
But this the realm, or else I dream,
Here is the realm where he reigns supreme.
No reindeer team,
But iron and steam
Where the modern Santa Claus reins supreme!

—*The Youth's Companion.*

CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I have never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may well be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story, and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there is in it I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucy and I, and the neighbors said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. I was the elder by two years; but more fit to be in leading strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. But she was so good, so quiet, and so wise, that she needed no one's guidance; for if advice was to be given, it was she who gave it, not I; and I never knew her judgment or perception fail. She was the darling of the house. My mother had died soon after Lucy was born. A picture in the dining-room of her, in spite of all the differences of dress, was exactly like Lucy; and as Lucy was now seventeen, and my mother had been only eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years.

One Allhallow's eve a party of us—all young girls, not one of us twenty years of age—were trying our fortunes round the drawing-room fire; throwing nuts into the brightest blaze, to hear if mythic "He's" loved any of us, and in what proportion; or pouring hot lead into water, to find cradles and rings, or purses and coffins; or breaking the whites of eggs into tumblers half full of water, and then drawing up the white into pictures of the future—the prettiest experiment of all. I remember Lucy could only make a recumbent figure of hers, like a marble monument in miniature; and I, a maze of masks and skulls, and things that looked like dancing apes or imps, and vapory lines that did not require much imagination to fashion into ghosts or spirits; for they were clearly human in the outline, but thin and vapory. And we all laughed a great deal, and teased one another, and were as full of fun and mischief, and innocence and thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds.

There was a certain room at the other end of our rambling old manor-house, which was said to be haunted, and which my father had therefore discontinued as a dwelling-room, so that we children might not be frightened by foolish servants; and he had made it into a lumber-place—a kind of a ground-floor granery—where no one had any business. Well, it was proposed that one of us should go into this room alone, lock the door, stand before the glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberately, looking fixedly in the glass all the time; and then, if the mind never once wandered, the future husband would be clearly shown in the glass. As I was always the fool-hardy girl of every party, and was, moreover, very desirous of seeing that apocryphal individual, my future husband, (whose non-appearance I used to wonder at and bewail in secret) I was glad enough to make the trial, notwithstanding the entreaties of some of the more timid. Lucy, above all, clung to me, and besought me earnestly not to go—at last, almost with tears. But my pride of courage, and my curiosity, and a certain nameless feeling of attraction, were too strong for me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors into silence; uttered half-a-dozen bravadoes; and taking up a bed room candle, passed through the long silent passages, to the cold, dark, deserted room—my heart beating with excitement, my foolish head dizzy with hope and faith. The church-clock chimed a quarter-past twelve as I opened the door

It was an awful night. The windows shook, as if every instant they would burst in with some strong man's hand on the bars, and his shoulder against the frames; and the trees howled and shrieked, as if each branch were setient and in pain. The ivy beat against the window, sometimes with fury, and sometimes with leaves slowly scraping again the glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, like spirits crying to each other. In the room itself it was worse. Rats had made it their refuge for many years, and they rushed behind the wainscot and down inside the walls, bringing with them showers of lime and dust, which rattled like chains, or sounded like men's feet hurrying to and fro; and every now and then, a cry broke through the room, one could not tell from where or from what, but a cry, distinct and human; heavy blows seemed to be struck on the floor, which cracked like parting ice beneath my feet, and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet in this tumult, I was not afraid. I reasoned on each new sound very calmly—and said, "those are rats," or "those are leaves," and "birds in the chimney," or "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or scream struck my ear. And I was not in the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room, where an old broken mirror stood; and, looking steadily into the glass, having first wiped off the dust, I began to eat Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently, as I had been bidden, for the apparition of my future husband.

In about ten minutes I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt not heard. It was as if countless wings rushed by, and small low voices whispering too; as if a crowd, a multitude of life was about me; as if shadowy faces crushed up against me, and eyes and hands, and sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suffocated. The air was so heavy, so filled with life, that I could hardly breathe. I was pressed on from all sides, and could not turn nor move without parting thick vapors. I heard my own name; I can swear to that to-day! I heard it repeated through the room; and then bursts of laughter followed, and the wings rustled and fluttered, and the whispering voices mocked and chattered, and the heavy air, so filled with life, hung heavier and thicker, and the things pressed up to me closer, and checked the breath on my lips with the clammy breath from theirs.

I was not alarmed; I was not excited; but I was fascinated and spell bound: yet with every sense seeming to possess ten times it natural power. I still went on looking in the glass, still earnestly desiring an apparition, when suddenly I saw a man's face peering over my shoulder in the glass. Girls, I could draw that face to this hour! The low forehead, with the short curling hair, black as jet, growing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, beneath thick eye-brows, burning with a peculiar light; the nose and the dilating nostrils; the thin lips, curling into a smile, I see them all plainly before me now. And—O! the smile that it was!—the mockery and sneer, the derision, the sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that were in it! even then it struck into me a sense of submissin. The eyes looked full into mine; those eyes and mine fastened on each other; and, as I ended my task, the church-clock chimed the half-hour; and, suddenly released, as if from a spell, I turned round, expecting to see a living man standing beside me. But I met only the chill air coming in from the loose window, and the solitude of the dark night. The life had gone; the wings had rushed away; the voices had died out, and I was alone; with the rats behind the wainscot, the owls hooting in the ivy, and the wind howling through the trees.

Convinced that either some trick had been played me, or that some one was concealed in the room, I searched every corner of it. I lifted lids of boxes filled with the dust of ages and with rotting paper lying like bleaching skin. I took down the chimney-board, the soot and ashes flew up in clouds. I opened dim old closets, where all manner of foul insects had made their homes, and where daylight had not entered for generations; but I found nothing Satisfied that nothing human was in the room, and that no one could have been there to-night, nor for many months, if not years, and still nerved to a state of desperate courage, I went back to the drawing-room. But, as I left that room I felt that something flowed out with me; and, all through the long passages, I retained the sensation that this something was behind me. My steps were heavy, the consciousness of pursuit having paralyzed not quickened me; for I knew that when I left that haunted room I had not left it alone. As I opened the drawing-room door, the blazing fire and the strong lamp-light bursting out upon me with a peculiar expression of cheerfulness and welcome, I heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt a hot blast across my neck. I started back, but the laugh died away, and all I saw were two points of light, fiery and flaming, that somehow fashioned themselves into eyes beneath their heavy brows, and looked at me meaningly through the darkness.

They all wanted to know what I had seen; but I refused to say a word; not liking to tell a falsehood then, and not liking to expose my self to ridicule. For I felt that what I had seen was true, and that no sophistry and no argument, no reasoning and no ridicule, could shake my belief in it. My sweet Lucy came up to me, seeing me look so pale and wild, threw her arms around my neck, and leaned forward to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt the same warm blast rush over my lips, and my sister cried, "Why, Lizzie, your lips burn like fire!"

And so they did, and for long after. The Presence was with me still, never leaving me day or night: by my pillow, its whispering voice often waking me from wild dreams; by my side in the broad sunlight; by my side in the still moonlight; never absent, busy at my brain, busy at my heart—a form ever banded me. It flitted like a cold cloud between my sweet sister's eyes and mine, and dimmed them so that I could scarcely see their beauty. I drowned my father's voice, and his words fell confused and indistinct.

Not long after, a stranger came into our neighborhood. He bought Green Howe, a deserted old property by the river side, where no one had lived for many, many years; not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river one morning, entangled among the dank weeds and dripping alders, strangled and drowned, and her husband dead—no one knew how—lying by the chapel door. The place had had a bad name ever since, and no one would live there. However, it was said that a stranger who had been long in the East, a Mr. Felix, had bought it, and that he was coming to reside there. And true enough, one day the whole of our little town of Thornhill was in a state of excitement: for a traveling carriage and four, followed by another full of servants—Hindoos, or Lascars, or Negroes; dark-colored, strange-looking people——passed through, and Mr. Felix took possession of Green Howe.

My father called on him; and I, as the mistress of the house, went with him. Green Howe had been changed, as if by magic, and we both said so together, as we entered the iron gates that lead up the broad walk. The ruined garden was one mass of plants, fresh and green, many of them quite new to me; and the shrubbery, which had been a wilderness, was restored to order. The house looked larger than before now that it was so beautifully decorated; and the broken trellis-work, which used to hang dangling among the ivy, was matted with creeping roses and jasmine, which left on me the impression of having been in flower, which was impossible. It was a fairy palace; and we could scarcely believe that it was the deserted, ill-omened Green Howe. The foreign servants, too, in Eastern dresses, covered with rings and necklaces, and ear-rings, the foreign smells of sandal-wood, and camphor, and musk; the curtains that hung everywhere in place of doors, some of velvet and some of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such as I, a simple country girl, had never seen before, made such a powerful impression on me that I felt as if carried away to some unknown region. As we entered, Mr. Felix came to meet us; and, drawing aside a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold and fire—for the flame colored flowers danced and quivered on the gold—he led us into an inner room, where the darkened light, the atmosphere heavy with perfumes, the statues, the birds like living jewels, the magnificence of stuffs, and the luxuriousness of arrangement overpowered. I felt as if I had sunk into a lethargy in which I heard only the rich voice, and saw only the form of our stranger host.

He was certainly very handsome; tall, dark, yet pale as marble; his very lips were pale; with eyes that were extremely bright, but which had an expression behind them that subdued me. His manners were graceful. He was very cordial to us, and made us stay a long time, taking us through his grounds to see his improvements, and pointing out here and there further alterations to be made, all with such a disregard for local difficulties and for cost, that, had he been one of the princes of the genii, he could not have talked more royally. He was more than merely attentive to me; speaking to me often in a lower voice, bending down near to me, and looking at me with eyes that thrilled through every nerve and fibre. I saw that my father was uneasy; and when we left, I asked him how he liked our new neighbor. He said, "Not much, Lizzie," with a grave and almost displeased look, as if he had probed the weakness I was scarce conscious of myself. I thought at that time that he was harsh.

However, as there was nothing positively to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's impulse of distrust could not well be indulged without rudeness; and my dear father was too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be rude even to his enemy. We therefore saw a great deal of the stranger, who established himself in our house on the most familiar footing, and forced on my father and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked but could not avoid, For it was forced with such consummate skill and tact, that there was nothing which the most rigid could object to.

I gradually became altered, being under his influence. In one thing only a happier—in the loss of the voice and the form which had haunted me. Since I had known Felix this terror had gone. The reality had absorbed the shadow. But in nothing else was this strange man's influence over me beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excessive irritability of temper when I was away from him. Everything at home displeased me. Everything seemed so small, and mean, and old, and poor after the lordly glory of that house; and the very caresses of my family and the olden school-day friends were irksome and hateful to me. All except my Lucy lost its charm; and to her I was faithful as ever; to her I never changed. But her influence seemed to war with his wonderfully. When with him, I felt borne away in a torrent. His words fell upon me mysterious and thrilling, and he gave me fleeting glimpses into worlds which had never opened themselves to me before—glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I came back to my sweet sister, her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice speaking of the sacred things of heaven and the earnest things of life, seemed to me like a former existence: a state that I had lived in years ago. But this divided influence nearly killed me; it seemed to part my very soul and wrench my being in twain. and this more than all the rest, made me sad beyond anything people believed possible in one so gay and reckless as I had been.

My father's dislike to Felix increased daily; and Lucy, who had never been known to use a harsh word in her life, from the first refused to believe a thought of good in him, or to allow him one single claim to praise. She used to cling to me in a wild, beseeching way and entreat me with prayers, such as a mother might pour out before an erring child, to stop in time, and return to those who loved me. "For your soul is lost from among us, Lizzie," she used to say; "and nothing but a frame remains of the full life of love you once gave us!" But one word, one look from Felix was enough to make me forget every tear and prayer of her who, until now, had been my idol and my law.

At last my dear father commanded me not to see Felix again. I felt as if I should have died. In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered words to pour from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexorable.

I was in the drawing-room. Suddenly, noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door which was in front of me; and the window was closed. I never could understand this sudden appearance; for I am certain that he had not been concealed.

"Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie?" he said with a singular smile. I was silent.

"And has forbidden you to see me again?" he continued.

"Yes," I answered, impelled to speak by something stronger than my will.

"And you intend to obey him?"

"No," I said again, in the same manner, as if I had been taking in a dream.

He smiled again. Who was he so like when he smiled? I could not remember, and yet I knew he was like some one I had seen—a face that hovered outside my memory, on the horizon, and never floated near enough to be distinctly realized.

"You are right, "Lizzie," he then said: "there are ties which are stronger than a father's commands; ties which no man has the right, and no man has the power to break. Meet me to-morrow at noon in the Low Lane; we will speak further"

He did not say this in any supplicating, nor in any loving manner; it was simply a command, unaccompanied by one tender word or look. He had never said he loved me—never; it seemed to be to well understood between us to need assurances.

I answered, "Yes," burying my face in my hands, in shame at this my first act of disobedience to my father; and when I raised my head he was gone. Gone as he had entered, without a footfall sounding ever so lightly.

I met him the next day, and it was not the only time that I did so. Day after day I stole at his command from the house, to walk with him in the Low Lane—the lane which the country people said was haunted, and which was consequently always deserted. And there we used to walk or sit under the blighted elm tree for hours: he talking, but I not understanding all he said: for there was a tone of grandeur and mystery in his words that overpowered without enlightening me, and that left my spirit dazzled rather than convinced. I had to give reasons at home for my long absences, and he bade me say that I had been with old Dame Todd, the blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that I had been reading the Bible to her. And I obeyed, although, while I said it, I felt Lucy's eyes fixed plaintively on mine, and heard her murmur a prayer that I might be forgiven.

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirit faded more rapidly away. I have known since that it was grief more than malady which was killing her. The look of nameless suffering which used to be in her face, has haunted me through life with undying sorrowing. It was suffering that I, who ought to have rather died for her, had caused. But not even her illness stayed me. In the intervals, I nursed her tenderly and lovingly as before; but for hours and hours I left her, all through the long days of summer—to walk in the Low Lane, and sit in my world of poetry and fire. When I came back my sister was often weeping, and I knew it was for me I, who once would have given my life to save her from one hour of sorrow. Then I would fling myself on my knees beside her, in an agony of shame and repentance, and promise better things of the morrow, and vow strong efforts against the power and the spell that were on me. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faithlessness.

At last Felix told me that I must come with him; that I must leave my home, and take part in his life; that I belonged to him and to him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained; that I was his destined, and he mine, and that I must fulfill the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity, not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of the autumn sunset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquered. When I said "Yes," he kissed the scarf I wore around my neck. Until then he had never touched even my hand with his lips. I consented to leave my sister, who I well knew was dying; I consented to leave my father, whose whole life had been one act of love and care for his children; and to bring a stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me. all I loved, for a stranger.

All was prepared; the hurrying clouds, lead colored, and the howling winds, the fit companions in nature with the evil and despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day; but though I felt going to my death in leaving her, I could not resist. Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I must have gone. It was the last o. October, and at midnight when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep and cried, and grasped my hand, called aloud, "Lizzie, Lizzie! Come back!" But the spell was on me, and I left her; and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, "Not there! not there, Lizzie! Come back to me!"

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before; Felix waiting for me outside. And a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and the darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room as before, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remembered that it was Allhalow's eve, the anniversary of the apparition of last year. As I looked, the room, which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sound I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed like a river around me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass I had seen before, the sneering smile, even more triumphant, the blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low brow and the coal-black hair, and the look of mockery. All were there; all I had seen before and since; for it was Felix who was gazing at me from the glass. When I turned to speak to him, the room was empty. Not a living creature was there; only a low laugh, and the far-off vorces whispered, and the voice of Felix cried from outside, "Come Lizzie, come!"

I staggered, rather than walked to the window; and, as I was close to it—my hand raised to open it—there stood between me and it a pale figure clothed in white; her face more pale than the linen bound round it. Her hair hung down on her breast, and her blue eyes looked mournfully into mine. She was silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of love and of entreaty flowed from her lips; and I heard words of deathless affection. It was Lucy; standing there in this bitter midnight cold—giving her life to save me. Felix called to me again, impatiently; and as he called, the figure turned, and beckoned me; beckoning me gently, lovingly, beseechingly; and then slowly faded away. The chime of the half-hour sounded; and I fled from the room to my sister. I found her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand stretched out as if in supplication.

The next day Felix disappearred; he and his whole retinue; and Green Howe fell into ruins again. No one knew where he went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometime doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of father's wealth; and who, seeing my weak and imaginative character, had acted on it for his own purpose. All that I do know is that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin; and that she died to save me. She had seen and known all, and gave herself for my salvation down to the last and supreme effort she made to rescue me. She died at that hour of half past twelve and at half past twelve, as I live before you all, she appeared to me, and recalled me.

As this is the reason why I never mairried, and why I pass Allhallow's eve in prayer by my sister's grave. I have told you to-night this story of mine, because I feel that I shall not live over another last night of October, but before the next white Christmas roses come out like winter stars on the earth, I shall be at peace in the grave. Not in the grave; let me rather hope with my blessed sister in Heaven!

Polishing a Lady's Finger Tips.

A Clara Belle Boyd, in a New York letter, describes a visit to a "manicure," as follows:

When my time came I sat in a row with some other ladies, all in the easiest of arm-chairs, and with damask napkins in our laps. Finger-bowls of stained glass on plates of painted French china, filled with tepid water perfumed and containing acid to soften the skin, were given us, and solemnly we sat and soaked our fingers for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time an "operator" on a low stool seated herself before me, dried one hand, posed it on a pink satin cushion, and with a fine steel instrument quickly scraped away all the soft skin around the nail, then she filed it into a point at the top, and clipped the sides with sharp scissors, then she rubbed a red salve over it; wiped it off, and proceeded to polish it with the diamond powder, using the palm of her hand, until the nail fairly glittered, and finally warm water, castile soap, and a soft brush left it clean, smooth and shinning. The process was repeated on every finger and in half an hour, for the sum of $1.50, was finished, and the result was ten pink and brilliant weapons of defense, so sharp and poined as to suggest the advantages of peace. The fashion of wearing these long and pointed nails, has become so exaggerated that it necessitates long-fingered gloves, and extreme care to prevent their breaking off.

A Pen Picture of Guiteau.

I saw Guiteau to-day. He was in the room of the Criminal Court for just one hour, and I sat during that time within two yards of him, where I see and study his every feature. What a poor and miserable-looking wretch he is—small of stature, thin legs, large feet and hands, and hair the color of which cannot be dicernible, so closely is it cropped to the scalp of a small round head and a face made repulsive by the stubby moustache and beard of coarse hair, cut close to the cheeks and coming down to a point about four inches from the tip of the chin, and of a color similar to a beard of black hair that had been dyed when the dye was wearing off; a mouth of unusual proportions, which wears a fixed expression of anger; a large and ill-shaped nose, and eyes which though not small, are kept back under a forhead which is typical of the maniac. If any one at all familiar with inmates of the insane asylum will look at Guiteau's face and say that it is not the face of the typical maniac, then I am mistaken, and I have been a visitor to many institutions where the insane are kept.—*John Russel Young.*

Costly Weddings.

Getting married in New York, that is, getting married in anything like style—costs money. A writer who has given the matter considerable study announces that in the city named a wedding of 1,000 guests, with ushers and bridesmaids, exclusive of bridal dress and trousseau, ranges anywhere between $1,800 and $3,500. A thoughtful father is said to have recently put his intended son-in-law up to eloping with his daughter on the express grounds of economy. It is better to slide out into the rural districts where $2 will amply requite a justice of the peace for tying the knot just as securely as it can be tied by a priest in clerical robes. It isn't near so much trouble, either, to do this as it is to handle a large party of white-kidded citizens of both sexes.

Prayer.

Prayer is an act of friendship. It is intercourse; an act of trust, of hope, of love, all prompting to interchange between the soul an infinite, spiritual, invisible friend. We all need prayer, if for no other purpose for that which we aptly call communion with God. We all need friendly intercourse with Him whom our souls love. "He alone is a thousand companions; He alone is a world of friends." That man never knew what it was to be familiar with God, who complains of the want of friends while God is with him—*Dr. Phelps.*

Reports from more than one hundred lighthouses and light ships have shown that the migration of birds of one species or another are almost continually going on, although the great migrations occur in the spring and fall. Vast numbers of birds are killed by flying at night against the glass protecting the lights of lighthouses, being, while in migration attracted by the bright glare of the lamps. No less than six hundred were destroyed in this manner in a single month at one lighthouse.

A Minister Dies At His Post of Duty.

WOODSTOWN, N. J., Nov. 29.—The Rev. E. Dallas Stager, pastor of the Baptist church here and for several years pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Chusch, of Camden, fell in the pulpit while preaching the last half of his sermon on Sunday morning, expiring in fifteen minutes after the fall.

Answer This?

Is a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Bric-abrac is defined as "anything in the crockery line that is absolutely useless, set upon the mantle, where it will be in the way.

Quit buying humbug medicines. If you are not well, take Peruna. If costive, Manalin.

Curiosities of Earthworms.

Earthworms do not appear sensible to light in any considerable degree; it is possible that they have no organs or sense of a visual kind. If anyone will test this, let him go quietly at night with a lighted candle and note the worms, especially the big ones, projected half-way from out their caves seeking for food. Of the sudden access of light they take no notice, but touch them ever so lightly and they recede as though electrified. They are also very sensible to sound; the rapidity with which they flee from the approach of a mole tells that. Whilst worms seem insensible to light, they appear to be highly sensitive of heat, for several hours after sunrise the grass or grounds may be strewn with worms, for purposes of reproduction, food, fresh burrows, etc. As soon, however, as the heat of the sun directly hits them they disappear almost as quickly as when excited by sound. I am, however, somewhat skeptical about worms hearing. You may talk pretty loudly over earthworms enjoying their dew-bath on your smooth lawn on a summer morning, and they will take no notice; but a heavy foot