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without mentioning the Christmas tree, popularly so called, though only of late years has it been naturalized in England

or our own country. It is a gift from Germany, yet one who is curious in such matters might perhaps trace it back to

The Dude's Christmas Shadow.

Teddy's Merry Christmas. _

Never in his life did Teddy have

"Why, I am afraid Santa Clause won't

came down, and the eyes flew wide open

minute or two; then he put his face down

The next he knew it was morning

The sun was just sending his first beam

of light into the room. Pussy had jumped into the bed, and Teddy took

ber into his arms. Then Teddy rubbed

his eyes, and looked very sharp in the

pla e where that little beam was shin-

ing on the floor. For there, sitting straight up, with legs and arms sticking

straight out, was the funnied little man

it took Teddy a full minute to make

up his mind whether it was a real little

he rolled out of bed and caught the funny fellow by the coat.

over, another beam of light was peeping in at the window, lighting up all the dark corners of the room. And then such a lot of things as Teddy saw I can

not begin to tell you.
You may be sure he was glad that he

went to sleep in time for Fanta Claus to

come. For you know he never comes until little boys are fast asleep. Re-

member this on Christmas Eve. - Treas-

One of the most prominent South Jer-

sey "industries" is the preparation of

evergreen decorations for thristmas and

New Year's. The festoons are the handi-

rial being furnished by the male portion

of the family, and the product is shipped in barrels to New York and Philadel

The Mistletoe.

When winternights grow long, And winds without blow cold, We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire, And listen to stories old!

And we try to look grave ins maids should

When the men bring in bows of the laurel-

Off For a Foreign Shore.

EUROP

tree.

Ch! the laurel, the evergreen tree!

The poets have laurels and why not we!

—Burry Cocurall.

this time be had looked him all

man or only a make believe one.

you ever saw.

close to hers, and-and-

"Oh, never mind; I'm too sleepy to

again.

A VISION OF DECEMBER.

Outcomendence solicited from all parts of the

Along of that time when the forests are On the moor, within the sound of the belfries, weive mystical spirits, the menths of the

year, Set the chimes a-ringing! With laughter and song they dance in their

And deep in the circle their footsteps have pressed houry December, his beard on his broast. Set the chimes a-ringing!

thinks not of them, and his mind is away; or be is too old, too old to be gay sike bearty October or lily-crowned May, Set the chimes a-ringing!

And dreaming, still dreaming, he murmurs and seeks e memories forgotten, the tears on an-cheeks; when the bells burst, he remembers and

Set the chimes a ringing! n the watch of this night, in the Orient hro' the pass of the hills which a glory o'erled in the Light of the World by the Set the chimes a-ringing!

hear him, they heed him, that reverend words he hath spoken shine out like he sun; so wild chant is hushed and the frolic

So the chimes ascinging! adden for praise and for joy that they kirsing his feet, kneel them down in Il for the sake of the Child that we

know, Set the chimes a-ringing! star of our hope in the gateways of

he lover of love and the scorner of the King that is come, for the Christ that Set the chimes a-ringing!
-Louise Imogen Guiney.

CHICAMIN DELLS.

I the bells on Christmas day ild familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat m sarth, good will to men!

nght how, as the day had come, ries of all Christendom Had rolled along The unbroken song a earth, good will to men!

ing, singing on its way,
id revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant subline,
on earth, good will to men!

oair I bowed my head-no peace on earth." I said; "For hate is strong, And mocks the song nearth, good-will to men?

d the bells more loud and deep,
t dead, nor doth He sie p!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
on earth, good will to men!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

like a glittering line.

Imself warm ever since the stranger and died away in what fancy involunta-and loomed up on the other side of the rily pictured a mother's kisses and ca-pier. He had heard screaming in the resses. allp beyond the whistle of the tug boat had brough her in, and seen the bustling little craft steam away with the sparks and smoke from her tunnel leaving a luminous trail in the dark. From that the gloom had been thicker about the pier and the damp mist rolling up from the bay had wrapped the shipping in a shroud of moisture. There had been a clatter of voices for a while on the big bark, and he had been half conscious of fitting lights and hourse sea orders; but all these had ceased long ago and now the plack hull of the new arrival rose up in the gloom, solemn and silent, with her masts slightly tiled off and a lantern forward gleaming like a dim

yellow star.

ild Tom Saunders paced the deck of the dingy hulk he was on, with his pipe walke gripped fast between his teeth and his tered. hands stowed away down in the pockets A sl and more woe-legone than the man. Old Tom he was by virtue of the years that had turned his few straggling locks gray and drawn all serts of deep furrows across his face. Familiarly Cle Tom among the wharf men, who knew him as such ever since he had come along on the old canal boat, a broken-down man with a flavor of better times about him. Faceticesly Old Tom, in consequence of the fondness for the tipple of that name which, it was hinted, had dragged him down to ha present low estate. Old Tom Saunders had once been burly, and he was still a big man. he had lost all his flesh. looked like worn parchment, and had that colorless, bleached out appearance which a life of constant excesses begets. There was also that nervous twit hing about the lips and that aimless wander ing of the fingers which betoken a con-

In low spirits indeed he seemed this night of Christmas Eve as he stopped at the stern of the canal boat to look off toward the big black warehouses that shut in the river side like a wall. Up in the air a reddish haze hung over the city where the lights of countless lamps on the thorougfares beneath had set the damp atmosphere aglow, and from some

a bite in the locker nor a nickel in the in's wass than anything else, There, pocket! It's blasted hard—blasted hard—Libbie; take it. It was very nigh a-goin'

the old place again, "There's some as 'ud say 'twas mis-

fortin did it. And some as 'ud croak cheek. 'bout ill-luck. 'Twusn't neither. 'Twas ''Fa I dadn't driv that boy away, he'd be now makin' a good livin' for her, no matter what I wus about, and she wouldn't and the tears came. what I wus about, and she wouldn't be in there dyin'-dyin' for a bite to eat."



As he spoke he glanced at the little okey hole in the cabin, where a faint light glimmered, and turned again to the

dark line of the water front.
"She was never the same after he went away-never the same bouncing gal that used to liven up the old house like a o' her. And I had to get to work and blame her for sulkin' when her heart was

He took the pipe from his mouth and absently shoved it in his pocket.
"It might 'a been all right," he went on, "It might 'a been all right of I hadn't carried on as I did till house and

shop and everything went to smash. But I had to keep a goin' while the money lasted, and now-now," he repeated with a solemn inclination of the

head, "it's gone."
He swung about to resume his lonesome walk, but the glimmer in the cabin

brought him to a standstill.
"She's there," he said, and there was sorrow and renorse in his voice. "She's there nussin' his baby and thinkin' of its father; mayle cryin' her eyes out about

him. And she a-dyin' by inches."
The rumble of a wagon came from the land side, and the sound of a horn away off in the streets sent down to the silent wharves a reminder of the holiday jollity going on ashore. The man started as he heard it.

"She won't be without her supper," he said," Not while this here toy's lyin'

He groped a moment in his pocket and drew out a ring—a plain gold cir-clet, evidently the symbol of a consum-

"I had to sneak it away unbeknownst to her," he muttered, turning the shin-ing trinket around in his fingers. ".'m afraid she'd take on a deal if she knowed it, for she hangs on to any keepsake of his for bare life. But what's the use." And the ring and hand that held it went down into the pocket again, "What's the use o' bein' senteer ental and snick-

NOW had been falling early in the day, but so lightly that only a white fleek here and there marked the spoke, slipped carefully by on tiptee as distant housetops and though fearful of being confronted by a thin frosty layer the occupant of the cabin, reached the made the stringpiece side, looked back again and then stepped dark out upon the pier and wlunk away.

It was only a moment's space after own by the water's when there sounded among the low. the night was harsh whispers of the river something and gloomy, that seemed deep in the darkness, but hoarse gut not of it—comething suggestive of heat gling the stream and light and home, and not of this black food and these great marine phantementh the pier, only the deant toms standing so solemn in the gloom.

It was the cry of a child. Low and

ables, the same big, stiff ones that Old it still had a strange shrillness in the sicom Saunders had seen make fast the lent p ace, and of all the sad voices of
ewly arrived bark at nightfall. He had seen striding up and down the bare saddest. It came from the cabin of an
eek of the dusky canal boat to keep old canal boat, came only for an instant
mostly warm ever since the stranger, and died away in what fance in instant

Old Tom heard it half way up to the wharf. He heard it and arrested his cautions footsteps and brought his face about in a twinkling to the tiny-lighted space in the cabin that barely reached his eye where he stood, The cry was not repeated. But he stood there for minute with his whole soul, it "seemed, intent upon that d m glimme." ing pane. His hand mechanically gropit seemed to startle him. He took out the little trinket and looked at it carefully, as though making sure that it was really there, and brushed it with a rough, greasy sleeve. Then, without a clance at the street on which he had been walking, he passed back along the sier, crossed to the boat again and walked straight up to the cabin and en-

A ship's lantern hanging from the roof of his threadbare pear jacket. The bat-tered and decaying boat was no shabbler a tarpaulin, some ends of rope, and on a and more woell egone than the man, loosened and stanting berth an infant a tarpaulin, some ends of rope, and on a loosened and slanting berth an infant with a woman kneeling beside it. It was a pleasing face she turned up to the old man as he came in-p'easing, and it had been very pretty-but there was a sad gauntness about it now and the dark, tendereyes looked out from blueish

> "Where have you been, father?" she asked, "i'aby has been restless again. I'm afraid that the child is growing worse." This with a look of infinite solicitude at the tiny creature beside dear suffering and be able to do noth

> Why, father, what is the matter? whe might well ask. The poor man was standing, with his head sunk upon his breast, and great tears were rolling down his faded cheeks. His eyes were fixed upon the little cabin window, but it was clear that his mind was far away. He sheted as the spoke, and when he answered it was in a voice broken with

". ibbie," he said, "my poor gal, I've been a bad father to you, a reg iar bad 'un, ain't I? I've mined the little home you oughter be in, and brought you and your child to this. I know that min't the wust, seither. I driv him away that would be a support and comfort t'you, and left that leviel creetur ithout a

He crunched the pipe-tem between his teeth and made another round of the deck, but stopped when he had reached the woman was on her feet. Her long, thin hand clutched the bauble and a hot as everything clas has."

He held out the little gold ring to her about?" flush showed itself on her pallid, sunken

"all I have left to remind me of him - all of his father's the child may ever see. How could you think of it, father? It

sittin' here supperless. I heerd the bells there. A glimpse of the moon showed tollin' up in the city and the horns a-blowin, and I knowed that everybody was havin a good time on Chrismiss Eve was veiled, and the figure went on in the was havin' a good time on Chrismiss I've night, while you was starvin'. I cobidn't stand it. I sneaked away with the ring to pawn it or sell it, I didn't care what.

"God bless you, mates, for this night's to pawn it or sell it, I didn't care what, till I heard the little creetur's ery, and it brought me to myself agin. 'Hischild!' The words stole out into the air from

ashamed t' open me mouth about it. There's times now when I look back t' the days when you was a bright gal, and poor Ned—yes, poor Ned—I never called him that before, but now I must—when poor Ned was makin' love t' you and I was makin' a brute o' meself t' him. He wus a good lad, but I wus so cussed stuck up with me shop and the loafers about it that used t' brag about me that I wouldn't stand his marryin' you. When you tuck him, and I hunted him away with me abuse and me drink, I didn't think the day would come when I'd be sorry for it. But it has, Libbie, it has, He's gone. Maybe gone for good. I'm The woman was crying again, but she

wiped away her tears at this and raised

her pale face again.
"Oh, don't say that, father, don't say that," she cried. "Ned will come some time. He will find us yet. It seems so strange this long waiting. But he said he would come to claim me as his wife when he was able to support me, and he'll do it. I remember when he went away. He said to me: 'Libble, your father forces me to this. Come with me or stay with him, which ever you wish, but depend upon it that I shall be back soon to claim you, my little wife, and when I do I'll come like a man, willand hear nothing. He may be dead. He

Old Tom arose and waiked the length even whiter as he demands: of his cabio, then turned about and came back to the seat on the box. Then he leaned over to her and said.

'I'm agoin' to tell you somethin' Libbie. It's somethin' I oughter told you long ago but I didn't have the courag , me gal, to own up to what a scoundrel I

The woman dried her tears and there was a look of interest in the pale face was a look of interest in the pair face that encouraged him to go on. But he still hesitated and said to mer with a trembling voice, "You won't cuss me, Libbie, will you shad as I may be you'll forgive me now that I've come around and mean to do better."

She remained impassive and only said 'Go on; father." "I will. I will, if it kills me. Libbie, don't you worry yourself on account o' Ned's stickin by you. He wus true to you all along. He wrote to you. He sent money to you. He never forgot you, poor boy, and I-I tuck letters, money and all.



The man groveled down upon his knees beside the box and his head sunk upon his hands. He was that moment the veriest picture of humiliation and re-But she before whom he humbled himself did not seem to see him, Her eyes were fixed on vacancy and her lips opened and closed as though she were speaking to some one unseen

Then she rose with a cry of "Edward, my husband, whom I would have wronged by doubting, come to me; come, or I will die," and fell on the foor in a

The old man, all in a tremble, crept to at last her, raised her in his arms, dashed water She into her face, laid her down again, and rushing to a shelf, felt for a bottle and held it to the light. Empty! A curse apon the fiery brew that had brought ruin and was gone when it might do good! He knelt again, beat her hands, wrong his own, and then starting up like a madman, dashed out into the air,

He saw a figure pacing up and down in the dark, and the yellow light forward showed a couple of scamen who had risen from a coil of rope. He turned toward them, and with hands stretched

ithout a entreatingly, he called out:
d I was a- "For God's sake, mates, let me have a

half a grean. "Christmas Eve, and nary I knowed that it would 'a hurt your feela bite in the locker nor a nickel in the pocket! It's blasted hard—blasted hard I libbie; take it. It was very nigh a-goin." A drop o' somethin' and a bite to strengthen her, ef you're men."

The figure in the dark stopped, and a voice asked: "What's all this hubbub

> "Please, sir," said one of the sailors "a man's come aboard to say a woman's sick in a boat lyin' off there, and he wants somethin' to help her out."
> "Send him to the steward," said the

"Father," she cried, "would you dare!" voice, and the form melted in the dark-

Up and down, up and down it went over the smooth deck—a manly figure, but with stooping head and a solemn, thoughtful face. Once or twice the latter turned to the big city, and the eyes reamed over the black profile of the buildings and the ta'l brick phantoms far off in the air as though they would pierce to the heart of that throbbing hive "'Twas all wrong, yes 'twas, Libbie," far off in the air as though they would the man assented. "But it bruck me heart to think o' you and that leetle 'an and pluck from it some secret hidden

brought me to myself agin. 'Hischild!' The words stole out into the air from the open companionway, and old Tom both. Wherever Druldism existed the right about and comes back here with the Saunders, who had uttered them, came the same to save the save that the sylvan spirits might find there a that the sylvan spirits might find there a right about and comes back here with the ring to you, Libbie—to you, me poor gal."

He sat down on a box and ran his hand through his tangled hair and saw the woman dry her eyes and look at him kindly and pityingly. Once or twice he bit his lips and shook his head, as though a struggle were going on within him and then, in a broken voice, he said: "Libbie, I've semethin" t' tell you, but I've been ashamed t' open me mouth about it. There's times now when I look back t' And in the yellow glow the two men And in the yellow glow the two men



With a grand sweep of the hand the stranger has dashed from the old man's hand the bottle, and it lies smashed upon the timbers, while the young, manly face is thrust into the other's as a voice cries in his ears: "Curse it! Let it lie the c. It was that robbed me o' my wife. It was that drove me away into the world a wanderer in search of when I do I'll come like a man, willing and able to take care of you and take olds from no one.' Then he said: 'Whenever, you see that ries think of me and remember that I will be working hard to keep my word.' He went away then and I have tried never to doubthim. But it is so hard to wait and wait. her. Curse the stuff! It was the cause passion away:
"My God, Ned, it was for her! She

But no word, no word. It is that is is on the other's arm, and the face is even white as he demands.

Where? Speak, man! Tell me at once!"
"There, in that boat. Yes, that old

"hulk of a canawler," he adds, in response to the other's inquiring glance. "That's what we've come to now." The young man turns and is at the cesse's side before Old Tom can call

out: "Where are you going! You will kill her. Didn't I tell you she is dying But he Hydrog of want."

From the other stream comes a grean, with a steep, prolonged one, and he says in an iss me.

altered tone

"Lead me to her. God will not rob me of her how Come along." The two pass over the wharf and go down into the cabin of the old boat, from which he dim light is shining, and there, awakened from her swoon, but still dazed and fr glitened, is the girl of the young man k love, the wife of his thoughts, lying like a blighted flower. The father was the first to descend, and he turned at the entrance to restrain

Mait a moment, Ned. Wait a moment The surprise is too sudden."

The young man drew back into the shadow while the other lifted up the woman and scated her by the berth. "I am better, father," she said, and laid her head wearily beside the sleeping child. But old Tom's actions soon attracted her. He was smiling, actually smiling, and rubbing his hands with infinite compla-cency. She said nothing but looked at

his companion.

him inquiringly. "It's a good night is Christmas Eve, he blurted out. he blurted out. "I've always heerd so, Am't you, Libbie? Sandy Claws brings things t' chil'ren, and friends come to gether and news comes o' people that ain't been 'round for ever so long. Don't they, ch'!"

She looked at him more intently than

ever, and there was an eager, appealing look in her eyes. "No one knows when luck may change

Do they?" the man continued. "Father, you have heard something. Teil me, is it about him?" 'Bout Ned? Well, yes, I have. Now,

don't take on, Libbie You'll be quiet and easy, like a good gal," "It is about him! You have seen him. You have met him. He has come for me

She turned toward the cabin door, and was stretching her hand toward it when she was clasped to the breast of her hus band and his voice repeated: "At last,"

There were tears and caresses and explanations. Ned had come back from his wanderings as mate of the big bark with a promise of soon having the com-mand of a vessel for himself. In the joy leaving the woman lying in the cabinas of the moment all the hardships and pri-though she were dead. Over to the pier vantions of the past were forgotten, and and across it he hurried. He can to the side of the big bark. There was no child, whose acquaintance he then made gang-plank there, but he sprang for the lower rigging, grabbed it and clambered mother:

"Didn't I tell you, Libbie, whenever you looked at your wedding ring to re-member me, and be sure I would keep my She glanced at the tiny circlet and

her eyes caught sight of Tom sitting with bended head, and the tears streamshowed in the fog, blue and pallid, as father. I've done all that, and I was adeath lights at some informal orgin.

"So this is Christmas Eve, eh!" mutically and the father. I've done all that, and I was adopted for the said that it is the fog, blue and pallid, as father. I've done all that, and I was address that said the fog of grog, or somethin. Me gal, the daughter's dyin' over on the boat there, and I've nothin' to bring her too, us joy and happiness on Christmas Eve."

HOLIDAY GREENS.

DECORATING HOUSES.

The Practice a Relic of the Roman Saturnalia-The Habit of Adorning Churches With Flowers



Tiberius gave to his nephew Claudius. The Egyptians had their palm tree, and the Buddhists their tree of votive gifts. and possibly the custom drifted west-ward, until Germany Christianized it in HERE has long been a mooted question, whence question, whence honor of St. Materius, who first pro-arose the custom claimed the good tidings of Christmas of decorating in that land. It has become popular young and old.

their opinions as to the origin of the custom. Our English ancestors

worship, was not only the cause of his success as a missionary, but also the reasons why, especially, we twine at this season the holly and the bay, and turn

Saturnalia were celebrated at the same time of the year as the feast of Christmas, but whether the former had anything to do with the latter, by way of cause or common origin, it is not easy to decide, nor, indeed, essential. The Saturnalia began late in December, and think," and mamma put her head down on the pillow beside her wide-awake when we compare the Christmas orgies and mummeries indulged in up to comboy, and kept as still as if she were paratively recent times, the resemblance Teddy ratted her check, pinched her nose, and felt of her closed eyelids for a between the two feasts is striking, even

in particular details. The time came, however, when in the strife for the ascendancy, Christianity determined to fight paganism with the latter's own weapons, and the customs and revelries were carried to such an extreme that several early church councils forbade, among other things, the decoracannot be untrue. Disappointed and is dying."

of the Roman Saturnalia. But the practice of adorning churches with flowers tice of adorning churches with flowers. was not condemned, as extracts from the writings of the early Christians will In his work "De Civitate Dei. the African Augustine speaks of flora decorations, and of a miracle wrought by flowers brought from the shrine of St. Stephen. Gregory of Tours pra'ses the holy Confessor Severns for having been in the habit of decorating his church with lilies. Venantius Fortuna-tus, a poet of the fifth century, sending to Rhadegund and Agnes now and then bunch of violets, a cluster of rosebuds, or a spray of lilies, is severe in his con tra t between men who crowd their houses with exotics, or women who deck their breasts, and the more devoted and pious who bring their choicest floral of ferings to God's house. And this contrast is very evident in these days of ours, when vast sums are invished on flowers only doomed to wither in the hot air of the ball-room, or to mingle the r fra-grance with the odors of the dinner-



MISTLETOE.

In these latter days, the Christian

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF

the toy pine tree, hung with oscilla, which boys and girls in ancient Rome looked for on the sixth and seventh days of the Enturnalia, and one of which Becoming Prevalent.

of decorating in that land. It has become popular among us, and long may its verdant branches wave with lovely fruit for Vmastide ! Antiquarians, as we have intimated, are divided in

very likely derived the practice either from the Celtie nations or from the safe shelter from the wind and the frost. The oak mistletoe, an essential element in the bloody ceremonics of old magician priests, has become tenderly significant of the happiness and love that should abound at the joyous Christmas season. When St. Augustine arrived in Britain he was wise enough to utilize the lagan customs by giving them a Christian significance, preserving such parts as were innocent in themselves, and thus it is probable that the practice of decorating the homes and temples was continued. Such a method has been fol-lowed successfully by modern mission-aries, notably in the Sandwich Islands and travelers tell us the delight with which these flower-loving children bring their tropical berries and flowers to help in the beautifying of their humble churches. We think it is unquestionable such a hard time going to sleep as on that last night before Christmus. The that the wise spirit of accommodation shown by Augustine, in adopting va ions stories, the more his eyes would not Pagan ceremonies to the use of Christian shut, have a chance to come here to night," his mother said, as the clock struck nine.

winter into summer It is an historical fact that the I oman



world seems to be getting back to the more tender solicitude of early times in its care for the beautifying of ou churches. There is now what might al most be called a science of decoration, olumes are published upon the subject, profusely illustrated with every sort of device to please the eye and inspire the devotional feeling the cross fleuric, the cross patonce, the quartre foil, the cinque foil, the vesica, the four, five and six-pointed star, the illegible Greek characters, bands, shields, drapers and medallions, things requiring great neat-ness of design and carefulness of execution. There is all the difference in the world between many of our churches at Christmas and what they were a gen-eration ago. The time has gone by when a crowd of young and old used to go out in the damp, cold woods, cut down the snow-liden trees, or pull up miles of ground-pine and then sit for a week of nights in a freezing church, to make the "trimmings" for Christmas, The work is done now in many instances by professional decorators, and so it is no more a labor of love on the part of the congregation, as it certainly should

Mr. and Mrs. Gobbler, in anticipation It will not do to leave our subject of Christmas, depart hastily for Europe.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, one inch, one insertion 1 96 One Square, one inch, one month...... 8 60 One Square, one inch, three months...... 8 60 One Square, one Inch, one year 16 50 Two Squares, one year 18 50 One Column, one year......190 00 Legal advertisements ten cents per line each in-

Marriage and death notices gratis. An bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid is advance.

DREAMS

Who can tell us whence they come What mysterious regions from! In what fairy country lies That strangs city of surprise Whither we in slumber go By a path we do not know! Is it near or far away? And the people, who are they? Once when I was there the town Seemed as if 'twere upside down; Roofs of barns and houses stood Where the stone foundations should, And the streets all seemed to run Straight as arrows to the sun, Where, like ribbons, they were wound

On its golden spool around. All the men and horses there, Topay turvy in the air. Walked and trotted on the blue Pavements of the avenue. Eut in morning when I woke I discovered twas a joke. For the first thing I found out

Was that I had turned about. How to go there, who can tell, Where these fairy people dwell? Strange it is that morning's light Cannot show the path of night; Stranger yet that we can keep Itso surely in our sleep; But the very strangest seems Being wide awake in dreams,

-Frank D Sherman in Young People.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A sickly young lady-Miss-ile. A German ferment-Sauerkraut. Long winded-Blacksmiths' bellows. A taking fellow-The photographer. A towering rage-The theatrical high

A waterfall knows how to do the cat

Coming through the Rye-Brewers' wealth. The stockbroker does most of his work on shares.

The strongest tied in the affairs of men is marriage. The lay of the land is what slarkness broods over. - Time. Pardoxical: A man always feels put

"Oh, dear! I will go to sleep this minute;" and Teddy put his hands over his eyes to hold them shut. out when he is taken in. People think it funny that the gas collector is never suffocated. "Mamma, what did you tell Santa you Many a man has been burned in the last heat at the races.—Li/e. wanted him to bring to you?" The hands

Bills that did not pass Congress are necessarily counterfeit, -- Lowell The way for a doctor to become well

known is to make his "patients well .-Picayune. daughters should husband their re-

sources .- Time. Another good cure for insomnia is to have the nurse sleep up in the attic with the baby. - Boston Glob.

The American hen is a very observing bird, but she doesn't always know when slig is on an ancient lay. - Rochester Post-"Well, Mary Ann, I've got ther nomenashun." "Bad cess to ye, an' where did yez catch it, Dennis?"—Mail

Western Man-"Bid you come out to our country to settle." Eastern Visitor (testily)--"No; that's what I left home

-Washington Post The clergyman who sa'd that people are too apt to make light of tobacc.) probably did not include chewing .-Binghumton Lepub lean. The reason an office-holder is called

an incumbent is because he is generally bent on making as big an income as possible. - Mail and Express Consider the chickens, my son; study their ways and be wise. Whenever they take to drinking, their bills go up; and,

by keeping their bills down, they find enough to cat. An Italian chemist has discovered that blood of cels injected under the skin is deadly poison. People who are addicted to the baneful habit of taking cel

blood hypodermically should be warned of their danger, - World, Enraged Employer-"As you don't seem to be coming down to-day, Bridget, I've built the fire myself and prepared some chocolate for you. Here are the morning papers; and if you want anything more, just touch the annunci-

"My dear, your mouth is a perfect poem." "Dh, how can you say such a thing as that?" "Well, it is like a po ular poem at least. It is so widely red." And the matrimonial mercury fell forty degrees at once,—Terre Haute

passenger on a train from New A passenger on a train from New York the other day stepped from the overheated car to the platform and filled his longs with the fresh, pure air, "Ah," he exclaimed, "isn't this exhibitating?" "No," returned the laconic brakeman, "this is Berlin!"—Hartan't Conrast, "Yes, madam," said the tramp, "I day be shabby and tra et-stained now, but I've been presented at court in my

but I've been presented at court in my may." "Presented at Court! You don't say so! Through Minister Pha.pa?" "No, madam, I think O'Brien was the policeman's name." - Mail and Espece . Citl en (to old engineer)-"I s'pose in your long life on the road you have with more or less mishaps?" Old Engi-"th, yes; lots of 'em." Citizen "Probably run over dozens of people?"
Old Lugineer (with prids)—"Dozens?
Pve run over hundreds!"—New York

Small Boy-"Ma, mal we've got to get away from here, it's dangerous. They're cann bals! I was just helping billy tie the cat to the dog's tail at the gutter, when Mr. Hawkins came to the kitchen door, and he called out: "Wife, get everything ready as quick as you can—we'll have that fat Mr. Johnson for dinner and his wife and baby for

wanted the earth-was determined to shine.
He was full to the brim of emotions divine,
Which as som as expressed he was sure
would bring down
The earth to his feet and obtain him a crown. He wanted the earth. To calighten the size. At once he determined to go on the stage, the wanted the earth, but his term, you may

Mongst the mob where he earns just 84 per -Merchant Traveler.