

BABY AND I

Baby and I in the twilight glow,
Hearing the weary birds repeat
Cheery good-nights from tree to tree.

Lingering still in the twilight glow,
After the radiant hours are past,
I watch my darling, so still, so fair,

With thankful heart to my dear care,
For happiness
No words express,

As in his little bed I place
My babe in all his slumbering grace,

Heaven's stars and lamps are lit on high,
One angel-borne, now flashes by.

And by their light,
Through all the night,
Celestial watchers will be high.

NANCY HILL'S CHRISTMAS.

The night set in dark and chill.
All day long a fine, frosty sheet had fallen,
which as the wind rose in lengthened gusts

All day the note of preparation had
sounded in Abraham Plum's kitchen;
for it was the day before Christmas.

Mr. Plum came in also, an admiring
expression gradually stealing over his face.
"I want you haven't got a show!

"No I haven't," broke in his wife.
"Dear me! what a sight's to be done to-morrow!

Her husband drew a chair to the
stove and seated himself. "I'd gone
after her," said he, "only I knew Sam

Mrs. Plum sighed and sat down to
rest. This Nancy of whom they spoke
was the youngest of her flock, not five

Samuel Hill had been a gay youth,
and a handsome one. Courted by all
the girls of the village, he turned from

Mr. Plum looked thoughtfully at the
stove. "He's a poor worthless cove, that's
a fact. I used to tell Nancy that she'd

"Law! it don't do no good after the
thing's done," said he. "I told you so."
The expression of excited anticipation had

"That's just like wimmin'," said Mr.
Plum; "they're so queer. Own it? Yes,
I'd proclaim it from Dan to Beersheba,

"That's like wimmin', too," chuckled
Mr. Plum. "When you get the better of 'em
in an argument they always change the

"I must dress myself first," she said
soberly. "Indeed you shall go as you are.
Here's a show! Start!"

"Are you not going to take us?" she
faltered. At which his loud laugh rang out.

fore noon. Newdresses were displayed
in small knots of mutual admiration
faces. Loud voices and impromptu
parties were the order of things,

Two o'clock struck. The matrons
came back from church. The big
turkey roasting in one oven began to
steam fragrantly;

"We may'st well give up seein' Nancy
just as last," sighed Mrs. Plum, as she
beat up the lumpy squash with butter.

"She has not met with us in three
years," answered Sarah, rather resentfully
pounding the turnip.

"Taint her fault. Sam always has
some excuse. Last year it was 'the
baby warn't old enough to bring and

"It's my opinion," rejoined Sarah,
with an emphatic toss of her head,
"that he's ashamed to face altogether,

Three o'clock—and the magic word,
"dinner!" echoed through the crowd.
The mother's eyes glanced at Nancy's

"I can't help that. Am I responsible
for what you say? I'm not going one
step. I don't care a fig for all their

"Well, I can take the horse and go
alone. I can drive you know. And it's
only eight miles away."

"I'm going the way the horse; I've got
an engagement at Stanton. I shan't be
back to dinner."

"You can drive me over first. I must
go," pleaded the disappointed creature.
"Be'll will be there with her children.

"Father!" Mr. Samuel left the room.
She heard him presently at the cider
barrel.

And then her wrath rose. It was
unjust, this state of servitude to a brute
who despised her and her kindred.

She crouched frightened, beside the
cradle where her boy lay sleeping. There
were some natures which the sign of fear

Even in his passion Nancy how had
some fear; and, through her abject
fear, crept a few trembling thrills of
love for him still.

"I hope not," answered the dame
briskly. "Any cold turkey and things?"
"Let us all help!" was the general
shout, and a rush was made for the

"Not I. Taint a fruit season; besides,
I don't like plums." "I won't stir one
step in this way; I'll call the neighbors,"

She was too afraid to perform her
threat. Then seeing she did not start,
he took her by the wrists, and she

She crept under the wood-shed, and
sat down on a pile of boards and cried.
Miserable had shown her a bold front
before; now it overwhelmed her.

Her husband came out presently and
looked the door. Then he looked up the
road and down. She shrank into a
corner behind the boards;

She crept out of the shadow. How to
get into the house was the question.
He would not be back before noon she knew.

At last she thought of the dining-
room window. Beside it was a door
opening on the piazza; a fragment of glass

She walked along the snowy road
with light footsteps until the first two
miles were passed. Then she began to
turn her head and wish some team

"It was hard walking. The road was
indented only by a plow line, where
hoots had been before her. The snow

The short afternoon waned; night fell
ere she reached the village. Her father's
farm lay a mile beyond. Her limbs

Always when we think our last agony
is reached there glimmers a hope beyond.
We cry out in our extremity and make

Previously to the commencement of a
game of pool each player draws a marble
from a box, and puts it out of sight in

An old gentleman lately became passionately
fond of "pool." A few nights ago he
came home very late from a siege at the

"What is this?" said she to her lord.
Lord opened his eyes, looked, blushed,
was confused, and stammered:

"Why—why—it's a marble, isn't it?"
"Yes," said she, "but what are you
doing with it in your pocket?"

"In my pocket!—well—ah—the fact is,
I've had that marble in my pocket for
the last thirty-five years—ever since I

"Indeed!" incredulously asked his wife.
"Indeed! what are those figures on here for?
What does seventeen mean?"

A SERVICE was recently announced at
St. Matthew's, Spydham, London, for
the children of the upper classes, where-
upon the following amendment to a well

the second dinner was cold it was
complete; there was no vacant chair.
"Ah, Nancy," said Mr. Plum, when
the guests had all gone and only the

The mother only looked at her.
"For me too," rejoined Nancy; "for
now I know that I have a home."

"My boy will be some trouble to you,"
she added presently, in a low voice.
Mr. Plum's smile was more eloquent

What runs away with incomes of from
\$50,000 to \$250,000 in England is the
keeping up of country seats, hounds,
hospitality, and game preserves.

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Married Bliss.

"You ought to get married, Bill," said
Spuddles the other day to a young friend
of his as the two were leaning over the

"Don't know," said the doubting Wil-
liam. "It strikes me that a single life beats
your married bliss out of sight."

"There's just where you are off, old
boy," said Spuddles. "You know I used
to be one of the gayest of our gang, but

Just then the door opened and Mrs.
Spuddles' head protruded out.
"Mr. Spuddles, ran right up town and

get another bottle of that cough syrup for
the baby—he's just coughing up his very
nose—and come past the store and

Johnny's got this cough—and—"But Spud-
dles was flying up the street at a gallop
that would have charmed an admirer of

"It seems that man won't do anything,"
I want him to say more. As soon as I
begin to tell him what I want he starts off

Merely to take a single example, there is
Lord Derby, with ten men servants in his
house, and about forty more domestic

Twenty years ago there died a queer
old bachelor, Lord Digby, who owned
Raleigh's ill-fated home of Sherborne

Late one night Mr. Siddons was sitting
by the fire in the modest family parlor,
which in that most unassuming household,

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Before him stood his wife, her fine

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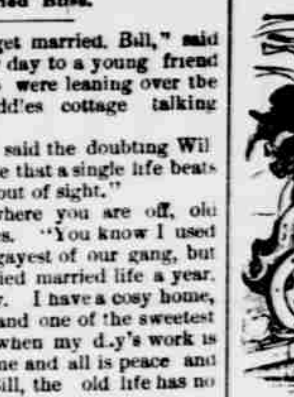
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The Maid S of old times.

Woman's Hair.

The hair is a woman's greatest ornament.
A fine head of hair sets off a homely face
and adds a great charm to personal appearance.
No woman ignores the value of a

But when the hair falls, remedies must
be resorted to. It may be best preserved
by frequent washing of the scalp and the
use of a gentle stimulant.

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A collision—Greek meets Greek.

Siddons and Lady Macbeth.

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Sing hey! the jolly boatswain and the tar.

Siddons says careful observation has
convinced him that it is only those ladies
who have passed their thirtieth birthday

A YOUTHFUL critic: Charlie Smallface
is continually losing his memorandum
book. We noticed it carefully hung up

"My father says, 'An honest man is the
noblest work of God.' I saw the same
remark in a newspaper. This proves the

"Diplomatic." "Ma," she said, consid-
erately. "Henry has asked me to marry
him." "And you accepted?" was the

"Your husband is not a 'hooky'
man," said a collector who called at
the door. "No, he is not." "Do you

A YOUTHFUL lady at Mills Seminary, who
recently sent us the poem entitled "Mar-
rying from the Under Universe," is

A MAN HAD been going slowly when he
had old age overtake him.