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CHRISTMAS DAY.

The Christ-child, when joy-bells ring,
A message to some he sends;
To Christmas-tide, when children sing
Good-tidings of the Saviour born!
To Christmas-tide, and one sweet strain
Seems every heart and voice to fill—
The old, old story told again
Of "peace on earth, to men good will."

We wander down the village street,
And greet the hedges snow white with snow,
And meet an old acquaintance greet
With kindly welcome as we go;
For Christ is in every heart,
The very air is wondrous still;
Christ's tuneful carol promises doth impart
Of "peace on earth, to men good will."

We hang the old church tower,
And hear the old bells' merry peal;
Then seem to mingle with wondrous power
To voice the thoughts which we but feel
They tell us right for every wrong,
Of good proven from every ill;
They sing the blessed angels' song
Of "peace on earth, to men good will."

And now we join the church we stand,
And hear the joyous anthem ring
Floating beneath and roof with cadence grand—
A tale of the Saviour King;
And Christ's voice we greet our ear,
Softer the tones of babbling rill,
Telling its secrets sweet and clear,
Of "peace on earth, to men good will."

Across we cross the church, and meet
The friends around the Christmas fire,
And hearts beat responsive beat
With those the hours inspire;
All angry thoughts must pass away,
Remembrance we must strive to kill,
Such on this joy-filled Christmas Day
Come "peace on earth, to men good will."

—Weatherly.

His Mourning-Day.

BY LUCY ARNOLD.

"EAR Uncle, why do you always go away Christmas-eve, and not come back until the day after Christmas?" "I'd rather not tell you now, my puss," replied the old man. "If I am alive when you have grown to be a woman, I may perhaps tell you then." "But you may get killed before the war is over, and then I'll never know," little Ola persisted. "No," he said, "no such good fortune."

His gloomily worded prophecy proved true. As commander of the flag-ship in a squadron he served through the Civil War, and escaped without a scratch.

His nephews and nieces grew up to have homes and children of their own, and in each of their homes and hearts was always a warm corner for their uncle Percy. He was known to be rich. His birthday remembrances were always of a costly nature. But he never paid the slightest attention to Christmas.

Twenty-five years after the conversation he had held with his grandniece regarding his peculiar habit at Christmas-time, while he was making her his accustomed annual visit, he was stricken ill and obliged to remain her guest over Christmas. She had grown to be a handsome matron, and had three as beautiful children as one could rest an eye upon.

On Christmas morning the tiny trio burst into the room where the old man was bolstered up in bed. His wavy, snow-white hair and beard framed a swathy, well-tanned face that, contrary to its usually pleasant expression, had become stern and forbidding. As the little cherubs innocently shouted forth their loving greeting, "Merwy Twismas, Untie Pussy!" he uttered a groan, and sank back with closed eyes on the cherry cushions.

"Mamma! mamma! Tum twick! Unky's sick!" cried the youngest, Ola, in deep concern, to her mother.

"Uncle, dear, what is the matter? Can I do anything for you?" asked their mother, a moment later.

"No, nothing, but keep the children away from me. I cannot enjoy their company to-day," he replied, as he turned his face to the wall."

"Uncle," queried their mother, when the door had closed behind the children, "why do you say Christmas is your mourning-day, and why have you always refused invitations to spend the day with your relatives?"

"Don't ask me, Ola; it is a long story, and had best never be told."

"Yes, I shall ask you. And furthermore, I shall remind you of your promise to me, when I was a little girl, to tell me, if you were alive when I had grown to womanhood, why it was you always went away the night before Christmas and no one ever saw you until the day after it."

"I don't mind who knows of it, Ola, after I am dead; but I cannot look any one in the face, feeling that they know my story. I have kept the secret fifty-five years, and it would be a great relief to me to tell it to some one if I thought such a friend could respect me afterward. I have always felt that you loved me for myself alone, and not because you were born my relative, and trained, as so many children are, to treat me with the feigned affection that custom sanctions as the duty of one relative to another, when true regard is really absent."

"Oh, uncle, I couldn't do such a thing! You know yourself, if I dislike any one, I am far too prompt in showing it to be a fact."

"That is a trait you inherited from your grandfather, who was a very fiery, quick-tempered man, prone to show his likes and dislikes with an impetuosity that caused most men to look upon him as an unpleasant acquaintance. We were brought up to regard each other as cousins, and, as far as I know, he thought I was his cousin to his dying day. He was killed at Antietam. You were too young to recollect about it."

"Oh, no, uncle; I remember it well."

"He fought for the Confederates' side, in the infantry, and I was with the Union Navy. He was the innocent cause of the blight on my life, or, at least, he precipitated, in a roundabout way, an accident that brought the knowledge of a fact to my mind that I would rather have died than known.

"During my younger years, my uncle, your great-grandfather, used to tell me tales of my father, who, he said, was a privateersman, and had lost his life at sea. He said he had promised my father that, in case of my death, I should be brought up the same as his—my uncle's—own son; and, up to the hour I saw him last, he was faithful to the promise he said he had made to my father. As children, he made no distinction in his treatment of me and his son Raoul. Although we were as different in appearance as any two relatives could well be, there was an indescribable resemblance to each other that caused many to ask of either of us if we were brothers. Raoul was a tall, flaxen-haired blonde; I was swarthy-cheeked, with short, curly, raven locks, and fully a head shorter than my cousin. We were devoted to each other during our younger days, and did everything we could to add to each other's happiness. At school I was the better scholar, because I really loved my studies; and Raoul, who was rather a lazy student, was obliged to have me coach him along until his senior year, when he seemed to evince a sudden interest in his studies, and developed latent talents entirely unlooked for. He shot himself to the head of his class and graduated as its valedictorian, as well as winning the first prize for original meter. When we left college he entered a lawyer's office to study for the Bar. I had evinced an aptitude for the acquirement of foreign languages; so I continued their study with the idea of some time securing a professorship in a college. Raoul was writing rhythm most of his time instead of law-briefs. Up to this time we had never exchanged a cross word with each other; in fact, we never quarreled in our lives; but we struck against the snag that has so often divided devoted friends, and even brothers—a beautiful woman.

"Yes beautiful and noble. She was your grandmother. She was the embodiment of all that is good and pure, modest and unassuming; yet possessed of rare talents, and as highly accomplished a lady as one could hope to meet within the most refined circles of polite society. It is almost useless to say I fell madly in love with her. She enraptured my whole soul. My every thought was of her. My mind sought hers by day and by night. My least wish was for her happiness. When my hand touched hers it thrilled my whole being, and rendered me happy through remembrance of the fact. In truth, I lived only for her. At last the blow fell that nearly cost me my reason, and caused me to hate my cousin Raoul. One night he came into my room with his face flushed, and the happiest expression on it I ever saw upon the face of any human being.

"'My dear Percy,' he said, 'congratulate me. I have won the dearest, sweetest lady in Virginia. Evelynne St. Pierre has promised to be my wife.'

"Had he thrust a knife into my bosom I do not believe the pain I experienced could have been more acute. As I looked up, the mirror pictured my bloodless countenance with an expression that told me how I would look when I grew to be aged. As soon as I could control my emotion and trust my voice, I extended my hand to my cousin, and said:

"'Raoul, you are worthy of her, and I trust you will be happy.'

"I meant what I said, and I made up my mind to master my disappointment; but it was impossible. I could not govern my passion; it controlled me. I prayed—oh, how earnestly!—for relief. I prayed for death. I prayed for anything to happen that would purge my soul of the covetous feeling I entertained toward my cousin's fiancee. But all to no purpose. A demon seemed to possess me, and everything I said and did appeared to be at its dictation. I became a smooth, polished hypocrite. I cultivated an unnaturally calm exterior, concealing the true condition of my mind, the riotous state of the soul within me. So sweetly did Evelynne smile upon me when we met, that I was fain to believe she would have favored my addresses were not Raoul between us. I deluded myself with this hallucination until I came to believe it as a truth, and I cursed my fair-haired, poetical cousin with a fierceness that would have annihilated him had words the power to kill. I brooded until I became a monomaniac, with but one idea—that of bringing about a severance of the engagement between Raoul and Miss St. Pierre. How to accomplish it was the question. I dared not proceed about it openly. If I involved him in a duel with me it would avail me nothing; for no woman of her stamp would condescend to marry a man who had taken the life of her affianced husband. Therefore I must succeed by other means. How?—how?—how? My very footsteps seemed to ring out this query night and day. I slept but little—merely short, feverish naps, walking the floor between-times. I meditated no bodily harm to my cousin, and I intended to do him no wrong, for I believed it to be best for all concerned that they should part.

"After a little while Raoul dropped back into his old dissipated, roystering ways, and she, poor girl! was neglected, save by an occasional sonnet dashed off during some of the lucid intervals in his mandlin carousings.

She seemed to look to me for sympathy, but I never spoke of Raoul and his habits, and she never asked regarding him. I doubt if I would have being him. I doubt if I would have believed she knew all about him, and preferred to remain silent. Instead of dampening the embers of passion that smoldered in my heart, her silent ways, never complaining of my villainous cousin's neglect, fanned the sparks to life with renewed vigor. I longed to speak my sympathy for his indifference, and I know not what held my tongue in check or how I was prevented from betraying myself in her presence.

"In this manner the days passed until Yule-tide. I believe you have enjoyed several Christmas Days on the old plantation?"

"Yes, uncle, and I always used to miss you so much!" murmured Ola.

"Well, you know what a demonstration the darkies make over their appreciation of Christmas Day. It is their gala time, and during the week preceding it they are busy in making preparations for it. My uncle gave me a list of things, calicoes and knick-knacks, that he wished me to order in Norfolk, which was a little over a twenty-mile ride from the part of Suffolk where our plantations lay. As I started on my journey, Colonel St. Pierre handed me a letter from Evelynne for Raoul, who spent most of his time playing billiards with Norfolk sharps, who found him easy game to pluck. I delivered the letter to him on a hotel-piazza, where he sat, flushed with wine, amid a group of bibulous comrades. He read it, then turned to me, and said:

"'Tell her, if you see her before I get back, that I will come. She wishes me to help her with the festivities at her father's plantation on Christmas-eve. You know they all come over to our place Christmas-night.'

"I told him I would deliver his answer, and did so on my return.

"I presume, you know, that colored people are as a race very superstitious, and they believe that to some of their number—usually those who have been either princes or princesses of tribes in African lands—is given the power to foretell the future and disburse good or bad luck to swains and wenches according to their will and pleasure. On your great-grandfather's plantation was such a person. She was almost as white as you are, dear, and the most beautiful being with colored blood in her veins I ever saw. Contrary to what one would expect to find in a woman in her state at that time—for she was a slave—she was highly intellectual, and far brighter-minded than many white women. She could converse fluently in several foreign languages, and could read and write them as well. Such accomplishments were unusual in a slave, and to only a few were they known. She lived in a little cabin by herself at the foot of a hill but a short distance from the house, and her master, who apparently stood as much in awe of her as any of the field-hands on his tobacco plantation, allowed her to do much as she pleased. Raoul had become a confirmed gambler, and he was as superstitious as any darkey that ever breathed. Many a time I knew of his making a visit to 'Old Maumie Tegga,' as she was called, to 'get luck' with which to win at cards.

"Christmas-eve I walked the knoll in the moonlight, where I had a full view of Maumie's cabin, and as I paced to and fro, between an old water-mill and the hedge skirting the pathway leading to the house, I thought I saw Raoul enter the cabin. Every one belonging to our plantation had gone to Colonel St. Pierre's, and the melodious voices of the singers on the last load were wafted on the breeze to me from the road below. The sound maddened me. These darkies could stand in Evelynne St. Pierre's presence unmoved by any such fierce passions as raged within me. Oh, why could I not govern myself and be calm likewise? Then I thought of Raoul and his carelessly tossing aside the treasure he had won, as if her love was a mere bauble, with which he could toy and play fast and loose at his pleasure.

"'Why—why could I not have been favored with the love of such an angel?' I cried, in agony, as I cast myself on the frosty ground.

"How long I lay there I do not know. When I staggered to my feet my brain was wild and frenzied. I have a dim recollection of having an idea that if I could prevent Raoul from keeping his promise to join her that evening, she might lose faith in him and renounce him forever. And, should she do so, I could honorably try to win her love.

"A large hogshead, filled with heavy stones that had been culled from the tobacco-beds, stood half-way down the knoll, all headed up, ready to be taken to the storehouse at the further end of the plantation. Raoul had just entered the cabin, not knowing that Maumie Tegga had, as I supposed, gone picnicking with the rest of the hands. The door of this cabin opened outward and the windows were formed of single panes of glass not more than six by eight inches square. If I rolled the hogshead against the door, he would be fastened in there for the night. I was a very strong, athletic young man then; but it took quite an effort to tip over the cask and roll it noiselessly down the bank.

"'Who is there?' I heard a voice ask that I thought was Raoul's; then I slipped into the shadow of the cabin and followed the dry bed of the mill-stream that he might not recognize me in the moonlight. Soon I reached the mill-gate, over which I clambered, then started on a short cut for Colonel St. Pierre's. I had not gone far when I heard a rush of water, and on looking behind, I saw that the gate had sprung open, and the water from the pond was flowing into the basin at the foot of the knoll.

"I thought to myself, 'Good! It will be a yard deep around the cabin, and he will not venture out until the hands return and cause the water to escape through the second dam below.'

"But on reaching the St. Pierre plantation, I received a shock such as I would not wish my worst enemy to experience.

"Raoul was sitting upon the veranda, smoking a cigar and complacently watching two darkies dancing a break-down, and urging an old gray, woolly-haired fiddler to 'keep her up,' although both the musician and the dancers were dripping with perspiration, and scarcely able to move hand or foot. When they flagged, Raoul would instill new vigor into their trembly limbs by patting time a little livelier with one hand between his knee and his other palm. It was a comical sight, but it did not interest me. My mind was in the cabin at the foot of the knoll. I was in far more of a tremble than the exhausted dancers. Who—who was it I had left fastened in the cabin? Whose voice was it that had called out to me? 'Twas no negro's. A negro would have said, 'Whu's dar?' and the voice had asked in unmistakably good English, 'Who is there?'

"On my return home I dared not visit the cabin lest some one might mistrust my knowledge of the dam having burst previous to my leaving the plantation. I slept little that night—that is, even less than usual; but I was up early in the morning, and yet not as early as my uncle, who gave me a silent greeting and the most grieved look I ever saw him wear. Oh! how can I tell the rest?

"Well, there is but little more to relate; yet it is the worst of all," continued the old man, tremulously. "It will be soon told. Some of the hands had opened the lower sluice, and let the water run out of the basin; then they had rolled away the cask of stones I saw no one around the cabin-door and I neither dared to enter it nor ask any questions of the hands, whose faces all wore sorrowful expressions. I walked around aimlessly, with my brain on fire. Something had happened. What was it? Was I the cause of it? I dared not inquire.

"'Percy!' exclaimed a voice behind me.

"I turned, and met my uncle's gaze fixed on me, and his eyes were brimming with tears.

"'I wish you to follow me,' he said in a low, hoarse whisper.

"He led me to Maumie Tegga's cabin which we entered. He pointed to a chair, on the seat of which was a pool of water. I shuddered involuntarily as I glanced at it. I did not sit, but my uncle sank into a cane-bottomed chair, and buried his face in his hands. It was some time before he spoke, but every word he said has burned in my memory for over fifty long years.

"'Sir,' he said, 'I have a painful communication to make to you. I know not why you did so, but I do know that you opened the mill-sluice last night. No one else knows of it, for I removed the evidence, and now return it to you.' And he handed me a part of a broken watchchain, with its seals, the loss of which I had not until then noticed.

"'It was an accident, sir,' I explained.

"'I am quite willing to accept your word that it was so, and I am sincerely glad to believe it; but was it by accident, too, that you fastened the cabin-door with the cask of stones? You hesitate—you do not answer. My God! you could not have meditated this! Say it is not so, or I shall go mad!'

"I made no reply. I could not.

"Suddenly he arose and grasped me by my neckerchief.

"'Do you know what you have done?' he gasped, hoarsely. 'Do you know the extent of your wrong-doing? No! Then you shall know. I will tell you. And first of all, you villain, I will tell you—you are a nigger—a nigger slave, that I can sell as quickly as I can the blackest field-hand on the plantation. You shall receive a far worse punishment than the law would inflict on you as a white man. You shall be manacled, sent to Louisville and sold at auction. You have been brought up to believe yourself to be my nephew and a white man. You are not my nephew; you are'——

"'Oh! oh! How can I repeat it?'

"'Be calm, uncle; be calm.'

"He said: 'You are—my—son! and the woman who lies on that bed behind you, old Maumie Tegga—the woman who was drowned in this cabin last night—is——' "

"'What? Finish, uncle!' exclaimed his grandniece.

"'Is—your—mother!'

"I was not sold; I escaped, and shipped aboard a privateer. Some years later under an assumed name, I bought myself of my father, and in the bill of sale he agreed never to betray my true relationship to him.

After the war—I—I—had her reburied in that lot where the monument is raised, near by my house, at the beach; and that is where I go to be alone, to be by myself, when my penance-time comes round. God may forgive me, but I have never forgiven myself. I can never enjoy a Christmas Day. The anniversary of the birth of our Saviour, the day of joy and pleasure for all the rest of the world, is my mourning-day."

The Discoverer of the "Elixir."

Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard, the physician who has suddenly stepped into fame as the discoverer of the elixir which bears his name, was a man widely known, and respected in his profession long before he put the crowning touch to his reputation. The son of an American sea-captain and a French mother, he was born in the island of Mauritius in 1818. In 1838 he went to Paris for his medical education, and while there added his mother's name to the one inherited from his Philadelphia father. He made a specialty of nervous diseases, lectured for many years both in New York and Paris, and before he reached middle-age was accepted as one of the most enlightened neurologists of his time. His discoveries in regard to the nervous system have become historical. He created the physiology of the sensory tract of the spinal chord, and confirmed Bellingeri's theory of the action of the spinal chord in conveying sensations to the brain. He made many famous experiments with the transfusion of blood, once reviving a dead dog with the blood of a living animal, and keeping him alive for twelve hours.

He has confined himself to no subject, however, but has explored all fields. His location has been about as varied as his labor and his thought. In 1858 he was in England lecturing before the Royal College of Surgeons, the same year founded and edited the Journal de la Physiologie de l'Hoome et des Animaux. The following year he returned to this country, was a medical professor at Harvard until his return to France in 1869. In this year he established the Journal de Physiologie Normale et Pathologique, and in 1873, with Dr. Seguin of this city, commenced the publication of the Archives of Scientific and Practical Medicine. His literary industry and accomplishment in the matter of medical and scientific articles over his own signature in pamphlets and reviews has been something phenomenal. He is seventy-two years of age, and looks upon the world-guying of his so-called "elixir" theory experiment with the calmness of the real philosopher.

Economy In It.

The slowest walking horses in the world are to be found in Germany. They are trained to a slow gait on the theory that the slower they move the better they will keep their flesh. A great many American livery men seem to have caught on to this idea in the last two or three years.

KING CHRISTMAS.

King Christmas cometh blithe and jolly
Crowned with the mistletoe and holly,
Proclaiming wide that melancholy
Bringing a welcome to all races.
Its rusty fetters shall unbind;
In lofty or in lowly places,
Wafting to earth's remotest spaces
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

King Christmas in his royal palace
Fills to the brim a golden chalice,
And envy, hatred, scorn, and malice
No mortal in its dregs will find:
Although his coffers hold no treasure,
His bounty is beyond all measure
In gifts of happiness, love, pleasure,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

When through his realm King Christmas goeth,
His ample visage gladness showeth,
For well that genial monarch knoweth
How best to soothe the troubled mind.
His subjects, when grim care oppresses,
Are comforted by his caresses;
And one creed only he professes:
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

His majesty doth with all nations
Maintain the friendliest relations,
Happy to join in gay ovations,
In ceremonial pomp enshrined;
But happiest when his subjects, hearing
His footsteps, shout at his appearing,
And he responds in tones endearing,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

His people are not slain like cattle
Upon the crimson field of battle;
No sword or bayonet they rattle,
Nor cities burn, nor captives bind;
A gentler rule King Christmas loveth,
And scenes of horror he reproveth;
His anthem is, where'er he moveth,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

He banisheth regret and sorrow.
Bids Age be hopeful, Youth to borrow
Bright visions from the coming morrow,
Leaving the shadowy past behind;
And hearts will gladden, eyes will glisten,
In temple, palace, cot, and prison,
When to his regal chant they listen—
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"
—Joseph Verey.

MOTHER ANTOINE'S LAD

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Once on a time there was a poor grandmother and her poor grandson, who possessed nothing in the world but their affection for each other; and the grandmother was seventy-seven years of age and the grandson was eight. The child was sick, crippled, confined to bed during the entire twelve months, and the old woman was very old, very feeble, so that with the best good-will in the world she could not work much.

The old woman was called Mother Antoine, and the child was called Mother Antoine's Lad.

Alas! he was going from bad to worse, was Mother Antoine's lad. The poor boy was consumptive and sickly, and when he was not crying from the dull pain in his hip, he was coughing a dry and bloody cough, which brought two bunches of dull violets to his cheeks.

The last time he had been out was Christmas day. On that day Mother Antoine had wrapped him up as best she could in a big muffler she had made of her old shawl; she had put on him her two only pairs of stockings to keep his feet warm, and she had taken him to the boulevard, along the little stalls full of toys and dolls that made a splendid many-colored fairy-land.

There was, first and foremost, away down near the Place du Grand Opera, a superb punchinello—striped and gilded, almost as tall as the little stunted being himself—which, when one pulled the string, shook gayly its bells and rattles, raised its great funny arms, flung out its legs and looked at you at the same time with its filumined face and almost living grin.

"Oh, how pretty it was, how pretty it was!" Mother Antoine's lad cried. "It is very dear, mammy, is it not, a fine punchinello like that?"

And the old woman always replied, "Come now, I will buy you one of them, when we are richer."

"And when shall we be richer?"

"Soon, my pet, soon."

"Then I shall have it, eh? the punchinello?"

"Yes, yes; you shall have it."

"For you see, mammy, I am sure that if I had it I should be cured at once."

This same idea recurred incessantly as though he were possessed by it. And when he was worse than usual—the poor little thing—when his pains racked him fiercest; when his terrible cough shook him as though it would tear the breath out of him, oh, then, the desire became more active—almost poignant. And she knew this. Old Mother Antoine. By dint of promising the punchinello she came to feel that she must keep her promise, and that she had no other way but this to keep her cherub alive a little longer. Yes; he should have it, his punchinello. And he would be cured! She too—she herself had ended by believing in this mad hope.

Yes, he should have it. But how? As he said himself with tears of impotent longing, it must cost a deal, a punchinello like that! It was a toy for the rich. At least twenty francs. Perhaps more. Where could she find this gold, she who no longer knew the color even of silver, and who only saw at long, long intervals, a few big copper sous among the alms she received.

She traded off the rags that were given her at the beginning of winter. She even sold the occasional tickets for bread and meat which she had such trouble to get. She reserved only enough for the little one. She herself fasted. And when he was eating by himself he said to her, "So you are not hungry, mammy?"

"No," she answered; "they made me swallow a plate of soup in the cabinet-maker's shop."

She had economized in this fashion for three months, and on the day before yesterday she had altogether nine francs three sous. She must have ten francs?

That day, Mother Antoine's lad was terribly sick.

And her poor neighbors cannot bestow much charity on the old woman, they themselves dying of cold and hunger. No more rags to sell; three tickets for bread and wood; that was all that remained in the garret.

But the little one is so low—so low that he can swallow nothing. What use, then, for bread to-day? For her? Not a word of that. And to-morrow? Ah, to-morrow she will find some. What is wanted at the moment, the necessary, the indispensable thing, is not food, but the punchinello. If he had it, there, now, in his trembling little fingers, surely he would be better.

"How pretty it was!" he said with a stifled rattle in his throat. And his eyes grow large, his nostrils, pinched by disease, suddenly quiver, a warm glow comes on his skin, life returns to his pale lips.

"How pretty it was!"

"I am going to get it for you; yes I am going right away, little one."

"What, the punchinello?"

"Yes, the punchinello."

"So, we are rich, mammy?"

"Yes, my pet. Look here!"

She shows him her nine francs three sous. It is all in sous—a big heap of them.

The child clasps his hands

"Go quick, mammy; go quick. Don't be long."

She has gone. No, she will not be long. With her old feeble limbs she first runs about to her neighbors to sell the three tickets, the last ones.

"It is to buy a remedy for the lad," says she; and she speaks the truth.

Ten francs, she has them at last! she had to waste half an hour on it, but at last she has them. How she hurries on tottering and stumbling, in spite of the slippery pavement, in spite of the numbing cold that freezes her bones—for she has eaten nothing yesterday, nothing to-day, and has put her crusts on the sick child's bed. She has only a wretched petticoat and a thin jacket over her shift. B-r-r-r. She will go spite of all. She will not go to the first store she comes to. She must go away—away, near the Grand Opera. The punchinello, perhaps, is still there this year, and who knows? perhaps it does not cost more than ten francs.

Yes; it was indeed the same, and for ten francs she got it, by bargaining. She returns, pressing it close to her heart. She, too, said: "How pretty it is!"

Fate is the most terrible of dramatic creators. No one invents such striking effects as Reality. The old woman had been away two full hours.

On her return she found the child dead.

Yesterday Mother Antoine's lad was buried.

Mother Antoine placed in the little coffin, on the shroud made out of a patched gown, the pretty punchinello, covered with dazzling colors, and tinkling bells. Thus the little corpse had its Christmas box. And Mother Antoine prayed for her New Year's gift—Death.

A Fair Life-Saver.

Miss Lillian Hampson, of Philadelphia, and one of the handsomest girls in Atlantic City, made a heroine of herself recently by swimming over 2,000 feet out into the sea and rescuing a Pittsburg boy who was carried away by the under-current. When she landed the victim on the sand she was cheered to the echo and admired as much for her bravery on the beach as she is at the hops for her beauty and graceful dancing. Last year she rescued two young girls from Philadelphia. She has bright, blue eyes, a wealth of chestnut-brown hair and a graceful figure. In addition to her reputation for heroic valor she is reputed to be one of the best sailors and fishers along the Atlantic coast. She will remain here during the season.

How Ah Sin Worked the Boys.

Sergeant Wittman arrested a high-binder on Monday night, and while searching him found a clever device which explains the phenominal luck that wily Mongolian has been enjoying at poker of late. The arrangement consists of a steel clip, which is fastened inside of one sleeve. Two cords reach up the sleeve, across the breast, and down the other sleeve to the hand, where one is fastened to the thumb, and the other to one of the fingers. By a pull of one cord the clip reaches out and takes in a card, which is at once drawn up the sleeve. Pulling the other cord causes the card to be shot out into the hand of the player with lightning rapidity, and without any part of the mechanism being exposed. The fellow who had the machine fought strenuously against giving it up.—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE BIG SUEZ CANAL

AN ARTIFICIAL RIVER IN THE MIDST OF A DRY DESERT.

Enormous Profits from This Water Highway.

The abandonment of the Panama Canal and the discussion of matters relating to M. de Lesseps has brought me from Cairo to Ismailia.

It is fifty-eight years since he first came to Egypt, in the French consular service, and it is more than a generation ago since he persuaded the Viceroy of the country that the work could be done. Now more than two-thirds of the ships which pass through the canal belong to Great Britain, and the English, in order to protect their interest in India, have had to put something like $17,000,000 into canal shares. It is not a bad investment, for in 1885 the net profits of this canal were more than $8,000,000, and after all expenses were paid the shareholders received a dividend of 17 per cent.

In 1886 more than 3,000 vessels passed through the canal, and estimating that each of these vessels to India, Australia or China made a saving of at least five thousand miles, it will be seen that the aggregate saving in one year was more than fifteen million miles, equal to a distance of six hundred times around the world. I have not the statistics of the number of passengers carried in 1886, but ten years before that when the ships which passed through the canal were less than half the number that now go through, the passengers carried numbered more than eighty-three-thousand. Undoubtedly more than one hundred and fifty thousand passengers are taken through this canal every year, and the charges are $2 on each passenger. It makes heavy charges upon the vessels which pass through, estimating them according to their tonnage, and the receipts of the canal make it one of the best paying institutions of the world.

And still this canal is only one hundred miles long; it is only one-twelfth the length of the Red Sea, into which it conducts the waters of the Mediterranean, and these two bodies of water are of nearly the same level. They now flow into one another without locks, and the canal is well described as a ditch of the desert. This ditch is about three hundred feet wide at the bottom, and the water within it is as quiet as a mill pond. It is of beautiful sea-green and the contrast of this color with the bare yellow sands which line the banks of the canal makes it wonderfully beautiful. The canal is so narrow that ships can pass only at certain points, and the management govern these passages just as the train despatchers regulate the passage of trains upon our trunk lines. There are, from time, to time, through the canal wider spaces where the ships must turn in while others, which have the right of way, may pass them, and at a distance these ships seem to be walking, as it were, in single file through the desert. They are not allowed to go over five miles an hour, and this is largely due to the depth of the canal. Its average depth is about twenty-four feet, and many of the ships which pass through are more than twenty feet deep in the water. There is so little water under the bottoms that there can be no great speed.

The banks of this canal are of dry and thirsty sand. In some places they are kept back by pavements of stone and in others by a network of twigs like the jetties of the Mississippi. It cost nearly $100,000,000 to build the canal, and in some places the channel had to be cut through solid rocks. In others there was little dredging needed. The waters of the Mediterranean flowed into long natural lakes, and these required but little excavation to make them deep enough for the transit of the ships. One of the great problems in making the canal was fresh water for the workmen. The work was begun in 1858, and the ruler of Egypt provided 25,000 laborers. These were relieved every three months; but it was necessary to feed them. It took 4,000 water-casks, which were carried on the backs of camels, to supply them with drinking water, and this was kept up for five years. The work of preparing harbors at Port Said and Suez was very expensive, and I took a look at the piers at Port Said, which are intended to ward off the accumulations of sand and mud, and which form the navigable entrance to the canal. These piers are made of artificial stone, composed of desert sand and cement. The machinery to make them was brought here from France and the stones were made to throw into the sea. Each stone weighed twenty tons, and it took 25,000 of these massive rocks to form the bases of these piers.

Immense dredges are now employed throughout the canal. These pump up the sand, which blows in from the desert, and throw it out beyond the banks. There are stations or guard-houses at intervals along the course and a few small towns have grown up here and there.

Curtain Lecture Topics.

Consult your wife.

Better use, on a rainy day, mind and pen than tongue and jack-knife.

"All work makes Jack a dull boy," and no work makes Bill a mean one.

Every man ought to be heartily ashamed of a gall on the shoulder of the animal he drives.

A lie is the only thing that can be made out of nothing: the milk cannot contain more than is in the feed and drink.

When the wife and children attend to the poultry, it isn't fair to exchange eggs for tobacco and machine oil.

If the money expended for tobacco and whiskey were judiciously applied to the beautifying of our homes, what a lovely land would ours be!

A Discovery.

It has been recently discovered in England that squirrels play a prominent part in the destruction of fungi the search for which is the main object of their lively hopping and coursing along the ground. It is interesting to note that the squirrels feed by preference on the sorts which are unfit for human consumption, such as Lycoperdon and the incredible species of Agaricus and Boletus.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Georgia has a dog that can count.

—A game cock at Ybor City, Fla., has killed 200 chickens in battle.

—Collections of engraved portraits have always proved favorite hobbies.

—There are 30,000 Americans who constantly reside in London.

—Baltimore, Md., is making an effort to secure straight streets.

—The Ottumwa (Iowa) coal palace paid $5,000, clear of all expenses.

—America has 1,000,000 telephones; the world 1,200,000.

—A Brooklynite got $400 damages for being roughly ejected from a street car.

—A Pittsburg horseleeper has one of the largest collections of watches in the world.

—A flock of blackbirds three miles long and a half a mile wide passed over Arlington, Va.

—A one-legged 'cycler has issued a challenge to any other one-legged 'cycler for a bicycle race.

—The Hocking Valley (Ohio) natural gas field is reported to be about exhausted.

—The Russian Government is organizing laboratories for the manufacture of explosives.

—The Manhattan Elevated Railroad of New York City clears nearly $5,000,000 dollars a year.

—Deer, bears and catamounts are unusually numerous in the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania.

—This season's hog packing in the West has exceeded that of last year by thirty-two and a half per cent.

—Among the Yeshawur Pathans, of India, the mother's prayer is that her son may grow up to be a successful thief.

—They have been making a great fuss in San Francisco because a fish dealer was caught selling shark meat for sole.

—The census taken by the police of Brooklyn, shows that 50,000 names were omitted by the national enumerators.

—American drummers in Canada are now required to pay a license of $50, and after January 1 they must pay $100.

—Next year bicycles will be made of aluminum and will have the device known as the pneumatic tire.

—State Geologist Dumble says the iron ore fields of Eastern Texas will yeild 4,000,000 tons to the square miles.

—The new process of making glass with fuel gas manufactured on the premises is a pronounced success at the glass work at Glassboro, N. J.

—There is a tremendous activity in the toy division of the Patent Office at Washington, especially in automatic toys that can talk and walk.

—The Emperor is very anxious to have Dr. Koch's remedy applied in the German army, where consumption is more deadly than any other disease.

—The farmers' movement is spreading like wildfire all over the West. "Plow and Harrow Associations" are being formed almost every day in the week.

—A single county in California presents the figures to show that it has produced and shipped this year over $40,000 worth of vermilion white "navy" beans.

—Atlanta, Ga., is believed to be the only city in the United States which has a house constructed wholly of paper from foundation to turret.

—All salmon fishing with nets in Commencement Bay, Washington, has been stopped by the breaking of the nets, owing to the great abundance of the catch.

—There are nearly 12,000 colored people in Chicago, the wealthiest of whom has a fortune of about $100,000. Two others have property amounting to $50,000 each.

—Albania is called Shkiperi by the natives and Arnaoutlik by the Turks, when the names Arnaout Skipetar' bestowed on the inhabitants, are derived.

—That hypnotism is becoming dangerous is proved by the issuing of a prescription for escaping the hypnotizer. The best remedy would be, first, never become hypnotized.

—An electric furnace has been patented by a Frenchman for incinerating purposes, for use in crematories. Rapidity of execution and economy are the chief virtues claimed for the new human motor.

—The greatest distance ever recorded at which the sound of cannon has been heard was on the 4th of December, 1852, when the cannon at Antwerp were heard in the Erzegebirge Mountains, at a distance of 570 miles.

—A citizen of Americus, Ga., owns a dog that "lives on English sparrows which he catches by slyly creeping up on them." In many cities of the Ohio Valley the progeny of that quadruped would be worth their weight in gold metals.

—The Government inspectors in charge of the school of mines at Madrid have decided to open a chair for the teaching of electricity as applying to mining and metallurgy. They have also decided that no one in Spain is competent to fill this chair and they are looking about for a proper person.

—One of the recent improvements in the manufacture of window glass is the introduction of a process of dipping the sheet into a mammoth bath tub containing a mixture of various liquids. Its results are instantly seen. It removes all dirt and defection, and the glass becomes as clear and pure as it was before it went through the flattening oven.

A Difficulty About Witnesses.

"Mr. Smith," said the electric light manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric light current as used by us. You might send Roberts—"

Foreman—"He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir!"

"Well, Jackson will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week, and is scarcely expected to live, sir."

"Such awkwardness! Send Williams."

"Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday."

"Really. It's most annoying. Employ some new men at once and send them to testify to the committee before they have time to get themselves killed."—New York Herald.