CHRISTMAS CAROL Sleep ! snow-white world, under the stars, Sleep! Sleep! While choral angels from on high, Floating across the midnight sky. Lean down with waving lily-wands,

To bless the earth with gracious hands. And bark the golden chord ! Praise be to Christ our Lord The Son of Man in lowly manger born, Be ore whose face the strength of Sin is

shorn. Then, till the boly morn,

Sleep : Sleep ! Wake ! bright world, under the bright sun. Wake! Wake Hark ! how the Christmas angels sing : "All hati ' to Christ our Lord and King All hall ! good will and peace to men! All hail ! to God on high ! Amen !"

Join yethe joyful song : The reign of ancient wrong Is o'er this bour ; for Christ the Child is born Ob, happy world thy bends of sin are torn. This holy Coristmas morn. Wake! Wake!

-Charles L. Hildreth, in Demorest's.

## LOU'S CLARIONET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY. HERE was Christmas eve ser-Westcock Church. The church at Second Westcock was quairt and old-fashioned.

like the village over which it presided. posts, like the legs of a table turned adorned with curtains of yellow cotton; its uneven and desolate churchyard, strewn with graves and snowdrifts, occupied a bleak hillside looking out across the bay to the lonely height of Shepody Mountain.

Down the long slope below the church straggled the village, half-lost in the snow, and whistied over by the winds of the Bay of Fundy.

Second Westcock was an outlying corner of the rector's expansive parish, and a Christmas eve service there was an event almost unparalleled. To give Second Westcock this service, the rector had forsaken his prosperous congregations at Westcock, Sackville and Dorchester, driving some eight or ten miles through the snows and solitude of the deep Dorchester woods,

And because the choir at Second Westcock was not remarkable even for willingness, much less for strength or skill, he had brought with him his fifteen-year-old niece, Lou Allison, to swell the Christmas praises with the notes of her clarionet.

The little church was lighted with oil lamps ranged along the white wall between the windows. The noor, bare chancel-a rej it should not tchen table in "

pus of white pine. "Of county side the narrow, carpetless aisle were rows of unpainted benches.

On the left were gathered solemnly the men of the congregation, each looking straight ahead. On the right were the women, whispering and scanning each others' honnets, till the oppearance of the rector from the little vestry-room by the door should bring silence and reverent attention.

In front of the women's row stood the melodeon, and the two benches behind it were occupied by the choir, the male members of which sat blushingly self-conscious, proud of their fronk at him there on the chimney top office, but deeply abashed at the ne-

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cessity of sitting among the women. There was no attempt at Christmas decoration, for Second Westcock had never been awakened to the delicious excitements of the church greening.

At last the rector appeared in his voluminous white surpliee. He moved forsaking his place by Lou's side, marched forward and scated hitaself not feel quite at home in Second Westcock Church.

The sweet old carol, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," choir, who looked and listened askance | pung. at the glittering clarionet, into which Lou was now blowing softly. Louwas afraid to make herself distinctly heard at first, lest she should startle confidence, and then for two lines the forest. song was little more than a duet between Lou and the rector's vigorous baritone. In the third verse, however, it all came right. The choir into the dark woods whence a sound felt and responded to the strong support and thrilling stimulus of the in- at once, but instinctively seized the strument, and at length ceased to dread their own voices. The naked little church was glorified with the sweep of triumphal song pulsating

through it. Never before had such music been heard there. Men, women and children sang from their very souls, and congregation stood for some seconds woods. It was a bitter, long, wailing near." as in a dream, with quivering throats, cry, blended with a harshly grating till the rector's calm voice, repeating undertone, like the rasping of a saw. the opening words of the liturgy, brought back their self-control in some measure.

Thereafter every hymn and chant and carol was like an inspiration, and Lou's eyes sparkled with exaltation.

When the service was over the people gathered round the stove by the door, praising Lou's clarionet and petting little Ted, who had by this time come down from the pulpit steps. One old Lou. lady gave the child two or three brown a Christmas present.

pet of yourn, Miss. I felt like it jest drawed down the angels from heaven to sing with us to-night. Ther voices was all swimming in a smoke, like, right up in the hollow of the ceiling." "Taint a trumpet!" interrupted fast!" Teddy, shyly. "It's a clar'onet. I got a trumpet home !"

"To be sure!" replied the old lady, indulgently. "But miss, as I was a enying, that music of yourn would jest soften the hardest heart as ever was,'

The rector had just come from the vestry room, well wrapped up in his furs, and was shaking hands and wish- thought. ing every one a Merry Christmas, while the sexton brought the horse to the door. He overheard the old lady's last remark, as she was bundling Teddy up in a huge woollen muffler.
"It certainly did," said he, "make

the singing go magnificently to-night, didn't it, Mrs. Tait? But I wonder, now, what sort of an effect it would such a creature should come out at us cushion beside him. while we are going through Dorchester woods?

This mild pleasantry was very delicately adapted to the rector's audience, and the group about the stove away. smiled with a reverent air befitting the place they were in; but the old lady exclaimed in haste:

"My, land sakes, parson, a bear'd vice in the Second | be jest scared to death!"

I wonder if it would frighten a bear?" thought Lou to herself, as they were getting snugly bundled into the warm, deep "pung," as the low-box burst of speed, while the rector sleigh with movable seats is called.

Soon the crest of the hill was passed, Its shingles were gray with the beating and the four-poster on the top of of many winters; its little square tower | Second Westcock Church sank out of | hind the flying sleigh. was surmounted by four spindling sight. For a mile or more the road led through half-cleared pasture lands,

However, it's just as well to get be youd its neighborhood as quickly as possible. Steady, Jerry, old boy!

The rector kept the horse well in hand; but in a short time it was plain lips, he sleigh dashed out into the that the panther was not avoiding the open A dog bayed angrily from the party. The cries came nearer and neare ; farm-house, and the panther nearer, and Lou's breath came quicker stophed short on the edge of the wood. and quicker, and the rector's teeth be- The and quicker, and the rector's teeth be-gan to set themselves grimly, while and C d Jerry stopped, shivering as if brows gathered in anxious he would fall between the shafts.

was there in the sleigh, he was wonderheavy pocket-knife.

"A poor weapon," thought he, ruefully, "with which to fight a panther." now, what sort of an effect it would hand, and opened the knife, and of two or three hours.

produce on a hard-hearted bear, if slipped it under the edge of the The adventure supplementary.

At this instant he caught sight of the panther, bounding along through the low underbrash, keeping parallel that sirew rousing congregations with the road, and not forty yards

"There it is!" came in a terrified Sunday evening .- Youth's Companion. whisper from Lon's lips; and just then Teddy lifted his head from under the robes. Frightened at the speed and at the set look on his father's face he began to cry. The panther heard him and turned at once toward the sleigh.

Old Jorry stretched himself out in a grasped his poor knife flercely; and the panther came with a long leap right into the road not ten paces be-

Teddy stared in amazement, and then cowered down in fresh terror as heavenward; its staring windows were where the black stumps stuck up so there came an ear-splitting screech, strangely through the drifts that wild and high and long, from Lou's Teddy discovered bears on every hand. clarionet. Lon had turned, and over

Steady-don't use yourself up too pung, and sprang backward with at angry enarl.

After the story had been told, and If it should come to a struggle, what Jerry had been stabled and rubbed down, the rector resumed his journey ing, that could serve as a weapon? with a fresh horse, having no fear that Nothing, absolutely nothing but his the painther would venture across the cleared lands. Three of the settlers started out forthwith, and following the tracks in the new snow, succeeded But he felt in his pocket with one in shooting the wild beast after a chase

> The adventure supplied the countryside ald that winter with a theme for conversation, and about Lou's clarionet there gathered a halo of romance to the parish church, where its music was to be heard every alternate

## Autiquity of Christmas Toys.

The doll is thousands of years old; it has been found inside the graves of little Roman children, and will be found again by the archmologists of a future date among the remains of our own culture. The children of Pompeii and Herculapeum trundled hoops just as you and I did, and who knows whether the rocking horse on which we rode in our young days is not a lineal descendant of that proud charger into whose flanks the children of Francis I's time dug their spurs.

The drum is also indestructible, and setting time at naught across the centuries, it beats the Christmas-tide and New Year summons that bids the tin soldier prepare himself for war, and shall continue to beat as long as there exist boyish arms to wield drumsticks. and grown-up people's ears to be deafened by the sound thereof. The tin soldier views the future with calm; he will not lay down his arms until the day of general disarmament, and there is, as yet, no prospect of a universal

The toy sword also stands its ground ; it is the nursery symbol of the ineradicable vice of our race—the lust for battle. Harlequins, fool's-cap-crowned and bell ringing, are also likely to endure; they are sure to be found among the members of the toy world as long as there are fools to be found among the inhabitants of our own. Gold-laces knights, their swords at their side, curly-locked and satinshod princesses, stalwart musketeers, mustached and top-booted, are all types which still hold their owa. Chinese doll is young as yet, but she has a brillight future before her.

ds, In Yale Log Custon The yule log or yule block is probably snother form of that which has been preserved in the Christmas tree. A huge log of wood placed in the fire place is kept burning all the evening in many places in England, and even in the United States the custom is not unknown. It is called Buche de Noel

in France. The vule candle is lighted the evening of December 24, midwinter-night, and kept burning all night if possible. If it goes out during the night it is looked upoy as a sign that some one will die in the house soon. On the other hand, the stumps of these candles are considered a powerful remedy for diseased or injured hands or feet.

Song of Kriss Kringie's Tree. Kriss Kringle's bells are lingling. The frosty air is tingling.

All silvery sounds are mingling, This merry, merry day, With many a fleecy feather The snow-flakes dance together : Here comes Kriss Kringle's weather, In good Kriss Kringle's way.

Kriss Kringle's measure's tripping, Kriss Kringle's sweetness sipping, The while his gifts we're clipping, From brave Kriss Kringle's tree, We set the candles burning, Like stars and planets turning. And every dream and yearning

There satisfied we see-

Alone and solitary, Aloof from elf and fairy, It grew in forests airy

Through many a season dim-To reach its day of glory, When winter woods were hoary, To hear Kriss Kringle's story. And dear Kriss Kringle's bymn.

O tree that wearies never O tree that charms us ever! O tree that lives forever! The blessed Caristmas tree. Where love and kindness blending

Bound up the year's fair ending. There heaven's own beauty lending, Behold Kriss Kringle's tree. Margaret E. Sangster, in Young Paople

The little red house at Lenox, Mass. in which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote Seven Gables," and other stories, is to

## JUNIORS AT SEA.

NAVAL CADETS ABOARD A MAN- harder to keep, and he comes O'-WAR.

Very Crowded Quarters-They Have to Put Up With Many Inconventences-How They Kill Time.

FTER the young cadets in Uncle Sam's navy finish the four years' academic course at the naval academy in Annapolis they go to sea on the sea-going men-of-war as junior officers, then return to Annapolis for the final graduation and promotion to the lower panied by the nearest convenient grades of the line of the navy, the missile—a shoe or cane or camp-stool grades of the line of the navy, the marine corps and the engineer corps, says the Washington Star.

During this two years' cruise, which may embrace any portion of the known world, the naval cadets are expected to become familiar with the practical duties of a naval officer, for, while the four years' theoretical course at Annapolis is an ideal one from a theoretical standpoint, there seems to be no other way to learn the practical working of a modern man-of-war than to serve upon one under all the varying conditions of active service.

The difficult problem of obtaining sufficient space for everthing and every one aboard a ship is a constant source of trouble to the naval architect. As to room for the officers -the captains and admirals must officer's long service entitles him to enough room to live comfortablybut some one must be cramped, and generally is is the junior officer; so often eight or ten of them are crowded in a room not larger than eighteen by ten feet. And in this limited space they sleep, eat and live; but youth is days of the old sailing frigates was spite of the fact that it is now officially known as the "junior officers" and is alreast universally used.

In such a small apartment every inch of pace must be used, so all boards, of lockers-as they are called aboard ship-and in these the young officers stow a wardrobe consisting of

a serious one, especially in the tropics, the capital Y. ranges around 100 and several days and after a time death is the result. out have made the air below decks almost stifling, some one will surrepti- endeavoring to invent some method by tiously open a port for a few minutes. One day last winter, while a United States man-of-war was steaming through the tropical Caribbean, a jolly crowd of a dozen junior officers were amusing themselves as best they could in the stifling heat. Two lay on the bunks that stretched along the outer side under the ports, which were closed; another was carefully drawing an elaborate chart that was to go into his journal of the cruise, and others read or played cards on the mess table in the centre.!

The scenie was peaceful, but a disturber came in the person of one of the young officers, who had been on deck and said the sea was, "like glass," and advised "some one to open the ports, as not a drop of water could come in on such a smooth day." Accordingly a port over one of the sleepers was opened. All went well for a few minutes, and the breeze of fresh sea air was welcome, indeed, but suddenly the course was changed on deck and the slip gave a roll that put the open port under water. A perfect torrent poured in, deluging the sleeping pay clerk, who awoke with sudden thoughts of collisions and capsizing, ruining the vatient work of the chart daughtsman and wetting clothing in the drawers and lockers.

All the junior officers sleep in the steerage, two or three in narrow bunks, and the rest in hammocks hung close together from the beams overhead. During the day the hammocks are made up and stowed away, and when meal time comes the extension tables are stretched out and the meals served from the little pantry where the steward presides. The young officers are well supplied with servants-a mess of ten officers generally having a steward, cook and three servants-all of whom are paid by the Govern-ment and regularly enlisted in the service, but all the provisions are purchased by the members of the mess, and the table linen, dishes and cuttery are also the property of the snembers. One of the young "Tanglewood Tales," "The House of officers is elected "categor of the mess," a rather doubtful honor, since his

of the servants and meals, and be also treasurer of the mess funds which are often hard to collect,

harder to keep, and he count of a real the criticism on account of a refood or cooking. If his intention is to suit all he will soon find it impossitions and the continuous another ble, for while one likes onions and may find them impossible, and then and there ensues a misunderstanding for the caterer to settle.

Ten o'clock is the time generally fixed for "turning in," and all lights are put out, and woe to the belated one who comes in after that hour, from the theatre or a dinner or a call on the latest best girl, and turns on a light, for from every side comes mutterings of disapproval, often accom--and the late arrival is compelled to turn out the light in self-defense and seek his bunk or hammock in darkness. But it is when a crowd of "beachcombers" (as those who go ashore are called) return at a late hour, reasonably convivial, and insist on turning out the "ship-keepers" (as those who stay aboard are styled) that the fun begins, and the question has to be decided, generally in a good-natured scuffle, who shall succeed. - Chicago Record.

## Two-Headed Trout.

There was received at the Journal office a few days ago a package containing a phial in which was a curiosity of the finny tribe in the form of an infant trout which had one body and never be stinted, and the ward-room two heads. The fish came from the trout hatchery in East Freshtown, Mass. The establishment has been in operation over twenty years, and nearly all that period has been under the supervision of Ernest Rounseville, says the Providence Journal.

Superintendent Rounseville is an enthusiast on the subject of his work, bnovant and the young gentlemen are and has during his long apprenticegenerally happy in spite of their re-ship made trout life a study, and stricted room. This apartment in the much of the knowledge so acquired is ship made trout life a study, and most interesting, particularly that given the name "steerage," and in portion of it which relates to twin trout, which is his hobby, and upon which subject he delights to converse quarters" the old name clings to it with those who desire information in regard to it.

Mr. Rounseville often prefaces his remarks by stating that, although around the sides are rows of little cup- specimens of this twin trout are comparatively rare, they hardly can be termed a freak of nature, as one is almost sure to find several in hatches six or eight complete suits of uniform containing from 50,000 to 100,000 and a complete outfit of citizen's eggs, and he further claims that he clothing, books for a course of study can tell the eggs in which are hidden in seamanship and navigation, and in- the single and twin trout, the former numerable trophies from the foreign in the process of hatching exhibiting lands visited on the cruise. How only one black spot or eye, while they do it no one knows, and after in the latter egg two black spots intwo years of life with such a wardrobe variably show themselves. Mr. Rounse-I found t took two large trunks to ville then goes on to state that there hold the contents of a couple of are two varieties of twin trout, the lockers that looked too small for any first of these being two distinct and Practice see.

Three in four little round portholes, ligament simi test which bound

that named be closed at sea to beep out the Samese ri cond. and the wall light and air to the by is the most beads, which are separall is resplen with clear lights. The problem of fresh air often becomes trunk as to suggest a resemblance to

where the exhaust fans of the artificial The last mentioned specimen Mr. ventilators fail to keep the tempera- Rounseville says he has never yet been ture down when eight or ten people able to keep alive over a few months, occupy such a restricted space. It is notwithstanding the fish when hatched a standing regulation that the ports appears quite as healthy and lively as must be closed at sea, as a sudden the others, and he has finally settled it squall might come up and careen the in his own mind that the two-header ship over before the ports could be dies of starvation pure and simple, for closed, which might admit enough he declares that when the fish begins water to endanger the ship, and, in to feed each little head is so greedy fact, this was the reason assigned for for the food that it fights its matethe capsizing of the English ship Eu- with such desperation as to prevent rydice off the Irish coast. But in spite either head from obtaining the nourof the danger, when the thermometer ishment needed for their mutual body,

Rounseville has for some time been which one head can be fed at a time, but as yet has not been able to devise one; so the twins, like the very good, die young.

Storing Ice for New York's Use. Owing to the great bulk of this

commodity and the enormous value of lands on Manhattan Island and its vicinity little of the ice is stored in the city, most of it being placed in enormous icehouses along the waters where the ice is cut and brought to the city in barges from time to time as the occasion demands. The Knickerbocker Ics Company has about fifty of these houses along the Hudsen, with an ice-storing capacity of 7000 to 65,-000 tons each, or a total storing capacity of nearly 5,000,000 tons of ice. The attempt to establish ice-storing houses in this city in Hurbert street, near the old Red Fort, about ten years ago, resulted disastrously, as the taxes ate up the profits of the business.

To avert as far as possible the dangers of an ice famine or an open winter, nearly all the ice companies endeavor to store considerably more ice than they expect to consume in the season. It was owing to this foresight that the ice famine in the summer of 1890 was not far more serious than it

The seasons for cutting ice seem to be later and later every year. Twenty years ago it was usual to have the ice cutting begin some time before Christmas, and it not infrequently happened that the entire ice crop was harvested before New Year's Day. Now the ic cutting seldom begins before February

or March. - New York Tribune.

Living Carios.

A thirty-five-pound 'possum in Jas per County, Missouri. A Moundville horse which has bee trained to pick up rails and lay the on the fence.

A pet rooster with a wooden leg. Bucyrus, Ohio. A Cincinnati bird which stole a s

watchguard to ornament its nest. Two bushels of drunken sparr caught in Dewitt County, Te duties consist in a general supervision "corned" on corn soaked in cornju



SANTA CLAUS ON HIS ROUND.

Just ready to descend -

There never fived in this whole wide world Such a dear good-hearted friend! But see, he has stopped to listen If the children are aslees

For he'd never go down if they stayed awake. And the frozen ground will again resound

Or tried to take one peep !

By and by the road entered the curious inverted dark of Dorchester woods. resolutely on the pulpit steps. He did where all the light seemed to come them. At this stage of the journey Teddy retired under the buffslo-robes, rose rather doubtfully from the little and went to sleep in the bottom of the

The horse jogged slowly along the jingled drowsily amid the soft, pushing whisper of the runners. Lou and the singers; but in the second verse the rector talked in quiet voices, atthe pure vibrant notes came out with baned to the solemn hush of the great

"What's that?"

Lou shivered up closer to the rector had come. The rector did not answer nal to Old Jerry to move on faster.

awoke into an eager trot which would breath he resumed the chase have become a gallop had the rector

permitted. Again came the sound, this time a little nearer, and still apparently just your breath, and let him have it fewhen the hymn was ended the whole abreast of the pung, but deep in the rociously when he begins to get too "What is it?" again asked Lou, her

teeth chattering. The rector let Old Jerry out into a gallop, as he answered, 'T'm afraid it's a panther-what they call around us a wide berth.

'Why won't it attack us?" asked

"Oh, it prefers solitary victims," sugar-biscuits which she had brought replied the rector. "It is ordinarily get ahead of the sleigh. Old Jerry in her pocket, and a pair of red mit- a cautious beast, and does not undertens which she had knitted for him as stand the combination of man and horse and vehicle. Only on rare Turning to Lou, the old lady said, occasions has it been known to attack "I never heerd nothing like that trum- people driving, and this one will

But once he sees that all is right He'il go down with his toys, And fill up all the stockings Of his little girls and boys. Then with a bound he'il be off again-

Up through the chimney and over the roofs, With the patter of reindeer's hoofs.

slowly up the aisle, and mounted the He was not at all alarmed, however, the back of the seat was blowing this winding steps of the right-hand pulpit, for he was sure his father was a match and as he did so his five-year-old son, for a thousand bears. peal of desperate defiance in the brute's very face. The astonished animal shrank back in his tracks and

> sprang again into the underbrush. Lou turned to the rector with a from the white snow under the trees flushed face of triumph; and the rector rather than from the dark sky above exclaimed in a husky voice, "Thank God!" But Teddy, between his sobs, complained, "What did you do that for, Lon?'

> Lou jumped to the conclusion that her victory was complete and final; somewhat heavy road. The bells but the rector kept Jerry at his top speed and scrntinized the underwood apprehensively.

> The panther appeared again in four or five minutes, returning to the road, and leaping along some forty or fifty feet behind the sleigh. His pace was a very curious disjointed, india rubas she spoke, and glanced nervously bery spring, which rapidly closed up on the fugitives.

> Then round swung Lou's long instrument again, and at its piercing whip, and tightened the reins as a sig- cry the animal again shrank back. This time, however, he kept to the road, The horse needed no signal, but and the moment Lou paused for

"Save your breath, child," exclaimed the rector, as Lou again put the slender tube to her lips.

The animal came within twenty or thirty feet again, and then Lougreeted him with an ear-splitting blast, and he fell back. Again and again the tactics were repeated. Lou tried a thrilling cadenza; it was too much for the brute's nerves. He could not comprehere an 'Indian Devil.' But I don't hend a girl with such a penetrating think there is any real danger. It is a voice, and he could not screw up his ferocious beast, but will probably give courage to a closer investigation of the marvel.

> At last the animal seemed to resolve on a change of procedure. Plunging into the woods he made an effort to was showing signs of exhaustion, but the rector roused him to an extra spurt-and there, just ahead, was the

opening of Fillmore's settlement. "Blow, Lou, blow!" shouted the be restored.