

A birth takes place in London every four minutes.

Yale cleared nearly \$20,000 at foot ball last season and \$1,500 at baseball.

M. De Lapparent, the French geologist, estimates that all mountains will be worn down to the level of the surrounding plain in 4,500,000 years.

The representative of a Hebrew forwarding firm states that the Hebrew emigration from Russia in 1894, voluntary and assisted, amounts to about 250,000 souls.

The domestic uses of asbestos have increased wonderfully during the last few years. It is now made into paints, roofing, building material, cements, cloth, shovels, forks, sewing thread and a number of other things.

The famous Parthenon at Athens, Greece, was seriously damaged by the earthquakes of last spring, and is declared by a recent examination to be in a dangerous condition. Immediate steps are to be taken for repairing it.

Zurich, Switzerland, has an "Association of Home Owners," with a book of information on the financial standing, etc., of renters. In retaliation, the renters have now also formed a flourishing association, with a list of "bad" house owners, etc.

French colonists cost the nation about one-half of the amount of the entire trade therefrom. In 1857 the charge in the budget for the colonies was \$4,400,000 and their trade with France was \$36,000,000. In 1891 the charge had risen to \$16,400,000, while the trade had diminished to \$34,600,000.

The female staff attached to the Central Telegraph office of London are petitioning the postmaster general for a marriage portion when they retire from the service to get married. The request is not without precedent. Women typists who retire to get married after six years' service are given one month's pay for each completed year of service.

Lawyers have almost ceased to appear with the traditional green bag so inseparably connected with the bar in bygone days. With a few exceptions the members of the bar have tabooed this badge of the profession, and now cling tenaciously to the leather grip. They found that the leather was more serviceable, and much more easily carried than the unhandy cloth bag.

The New York Witness says: There are a good many unprofitable farms in New England, and other parts of the East, but they are so unnecessarily. They have been brought to this pass by attempts to grow grain in competition with the broad acres and low priced lands of the West. But they may still be profitably tilled if the owners will grow crops that do not enter into such competition.

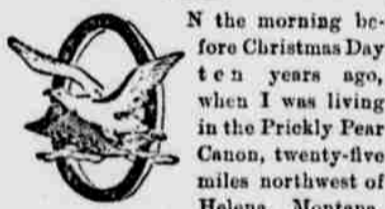
It is said that the breakwater near Plymouth, England, contains as much stone as the great pyramid, 3,800,000 tons. But who will dispute for a moment which is the more useful? asks The Presbyterian. Life with its potent forces may end in a monumental folly or produce results that shall tell for good on ages to come. Two appropriations of \$25,000 each were recently announced. In the one instance the appropriator will have a handsome tomb built for his dead body, but in the other an educational institution is to receive the money for a scholarship.

Hall Caine, the well-known English novelist whose romances of the Isle of Man have given him thousands of readers, has ventured upon the role of reformer. He has insisted, announces the San Francisco Chronicle, upon bringing out his latest story, "The Manxmen," in one volume, although it is long enough to put into the regulation three volumes. The old fashion of padding out a novel by large paper and big type appears to be near its end in England. The public demands freedom from the tyranny and greed of publishers, but there is danger that in compressing long novels into a single volume the publishers may adopt too small types. We have suffered from the same evil in many of the cheap libraries, but American publishers have demonstrated that a book of 600 pages can be printed on good paper fair-sized type and sold at \$1.50. It is this lesson which the English publisher must learn if he is to cater to the new generation, which feels a desire to own books rather than to hire them from a great circulating library.

CHRISTMAS.

Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of file and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes!
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows;
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.
He is the old folks' Christmas,
He warms their hearts like wine,
He throws their winter into spring
And makes their faces shine.
Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandmothers all around
To hear the tale he tells.
Here comes the Christmas angel,
So gentle and so calm,
As softly as the falling flakes,
He comes with flute and psalm,
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain,
To shepherd boys in Jersey
He brings good news again;
He is the young folks' Christmas;
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought,
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas angel!
All peace on earth he brings:
He gathers all the youths and maidens
Beneath his shining wings.
Here comes the little Christ-child,
All innocence and joy,
An I bearing gifts in either hand
For every girl and boy.
He tells the tender story
About the Holy Maid,
And Jesus in the manger,
Before the oxen laid,
Like any little winter bird,
He sings the sweetest song,
Till all the cherubs in the sky
To hear His carol throng;
He is the children's Christmas;
They come without a call
To gather round the gracious Child
Who bringeth joy to all.
But who shall bring their Christmas
Who wrestle still with life?
No grandmothers, youths, nor little folks,
But they who wage the strife;
The fathers and the mothers
Who fight for homes and bread,
Who watch and ward the living,
And bury all the dead.
Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide
The Lord of Christmas stands;
He smooths the furrows in the brow
With strong and tender hands.
"I take my Christmas gift," he saith,
"From thee, thou soul, and those;
Who giveth to My little ones
Giveth unto Me."
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A CHRISTMAS STEAK.



N the morning before Christmas Day ten years ago, when I was living in the Prickly Pear Canon, twenty-five miles northwest of Helena, Montana,

my wife said to me: "Charley, wouldn't it be nice if we had a venison steak, too?"

The "too" meant in addition to a turkey, a pair of chickens, a boiled ham, a plum pudding, and I don't know how many kinds of cakes and pies that she had planned for our Christmas dinner.

"Well, Nelly, as there's only yourself and the baby and me to be at dinner, I don't suppose we'd starve without a venison steak," I said, laughing. "But there'll be some fun getting a black-tailed deer."

So I took my Winchester late in the forenoon and started for the mountain, after kissing my young wife and the baby—our first. If Nelly had asked for an elephant steak, I dare say I'd have tried to get one.

She had come out to the far West with me after I had visited home in Michigan only two years before, and my pride was that she should want for nothing. We had done well from the start, and so we do yet, thanks be to God and steady work in season.

The night before I started up the canon with my rifle and hunting-knife there had been a fall of about six inches of snow. This would make it easy to track game. So I went along in good spirits, struck the foot of the mountain two miles from home, and decided to go up an immense gulch straight in front of me.

I soon reached the head of the gulch and the top of the mountain. Then I turned around on the backbone of the mountain, and went back nearly in the same direction I had come, only about a thousand feet higher. It was here I sighted my game, a fat doe, on the west side of the backbone, just on the edge of a gulch. This was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was already low.

The doe had not seen me, and I did not mean she should till I could get close enough to make sure of that steak. So I worked over on the east side of the backbone, and went along till I got right on top of a slope directly above a great wall of mountain that I had admired on the way up.

I was then watching for the doe more than for my steps, and that carelessness nearly finished me. Suddenly my feet slipped, and I went sliding down the steep mountain side.

I was not more than fairly on my back when I understood what had

happened. I had trod on the old drifts of snow which had been melted on the surface by the Chinook winds a few days previously, and had then frozen again into a hard slope of ice. This was covered by the fresh snow of the night, and so I had not noticed the danger.

The fresh snow went with me. I could not hold on by it at all; and I was making a quick trip down. The slope was about two hundred and fifty feet long. Where it stopped the straight wall began. It was about four hundred feet high. I slewed round somehow, and went heels first, then head first, flat on my back.

You may suppose I had not time to think much on the way down; but I saw a great deal. I saw Nelly and the baby all alone in the house waiting for me. I saw what I should look like after falling four hundred feet on boulders. I saw Nelly's people a thousand miles away and more, and she with the baby in her arms and without ten dollars in the bureau drawer hoping many a day and night for the bundle at the cliffs' foot to walk in alive. It was had to see all that and feel myself sliding to destruction.

As I slewed round a second time, and found myself going down on my back, feet first, I lifted my head and saw a stunted pine close ahead. My Winchester was still in my right hand; somehow I had clutched it by the muzzle. In a flash I threw out my hand, hoping to fling the gun around the little pine and stop myself; but the hammer of the gun struck the pine, and the charge was fired into me.

The bullet plowed through the muscles of my forearm, made a flash

search for the knife. It was not there. It was not in any of my pockets. I suppose it had slipped out during my head-first sliding.

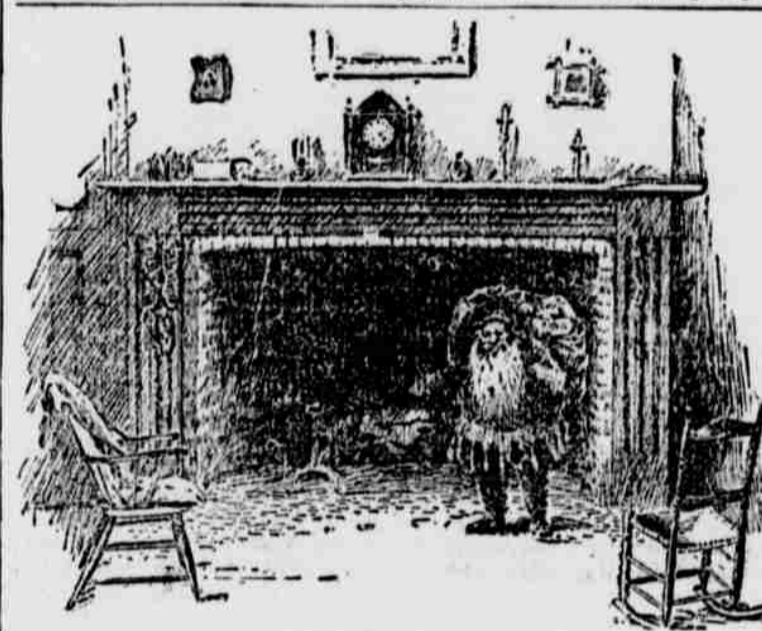
For a moment hope went out of me. Then it sprang up froth. My hunting knife! How could I have forgotten it? I put my hand to the sheath. The sheath was empty!

Now it seemed certain that I must die; so certain that the raving spirit of protest was stilled in my heart. I resigned myself to God. There was nothing to do except go mad or accept my fate, and to accept is to be calm. I think I then had the very feeling with which so many of the dying turn their faces silently to the wall when told that death is near. Evening had now come on.

To the bushes I turned my face, letting my wonderful arm which pained me little, come to the snow. With that movement of resignation my thoughts flew again distinctly to my wife and child; it was as if my soul sought communion with them for the end. Then the question as to how I should be found set me again to trouble.

I was lying on a place seldom seen by any hunter on the mountain. If I should remain there my bones would bleach perhaps for years unbound. Only the foxes and the carrion birds would visit them. They might in a season be evergreen from the bushes, and hidden forever from mortal eye.

I pictured the agony of my wife waiting in uncertainty. The shocking thought that some wicked person might persuade her that I had deserted her came into my brain. Would it not be merciful to her to rush through or to one side of the bushes and fall over the precipice?



THE OLD DAYS.

Santa Claus—"It does me good to find one of these big old-fashioned chimneys that a fellow can drop into without squeezing through narrow flues and grates till one's ribs are almost cracked. Oa, for the good old days when every chimney was a temptation to me."

wound in my right side, and cut away my cartridge belt.

I had slid about one hundred and fifty feet when this happened. The shock of the noise and the bullet stunned me, I suppose, for the next thing I knew was that I lay in a clump of small bushes.

The sun had gone down, but there was still a clear afterglow when I came to my full wits, in surprise to find myself alive. For an instant I wondered if I had dropped over the cliff. I tried to rise, and in doing so looked through the bushes.

There was nothing just in front of them. They grew on the cliff's top for about twelve feet wide along its very edge. I had nothing but these frail bushes between me and the boulders far below.

Seeing this, I trembled and crouched down. Then I noticed the blood from my wounded arm. It was dripping to the snow at the roots of the bushes, and my movements had already sprinkled many red spots around.

I lay a long time in the snow, keeping my right side to the bushes, for I feared that I should go through if I lay uphill and pressed against them with only the breadth of my feet. Then I lifted up my wounded arm, hoping to stop the flow of red. Perhaps the loss of blood had helped to break down my nerves. At any rate, I shuddered and shook, and thought I was about to faint. It seemed a great time before I could control myself sufficiently to seek for some means of escape.

But I did not look down over the cliff. It seemed that one more sight of that abyss would lure me to jump over in despair. I looked up the slope.

The track I had made was as if a very wide broom had swept snow off hard, white ice. But I reflected that this was only a thin sheet of ice covering deep snow. I could not break through the slippery crust with hand or foot; but I might cut holes in it with my pocket-knife, and climb by these.

So I put my hand in my pocket to

Below there on the boulders my body might soon be seen by some hunter, and certainly my clothing and bones would be found in the spring or sooner. But what of God? In His sight should I be guilty of suicide if I ratiocated by but a little what seemed my doom?

I half-rose in this new agony and put my right hand among the bushes, meaning to lean and peer over the cliff. Now the moon was clear. My hand struck something hard. With a loud cry of joy I found it was clutching my hunting-knife! This had slipped out of its sheath during my sliding, and lodged among the bushes.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow!" My heart was mightily cheered with the sense that He had not forsaken me. As I turned to the steep slide, and began hacking out holes for climbing I had little thought of how small was still my chance of escape.

But I was very careful, working there in the moonlight. Should my knife slip from my hand it would hardly be stopped again by the fringe of bushes. Should hands and feet fail of their hold on the slope I might slide aside from the fringe, and go over to death.

I picked and dug till I had three pairs of holes extending as far up as I could reach. Then, when I had moved my feet into the lowest of these holes, and was cutting a fourth pair at my full reach, my new strength left me suddenly. There I rested, face down, for many moments.

Again I set to work; again I drew myself up; on I went far as my strength would allow; and again exhausted forced me to rest. But now I was up twenty-five or thirty feet from the clump of bushes, and the fear that I might slip, slide down and miss them in sliding became extreme horror. I could not endure this. Very cautiously I let myself down again till I lay once more among the friendly bushes.

The tale would be long to tell how I went up again and again, each time gaining a short distance and each time

compelled to descend by the fear of losing my grip or fainting and sliding aside from the bushes. My weakness, probably from loss of blood, was such as I cannot describe to the understanding of one who has never felt like this. My limbs trembled as with an ague. And all this time I had to work with and place my main dependence on my awkward, unwounded left hand and arm.

After a long time I reached the stunted pine against which my Winchester had been exploded in my descent. Then I rested, straddling the tree, holding my arms around it and toward the cliff. Now the moon was often obscured by clouds, a strong wind had risen, and I expected a regular Montana blizzard. But it proved to be only a squall, and again I turned to my work.

To let go of the tree and turn round safely put me to agony of doubt, but I did it and lay trembling, face down, with my feet against the tree, till I found strength to hack and dig again. I can remember little of what I did after that, till at last I drew myself up and lay on top of the mountain.

For some time I could not move, and when I did stand up I doubted whether I had strength to escape, after all. My steps were feeble and my brain reeled. But still I staggered on toward Nelly and the baby. It was not till I had passed almost to the foot of the mountain, keeping always in my morning tracks, that I sank down and found myself unable to rise.

Then Nelly came. That brave little wife of mine had actually left the baby sleeping and set out all alone across the snow in the moonlight to track me. She had come two miles. She had begun to climb the mountain, when I saw her suddenly but a few yards away.

The bottle of tea she carried wrapped in a cloth was still warm when she knelt beside me, and it roused me quickly to some strength. Certainly she saved my life, for I could not have risen again, and should have been frozen to death but for her bravery. How we got home to the baby is a story I need not dwell on.

What Nelly did with all that Christmas dinner I do not know, for I was sick and senseless for more than two weeks. But in the end I was as well as before, except that I had paid a good Winchester and a belt of cartridges for a venison steak that the fat black-tailed doe continued to carry where it grew.—Youth's Companion.

The Christmas "Pound."

Two old Christmas customs that are still observed to a considerable extent in certain parts of England are those of the "yule dow," or in modern parlance "dough," and the "Christmas pound." The former is a small cake baked in the form of a little baby and intended to represent the infant Jesus. It was customary a century ago for English bakers to present one of these "yule dows" to every customer, but this gift is now made only to children.

The "Christmas pound" consists of a pound or half pound of raisins or currants which grocers present to their regular patrons for a Christmas pudding. The latter custom is now principally confined to the town of Ripon, in Yorkshire.

Though the term "Christmas box" is not applied in America as it is in England to the gratuities which are expected and even demanded at the Christmas season by the letter-carrier, the milkman, the butcher's boy, the district messenger and other equally useful and indispensable members of society, yet the custom of giving them has come to be nearly as general in the one country as in the other.

With us these donations are usually expected before Christmas, or on the morning of that day at the latest, but in England they are not levied until the following day—December 26. Then all who expected them go about and collect them in person, and from this collection of "Christmas boxes" the day after Christmas is known as "boxing day" and its night as "boxing night."

The origin of the term "Christmas box" as applied to donations of Christmas spending money is uncertain, though antiquarians generally seem to think that it was derived from the custom of placing money for masses to be said or sung on Christmas Day—therefore "Christ-masses"—in a box, which from this use was called a Christmas box, a term gradually corrupted to Christmas box, and finally applied to all money given as a Christmas gratuity.

The Festivity Not Yet Complete.
Tommy—"Come on out at play."
Eddy—"I can't."
Tommy—"Why not?"
Eddy—"I got some Christmas things wot I ain't broke yet."

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

EPICURIANISM IN TEA.

The tea epicure drinks only the upper layers of the clear amber liquid and throws away the rest before having the cup refilled, and according to his belief tea should never be made in metal, but in porcelain or in the cup from which it is drunk. Tea to attain its most nectar-like quality should be steeped for three minutes in boiling water, but on no account boil. The Chinese think that either sugar or milk ruins the flavor of tea.—New York World.

RETURN OF BED DRAPERY.

If the revival of old fashions keeps on one may soon expect to be sleeping in a four-post bedstead, since already the canopies known to our grandmothers are quite the thing. Nothing can be prettier in a country house than a room in which all the accessories are of sheer muslin, finished only with a ruffle. While heavy bed curtains may be unhealthy, there can be no possible objection to the airy canopy of dotted muslin that may be freshened up as often as the owner wishes and which imparts such an inviting air to a pretty bed.

Any one who can use a hammer or screw-driver can make the frame for a canopy. A rod or pole of wood, such as is sold for hanging portiers, is braced to the wall by two pieces of wood. A brass ball finishes the end. A long ruffled piece of dotted muslin is thrown over the rod and is drawn down at each side, where it is held in place by ribbon bows fastened to a hook set in the wall.

Another simple way of suspending a canopy is by a nickel chain suspended from a hook in the ceiling at the end of which is a large ring. The canopy was made of blue and white heechima crepe, which is drawn through the ring, then back over the headboard of the bed, falling down at the sides, where it is fastened to the headboard by rosettes of blue ribbon.

Another lovely canopy was of pale green mull lined with white, caught up by a large rosette. The bed was an old-fashioned one, which had been given a coat of green enamel and touched up with gold.

Cheese-cloth makes pretty drapery, as it falls in soft folds and can be found in many desirable light tints.—New York Advertiser.

CELERY IS BRAIN FOOD.

Celery is fast taking a prominent place among our vegetables, but even yet does not receive the attention that its merits demand. As an article of food for those who suffer from rheumatism, nervousness and some forms of dyspepsia, it is invaluable. It is one of our finest esculents, and once its merits are fully known, it will become a staple instead of a luxury upon our tables. No part of the plant need be wasted.

Celery greens—Wash the blanched and unblanched leaves of celery and boil in salted water until tender. Drain, press and chop lightly. Season with butter, pepper and salt and send to table hot.

Celery toast—Cut the celery in small bits and boil until tender. Drain off the water and mash the celery. Put it in the saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter heated; season with pepper and salt. Put a teaspoonful on each square of toast and send to table hot, with thickened milk in separate dish.

Celery cream soup—Boil one cup of rice in two pints of sweet milk and one pint of cream. Rub it through a sieve. Grate the blanched parts of three heads of celery and add it to the rice and milk. Add one quart of white stock and boil it until the celery is tender. Season with salt and red pepper and serve hot.

Celery should lie in cold water three or four hours before using to crisp it. It should be served with bread and butter, and with cut cheese in a small dish, garnished if necessary, with parsley. It is said that the odor of onions may be removed from the breath by partaking of raw celery, and from the hands by rubbing them, with the leaves or stalks.—New York Press.

Celery Mayonnaise.—Cut the celery into inch bits and these into strips. Put in a salad bowl and pour over it a plain salad dressing of vinegar and oil. Drain this off and cover the celery with mayonnaise sauce as follows: Two eggs, one-half teaspoonful raw mustard mixed with vinegar, mix in oil drop by drop until the mixture is thick. Add the yolks of two eggs well beaten and the juice of one lemon and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Keep on ice until ready to serve, then pour it over the celery and send it to table at once.