THE TRUE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

Among the golden tales of youth,
There's none so vague and yet so dear
As that of good old Santa Claus
Who brings the children Christmas cheer;
He skims the clear and frosty air,
He fills the stockings long and white,
He blinks within the hearthstone's glow,
Laughs, and is off into the night.

I am no child yet still I love
Above all saints old Santa Claus,
For he has simmered down to one
The countless ages' many laws;
"Do good," is all his testament,
"Be good," is all it at he commands;
He fills the stockings with the seeds,
And leaves the fruit to human hands.

Oh dear, oh kind old Santa Claus!
We know his moods and methods well,
But where was born or where doth live
No man of many minds can tell;
But once a year we hear his sledge
But once a year his chirrup clear,
The good old boy, I've found him out;
He's born near Christmas once a year.

I peeped one day, not o'er a roof,
Nor in a chimney's yawning mouth,
Where blasts of Arctic currents melt
Before a warm wind from the south;
I peeped with eye alert and keen
Into a far-off secret room
Where gathered silent, quaint-dressed men
Within a strange and twilight gloom.

There was a table, long and broad,
Bearing a pot of shape antique,
Over whose brown and rugged side
Drooped long, dark shreds of old Perique:
Before each quaint man lay a pipe
A yard perhaps in length or more;
A rooster crowed and each man tapped
His long-stemmed pipe upon the floor.

The long shreds faded into smoke,
A blue cloud to the ceiling soared,
A subtle essence tickled all
The full-ripe noses 'round the board;
It seemed as if a pair of eyes,
Lack-luster, dim and without gaze,
Peered from their overhanging brows
Out of the shifting, dreamy haze.

And then before each quaint-dressed man
As if by magic there appeared
A glass of Hollands, sweet and white,
That dewed each long and streaming beard.
Two rows of eyes turned to the sky,
Two rows of gurgles stirred the smoke,
And with the spirit thus endowed
St. Nicholas through the ceiling broke.

And thus St. Nicholas was born
Of fragrant Hollands and the weed;
He sped away, and from each man
There came a softly-sighed "God speed!
Then they, too, left the dim, low room,
And each one slowly went his way;
But if they knew what they had done
There's no man living that can say.

For when at Christmas time the child
Clasps arms about his father's knee,
Old Santa Claus' disciple says,
"Be sure, my dear, it was not me."
And this disciple is not dressed
In old quaint clothes, with nose red-ripe,
Nor does he bear in his hand
A glass of Hollands and a pipe.

OVER THE CHRISTMAS SNOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

Hark the herald! angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!

rang out from the choir, and the organist, a slender, pale-faced girl, with grave, beautiful brown eyes, joined in the anthems, all her soul in the triumphal words:

Joyful all your voices rise,
Sing the anthem of the skies;
With the celestial hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

It was the last of the rehearsal. The choristers threw down their books, only too glad to get away. The organist alone remained, to play over once more a new voluntary.

"Good night, Miss Englehart." "Good night, Miss Katherine!" "Good night, Katie, and a merry Christmas eve," were the cries, as, one by one, men and maids left the choir, and went down the stairs and out into the bright, white Christmas night.

Miss Englehart's smiling lips and gentle brown eyes answered them all. A moment and she was alone, only the white, piercing moonlight streaming through the painted oriel over the altar, and the one dim light below. A flare of gas lit the organ loft, but this she lowered, and with rapt face and dreamy eyes she played over and over again the jubilant new voluntary. She might have gone on for hours—she was quite capable of it—but a piteous yawn from the boy at the bellows recalled her from heaven to earth.

"Oh!" she said, stopping suddenly, with a half laugh. "I had forgotten you, Jimmy. Well, I won't play any more; and here, take this for your Christmas box."

Jimmy jumped up and seized the proffered greenback with glistening eyes.

"Thanky, Miss Katie—merry Christmas, please ma'am," cried the boy, seizing his cap. "Ah! she's a brick, *she* is," said Jimmy to himself, as he clattered down the steep stairway. "Nobody among all the singers ever thinks of the boy what blows the bellowses, 'cept her. Don't I just hope she won't marry that long-legged rooster that 'scorts her there sometimes, and leave the choir for good."

Still a few minutes longer lingered Miss Englehart on her knees; then she, too, hurried down the stairway and out into the shining coldness of the starry December night. High and white and cold lay the Christmas snow. No "green yule" this to make fat the kirkyard. Cloudless and blue spread the sky, filled with sparkling Christmas stars. Could that other night, so long ago, when the shepherd watched his flock in the green Galilee hills, "and the glory of the Lord shone around them," have been one whit fairer than this?

"Katie."

With a great start the girl came back over eighteen centuries, from Bethlehem to the town of Southport. A tall man had started up in her path, and spoke her name.

"You—papa!" the girl said, in doubt and surprise, the color that had arisen to her face fading out.

"I—Katie." He drew her hand under his arm with a laugh. "Did you think it was Harry Hatton? Well, it is almost as good, for I have come to talk to you of him."

Miss Englehart looked up—a sudden trouble in her brown, tender eyes.

"I thought you had done talking of him, papa," she said, a tremble in her voice. "I thought yesterday had finished the subject forever."

"Let me see. What was it I did say, yesterday?" says Mr. Englehart, blandly. "Ah! I remember! that my stiff-necked, doting old client, John Hatton, had made up his senile mind to forgive his runaway daughter and disinherit Harry. Under these circumstances, I very naturally told you that you were to meet Harry no more. You're a good girl, Katie—a very good girl!"—Mr. Englehart pats paternally the little hand on his arm—"and at any sacrifice to yourself you would have obeyed me, I am sure. My dear, it affords me great pleasure to inform you the sacrifice will not be required."

"Papa!" the girl cries, her whole face lighting up, "you will let me marry Harry, poor as he is. Oh, papa! I am not afraid of poverty—not afraid of work; neither is Harry, and—"

"Oh, pooh! my dear, pooh! nothing of the kind. My opinion on that point has never changed, and never will. No. no, it is something infinitely better than that. Old Hatton died suddenly last night, before making the proposed new will, and all is Harry's."

Katherine Englehart uttered a faint, startled exclamation.

"And the old will, leaving all to Harry, stands, and his only daughter is disinherited and left out."

"Left without a stiver, my dear, and serves her right, say I. She ran away with a worthless scamp, against her father's will, and, like all fools, has paid the penalty of her folly. She supports herself and her five children by sewing, so I have been told, and you know what sort of support *that* means. Serves her right, I say again. John Hatton has done what it was his duty to do—what I would have done in his place—cast her off and left her to starve with the pauper she chose."

In the moonlight the face of Miss Englehart grows white as the snow itself, but she walks on and does not say a word.

"However," cries her father, cheerfully, "that is not what I want to say. Rose Hatton's case need never be yours. All is Harry's, and, except his poverty, I never had any objection to Harry as a son-in-law. So when he comes to wish you merry Christmas, my dear Katie, I give you leave to name the day."

A strange light comes into the brown eyes; a strangely resolute expression sets the pretty, soft-cut mouth.

"Is he coming to-night, papa?"

"You will find him, I have not the slightest doubt, at the house before you. It would be hypocrisy for him to profess any grief for that old skinflint uncle, and Harry is no hypocrite."

"You have seen him since his uncle's death?"

"Certainly, Katie, and was the first to congratulate him. 'I trust you withdraw your objections to my suit now, sir!' he says to me, in his haughty way; 'I am John Hatton's heir after all!' A trifle hot-headed is Harry, but a good fellow in the main—oh! a very good fellow! I have no doubt, Katie, he will make you an excellent husband."

"He means to keep this fortune, then?" his daughter says, and says it in so odd a voice that her father looks at her, puzzled.

"Keep it? What do you mean? What should he do but keep it? By George! I should think he *did* mean to keep it—a cool hundred thousand, if a dollar! May I ask what you mean by the question?"

"Not now, papa, please; I will see Harry first," she answers, in the same strange voice—a very quiet voice, though it startles her father.

"Look here, my girl," he says, sternly, "I know you of old—know your high-drawn, Quixotic notions about things in general, and points of honor and conscience in particular. I warn you, don't let us have any of them here, if you want to be Harry Hatton's wife. The lad has come fairly by his fortune—let him keep it in peace."

They are at the house with the last words—words harshly and menacingly spoken. They go together into the parlor, and there, as Mr. Englehart has predicted, they find young Hatton alone. A tall and proper fellow, this Harry Hatton, with a handsome face, and eager, happy eyes.

"At last," he cries, coming forward, both hands outstretched, "just as patience was ceasing to be a virtue. Thank you for bringing her, Mr. Englehart. Come to the register, Katie, and warm those cold little paws. Has our stately papa been telling you the good news?"

He draws her forward, eyes, smile, all alight with love and joy. Last night he was in despair—last night this cozy parlor had been forbidden ground. Sorrow and weeping had endured for the night, but joy had come with the morning. This time yesterday he had been a beggar, and Katie had been refused him—to-night he was a rich man, and Katie might be his for the asking. Papa Englehart, after a genial, father-in-law sort of nod, had slipped away and left them together.

"Why don't you speak, little girl?" cries jubilant Harry, "or has the power of speech been frozen within you? Wish me merry Christmas, Katie, and congratulate me on my capital fortune."

She looks up at him with eyes full of wistful love.

"I wish you merry Christmas with all my heart, Harry; but congratulate you on what?"

"Why, hasn't the dear old dad been telling you? Then wonders will never cease. Oh, pshaw! Of course he has told you that my uncle is dead?"

"Poor old Mr. Hatton—yes, I know he is dead."

"And all is mine, Katie, all. And next April the old house shall have a new mistress, and Harry Hatton shall have a new wife. Why don't you speak? Why don't you smile? What is the matter with you to-night?"

"Harry, you mean to keep this inheritance?"

"Keep it? Harry looks at her in wonder. "By Jove, what a question! What should I do with it but keep it?"

"Resign it to Rose Hatton—Mrs. Andrews now—to whom it rightfully belongs."

"A most likely idea, and quite worthy of Katie Englehart. I have had poverty and hard work for seven-and-twenty years, and now when the golden shower falls in my arms I am to resign it to Rose Andrews and her drunken brute of a husband! No, no, Katie; in the nineteenth century men keep all they get, and they ask for more."

"So I perceive," she says, quietly, though she is trembling as she stands. She draws a ring off her finger and lays it on the table before him. "Our engagement ends to-night, then, Mr. Hatton. Here is your ring."

He stands gazing at her, utterly bewildered.

"Katie," he exclaims, "you don't mean this?"

"I mean it, Harry. If papa had let me, I would have been your wife in your poverty—oh, so gladly—and worked for you and with you with all my heart; but now—now that you take the portion of that woman—worse than widowed—of those children, worse than fatherless—I would die first."

The gentle eyes flashed, into the pale cheeks an indignant glow leaped, and the soft, tender voice rang out as he had never heard it before.

"But this is all nonsense, Katie," he cried impatiently; "sheer nonsense! ask your father"—a smile crossed Katie's lips—"ask anybody if this money is not fairly mine. Rose Hatton, a headstrong, obstinate school-girl, elopes with a scoundrel who only seeks her father's money, and she is disinherited, as she deserved. I am his sister's son, and to me what she resigned has fallen."

"Her father forgave her before he died, and would have made another will if another day had been given him."

"Look here, Katie," says Hatton, still impatiently; "I will seek out my cousin, Rosie, and, if she leaves her beast of a husband, I'll provide for her and the little ones. Will that satisfy you?"

"I knew Rose Hatton," Katie answers. "She was proud and obstinate, and would die of starvation sooner than accept as charity what is hers by right."

He comes close and stands before her, his eyes flashing angrily.

"I must either choose between resigning you or my uncle's future?"

"You must."

"If I resign it, I am a pauper as before, and your father will order me from his doors. You will not disobey your father, so in either case I am to lose you."

"I love you, Harry," she says with a gasp. "I would wait—"

"Thank you," he says with a short laugh; "that is poor consolation. You are a woman, and waiting may be easy to you. I am a man and don't choose to wait. Since I must lose you in any case, I'll not lose my money as well. Good night, Miss Englehart; I wish you a very merry Christmas."

"Harry!" she cries. But he is gone—gone in a fine fury, banging the street door after him—and it is her father, white with passion, who stands before her.

* * * * * * *

Twice the Christmas tide has come and gone—twice the joyful anthem of "Peace on Earth, to Men Good Will," has sounded down the stately aisles of St. Philip's, and the third time is here. Once more it is Christmas eve; once more altar and pulpit are wreathed with evergreens; once more the voices of the choristers rise to the vaulted roof; once more the slender, pale-faced, brown-eyed organist sits at her post, her white fingers evoking wondrous music from those pearl keys. But the face has a graver beauty, the dark eyes a sadder light than of old, and for the silks and sables of other days her dress is deepest mourning, plain of make and poor of texture.

The last piece is sung—something grand and old, and triumphant; and "good night, Miss Englehart," one and all cry, as they flutter away and down the stairs. She smiles her farewell, but lingers after they have gone, as is her custom; and as her hands float over the keys, and her eyes rest on the music, she is thinking of another Christmas eve, three years ago, and of her father and lover who stood by her side that night.

She has lost them both—the lover then, never to hear of or see since; the father one year ago. A great financial crisis had come—had involved shrewd Lawyer Englehart, and swamped him. He had broken down under the blow, and in less than three months after he was dead and buried. He had never forgiven Katie her refusal of Harry Hatton; he did not forgive her even on his death-bed.

"If you had not been a fool with your scruples and whims," he had said to her, bitterly, "you need not have been a beggar to-day. Harry Hatton is married long ago, no doubt, to some wiser woman, and when I'm gone you may earn your living as best you may."

They had buried him, and Katherine had earned her living bravely and well. For years she had played the organ of St. Philip's as a labor of love. Now it became a labor of necessity. Her salary as organist and half a dozen piano pupils gave her all she needed, and life went on, somehow, and Christmas had come again.

She dreaded Christmas—the old pain and struggle seemed to come back afresh. She did not regret what she had done. Better loneliness and poverty than ill-gotten gain—better lose her lover forever than become the wife of a man capable of wronging the living and the dead. She had lost him, but she had not ceased to love him. While she deplored his sins, her pure prayers followed him in his reckless wanderings over the world.

She left the organ at last, and slowly quitted the church. Unlike that other Christmas, no moon nor stars shone. White, soft, ceaselessly the snow fell. She put up her umbrella and hurried home—the home of a boarding-house—took her belated and solitary supper, and ran up to her own little sitting-room. A fire burned in a grate, and her piano—sole relic of former splendor—stood open with some new music upon it. Before sitting down to her long practice she went to the window and looked out. All the world was white and still and ghostly, and faster and faster the snow was falling. As she stood the tall, dark figure of a man opened the gate and came plowing through the snow to the front door.

"One of the boarders," she thought, "belated as I was. How cross Mrs. White will be?"

She left the window and went to the piano. Before she commenced her practice, and half unconsciously, she began softly to sing the old anthem:

Hark the herald! angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.
Peace on earth—and mercy mild.
God and sinners reconciled.

Then she stopped, conscious that the door had opened, and that the intruder did not advance.

"Come in," she said, "and shut the door, please; there is a draught—"

She stopped with a low cry, but he took her at her word, shut the door, and came forward.

"I have come back, Katie," he said. "Will you forgive me and shake hands?"

He took both hers without waiting for leave, and held them fast.

"I only reached America yesterday," he went on. "All these years I have been in Europe, trying to forget you and be happy, and I have neither forgotten you nor been happy. You were right, and I was wrong. I have come back to tell you so, and to ask you if you have forgotton me."

"Forgotten you?" she repeats, almost with a sob. "Oh, my Harry! my Harry!"

"I am no longer rich," he says. "Rosie and the little ones are at the old homestead, and the drunken husband has drunk himself to death. I tried to palter with my duty, Katie, before I went away—I sought out Rose and proffered her a portion of her father's fortune. She was proud, as you told me she would be, and refused it with scorn. 'I am poor,' she said, 'almost starving, but I will not take as a favor from you, Harry Hatton, that which is my right. Keep all or give all!' I kept all, Kate, and, if I could have forgotten you, might have kept all to the end. But I love you so well, my Katie, that I ask nothing but you for the rest of my life. We will be poor, but we will be together. Say you forgive me, Katie; you have not said it yet."

She said it then, holding him close, her happy tears moistening his already-damp coat-collar.

"You and I are to spend Christmas day with Rose," he says, presently, that first transport over. "She's a jolly little soul as ever lived, in spite of all her troubles, and right glad to have done with matrimony forever. Who knows but that, after eight years of it, you may echo her sentiment!"

"I think I will risk it, though," says Miss Englehart, looking at him, handsome, and big, and brown, with adoring eyes. "Oh, Harry! to think I did not know you, striding through the snow up to the gate. I was just thinking, with ever so little of a pang, that no gift would be mine this year, while all the time the best and dearest of all Christmas boxes was coming to me over the snow."

"Christmas has brought you your lover, and New Year shall bring you your husband," said Harry.

And New Year *did*.

An Old Preacher's Retort.

A correspondent of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* relates the following anecdote: "I am reminded of an anecdote told many years ago, of the father of your present Governor, Walter T. Colquitt, and the celebrated James Rockmore, both of whom I knew well. The former was a lawyer and Methodist preacher and the latter a minister of the Primitive Baptist persuasion, and quite as much of an oracle among his brethren as was Mr. Colquitt. Mr. Colquitt, going to his appointment to preach on Sunday, stopped by the wayside and went into an orchard to eat some peaches, having permission from the owner. Rockmore rode by on his way to his meeting, and bawled out: 'Never mind, Colquitt; I'll bear witness in heaven against you for stealing those peaches.' 'Hold on,' said Colquitt, drawing a blank book and pencil from his pocket, 'let me take your interrogatories; you won't be there.'"

FARM NOTES.

Hints About Winter Farm Work.

[From the American Agriculturist for December.]

The close of the year is usually an interesting period to the farmer, but the end of the present one is especially so. For some years past, there has not been much to encourage farmers in their work, except, perhaps, the general feeling, that "bad times" could not last forever, and at length a change must come. After many seasons of patient waiting, the looked-for change has arrived, and as we go through our barns and granaries, and consult our accounts, we may find that our work this present year has repaid us for many past poor ones. There are exceptions here, as in all other business. Until recently, dairying was discouraging indeed, but, with the advance in prices to more than double the rates current only three months ago, cheerfulness has succeeded to despondency.

The promise for the next year is very encouraging; a greatly increased breadth of wheat has been sown, and the weather has been favorable for its growth. Indeed, in some cases, the wheat and rye are too vigorous, and if warm weather occurs with rains this month the growth may be too luxuriant.

Fodder Stacks.—As a precaution against rain and melting snow, the tops of fodder-stacks may be covered with a few sheaves of long straw, tightly bound about the top of the stack, or to a stake thrust down into the center for a few feet.

Top Dressing.—If manure is needed for winter grain now is the time to apply it. It may be used fresh and coarse without losing much in value. Every straw spread over the wheat is of great benefit. Mulching is a protection against extremes of both heat and cold, and preserves the crop during sudden and severe changes of the weather.

Pasturing Fall Grain.—If the fall grain is in danger of jointing it should be pastured without delay. It is often a great help to the wheat or rye to let sheep or calves upon it. They eat down luxurious growth and tread the soil firmly about the roots. If no other stock are available for this purpose cows may be let into the winter grain fields.

Potatoes and Roots.—Pits and cellars should be examined as to the condition of the contents. If too warm, ample ventilation must be given at once. A freezing temperature will not injure roots or potatoes if they are exposed to it but a short time. If they are found too warm in the cellar, the heaps should be turned over and well aired. The best temperature is one just above the freezing point.

The Leisure of Winter.—While there is always something to do about a farm, the winter season offers considerable leisure for the farmer. For the best use of this time nothing can be more profitable than to procure and use a small select library of books of an instructive kind. To read for amusement only is not recommended, because information of a valuable kind can be procured in such a form as to be interesting and agreeable.

Surface Drains.—If not already made, ample drains should be provided to free the fields from surface water. Drains that have been plowed out may need clearing in places with spade or hoe, that the water may pass off readily. In laying out open drains the slopes should be so made that the water will no flow off too rapidly—with a gentle inclination only; in this case much of the water will soak into the soil, and will not wash away either the soil or any manure that is on the slopes.

Swamp Muck.—Where there is a supply of swamp muck, as much of it as convenient may be usefully spread over the yards, pens and stables as an absorbent. If swamp muck contains 2 per cent. of nitrogen—some has been found to contain even more—a ton is worth $10 for this ingredient alone at its market price. No ordinary stable manure is so rich in nitrogen as that. A muck bed may well be said to be invaluable, for one acre, three feet deep, furnishes 2,500 tons, having a value, at the above figures, equal to $25,000.

Management of Manure.—The barnyard is the field for winter work. Much may be done here by skillful management. Manure, so long as it is frozen, remains unchanged, and the preparation of the manure in the best manner for use in the spring makes no progress. Make a central heap in the yard, and by means of a few planks and a wheelbarrow move the manure from the stable each day to this heap. If the heap is built up square and made four feet high it will keep warm in the coldest weather, and while warm it will ferment and rot.

Turning Manure.—A large heap may be turned by beginning at each end and throwing off the manure to a distance of about three feet; gradually move it from each end, until there are two heaps. After the manure has remained in this way for a few weeks, replace the two heaps, making one heap again, thus turning the manure very thoroughly twice. In turning, the manure should be shaken thoroughly apart, and all the lumps broken. Two loads of manure so treated do as much immediate good as will three of coarse, lumpy stuff.

The Granary and Cribs.—A large quantity of grain is stored, awaiting higher prices. This may be wise or otherwise. One thing to be considered is the loss by shrinkage and wastes in the granary and crib. Wheat in the granary is subject to injury by the weevil and the grain moth. This damage may be prevented to some extent by shifting the grain and running it through the fanning-mill. Corn cribs are almost always infested by rats and mice. A vermin-proof crib may be made by covering the posts and lower corners with tin or sheet-iron, which may be painted for preservation. The loss by these causes will average 18 per cent., and often more, of the value of the grain, but it may be in part or wholly avoided by care and precaution.

Ice Ponds.—Every house and dairy, however small the latter may be, should have a supply of ice. If there is no pond, a small stream may be dammed and the water backed up, to make a pond. A considerable supply may be procured by making of boards a large box a foot deep, similar to a mortar bed, and claying the joints. If this is filled with water, in cold weather, an exposure of two or three days will be sufficient to make a cake of ice, which may be put up in this shape with little trouble. A large block of ice has been made in the house itself, by making a frame of boards in the center, and gradually filling it up, so that the water freezes solidly each night. Additions in height are made to the frame as required, and the sawdust is packed around it. In this way a solid block of ice, ten feet each way, weighing over thirty tons, has been made during the winter by means of a hose from a pump. Such a block of ice wastes very little in the summer.

Mixed Those Items Up.

A ludicrous transposition occurred in the make-up of a couple of telegraphic items in the New Haven *Journal and Courier* the other day which produced the following effect: "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving 900 times per minute, exploded in that city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty-second-degree Mason." This was followed by the second item, which read: "John Fadden, the well-known florist and real-estate broker of Newport, R. I., died in Wardner & Russell's sugar mill, at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing $3,000 damage to the building and injuring several workmen, and Lorenzo Wilcox fatally."

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

THIN GINGERBREAD.—Boil one quart molasses twenty minutes; add immediately one table-spoonful soda, one cup of butter, ginger to taste, flour to make a paste to roll.

CUP CAKE.—A cup and a half of sugar, half cup each of milk and butter, three eggs, a little over two cups of flour, a cup of currants, teaspoonful cream tartar, half teaspoonful soda; spice with nutmeg, as you prefer.

CRANBERRY DUMPLING.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted together; mix into a soft dough with sweet milk; roll the dough out very thin in oblong shapes, and spread over it one quart of cranberries, picked and washed clean; add half a pound of sugar, sprinkled evenly; fold over and over, then tie in a pudding-cloth and put into a steamer, where let it cook over a steady fire for one hour, with faith, never looking into the pot. Serve with sweet wine sauce.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take one cake of dry yeast, such as you get at the grocer's—I like it better than the compressed yeast—dissolve in a cupful of warm water, and make a batter of wheat flour in a bowl, about 4 o'clock, and set in a warm place until evening; then take one quart warm water, large spoonful of salt, and make your batter or sponge, also with wheat flour, and cover in a warm place until morning; then put in two table spoonfuls of molasses, and make up your dough with your hands with Graham flour; now stand again to rise until light, when it is to be made into loaves and let stand until very light, and bake.

FRENCH PANCAKES.—Ingredients: Two eggs, one-half pint milk, two ounces granulated sugar, two ounces butter, flour and jelly. (1) Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; (2) beat the eggs separately, the yelks to a cream, and the whites to a froth, and add the yelks to the butter and sugar; (3) stir the milk into these ingredients; (4) butter six tin pie plates; (5) sift two ounces of flour with a teaspoonful of baking powder, and stir it quickly into the above-named mixture, with the whites of the eggs; put the butter quickly upon the buttered plates, and bake the pancakes brown in a quick oven; (6) dust them with powdered sugar, lay them one over the other, with a little jelly between; dust the top with sugar, and serve them hot.

CORN MUFFINS.—Take one quart of milk and let it come to a boiling heat, but do not let it boil; then let it stand until lukewarm; then stir in two cups of yellow Indian meal and one of flour; make this about as thick as sponge for bread; dissolve a small cake of compressed yeast and add to it; let this stand for one hour to rise; in that time it will be very light; then add one heaping table-spoonful of powdered sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cup of melted butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda; stir this well together, and have the muffin-rings hot and well greased with good butter, as poor would give the muffin a disagreeable taste; let them stand for fifteen minutes; then put in a moderate oven to bake; it will require one-half hour to bake them. This receipt makes two dozen of muffins.

HORSE-POWER is a unit of force introduced by Watt to enable him to determine what size of engine to send to his customers to supersede the number of horses which the new power was to replace. In modern practice it refers rather to the size of the cylinder than to the power exerted, and the value of the unit has been so varied that a horse-power may imply 52,000 pounds or 60,000 pounds raised one foot high per minute.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER's declaration of his belief that there is no "eternal punishment." for the wicked, and that there are no lost souls, has created much excitement in orthodox circles.

THE Presbytery of Colorado has taken up mission work among the Mexicans, of whom there are over 20,000 in the State.

A Gentle Stimulus

Is imparted to the kidneys and bladder by Hostetter's Bitters, which is most usefulin overcoming torpidity of these organs. Besides infusing more activity into them, this excellent tonic endows them with additional vigor and enables them the better to undergo the wear and tear of the discharging function imposed upon them by nature. Moreover, as they are the channel for the escape of certain impurities from the blood, it increases their usefulness by strengthening and healthfully stimulating them. In certain morbid conditions of these important organs, they fall into a sluggish state, which is the usual precursor of disease. What then can be of greater service than a medicine which impels them to a greater activity when slothful? Ne maladies are more perilous than those which affect the kidneys; and a medicine which averts the peril should be highly esteemed.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. 25 cts. a box.

DEALERS will, of course, often recommend an organ as best because they have it to sell, or can make more on it. But it has been demonstrated at all world's exhibitions for twelve years that those made by the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. excel all others.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
BEEVES	$6 50	@10 25
HOGS	4 80	@ 5 00
COTTON	13	@ 13¼
FLOUR—Superfine	5 50	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2	1 45	@ 1 53
CORN—Western Mixed	62	@ 65
OATS—Mixed	50	@ 53
RYE—Western	91	@ 93
PORK—Mess	12 75	@13 00
LARD	8	@ 8¼
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 60	@ 5 25
Cows and Heifers	2 20	@ 3 25
Medium to Fair	4 00	@ 4 25
HOGS	3 75	@ 4 85
FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex.	6 50	@ 7 00
Good to Choice Spring Ex.	5 75	@ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	1 29	@ 1 30
No. 3 Spring	1 14	@ 1 15
CORN—No. 2	41	@ 42
OATS—No 2	34	@ 35
RYE—No. 2	78	@ 79
BARLEY—No. 2	88	@ 90
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	27	@ 30
EGGS—Fresh	19	@ 20
PORK—Mess	12 50	@13 25
LARD	7½	@ 7¾
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 1	1 30	@ 1 31
No. 2	1 29	@ 1 30
CORN—No. 2	41	@ 42
OATS—No. 2	34	@ 35
RYE—No. 1	78	@ 79
BARLEY—No. 2	75	@ 76
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 34	@ 1 35
CORN—Mixed	36	@ 37
OATS—No. 2	38	@ 39
RYE	79	@ 80
PORK—Mess	13 25	@13 50
LARD	7½	@ 7¾
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 33	@ 1 36
CORN	41	@ 45
OATS	39	@ 41
RYE	93	@ 95
PORK—Mess	13 25	@13 50
LARD	7½	@ 7¾
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 40	@ 1 41
No. 2 Red	1 41	@ 1 42
CORN—No. 2	44	@ 45
OATS—No. 2	41	@ 42
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	6 50	@ 7 75
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 38	@ 1 39
No. 1 Amber	1 35	@ 1 37
CORN—No. 1	45	@ 48
OATS—Mixed	38	@ 39
BARLEY (per central)	1 20	@ 1 50
PORK—Mess	13 75	@14 00
EAST LIBERTY, PA.		
CATTLE—Best	4 90	@ 5 25
Fair	3 75	@ 4 75
Common	3 00	@ 3 50
HOGS	4 40	@ 4 90
SHEEP	3 75	@ 4 50

A Handsome Holiday Present.

A STEM-WINDING ELGIN WATCH, in a two-and-a-half ounce coin-silver case, either hunting or open face, and the best story paper in the country one year, postpaid, for $10.50. Sample of paper free. Address THE LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

Economy in Fuel.

Especial attention is invited to the advertisement of the WALKER HEAT MULTIPLIER, in this issue. Any device which saves fuel is a national blessing, particularly at this season.

Wanted.

Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an agent in this county at once, at a salary of $140 per month and expenses paid. For full particulars address as above.

NO FAILURES ARE RECORDED of the famous outward specific, HENNEY'S CARBOLIC SALVE. It is invariably successful in healing sores, curing eruptions, removing proud flesh, and overcoming suppuration and inflammation. These sanative results it accomplishes without leaving any scar or discoloration of the skin. As a local application for Chronic Rheumatism, sore throat and tightness of the chest, it is also highly spoken of. Sold by all Druggists.

FOR one cent purchase a postal card and send your address to Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York, and receive pamphlets by return mail, from which you can learn whether your liver is out of order, and, if out of order or in any way diseased, what is the best thing in the world to take for it.

IF you wish to save one pair of boots every year, get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener applied to them while they are new.

YOUNG men go west. Learn telegraphy. Address R. VALENTINE, Manager, Janesville, Wis.

CREW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

POOR, emaciated, bed-ridden invalids can be restored to robust and blooming health with Hop Bitters, and no one need be out of health if they will only use them freely. Ask your druggist or physician.

THE New York *Tribune*, in its market report a short time since, explained why some butter was sold at low prices. It said: "Light-colored goods are very hard to dispose of, and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents." If butter makers would get the top price, they should use the Perfected Butter Color, made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives a pure dandelion color, and never turns red or rancid, but improves and preserves the butter.

GUNS Revolvers, Catalogue free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.
$3300 A YEAR. How to Make it. New Agents Goods. COE & YONGE, St. Louis, Mo.
$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.
BIG PAY—With Stencil Outfits. What costs 4 cts. sells rapidly for 50 cts. Catalogue free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Wash'n St., Boston, Mass.
KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief Price 35 cts. ASTHMA by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.
OPIUM HABIT & SKIN DISEASES. Thousands cured. Lowest Prices. Do not fail to write. Dr. F. E. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.
Shakspeare's Complete Works and Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly*, 1 year for $1. Sample copy *free*. Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., N.Y.

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YOUNG MAN OR OLD, if you want a mustache, whiskers, beard or a head of hair on bald heads, or to thicken, strengthen and invigorate the hair any where, don't be humbugged, but send only $1.0 cents for the Great Oriental Discovery. Address DR. GONZALEY Box 1856, Boston, Mass. *It never fails.*

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