

After Christmas.

KATE C. HUTCHINS.
The longed for day is come and gone,
With all its mirth and noise,
And now the little ones have fun
In breaking up their Christmas toys.
The stockings that so lately seemed
Bursting with their gaily store
Are now stretched out in dismal lengths
Upon the littered nursery floor.
Johnnie's new horse has lost its tail,
And Jennie's brand-new doll
Has got a bruise upon its head,
Occasioned by a fall.
Papa and mamma are "most deaf"
From hearing Johnnie's drum,
And Henry's mud and "out of sorts"
Because his tops won't hum.
Big sister sighs and seems displeased
And wears a look dejected—
The gift of Santa brought to her
Was not what she expected.
With visions of long stockings full
Our dreams have long been haunted;
The day is gone, and now we say,
"I got just what I wanted!"

Love's Memory.

[H. B. JORDON.]
Crested with silver are the waves of hair
That scarcely seem my aged helm,
And many are the lines of care
That, struggling, my brow o'erwhelm;
But beyond the dimly life of years
There lingers still a youthful tear,
And as my days float by down,
The tincture of life is unbound,
There wanders over memory's haze
A vision of long-departed days.
E'en so fair—a sweeter life than mine
Ne'er wept for knightly love unknown,
For I a restless stranger doomed
Near you—a faithful lover doomed.
And oft we lingered hand in hand,
The mystic vands of life we scanned,
And tarried 'neath the moonlit skies
In silence more in eloquence defined.
When lo! as on faded breezes borne,
Like gossamer gathering storm,
I felt its loving vengeful tongue,
And cherished hearts were wrung.
Ah! heaven! how bitter was the sting,
Tossed on an ill-whispering wing,
That each in heart resented,
And pitied love was felled.
Ah! fairer life than mine
Those days when held in loving thrall,
A captive to your charming smile,
Shackled by love's enchantment.
Then how my weary hand I rest
Inceasing on your snowy breast,
Which like the gentle breeze softly
Rose and fell—sweet and loving.
A memory rich—dear life's true north
Late life's eyes dimmed with weeping
Denned not my love, and though I turn
Seeking oblivion, sad and forlorn,
Yet a memory of you in sad disdain
Clings around my heart in vain
And this sorrow's removal ray
Is but the broken reed of a former day.

A DRINK FOR WOMAN.

The latest acquisition to the drug store fountain.
The latest acquisition to the row of long-necked bottles at the drug store fountain is marked "orange flower syrup." This is pure extract of orange blossoms and is about the most ethereal delicious beverage when taken with three inches of cream and well charged. They call it "Hymen's wassail," the girls do, when the clerk of the fountain serves it with plenty of soda and ice shaved and piled light as snow. He recommended it as a good thing for nerves, and is always sincerely grateful when any of his patrons will give him a new recipe for some dainty drink. One of the nicest and latest of his combinations, and deservedly popular, too, is ordinary chocolate soda dashed with one teaspoonful of creme d'yllette. Everybody knows what this is, a cordial colored and flavored as if with violets, and another fashionable apothecary is earning a good name among the women by serving them, since the cold weather began, with minute cups of clear, hot, sugarless coffee, flavored with a drop or two of violet cream. He is the same man who is making himself famous by tutti-frutti ice cream soda. This is a glass of simple vanilla or chocolate cream, with a handful of small, juicy crystallized fruits thrown in before the soda is turned on—cherries, currants, shredded ginger, and the like. It costs only 5 cents more than the ordinary soda and is a favorite after-the-theater treat with the young man of modest means and simple tastes.

The New Woman as She Should Be.
Miss Richards, daughter of the governor of Wyoming, is an example of the new woman as she should be, in a secular field. She is her father's most efficient private secretary, and when he is called away from Cheyenne the entire affairs of the executive are left in her hands. Such is the confidence of the governor in his 19-year-old daughter. She was educated at an eastern college, understands all about housekeeping, and is equally well acquainted with the affairs of the office of the executive. Her father trusts her to prepare the most important state papers.

Done Through Money.
The Venetians absorbed all commerce for five or six centuries, from the year 1000 until 1600; they were the Hanseatic league as rivals. The Dutch republic, with its civil liberty, for two centuries transferred the trade of the world to Holland, but about the middle of the eighteenth century the energy and perseverance of the English supplanted the Dutch.

Only One Copy Disposed Of.
A short time ago a publisher brought out a book entitled: "Advice to Plain Women." Only one copy has as yet been sold of that was taken by the boy to his mother for curl paper.

Stings of Insects.
For the stings of bees, wasps and hornets bathe quickly with Brazilian Balm. It kills the poison and stops the pain instantly.

For sale by SHADEL & REYNOLDS.

SHE WAS SENTIMENTAL.

And Would Need a Gift with Love's Love Messages Fixed Upon It.
"You keep rings here, don't you?" he asked in a Woodward avenue jewelry store.
"Certainly," replied the clerk. "Something for yourself?"
"No, I'm thinkin' of gittin' sunthin' fur my girl. Got anything for about two dollars?"
"Yes, I can give you a plain ring at that price. Here is something very neat."
"I guess that would fit her all right. Kin I have sunthin' engraved on it?"
"Of course—what is it?"
"Wall, I want you to put on it: 'From Thomas J. to Helen H., who is not only the best-lookin' but the smartest girl in the State of Michigan. My love will never, never grow cold, and should death overtake me, my last thought would be of you. Be good and you'll be happy, and please accept this as a token of love.' That's what I want you to put on."
"Good gracious, but you can't get all that on a ring!" exclaimed the clerk.
"Must have it, or I don't want a ring!" was the firm reply.
"But the usual way is simply to engrave: 'T. to H.' with the date after it."
"The usual way may be all right with some girls, but it won't work with mine. What she wants is sentiment—heaps of sentiment. So you can't get it on?"
"Couldn't possibly do it. You'd want a surface as large as your hand to get that on."
"Say!" exclaimed the young man, after a moment of reflection—"I have it! I'll buy her a silver belt-buckle instead of a ring, and I'll have 'em put on all I said and add to it: 'You are never absent from my thoughts, and a vision of your dear face rises up before me a thousand times a day. Be true—the true! Virtue is its own reward, and your mother kin live with us after we're married.' No more at present—good-bye."

AMELIA E. BARR'S NEW NOVEL.

First Chapters Give Promise of Strong and Sustained Interest.
New York Commercial Advertiser.
The famous novelist, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, came down from her home at Cornwall on the Hudson this week to read to her publisher and a few other friends the first chapters of the new novel on which she is now engaged. Those who have seen the manuscript say it promises to be one of the strongest and best-sustained pieces of fiction that has ever come from the pen of a woman. Blessed with all the grit and endurance of her sturdy Yorkshire ancestors, Mrs. Barr preserves at 61 the energy and enthusiasm of youth, and says, with less than the truth, that she is now capable of more and better work than at any other time in her life. Two novels of goodly length and half a dozen random papers are no unusual thing for her to accomplish in a twelve-month. If she wrote twice as much as she does, there would be a market for it all, for she is the best paid of female novelists. Mrs. Barr formerly enjoyed this distinction, but it now belongs to Mrs. Barr. Her copyrights yield her a large and steady revenue. She often receives \$5,000 for the serial rights to a novel, and shorter papers are eagerly sought for by the editors at fancy prices. Moreover, she is an excellent business woman and can on occasions drive a sharp bargain as William Dean Howells, and that is saying a great deal.

New Brew of Alcohol.
The recent discovery of Mr. Wilson of acetylene gas from lime and coal dust treated with electricity from carbon electrodes has made it possible to produce ethyl alcohol so cheap that all other productions will be abandoned. Should this discovery prove to be what is expected alcohol will be made for 2 cents or 3 cents a gallon, or even less. Its uses in the arts will be largely increased, and as a beverage it could be cheapened to an enormous extent. The occupation of distilling will be superseded, and the manufacture of whiskey and other alcoholic beverages will change, and the great problems which settle around them commercially, scientifically and socially will have new features.—Popular Science Monthly.

Gentling in Montana.
Some time ago Montana passed a law declaring gambling illegal, and the several scores of two banks and other gambling-houses that had been running in the principal towns since white men moved into the region shut up shop. But the law was taken to the Supreme court of the state on a test case, and a week ago the court decided that the new anti-gambling law is unconstitutional, and that the old law, which licensed gambling, is still in force. The afternoon of the day on which the decision was rendered a score or more gambling-houses in Butte began business, and things were running wide open again by night fall.

A Careful Narrator.
Ethel—Grandpa, please tell me the story again about the time you were killed and eaten by the cannibals.
Grandpa—You mean about the time I was killed by the cannibals, Ethel? They didn't eat me, for if they had how would I be here to tell you about it? You should always be careful about details, Ethel, if you want to be respected in this world.—Judge.

England's Gift to China.
England has sent 672 women missionaries to China within the past five years. Thirty-six left in a body recently for work in China and India. The proportion of women who take this rigorous and self-denying work on themselves is far greater than that of men.

A Year's Work.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the United Hebrew Charities was held in Temple Emanuel in New York city the other night. The managers reported an expenditure of \$138,895.11 during the year among 39,352 applicants. Of this number 544 were transported to foreign countries and 1,356 were sent to various sections of the United States and Canada. There were 3,545 cases of sickness attended by physicians, and 17,053 articles of clothing and 1,073 tons of coal were given to the poor. The total receipts amounted to \$144,539.90.

Full Preparation.

"I thought," said the solemn parson, "that you intended for your little son to enter the ministry."
"I do," said the father.
"And yet you allow him to have such war-like toys as a gun and sword."
"Yes, I think he ought to get familiar with the use of them. He might be sent as a missionary, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

HE IS A CIRCUS.

Fellow Dog That Crows Like a Rooster and Also Imitates Several Animals.

A narrator gives an account in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat of a trip through Missouri, in the course of which he says: "I was the guest of the Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family consists of himself and wife and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and attention. As there was nothing particularly attractive about the dog, which was only a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason of it. Mr. Downing, for answer, called 'Bench,' and placing him in a chair, commanded him to 'crow.' My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect imitation of a Shanghai rooster, and without further command followed it with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunts and squeals of pigs, meowing of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

"Mr. Downing said nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Bench was a mere puppy, the Rev. John Malcolm, the preacher for their circuit, was ill at Downing's house and was made extremely nervous at night by a rooster crowing at all hours beneath his window. The people who were attending could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing, in passing the window, was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. He quickly learned to crow at command, and each day picked up some new sound. Last November a neighbor of Mr. Downing's carried Bench to Nashville while the circus was there, and the manager offered a handsome price for him, saying that he was convinced Bench could be taught to talk. But Mr. Downing refused to give him up. In appearance Bench is not prepossessing, his color being a dirty yellow, his hair coarse and wiry, his legs short, and his body rather unwieldy. In his eyes, however, there gleams an intelligence almost human."

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

Nature built an Icebox in a Hill on the Banks of the Mississippi.

The report has been brought in, avers the Springfield Leader, that about fifteen miles west of Red Bud, Ill., and the same distance north of Ste. Genevieve, Mo., on the banks of the Mississippi river, is a natural curiosity being no less than a refrigerator caused by some unexplained law of nature.

A short time ago Farmer Wallace, of whose land this was seen, dug a cellar or grotto in the shady hillside, where the rocks are thin and brittle, in order to get a storage place for milk and other edibles. After digging back a few feet he was surprised to find layers of ice between the layers of rocks, and as it was cool inside, and it promised to be more than he expected in the way of a refrigerator, he finished it up by putting in a door. He finds by trial that everything placed inside, such as meats, milk, fruits, or other perishable articles, keeps perfectly for any length of time. During the hottest weather the summer milk stored in this cellar would make the teeth ache to drink it. G. Y. Kettler of Red Bud says it is a wonder and not at all like a common cellar but a veritable ice box, made so by natural ice formed inside, how, it is not known.

An Impartial Witness.

In Harlem a few days ago, a man sued another for the recovery of a dog which he claimed as his own. The defendant and plaintiff each produced reputable witnesses as to the ownership. At length the judge thinking he had a bright thought, ordered the contestants to whistle for the animal, and whichever was responded to he declared should be considered the owner. The defendant and the plaintiff both whistled and snapped their fingers. The dog barked his tail on the court-room floor joyfully and rushed to the plaintiff and fawned on him a moment, and then, to the disgust of the court, rushed to the defendant and exhibited the same signs of joy. The case is still undecided.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A few drops of Brazilian Peppermint little warm water makes a water in the world.

For sale by SHADEL & REYNOLDS.

NO HASTY MARRIAGES.

Higher Education Makes Women Less Dependent.

"So long as the attraction of sex remains you cannot abolish marriage!" excitedly exclaimed the conservative man, according to Vogue.
"I have no desire to do away with marriage, but simply to mitigate it," replied the woman propagandist. And most thoughtful people will agree with the woman speaker that the recklessness which characterizes marriage should be moderated. It is encouraging to those whose hearts are touched by the manifold sorrows of humanity to observe that, in this matter of marriage (a most prolific source of misery to human beings), different agencies are at work, educating people to an appreciation of the gravity of the estate, and its tremendous consequences to individuals and to nations. The higher education of women has, from the start, shown a tendency to disincense those who took the college courses toward early marriages and toward imprudent ones—quite a large percentage of them moreover, taking up careers and remaining single. A recent canvass of college graduates is said to have shown that, while 90 per cent of non-college women become wives, only 55 per cent of college graduates resign their lives into the keeping of husbands. From other sources it is learned that those who marry do not swell the lists of invalid wives; neither do 50 per cent of the children born to them figure in mortality tables, as is the ghastly fact with the everyday woman's children. College women are not apt to marry a man to save him, and thus insure for children morally weak or vicious fathers; neither does love (?) in a cottage—translated in these days into a cheap flat in an unwholesome locality—appear to her finer or more winsome than the self-respecting independence of the bread-winning positions that are now within her reach. Years ago some conservative men had the perspicacity to realize and the courage to state that fuller life for women meant the lessening of her interest in marriage (the only profession her forefathers had been permitted to consider) and that she would be harder to please and more deliberate in her choice. That the prophesies have come to pass is matter for congratulation or for condemnation, according to the observer's point of view.

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W. A. REYNOLDS.
Charles S. Smith.

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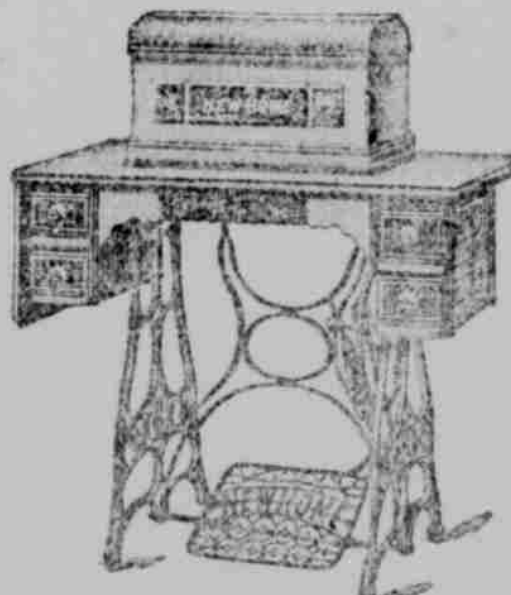
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