

My brother, when I look upon the vanished,
The voiceless past, where all my hopes lie
I am as one from his own kindred banished
For some dark crime to a far country fled.

There is no crime—yet a great shadow hangs,
Like mist that keeps the mariner from shore,
Hiding the isles of peace which hope discovers
In early life from me for evermore.

No life's unanchored bark goes drifting vainly,
Where winds veer and waves roll
And all my actions have this ending mainly,
Warming to life the worm that will not die.

My aim was once to aid whom fortune slighted
My bent to benefit what trouble crushed,
The fate of those who trusted me is blighted,
Whom I could teach have for my folly blushed.

Where was the use, O Heart, in all thy hoping?
The bowl is broken and the fountain dry—
Poor primrose Cyclops round his cavern groping
For some lost door was better off than I.

J. R. RAMSAY.

A Sensitive Subject.

A street car incident which has come to an Eastern exchange seems to illustrate the unconsciousness of apparent age. An old lady on entering a crowded train caught the strap and by chance took her stand directly in front of a lady passenger apparently as old as herself.

The possessor of the seat was up in a moment.

"Have my seat, madam," she exclaimed with audible courtesy. "You are older than I am."

"Older than you?" retorted the other; "I beg a thousand pardons for contradicting my elder, but indeed, madam, you are mistaken. Keep your seat."

"But I am sure you are older than I."

"And I am equally sure that I am not. Will you be good enough to resume your place?"

"Not while an older woman stands."

The situation was growing interesting; but, though all smiled, no one seemed moved to relieve matters by offering a second seat.

Both old persons were pretty well warmed up by this time. First one sniffed and then the other, as old ladies sometimes will when sorely tried.

The vacant seat was still before them. Finally an overture of peace came from the owner of the seat, the last speaker.

"I don't want to be disagreeable, madam, and if I'm older than you I'll sit down. Let's tell our ages, and the older yields."

The aggrieved woman did not relish this much, but the pressure of an audience forbade a retreat.

"Well, madam," she replied, forcing the semblance of a smile, "I shall be most happy. Will you announce your age?"

"Then I shall take pleasure in telling mine."

"I was born in March, 1817. And you?"

"What, March, 1817! Good heavens! So was I. And what day did you arrive, pray?"

"The 7th. And you?" There were bright red spots on the cheeks of both old ladies now.

"I have nothing more to say," was the reply; "my birthday is the 6th. I am much obliged for the seat." And with admirable dignity she sat down amid considerable laughter.

Dahomey's Amazons.

The history of the Amazonian warriors of Dahomey ought to give a strong impetus to the women's rights movement in dispelling the objections that women are wanting in the courage, nerve and other high qualities necessary for successful competition with men in the battle of life. In the State of Wyoming women not merely exercise the suffrage, but complete with men for important civil offices. To force their way into the profession of arms and to contest with the men for the highest military honors would be the final step in the assertion of their rights and privileges. In the evolutionary progress of the women of Dahomey it may be mentioned as an interesting detail that they have reversed with men the custom of riding on horseback. While the Amazons ride astride, the men sit in saddle fashion, the saddles being merely gayly colored cloth. The men are lifted on and off by attendants, who lead the horses and steady the riders in their precarious position. Even his Royal Majesty of Dahomey sits a sorry figure hugging a tall groom around the neck, while another puts his arm around the king's waist. To this custom is doubtless due the great start which the women of Dahomey have gained over the men. The hint should not be lost on our woman's rights advocates. If they could persuade the men to reverse with them the custom of horseback riding, the ultimate and complete triumph of the woman's rights movement would not be long delayed.—Philadelphia Record.

Too Much Shade.

Houses in places otherwise unexceptionable are often so closely overhung with trees as to be in a state of humidity by preventing a free circulation of air and by obstructing free admission to the sun's rays. Trees growing against the walls of houses and shrubs in confined places near dwellings are injurious also as favoring humidity; at a proper distance, on the other hand, trees are favorable to health. On this principle, says a noted English physician, it may be understood how the inhabitants of one house suffer from rheumatism, headache, nervous affections and other consequences of living in a confined, humid atmosphere, while their nearest neighbors, whose houses are on the other side, enjoy good health, and even how one side of a large building fully exposed to the sun and to a free circulation of air may be healthy, while the other side, overlooking damp, shaded courts and gardens, is unhealthy. Humid, confined situations subject to great alterations of temperature between day and night are most dangerous to human life. Dryness with a free circulation of air and a full exposure to the sun are the material things to be attended to in choosing a residence.

Sarah Bernhardt is writing her reminiscences.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke will next season star in a comedy written by Bill Nye.

Ada Rahen has purchased a residence in New York for \$21,500. She is now having it decorated.

The heart of a student at the University of Kharkov is on his right side, his liver on his left and his spleen on his right. His right lung is longer than his left.

THEY SHAVED THE TURKEY.

Howard Flaxing and Maude Prepare a Christmas Dinner in the Absence of Bridget.

A HIGHLY INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

The "Bird" Furnishes Meat for Many Meals—Cesar's Ghost Laid at Last.

At the coming of this season memory always carries me back to the first Christmas day in that household of which I am the nominal head. Not a line of the picture fades beyond recall; partly because I date the best blessing for which any man can offer thanks back to that period, and partly because the dinner of our first day left an everlasting impression upon my digestive apparatus.

We had been married but a few weeks, and I had much to be thankful for. Maude, too, seemed resigned. Even that dinner, if I had known that I was to survive it, might have had a silver lining.

It is natural to suppose that we could have wished to dine by the light of the honeymoon with only each other for company. Maude was so proud of her home, and I was so proud of her, and we were both so proud of me, as a man whom even the most indiscriminating and near-sighted observer would recognize as a model husband, that we resolved to ask Tom Reynolds up to dinner. I will remark, in parenthesis, that Tom being discriminating and far-sighted stayed away on this occasion and we expected him, and made preparations to fill him with turkey, pie and a desire to forsake the lonely path of celibacy.

The servant told me to order my turkey in advance, and she suggested an eight-pounder; but as I walked to the butcher's shop the warm, expansive generosity of my heart rose up and protested against such niggardliness. I ordered a fourteen-pounder. It happened that on the evening before Christmas our servants went to call upon some friends, and I am sorry to say her absence was prolonged thirty days beyond her original intention by judicial interference.

But the turkey arrived on time, and she turkey arrived on time, and she was a fine bird, as I remarked to Maude, after receiving him from the hands of the butcher's boy. Maude looked nervous, and asked if I didn't think Bridget would come back in time. I said I didn't, and then added that I was awfully sorry my own little Maude would have the trouble of cooking the turkey, but that the pleasure to be derived from eating a turkey which she had cooked would unfit a man for properly appreciating the joys of paradise. She turned her face away, and had a small, convulsive spasm, which I attributed to gratified vanity.

By 9 o'clock it became evident that the preparation of the turkey would devolve upon Maude. She was pale, but outwardly calm. We invaded the kitchen together. The turkey lay upon the table, and his dimensions were imposing and awful. Maude cast one long, pallid stare at him; then drew a gasping breath, turned suddenly, and fled. I found her with her face buried in a pillow.

"What's the matter, Maude? I asked. "The turkey won't bite you; he's dead."

"Go away, Howdy," said I, in a voice interrupted by sobs. "You will never love me any more, I have deceived you; oh, cruelly deceived you; I cannot, cannot cook. Leave me to my remorse."

"My dearest love," said I, endeavoring not to laugh, "you never told me you could cook. If I thought so the responsibility is wholly mine. The mistake arose from my natural inability to imagine anything which you could not do if you tried."

Maude dug her head into the pillow, and persisted in saying that she was a wicked, deceitful woman. I perceived that a change of tactics was necessary.

"My dear," said I, "arise, and see me cook. It will do you good."

She allowed an eye to be visible, and there was an incredulous look in it.

"Can you bake a turkey?" she asked.

"People don't bake turkeys," said I; "they roast 'em. I don't pretend to be a specialist on the subject, but I can cook in a general sort of way, and it's my opinion that between us we can get up a dinner such as Tom never saw before."

We went out into the kitchen and started a fire. It was getting late and time was precious, so I sprinkled the fuel liberally with kerosene oil, opened all the draughts, and let her hum. Then we approached the turkey.

"Maude," said I, "this bird is all right except his complexion. He has a dark, dissipated look which I don't like."

"It's because he hasn't been shaved."

Maude said. "The little feathers have to be cut off close to his skin."

"Don't they burn 'em off? I've heard heard about singeing fowls. Of course they do. Just lift off that stove lid and we'll improve his personal appearance in a hurry."

Maude lifted the lid, and a column of flame rose half way up to the ceiling.

"You'll burn him all up if you put him in there," cried Maude, and she hastily replaced the cover.

"We never can serve him up with those whiskers on him," said I, looking ruefully at the turkey. "I guess we'll have to come back to your original suggestion and shave him."

While Maude prepared some bread crumbs for "stuffing" I got out my razor and tried to scrape the turkey into shape. But he didn't take kindly to a dry shave. I had to lather him. I felt so much like a barber while I was engaged in this process, and the poor turkey looked so human and wretched, that I got to talking to him. I called him Julius Caesar and asked him his opinion on various topics—the tariff, the weather and the condition of trade. Afterward I inquired whether he would have bay rum or "tonic" and then I gave him a wet shampoo in a large pan and called "next." These trifling pleasantries put Maude in good humor, and she said that cooking was a good deal easier than she had supposed.

We had a good deal of difficulty in stuffing the turkey with the bread crumbs Maude had prepared, but Julius Caesar was finally ready to be roasted. The stove, while we were busy with the preparations, had become red hot, but by holding the blower from the parlor in front of me like an old Roman shield, I managed to get the bird into the oven.

After a while we inspected Julius. A

great and alarming change had come over him. He did not appear to be burned, but he had swelled to the size of an ostrich. His skin was as tight as the head of a drum, and it had stretched till it was transparent. He was such a fearful looking object that Maude ran away to weep, but the sense of a deep responsibility would not permit me to desert my post. I selected a long fork, and approached the oven.

"Julius," said I, stabbing him with the fork, "what makes you act this way?"

Julius replied with a long, plaintive whistle, after which he resumed his natural form or therabouts. I decided that his sudden inflation had been due to steam from the moist bread-crumbs. I told Maude that the danger of an explosion was over and she consented to return. Together we watched and tended Julius with affectionate care during the next two hours, and at the end of that time he was no mean bird. We had discovered the mysteries of "basting," and Maude had concocted a gravy. We had baked sweet potatoes, machine-made mince pies from the grocery store, and a cake noir of my own preparation, which was as much blacker than ordinary black coffee as a negro is darker than a white man.

But Tom didn't come, and I was greatly disappointed. I wanted to point to that turkey with pride and say that my wife cooked it. Then if Tom noticed anything funny about the turkey he wouldn't blame me.

We had to eat it all alone. We only made a good beginning at dinner, and we dined so late, after waiting for Tom, that we hadn't much appetite for supper. For breakfast we hadn't much appetite, either—that is, not for turkey. I have a secret suspicion that Maude launched off something else, for Julius showed no signs of diminution when I returned for dinner.

Maude had tried vainly to get another servant during the day, but she had failed; and so, to save her the trouble of cooking anything we had Julius for breakfast. I did not eat heartily, and neither did Maude. When I left for school I advised her to take a good square lunch, and I remarked, by way of inducement, that she was looking a little thin. The ghost of Julius haunted me during the day. I had mildly suggested to Maude that she might have something else for dinner, but she said it would be wasteful. I took occasion to invite several friends home to dinner, but they all had engagements. Then I meditated sending a telegram to Maude that I was detained down town, but that was too mean. I could not leave her to face Julius alone.

Maude had endeavored to disguise Julius in a stew, but I recognized him at dinner, and my appetite fled.

"Maude," said I, "don't you think our poor old washerwoman would like the rest of this stew?"

"No use, Howdy," said Maude, "this is only just part of him."

For five days nobody came to help us out; but at last my sister-in-law, hearing that Maude was without a servant, came around to see us. She agreed to cook the dinner, and when I took my place at the table, behold, there were the bones of Julius in a soup. Maude took one look at him and left the table.

"Julius," said I, to my sister-in-law, "is all the turkey in the soup?"

"Why, yes, Howard, I believe so," she said surprised.

I lifted the tureen from the table and poured the contents out of the back window. It struck on the janitor's head, but I paid him for a hat and a vest and an injured dignity without a murmur, for the ghost of Julius was laid at last.

Talk of the Stores.

"Waved" hair is a New York fancy. The best theatre bonnets are tiny. Girdles of daisies, buttercups and violets are in favor.

The latest imported hat resembles a tambourine.

Lavender silk and crepe tea gowns for second mourning.

Cloth bonnets trimmed with seal skin, sable or Persian lamb.

A becoming bonnet in amber velvet is trimmed with sable tails.

Red appears very prominently in all the decorations of the day.

Ball dress bodices are composed of rose petals, poppy petals and hyacinth blossoms.

Four-button suede kid gloves are worn in the West, but will not prevail in New York.

Men may wear black or self-colored stitching, wide or narrow, spare points or only the plain cording.

The plainer the decoration and the finer the kid the handsomer the glove becomes for women's wear.

Several retail dealers are now selling the ribbon effects, that were wonderful novelties four months ago, on their bargain tables.—Dry Goods Economist.

Sensible Christmas Hints.

Buy no more than you can afford. Give no gift where you do not delight to. Shop no more than you have the strength for.

Entertain only within your means. Keep your Christmas nerve, and muscle, and heart, and hope, and cheer, first for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, your closest, your sweetest—and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "undeared," and be true, true, true to the last Christmas card that goes to your post-office, or the last "Merry Christmas" that crosses your lips!

We are a generous people, and a happy people, and a Christian people, and we must keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence and good sense, if we would keep it alive and "in his name."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Christmas Ladies' Home Journal.

Prof. Koch is a blue-eyed man of only medium height. He talks slowly with a lie, dresses neatly, and is one of the quietest and most modest of physicians. He has no sense of fear, and when in India investigating the cholera he bent over the corpses in the dissecting room without a thought of contagion.

THE BOSTON GEL'S CHRISTMAS.

She tossed her Christmas toys aside. Her face with disappointment frowning. "Oh, dear! the little maiden sighed, 'I did so want another Browning!'"

The patriotic newspaper man grows tired of reporting murders and longs to write up a hanging occasionally.—Dallas News.

"DOWNS ON THE SUWANNEE RIVER."

How the Author of the Famous Song Hit Upon the Florida Stream.

"Did you ever hear how 'Suwannee River' was written?"

"Don't think I ever did."

"Well, Steph Foster—Stephen C. Foster was his full name—was in the zenith of his popularity when he wrote the words," said my friend to me. "He had written the song in the frame house on Sandusky street in Allegheny, but he couldn't find the name of a river that suited him. Finally he went over to the office of his brother, Morrison Foster, sat down on his desk and said: 'Morrison, I've got a new ducky song here and it's complete except the name of the river. I want a Southern river with only two or three syllables. Give me one, won't you?'"

Morrison suggested several, but they didn't suit. Then he took down an atlas, ran his eye over a map of the Southern States for a few minutes and finally said: 'Here's a river in Florida by the name of Suwannee, how will that do?'"

"That's it, that's it," exclaimed the song writer, jumping from the desk. "It's just what I want," and picking up a pen he inserted the name of the river that has since become the title of one of the sweetest and most pathetic melodies. I believe that Stephen C. Foster never thought very much of the piece himself until after it had taken its place among the popular songs of the country.—Philadelphia Press.

BEAUTY, BRIGHTNESS, STYLE.

Ideas for Women Who Wish to Look Well and Live Long.

That a great deal of comeliness may be gained by a little thought and cosmetic thriftiness (so to say) is well set forth in the following item from the New York Tribune: The treatment of the face and throat to a bath of water as hot as it can be borne at night before retiring—holding the face in the steam and gently rubbing the skin while it is still warm and wet—tends to promote perspiration, stimulates the pores and free them from hardened matter which so often forms "blackheads." After the face has been thoroughly treated in this way, always remembering to use no harsh friction, only gentle rubbing with the hand, it is an excellent thing to rub it with some simple, pure vegetable oil, using only enough to be perceptible. The very best oil for this purpose is a perfectly fresh, pure olive oil. This amount of oil is nourishing to the skin. In the morning wash the face carefully in warm water and afterward with cold water to give tone to the complexion.

Rochester Herald: The multitudes of women who have been looking under the bed for years will be gratified to know that one of their number, Mrs. Allen Deas, of Camden, South Carolina, was rewarded the other day by finding a colored gentleman under there. She seized a revolver, ordered the darkey out, conducted him to the yard and made him milk a cow while one of her children went for an officer. In this way she was able to keep up with her work.

Shoe Recorder: Lady visitor—James, your father isn't looking well; I fear he is failing. Little Jimmie—I guess he is. I heard him and mother talkin' it over the other night for him to put everything in her name an' then fail an' offer ten cents on a dollar!

A Faint Hope.

Miss Artists—I am so fond of painting. Indeed, I may say that I am wedded to my art.

Jack (her admirer)—Would it be any use to inquire whether you have any conscientious scruples against bigamy?

Gum Chewing Girls.

Buffalo News: A prominent New York physician said a few days ago that the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in 14 cases of young girls now under treatment, the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head.

Be to be Excused.

Rochester Herald: A movement has begun in New York to designate in dinner invitations the fact that wine is not to be served by placing a knot of blue ribbon to the lower left hand corner of the invitation. The regret follows by return mail.

What the Police Found.

Chicago News: The other morning some ingenious gentleman heaved a cobblestone through a plate-glass window on Wabash avenue and fished a fine overcoat out through the hole. The police are at work on the case. They have already secured the cobblestone and the hole.

A Dreadful Fate.

Pittsburg Bulletin: May—What a strong, noble face! Ethel—it is indeed. The face of Cousin George. A finer fellow never faced a dreadful fate. May—Gracious! Is he dead? Ethel—Worse. He has joined a football team.

A Question of Height.

Puck: Pretty girl (at the florist's blushing)—Isn't that mistletoe very high?

Florist—Well, Miss, you know it has to be high enough for you to stand under it.

The Stage Must be Elevated.

Pottsville Chronicle: Eva Hamilton and Mrs. O'Shea might play Giraffe-Giraffe.

"Not to be out of fashion," said the turkey, "I will give thanks that axes will cost more this fall than they did last."

Miss Estelle Clayton is reported to have said that there is to be a combined movement of actresses during next season against extravagant stage dressing.

HE GETS ALONG WITHOUT IT.

The mistletoe is now hung up to aid poor loveless men. And when there is no mistletoe He does the best he can.

Secretary Windom says the money stringency in the United States is not caused by contraction of the currency, but by the people looking up their funds through lack of courage to invest.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

William Grayson, the well-known English temperance advocate, is dead.

Joseph Mason, member of the British Columbia Legislature for Cariboo, is dead.

The influenza has reappeared at Tokio, Japan. The cholera is fast disappearing.

On Nov. 9th a train overturned at Ohayan, Japan, killing and wounding 26 persons.

The bye-election to fill the vacancy in the Commons for Napierville takes place to-day.

Mr. Laurier will address a meeting of New Brunswick Liberals at St. John, N. B., on Monday next.

Mon John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, will address a meeting of West Elgin farmers at Dutton on Wednesday.

The Austrian Government has received information that the training ship Ville d'Anvers, which was reported lost, is safe.

Col. Bedson, warden of the Manitoba Penitentiary, is gradually sinking and it is not expected that he will live over Christmas.

The will of Daniel B. Fayerweather, the New York millionaire leather dealer, gives \$2,100,000 to different colleges and \$95,000 to hospitals.

The report has reached Winnipeg that two Icelandic fishermen were drowned the other day in Lake Winnipeg, near Grindstone Point.

It is understood that a number of Canadian steamers, of the tramp variety, have been prohibited from carrying cattle to Great Britain.

On Sunday night the residence of the Archbishop of Valencia, Spain, was damaged by the explosion of a bomb which had been thrown at it.

Members of the council of the Board of Trade and a number of representative citizens of Toronto left for Sudbury last night to visit the nickel mines.

The impression in Toronto concerning the alleged case of pleuro-pneumonia among a cargo of Canadian cattle is that it is nothing more than inflammation.

A boat containing the captain and four teen men of the crew of the Japanese training ship Monju capsized off the coast of Japan recently and all were drowned but two.

Cholera is raging in Guatemala.

Edward Elliott, a London broker, failed on Saturday, causing some trouble on the Stock Exchange.

Michael Davitt says Sir John Hennessy the anti-Parnell candidate, will be elected in Kilkenny by a big majority.

Two white men, Jack Bridges and Burk Robinson, were killed by Apaches in the Guadalupe Mountains, Arizona, Friday.

The Bolton Cotton Association has voted in favor of striking next week unless wages are advanced 5 per cent. The strike will affect 25,000 hands.

Mr. Pitt's reciprocity resolution will likely be considered by Congress very soon, and there are good prospects of its being passed by both Houses.

The Armenian Patriarch officiated yesterday, which is taken to mean that the difficulty between the Porte and the Armenian Church has been settled.

All of the railway men in Scotland will strike on Sunday next for shorter hours. There is a prospect of traffic being entirely suspended during the Christmas holidays.

The residence of Judge Putnam, Saratoga, was burned last night. The house was filled with valuable paintings, rare curios, etc. The loss is over \$100,000 actually, but many of the most valued articles cannot be replaced.

The by law to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks in the township of East Luther, submitted under the Local Option Act, was voted on yesterday and defeated, the vote being a tie at 213, and a majority being required to carry the by-law.

The laborers on the railway that is being built from Galway to Clifden have struck for an increase of wages. The road is being built by the Government, and the work was started as a part of Mr. Balfour's scheme for the relief of unemployed workmen.

Japanese advices state that an agreement has been arrived at between the Japanese and Hawaiian Governments regarding Japanese immigration to Hawaii, by which the passage of each emigrant, \$65, is defrayed by the Hawaiian Government.

J. Pierpont Morgan has sent telegraphic invitations to the presidents of all railroads west of Chicago to meet in New York on December 15th for the purpose of discussing the railroad situation with a view to renewing the presidents' agreement.

The body of Birse, the brave Grand Trunk Railway engineer who lost his life at Lachine, was raised from the water yesterday. As was foretold by Fireman Edwards, the engineer's hand was tightly fastened to the air brake, and great difficulty was experienced in removing it. The features were perfectly natural.

Andrew Daly, working in the woods on J. R. Booth's back river limits, fell on his axe and inflicted such a wound on his left leg that when he attempted to get back to the shanty the bone snapped. He had to make a journey of 150 miles in a sleigh to the nearest station of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and arrived in Ottawa yesterday morning.

As the Central Vermont New York express was coming into Montreal yesterday and when near St. Lambert the passengers in the Pullman car in rear of the train found themselves in a dangerous position. The rear truck of the car had jumped the track, and as the train was running at a high rate of speed they received a severe shaking, as the wheels jumped over the ties, plunging into the bedway and tearing up the rails. For a few moments masters looked serious, when the conductor caught the rope and brought the train to a standstill.

George Manville Fenn's new novel, "A Flattered Dovecot," is to be published at once by D. Appleton & Co.

"Don't measure a man by what he promises; measure him by what he does."

"Married people, it is said, live longer than single ones. It seems longer, anyway, to many."