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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad.
The nights are wholesome then--no planets strike--
No fairy takes--nor witch hath power to charm--
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

Oh bird of dawning! all the night
Sing, for the season is at hand
When hearts are glad and faces bright.
When happiness is heaven's command.
Shout, chanticleer! that all may hear
Whom cares have chastened through the year
Christmas is come to cheer the land.

And now no spirit walks but one
Of love; nor shall that spirit cease.
No planet rules, except the Sun
Of Righteosness--the Prince of Peace!
That star whose ray first led the way
To where the Babe in Bethlehem lay--
The star that ne'er shall know decrease.

This is God's house, this world of ours;
We are His children, and the morn
Should come in sunshine, crown'd with flowers,
On which Immanuel was born;
Make merry, then, ye toil-worn men!
And thou, shrill chanter, sound again
The glad note of thy bugle-horn.

A canticle, my chanticleer!
A song of joy for every shore:
Shout, Christmas: to the new born year,
Good will, on earth, toward men once more!
Dread Janus! close in long repose
Thy hateful gates; make friends of foes,
And peace to all the world restore!

THREE WANDERERS BROUGHT HOME.

A STORY FOR THE SEASON.

It lacked just two days of Thanksgiving, and a wretched day it was. The weather, instead of assuming the brisk crispiness consistent with pumpkin pies and roast turkey, got into a sullen fit, and steadily wept tears of the most discouraging sort. The cold dampness permeated everything, even men's brains and tempers, to say nothing of rheumatic joints, which set up an aching protest against the very name of the approaching festival, and filled the air with a spirit of growl-giving, instead of the proper sentiment expected of a God fearing community.

The school room, with its rows of empty seats growing indistinct in the fading light, seemed a weak imitation of the dreariness outside. But there was one point of high light that instinctively drew the eyes to its surroundings, that point being caused by two white hands and wrists surrounded by snowy cuffs. Further scrutiny revealed the figure of a woman sitting by the table on the platform; the face was hidden by the two hands, the fingers losing themselves in the masses of dark hair above the forehead; the elbows rested on the table, and the figure stirred not.

Sixty pairs of restless, childish feet had passed out through the door homeward. Since their departure the register had been posted, reports made, and now that everything was done, the tired eyes closed, and the throbbing head dropped wearily into the cold hands that pressed so gratefully against it. Yes, the sixty pairs of inquisitive, searching eyes had departed also, and she could bow her head on the table, and even cry a little if she wished, and after having every muscle of one's countenance under the closest surveillance all day, that was quite a luxury. But the little school teacher was too tired to even weep; she just pressed her hands hard against her brows and thought of—nothing. After a time images came crowding in unbidden. Foremost of all was a frank, boyish face, with merry brown eyes and coaxing smile; but the merry eyes saddened and the face became grave, and Jennie shuddered as she wondered if it had grown hard and bad.

The face that so haunted her was that of a dear and only brother, gone now for eight years, and no one knew where; his name had ceased to be spoken among them, but his memory was never absent from her heart at least. There had never been but two of them, Jeannie and Fred, the children of parents now both old, old before their time; for poverty and trouble had aged them both. Jeannie, the younger, graduated from the city High School and went back to her country home to help carry the load of domestic affairs.

Fred, five years her senior, was inclined to be wild and reckless; his yielding nature made him a prey to others far worse than himself. There was nothing really vicious and low about the young man, but Nathan Hulett, nurtured in a stern creed, had imbibed it in every fibre; as his honesty was strict and unflinching, so was his judgment of others, and small charity or tolerance had he for the peccadillos of his son. Kind-hearted and generous, with a certain love of refinement, in spite of his recklessness, he, of course, was loved and defended by the mother and sister, especially the latter.

Things, however, finally came to an open rupture and the young man left the old homestead for the great unknown world. Nathan Hulett forbade his wife and daughter to answer the letters that came occasionally to them. "He has forfeited all claim to our affection," he said; "better forget him as he will us." After a while the letters ceased altogether and now they never spoke his name. After the son's departure, for a long time the father had been unable to attend to the farm duties, and mismanagement added to the inroads made by the prodigal, had finally brought poverty to the very door. Jeannie obtained a situation as teacher in one of the public schools in the City of D——, distant about fifty miles, and went there to teach. The old people still lived in the homestead, the broad fields were no longer theirs, but there was a little piece of ground which was carefully cultivated as a garden. Jeannie had been their sole support for five years, five toilsome uneventful years, brightened a little by visits to the old home during vacations, the remainder of the time divided between the little room up stairs at Mrs. Cribbins' and the four walls of the school room. Jeannie had very few acquaintances; she came a stranger to the city, and the charmed circle of culture and refinement which she would have enjoyed and graced, did not trouble itself to search out the little school teacher who dressed plainly and lodged at a cheap boarding house

Jeannie was usually a brave girl, and bore whatever came with considerable calmness, having within her so many resources that many are not blest with; but to-night the longing to see some dear, familiar face had grown to be a pain. To go home, where she could only spend so few days, would be a luxury she could not afford; it was simply not to be thought of. At this juncture the janitress, armed with a broom and kerosene lamp, opened the door and looked in.

Miss Hulett, roused by the intrusion, and conjecturing that the room was wanted by that worthy person, rose wearily and prepared to go. Within the street-car she sat down in the farthest corner and gave herself up once more to her thoughts. There were only four other occupants beside herself. Two men, evidently mechanics, by their blackened faces, talked earnestly together; an elderly man on the other side perused a newspaper, and a handsome man, not elderly, with a light brown mustache and a perfect nose, took advantage of Jeannie's abstraction and studied her. He noted a pair of soft gray eyes, shaded with long lashes, a thoughtful brow, indifferent nose, a small mouth with rather full lips—taken collectively a decidedly refined and intellectual face, not beautiful, nay, hardly pretty, but possessing a charm that to some mind is more than either.

Dr. Thorndyke was much given to studying people, and as he had seen something of the world, his deductions were often exceedingly truthful. The young lady rose to pull the bell strap, but as her hands were incumbered, the doctor had anticipated her. He instinctively watched her leaving the car. Some one wished to get on and there was a halt of a minute, during which interval Dr. Thorndyke had made a desperate rush from the car, and been the first to assist to her feet a woman who had fallen on the crossing; that woman was Miss Hulett.

The wind had risen to the fury of a young tornado, and the rain came in blinding gusts. On leaving the car, Jeannie had attempted to raise her umbrella. The wind playfully completed the operation, and then, as if delighted with its new toy, inflated it like a balloon and pulled with the strength of a young giant. Jeannie attempted to turn it around sufficiently to close it, but while sight and strength were directed toward the subjection of the enemy, one of those social outcasts known as butcher boys, in command of a horse and cart, dashed wildly around the corner. The wheel caught the umbrella, and, wrenching it from her grasp, threw her to the pavement. In an instant two strong arms had lifted her up, and a very kind voice was asking her if she was hurt. But the words sounded to her indistinct and far away. She was partially stunned and her ears were filled with a rushing sound. A deadly faintness was coming over her, but she battled with it fiercely and turned her face so that the rain might beat upon it. The doctor gathered up her belongings and assisted her to the sidewalk. As soon as she could speak she gasped out her thanks and put out her hand for the things he had been carrying, saying, "I shall be able to go on now, and will not trouble you further."

They were now under the full glare of a gas light, and the doctor's professional eyes were not long in discovering that she war suffering intensely. He did not heed her words: "You must let me take you into this store until I can call a hack," he said.

In the midst of her pain and distress she remembered her straitened purse and exclaimed: "Oh, no! please don't. I shall be able to go on in a minute; it is only three blocks from here."

"Well, then, you will allow me to shelter you with my umbrella, will you not? You know yours was completely wrecked."

"Thank you," she said; "but I do not care for the rain, I like it in my face."

The doctor was in a dilemma. A less daring young man would have retreated in good order, but Ralph Thorndyke was as bold as a lion when human suffering demanded his help. The pity and tenderness of his heart were as a great flood which completely drowned small scruples and conventionalities.

"If you would rather wait in this store until I can bring some friend to you, give me the address, and I will be gone but a short time; but you must not be left alone in this storm. You are liable to faint at any minute."

"It is my wrist," she said. "I must have twisted it in falling."

"Will you let me look at it, please? The healing art is my business."

The wrist was much discolored, and was rapidly assuming puffy dimensions; it was a very bad sprain. He gently straightened the fingers and moved the arm. "No bones are broken; it is a sprain, but should have attention as soon as possible," he said, hastily improvising a sling out of his ample handkerchief.

"We will go on, then, since you are so kind. I have no friends—at least relatives—here in the city. I live in a boarding-house."

On reaching the place, which was a very unpretending structure in a very unpretending street, the doctor presented his card, rang the door bell, and after seeing her safely inside, turned and walked rapidly away.

Jeannie found the little room up stairs dreary enough; it was damp and chilly, and there was no fire. The faintness came over her again, and she sank down on the bed, where she was found an hour later by Mrs. Cribbins, the mistress of the house. After the wrist had been cared for, Mrs. Cribbins said in a playful manner and a grimace which was intended to be exceedingly arch and suggestive, "I suppose he'll be a comin' around to inquire after you."

"I don't think he will; I didn't ask him." In answer to the next question: "You see it was the umbrella that did it. It makes me shudder to think where I might be now, if it hadn't been for that cart-wheel bringing things to a crisis. I dare say I should have been sailing over the roofs of the houses, or steering straight for the open sea. It wouldn't have been so bad, after all," she added, with a little sigh; "it would have been a change from the old hum-drum, and I might have been dropped somewhere on some 'Fortunate Island.'"

"You lost the umbrella, I suppose?"

"I hope I did," came wearily from the long-suffering girl. "If you ever find it, don'tlet me know about it."

The weary lids had closed over her eyes and Mrs. Cribbins, concluding that further information from that quarter was not to be extracted, wisely took her leave.

During the long night the pain in the injured wrist effectually banished sleep and Jeannie thought over the events of the evening, viewing them in many lights. She eventually exclaimed "What a spectacle I must have presented. I solemnly believe every teaspoon and soiled napkin rolled out of that horrible lunch basket. I wonder what he thought. Pshaw! I don't care what he thought;" and then she found the next minute that she did care. "Why, I suppose by this time he has forgotten all about it. He evidently moves in a circle that I shall never penetrate. He must have laughed though; he couldn't be human and not have done that; but I didn't see him. No, I don't believe he did laugh; he had the kindest voice I ever heard. and there was something so strong and self-reliant about him, you unconsciously did as he told you."

Then she spent the remainder of the night in being intensely disgusted with herself for having thought about him at all.

Ralph Thorndyke, M. D., walked into his handsomely furnished apartments in Vine street, after leaving his charge. He took off his damp outer garments, donned a dressing-gown, and stretched himself before the open coal fire.

The door opened and a man of perhaps thirty-five entered. "Hallo, Thorn," he said, approaching the fire, "so you've turned up? I had just thought of going to the morgue to look for you."

"Cheerful thought! Did you suppose I had taken up my residence there permanently?"

"Not willingly; but as it was past office hours when I was here before, and there was such a hurricane outside, I didn't know but what you'd been struck with a flying sign and been borne off on a shutter."

"No, it was not a sign; it was something vastly different."

"Then you were struck"—coming nearer, and taking a survey of the doctor's features—"where!"

"Nothing serious—figuratively speaking, as it were."

"Ah! in that undiscovered region from whence—I mean under your vest pocket—isn't that about the place?"

"Avaunt, you bungler! I wouldn't employ you for an office boy, if you'd work for a postage stamp a week. No, indeed; its higher up, somewhere in the region of the brain, I think."

"A bungler, forsooth! If I cannot read your case to a T, set me down for a hod carrier or—an M. D. Why, my poor boy, that's one of the most alarming symptoms of the whole disease. It always works that way, in its worst stages. In affairs of the heart, the deluded victim invariably imagines it's his head, and all the time his brains have nothing to do with it."

"Very well, since you're certain of it, perhaps you might prescribe," remarked the patient resignedly, with half-closed eyes.

"Do you have a fluttering, uneasy sensation, a little to the left of that middle shirt stud? Ah, your head is cool!"

"Give o'er! Unhand me, villain!" thundered the doctor in basso-profundo, striking a stage attitude, and hissing through his teeth, "Beware, frail man, lest in my frenzy I administer one of my own prescriptions, and the place of your habitation henceforth know you no more. But, seriously, he said, sinking back into his lounging attitude, I've had a little adventure."

"I suppose with your keen scent at unearthing remarkable characters, you've brought to light the Charley Ross abductor. Remember a poor but deserving young man when you go for the reward, won't you?"

"It wasn't in that line, and if there ever should be a reward it won't be divided with the deserving young man, he can bet his bank account on that."

"Great smoke!" said the other, between ineffectual attempts at getting a cigar under way. "Must be something of a bonanza; but why don't you go on? I burst with impatience."

"So did I a little while ago, when I was trying to tell my story, but I'm perfectly willing to wait now until you get through. That's a mighty good cigar."

After a while, through the floating rings and wreathes of smoke, the evening's occurrence took shape and form, and the friend was made acquainted with it all, excepting a few details, which Thorndyke kept to himself.

"Poor little thing," he said, "how I did pity her. If she had only been a child, instead of a woman, I would have picked her up and brought her right here where it is warm and comfortable. Jove! I'll wager she's up in the top of that cheerless old boarding-house, where everything that you touch is damp and there hasn't been a fire for twenty-four hours But wasn't she as proud as Lucifer! Why, I had to thrust my attentions upon her in order not to leave her to fall in the street, and become the center of a curious crowd. She didn't honor me with her name though; I'm afraid as a knight errant I'm not a success. There evidently is something against me."

"Personal appearance is everything," coolly observed the other gentleman.

"True," he answered; "very likely then I give people the impression of Mephistopheles or Lord Verisopht. Which is it?"

"Hard to tell, my boy; there is such a subdued but fine mingling of the two that it would be no easy matter to draw the line."

By and by they fell into a reverie.

"What! not going so soon?" said Thorndyke, tossing his cigar in the fire.

"Yes; I'm deuced blue to-night."

"Anything new come up?"

"No, only I'm a little more disgusted with myself than usual, for being a coward and an idiot. Here I've been for four weeks only fifty miles from home, and can't get courage to go out there. Thanksgiving will be here in two days, and I shall spend it alone like old Scrooge or some other social outcast."

"I don't think you ought to feel that way. You've put the past entirely behind you, and have struck out on a new course. Cheer up and go and tell them so like a man."

"Then you can't know what it is to be ashamed to look in your mother's face. I hope you never may," he added huskily. "Somehow it seems as if when the ones you have wronged the most, and who have forgiven you the most, at last turn against you, it is because the lavish abundance of their affection and forbearance has finally exhausted the supply. If little Barrett is living she is a woman now. If I could only see her first perhaps it would be different. It seems as if she would pave the way, you know."

"Who is little Barrett? I do not think you ever told me."

"The dearest little woman of a sister. You smile at the name. I gave you the other when I told you of her; but that one is so exclusively my own property that I always call her that when I think of her. The way it came about, she used to be given to writing verses, and, just to tease her, I called her Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and little Barrett for short. She protested strongly at first, but became used to it at last. Little Barrett—little Barrett—somehow speaking the name out makes things seem more real, and brings them nearer. But I must go," he said, turning quickly and walking toward the door, to hide the tears which had gathered at the mention of that tender little reminiscence.

"Well, I'll come around there to-morrow, and will see," the doctor shouted after the figure going down the stairs.

When Thorndyke called on his friend the next morning he found him on the point of starting out to hunt up a boarding house. "My present quarters are pleasant enough," he said, "but too expensive. I must look up something a little less stylish, if the fare is not so good. I must begin to save up a little in case—in case—I should find them, you see. Do you know of any place?"

The Doctor thought a moment and then, as if taking a sudden resolution:

"Why, yes, I know of a house. I can't say what the accommodations would be, but I'll show you where it is if you wish."

On the way there, Thorndyke was actually troubled with some misgivings, so he remarked carelessly:

"You needn't mention that I sent you there—they don't know me. If they want references I can furnish you with them, since you are a stranger here."

"If I wasn't you'd find some difficulty in doing so, I suppose," he answered, laughing.

Thorndyke showed him the house, left him at the corner, and disappeared.

As it happened, Mrs. Cribbins was that afternoon throwing her whole soul into the composition of mince pies. The maid of all work had departed to the grocery for sugar, and when the door-bell rang Mrs. Cribbins, with distress on her flushed countenance, stated the critical condition of the pastry, and asked Miss Hulett, if she would open the door. She proceeded to grant her request, and found the doctor's accomplice on the door step. He raised his hat and inquired for Mrs. Cribbins. Jeannie replied by asking him in. He did not seem to heed her words but stood still. Such unusual conduct caused Jeannie to look again a little more closely. His eyes met hers with an eager, questioning gaze.

"Pardon me," he said. "Are you Miss Hulett?"

"Yes, that is my name—I will call Mrs. Cribbins," she said, starting away from the door.

"No, no; please stop a moment."

She turned and paused at the entreaty of his voice.

"Are you Jeannie Hulett; have you a brother Fred?"

Her face was now as pale as his.

"Yes, yes; I did have. Have you seen him? Tell me quick!" She came closer and scanned his face, her lips parted, and she faltered. "Can it be——"

"Yes," he cried out, catching her close, "it is he; and you are 'little Barrett,'" showering kisses on her brown hair and the tremulous lips. "I knew you in a moment; but you did not know me;" he added a little sadly.

"No," she answered, "I almost felt it, too, but it was too good to be true, too good, too good," she murmured.

Jeannie took her brother up to her own little room, shut the door and sat down by him. She held his arm very tight, and looking up through the mist in her eyes, said: "I was so lonely, so miserable, and you have made me so happy, I mean to hold you close, for fear you will disappear as mysteriously as you came. I want to be sure that it is not all a dream."

"There's not the slightest danger of me becoming an unsubstantial wraith, until I am obliged to. I'm altogether too comfortable in the present situation," and he squeezed the little hand on his arm, but as he glanced down at the other one, he made a discovery—the wrist was bandaged. "By all that's good!" he thought to himself. "If they're not one! the Doctor's heroine and little Barrett. Well, this is too good to be exploded all at once; it will keep and get all the better. I'll not let on to either of them."

"How did you happen to come here?" she asked.

"O it all came about by chance," he answered evasively.

After a while she asked him for the history of those nine long years,

"My dear little sister," he said with some emotion, "I have put them, I hope, forever away from me and opened a new account."

He told her all. The recklessness of those first years, then the dissipation and wickedness, the days and nights spent at the gambling table, the fortunes won and lost, the madness of riotous drinking, and untamed passions, the intervals of stinging remorse, then the plunging again into a deeper and swifter whirlpool than before.

He was living this reckless life at Dresden; day after day, night after night was spent at the card table; but at last there came a time when fortune frowned. He lost, and lost heavily.

Then came the uprising of all Germany. The genius of war sprang like Minerva, and hurled with resistless force her iron battalions against presumptuous France.

He told how gladly he had joined a regiment bound for the front; anything that meant action was better than the frozen torpor of his life. Then came that memorable 14th of August, the first battle before Metz, when the night closed over a field strewn with 4,000 Prussians killed and wounded. He had belonged to the glorious Seventh Crops, under Steimetz, and when the left, commanded by Zastrou, rushed madly in the advance, the French fire moved down the line with a terrific and murderous sweep. Their ranks were filled immediately and they passed on. Pandemonium seemed opening beneath their feet with the infernal growl of the mitrailleuse, the hiss of the Chassepot, and the ring of the needle-gun bullets. There came a sudden burning sting, and he remembered no more, until aroused by a stab of pain; a lantern flashed in his face; they were lifting him into an ambulance.

Long weeks of suffering succeeded; torturing days of pain, delirium, and pitiful weakness. After a time the fever began to abate, and during the tedons convalescence, his past life came like a hideous spectre and stared him in the face. He had been so near death, he had been forced to think of it; his physical suffering seemed to have purified his grosser elements, and frightened the spiritual.

The young surgeon who had charge of him was a countryman of his own, and a sort of friendship had sprung up between them. He grew to look with a kind of childish longing for his visits. There was something in his presence more invigorating than his tonics.

In Fred Hulett's case, the interest between doctor and patient was mutual. The former had mused many a time and speculated much on the man in No. 12. The face, which was still fine, despite the ravages of dissipation and disease, the elegant manner and well-chosen speech, the stoical endurance under the probe and knife—an American and a common soldier of the German ranks. Here was an object of the most interesting sort, within close range of the doctor's penchant for the study of character.

One day he found his patient in a state of mind just bordering on the overstrung condition which had produced the nervous chill before. He changed his tactics, and delicately asked him if there was not something beside the giving of medicine that he could do for him; could he not write home for him?

"Barrie," said Fred, "I broke down at that and cried like a baby. He left me have it out and said nothing, but when I grew a little calmer, I felt that I must tell him, and perhaps I should be better and stronger to take up a new life and stand to it. After I had finished he took my hand in a warm, strong grasp: 'You are young,' he said; 'there is yet time to retrieve something of what you have lost. The mistakes of even ten years should not draw down and engulf a whole life in their wreck. God knows that temptation comes to every man under the sun, else he would not make the cry for help a daily prayer. We all have our hourly battle to fight. We will breast it together if you will. It is not a matter of favor from the gods, but each man fights on his own mettle, and the doughtiest wins.'

"I was not slow in making him understand the good he had done me; and he, for his part did not forget the offer of friendship, but has stood by me like a brother ever since.

"I wanted to put the Atlantic between me and the country where the very air seemed thick with sickening memories. As soon as the doctor could wind up his affairs, we came back together. Through his influence I got a situation. I've succeeded so far in giving satisfaction, and hope to keep on. The doctor has furnished his rooms and put out his sign. There's no doubt but that he'll soon build up a practice, but he won't starve in the meantime, as he has something of a pile to fall back on. Barrie, I want you to know the man who has done so much for me."

Jeannie had been shocked and awed by this tragic chapter of a life. The suffering and misery had drawn out her tenderest sympathies.

They took the train together that night for home. A short time before they started, Fred Hulett dashed into the doctor's office in a high state of excitement, and nearly fell over a small valise, which stood, of course, in the middle of the floor, whereat Thorndyke appeared suddenly in the doorway with some clean clothes on his arm and alarm on his countenance.

"I'm going home to-night, and with whom do you think?" He did not give him time to think. "With 'little Barrett' herself. God bless you, Thorn! you sent me to the very house where she boarded. Wasn't it strange? She's just as sweet and sensible as she used to be, and was so glad to see me."

Thorndyke, with a hearty grasp of his hand, told him how glad and happy he was in his good fortune, adding that he now saw no obstacle in the way of his fulfilling his engagement, and doing double justice to the dinner on the morrow. "It will be a Thanksgiving indeed to you," he said, at parting.

"Yes," answered the other, while his face lighted up with a kind of worship for his friend; "and you had a hand in it." He turned as he was going out, "I didn't have a chance to investigate for you, but will when I come back," he said.

That night two old people sat by the fire, in a farm-house back from the road. "It'll be lonesome without both of them," the mother said, in a stifled voice. "Somehow he's been in my mind all day."

Nathan Hulett did not answer at first, it was so unusual a thing to speak of that one. He bowed his chin on his breast.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but we have no son that cares to come home to us."

After a time another sound was heard, a rumble of wheels, and they stopped at the gate, and before either of them had got there an excited young woman had burst in, and kissed them both before they could say a word. After a few minutes the presence of some one outside was broken very gently, and then the best part of that old, old story of the Prodigal Son was acted again. What passed at that time was too sacred, too solemn for other eyes than their own.

One evening soon after Jeannie and Fred had returned to the city, they were chatting cosily together in the little front room up stairs. "I'm going to bring the doctor up to-morrow evening," he said, "and if you don't say he's a fine specimen, I shall consider your judgment fatally warped by too much poetry and school teaching."

"There certainly isn't much sameness about the two," she answered, laughing, "I dare say he's a saintly kind of a creature that exists only in your imagination. I'm afraid I'm going to be disappointed in him. I wouldn't wonder if he turned out to be dreadful commonplace and dull. Or if he isn't, perhaps he'll be condescending, and look down, from his lofty pedestal, on me, as something that's really quite passable for a woman, whereat he'll proceed to rack his gigantic intellect for phrases that are pretty and harmless, and suited to my comprehension. That's the kind of a man that makes my blood boil, and I shall shock him. Depend upon it I shall forget how much I owe him and say something dreadful. If you see me on dangerous ground, just step on my toe and I'll leave the room for a few minutes and cool down."

"We'll make you look as pretty as possible, and I'll keep guard over your temper, and perhaps we'll be able to worry through the evening."

"Now if it was only the gentleman I told you of, who was so kind when I sprained my wrist, then there would be some excitement in getting yourself up 'killing.' I believe you said your doctor was about fifty and had a bald spot on his head, didn't you?"

"Well, the poor man can't help his age, can he? I've known some very estimable people who wore wigs. Besides, you are twenty-five, and can't expect to be noticed by gentlemen much under sixty."

"Then don't make him any more dazzling than you have already, or I shall be obliged to enter the room carrying a piece of smoked glass before my eyes. Besides, if you tell many more like the last, I shall begin to suspect his very existence. Beware lest I turn on you as did Betsy Prig when the hyperbolical Mrs. Harris became too much for her."

"His eyes——"

"Pause! you know not what you do; if one of them is glass, spare me for the present. I haven't quite recovered from the wig yet, though you did break it as gently as possible."

She stuck her needle into the cushion and leaned back, pushing up her hair with both hands and drawing her pretty brows into a frown, as she regarded him; but the Sphynx was not more immovable than the subject before her, and she gave it up.

The next evening the two gentlemen called as expected. When Jeannie entered the little parlor, and the introduction followed, the denouement was all that treacherous and designing young man could possibly wish for.

The first time that the Doctor and his friend met after that evening an exceedingly lively conversation ensued. Each one had been the victim of the other to a certain degree, but, strange to say, neither of them seemed disposed to retaliate in an unpleasant manner—fact, they took it quite philosophically and stood ready to accept the result in high good humor. Fred Hulett was heard to make some remarks concerning references, but the Doctor declared it looked a little now as if the shoe was on the other foot.

* * * * * *

Just one year from that eventful Thanksgiving, Dr. Thorndyke joined Jeannie and Fred at the old farm house. There was quite a little family gathering; even Dr. Thorndyke's mother, a grand-looking old lady, was there. The room was dressed in evergreens and ferns, with scarlet bittersweet berries burning among the branches. The open fire cast a cheery, dancing gleam on the faces of the guests, and the old-fashioned candelabra held waxen tapers all alight.

Suddenly there was a little expectant hush—under the leafy arch came a man and woman who had realized in each other that one bit of Heaven which the first of a sorrowful race had carried out of Paradise when the earthly gates were closed forever, that "perfect love" which casteth out fear.

Since her marriage Mrs. Thorndyke has won a reputation in the literary world, and her husband glories in her success. I might tell the name she writes under, but promised not to.

A THIRTY YEARS' RECORD OF ATTEMPTS ON THE LIVES OF RULERS.

1848—November 26.—The life of the Duke of Modena was attempted.

1849—June 21.—The crown Prince of Prussia was attacked at Minden.

1851—May 22.—Sefeloque, a workman, shot at Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, and broke his forearm.

1850—June 28.—Robert Pate, an ex-Lieutenant in the army, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria.

1852—September 24.—An infernal machine was found at Marseilles with which it had been intended to destroy Napoleon III.

1853—February 18.—The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was grievously wounded in the head while walking on the ramparts at Vienna, by a Hungarian tailor named Libzens.

1853—April 16.—An attempt on the life of Victor Emmanuel was reported to the Italian Chamber.

1853—July 5.—An attempt was made to kill Napoleon III. as he was entering the Opera Comique.

1854—March 20—Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, was killed by an unknown man, who stabbed him in the abdomen.

1855—April 28.—Napoleon III. was fired at in the Champs Elysees by Giovanni Pianeri.

1856—April 28.—Raymond Fuentes was arrested in the act of firing at Isabella, Queen of Spain.

1856—December 8.—Agesilas Milano, a soldier, stabbed Ferdinand III., of Naples, with his bayonet.

1857—August 7.—Napoleon III. again. Bartoletti, Gibaldi and Grillo were sentenced to death for coming from London to assassinate him.

1858—January 14.—Napoleon III. for the fifth time. Orsina and his associates threw fulminating bombs at him as he was on his way to the opera.

1851—July 14.—King William of Prussia was for the first time shot at by Oscar Becker, a student at Baden-Baden. Becker fired twice at him but missed him.

1862—December 18.—A student named Dossios fired a pistol at Queen Amalia of Greece (Princess of Oldenberg) at Athens.

1863—December 24.—Four more conspirators from London against the life of Napoleon III. were arrested at Paris.

1865—April 14.—President Lincoln was shot by J. Wilkes Booth.

1866—April 6.—A Russian named Kavarasoff attempted Czar Alexander's life at St. Petersburg. He was foiled by a peasant, who was ennobled for the deed.

1867.—The Czar's life was again attempted during the great Exposition at a review in the Boise de Boulogne at Paris.

1868—June 10.—Prince Michael of Serbia was killed by the brothers Radwarowitch.

1871.—The life of Amadeus, then newly King of Spain, was attempted.

1872.—August.—Colonel Gutieriez assassinated President Balta of the Republic of Peru.

1873—January 1st.—President Morales of Bolivia was assassinated.

1875—August.—President Garcia Mareno, of Ecuador, was assassinated.

1877—June.—President Gill of Paraguay was assassinated by Commander Molas.

1878—May 11th.—The Emperor William of Germany was shot at again, this time by Emilie Henri Max Hoedel, *alias* Lehmann, the Socialiat. Lehmann, it will be remembered, fired three shots at the Emperor, who was returning from a drive with the Grand Duchess of Baden, but missed him.

1878—June 2d.—A third attempt was made on the life of the Emperor William by Dr. Nobiling.

—Boston is agitating the subject of requiring all employés of that city to live within the city limits.

Varieties.

—Venison sells for seven cents a pound in Johnstown, Pa.

—A large force is at work grading the Texas and Pacific railroad from Fort Worth to Weatherford.

—President Allen, of Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, has resigned, and the vacancy will be filled at the meeting of the College Trustees in January.

—Charlestown, N. H., has just discovered that the grave of a young man buried nearly thirty years since was robbed long ago, the coffin being filled with sand after the body was removed.

—The combined weight of the six members of the family of John Lindsey, of Lancaster, N. H., is more than 1400 pounds, or an average of 233⅓ pounds each. Mrs. Lindsey is the heaviest, weighing 304 pounds.

—A London court has fined a man who caused a public nuisance by manufacturing sulphate of ammonia $15,000, though if he abates the nuisance and pays the costs, $10,000, in a month, the fine will be remitted.

—Since January 1 five ships, five barques, one brig, fourteen schooners, six sloops and two steamboats, with an average tonnage of 15,639 tons, have been built in the Bath, Me., district. This comprises the business of the year, and no more vessels will be launched.

—The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* says: "In the United States Court there are fewer disappointed exhibitors than in any other. Out of 2000, 800 have carried off prizes. The Americans sent very little trash to the Champ de Mars."

—On November 11, the occasion of the ninth birthday of the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent to the Italian throne, he was taken by his mother, Queen Marguerita, to the Hall of the Five Hundred, in Florence. He was enthusiastically received by 8000 children.

—A handsome monument has just been erected in Kensal Green over the grave of the late Mlle. Titiens. It is of red polished granite. At the head and feet are wreaths in white marble. The following is the inscription: "In memory of Therese Titiens, who died October 3, 1877."

—While a farmer of Monroe, N. Y., was prying upon a flat stone in a quarry last week his hand touched something cold clammy. He raised the stone and found a ball made up of forty-five large black snakes. They were matted together as though they had been braided, and were separated by beating with a club.

—Mr. Spurgeon has declined to accept personally the gift of $25,000, which his congregation is raising to commemorate the completion of his twenty-fifth year's work as a Baptist minister, but will devote the amount to the establishment of a permanent fund for the aged poor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle almshouses, fourteen in number.

—A man entered a grocery store at North Vernon, Ind., the other day and asked for a gallon of molasses. Having drawn it the storekeeper asked him what he would take it home in. "In my hat," promptly replied the customer, calmly holding out a new silk hat, into which the grocer, not to be outdone in *sang froid*, poured the fluid. Then the customer jammed the hat on the grocer's head, and, having thus occupied his attention, took what money there was in the till and departed.

—It is noteworthy that if Angell, the Pullman defaulter, had gone to any country with which the United States have an extradition treaty, he could not have been arrested nor returned to Chicago, because no treaty embraces the offence with which he is charged. By selecting for his asylum a country between which and his own no extradition provisions exist, the fugitive put himself at the mercy of international comity, and Portugal is one of the most polite of nations.—*N. Y. World.*

—The importation of French, Norman and Percheron horses to this country is continually on the increase, as one importing company after another is organized for the purpose. Since 1872 one gentleman in Illinois alone has brought from France nearly one hundred and fifty head of stallions (and a few mares), from which an almost incredible number of offspring have descended, and again have produced foals to all appearance as high bred as the imported stock. For heavy work they are incomparable, and as their value becomes known they fill also many a place as roadsters, where both strength and speed is desired.—The average weight of a stallion is from one thousand four hundred pounds to two thousand pounds, while most of the grades resulting in crosses with common mares weigh from one thousand two hundred pounds to one thousand six hundred pounds.—*Springfield Union.*

—A curious incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper.—The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room.—One day he happened to light upon the mantel shelf where there was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and cautiously at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage, he selected a seed from its box, and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and dispirited he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the day, and although the door was repeatedly left open, he refused to come out again.

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