Holiday Supplement
FOR OUR READERS.

Christmas, 1871.

Lo! now is come our joyfullest feast
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves be dressed,
And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke
And Christmas logs are burning,
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be jolly.

Farm, Garden and Household.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—No house should be without a bottle of arnica. It is indispensable in case of cuts, burns and bruises, and in ear-ache it is a sovereign cure. As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear—which feeling almost always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be poured in, and then the orifice filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If it is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but is just as certain. If one application of the arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be several times. It is a sure preventive for gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of ear-ache. We have never yet known any harm or serious inconvenience to attend this use of arnica; though, if the spirits with which it is made are very strong, it may be diluted with a little water, as the spirits—not the arnica—will sometimes cause a temporary dizziness of the head, which is unpleasant.

RAISING CALVES.—The method which we have used in rearing calves may be found to possess some interest to readers of the *Rural New Yorker*. With us it has proved uniformly successful and satisfactory. The calves are selected as much for the good qualities of their dams as for their individual excellence, and are allowed to remain with the cow from two to three weeks. We never remove a calf in bitter cold weather, as its welfare depends in a great measure upon the start it gets; and if it is worth raising at all, it is worth giving a good start. At first it is offered warm skim milk. This it generally refuses the first meal, and sometimes the second, but rarely oftener. We never allow them to suck the fingers, and save many a cold and aching hand. They readily learn to drink by themselves, thereby thriving much better, and costing much less trouble. As soon as possible a little bran is mixed with the skim milk, and shortly afterward thick milk is substituted for the skim milk. The quantity is increased until the calf receives about five quarts of milk and a pint of meal a day. We use equal parts of bran and corn meal, or corn and oats. The drink is always warmed in cold weather by mixing with hot water. Calves fed in this manner, and having plenty of good hay, will weigh from 500 to 550 pounds at eight months old. They are then weaned, and continue to thrive on good hay and grass alone, the heifers having a calf of their own at 22 or 23 months old, and being fully able to do so. This method is used on an ordinary farm, with medium sized, good milking, native and grade cattle.

An Unreported Conversation.

During the Grand Duke Alexis's walks through the Bridgeport cartridge factory, he pointed to several workingmen and inquired of Governor Jewell, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes of this country. "But do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor Jewell; "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any case where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious Alexis. "O certainly," the Governor said; "I myself, worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters; it was more of an enigma than the boy had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he is now visiting, Governor Claflin was a shoemaker, Senator Wilson was a cobbler also, and General Banks was a machinist.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE CURIOUS.—Some people are fond of puzzling over curious items, and for the benefit of all such persons the following conundrum or riddle or puzzle is inserted among the records of the reading-room. In the first place, an impossibility must be supposed possible, namely, that a man thirty-five years old marries a girl of five, which makes the groom seven times as old as the bride. When the girl is ten years old the man is forty, and four times as old as his wife; when she is fifteen the man is forty-five, that is three times as old. When she is thirty, the man is sixty, that is twice as old as his wife, and now will somebody be good enough to ascertain how long they have to live together to make the girl as old as the man! It is just barely possible that an answer to this question is as impossible as the hypothesis on which the whole thing is based. That is for the curious to ascertain, however. All answers should be sent to the office of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and the successful individual, whether by actual experiment or not is unimportant, will find his or her name recorded in the obituary column of the aforesaid journal.

RETURNS received at the Agricultural Bureau indicate that the cotton crop will yield three and one-third million bales.

Destruction of the Walrus.

A correspondent of the New Bedford *Standard* furnishes the following: For the past three or four years the North Pacific whaling fleet have been taking walrus in the months of July and August, as the whales in those months go into the ice and around Point Barrow, out of the reach of whalemen. During all the years from 1849 to 1867 the whalemen had let the walrus alone or taken a very few. In 1868 a few ships commenced taking walrus, and did quite well, securing from 200 to 600 walrus, and destroying half as many more. In 1869 a large number of ships were engaged in the business, but in 1870 the whole fleet (with two or three exceptions), "went in" and took all they could. Probably not less than 50,000 female walrus, with their young, were killed and destroyed. The past year three-fourths of the fleet were engaged in the business, but the walrus were shy and far into the ice, and they did not do as well. Shipmasters had to send their boats 20 and 25 miles to find them.

The Arctic walrus are nearly all females, who go into the Arctic in the Summer months to bring forth and nurse their young, which the mothers are very fond of and attached to. They will never forsake their young, but will take them in their flippers and hold them to their breasts, even when their destroyers are putting their sharp lances through and through them and the blood streaming from every side, uttering the most heartrending and piteous cries, and so until they die, and then the little ones must starve, unless the whaleman can thrust his lance through it and send it to the bottom. This is one of the most cruel occupations that I know of, and many a humane whaleman has felt guilty and turned aside as he did it. The walrus average about twenty gallons of oil and four pounds of ivory.

But the worst feature of the business is that the natives of the entire Arctic shores from Cape Thaddeus, in the Anadir Sea, to the farthest point North, a shore line of more than a thousand miles on the West Coast, with the large island of St. Lawrence, the smaller ones of Diomede and King's islands, all thickly inhabited, and our own coast of Northern Alaska, are now almost entirely dependant on the walrus for their food clothing, boats and dwellings. Twenty years ago whales were plenty and easily caught, but the whales have been destroyed and driven North, so that now the natives seldom get a whale. This is a sad state of things for them.

Several captains lately arrived home have told me that they saw the natives, 30 and 40 miles from land, on the ice, trying to catch a walrus to eat, and were living on the carcasses of those that the whalemen had killed.

How Caves are Formed.

It becomes an interesting question to find out how this subterranean system was made; for in so many cases a valley passes into a ravine, and that into a cave, that the cause which has formed one must have formed all. It requires but a cursory glance to see at once that running water was the main agent. The limestone is so traversed by joints and lines of shrinkage, that the water sinks rapidly down into its mass, and collects in small streams, which owe their direction to the dip of the water and the position of the fissures. These channels are being continually deepened and widened by the mere mechanical action of the passage of stones and silt. But this is not the only way in which the rock is gradually eroded. The limestone is composed in great part of pure carbonate of lime, which is indissoluble in water. It is, however, readily dissolved in any liquid containing carbonic acid, which is an essential part of our atmosphere, and is invariably present in the rain-water, and is given off by organic bodies. By this invisible agent, the hard crystalline rock is always being attacked in some form or other. The very snails that take refuge in its crannies leave an enduring mark of their presence in a surface fretted with their acid exhalations, which very often pass current among geologists for the borings of pholades, and are the innocent cause of much speculation as to the depression of the mountain-tops beneath the sea in comparatively modern times. The carbonic acid taken up by the rain is derived in the main from the decomposing vegetable matter which generally forms the surface soil on the limestone. Its effects are to be seen in a most marked degree in the bare, grey masses of rock termed "pavements," that stands out like *roches moutonnees* from the purple heather, and are worn and fissured into the strangest possible shapes. Sometimes the surface is made up of a number of sharp points that look like a sheaf of sword-blades; at others are ravines and caves in miniature; and very generally the strata are divided into a series of large angular blocks, which work with the greatest freedom. The minute fossil shells and fragments of crinoids standing out in bold relief testify that the agent which removed so much rock is chemical, not mechanical. This invisible agent is equally at work in the caves as well as above ground, everywhere attacking the surface, even out of reach of the streams. The endless varieties of stalactite and stalagmite are merely so much solid matter taken by it out of the rock, and re-deposited where the excess of carbonic acid in the water happens to be taken up by a free current of air. To it, then, as well as to the mechanical power of the stream, the formation and enlargement of caves must be assigned.

DRAINING LANDS.—Henry Taylor, an English farmer, who had drained many thousand acres of land, gave his view to the Farmers' Club on this subject. Draining should be deep, four feet at least; deeper would be better. On heavy lands, 20 feet apart would be proper; on lighter lands 66 feet might do. Draining lands infested with Couchgrass would rid them of that weed in two years. The soil should not be returned into the ditch in a wet state, or the drains would not act; the earth would consolidate, and he had known two years to elaspse before any benefit assured; while if the earth was dry when replaced the drains would act at once. Tiles should be large enough to carry off the water with facility. If full, the flow was retarded. The cost of draining in England was from $25 to $40 per acre.

"Behind the Mask."

A singular change has come of late over the face of Spring—which would be an old remark at this wintry, shivery time of the year if I meant the season instead of my dog. I have been a long while absent from the old house, and upon my return, this evening, the brisk brown tail that once gyrated in such a spasm of glad welcome, wagged a most feeble greeting. The dog bounded not as of yore to my very shoulder, nor wheeled about me in ecstatic circles. There was a welcoming wriggle still, but not the old, abandoned, unkempt fury.

But as the dear fellow sits yonder near the andirons, there is a tender look in his dark eye that tells me, quite as well as the former agony of joy, that his cup runneth over with the happiness of my coming back. His front is to the fire, but his small, fine head is cocked on one side, while he watches me with full content. And as I looked into that frank face of his, every line of which is as familiar to me as my own, I notice the change of which I spoke.

The hair upon his forehead is turning white, two lines of gray run down even to the point of the nose, and there is a look of age about his features—about his whole bearing indeed—that I never noticed before.

When one comes to think of it—as terriers go, Spring *is* an old dog. Many a summer has shed its leaves since we laid his mother in her narrow tomb—a queer little African circus-dog, she—about half Spring's size, and with hide as bare and smooth as an elephant's, save for the half-dozen gray hairs that stood erect on her head, imparting an air of wise and sprightly venerab eness—and the scrimpy tuft at the end of her tail. And Spring's companions have likewise fallen away from him, one by one, leaving him to his solitary path and fireside—solitary save for human sympathy and cheer. Zoo was the last to go—that genial animal, the tradition of whose early corpulence still in thin old age hung about his shrunken sides, rendering every movement replete with dignified unwieldiness.

The strangest part of this change in Spring is the old-young look. He seems like a boy with his grandfather's spectacles and wig. I cannot reconcile the gray hairs and weary movements with the atmosphere of youth that remains. His young soul surely is masquerading in this ancient guise. But I can see through the domino, my dog! You may not know that you are wearing any—you wonder, I think, at the unwonted film over the clear vision, at the invisible bands that bind those lithe; and willing limbs.

What have the mutations of time, the chemic laws, to do with the souls of us? "He who loves is in no condition old." Spring, my dear fellow, do you love your master?

There, there! that will do, you rascal,—Down, I say! Down!

A Sleepless Secretary.

The following is told of Sir Evan Nepean, formerly under Secretary of State of Great Britain:

One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and, being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at three o'clock, A. M., strolling aimlessly, more from dhily habit than anything else, down to the home office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum book:

"A reprieve to be sent to coiners ordered for execution at York."

Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him, that he called up the chief clerk in Downing street, who said he had sent it to the clerk of the crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"But have you the receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane."

They did so, and found him stepping into his gig for a holiday. He had forgotton the reprieve, and left it locked up in his desk. The fleetest express procurable was dispatched, and reached York just as the condemned man was entering the cart.

The Jews in Jerusalem.

In Jerusalem, as in Rome and elsewhere, the Jews are shut up in a separate quarter, and *that* the meanest, darkest, filthiest. One twilight I came unexpected into their settlement. It was a mud lane, lined with hovels, through which a funeral procession was slowly moving, the body borne on men's shoulders in the dress of life, a perfect tatterdemalion crew wailing as they followed. Coming to the Land of Promise to die, many of them are robbed on the way, and all are preyed upon after they arrive; so that, I apprehend, nothing is more real about them than their wretchedness. They have no consuls to interfere when a tax is exacted the second time in the same year. If injured, they must suffer in silence; if plundered by Arabs, they have no hope of recovery. Only conversion would make them outwardly comfortable, and that they hate as perdition. Generous help is constantly sent them from abroad, but none two much, though the amusing story is told of Sir Moses Montefiore having spent all his money in alms at Jerusalem, and being obliged to borrow at usurious interest from one of the beggars he had relieved, that he might get back to London.—*F. W. Howland, in Lippincott's Magazine.*

AN INTERESTING SALE.—The farm called Hazel Plain, in Prince William county, Va., (better known as the Chinn farm), containing five hundred and fifty acres, belonging to B. T. Chinn, was sold for eight dollars per acre, to Mrs. Mary A Downman, executrix. This farm is a portion of the plateau upon which were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling house upon it was one of the finest in this section of the State, but war devastated it, and the open fields, and the young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence to the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.—*Charleston News.*

Domesticating Buffaloes.

I am a native American, writes a correspondent, and justly proud of my country, so far as there is anything to be proud of, and brag without worth is more damaging than we sometimes think. The western farmer needs correction when he claims more than his due. Now, in the matter of domesticating the buffalo, of utilizing this raw material, of working this vast field of wealth, what does the farmers say? If you ask him, Will the taming of the buffalo pay? he almost universally says he thinks it will. But why don't he undertake it? "Well, he's agoin' to, as soon as he kin come round to it: the farm's so big, and money's so scarce, and times is so hard that he hain't had opportunity yet, but he's agoin' to."

But the experiment is being tried, and so far as I know anything of it, with success. I know of some buffalo, (or bison,) heifers and bulls, two years old, which promise well for gentleness and getting fat under conditions that the native stock suffer from. The fact is the buffalo will fatten easier, be worth more in hide and flesh, can be cultivated into a good milker, and will be kind and gentle. But the difficulty of taking the calves retards the process somewhat; they are kept in the centre of the herd, and in all cases of danger the bulls flank the herd. To capture them it is necessary to break through the flankers, through the ranks of cows to the calves, and then, riding at full galop, either lasso them or catch them by the tails, which stick straight up in the chase, and upset and tie them. But why don't they trap them? you may ask. Because they have no traps which insure the lives of the calves. A pit-fall might do to get buffalo steaks, but the life and limb of the calves would be greatly endangered, and, of course, the calves only must be taken. The old fellows are too stiff in their prejudices for open prairie freedom. It is a problem yet unsolved. The Spanish fever, brought up by the Texas droves last summer, has depopulated the country of the Durhams, and Devons, and Jerseys. Milk and butter is scarce; beef is plenty, such as it is, but one who has tried a Texas steak from a creature which has exercised its muscles over a 1,200 mile journey, sighs for a tender, juicy bit of good sirloin. Something must be done to replenish our stock. Those who pretend to know say buffalo is preferable to Texas cattle, and I have an idea that the taming of the creature is an enterprise which will, next year and succeeding years, receive such an impetus as will soon place it among the legitimate endeavors of the western farmer.

Preserve it.

Few readers can be aware, until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor and research is often saved by such a table as the following, the work of one now in his grave. If history is poetry, then here is "poetry personified:"

1607—Virginia settled by the English.
1614—New York settled by the Dutch.
1620—Massachusetts settled by the Puritans.
1624—New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
1627—Delaware settled by the Swedes and Finns.
1635—Maryland settled by the Irish Catholics.
1636—Connecticut settled by the Puritans.
1639—Rhode Island settled by Roger Williams.
1650—North Carolina settled by the English.
1670—South Carolina settled by the Huguenots.
1682—Pennsylvania settled by William Penn.
1732—Georgia settled by General Oglethorpe.
1791—Vermont admitted into the Union.
1792—Kentucky admitted into the Union
1796—Tennessee admitted into the Union
1802—Ohio admitted into the Union.
1811—Louisiana admitted into the Union
1816—Indiana admitted into the Union.
1818—Illinois admitted into the Union.
1819—Alabama admitted into the Union.
1820—Maine admitted into the Union.
1821—Missouri admitted into the Union.
1830—Michigan admitted into the Union
1836—Arkansas admitted into the Union
1845—Florida admitted into the Union.
1846—Texas admitted into the Union.
1847—Iowa admitted into the Union.
1848—Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
1850—California admitted into the Union
1859—Oregon admitted into the Union.

SOMETIME.—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness, as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all possessions in the future, which we call 'sometime.' Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, O reader! be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden 'sometime; when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the wear and fever, the disappointment and sorrow of life are over; then there is the place and the rest appointed by God. A homestead! over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds, and over whose threshhold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing with the spires and pinnacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows, where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping 'sometime.'

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—The total value of farm products in the United States and Territories during the year ending June 1, 1870, according to the census statement just published, was $2,445,000,000. The largest product was in New York, and the next largest in Illinois. The total wool clip for the same year is stated at 101,284,678 pounds, of which about one-fifth is credited to Ohio.

SAD CASE.—Mr. C. Machant, who lost all of his property by the great fire, committed suicide in Chicago recently. He left a note filled with tender references to his mother, wife and children. His wife, who has been an invalid since the fire, became insane at the sight of her dead husband.

Concerning Christmas.

"Yawning for a Cheshire cheese" is mentioned in the *Spectator* as a Christmas gambol.

It was customary for the King of France to give presents to their soldiers at Christmas time.

It was formerly thought that bread baked on Christmas Eve would not turn mouldy.

Within the last hundred years the festivities appropriate to Christmas have much fallen off.

In the North of England a goose is always the chief ingredient in the composition of a Christmas pie.

In the earlier ages of the churches the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing carols among the clergy,

The young girls in Russia are the heroines of the Christmas festivities which seem invented but for their amusement.

In the Roman Catholic church three masses are preformed at Christmas—one at midnight one at daybreak, and one in the morning.

The Christmas festivities celebrated with more or less brilliancy till Candlemas; and with great spirit till Twelfthday.

By the Puritan parliament Christmas was abolished altogether, and holly and ivy were made seditious badges.

Christmas Day, in the Primitive church, was always observed as the sabbath Day, and like that preceeded by an eve or vigil.

"Gloria in Exelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepards at the Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol.

Christmas was called the Feast of Lights in the Latin church, because they used many lights or candles at the feast.

It is the saying in Lincolnshire, England, that if there is as much ice before Christmas as would bear a goose, there will not be so much after as will bear a duck.

"The mistletoe, a magical shrub," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1871, "appeared to be the forbidden tree in the middle of the trees of Eden."

The yule-Dough was a kind of baby, or little image of paste, which bakers used formerly to bake at Christmas time, and present to their customers.

Mistletoe was abolished in the Christmas decking of churches because it was found to set the young ladies and gentlemen a reading the marriage service.

Misletoe was formerly hung in the kitchen or servant's hall. More recently it has been raised to the parlor and drawing-room, without, however, reducing the quantity of kissing in the lower regions.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1790, says that at Rippon, in Yorkshire, on Christmas Eve, the grocers send each of their customers a pound or half-a-pound of currants and raisins to make a Christmas pudding.

In the Scilly Islands they have a custom of singing carols on Christmas Day at church, to which the congregation make contributions by dropping money into a hat carried about the church when the performance is over.

It is the practice in England to cut ashen fagots for Christmas eve. The ash is said to be the only wood that will burn green, and it is the policy of the wood-cutters to lay on as many "binds" upon the fagots as possible, as it is an old established custom that every bind should represent a jug of cider, not that this is the limitation of quantity consumed on the occasion, only that this is part of the ceremonial.

Gambling Hells in New York.

According to the estimates of police officials, based on reports and special information colected in the discharge of their duties, there are at least 200 gambling houses in New York, and at least 2,500 persons of known bad character make their livings through connection as owners, backers, dealers, ropers and servants, with these illegal establishments. The number of victims who are robbed of the means by which this large criminal class lives cannot well be calculated; but, in view of the extravagant habits of the gambler, and the great expense of maintaining the houses, the victims are at least fifty times as numerous as the thieves. Doubtless the aggregate losses of more than 100,000 dupes contribute to the support of these 2,500 rogues.

Most of the hells are located over stores to which ladies and children resort for purchases, and in entering and leaving are compelled to face the insulting stare of impertinent, flashily-dressed gamblers who lounge about the entrances. They are for this reason practically nuisances in the eyes of businessmen, and as such ought to be abated by being suppressed. Down-town the "hells" are often found on the same floors with the offices of respectable dealers and professional men, and the customers of these are compelled, in entering and leaving, to risk having their pockets picked by the frequenters of the "hells"—for these gamblers by profession are thieves by nature, and often desperate burglars by necessity.

Many of the principal and several of the worst gambling houses have "day" or "down-town" games for the accommodation (and ruin) of the merchants whose infatuation for gaming leads them to neglect business for a few hours of the day. Naturally many clerks and even the messenger boys of merchants are drawn into these places, and lose large amounts of what they have probably previously stolen from employers.—*N. Y. Paper.*

A VISIT.—Mrs. Wilson, the woman in whose company Pet Halstead lost his life, has made two visits to the murderer Botts in his cell. She went at the request of Bott's friends, and against the wishes of her father. The interviews between them were very affecting. Both were in tears. At the last interview they embraced and kissed each other, and made other demonstrations of sympathy and of affection until separated by the jailor.

WAGES IN ENGLAND.—Different classes of workmen in Chatham Dockyard have sent up petitions to the Lords of the Admiralty asking for an increase of wages. No replies have yet been received by the officers for the men. The laborers assert that higher wages are urgently needed from the dearness of provisions, their pay now being $3.50 per week.

The New Year.

"We take no note of time but from its loss." The years come and go, and we mark their commencement and their termination, the one following hard upon the other. Whether we have been immersed in cares and duties, or whether we have experienced vivid pleasures, or whether the time has passed so quietly that we have taken but little notice of its flight, we have yet gone once more through the round of months, and again the New Year comes up to claim its place in the coming history of the days that are to be.

In the short interval that comes between Christmas and the New Year we have an opportunity of reviewing the past and anticipating the future. We pause, and look backwards and forwards. We look before and after, and pine for what is not.

Perhaps this is so, or perhaps we rejoice in the attainment of some object we have desired. There are a few people—we wish there were many—who can say that they have reached the summit of their ambition. It was our chance to meet with one of these fortunate people the other day, and she said: "I am very happy; I have everything I wish for." It does one good to hear now and then of a person whose utmost wish has been gratified. We trust that among our readers there are some to whom the Old Year has been thus bountiful. There are no doubt others who will have to say of the passing time,

"He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New Year will take them away."

Let us hope that in such cases as these the New Year will not only take away, but will give also; will give abundantly, so that it shall be remembered more for its gifts than for what it has taken.

Let us all turn to it with anticipations of better things in the time that is to come. We hope that the new leaf which is to be turned over will make a wonderful difference in the style of the chapter that is about to be written. Of course we are sure that in many instances it will not, but the present is a season of looking forward with hope and confidence, and we would not spoil pleasant anticipations by any gloomy forebodings. For our readers, and for all those who are dear to them, we wish a Happy New Year in the fullest and best sense of the phrase.

An Eastern Love Story.

Kusa-Jatakaya, a Buddhistic legend, has been rendered for the first time into English verse, from the Sinhales, by Thomas Steele, of the Ceylon Civil Service, and published in London by Trubner & Co. It is the story of an Indian Prince, son of the greatest sovereign of Dambadiva (India), who is gifted with every intellectual and moral quality, but ill-favored in his personal appearance, asks in marriage a princess of great beauty, and has her brought in pomp to the court of the king, his father. As soon as the lovely Prabavati has seen her bridegroom, Prince Kusa, in broad day-light, she takes to flight and returns to her father's house. Kusa follows her, and after practising various trades in the town where her father reigns, ends by obtaining access to the palace, where, as a cook, he distinguished himself by his uncommon talent. But neither his culinary skill nor his lamentations move the heart of Prabavati; and, being insultingly rejected, he is induced to return to his native town. Immediately after his departure, seven kings arrive, each at the head of an army, to demand the hand of Prabavati. The father of the princess is much embarrassed; if he bestows his daughter upon one of the seven, the other six will unite against him in a war which may ruin his country. In this dilemma, the king, touched with compassion, for his people, decides that his daughter shall be cut into seven pieces, and the portions carefully equalized so that the seven suitors may be satisfied, and no one made jealous.

The prospect of this sevenfold marriage causes Prabavati to reflect; she begins to consider that Prince Kusa, whom she so arrogantly rejected, is certainly not handsome, but full of intelligence, of constancy, and love; that he is the son of the most powerful king, and at the head of the most brilliant court to be found; she declares herself therefore ready to accept him as her spouse. Kusa has in the meantime returned; by his superior talents, without shedding of blood, he defeats and takes prisoners the seven kingly suitors; and as his clemency equals his bravery, and Prabavati fortunately has seven sisters, he gives one in marriage to each of the conquered kings. As for himself, his ugliness is suddenly transformed into beauty, he is married to Prabavati, "and they both live happy ever afterwards."

Doctors at Fault.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* gives the following: It will be remembered by many that on the 24th of December last the wife of a well known German citizen, on Preston street, between Green and Jefferson, was accidently shot in the abdomen with a pistol by a man named Richie, who fired at a man while in a difficulty, and missed his aim, shooting the lady. Richie was also shot on the same day, and died a few days afterwards. The lady was in a very delicate condition at the time of the shooting, which made the wound doubly dangerous, and caused a very serious result soon after. An eminent physician pronounced her injuries of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of her ever again becoming a mother. A week or two passed after the most serious consequences of the affair were over, when the wound began rapidly to heal. She soon regained her former health and strength, and in an incredibly short space of time she was in the performance of her domestic duties, hale and hearty as ever, and to the astonishment of her friends, in due time brought about a circumstance that was the astonishment and the sensational topic of all the neighborhood yesterday. Sure enough, on Monday evening this same lady gave birth to a boy baby weighing twenty pounds.

Ladies who have just returned from abroad report that large paniers have gone entirely out of fashion, and overskirts are made short and plain. They also report that the latest style of dressing the hair is in a simple coil at the back, and the front hair smoothed over the forehead and put back plainly behind the ears.

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