

Merry Christmas.

In the rush of early morning, When the red burns through the gray, And the wintry wind his whistling...

THE WAY WE WASTE.

A Comparison Between the United States and France—Some Startling Figures.

One of the facts brought prominently before the world during the last few years is that France is rich. The case with which she has recovered from the disastrous war...

But New York State is not alone.

The liquor bill of Pennsylvania during 1870 was more than sixty-five millions of dollars, a sum equal to one-third of the entire agricultural product of the State.

The Outside Passenger.

It was in the old days of stage coaches, and one of those huge lumbering vehicles was plowing its way between Boston and Salem in a driving rain storm...

JIM WHALEN'S DEATH.

The Story of a Brave Pilot—How he Died.

"It makes me feel kinder sad," said the pilot, pointing to the bank as the boat was plowing the current near Lake Providence, seventy-five miles above Vicksburg.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A Remarkable Duel Between the Commanders of a Federal and a Southern Scout.

A scout of the army writes the following letter: On the twelfth day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between a Capt. Jones, commanding a Federal scout, and Capt. Fry, commanding a Southern scout, in Greene county, East Tennessee.

A CURIOUS WILL CASE.

The Will Cannot be Found but the Evidence of a Young Lady Substituted for It.

The St. Leonards will case will take its place as one of the most remarkable of the interesting class of suits to which it belongs, and as Sir Henry James, one of the counsel, observed in the course of his speech, will become a precedent.

to face the truth, and may convince the other kind that nothing is gained by a division of juggled gains.

Fashion Notes.

The "Zara" sleeve is new and particularly dainty in thin goods of silk. Hoop for evening wear is of silk, matching the tint of the dress, the shoes, high or low, strapped over the instep, disclosing its beauty and fineness.

Quite a reaction has taken place in the style of brides' dresses, much more costly material being used than formerly, and considerably less trimming. White broadcloth silks are in demand, and soft satin finished failles. A peculiar quality of this silk is called "bride's satin."

Colored petticoats for middy streets and bad weather are in demand. Some are made in black and white, or of gray striped wool, trimmed with black velvet, but the most elegant are of red wool trimmed with black velvet and narrow black lace. Handsome and lady-like are those in quilted silk.

A World reporter visited a meeting of tramps and gives the following as part of the proceedings: The code of secret signals to be chalked on the gates and doors of all houses visited by members of the fraternity was revised. These cannot, of course, be given without detriment to the public service, but it may be generally stated that there are two general classes, each containing several subdivisions. Thus in the good class are ranked the widow whose son ran away and may, perhaps, be wanting a meal himself; the fat old farmer in his shirt sleeves who assured his wife that what the tramp eats will never be missed, and the man who wishes it was better in the category of those who have fallen under the wrath of the association are included the raw-boned woman who reaches for a broomstick as soon as the tramp enters; the shrill woman who turns off the cook of his eloquence with the remark: "We've got a family Bible and we don't want no whisks, nor clothes-pins, nor wire egg-beaters, nor sewing machines—so git!"

Origin of the American Indians. The origin of the American Indians has long been an insoluble mystery. Various theories have been devised to account for the peopling of the continent. There is the theory which assumes that a party of Tartars skated across Behring's straits in the remote past, and being compelled by a sudden thaw to abandon the idea of returning, took up a permanent residence here, and proceeded to supply the continent with a population of red men of assorted varieties. Hypothetical Japanese are also said to have drifted across the Pacific in a disabled junk, and we are asked to believe that their descendants are the straight-eyed and copper-colored savages. Years ago, an ingenious traveler discovered a tribe of Indians addicted to speaking Welsh.

Not a rag more.

A sympathetic young man, hearing all this, and feeling alarmed for the poor lady out in the storm, inquired of the old gentleman, why they didn't have her inside, and not out on the roof. "Bless you, there ain't room!" exclaimed the old man.

Tip-top! Just the ticket!

Thus relieved, no further anxiety was manifested about the outside passenger till the stage arrived at the inn, when what was the sympathetic and gallant young man's surprise and indignation to find that his nice coat had been wrapped around—not a fair lady of unusual proportions—but a double bass violin!

Not all of 'em.

Thirty or forty ran forward, wild like, and afraid to jump. The Texas was afore before I jumped, and as I floated in the river I saw the red tongues of flames leaping around the pilot house. Jim was there, and that he said. The water was up, the current heavy, and the wind blowing agin us, keeping the fire back. If Jim went overboard it was good-bye to fifty human souls. He saw it, and that's where glory covered him from head to foot.

Not what?

"I'm not doing anything." "Well, but I thought you were going to take toll," replied the widow. "Tell me," rejoined the widow. "What's that?" "Well, I declare!" cried the widow, her clear laugh ringing out above the music of the bells, "you pretend you don't know what toll is!"

Not a rag more.

"I said that I had never heard of it before; but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggles to hold the veil over her face were not enough to tear it. At last the veil was removed, her round, rosy face was turned directly towards mine, and in the clear light of a frosty moon the toll was taken, for the first time in my experience. Soon we came to a long bridge, with several arches; the widow said it was of no use to resist a man who would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

Not a rag more.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you?" she said, so archly that I could not fail to exact all my dues; and that was the beginning of my courtship.

Not a rag more.

It is an evil of the intense competition in great mercantile communities that it drives many from the walks of legitimate business into schemes of speculation with references to sudden and extravagant gains. The history of financial teaches that they originate chiefly in the attempt to grow rich rapidly by financing rather than by diligence in business. Financing has its place in legitimate business. Some men have a talent for this, which is as true a mark of genius as is poetry or art. But it is not a talent that every man can acquire, and it is fortunate that this is so; for if all the world should turn financiers, the earth itself would soon go into bankruptcy. Now, the calamity of a great city is that every one who gains a little money takes to financing as a resider mode of increasing it than regular business. Wall street, the focus of financing, gives a tone to the whole business community.

Not a rag more.

But financing is a deep game; and he who leaves an honest toil in a business that he does understand, for calculations of chance in matters where he has no skill, is very apt to become the loser, and, as in all lotteries, to grow desperate in the attempt to make up his losses. We do not speak of investments in stock as property, but of the spirit of speculation; and we have no doubt that a just verdict upon many cases of fraud would be: "This man lost his capital and his character by speculation in stocks. Keep, therefore, to honest toil in a legitimate business, and do not aspire to become a financier." Be content with such things as ye have.

Not a rag more.

Two telegraph operators in separate Hartford offices quarreled over the wires until one challenged the other to meet him half way and fight. They met and had it out in fistcuffs.

Not a rag more.

"I was a cub then—just learning the business of Jim. You never seed a man who'd do his level best for a boy as kindly as Jim would. No swearing or cursing or cuffing, but as quiet and soft-spoken as a born lady. When they laid him away down in the darkest night you ever saw. Jim didn't brag, and none of the pilots called him a chicken. Chicken! He was the biggest eagle that ever flew up or down this creek, and that 'ar coffin proves it!"

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He shoved the boat out a little, and sent a signal from an ascending steamer, and continued: "I was a cub then—just learning the business of Jim. You never seed a man who'd do his level best for a boy as kindly as Jim would. No swearing or cursing or cuffing, but as quiet and soft-spoken as a born lady. When they laid him away down in the darkest night you ever saw. Jim didn't brag, and none of the pilots called him a chicken. Chicken! He was the biggest eagle that ever flew up or down this creek, and that 'ar coffin proves it!"

Not a rag more.

"Over there by that gloomy canoe, at midnight, nigh on to twenty years ago, the General Taylor took fire. I was asleep in the Texas, Jim at the wheel, and a hundred passengers were asleep. How the fire started no one knew. The whole boat blazed right up in a minute, scorching and roasting people afore they had heard the alarm. Whew! but wasn't it awful! I went overboard with nothing on but my cotton, and my heels blistering, and passengers and crew tumbled after."

Not a rag more.

The pilot rolled up his sleeve to exhibit the marks of the flame, and then continued: "Not all of 'em. Thirty or forty ran forward, wild like, and afraid to jump. The Texas was afore before I jumped, and as I floated in the river I saw the red tongues of flames leaping around the pilot house. Jim was there, and that he said. The water was up, the current heavy, and the wind blowing agin us, keeping the fire back. If Jim went overboard it was good-bye to fifty human souls. He saw it, and that's where glory covered him from head to foot. He held her dead level up—she ran till the engines stopped—till half the boat was burned—till the flames burned every hair off his head, and roasted him as the women serve a piece of meat. When the engines stopped the boat drifted down, and at last help came from other steamers. Jim was picked up in the river, swimming like a duck, but died in five minutes."

Not a rag more.

There was a long pause, and then he added: "Jim Whalen's backbone saved all them folks. He died afore they could thank him. There wasn't a passenger or deck hand who didn't cry like a child; but all they could do was to bury the poor roasted body and press the sods down lightly. Year by year the river has been eating its way to the grave, and while we shall miss it, we'll all feel as if the big river had more right to the coffin of brave Jim Whalen than the rest of us. It's only his bones lying there—only his dust which will float away; for though the gates of heaven is narrow, it was open plenty wide enough for Jim Whalen to go in with all steam on."

Not a rag more.

A Gambler's Fate. Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the ruin of persons at play, there is one worth relating which refers to a Mr. Porter, an English gentleman, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard in twelve months. According to the story told of this madman, for we can call him nothing else, when he had just completed the loss of his last acre at a gambling house in London, and was proceeding down stairs to throw himself into his carriage to carry him to his home in town, he received upon having one throw more to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Nervous for the worst that might happen, he insisted that the person whom he had been playing with should give him one more chance of recovery or fight with him. His proposition was this: that his carriage and horses, the trinkets and loose money in his pockets, his town house, plate and furniture—in short all he had left in the world except the clothes on his back, should be valued in a lump at a certain price, and be thrown for at a decent apparel to be retained upon having the winner to the door, he told his coachman that there was his master, and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without house or home, or any other creditable means of support. Thus beggared, he retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the marker in a billiard game, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable. In this miserable condition, and with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessary. He expended five in purchasing a new coat, and the remaining five he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty. He then adjourned to one of the higher order of houses, sat down with former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning the next night, he lost it all, and once more penniless, and after subsisting many years in abject penury, died, a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging house in St. Giles.

Wolves in France.

The number of breeding wolves in France is estimated at 1,000, and the number of whelps born in the months of May and June at about 2,500. One thousand eight hundred wolves on an average are killed annually. It is believed that at the commencement of April 2,000 wolves are active in committing depredations. The direct damage committed by each of them is estimated at about 1,000 francs worth of cattle, representing altogether 2,000,000 francs. Much greater damage, however, is inflicted by the wolves indirectly, as owing to their depredations farmers are obliged to have flocks far more than 20,000,000 sheep, which causes an expenditure of hundreds of millions. The Journal de l'Agriculture believes that if proper measures were taken the wolves could be exterminated in four or five years.

Wolves in France.

Two dogs were often observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the mastiff went around by the side of the field, which ran up hill for nearly a mile and led to a wood on the left. Game abounded in the dogs' arrangement was soon seen. The latter would start a hare and chase it up hill towards the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point the large dog, which was fresh and had rested after his walk, darted after the animal, which he usually captured. They then ate the hare between them and returned home. This course had been systematically carried on for some time before it was fully understood.

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The adoption of the name "Lorde-day," to displace "Sunday" or "the Sabbath," is urged by some of the religious papers.

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