An Elastic Word.

courting days 'twas deepest bliss
Upon the lake to go,
This loving pair then oft enjoyed
A most delightful row.

In wedlock bonds they're linked for life
This loving pair, and now
The neighbors say they oft enjoy
A most delightful row.

—Toronto Grip.

UP A TREE.

A Family Christmas-tree is an occasion of varying emotions, among which may be mentioned Joy, Envy, Pleasure, Jealousy, Fun, Grief, Hatred, Love. There may also be different varieties of these various emotions. For instance, Love may exist as Unrequited, Doubting.

Sally Leigh, old Mrs. Gunter's grand niece, always superintended the dressing and decking of the Gunter Family Christmas-tree, and this year she had selected to be her sole assistant, Joe Hallet, who was old man Gunter's first cousin, third remove.

She had selected him because she loved him; she knew he didn't care a rap for her, and was terribly bored by the whole business, she took a keen feminine delight in bossing him about.

Joe was acting his part beautifully. He could not have been glummer and less communicative and more obedient if he had really been married—a long time. He did exactly as he was told, and occasional groans were all that betrayed his real feelings. These only gave an added zest to Sally's pleasure, and Revenge crept slyly into the catalogue of emotions already noted.

The only trouble was, Joe was so exceedingly docile that in a surprisingly short time the popcorn, ornaments, candles, cornucopias and the lighter presents had been properly placed amid the branches, and the heavier articles disposed about the base.

"That all?" sighed Joe.

"Oh, no!" cried Sally, cheerfully. "There are two presents missing."

"Which?" asked Joe, with little interest.

"Why, yours to me, and mine to you, to be sure!"

"What—have you got a present for me?" asked Joe with surprise.

"Oh, never mind," said Sally; "I won't embarrass you by giving it to you if you haven't one for me."

"It won't embarrass me in the least."

"Well, it ought to. There; don't worry. I was only joking—see, I haven't any present for you, after all."

"Yes, you have," said Joe, who was beginning to wake up a little; "you've got one for me upstairs."

"Haven't!"

"Have!"

"Haven't!"

"Not if I've got one for you?

"Honestly?"

"Now I know you have. Gave yourself away that time!"

"Mean!"

"Go up and get it, like a good girl."

"I think you're horrid."

"Well, please."

"Will you have your present for me on the tree when I come down?"

"Yes. Cross my heart."

"On the tree?"

"On the tree."

"Remember—you've promised," and Joe was left alone.

He sat down on the box which supported the tree, took from his pocket a small but rather heavy package, placed it beside him, and continued to think.

You see, Joe had been thinking for some time, for several months, in fact for nearly two years; and more he thought, the less able he seemed to make up his mind. The difficulty was, he was thinking about Sally; and he was trying to find out if he loved her or not.

He had as yet arrived at no settled conclusion. Sometimes he was sure he loved her very much; and other times he saw clearly that it was all a mistake, and that he loved some one else a great deal better—himself usually.

Then he used to think if she would only give him some sign of caring for him it would make everything much easier. But he knew that she wasn't the girl to give her affections where they had not been sought, and he had hitherto carefully abstained from committing himself.

The door opened, and there she stood—a pretty picture, surely; but did he really—

Suddenly she started, and turned pale. Her eyes searching quickly over the tree told her that nothing had been placed there in her absence, but there was Joe—Joe sitting close among the branches!

It was only for an instant, then the blood rushed back to her face as she saw—oh, the shame of it!—how meanly her feelings had let her imagination play her false.

"I hate you!" Somehow her voice did not have the playful ring she meant to give it.

Joe looked up, shocked and rather pale. Her greeting came like a dash of ice water on top of his long think.

"What do you mean?"

"You haven't any present for me."

"Yes, I have."

"Where, then?"

"Why, here, right before your eyes. Can't you see?" Putting his hand on the box at his side.

Sally, looking straight into his eyes, saw only Joe. "But—you—said—you—would—put—it—on—the—tree."

"Yes; but it was slightly heavy to hang on the branches!" he could not help smiling at her earnestness.

"Yes, of course," her voice sounded very strangely. Joe noticed it. "But what is it?"

"Can't you see?" he asked, rising from his seat.

"Yes, yes, I see, I see; but what do you mean? You're fooling me; don't you see what a fool you're making of me?"

She seemed about to faint. Joe held out his arms toward her.

"No, I am not; I was never more earnest in my life—d—d—darling!"

"Then it's true! it's true! Joe," she whispered as his arms closed about her; "and you're my present after all. Joe, this is the best Christmas present I ever had in all my life."

"It's not half so good as mine."

And there was only one kind of Love present at the Gunter Family Christmas-tree, after all.

The Hygenic Girl.

The hygienic girl sheds all her clothes at night and puts on a night wrap to take the place of the garments that she has worn during the day. The day garments are hung up and aired and put on in the morning fresh and sweet and unjaded by a night's personal association with the body. The union undergarments, that extend from ankle to chin, are doing good work in this respect, compelling the nightly exchange. Night gowns are heavy, warm and thick and very similar to bath-robes in fashion. It is poor taste to wear bows and gee-gaws at the neck of night dresses. They do not enhance the beauty of a simple toilet

TALK OF THE DAY.

You need help to raise a laugh, but you can heave a sigh alone.

Most people think of the marriage tie, that it's knotty, but it's nice.

Why not send out a little German band to play for the ghost-dancers? This would stop them.

Evidence of Piety.—"How the minister's face shines!" "Yes, and just look at his coat."

The Wandering Jew of Jokes.—They are still hunting for Big Foot. Perhaps he is in Chicago.

There's something about a pretty woman that one cannot admire. Of course we refere to the other fellows.

A beer income with a champagne taste is an unfortunate combination, but a very common one with Americans.

Job got his certificate for patience before he was obliged to go out and buy Christmas presents for all his relatives.

The world never knows what loud prayers a man can offer until he is called upon to pray for the sins of his neighbors.

Watts—"What women lack, as a rule, is earnestness of application." Potts—"You never saw a woman applying for a divorce, did you?"

Boy (who has been caught playing ball Sunday)—"Say, Mister Cop (pointing to waves), there's some Sabbath breakers: why don't you stop them?"

Sanso—"There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." Rodd—"Better, if you believe the fishermen. It is always the big ones that get away."

Someone proposed to take Succi to Washington the last day of his fast, that he might show to the office seekers somebody hungrier than themselves.

First tramp—"So you want me to go and ring the door-bell while you sit here and rest?" Second tramp—"Yes, Clarence; you press the button and I do the rest.

"Charley Naivyo is a sort of go as you please boy, isn't he?" said one Washington girl to another. "It has been my observation that he never pleases to go, was the sadly spoken reply.

Lanks—"Goodness me, Shanks!—How do you happen to be trundling a baby carriage?" Shanks—"I borrowed it of my sister. It's to protect myself from being run into by other baby carriages."

PEOPLE.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson's daughter gives promise of becoming a famous singer.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis has received 45,000 subscriptions for the life of her husband.

Emperor William is showing many good streaks in his rule. He has givea orders that in government factories no women shall do night work.

The royal baron of beef placed on the Queen's table on Christmas Day was cut from a Devon ox fed on the Prince Consort's Shaw farm, Windsor. The joint weighed over 300 pounds.

Baron de Hirsch will fit up the mansion in Paris which he bought over the heads of the club that blackballed him, and throw it open to any friends who may visit him in the French capital.

The announcement is made in a German periodical that Thomas A. Edison and George Parsons Lathrop are at work together on a scientific novel, in which electricity is to play an important part.

Senator Moody, of South Dakota, is getting ready to write a book on the Indian question. He is reputed to be the best-posted man in the Senate on that subject, having long been a student of the red man's character.

Maurice Thompson, the author, always selects some pleasant spot where soft breezes blow when he has important work on hand. Just now he is down in Mississippi, where the flowers are still growing in the open air.

Chinese ingenuity and forethought receive fresh illustration in the case of one of the race residing at Gridley, Cal. He has made a tin dishpan, that measures 5 feet 9 inches in diameter by 20 inches deep. When asked what it was for the heathen replied, "Slome time all same Masons blig blowlout, cook 'em for heap men."

Brigham Young did not possess the fabulous wealth that was credited to him. He left just $1,200,000 when he died, and this sum was divided according to the strictest laws of equity among eighteen wives and their children. Amelia Folsom, Brigham's favorite spouse, is still alive and is a most charming woman.

Mr. George Vanderbilt has already expended $400,000 on the foundation and first story of his North Caroiina castle. He employes constantly a large force of men, who are at work macadamizing the roads, laying out gardens, planting trees, building artificial lakes and doing everything possible to beautify the estate.

New Method of Extracting Teeth.

I'LL GET IT OUT THIS TIME.

OUT!!!

A MARVELLOUS TALE.

STRANGE SCENES WITNESSED BY VERY MANY PEOPLE.

The Wonders of Hypnotism Shown in a Paris Salon—The Nature of the Subjects Apparently Changed—Puzzling Feats Graphically Described.

Wolf Von Schierbrand writes to the Buffalo News from Paris: What is related below occurred a few weeks ago in the salon of a lady belonging to the highest aristocracy. The facts are vouched for not only by me, but by a score of eye-witnesses, whose combined testimony cannot well be disputed. And these facts, as they occurred, are set down here—nothing left out, nothing added. The writer may state that he is as much puzzled to account for them as anybody. Mind-reading, mesmerism, clairvoyance, etc., form part of a new order of things, the key to which has not yet been found. The Paris press confesses itself just as much in the dark, and the foremost scientists, among them renowned members of the Academy of Science, like Pasteur, Deruy, and others, frankly avow their inability to grasp the meaning of the

ASTOUNDING MANIFESTATIONS

brought about. Incredulous like all the doubting Thomases of this skeptic age, and desirous of convincing myself, I was only too glad to follow the invitation. There was an even score of us there that evening, a few journalists, a few personal friends of the Countess, and some men whose names are known even outside of France. Jansson, the great magician by repute, entered awkwardly, was presented, and then sat down, timid as a youth, casting down his eyes and apparently embarrassed by the cross-fire of curious glances to which he was subjected. His exterior in no wise corresponded to the popular idea of a man possessed of supernatural—or at least inexplicable—powers. This blonde, melancholy Dane, who looked barely thirty instead of forty-five, whose beard was sparse and whose hair was scant, had

SOMETHING OF A CAT-LIKE MANNER.

about him. His eyes, of a grayish-blue, were furtive, and the pupils changed in shade, expanded and contracted constantly. Altogether, he looked vulgar rather than distinguished. His forehead alone, high and dome-shaped, revealed the predominance of cerebral energies. "And this is all?" whispered a lady, sorely disappointed, into my ear. The imprudent remark at once found its punishment. Guessing her thoughts, the mysterious tamer of men approached and said to her in the slow and painful fashion of a foreigner who has to pick his words so as not to make mistakes: "Madame, I believe you do not like my appearance. I am sorry for that, for I had brought with me, expressly for you, these flowers. These

PRETTY HARBINGERS OF GOOD WILL

are sure to be accorded a better welcome, are they not?" Mme. B—— blushed with embarrassment, held out her hand, and, with a slight bow of thanks made the gesture of placing the bouquet on her breast, after inhaling for a moment its perfume. Mons Jansson had no bouquet. The lady had received nothing from him. The others were stupified. "But be careful," went on the Dane. "Amongst those flowers there is one with poisonous thorns. See, they have scratched your delicate skin. The blood flows—"

Thoroughly frightened, the lady tore the flowers from her bosom. A cry of horror escaped her lips; her head fell on her shoulder. She became pale and fainted.

"It is nothing," at once said the wizard. "I have wished her pleasant dreams. There she is now in a beautiful garden,

PICKING DELICIOUS STRAWBERRIES.

In reality, while he spoke Mme. B——rose, kneeled down on the Smyrna rug, plucking from their fictitious stems the invisible fruit, which she ate with all the pleasure and innocent greed of a child.

"These berries," declared the sorcerer, "are reality to Mme. B——. She experiences all the pleasure which in her waking she would feel in eating the delicious fruit! Yet she is not asleep. Her big open eyes can see, her hands can touch, her palate taste, the stomach digest the strawberries, simply because I will it so. And if I were pleased to suggest to her another act, no matter what, all her organs would obey me instantly. I prefer, however, to

EXPERIMENT ON ANOTHER SUBJECT,

and I will stop your friend in the enjoyment of her impromptu meal. Now, madame, come back to yourself. "Tea is waiting for you." And at once the charming strawberry-eater again sat down in her place as if nothing had happened.

"Well," I said to her, "and those strawberries?"

"What strawberries?"

"Those you've just picked in the garden?"

"Pshaw, I know nothing about it."

Evidently Mme. B—— remembered nothing of her doings.

"Since you doubt of my powers, madame," continued the Dane, "will you kindly look about you and designate to me the person whom you desire me to submit to some tests calculated to convince you."

The lady whispered very low a name into the ear of the wizard. The "elected" had not heard it. It was a gentleman from the staff of the Mondre Illustre.

THE MOST ETHEREAL OF POETS.

After a few indifferent questions asked of others, so as not to arouse the suspicions of M. D——, the victim," the Dane exclaimed: "I really believe that M. D—— is sorry he has left at home his dry plates and photograph apparatus, because he would like to take an instantaneous picture of the attractive group in the room."

It was a well-known fact that M. D—— had a horror of all photographs, considering them stiff and inartistic. He was going to protest.

"Don't defend yourself, sir, we know your great merits as a photographer, and that the beauty of your pictures attracts the prettiest and most elegant ladies in Paris to your studio in the Rue Royal." The imaginary photographer bent his head, as a modest man does on receiving a well-merited compliment "For you are, without doubt, M. Anatole, our celebrated photographer, are you not?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I am," replied the other.

"And do you recollect, M. Anatole, the time when you were a dog?"

The unfortunate fellow seemed to

RANSACK HIS RECOLLECTION,

and then said: "Yes, but that's a long time ago."

"Certainly, but enough of the dog remains in you to do something. I am certain, for instance, that if Mme. de Boullang asked you to do so, you would bring her at once that magnificent brace of quail which lie there, behind that piano. Come, Anatole, show us that you are still something of a retriever. Come, Anatole, my good dog, come on!"

And then succeeded a scene, brief but exciting, which D——the poet and writer has never been told about. With an impetuosity truly comical the sweet and aesthetic versifier went down on all fours, tongue protruding like any setter dog, smelling of seats and chairs and clothes, barking vociferously and jumping up halfway on chairs and sofas,

SEARCHING FOR THE CHIMERICAL GAME,

barking again and sniffing the air, with his nostrils working convulsively. The part of a dog, if studied and rehearsed for months and months, has never been so well played by any two-legged being. The dogs themselves would surely be deceived.

"Come here, Totole, come here, doggie," shouted the diabolical sportsman to his creature of the moment. And the human quadruped, blinking with triumph, came and deposited the imaginary game at the feet of his master, who stroked and slapped him for approval, whereupon the poor brute barked and howled for joy.

"You see," declared Jansson, "I take full possession of the will power, of the individuality. My suggestions, no matter how odd and improbable, immediately are accepted by my subjects and

BECOME COMPLETE REALITY

to them. Man, a thinking, reasoning being, is thus deprived of his power of disposing of himself; his individuality is lost and he becomes, temporarily at least, more completely my bound slave than anybody ever was before, and all this without being in the least conscious of it. But I can do more than that. The idea suggested by me will remain, with a complete forgetting of his origin and with all the force of actual truth long after I have ceased to exert my will in that direction, simply by ordering it so.' At this moment a servant passed by, bearing a large platter in his hands. The Danish wizard bent his powerful, concentrated gaze on the man, and then said, quietly but impressively:

"Where are you carrying this corpse to?"

The poor fellow at once blanched, muttering incoherently and trembling like an aspen.

"Wretch," cried the other, in a terrible voice, "you have murdered that poor child—there, right in that stable. I saw you do it! She resisted. She begged for mercy you have cut her throat. And see here (he poured some drop of water out of a glass on the man's hands), her blood is still

DRIPPING FROM YOUR FINGERS.

What, you villian, you have cut her into small pieces, so is to better conceal your awful crime. But the head, what have you done with the head? Go seek it and bring it here! You must appear before your judges!"

And with that, on an imperative gesture from the Dane, the servant left the room,

TOTTERING LIKE A DRUNKEN MAN,

with livid features and the looks of a guilty and thoroughly frightened wretch or liar. Twenty minutes later the servant appeared at the door of the salon, pale as a ghost, with drawn features, as if in great pain, and eyes from which every expression but that of abject terror had fled. Under his arm he carried, wrapped in cloth, a round block of wood.

"Is that the head?"

"Yes."

"Then you confess yourself guilty of this atrocious crime?"

"Yes."

"You know that the scaffold awaits you?"

"I know it."

"Then prepare for your doom." And the poor fellow bent his head as if in momentary expectation of the guillotine. But an instant later Jansson had taken the spell from his mind. The whole scene had been agonizing to our nerves.

These were some of the things done by this strange man that night. I offer no explanation. I have done.

How Fats Are Assimilated.

Prof. H. Stewart says on this question, I have some physiological evidence related to my own experience, which explains how it is that the fats of the food find their way to the udder of a cow. When studying medicine in a European College the use of cod liver oil came prominently into practice as a remedy in consumption of the lungs. It was thought that the iodine in it was the most active agent in the remedy and the English Royal Association instituted some very exhaustive experiments to investigate this matter. The results reached, after a long series of tests, were that fats given in food were not digested, but were formed into an emulsion in the intestines with the prancreatic fluid, and were absorbed directly into the blood, by which they were distributed through the system, and this is now universally accepted in medical practice. And this is most fully corroborated by common practice in feeding farm animals. The fats in the food not only find their way with the blood to the udder, but go to form the very small globules in the milk, and also in the other fat deposited in other parts of the system. To this fact we owe the softness of some fats, as of the lard of pigs fed on beech nuts, the oil of which is very thin and fluid; also the color of the fats, as the tallow of beeves and the butter of cows; and the hardness of them; and it is to this very fact that are due the white color of butter made from buckwheat bran, the hardness of butter made from bran or miudlings, or of cotton-seed meal; and the softness and bad flavor of linseed meal butter, and the fine texture, yellowness and high flavor of corn-meal butter.

This would give a food value to the 8,000 pounds of milk equal to 2,000 pounds of meat. At 25 pounds of milk to 1 pound of butter it would make 320 pounds of butter, and the skimmed milk would grow 400 pounds of pork. Looked at from any standpoint, the disparity in product between the cow and the steer is very great, and the interesting question to be solved is, what is the difference in amount of food required to produce a pound of product in the cow and the steer?

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That it is a poor compliment to a society woman to have Jenkins tell who she was.

That it seems to be a much mooted question whether professional politicians are honest.

That fashionable people of to-day are no more affected by scandal than a rainy day.

That it must needs be a cast-iron will that cannot be broken in these days.

That the strigency of the money market does not seem to decrease the crowds shopping.

That so many fashionable dressmakers has brought about the sharpest competition.

That no one could enumerate the number of men of note who live a double life.

That people have become weary of seeing the same names everlastingly in "society news."

That the so-called fashionable style of hand-shaking is worthy of fools.

That subscribers to every fashionable dance are not often down on the charity list.

That a lack of conscience is no real obstacle nowadays to fashionable life.

That true friends never wait to be asked to come to us in time of adversity.

Frank and Free.

There is a class of papers whose support is worth having, and is, indeed, in these times indispensible to success. It consists of those which owe no duty to any man or set of men, which owe nothing, in fact, to anyone except to the country, the public and their own reputation for fairness, intelligence and truth. These papers gather information with the single purposes of presenting accurate, authentic, and pertinent facts. They pursue inquiries and lines of reasoning with no other object than to learn, state, and illustrate the true needs of the country in the broadest sense. They keep sharp watch of political leaders lest they may place selfish interest above the public good. They speak the truth unhesitatingly with regard to either of the two parties as they offer themselves to praise or expose themselves to blame. They are equally quick, without fear or favor, to condemn the acts of a party when they are bad acts, and to commend them when they are good. Such papers have a real influence in politics. The people have confidence in them. They study their information, follow their reasoning, and accept their advice when it appeals, as it usually must to their own good sense. The support of these papers is, therefore, valuable.

But it cannot be bought; it must be commanded. The party that seeks such support, and through it expects to get votes, must take care that its policy is such as disinterested intelligence can approve, and that its methods are not open to fair and honest criticism. Then, and under no other conditions, it will be able to get its cause advocated before the public through agencies in which the people will have confidence.—Providence Journal.

IN "A MINER" KEY.

An old settler—quicksand.

A liveryman baits his horse to catch a customer.

House-raisers have been equally successful as shop-lifters.

The dude is never so much himself as when he is absent-minded.

The lamp of experience is not always fed with the oil of gladness.

Who hath redness of ii's? The bookkeeper who writes with red ink.

California pedestrians are all right when they strike the Golden Gate.

One man may start a paper but it takes a good many to keep it going.

The way to improve the male service is to threaten to substitute female waiters.

Morning wraps were the invention of the man who wakes up hotel guests for the early train.—Texas Siftings.

Not One in Ten

Of the people you meet from day to day has perfectly pure, healthy blood. The hereditary scrofulous taint afflicts a large majority of people, while many others acquire diseases from impure air improper food and wrong indulgence. Hence the imperative necessity for a reliable blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which eradicates every impurity, and gives to the blood vitality and health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, humors, boils, pimples, and all other affections caused by impurities or poisonous germs in the blood. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial,

The passengers injured in the C. P. R. accident at Schreiber are all progressing favorably.

Familiar Family Friends.

The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchins, of Rossway, N. S., says: "We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

A receiver has been appointed for the estate of ex-Governor A. B. Cornell, of New York.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Mrs. Brown, of Sydney Mines, testifies that her son was carried from the pit unable to move from acute rheumatism. After using 6 bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT he was able to go to work and has been well ever since.

The Marquis de Brives has settled $640,000 upon Cardinal Lavigerie, archbishop of Algiers.

G. A Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says:—"He was cured of Chronic Bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil."

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A. M. SMITH, Manager.

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Manager Ingersoll Branch

CONFUSION of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a distaste for business, are the symptomatic indications of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and these symptoms are usually accompanied by SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOSS OF POWER. The necessary consequences are CONSUMPTION & DEATH. "LANE'S SPECIFIC REMEDY," is an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold at $1.00 Per Package, or sent on receipt of price to any address, free of charge. THE LANE MEDICINE Co., MONTREAL, QUE. Young men should read Dr. Lane' Essay on Nervous Diseases, mailed free to any address