

STORY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY T. TAYLOR.

It was Christmas Eve, and Nellie, Maud, and Willie had hung their stockings, taking good care that the pins were strong enough and the stockings sufficiently large for holding all they hoped Santa Claus would bring them. It was almost bedtime, but mamma said they might sit up an hour later than usual, and there was one thing more they wanted before they could think of going to bed, and when grandfather drew his arm-chair near the fire, Maud climbed up in her seat on one knee, while Willie sat on his stool on one side, and Nellie on the other leaned her head against the unoccupied knee.

"Now for the Christmas story, grandfather," said Willie.

"Shall I tell it to-night," asked grandfather.

"Oh yes," replied Nellie quickly, "for you know to-morrow night there will be lots of company, and all sorts of games."

"We all know that," interrupted Willie, impatiently; "don't talk any more, girls, but let grandfather commence his story."

Grandfather put his hand on the boy's head as he said, "Softly, softly, my son—but I will commence my story. Once upon a time there lived in a grand old house an old gentleman and his wife; they had rich furniture, and many servants to wait upon them, carriages to ride in and fine horses to drive—all that could make life pleasant in this way they had, and possessed besides—what was best of all—good kind noble hearts, always open to the poor, and disposed to assist the friendless.

"The old gentleman and his wife seemed very happy and contented, but those who knew them best said that their lives had been shadowed by one dark cloud. At the time my story commences the gentleman's hair was as white as mine, though he was not so old, and his wife's face, though cheerful and pleasant, had more wrinkles than their should have been; for when they were both quite young they had lost their only child, a fine boy of twelve years. While riding a pony, his father's birthday gift, he was thrown off, dragged along the gravelled walks, and when he was picked up this life was all over for him. The poor father and mother could never forget him, nor this dreadful accident; they put away all his toys, his clothes, the whip he held in his hand when he was thrown the saddle he used—all were locked up in their boy's room, which was never opened, save once a year, on the anniversary of his death; then the grieving parents would go in there together and look over poor Walter's things with a good many sobs, and talk of him in a low voice, tears always coming to the mother's eyes.

"We all know in the course of time grass grows green over graves, and Old Time has a way of his own for covering our sorrows so they do not seem so terrible as they did at first; and the years rolled on, while the gentleman and his wife lived contentedly, loving each other very much and striving to make all happy around them, though their best joy of life seemed to have been taken away. They were always particularly kind to the young folks; they had some nephews and nieces, and a great many young friends, and although there were no children there, children loved to visit them, particularly about Christmas time.

"Then the grand house was filled with old and young people; they all came to spend a week, and always wished when the week was over they could spend another. Stockings were hung up, Santa Claus always filled them, and presents were as thick as strawberries in June.

"One Christmas Eve a pleasant company were assembled at the old gentleman's house—blue-eyed Mollie was there, black-eyed Johnny, and Jimmie with gray eyes like an owl; a good many pretty girls and smart bright boys, with a fair sprinkling of old folks, all met together there as lively as crickets after a summer shower. They played blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and all sorts of merry games. The children screamed with joy, and after a good long evening they went off to bed, while visions of sugar plums danced through their heads. I venture to say.

"But while all was joyous and pleasant, bright fires, warm rooms, and warm beds within the house, outside the coldest winds of winter were howling a Christmas carol. Perhaps the fierce storm king was running a race with Santa Claus. He, poor fellow, had a hard time of it that night, though his reindeers were very fleet and his sleigh-runners bright and sharp enough; but he managed to get ahead of the storm, blowing the thick white flakes out of his way until his red cheeks were rounder and redder than ever, and as he leaped from one chimney top to another and slid down with his huge bag of toys on his back, he gave the old storm-king a knowing wink, as much as to say, 'Ha! ha! old blue

nose, you can't come down here.' The storm whirled by, giving a shriek of disappointment and shaking in his rage the house till all the windows rattled.

"The children in warm feather beds heard him pass by; then covered up their heads under the thick blankets and whispered, 'It is Santa Claus coming down'—for though they all loved the kind, generous old fellow, they couldn't help feeling a little afraid.

"Faster came the snow, louder screamed the wind, while the old folks sat quietly and comfortably around the blazing fire. The old gentleman went to the window as a fiercer blast beat the poor windows and made the flames roar up the chimney.

"Santa Claus will have hard work getting down there," he said looking at the fireplace and then out of the window.

"I can see nothing but the fearful storm he said, 'God pity any poor creature exposed to this dreadful night!'

"He little thought that there could be any person outside, but at that very moment there was a poor woman, struggling against cold and storm, in scanty clothing, holding in her numb arms a fatherless babe. The light from the windows attracted her notice, and with the little strength she had left she staggered towards the house. 'We must lie down here and freeze to death,' thought the poor mother. The snow beat in her face and came up to her knees, while the wind tried to carry off some of her ragged garments, as she plodded on towards the light.

"All her thoughts must have been for her child, for she took from her own shoulders her miserable shawl, that could not have kept out the cold that dreadful night and wrapped it around the babe, and struggling on through the snow growing every moment deeper, she succeeded in reaching the porch, and laid her child down under its friendly shelter; she gave the bell a timid ring, and then turning from warmth, food and shelter, fled out in the wild dark storm.

"Did the bell ring?" asked one of the group around the fireside, as the faint tingle was scarcely heard above the roaring of the storm.

"All listened attentively, waiting to bear the sound repeated, but no sound came. They all thought then their ears must have deceived them, but the old gentleman insisted upon seeing if any person could be at the door at that late hour, and, as the servants had all retired, he decided to see for himself. He procured a lantern, but found that the key of the hall door had been taken out, and before it could be gotten some time had elapsed, and just as the tall clock at the head of the stairs struck twelve he opened the door.

"The light from the lantern showed little hills of drifted snow scattered about the porch, and the wind came rushing in as he peered out anxiously in the dark.

"You were mistaken," said one gentleman; "there has been no person here; pray come in from this terrible cold."

"The old gentleman threw a parting glance, and as he stepped forward his foot knocked against something; he looked down and saw at his feet a bundle of dirty looking rags; he picked it up and found a living though almost unconscious child.

"Take it in, take it in," he exclaimed, "and I will see if the mother is anywhere near."

"For a long time they searched, but the wind had obliterated every trace of her footsteps, and they gave up in despair, hoping whoever had left the child had secured some sheltering place for the night. The baby seemed to be a fine healthy-looking little fellow about a year old. I do not know whether he thought of his poor mother, or wondered why she had forsaken him; but food and warm clothing revived him, and he must soon have forgotten the perishing mother, whose weary feet and numb hands had brought and placed him under that kind roof.

"Bright and early the next morning the children were busy and delighted over their stockings, for Santa Claus had forgotten none, and all seemed to have what they most wanted. When they were at breakfast the kind old gentleman came in hold something very carefully in his arms. The baby did not look like a bundle of rags then, but laughed and crowded as happy as a prince.

"The children all crowded around admiring and wondering. Just then a servant came in. 'Sir,' she said, in a frightened way, 'a poor beggar woman has just been found frozen, dead, under the front porch.'

"Yes, there she was, stiff and cold, as she had crawled out of the way the night before, with her poverty and misery her only companions. Perhaps she saw the light and heard the voices searching for her and could not make herself known, or would rather die there, with her head resting against the cold stones of the porch, the drifting snow serving beneath and above for a bed covering and shroud—she could not have had a colder one, nor a whiter and purer.

"The noble-hearted old gentleman brought the babe again in his arms in the evening, and said:—

"If I cannot find this boy's father he shall be my son"—he looked at his wife—and there will be another little Walter in our home."

"The tears came in her eyes, but she went and stood by her husband, kissed the baby, and said, while her voice trembled:—

"Yes, another little Walter."

"Kiss me good night, my dears," grandfather, wiping his own eyes, "and ask your mother, to-morrow, why I call this day my birthday—and then you will learn why this story I have told you is a better and a truer one to me than anything I could ever tell you about Christmas trees, Santa Claus, little Gretchens with yellow hair, or even of the cows, who they say this night grow thankful and reverential, as we all should, and bend their knees as the clock strikes twelve."

REMINISCENCE OF FATHER TAYLOR.

An "ex Jack Tar" writes to the Detroit Tribune the following incident of the life of Father Taylor:

One Sunday afternoon, in 1848, five sailors, including myself, were the sole occupants of the fore-castle of the schooner Osprey, of Boston, which then lay at the long wharf in that city—a locality well known to those who "go down to the sea in ships." The weather was exceedingly unpleasant. The wind was blowing from the north east, and was keen and cutting, accompanied by a drizzling rain. To pass away the time that hung monotonously upon our hand we chatted, told stories, growled, argued, and in fact did pretty much anything except think it was Sunday. Finally, I perched myself upon the side of my berth, and drawing out a dilapidated pair of trousers, and procuring from a bag, which was suspended near where I sat, a needle and thread, commenced inserting a patch where one was sadly needed.

My fellow-sailors with one accord proposed to play eucher, and one of the number took from his berth a pack of cards. When I had partially concluded the job that I had undertaken, and my companions had played "a horse," we were aroused by a strong voice at the entrance to the fore-castle. Looking up I saw an aged but pleasant appearing gentleman, who, perceiving that I was aware of his presence, sang out, "Hallo, boys, enjoying yourselves, ain't you?" "Yes, old boss," ejaculated the dealer, "wont you come down and take a hand?" "Well, boys, seeing that it is very uncomfortable, I don't care if I do come down and warm myself," said the stranger, and he descended and seated himself by my side.

"Here, old fellow, you take my place; I have had enough of eucher to-day, and (yawning) as I am sleepy, I guess I'll turn in." This remark, as the readers will readily perceive, was addressed to the new comer, and the latter replied that he never played cards, but he offered to sing, and intimated that he could entertain us in that way. The cards were "bunched" and deposited upon one corner of the table, and the stranger drew from an inside coat pocket a small black covered book, which, like the pack of cards, presented evidence of much use. "Give it to us strong," said one of the men; "we ain't much on the regular sing, but I guess we can all join in the chorus." And he did give it to us strong. With a voice full of melody, and strong in tone, he sang:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea, And rides upon the storm.

At the conclusion of each verse he said "Repeat," and five sailors not only joined in the chorus, but also in the repetition, and with a will, too. The effect was electrical. My dilapidated trousers disappeared into the back of my berth in a jiffy, and needle and thread with them, and when the singing had been concluded my companions made a concerted move to leave the table upon which a few moments before they had been slugging the cards. But they were interrupted by the old man's pleasant voice, who said in a solemn and impressive manner that could not be misunderstood, "Let us pray!" He knelt down at one side of the table while we all bowed our heads, and he offered up one of the most impressive prayers that I ever heard. During its delivery one of the men seized the pack of cards, and in a quiet manner put them in the stove.

The movement was discerned by the stranger, and when he had concluded his exhortation, he arose to his feet, and scanning the countenances of the quintette before him, he said, "Now, boys, if any one of you will say that he wants to play a game at cards with me, I will take a hand." "No," said we all in chorus; "we shan't play cards any more," and then we all tried to shake hands with the man, but he couldn't accommodate more than two of us at a time, and with tears of joy streaming down our cheeks, we inquired his name. His reply was, "My name? Why, I am pretty well known in Boston. God bless you! They call me Father Taylor."

Whooping Cough is successfully treated by separating the patients beyond bearing distance of each other, and by the employment of Fellows' Hypophosphites. Whooping Cough is a nervous disease of so sympathetic a nature, that a paroxysm may be produced in one susceptible by simply hearing the cough of another person. The above named treatment has been found singularly effective.

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT! ROB A POOR MAN OF HIS BEER!

BY JOHN BARLEYCORN, JR.

What! rob a poor man of his beer, And give him good victuals instead—Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear, Or at least you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug, And give him a house of his own; With kitchen and parlor so snug! 'Tis nothing but make and spite.

What! rob a poor man of his glass, And teach him to read and to write! What! save him from being an ass! 'Tis nothing but make and spite.

What! rob a poor man of his ale, And prevent him from beating his wife From being locked up in a jail, With penal employment for life!

What! rob a poor man of his beer, And keep him from starving his child! It makes one feel awfully queer, And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.

IS BEER INTOXICATING?

If you drink beer, you can feel it go to the head, unless your brains are so soured with it that you cannot feel anything correctly.

If you do not drink it, you can see its effects upon others, and know that it is intoxicating, even better than those who drink it, because you are wide awake and have all your senses about you.

We know that beer must be intoxicating, because it contains alcohol. We can get alcohol from it by heating it, and collecting the steam as the distillers do. When the distillers separate alcohol from wine, they call it brandy. When from beer, they call it gin. We know gin to be very intoxicating. Beer is only less so because it contains less alcohol.

The amount of alcohol in Philadelphia lager is nearly four per cent, or four parts in one hundred. In Burton pale ale, it is eight per cent. In old English ale, it is ten per cent. But no rule can be relied on. In fact, you can get it as strong as you choose to ask for.

You say that this is very little, four or eight or ten parts in one hundred. True but the drinkers take enough more to make it up, say from ten to fifty glasses in a day, and some even more. Now, there are ten glasses of beer in a gallon, and if it has five per cent alcohol, it is equal to four-fifths of a pint of whiskey—a pretty heavy dose. It is enough to do a deal of mischief and it does it.

Here is an item just out: "The other evening four young fellows went to a saloon in South Boston, drank two or three rounds of lager, quarrelled about paying for it, broke one another's heads and twenty dollars worth of glass, and got into the station-house in less than one hour."

Would this have happened if beer had not been intoxicating?

Look at the police reports of those arrested for disorderly conduct, and in a great number of cases you will find it was because of beer.

In the family it makes no end of trouble. Women drink beer and grow cross and dowdy—yes, and become hopeless sots, too. Men drink beer and act like bears. There are many, many sad-hearted wives and frightened children who know only too well that beer is intoxicating.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—A large firm in one of our interior towns lately paid thirteen thousand dollars to their employees. Of ten thousand dollars spent upon the spot, two-thirds was paid into the saloons. Only think, that for the support of wives and families, in food, clothing, house-rent, etc., only one half as much should be used as was paid for guzzling at the saloons! When will men love their wives and families more and better than they do beer?

THE BIBLE OF MODERN SCIENCE

The preparation of the new Bible, which is to be inspired by sweet reasonableness, has not made much advance yet. We lay before our readers the improved version of the first chapter of Genesis:

1. There never was a beginning. 2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and and undifferentiated, and somehow or another evolution began and molecules appeared.

3. And molecule evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light. 4. And a spirit of envy was developed and formed the plastic cell whence arose the primordial germ.

5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and protogene somehow shaped cocoon, then was the dawn of life. 6. And the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy.

7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became evolved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion. 8. So that by survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly-fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.

9. And in due time one lost his tail and became man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals. 10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good.

HOUSE AND FARM.

RANCID BUTTER.—I know of nothing that will make bad butter good; but it may be reformed and improved somewhat by churning it awhile in good new buttermilk, then working the buttermilk out of it as at first.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Put in a basin a fourth of a pint of cold milk and mix into two ounces of finely ground oatmeal; then add to it a pint of boiling milk—mixing it this way prevents lumps—put it on the fire and let it boil ten minutes; have some dried bread crumbs, and taking off the oatmeal, mix in the crumbs until the whole is rather stiff; chop two ounces of suet; cut up as fine as possible one small onion, beat up the whites and yolks of two eggs and a sprinkle of sage and marjoram, and mix these with the cold mixture; butter a pan, put in your mixture, and bake for an hour. When roast beef is scarce, oatmeal pudding, with a little gravy, ekes out the feast.

TO CURE HAMS.—This receipt is 50 years old, and I think it is the best. To each 20 pounds of green meat make a mixture of one-fourth of a pound of brown sugar and a desertspoonful of ground saltpetre; rub this well by hand into the meat; then with coarse salt cover the bottom of a barrel, say to half an inch; put in hams, and cover with half an inch of salt, and so on until the barrel is full; hams should remain in a cool place four weeks; when salted, wipe and dry them, and get some whole black pepper, which you must grind yourself, and pepper thoroughly, especially about the hock and bone; let the hams lie for two days; then smoke for eight weeks.—New York Times.

OLD MAIDS' PICKLES.—One small head of cabbage cut fine, six large onions sliced, one ear green corn sliced, one dozen green tomatoes sliced, one half dozen ripe tomatoes sliced, one pint radish pods, green; two ripe cucumbers cut small, two green cucumbers cut small, thirty small green cucumbers used whole, one teaspoonful turmeric, twelve green peppers used whole if small, three cents worth of cloves, one-eighth of a pound of ground all-spice, one-eighth of a pound of ground cinnamon, one-eighth of a pound of mustard seed, one-eighth of a pound of pepper corns, one-half pound brown sugar, one quart good cider vinegar, one root of chopped horse radish. Boil the vinegar, sugar, spices, and turmeric, and pour hot over the pickles, having brought them to a boil in weak vinegar.

BLANKETED CATTLE.—"J. E. S." These cattle are descended from Dutch stock imported into this country a long time ago. Several names have been given to these cattle as "Belged," "Sheeted," "Draped," etc., all founded upon the leading characteristic, namely: a broad band, or belt, of white passing around the middle of the body while all the rest is black. They are excellent milkers, and are found in considerable numbers in Orange county, N. Y., a noted dairy locality; and when seen there in herds, are marked features of the landscape, which even the unobserving traveller could not fail to notice and admire. In Holland this peculiarly marked breed is preserved with great care. An engraving of a pair of these cattle was given on the first page of our Journal for December, 1877.—American Agriculturist for December 1.

BLOODY MILK.—"W. S. W." Kent Co., Md. The milk may be found mixed with blood, without any distinct attack of Garget. Garget consists of inflammation, and congestion of the udder, or part of it, and is accompanied by constitutional disturbance, generally fever. But the milk may be tinged with blood from other causes. Violent jerking of the udder, by racing about, a blow, cold in the organ, or other similar accidents may cause it, and with some heavy milkers, which are subject to it occasionally, the cause seems to be over excitement of the secretory apparatus of the udder. Generally a cooling purgative, or a saline diuretic, (such, for instance, as 8 oz. of Salts, or 4 drams of Salpêtre, or both together, with rest, and frequent, careful, and gentle milking, will effect a cure when the latter is the cause. For Garget, similar, but more active treatment is needed.—American Agriculturist for December 1.

PERFUMES FROM ROSES.—Tincture of Roses—Take the leaves of the common rose, place them, without pressing, in a large-mouthed bottle; pour some good spirits of wine over them, seal the bottle securely and let them remain in a dry place for a month or two.

REMEDY FOR FRECKLES.—The following remedy has been found efficacious in Europe for freckles: Finely powdered sulpho-phosphate of zinc, one part; oil of lemon, one part; pure alcohol, five parts; collodion, forty-five parts. To be mixed well together by trituration and applied to the skin.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Scrape horseradish into a cup of cold sour milk; let it stand twelve hours; strain, and apply two or three times a day. Or, mix lemon-juice, one ounce; pulverized borax, one-quarter drachm; sugar, one-half drachm; keep a few days in a glass bottle, then apply occasionally.

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