

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Chicago News.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
The little toy that baby know—
A little sock of faded hue—
A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time,
My little one—my all to me—
Sat robed in white upon my knee
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head,
If Santa Claus should come to-night,
What shall he bring my baby bright—
What treasures for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy,
While in his honest, mournful eyes
There came a look of sweet surprise
That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lisped his evening prayer
He asked the boon with childish grace;
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as length'ning shadows crept,
I saw the white-winged angels come
With heavenly music to our home
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard his baby prayer
For in the morn, with smiling face,
He toddled to the chimney-place
And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas eve—
That angel host, so fair and white—
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock—a little toy—
A little lock of golden hair—
The Christmas music on the air—
A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train
And golden head came back for me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

MRS. BARKER'S WOOD.

"No wood!"

Mrs. John Barker's eyes wandered in dismay around the unpromising-looking wood yard. Two or three green logs lay there, against one of which an axe leaned in a cleft formed by a stove length being half chipped off. Her husband and his hired help, consisting of a man and boy, had just gone to their work on a distant part of the farm, and she knew she should see neither of them before dark.

What should she do? Half impatiently she turned toward the house, and then, with a thought of the pan of light dough waiting inside, she began to gather some of the chips which lay around, only to fling them down again.

"It's no use. I can't bake bread with these. I know what I'll do."

She quickly washed the dinner dishes with the already cooling water, and then went to the stable, in which, with hands dextrous by practice in such work, she had soon harnessed a horse to a light buggy.

"Mother and the girls will think I'm crazy," she said to herself, "but I can't help that. I swung an axe once and ached for a month to pay for it, so I'm not going to do it again."

She brought out her pan of bread wrapped in a large cloth, and, setting it in the bottom of the buggy, sprang in herself, and had soon driven the two miles which lay between her own house and her mother's. Arriving there she carried in her pan and set it down with a laugh.

"There, mother. I've come to bake my bread. John and the others went off without leaving me any wood, and I had to do it or let it spoil. Men will forget, you know."

She was not going to blame him to others, nor let them imagine how often, since she had gone as a bride to John Barker's new house only last spring, she had this same trouble about wood.

"That's right. Set it right down there by the fire, so it'll get hot before you knead it into loaves. Yes, they will; and if any man's to be excused for not keepin' wood on his mind it's John Barker, if there's anything in blood and I say there is. His father is just so—a real forehand man, good provider, and took proper pride in havin' things spick and span about him, but never seemin' to think what a bother it was to the women folks not to have their wood handy. Many and many's the time I've dropped into tea with John's mother and see her have the greatest time a scrapin' up a few chips or shakin' the snow off sticks of miserable green wood."

John's wife turned her face as she took off her things, for fear her friends would see in her face how nearly her own experience was already becoming like that of John's mother.

"I used to tell her," went on her mother "that she'd ought to trained him better when he was young. Now, like as not, John takes a little after his father—nobody could wonder at it—and I wish father could haul you a load or two of his good seasoned wood, s'pose 'twouldn't do—eh, Susan?"

"No, 'twouldn't do, mother; thank you all the same."

Twilight of the November day was shutting in when John Barker, returning to his house, missed the accustomed fire glow in the windows.

"What's up? no fire! no wife! No wonder!" he ejaculated again, as he went out and took a view of the wood yard. After fifteen minutes' work with his axe he carried in an armful of wood and kindling, and had a bright fire crackling and snapping in the stove by the time his wife's cheery voice was heard.

"I've had a real frolic, John," she said, tugging in a basket, from which she laid out several loaves of bread and a number of light, puffy biscuits. "I couldn't find any wood, so I just hitch-

ed up old Bill and went over to mother's to bake my bread."

There was not the slightest shade of reproach in her tones, but John felt a tingle of mortification at what had occurred, and resolved that it should not happen again, and so he assured Susan with great fervor.

And the next day he went vigorously to work to keep his word. Logs, some freshly felled, others which had fallen through decay, were hauled from the piece of timber land belonging to the farm, and for a week all hands sawed and chopped with a will. Then the results were flung pell mell into the wood shed, and John, who had never learned at home to look far enough ahead to think of providing seasoned wood from year to year, felt proud at having done his duty like a man.

And Susan, as she worried through that winter with wood green or decayed, too short or too long for the stove, made up her mind (and she had a good deal of mind of her own to make up) that she would never worry through such another, remembering some sensible advice her sensible, energetic mother had given her when she left home.

"Bear things, Susan. There's lots of things has to be borne in this world, and them that learns to bear 'em best's the best of all. Men will be trying, and if woman can't be patient it's apt to make trouble. But mind—when I say bear I mean there's reason in all things, and I don't mean you should bear things that's out of all reason. If a woman'll let herself be trod on, and them that does it'll never thank her for it or look up to her for it. Bear what's reasonable, Susan, but if things go beyond reason, why then look out for yourself."

It came about that when the next October term of the Circuit Court was in session John was drawn on the jury and had to be away for two weeks.

"Why, what in the world's this, Susan?" he said, staring into the woodshed when he got home the second Saturday.

"That's my winter's supply of wood," said Susan.

"And how in thunder did it get there—and in such good shape, too!" He gazed at it in astonishment.

It was in good shape. Row after row of well-seasoned, neatly sawed and split wood piled to the rafters, with a heap of pine and hemlock in kindling lengths in one corner.

"I had it put there," said Susan, quietly.

Some more questions he asked, but with a little way, she sometimes had of asserting herself, she gave him to understand she had nothing more to tell, and he was ashamed to ask any one else.

The winter brought its usual round of simple gayeties in the country neighborhood, in which John and his wife took their full share.

"It seems to me, Susan," he said one evening on their return from a church soiree, "you don't fix up quite enough when you go out."

"Don't I look nice?"

"Yes, of course you do; but that's a dress you had when we were married, and that's nigh on two years ago. I haven't seen anything of that silk I gave you last fall."

"Are you sure?" she said, with a smile which he could not understand.

"Yes, I am. 'Taint been made up yet, is it?"

"Yes, it is. And you've seen it worn."

John was puzzled, and felt sure he had not, but Susan would give him no further satisfaction on the subject of the silk dress.

As spring approached she made a few suggestions as to the advisability of fire wood being set to season in due time. But John, prompt and diligent in preparation for seed time and harvest, full of the best intentions regarding his wife's comfort, still thought the wood was one of the things which could be looked to at any time, and Susan soon gave over reminding him of it.

One day in September he came home to dinner and found a cold lunch waiting him. The house was clean and quiet and cheerless; no wife there, but a written line which ran:

"DEAR JOHN—I am going to spend the day over at Mrs. Carter's. Will be home in time to give you a late supper."

He was glad to have her go, for she had had a busy summer and needed a little change. But there was a day out the next week and the next and the next, until he began to wonder at Susan's growing taste for gadding about. In early October he came home to find his woodyard, which had still remained empty, occupied by half a dozen or so cords of first class wood, with Sol. Carter and his two big boys busy at it, and they worked until it was stored up as before in the shed. And John felt cross, but asked no questions.

"Where's Mrs. Barker?" said a small Carter boy to John, as he put up his bars one evening.

"She is over to neighbor Grant's. You will find her there if you want her."

"It ain't no matter. You can tell her here's the sewin' she's to do for mother, and mother wants to know if she can come and wash to our house to-morrow."

"The—old scratch she does?" exclaimed John, turning on the boy in blank amazement, which rapidly grew into anger. "Mrs. Barker hire out to do washin' and sewin'! What d'ye mean by comin' to me with such a message, you young rascal?"

"Susan—I don't understand this—there's been a young chap talkin' about sewin' and washin' for Mrs. Carter. What in all creation does it mean, I'd like to know?"

"It's all right," said Susan, composedly. "What was the message?"

"Thunderation! You don't mean to say you sew and wash for other folks, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And for what?" Is there anything you want, Susan, that I don't give you?"

"Yes, John, there is. I want wood. I can't saw and chop, but I can wash and sew and do anything else a woman ought to do, and there's no blame to me for changing work I can do for work I can't. I'm never," Susan spoke very firmly, but without a grain of irritation, "going to put up with poor, badly cut, green wood again as long as I can turn my woman's work into man's work. I'd rather wash for somebody every week, it's half the comfort of a woman's life. You've never had to wait for your dinner with the wood sizzling in the stove and the fire not burning since I've been providing the wood."

John was dumbfounded.

"And you've been working for Sol. Carter's wife these two years!" he said, in intense disgust.

"No; my silk dress paid for last year's wood. I hated to let it go, John, because you gave it me, but Tilda Carter took a fancy to it. It was she you saw wearing it," and Susan laughed at his grunt of dissatisfaction with the whole business.

"You to go letting me down this way before the Carter's!" he growled. And if Mrs. John's eyes flashed a little who can blame her, as she answered:

"If there's any letting down to do it's your doing, not mine!"

They finished their walk home in silence, and then John said:

"Susan, will you leave the wood business to me after this?"

"I'll try you, John," she said.—Philadelphia Call.

An English Farmer's Wife.

"We's up at four o'clock, for yer must be up betimes, the young poultry are soft, and can't bide long whiles without food. At quarter to four I steps out of my bed just sharp like, and sings out to the girls, and they slips forth from bed as quick as ever they may, and we jumps on with our cloths and minds our beasts, whatever it may be that God has given us to look after. And then at seven o'clock Bilston and all of us have breakfast. We has homemade bread, and there's bread and milk for the gals; and we always has a slip of bacon on Sundays. After we have had breakfast," continued Mrs. Bilston, "master he bids they settle themselves, and we all sits this wise—Polly there, and Tom yonder, and Bilston in his armchair, and the good woman enumerated and showed me exactly where each member of her family sat."

"Then the master he calls for the family Bible, as belonged to his grandmother, in which is written how his father's sister died of the measles when she was 4 years old; and he begins at the first chapter of Genesis and works right on forward like till the book is ended, and then he starts and begins again. He always reads one chapter, and never no more and never no less; and when anything as he thinks applies like he says to one of them, 'Now, you take and mind that, my lad, or 'my wench' as the case may be; and then when he has said a few words of learning and minding we get up, and each of us goes off to his or her business. I churns regular three times a week, and the girls they get off to making the beds or scrubbing, or may be to the calves or to the poultry. There's always work for the willing. Then by 12 o'clock we're all in again; and after the gals and the boys has a-made theyselves tidy—for I can't do with no dirt about their hands and faces at meal—while we sits down; and we has most times broth, and rice or saggy pudding, and Winter times an apple tart, or, for a treat like, a jam roll; and then there's a class of cider for Bilston and the men, and there's milk for the gals. And after we've done—that's saying, when all's have eaten up clean and neat whatever father or myself has a-given them—we goes out, all but Polly, who clears away, and washes up and puts back all the pewter; and then we minds the beasts again till 4 o'clock, when we comes in and has tea, which I keeps in the tea caddy as my mother a-gave me when I married, and which I always keeps locked—for I won't have no trifling with the tea; and after tea we drives in the poultry to roost, and we stalls the calves and such like 'nesh' beasts for the night. And after that the gals come, and they out with their needle and thread; and to make the work go merry we sings such songs as I used to learn by times when I was a chit, such as 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Little Boy Blue,' and 'Sally in our Alley,' and all the while we darn father's stockings or make the boys new shirts, or may be the gals make their own gowns—but I won't have no furbelows nor bunching about behind or before, as such-like folly on-ly hinders their gait and makes them vain with flippery. Then there's often the sheets to mend or the underlinen to put to rights. And I always keep they sweet with lavender, as does a body good to smell and seem well and pleasant-like for any one in bed. And at 9 o'clock we all got to bed, and I goes round rooms at the half hour, for I won't stand no candles burning after such whiles, for it be a danger to the house and a folly to themselves."—The Nineteenth Century.

CYRUS THE CASH BOY.

How Cyrus W. Field Rose From Poverty to Riches—His Methods of Money Making—Great Enterprises Engineered. New York Morning Journal.

The procession in celebration of the first Atlantic cable has long since been eclipsed by grander pageants, and Atlantic cables have become as much matter of course as ordinary telegraph lines; but at that time New York had never before seen so splendid a show in the streets. The city was so crowded with sight-seers that the people slept in arm chairs at the hotels, or camped out in the parks. The military parade, the civil societies, swelled the large line; the trades union sent tableaux on wheels representing various artisans at work. Then, standing in an open barouche and bowing to the right and left in response to cheers of the crowd came the hero of the occasion, Cyrus W. Field, a tall, nervous-looking gentleman, with light brown hair and beard, a Roman nose, bluish-grey eyes, and the sanguine face of a born Yankee. As he was then, so Mr. Field is now—a trifle stouter, perhaps, and with a tinge of silver among his auburn hair. The years since this great triumph have touched him lightly.

A born Yankee Mr. Field certainly is. He first saw the light at Stockbridge, Mass., on October 30, 1810. He was the youngest son of a New England clergyman, who subsequently removed to Haddam, Conn. His brother, David Dudley, was given a collegiate education; instead of a classical education Cyrus received \$25 in cash and his father's blessing. With these treasures and a fair knowledge of reading, writing and arithmetic, he was sent to New York and obtained a situation as a cash boy in A. T. Stewart's store, at the liberal salary of \$2 a week. For three years young Cyrus worked and starved in the employ of the dry goods millionaire, and then a better and brighter life was opened to him as traveling salesman for a paper maker at Lee, Conn. Even in Stewart's establishment Cyrus made his mark by his energy and ability, and when he went away the clerks clubbed together and presented him with a diamond pin and a farewell supper. A. T. Stewart gave him nothing. Strangely enough Mr. Field has lived to see the name of A. T. Stewart as thoroughly painted out as if that millionaire had never lived.

Comforted by one good supper and adorned with his presentation pin, Cyrus threw himself into the work of selling paper with such zeal that in two years he had mastered the business. He then formed a copartnership in this city. His venture was unsuccessful, and in a few months he was bankrupt. The blow was a heavy one; he had been recently married, and had lost every dollar, but Mr. Field bore his misfortune with his accustomed courage. He started in again, and on the first day that he took possession of his new office he made the sanguine remark: "I shall make a fortune here in twenty years." Better than his word, he made his fortune in twelve years and retired, still in the prime of life, to enjoy that rest which he had never before known since his boyhood.

In a leisure moment he formed an acquaintance with one Gisborne, who had conceived the project of an Atlantic cable, and had procured a charter for the laying of the cable from the legislature of Newfoundland. The Gisborne's work had ended; but he talked it over with Mr. Field, whose leisure hung heavily upon him, although he had traveled through Bogota, Guayaquil and Ecuador with Church who painted the "Heart of the Andes," to try and while away the time. Mr. Field became interested in Gisborne's scheme and one night, while studying the geographical globe, which still stands in his library, his interest flamed into enthusiasm, and he shouted: "It can be done, and it shall be done." The next night he called together his friends—Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White and Wilson G. Hunt—and preached Atlantic cable to them until they were converted to his plans. A stock company was formed, the necessary capital for preliminary expenses subscribed; his brother Dudley acted as lawyer of the enterprise, and Cyrus sailed for England to wrest the money for the cable from British investors. No monk of old ever preached the crusade with better vehemence, and in a wonderfully short time, and in defiance of innumerable difficulties, the cable was commenced and the ships chartered to lay it.

Before the Atlantic cable was an accomplished fact Mr. Field had labored upon it for twelve years and crossed the ocean fifty-one times. The first cable would not operate, but lay dead in its ocean grave. The second cable spoke for three weeks, then parted and was dead as the first. In 1866 the Great Eastern succeeded in permanently uniting two worlds. Then all the terrible labors of twelve years were forgotten in the triumphs of success. Congress voted Mr. Field a medal; the queen of England knighted his associates, and he would have been Sir Cyrus had not his American birth and prejudices prevented.

In 1879 he celebrated, at his Gramercy Park residence, the silver wedding of the cable project, and here as in England the best society did honors to his achievements. William M. Evarts, in his commemorative address, declared "Columbus said: 'Here is one world, let there be two.' But Cyrus W. Field said: 'Here are two worlds, let

there be one,' and both commands were obeyed."

Mr. Field is the owner of the Washington building and other real estate valued at \$10,000,000. In stocks, bonds and other securities has \$20,000,000 more.

He owns a country house at Irvington and a mansion opposite that of his former business associate and recent rival, Samuel J. Tilden, in Gramercy Square. In Mr. Field's shirt front flashes one of the largest and purest emeralds in the world, and one often wonders as he admires that jewel whether Mr. Field really values it higher than the diamond pin presented to him when a poor cash boy by A. T. Stewart's clerks.

In Favor of Peace.

Some time ago, at a public gathering in Webfoot county, Col. Ladsmon was selected to read the Declaration of Independence. He had not proceeded far when an old fellow, who had come with a large following of Dry Fork boys, shouted:

"Mister, whut sort o' artikle is that you're readin'?"

"The Declaration of Independence, sir."

"Wall, now, the war's over out here in this section an' we don't want none of that scotch business. I fit for the south, an' I sniffed a good deal o' smoke and stopped several pounds of lead, but when I flung down my old fuzee I agreed that the scrimmage was dun. Now, mister, I don't think that you air doin' right to come out here an' read that thing to the young folks. Lee's dead an' Grant's busted up, they tel me, so what's the use in all this hurrah business? I am as good a Southern man as anybody, but I never was no glutton. I've got enough, let me tell you."

"My dear sir," said the colonel, it is possible that you do not understand this document—a glorious emblazonment of principles for the establishment of which our forefathers shed their sacred blood.

"Needn't spill so much o' your education, mister, fur I low that you'll need it before you get to the end o' your row. I never toated college white-wash on the back o' my coat, but I've got years like a fox, an' a eye that can tell a blacksnake from a scorpion. That thing you've got there is rank pizen, ain't it Leviticus?" turning to one of the Dry Fork boys.

"That's what it is," Leviticus replied. "That thing, mister, mout been all right in '61, but it won't do now, for the cradle's rockin' in peace and the blue-eyed gal with the peachy jaws is singin' a sweet song in the orchard."

"My dear friend," said the colonel, "let me explain. Gentlemen please keep quiet. There is no need for excitement. When our forefathers were oppressed by the British government they threw off the yoke and declared by this paper" shaking the Declaration of Independence, "that they were free. They fought, bled, and maintained this avowal of freedom; and this glorious document will ever live as the greatest national structure the world has ever known."

"That's all right, mister," said the man from Dry Forks, "an' is talked of a heap puttier than I could do it, but the war is done over. I don't see no blood round here. Do you, Leviticus?"

"Ain't found none yet," Leviticus replied.

"No, fur it's all dried up. Now, pardner," continued the advocate of peace and the forgetfulness of war, "I want your warrant of arrest and talk about something that we slesh round in every day."

"I shall not put up this glorious paper."

"Ain't thar no persuasion?"

"No persuasion and no human force can make me sheathe this great sword of argument."

"Oh, well, we don't want to have no trouble, but I reckon yer'll put it up."

"I swear that I will not."

"O, I reckon yer will."

"I'll die first."

"Oh, yes, you will. Put her up, now, an' come along with us boys. We've got a jug o' the best old stuff down here you ever seed, an—"

"Old gentleman—old patriot of a school whose session is closed—I am with you," exclaimed the orator, throwing a quid of tobacco with a loud "spat" on the bald head of a tax assessor. "I was taken in charge this morning by a party of Prohibitionists and have suffered much in the flesh. Now, my dear sir, my deliverer, lead me to the consecrated ground. The Declaration of Independence can wait several years longer; I cannot wait five minutes. Here's to you, old patriot."—Arkansas Traveler.

A message received at the college observatory at Boston, from the European Association of Astronomy announces the discovery of a bright comet by Dr. Wolf of Zurich, on the 17th inst. The comet was observed at Strasburg Saturday evening. Strasburg position, Sept. 20, is 44.67 Greenwich mean time; right ascension, 21 hours, 15 min., 22.3 sec.; declination 22 deg., 22 min., 54 sec.; daily motion in right ascension, plus 20 sec.; in declination, south, 20 min. Observation at Harvard observatory to-night shows the comet discovered by Dr. Wolf is circular, 2 min. in diameter, and well defined, with nucleus of ninth magnitude.

A contract for building a life saving station at Portage Lake and Lake Superior ship canal has been awarded to J. B. Sweet of Marquette, Mich.