

SOMEBODY'S STOCKING.

BY MISS OLIVE LOGAN.

1. WHERE THE STOCKING HUNG. The stocking hung on the door-post of a little room in the fourth story of a respectable tenement-house not far from the great theatres of Broadway.

At last it is over. Down they come off the pedestals—all the fairies and all the water-sprites, released from his position in Harlequin; of came Pantaloon's false nose and chin; and Clown facetiously asks Columbine if she would not like to play it all over, just for fun.

"Callie!" roars the Clown with his mouth full of oysters fried. And Kitty King laughs merrily. "How was your house this afternoon?" inquires the tragedian in a contemptuous tone.

4. JUMPING JACK. If the theatre was crowded on Christmas day and evening, the circus was absolutely packed. "What a house!" said the ringmaster to Mr. Merryman, in a whisper.

pushing into her eyes, and making her look like an angel right down from the skies. Or so Mr. Jack thinks. "Yes—just Jumping Jack. No one else."

I did put in the best thing I owned in the world—the best thing any man owns, and the best thing he can give to a woman. "What is that, dear Jack?" "My heart."

2. WHAT WAS IN IT. Nothing. Not a thing. Whoever this Somebody was, she had found no admirers to put presents in her Christmas Stocking.

Empty! Ah! that would be sad! Well, we all have our disappointments in this weary world. We set our hopes on an object of desire; we long for it wearily and anxiously; we train our eyes patiently, carefully, certain that they will bear the fruit for which we yearn; and then—

5. ET VOILA TOIT. Mistaken or not, the recollection of the ballet-girl's face torments Monsieur Jack sadly. He cannot sleep. He tosses and tumbles on his bed, and all night long he dances through an interminable ballet in his dreams, and points his toe in the face of the trumpeter, and the bass fiddler, and the tenor drummer.

And when in his dreams he is not dancing through the interminable ballet, he is standing on his head at the circus, and seeing to his horror, the sweet-faced, modest little ballet-girl trying to vault over six horses standing side by side, and falling and killing herself.

"I loved you even then, Kitty, as I have never in all my life loved any one else. When I grew up into a big boy, and moved away to New York with my father, I said to myself that I would go back some day to the little village under the hill and marry Kitty King."

WILLIAMS'S GRANT. No. 23 N. SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA. DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF UNITED STATES REVENUE STAMPS, CRACKER BROS. & CO.'S TELEGRAPH METAL SHEETING BOLTS, AND NAILS.