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## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

## NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS

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## Christmas.

Christmas carols, merry rhymes,  
Mingle with the festive chimes,  
Hear the music rising, falling,  
Holly merriment recalling,  
Of our childhood's Christmas time.

Age forgets his years to tell,  
Pipes old glees all love so well;  
Manhood bends to childish pleasures,  
Trolls out staves of blithe measures,  
Wakened by the season's spell.

"Glorious to God on high!"  
Sang the chorus of the sky  
On that merry Christmas morning  
At the welcome, glorious dawning  
Of that star, the day's bright eye.

"Peace on earth—good-will to men!"  
Echo sings the strain again.  
Earth, antiphonal replying,  
Shouts, with Heaven's strains joining,  
"Hallelujah and amen!"

How the heavenly ether rang  
While the enraptured seraph sang!  
Like the ocean's waves it thundered—  
Wide the peary gates it sundered;  
Joy-bells imitate the clang.

In commemoration we  
Tune our sweetest minstrelsy,  
At one common altar bending,  
Whence our hymns of praise ascending,  
Prove our Christian unity.

Carol! Carol! Oh rejoice  
With uplifted heart and voice!  
Make the festal day a blessing,  
By our gifts and deeds confessing  
Christ our gift, of all the choice.

Let our homes be scenes of mirth,  
Day no gladder dawns on earth;  
Fill its every hour with gladness,  
Drown in joy all care and sadness,  
Caroling Messiah's birth.

—W. J. H. Hogan.

## Widow Winterpippin's Wonderful Dream.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

This is just how affairs stood in the house in which we lived—brother Nathaniel and I—on the evening of the 17th of December, not what they call a "first-class" one, but a very nice one—on the Christmas Eve before that Christmas night.

In the basement the three little children of Mrs. Rose, the janitor's wife, were quietly playing with their dolls for the first time in several weeks, having been sick right unto death, and their poor, tired mother was hovering about them, her thin, pale face lighted up with thankfulness and joy, albeit a cloud did flit across it, every now and then, as she thought of the debts contracted during their sickness—debts which at the present moment—Mr. Rose having been out of work for three long months—she had but the faintest hope of ever being able to pay.

On the first floor Mrs. McChilly—old, obstinate and—well, to speak plainly—stingy Mrs. McChilly—spectacles on nose and head held close to the lamp, was looking over for the fiftieth time the bonds, which her brother, who had lately died in San Francisco and received by her a few days before, making her already in comfortable, very comfortable circumstances—what in our sphere of life would be considered rich. Her girlish-looking granddaughter, by marriage, was darning the old lady's stockings, and the young daughter, dear, merry, young brother-in-law, banished from his home half a year ago—a home which had never been so sunshiny since—because he had dared to fall in love without his grandmother's consent, and the boy-looking husband of the granddaughter, by marriage, was writing a cheerful, affectionate letter to the banished one, under cover of the daily account-book.

On the second floor, pretty, gray-eyed, brown-haired Mrs. Summer was hushing the baby to sleep, and dropping tears on its little, golden head whenever, which was very often, she glanced at her husband who lay snoring on the lounge, having left a convivial party late that afternoon to stagger home, as he had done many times during the last unhappy year, with aching head and empty pockets.

On the third floor, jolly, plump, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, generous (out of her income of a thousand a year she gave away at least one-eighth) "dove" Winterpippin was calmly sleeping in her bed, thoroughly tired out by a hard day's work, and Nannie, her little maid, with the cat in her lap, was dozing in a spasmodic manner in a rocking-chair by the kitchen fire.

And on the fourth floor brother Nathaniel and I were taking a late supper because I had been obliged to remain longer than usual at the store where I was clerk, it being the custom of our employer to exact extra service of all holiday week (without however, this time it necessary to require such services with extra pay), and dear Nat—whom there never could be a kinder brotherly—would not, though he be ever so hungry, eat supper until I was there to make and part with the tea. "It tastes so much better from your hand, sis," he used to say.

Nathaniel was a printer, and had been a fine, stalwart, singing, whistling fellow until that dreadful day in September when he met with the terrible accident which resulted in the loss of his right arm.

Since then he had been on the invalid list, and sang and whistled and joked no more. We had, fortunately, some money saved when this misfortune came upon us, but it was now almost exhausted. And Nat began to worry about that, among other things; but I never lost heart. Why should I? I had youth, health and strength and twelve dollars a week. And we could manage not to starve or freeze on twelve dollars a week, and Nat's overcoat and my cloak could both be turned, and somebody was coming home soon.

Widow Winterpippin—God bless her!—proved an angel of goodness during our trouble, coming to sit with Nat herself when his arm was at the worst—I had to go to the store after the first few days, or the salary would have ceased, though they did, for a wonder, give me an extra half hour at noon when I went home to lunch—sending Nannie to wait on him when he was getting better, and making all sorts of nice dishes to tempt his appetite, and lending him all the nicest books and keeping the room bright with beautiful flowers. But it wasn't this kindness which made Nat fall in love with her. Oh, no! for he had fallen in love with her long before.

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## Traits of Animals.

A cat was sent by express, carefully boxed, from Danville to Rochester, a distance of fifty miles. Not many days afterward, tabby came walking into her old home.

When a good housewife of Kirkaldy writes for a ham that had hung from the rafters, it had a fair exterior, but it was a perfect shell, skin and bone only remaining to show its form, while the rest, after living so sumptuously, had built a nest in the center, and was easily captured.

A parrot belonging to Capt. Eichelberger, of Baltimore, was always present at family prayers. One morning, when in the garden, a hawk flew down and seized the parrot, when it shrieked: "Oh, Lord, save us! Oh, Lord, save us!" which so frightened the hawk that it dropped his prize.

At Fresno, Cal., on the 20th of August, Calaveras Grove to the Yosemite in California, is a dog who one hour before the arrival of the stage goes leisurely down the road to meet it, then bounds back to the poultry yard, catches chickens, bites their heads off and takes them to the cook. He takes one chicken for each gentleman in the stage, never making a mistake.

An expert in antique coins in Paris is a poodle. The money being placed upon a table the dog is introduced, and after nosing among them will knock off the table all the bad pieces with his paw. After acquiring great fame it was found the whole thing was a trick. His master took care to handle only the bogus coins, and the poodle's decisions were arrived at by faculty of scent.

A wandering "chippy" was picked up by a St. Louis lady and placed in the cage with her canary. In the morning it was released, when the canary mourned as if it had lost its mate. In the evening the chippy returned, and was allowed to nestle on the cage, when the canary struck up one of its sweetest notes and seemed gratified. This was repeated for three days. Then chippy failed to return. The canary drooped and soon died.

A couple of seals, the property of Major Urch, of Portsmouth, N. H., were kept in a tank, and were as tame as dogs. One of them died recently, and Major Urch concluded to give the other its liberty, it seemed to grieve so much at its loss. He took the tank to the river bank and released the seal, thinking it would swim out to sea. It swam all around the river, but soon returned, crying in distress and flapping its old quarters on the bank, and stubbornly refused to be ejected.

A monkey belonging to a gentleman of the south of France often helps the cook. Being given a pair of partridges to pick one day, he seated himself in an open chair, and a hawk flew down and snatched one of the birds, when the monkey tricked the hawk by secreting himself, and, waiting, soon saw him come for the other, when the monkey caught the thief. Plucking both the hawk and the remaining partridge, he took them to the cook, and the change was not discovered until the game (?) was served at table.

An enormous eagle in Georgia swept down upon two little girls aged three and five years, throwing them to the ground. It buried its talons in the face of the elder and attempted to carry off the child, but was prevented by her struggles. A little brother seven years of age came to her assistance with a carving knife, slashing the eagle's legs, when it turned upon the boy, who was soon released by the appearance of Joe Betzler, a neighbor, upon the scene, who shot and killed the bird. It measured seven feet from tip to tip of wing.

A spider is a glutton, as was evidenced by an experiment recently made. A gentleman arose at daybreak and supplied a spider with an extensive web, with a fly. This was done at about 8 A. M. The spider was then feeding on an earwig. He came for the fly, rolled him up, and returned to his first course. At seven o'clock, his earwig had been demolished, and the fly at eight o'clock. At nine o'clock he gave it a second long legs, which he ate at noon. At one he greedily seized a blue-fly, and during the day he counted 120 green-flies, or midgets, all dead and fast in his net.

## Two Pictures.

Miss Blanche Murray is a very proper young lady. Last week she caught her little brother smoking.

"You terrible thing," she hissed, "I am going to tell father on you!"

"This is only corn-silk," murmured the boy patiently.

"I don't care what it is. I am going to tell on you, and see what you do get out of that beastly horrid, degrading habit; I wouldn't have anything to do with smokers."

It is evening. Miss Murray is sitting on the front stoop with Algernon. It is moonlight, and the redolent spirits of the honeysuckle and syringa are wafting bliss to their already intoxicated souls.

"Would little bird object to my smoking a cigarette?"

"None at all," replied Miss Murray. "I like cigarettes, they are so fragrant and romantic. I think they are just too delicious for anything."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Pleasant quarters—Twenty-five-cent pieces.

The Utah delegate in Congress, Mr Cannon, has six wives.

Truth lies—When it is crushed to earth.—New York News.

"I like your impudence," as a pretty girl said when her beau kissed her.

A single property in California is half the size of Rhode Island.

Five children of Charles Dickens survive him—three sons and two daughters.

To take out a patent in the United States, costs about \$60, of which about \$25 goes to the solicitor.

Mr. Mori, who was once Japanese minister at Washington, has been seen at the city of San Francisco.

A salmon caught near Vancouver island, on the Pacific coast, weighed ninety-eight pounds.

It is indeed a brave man who has courage enough to peer into the future as far as spring house-cleaning time.

Thirty-eight thousand five hundred and forty-one persons by the name of Smith have pensions from the United States government.

"Day-After-Tomorrow" is the name of a Cherokee Indian chief. He is the brother of Procrastination.—Waterloo Observer.

Every kind of leather of oak and sumac tannage is produced in Cincinnati, there being thirty tanning establishments there.

As many women learn to know their husbands, they wish they had learned to "No" them when they were only sweethearts.—Steuvenville Head.

The Cane-Growers' association finished its deliberations at St. Louis yesterday. The other association for raising Cain is still in session at Washington.—Chicago Journal.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him that plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

He that embarks in the voyage of life will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the mind than the strokes of the oar, and many founder in the passage while they lie waiting for the gale.

Turning for the moment from affairs of State to sporting matters, we note that a Cincinnati gentleman yesterday broke 398 glass balls out of a possible 1,000, with the butt end of an army musket.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A fashion letter says "pinched waists are now thought vulgar." Fashion letters may say what they please, but as long as the owners of the waists don't make a fuss about it, young men will continue to pinch 'em.—Norristown Herald.

A walnut timber boom is going on in Tennessee. Every water-mill and saw-mill is sawing it fast. Already \$30,000 worth has been shipped from Lewisburg. There is a large demand for it in London, and Tennessee people are the great things of the European market.

A man fell through one of the windows of his boarding house on West Hill the other day, and his distracted landlady speaks of him as "a paneful roomer." But then she hardly knew what she was saying, poor thing.—Burlington Herald.

The Norristown Herald regards approvingly the maintenance of the old custom of flinging an old slipper after a bride, but holds the practice of flinging after a would-be son-in-law a heavy boot containing the foot of a girl's father as desirable.

There are over 15,000 carriage manufacturers in the United States, who employ upward of 100,000 hands, pay labor from \$28,000,000 to \$31,000,000 per annum, and produced during the past twelve months upward of \$40,000,000 worth, amounting in value to \$125,000,000.

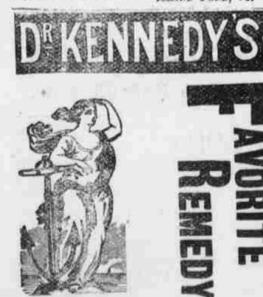
The number of paper mills in the United States have increased to 812, employing 22,000 hands, and their average annual product is estimated at 317,387 tons of paper, valued at \$67,000,000, and the capital invested in them is placed at \$13,500,000.

The position of the Chinese in Brazil is a peculiar one. The government encourages their introduction with the view of more extensive tea and silk culture, while the people oppose them on the ground that their immigration will prevent that of the more desirable Europeans.

Juries sometimes give very curious verdicts. One of the most remarkable was found by a Washoe jury in a case of milk-stealing. The prisoner was tried on a charge of stealing milk from another man's cow. It was proved that he had frequently milked the cow at night, thereby causing his neighbor great vexation and annoyance. The jury desired to express in their verdict their sense of the aggravated nature of the offense. They therefore found the prisoner "guilty of milking the cow in the first degree."—Waco (Texas) Telephone.

What He Mistook for a Dog.

A young man who had recently arrived from the East was engaged at the United States fish-hatching establishment on McCloud river. One day last week he took a rowboat and pulled up the river a short distance, crossed to the opposite side, and prepared to go ashore. Just as he was stepping out of the boat the young man looked up on the bank over his head, and saw what he thought was a large mastiff dog. "Some of those Indians have stolen him," he thought to himself, "and I will take him home with me." Climbing the trail with difficulty, he soon saw face to face with his mastiff. He whistled, and snapped his thumb and fingers, coaxingly, but instead of taking his advances kindly, the animal uttered a low growl, and oscillating his tail from side to side, prepared to go for that young man. The latter, now terribly alarmed, started on his boat, tumbling headlong down the hill, and just managed to get into his craft and push it into the stream as an immense specimen of the California lion landed upon the shore. Of course, the lion would not take to the water, so the young man was safe; but he says he shall be careful how he makes overtures to strange dogs in a strange country after this. He was entirely unharmed at the time, and after he got into his boat he heard the growl of another lion, and shows that evidently there was a pair of the "creatures."—Portland Oregonian.



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