

LOST AND FOUND.

A CHRISTMAS SECTON.



OW my hat with the feathers. Mamie shrieked. Kittykins, in a perfect whirlwind of delight. It was upon a neat small room at the top of a tenement house in a back street, where a pretty young lady was occupied in the toilet of a beautiful child of seven or thereabouts. A gasp of content ensued after the hat was settled on the golden curls, the feathers that sister Mamie curled so many times peeping over the wide brim to look at the sweet little face beneath. Kittykins, in her stiff white gown, trying to look back at her sash, and strutting up and down well pleased with herself.

"You vain little thing," said Mamie, but not crossly, for there was no one she loved like little sister, but had been her charge five years, since both parents were drowned in a sailboat, leaving the brave eldest girl only a small portion of this world's goods, but a good education and much artistic ability. She worked bravely teaching school; then, as she learned more of painting, won success, and now maintained Kittykins and herself comfortably on the earnings of her brush.

"I never would trust you, Kitty, if I were not so busy. These orders must be filled, and I can't spare time to go the paints. You know Mr. Blake's store, where the pretty pictures are. I will put you on the car down at the door, and the driver will let you off, and tell Mr. Blake's clerk to look after you at the store. Here's my letter to give him."

"An' my par'ol!" said Mamie, but not crossly, for there was no one she loved like little sister, but had been her charge five years, since both parents were drowned in a sailboat, leaving the brave eldest girl only a small portion of this world's goods, but a good education and much artistic ability. She worked bravely teaching school; then, as she learned more of painting, won success, and now maintained Kittykins and herself comfortably on the earnings of her brush.

"You'll be sure to lose it, and it's so pretty."

"I can't go 'bout my par'ol," said Kittykins, an ominous quiver on her lips. "I can't go, and I won't."

"Kitty France!" Only a rebellious look in the brown eyes. "If you lose it you will never get another."

"Me lose my par'ol?" cried Kittykins, a whole volume of reproach in the words. "Me lose my par'ol, Mamie France, you must be plumb loony."

"If you talk like the boys in the street you shan't go to the Park Sunday, miss."

"You worked last Sunday, and that ain't Christian," said Kittykins, darkly.

Mamie laughed.

"I have to pay for your finery, Miss Vanity. She kissed the rosy face fondly, and downstairs they went, and when the car stopped at the door the driver willingly promised to get Kitty off at the right place. Of course he would oblige such a very sweet sister as Kittykins had.

Kittykins waved her parol in good-by, and settled herself on the seat. Not for the world would she have invested out to look out at the world children did. She sat very still, holding the letter in one hand, her parol laid across her lap.

"Of course," she said to herself, "I can't open my parol in the car like it is only a hot-bill. Folks would laugh; but there is a place on the sidewalk in front of the store."

She consulted her pocket to the man next to her, watched if he put it in the box, and then, holding the letter in one hand, her parol laid across her lap.

"I've got it," she said to herself, "I can't open my parol in the car like it is only a hot-bill. Folks would laugh; but there is a place on the sidewalk in front of the store."

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her arms, and then the whole story came out—that wicked brown man and his threat—Mamie's face darkened.

"The mean coward," she said. "If ever I meet that man—"

"The policeman will get him, Mamie, an' my head is tired. I wish you'd rock me a little, Mamie, I'm so miserable."

Mamie held her till the golden head bowed and the tear-wet eyes closed, then she laid her gently on the bed.

"Poor baby, it's as hard for her as that day when I hadn't a cent, and I got my prize drawing back—not suitable. I suppose that's the reason she's so nervous."

She wrote me that landscape was not my forte, and to keep to figure painting; but I tore the letter up in anger and grief, though I knew then and now he was right.

Every morning on their way to the park, Kittykins kept a sharp lookout for the brown man, and never a horse-car passed the moment when she was at the window, but she flattened her nose against the pane looking for him. She grew pale and wore a sad, pleasure dimmed by the sense of loss. Not for worlds would she carry Mamie's parol.

"I can't be trusted, I'm a careless little girl," she would say, bravely.

Sometimes she dreamed she had found him, and would scream loud enough to wake her sister, who comforted her lovingly; or she would dream more happily that he came and brought her the parol, saying he was sorry, and she forgave him, as it was not hurt, and he had taken it for his little girl, who did not have any.

Julian Heath and his friend Gus Pyne were walking down the street on November afternoon, and as usual Mr. Heath was complaining about that boy. Mr. Heath dwelt in an old-time house in an unfashionable place, his grandfather's before him, suited him well enough, until boarding-schools began to press closely, and mansion owners sold out and went up town. In fact the house went to a new owner, and the old man, who had a thin body, with claw-like hands, slim limbs and a peculiarly shrill whistle, dwelt, and made life dreary for the neighborhood.

"I don't blame Herod," said Heath. "I wish he lived in our block, and had the same understanding with the law. I counted sixty youngsters on our side yesterday, without taking those across the street, sixty yells to each and every minute, sixty minutes an hour—"

"Save me," laughed Pyne. "I'm a parent myself, and I never could solve mathematical problems. I was wondering if my eldest boy was there. I hope not. But, Heath, you ought to be married; you would not be so particular then."

"That boy isn't a human being," continued Heath; "he is a fiend. Yesterday, when I opened my skylight—I have a studio on the top floor—it was not ten minutes before I saw his thin legs and big feet hanging down, and his goblin face leering at me. He had climbed over the roof. I suppose if I had shut the skylight he would have strangled me out, it would have been murder."

"Probably."

"That's where Herod had the advantage. He rings my door-bell at all hours, stunts my head full of mud, the other day when I was striving to find out what the matter was, yelled in that piercing voice of his, 'you'd better quit drinking.' He wrote a sign, 'Painting done here,' and hung it on the door-knob, and I don't believe he was an hour in the day but he is yelling, 'Oh, Jiminy,' to a companion, accompanied by a whistle that would wake the dead. I have complained to his mother, but she says Kuloth does not mean any harm. The woman is a absolutely senseless about that young candidate for the penitentiary."

"For Congress, more like," laughed Pyne. "But I grieve to say my eldest has a very similar trait, and is undergoing treatment for the same."

Before he finished his speech both gentlemen were startled by a shrill scream, and a child's head in the face, in a very fury, rushed at Heath and caught him by the knees, shrieking:

"I've got him, Mamie, this is the brown man. Get the perillousness—perillousness!"

"What the deuce," cried the child, striving to free himself, but the little hands clung closer and the cries grew louder. Her hat fell off, and Pyne picked it up, and then around the corner, almost running, was a very pretty young woman in rather shabby gown, but the most delightful bonnet on her brown hair, and the brightest eyes.

"Kitty France!" she cried, pale with shame and dismay, "you must be wrong; that is not the person. This is a gentleman. Let go immediately."

"He stole my par'ol," persisted the child; he did steal it, Mamie, an' he said bad words to the parrot under his breath. I do know him."

"You would do that, Heath," grinned Pyne.

Then Mamie, very blushing and uncomfortable, told about the child's loss.

"Get 'er perillousness," cried Kitty, refusing to let go, all the misery of her loss vivid and terrible from Mamie's explanation.

"Good gracious," said Pyne, "a crowd is gathering. What lunge the child has! An' actually a policeman is coming the first I ever saw on the avenue. I say, little girl, let go. Can't you make her mind, miss. We'll pay for the parol."

"I'm willing to pay for it," smiled Heath, for Mamie was such a pretty girl.

"Indeed not," answered Mamie, promptly. "I'm miserable enough now about it, and seeing my little sister so unhappy, I can't be rude. Kitty, if you don't get up and come along, I will never like you again."

"Wal, I declare," said a loud and cheerful voice, and a stout lady, with a shining red face, a purple bonnet and a green shawl, waddled toward the group, "it's the little girl that liked my parrot—an' lost her par'ol, an' there's the man—the very one I'll swear, I hope to meet my angel husband in heaven—so took it. I was in that car, young lady, taking you to be her sister Mamie she told on, but you is darker complexioned. I see an' take it with my own eyes, and it is the wonderfulest thing I come along now jest in the nick of time."

"When was it, mam?" asked the policeman, throwing out his breast and looking magnificent.

"I couldn't tell you the day, sir, to save my life; it was the last of August or the first of September. I know it was midday 'coid an' middlin' hot, an' it was the—"

"The seventeenth of September," said Kittykins, sitting up, conscious of general sympathy.

"The last of August I went on that line," said Heath, flushing painfully. "I went down to the docks to see a friend off on the steamer and somehow I do remember a noisy parrot, and I was a good deal worried about my friend's condition. He was sick and going abroad."

Heath had a dazed, helpless look.

"I'm going to tell her right away, and I never—never will say one word 'bout my par'ol, for I've got two, and he's going to be our family, so I don't want to hurt his feelings; but wasn't it funny?"

"A wily fellow," said Mamie, hugging her little sister so tight, she could hardly breathe.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Heath, thoughtfully. "I suppose if he had, they would have kept the pick of the presents."

"But Mamie would not say a word all the way home."

"Mamie France," she said, severely, and Mamie, blushing and trembling about the mouth, came to the bed, avoiding the two parrots spread out on the coverlid. "Did you kiss the man that took my parol, out there in the hall?"

"He kissed me," with a little laugh.

"And you ain't ashamed of yourself, Kitty?"

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hersever to think about; and then Mamie, just married, and looking so pretty in her long sealin' cloak, and here was herself in a blue plash, with such a hat, with such a crown, and such a veil, and there she almost said 'par'ol.'

"The very boy, Kittykins," laughed Heath; but when we are abroad in the spring, we can't have our hats on."

"The old houses, all up to greet the bride, wore a holiday air such as had not been seen there for years. The housekeeper opened the big door when she heard the carriage, and stood aside to give the bride and groom the glare of light from the hall. Heath held his young wife out, and drew her hand through his arm, and at that moment the frosty air was pierced by a sharp and peculiar shrill rattle.

"I say, he's gone and got married to the sister of the little girl that a parol he stole."

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THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

FACTS CONCERNING A VERY PECULIAR PEOPLE.

The inhabitants of the Navigator Islands in Peace and War—The Men Are All Tattooed—Males Mature at Fifteen and Girls at Eleven Years of Age.



THE Samoa or Navigator Islands are situated some four thousand miles in a southwesterly direction from San Francisco. The regular monthly steamers that ply between San Francisco and Australia pass the Islands but do not stop. They "sloop up" enough for the transfer of mail for officials or missionaries to a small boat and continue on their course. There is practically no trade with the islands, and merchantmen rarely visit them.

The missionaries in the Samoan Islands are not permitted to teach the natives the English language. There are schools in which the people are taught, but they are conducted in the Samoan tongue, a hump language which has been called "The Italian of the Pacific."

When the Samoans are not dancing they are swimming, and when not in the water they are dancing. The wonder is how they find time for work. All of their dances are accompanied by songs, and every conspicuous event is commemorated with a song and a dance. Their singing is entirely different from the discordant yells of most savages. The basso, baritone, and air are carried with precision, and the time is perfect. Some of their dances are a revelation. The "fu-su," or fighting dance, is illustrative of their fistic skill. The Samoans are accomplished boxers, and in this dance assume the same attitudes seen in the prize ring. Ages ago they discovered the "knock-out" blow, which they deliver with precision and power. The "tollola," or presentation dance, used when the village takes offerings to the chief, is rich in melodious singing, and the "satke," or stick dance, is a marvel of precision. In this dance, whether there be a dozen natives or 500, every alternate one has either two short sticks or one long one. Time is kept by beating the long sticks with the short one. In the "siva," or war dance, they sit in a row like a lot of tailors

From a very early day it has been customary on the eve of St. Nicholas' Day, for children to put their stockings, shoes, or slippers, and the presents those from whom they expect or desire favors, when, sure enough, next morning their little feet-pecies are replete with sweetmeats, toys, or coins.

The manner of observing St. Nicholas' Eve is described by a poet of two or three hundred years ago at considerable length. Room can be found here for only a few lines:

Children on the eve do cease to sleep; And when they every one at night in senseless slaps are cast. Both apples, nuts and pears they bring, and other things besides, and petticoats, which secretly And in the morning found, they say, that St. Nicholas brought."

This shows that at that time in England presents were made on the eve of the 6th of December, instead of at Christmas, as now. In the Greek Church and in the north of Europe, however, schoolboys still invoke the liberality of St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, as he is called in Russia, on that day.

How St. Nicholas could become patron to characters so unlike as robbers and good boys is a matter now difficult to understand. There is a ballad relating to his patronage of boys which is one of the most popular of the "Babes in the Wood." Strange it is that themes most harrowing are most popular.

As to this saint's patronage of robbers, we only know that such was the relation. Highwaymen were called St. Nicholas' clerks. Rowley says: "I think yonder came prancing down the hills, from Kingston a couple of St. Nicholas' clerks."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

No home, especially where there are children, is complete during the holidays without a Christmas tree. The latter are grand, elaborate and costly in the families of the rich; but even householders of circumscribed means can put up trees that will sparkle and glister for a year, and cost very little. Tinsel is cheap, but it glitters, and children rarely stop to estimate values.

A pleasing effect is produced by brushing the prickly foliage of the tree here and there with mercury, and then sprinkling common salt upon it. Among the cheap, home-made ornaments to hang upon the tree may be enumerated, empty egg shells adorned with the usual pictures, walnuts wrapped in tin foil or gold paper, pine cones varnished, then bronzed or sprinkled with salt; cranberries or popcorn strung on twine, gold paper chains, made by cutting a strip of paper, and then coloring tissue paper, etc. The tissue paper is cut into long strips about four inches wide, and closely cut across, but not entirely severed. It is then slightly dampened and held over a hot stove, when it curls up and looks well when thrown here and there across the tree.

It does not require much skill to fashion balloons, birds, castles, coaches, etc., out of tuff paper, and afterward covering it with gilt or silver paper. Figures cut from advertising chromes or colored fashion-plates can be fastened to the balloons, gondolas, etc., and really look very pretty. The same skill can adorn the base of the tree in landscape style, with tiny picket fences, rustic bridges, an old mill, etc., using moss for meadow, red sand for roadway, white or silver sand for paths, twigs of cedar for trees, a piece of looking-glass fringed with moss for a lakelet, etc. Bunches of ivory berries for the tree can be variously colored by first dipping them into a hot but weak solution of starch, and then into blue, red, or yellow powder, or into powdered bronze.

Mottos for the tree or around it can be made of white cotton wool. The letters are cut out of card paper, to which the wool is glued. When dry, pull the wool, so as to give it a puffy or snowy appearance. Trim the letters carefully, afterward and fasten them on a dark background. Letters decorated with rice have the effect of carved ivory. Cut out the letters on cartridge paper, cover them with a thick coating of paste or glue, and while yet warm, drop the grains of rice into it. The rice grains can also be made to resemble coral by dipping them into red sealing wax dissolved in alcohol. Letters covered with crumpled tinfoil have a good effect and resemble frosted silver, or they can be made of holly, and have a rich, cord-like appearance. The leaves are strung with needle upon twine of the proper length, passing the needle through the center of each leaf.

CREATING AN IMPRESSION.

Jinks—"What in the world are you wrapping up those old odds and ends of the supers, cups and other miscellaneous trash for? If you want to throw it out don't waste that sheet of clean brown paper on it."

Blinks—"But I don't want to throw it out."

Jinks—"Then what under the sun do you think of doing with it?"

Blinks—"You know this is Christmas time, and you also know that I have not a cent, so my name is Jinks—"

Jinks—"Very well. Every night for two weeks I have taken pains to pass my grocer's with my arms full of just such nicely wrapped packages as this. He thinks they are Christmas presents and never a word about expecting me to settle up. Oh, Christmas is a great invention, I tell you."

ALL values are computed by mats. The value of a mat is determined not by its size or beauty but by its age, an old ragged affair, full of holes, often being almost priceless.

The religion of the Samoans is little more than a mythology. At birth every child is given an god. When one sleeps the god is away; when one awakens the god has returned to him. Hospitality is part of their religion. Every village has its "Fale-tale," or guest-house, set apart for visitors.

When the people, with their songs and dances, bring their offerings, and while he is with them all they have is at the command of the stranger within their gates.

KEEP HIS VOW.



"Hello, Mickey, is dat you? I heard you swear once dat you would never do a bit of work as long as ye lived."

"So I did; dat's de reason I'm on de force."—Chicago Ledger.

A COLD DEAL.



SPARKS OF WIT.

FRESHING business—rozing.

GOING the rounds—mounting a ladder. THE female chiropodist is the divinity that shapes our ends.

THE raining favorite—a good umbrella that belongs to another man. NO ONE is able to write so long a sentence in so few words as the police judge.

"I HEAR that the doctor has given Grigeryby up." "Yes, he wouldn't pay his bill."

ONE would think that a jailer would be in pain all the time with so many felons on his hands.

WAITERS seem to be, as a class, quite orderly men, yet they are continually being called to order.

THERE'S one peculiar thing about a horse race. You can pick the winners right along until you put up your money.

WHEN the world comes to an end and all language is forever hushed, I'll bet it will be a woman who will have the last word.

SQUEERS—Do you know when the first umbrella was made? Nickleby—Oh, yes; during the rain of David, to be used as a parry Saul.

DIME museum managers should inaugurate a search for a woman who can play cards an entire evening without asking: "What's trumps?"

EDITH (as the one-armed organ grinder came in sight)—"Oh, mamma, just look at that poor man! All the sawdust has run out of one of his arms! Ain't that awful?"

"I AM sorry to say," said a sheriff to a young widow, who was handsome, "that I have an attachment for you. I am happy to say, sir, that it isn't mutual," she replied.

MR. BLINKS—What? Thirty years old to-morrow? You told the minister who married us only two years ago that you were only eighteen. Mrs. Blinks (wearily)—Well, I felt eighteen then.