

HANG UP THE SOCKS AND STOCKINGS.

"Twas Christmas eve—and from a chair
Near which sat mamma softly rocking;
Suspended hung, ill-mated pair,
Dear Jack's sock—and Jennie's stocking.

The wee sma' sock, home-made and gray,
Was suited to the sturdy boot,
Which kept the winter storms at bay,
And safely boused the dimpled foot.

The lassie's stocking, fine and new,
Came o'er the waves from sunny France—
Around the stripes of varied hue,
A prisoned rainbow seemed to dance.

The mother gazed at the twin,
As she sat there so softly rocking—
A mist of tears like summer rain,
Hides Jack's sock and Jennie's stocking.

"Oh, father dear!" she softly prays,
"My darling children's feet o'er guide,
Oh lead them through the pleasant way,
And keep them ever near Thy side."

Another pray'r, as fervent quite,
Was wafted from the little bed,
Where, side by side, that self-same night,
With folded hands and upraised head,

The children asked their Dearest Friend,
(While 'neath their room mamma was rock-
ing.)
"Dear Jesus! please Kris Kringle send,
To fill up both our sock and stocking."

As if in answer to their prayer,
Mamma had ceased her steady rocking,
And lo! what curious changes are
In Jack's sock—and Jennie's stocking.

From top to toe they're both swelled out,
With queer-stamped bunches, odd and funny,
They surely cannot hold the gait—
They must be bon-bons sweet as honey.

The tiny sock, so short and small,
Is queerly puffed out from the toe,
Below which swings a rubber ball,
And top that's warranted to go.

Above the leg a whip sticks out—
A woolly dog looks calmly down,
Conjecturing what it's all about,
And whether he should bark or frown.

From out the stocking's top—see! peep
That joyous, beaming little face—
A lovely doll whose ringlets sweep
Far downward, with unconscious grace.

She's fenced around with little toys,
That glance out here and there—
Gay tokens of the Christmas joys,
Which good Santa Claus doth bear.

The mother sits again to think—
Once more the chair is gently rocking—
The dog and doll seem to wink,
Cross Jack's sock—and Jennie's stocking.
—Helen Stannard.

PAUL GARWIN'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas came on Sunday that year. Saturday evening was accordingly Christmas Eve, and there was one good man at least, to whom that circumstance gave a double satisfaction.

Mr. George Garwin had come home from his noisy place of business to his tranquil fireside, enjoyed his well-earned six o'clock dinner, and settled down comfortably to a newspaper, thankful that it was the end of the week and that another Christmas Eve found him alive and prosperous, with all his family about him.

He heard the door-bell ring faintly, but he did not mind it until a servant came to say there was a man at the door who wished to speak to him.

"What name?" said Mr. George Garwin.

"He didn't give his name. He said he wished to see you just a minute on business."

"On business?" said Mr. George Garwin, and the face so bland and satisfied before, became darkened by a frown.

For in Mr. George Garwin there were two really quite distinct men; the man of business, and the man of home and society. The first exact, and exacting, upright, prompt and often stern; the second, about as genial a friend and indulgent a father as any you will meet between one Christmas and another.

Mr. George Garwin liked to keep these two individuals entirely separate, and was always annoyed when he found his twin selves getting a little mixed.

"On business!" he repeated, laying down his paper, dropping the glasses from his nose, and going to the entry with a harsh, forbidding countenance, not at all calculated to cheer the humble person he found there.

That person was a grimy mechanic, who stood hat in hand, his head of short, bristling black hair bowed in a rather abashed manner under the brilliant gas-light, his wet boots planted on the elegant soft carpet, and clusters of newly-fallen snowflakes melting in his soiled and sombre clothing.

"Warson!" Mr. George Garwin exclaimed, staring at the intruder. "What are you here for?"

"If you please, sir," began the man,—"I beg your pardon, sir,—I am sorry to be obliged to ask it."

The look and voice of Mr. George Garwin embarrassed him so that his voice became lost in an incoherent manner.

"To ask what?" demanded Mr. George Garwin.

"Money, sir!" said the poor man.

"Money!" echoed Mr. George Garwin. "How happens it that you come here for money?"

"It's only my dues I am after," said the man Warson, plucking up courage, speaking more firmly. "My week's wages, if you please, sir."

"I don't understand this," said Mr. George Garwin, with his hands behind him and his chin out in a very arrogant attitude. "My cashier has orders to pay every man every Saturday night every cent due him. I draw my checks for him. That's all I have to do with any man's wages."

"That's true, sir," said Warson. "And sorry I am to trouble you; but I was off this afternoon for two hours, on account of my child's sickness, and when I got back to the shop, the cashier said I was too late; he had locked up the safe. He said it was your orders to lock that always at half-past six."

"He was right!" said Mr. George Garwin. "It's the rule; we must have rules, and we mustn't allow them to be broken. I have another rule; never to transact business out of business hours. I can do nothing for you till Monday. Then you shall have your wages."

"It's a sorry word you speak for me and my poor family." And to-morrow Christmas of all days!" said Warson, with a tremor in his voice. "But if you say it, I don't expect it will be unpaid. I know you are a hard man Mr. Garwin!"

"If you know me for a hard man, don't come to me on such errands," said Mr. George Garwin, with a singular change in his look and voice. "But I never expected a workman of mine would say that!"

Warson went away, reluctant and dissatisfied; and Mr. George Garwin—his business-self, to the manifest detriment of both—walked back to his sitting-room and evening paper.

Then Mrs. George Garwin, who had overheard the talk in the entry, and had a glimpse of the snow-flaked, grimy mechanic, said in a tone of quiet pathos—

"The poor man really looked as if he needed the money. I am sorry if you couldn't give it to him."

Mr. George Garwin was feeling a good deal disturbed by Warson's last words, and he was glad of an opportunity to defend himself.

"So am I sorry! But it won't do to break over my rule. If I begin to let my men come after me here on business matters, there'd be no end to it. Shop is one thing, home is another. And I mean to keep the two distinct."

"Of course, you are right," said Mrs. George Garwin, "but it did seem as if it was an exceptional case."

"I can't make exceptions. I must treat all alike. This will teach him to toe the mark in future. I'll teach him, too, not to be impudent."

Mrs. Garwin wanted to say something about the man's sick child, but forbore, seeing how much her husband was annoyed. And having, by his last remark, quieted his conscience—if it was that which had been disturbed—Mr. George Garwin resumed the reading of the evening paper.

In about half an hour, Mr. George Garwin, his domestic self now well disentangled from the other, looked up cheerfully, and asked about the children's presents. Being told what purchases had been made for them, and that the girls were even then in another room plotting surprises for their parents and their brother Paul, he smiled approvingly and asked:

"Where's Paul?"

"Paul hadn't spent the five dollars you gave him for Christmas, and he went out a little while ago, I think, to buy something."

"Let's see what he will do with his money," said Mr. George Garwin, with a pleasant laugh. "Paul is shrewd. Paul is nobody's fool. We'll see."

At the end of another half hour, having examined some of the presents, particularly those which had been bought in his name, and talked in a genial, glowing manner about the great comforts of life with which they were blessed, (they had no sick child) he again inquired—

"Where's Paul? Hasn't he come in yet?"

"That must be his step now?" said Mrs. Garwin, quietly putting out of sight a skating cap she was embroidering.

The hall door opened; somebody was heard shaking snow from an overcoat in the entry; then a ruddy-faced boy of fifteen came and looked into the sitting-room.

"Come in, Paul!" cried Mr. George Garwin. "Let's look at you! I want to know if you found a use for your money?"

Paul entered hesitatingly, with an embarrassed smile.

"What did you buy?" said his mother.

For answer he gave an apologetic shrug, and threw up his empty hands.

"What! nothing?" cried his father.

"I suppose you'll think I've been very foolish," said Paul, looking rather ashamed as he took a seat with his damp boots at the register. "But I believe you said I could do just what I pleased with that five dollars."

"Certainly; taking it for granted that a boy of mine," said Mr. Garwin, "would do nothing silly or extravagant."

"Oh, I haven't been extravagant; and I hope you won't think I was very silly. And I'm going to tell you just what I've done with that money, if I can think how to begin."

Mr. Garwin looked at his son anxiously, but with an indulgent expression which encouraged him to go on.

"The truth is, as I was going along the street, two men were walking just before me, and I heard one of them ask the other to lend him a little money. To-morrow being Sunday—and Christmas, too—he must borrow a little, he said, or he couldn't have the heart to go home to his wife and children."

"I hope you haven't been giving money to a tramp in the street!" exclaimed Mr. George Garwin. "How often have I told you that every tramp is a liar and a thief in disguise!"

"I thought of that," said Paul, stammering a little. "But I didn't believe this man was a tramp. He couldn't have made up such a story—it was so straightforward—the boy's eyes glistened—and so touching! He was a laboring man of some sort. He had been disappointed in not receiving some money due him; and his children had been sick; and if he couldn't borrow, or get money somewhere, his family must actually go hungry on Christmas, of all days in the year."

Mr. George Garwin knitted his brows, not with disapproval of what his son was telling him, but with a stinging recollection of his own conduct toward the man Warson an hour before.

"He, too, spoke of a sick child," thought he. "I might have given him something if it hadn't been for my business rules, and if he hadn't been so insolent. Go on, my son."

"I hope I didn't act too impulsively," said Paul, crossing his feet on the register. "But when he said that, I couldn't help thinking how much we have of everything that is good, and how little my five dollars would be missed here at home!"

"Well, well, my boy!"

Mr. George Garwin coughed to clear his throat, while the mother regarded Paul with eyes full of pride and affection.

"I didn't know just what to do," said Paul, going on with more confidence. His friend couldn't lend him anything; and he turned down the next street, saying he would try to get credit at a store where he had traded sometimes; though he didn't seem to have much hope that he would succeed. Then I stepped forward and said to his friend:

"Do you know that man?"

"Yes," he said; "I know him very well, and an honest fellow he is; and it's a shame that he should be in such a condition of a Saturday night, and Christmas eve!"

"How happens it," I said, "that an industrious, sober man can't get a living, so as to be a little more independent?"

"My boy," he said, "you don't know anything about the lives of laboring men. He gets twelve dollars a week; but what

is twelve dollars a week for supporting a family of six children with one or two of them sick half the time, and the wife worn out with work and watching? How can he get anything ahead?"

"Of course, I couldn't answer that. So I just asked the man's name, and where he lived; I thought I would see for myself how he lived, if I could."

"Well," said Paul, after a moment's pause, "I found the place without much trouble, and, O father, such a place for an honest family to live in! All crowded together in one or two rooms; the mother, sick herself, with a sick child in her arms; one or two of the others crying; I couldn't help thinking, what if we were obliged to live in that way."

"I'm glad—I'm glad!"—Mr. Garwin cleared his throat again—"that you took the precaution to see for yourself. But what—what excuse did you make for calling there?"

"Oh, I had a very good excuse. I knew Mr. Thomas wasn't at home, so I asked for Mr. Thomas. I said I couldn't wait to see him, and hurried away."

"Did you give the poor woman any money?" Mr. Garwin anxiously inquired.

"I couldn't somehow have the face to do that; though I thought afterwards I might have left the money for her husband; wouldn't he have been puzzled, but a good deal more glad than puzzled, when he got home?"

"I thought of another plan. I went to the grocery and bought some tea and coffee and sugar and crackers, and a couple of loaves of bread; then to the provision store where I bought a fat turkey, and all the white potatoes and sweet potatoes and apples I could get for the rest of my money. I ordered all these things sent to the house, and I guess Mr. Thomas, if he has got home, is astonished by this time!" Paul added, with a radiant smile.

"O my son!" exclaimed Mrs. Garwin, with a rush of love and gratitude.

Mr. Garwin gave a slow emphatic nod of approval. "You did right to satisfy yourself with regard to the family's circumstances before giving them help," he said. "And really, my boy, I don't see but that you managed very well indeed, admirably. Did you send any name with the provisions?"

"Yes; I thought Mr. Thomas ought to know who sent them."

"You gave your name? That was right."

"No," said Paul, "I sent them in your name, father."

"In my name, Paul?" said Mr. Garwin, surprised. "But that wasn't right! That wasn't true."

"Let me tell you, father," said Paul, with something like an imploring look on his fine young face. "You gave me the money. I know you said I was to do what I pleased with it; but I couldn't have done that without it. And, really, father, I had to say, 'A Merry Christmas, from Mr. George Garwin.' I'll tell you why. This man is one of your own workmen."

"What!" said Mr. Garwin, with a start.

"Yes; and he was making a bitter complaint against you when I overheard him."

"What did he say?"

"I don't like to repeat it," said Paul. "Don't lay it up against him, will you? He was disappointed and desperate."

"Tell me what he said!"

"He said—he said—you passed for a decent sort of a man, but you had no mercy on a poor laborer, with your iron rules. Rather than break one of them you would let his children starve."

Mr. George Garwin compressed his lips and betrayed no little agitation as he replied—

"I have no such man as Mr. Thomas at work for me. This must have been Warson."

"It was Warson, Mr. Thomas Warson," Paul admitted. "I was afraid to mention his full name at first. But now I will tell you everything. I was in the house when he called here this evening; and forgive me, father, when I saw him and heard him speak, I felt sure that you were unjust—unjust to yourself, I mean; for we know that you are not hard or unfeeling."

"So I followed him out and heard him talk with his friend on the street; and, father, I couldn't bear to have anybody speak as he did of you; so I thought the things ought to go in your name; and I hope you will think so, too."

"You are right; you are right, my boy, every time!" Mr. George Garwin exclaimed. "I was too short with the man; we ought always to give a poor man's claim generous consideration. I thank you, my dear boy!"

"Oh, yes, Paul, and I thank you!" said his mother. "You have made me so happy!"

As for Paul, he could say nothing for the tears of joy and affection which choked his voice. He had never known so happy a Christmas eve.—*J. T. Townbridge.*

—A great sensation was recently caused at a convent near Morgansfield, Ky., by the forcible abduction of Miss Moss, whose guardian had placed her there because of an objectionable love affair. The lover drove to the gate of the convent, tied his horse, and then, walking into the grounds, took Miss Moss in his arms, scared off her associates with a revolver, and despite his fair burden's screams and struggles, placed her in the buggy outside the walls. Later developments indicate that the screams and struggles must have been part of the play, for when last seen flying down the road behind a fiery and fleet-footed steed, Miss Moss wore Mr. Phillips' hat, and Mr. Phillips was all miles and exultation.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Englishmen are fond of alluding to the "recklessness" of American railroad management. And yet when a Pullman sleeping car caught fire in England not many days ago, there was no apparatus found to quench the flames, and when the engineer was signaled to stop the train he could not do so because the "printed rules" would not permit him to. One passenger was burned to death and others dangerously injured.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In digging a grave in a churchyard at Setauket, Long Island, a few days since, a grave-digger unearthed an iron pot full of gold and silver coins and old English silver-ware. The burying-ground is one of the oldest in Long Island, and the church where it is located was used as a hospital and headquarters of both armies during the Revolution.—*N. Y. Sun.*

An India Cannibal Feast.

The Panama Star and Herald contains the following account of a massacre of Columbian traders on the river Putumayo: "The river Putumayo is one of the many which run from the eastern slope of the Columbian Andes about which little is known. Rising in the mountainous districts of the upper altitudes of Pasto, in the State of Cauca, it runs nearly 1,000 miles, receiving in its course the tributary waters of more than thirty streams. Its banks are partially known, but the world is yet in complete ignorance of the secrets contained in the immense territory it drains. It serves as the boundary between Columbia and Ecuador, and Columbia and Peru, while the extreme confines of Brazil run up to its mouth—1,200 meters in width where it rolls into the Amazon—where the Brazilians are anxious to seize another slice of territory to add to that vast empire whose products, population, and above all, progress, are not on a par with its ambition to obtain possession of the soil of its neighbors. In past times this same spirit of avarice existed, and the Spanish authorities were so well aware of the fact that they kept a garrison ninety miles from the mouth of the Putumayo, which was always prepared to prevent the Portuguese from ascending the river in order to reach the southern districts of the former vice royalty of Santa Fe de Bogota.

"Within the past few years adventurous residents in Pasto have endeavored to turn the riches of the river to account. It is navigable even in the upper part by canoes. After frequent petitioning Congress passed a law permitting the entrance of merchandise by the river free of all duty, with the result that some portion of the imports came by way of the Atlantic, were carried 2,000 miles up the Amazon River by steamer, and thence by launch and canoe until they reached their market, within 300 miles, as the crow flies, of the Pacific Ocean. Messrs. Reyes were the first to engage in this enterprise, and, by treating the Indians well along the route, have been establishing a very fair trade, exporting ivory nuts, india-rubber, vanilla, cascarilla, sarsaparilla, and other raw products in return for the goods brought in by them. Their success induced a young merchant of Barbacoas named Portes to engage in the same enterprise, and in company with some friends he established himself on the banks of the Putumayo, among the virgin forest, which there covers every foot of ground. They had erected a house, made a small clearing, and already saw their way to a profitable business, when they were visited by a number of Jeventoo Indians, who came ostensibly to trade. They were received well, and were apparently satisfied, but suddenly they attacked and killed the Columbians and afterward cooked and ate them. The Indians have never visited the Putumayo before, and no one has ever fallen in with them on the Amazon. Other tribes have also made their appearance in different places, and it is believed that some more powerful tribes are driving the weaker ones from the heart of the unknown forest regions, or that they are voluntary emigrants who will murder and plunder whenever opportunity offers. Residents on the frontier also suggest that they may have been driven from their homes, wherever they may be, by the slavers, whose vessels ascended several of the tributaries of the Amazon a few months ago in search of slaves and produce. This supposition will appear exaggerated to all who are not aware that Indians are captured on all the interior rivers and carried off to different out-of-the-way regions, where they are compelled to work on the plantations which have been established far away from anything bearing even the semblance to civilization. It is probable the death of Senor Portes and his friends will attract the attention of the Columbian Government to those long neglected regions of the Republic."

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Mrs. Smith's Son.

A little advertisement has been inserted in a Conshohocken paper asking for intelligence of Mrs. Susie Smith, "whose husband was killed about nineteen years ago." The young man who has taken this unusual method of finding a mother tells a strange story of how he wandered away from home many years ago when a very little boy, and has never been able to find his mother since. He does not even know that Conshohocken is the proper place in which to prosecute his inquiry. He only guesses that it was his childhood's home. He knows that he lived in one of the towns of the Schuylkill valley. An impression lingers in his mind that at the time a wooden bridge spanned the river, near one end of which there was a great woods. His father's name was Smith, and his mother was called "Susie." One day, he remembers, his father was brought home dead and the children were told that he had been attacked by two men somewhere near a store, and one of them killed him with a pitchfork. Some time after his mother married again, but the lost son does not remember his step-father's name. This stepfather had a son twelve or thirteen years of age when he married Mrs. Susie Smith, and one day, a short time after the marriage the little Smith boy wandered away with his step-brother several miles from home, and they could not find their way back. Coming to a railroad station, at the suggestion of the larger boy they got on a train which stopped there. The conductor put them off at the next station. From here they wandered about until it was dark. That night they stopped at a farm-house, and the next day they started home, but again lost their way and walked to Philadelphia, where the step-brother either deserted his little companion or was lost in a crowd. The little wanderer was too young to tell any one where he belonged, and could only say that his name was Smith. A kind-hearted gentleman found him in the streets and took him home to Camden. Every effort was made to find his mother, but all in vain, and he remained in Camden until he was eleven years old, when he ran away because he was called a waif. Then he became an apprentice in a machine shop, and has since been at work in a foundry at Camden. Lately he made up his mind to find his mother, if possible, and for some reason suspecting that Conshohocken had been his early home, went over there last spring for the purpose of instituting his search, but failed to find a familiar object.—*Philadelphia Record.*