

Santa Claus and His Men.

A curious place is old Santa Claus' den,
All stor'd full of treasures; where queer little
men,

No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright,
Are busily working from morning till night.

These queer little fellows, these workmen so
small,
All answer with pleasure Old Santa Claus' call
For "Fifty more bonbons, one hundred more
toys!"
More names on my list of good girls and good
boys!"

"Here, merrily ho!" he gleefully cries;
"My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies!
My reindeer are prancing and pawing the snow;
Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient
to go!"

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of
care,
Then off spring the reindeer, on! on! thro' the
air,
Till they stop at some home, where snug in their
bed
Sleep Cora and Mab-el, or Willie and Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light,
And steal from their beds, how they'll scream
with delight
On beholding their stockings, they hang on the
wall,
With treasures o'erflowing, and something for
all.

—St. Nicholas

Christmas.

[Earl Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada,
contributes the following to the *Canadian
Monthly*.]

'Tis Christmas day!
To one another
I hear men say—
Alas! my brother,
Its winds blow bitter,
Our Christmas suns
No longer glitter
As former ones!
If this be so,
Then let us borrow
From long ago
Surround of sorrow;
Let dead Yule lend
Their bright reflections,
Let fond friends blend
Their recollections—
Let love revive
Joy's ashen embers,
For Love is Life
Since Love remembers.

MRS. DUNN'S CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas-eve in Mrs. Dunn's cozy parlor; the back-log blazed and snapped with a good will, as if it remembered the days when the sunshine crept into its heart; the candles burned with a clear radiance on the mantel. Outside, the snow fell and drifted against the pane, the wind whistled loudly, as if to drown the Christmas-bells, that now seemed far away, and snon rang out like clarion calls. Mrs. Dunn herself sat before the high-polished fender with her knitting—a woman who had been pretty once, but no longer young now, with hair quite gray, and the traces of the tears that time had dried upon her pale cheeks, one might have said, just as the showers of long-past ages have left their prints on the stiffened soil. Mrs. Dunn's tears had, indeed, been shed long ago, but they burned yet so surely as the twilight of Christmas-eve fell about her. To-night her household of boarders had all betaken themselves their several ways, this one to spend the holiday with his partner's family, that one with his mother in the country, the other with his sweetheart, till nobody was left but Mr. Royburne—a man as gray and worn as herself—who had only his violin with which to keep Christmas. He sat now in the chimney-corner, drawing the bow across his violin, and bringing up long-past and half-forgotten scenes by the necromancy of his chords and melodies.

"One feels the need of a home on Christmas-eve, Mrs. Dunn," he said, presently, breaking off the air of "Auld Lang Syne" suddenly. "Not but *this* chimney-corner is as much a home as I've ever known, and no bad substitute; yet—perhaps it's only a sentimentality, but when a man reaches my time of life it goes hard with him to remember that he has found, as the poet says, his warmest welcome at an inn."

"No doubt, no doubt!" sighed Mrs. Dunn. "It seems as if a boarding-house were only a way-station to something more permanent. That's the way it used to seem to me when I was twenty-five. Do you know, I've got to kind of dread Christmas-eve as much as I used to love it; it's a sort of landmark now that shows how far we've wandered from the hopes and promises of youth. As you say, it's a night when one needs a fireside, in its true sense, and love and friends, and all they expected to have when life was young;" and Mrs. Dunn's voice trembled and broke, and Mr. Royburne drew out a chord that sounded like an "amen."

"You may laugh if you will at an old woman like me," she said, when she had recovered herself; "but I had a blow in my young days that I've never got the better of—a love affair—"

"Yes? Let those laugh who win. We all keep a corner of our hearts where no one enters."

"And every Christmas-time the pain bites deeper, till it seems as if I could not bear it, just as an old wound is said

to throb and ache at its anniversary." Mr. Royburne tapped his violin gently, as much as to say, "We know what that is," but he looked curiously at his landlady. Having lived two years under her roof, and found her efficient in all the practical affairs of life, and always cheerful, it had hardly occurred to him that she had a more tender or romantic side, though he knew her to be companionable and even sympathetic, and with something in her air, a tone in her voice, that brought up the image of a fair woman he had loved long ago.

"It was when I was barely twenty-five," she continued. "I ought to have outgrown it and him by this time, but I'm afraid I'm not strong-minded. There! I shall bore you to death, Mr. Royburne—there are some folks who have no mercy on a listener; but so me how I felt like talking about myself to-night."

"And I feel like hearing about yourself to-night. Pray go on; a love affair's like an air of Mozart, always sweet to listen to."

"Mine wasn't sweet to live through, I promise you. You see, I'd been left alone in the world, with a trifle of money, not enough to keep me without work; that is to say, there was Aunt Huldah, rich and alive, but I had no expectations from her, and would to Heaven I'd had no realizations! Well, I wasn't quick enough to teach, and had no knack for millinery or mantua-making, and the hundred other employments women turn their hands to nowadays were unknown and untried by them then; so I put the little I had in to a boarding-house. I didn't live about here at that time—you see, it's an old craft with me—I lived in the western part of the state at Croftford."

"Croftford!" echoed Mr. Royburne, stooping to pick up the bow he had let fall.

"Yes. You have been there? It's thought a pretty place of its size. The house I kept looked out on the Mall, where young folks went walking arm in arm in the long summer evenings, and sometimes the band played—such tunes! They don't seem like the same thing nowadays. Oh, don't you feel well to-night, Mr. Royburne?" she asked, picking up a stitch in her knitting.

"As usual, thank you, Mrs. Dunn."

"Things come on so suddenly at times," she apologized. "I thought you must be going to have an ill turn just now. You looked quite ghastly upon my word. Are you quite sure that you feel all right?"

"It was nothing, believe me—nothing more than a twinge of rheumatism, that one must expect at my age."

"Oh! where was I? You gave me such a start, I assure you."

"The young people were walking arm in arm on the Mall, and the band was playing," giving her the cue.

"Oh yes, thanks. I'd been in business about a year when he came across my path. I dare say it's silly for me, with my gray hairs and crow's-feet, but sometimes of a spring morning, when I open my window and the fresh fragrance steals upon me, I find myself forgetting my years and expecting him, just as I used to; and when I come to my senses presently, all the day seems vacant and dark, and I go about with weights at his heels, and the spring sun is behind a cloud. I don't suppose you can understand my nonsense."

"You don't know me," said her listener, turning his back upon her to stuff the candles.

"He wasn't one of my boarders, you know," she continued, "but he was intimate with some of them, and as familiar in the house as need be, coming to dine and lunch when it pleased him, till he knew the lay of the land as well as if it belonged to him. That was long before I knew that he cared or thought of me, for though my glass told me I wasn't ill-looking—it has given over telling flattering tales nowadays—yet I'd never thought much about love and that sort of thing, being a practical body, and too busy to meddle with things I wasn't called on to worry about. He got in the way, when his friends were out, of knocking at the door of my private parlor, and dropping in till they came home, as a matter of convenience, I naturally supposed, because public parlors are dreary places to wait in at the best, and he was one of those men, I'd noticed, who love luxury and prettiness desperately. But one night when the moon was up, and the band was playing out on the Mall 'The girl I left behind me,' and I was leaning out the window, after casting up my accounts for the day and giving orders for breakfast, watching the love-sick people strolling about by twos and stopping to kiss each other in the shadow of the elms—somebody tossed a handful of cinnamon roses up at my window. Of all the roses that June blows that little old-fash-

ioned cinnamon rose is the most fragrant to me; and it was he, calling to me to come down and walk; and I went down, too readily perhaps, and we walked through half a dozen tunes—such tunes as seemed like the music of the spheres with variations. Sometimes when I've been passing your room, Mr. Royburne, you've drawn out a strain or two of those very airs on your violin, and it has seemed as if I smelled rose leaves, and I've had to sit down on the stairs to recover myself. However, when I reached home that night and locked up I'd found out something I hadn't known when I went out—I had found out that I loved Jules Adderley, whether he loved me or not. It was an embarrassing piece of news to me; it was both pain and pleasure curiously twisted together. It made me start at every step and get nervous at every knock, and I began to look in the glass with more attention, and worry about my face, and grow absent-minded about the bills and the house-keeping, till one night I met him on the stairs; he was going up and I was coming down, and we didn't do either—and—dear, dear, what an old fool I am! I can't think of that time without tears—and the band outside in the moonlight playing 'My love is like the red, red rose.' And yet he couldn't really have loved me, you know."

"I don't know any thing of the kind," broke in Mr. Royburne, almost angrily; "I'm sure that he loved you."

"I like to think so," she said, smiling to herself and looking into the fire; "but you haven't heard all. We weren't going to be married for a year or so, because he was only cashier in a bank at Croftford, the Pactolus Bank—I hate the very sound of it, the words burn my tongue—and his salary wasn't big enough to please him; and then I was in no hurry. I wanted to make money myself, and life had grown so sweet, I was almost afraid of my good fortune; and perhaps I was just punished for my want of faith in God's providence. Well, one day I had a great surprise. Aunt Huldah died, and I went away to the funeral; and when the lawyer read out the will, she had left me five thousand dollars—in a stocking! The night I reached home Jules came to welcome me, and I showed him the stocking and asked him to guess; and then I threw the whole, part of which was shining gold and silver, on the table, and it rung with a pleasant sound. But it, seemed to me that Jules had something on his mind that night, and I rallied him about it; but that made him put out. And then I put the money back into the stocking and locked it into my desk, while he held the lamp; and I remember that when I opened the desk he caught sight of the daguerreotype I'd had taken to give him on Christmas, and begged it; and I wouldn't let him have it, because it wasn't good, and I meant to sit again, and after he had gone I put it into the fire and said nothing. But when he said good-night there was something odd about him; he looked at me long and searchingly, as if he'd like to see my thoughts themselves; and once or twice he began to speak, and broke off with a kiss, and finally he told me that I should not see him for a few days, as he was going out of town on bank business." Mrs. Dunn paused, and sighed profoundly; Mr. Royburne walked to the window, and shivered as he looked out on the wild night.

"It was only a few days later when Langton, the assistant cashier, who boarded with me, came into my private parlor and said he wanted to speak with me confidentially about Jules. You can't tell what a chill it gave me. I thought nothing but he had dropped dead—and I'd rather it had been so! It seems Jules had been using the bank's money to speculate. He had lost, of course, and Langton had been the first to discover it, and he came to me, he said, in order that I might warn Jules that it couldn't be kept from the board of directors, as they'd already got wind of something wrong, unless he could replace the money immediately by begging or borrowing. You may guess my feelings! I made no question but Jules had gone out of town with a view of raising the money somehow, too much ashamed to ask me for it and tell me his fault; but he had left no address, and all I could do was to wait his return in a fever of impatience; and it was Christmas-week, too, when every body's expected to be cheerful, and there's no end of work to be done. Some of my boarders had gone to keep the season among their friends, but there were a few left, who, like you and me, Mr. Royburne, had nowhere to go; and while we were sitting at tea on Christmas-eve it suddenly seemed to me as if I heard some body going over the front stairs, and the thought passed through my mind, 'Who can it be!' and then I

reflected, 'Oh, it's probably Nancy carrying up the clean clothes from the wash,' and I rang the bell for Tildy, the table girl, to bring up the toast, and asked her, aside, where Nancy was.

"In the kitchen, marm," said she, 'a-folding off the clean clothes from the bars.'

"And Bridget, is she there too?" I said.

"Yes, marm, a-stoning of the raisings."

"And isn't Mary (the chambermaid) helping her?" I asked.

"Not she," said Tildy; 'she's shivering out at the pump, sure, a-blathering along of Barney.'

"I don't know what possessed me, but I just asked Miss Gruder to take my place at the urn, and I went up stairs alone. I'd left a light burning in my parlor, but the hair of my flesh stood up when I saw that it was burning in my bed-room instead, which opened out of the parlor. However, after a little reflection, I considered that I might have been mistaken in my absence of mind, and I stepped into the parlor, which was just light enough to show me my desk with the lid open and the papers scattered about. I thought of my stocking in a minute, and you could have knocked me down with a feather, though I'd taken the precaution to sew it into the mattress that very day, till I should get ready to use it. I felt certain that whoever it was must be well acquainted with my ways, and had observed where I put my keys. And who but one of the servants could that be? And just as I was wondering if Tildy could be in conspiracy with the thief, I saw the door of the closet, that was ajar, tremble. Without a second thought, I flew to it and wrenched it open, and—it was Jules Adderley who stepped out! We looked at each other a full minute in the half-light, but we never exchanged a word. He had been too faint-hearted to confess his sin and ask my help, and craven enough to steal into my house for my money. Do you think I could forgive him? I just motioned toward the door, and his head fell upon his breast, and he walked slowly out and down stairs, I following, and out into the wide lonely night. The Christmas-bells were just beginning to vibrate upon the air as I closed the door upon him; and they found me at the foot of the stairs in a dead faint."

"I had meant all along to give him the five thousand. With that and what I could have raised on my house we could have made good the bank's loss, and he would only have forfeited his situation."

"By the next week the affair was town talk, and every body knew that he had decamped. He'd dropped a letter into the mail for me, to be sure, but I never opened it. I didn't care to read his lame excuse; he couldn't say any thing I didn't know already. I didn't want to keep alive any spark of regret or affection for him. I wanted to tread on it, as I would on a serpent that had stung me. But nature is sometimes stronger than resolve; I couldn't bring myself to burn the letter. I've written it in my will that it shall be buried with me."

"Well, it was ten years later before I married Mr. Dunn—not for love, of course; that was all over with me. But he was going to the bad, and needed a helping hand, and vowed it would be the same thing as giving him over to damnation if I refused. But I was rightly served. He led me a hard life and spent my money, and here I am a widow, not so well off as I was at twenty-five, with the world before me where to choose, and a belief in happiness this side heaven. Ah, we've let the fire get low. I'm all of a shiver. How garrulous I've been! Save us, it's twelve o'clock!"

"It is Christmas-day," said Mr. Royburne. "You leave your story unfinished unless you read the letter of Jules. Why not celebrate the day thus, if I may be so bold?"

"Do you know, I've been tempted to do that very thing. I've been fighting against it all yesterday," she answered.

"It never occurred to you, perhaps, that it may not have been the money—the stocking—that he meant to rob you of?"

"What else could it have been, pray? He knew the money was there; he had urgent need of it. He did not know that I loved him well enough to overlook his offense, and give him all I had for the asking. I would have followed to the ends of the earth but for that, for better or worse. Not that I cared a fig for the money—I could wish it had all been sunk in the Red Sea before it fell to me. If it was not that, why should he have blushed and hung his head, and left me without a word in extenuation?"

"Was not the other fault grave enough to make a man blush and hang his head before his sweetheart—enough

to render him speechless? Ye gods? But the letter! Shall we hear it? Remember this is the dawning of peace and good-will toward men!"

"I almost dread it," she said, taking the yellowed letter from its hiding-place. "It is like a resurrection of the past; it will all seem as if it had happened yesterday. There, do you read it for me; my eyes are full of tears; the lines run together." And Mr. Royburne read:

"I can not hope, dear Jennie, that you could forgive me; I saw there was no mercy for me in your face last night when I had crept into your house, hoping to carry off your picture as a remembrance of all I had lost by my folly and sin, not daring to meet you face to face and hear your upbraiding and see the contempt in your eyes, and beg you for that last favor. But I ask that you will not utterly despise me, that you will think as kindly of me as you may, believing that my temptation was great, and my punishment almost more than I can bear; that, like many a poor sinner, my intentions were better than my deed. Should you have one tender word for me, one consoling thought to cheer my exile, write it to London, not to Jules Adderley, but"—and here Mr. Royburne paused and bent toward Mrs. Dunn, and took her hand in his, caressingly. "Do you follow me, Jennie? 'Not to Jules Adderley, but to John Royburne!' Christ's blessing on the newly born!"

And the Christmas stars shone in brightly, for the candles had burned out, and the two long-parted lovers knelt together in the first hour of the Christmas-day!

Poisonous Cooking Vessels.

And now the chemists tell the housewife to beware of the attractive porcelain-lined cooking vessels which form so conspicuous a part of culinary furniture, nowadays. The porcelain enamel is said to be highly objectionable on account of the easy action on it of acid fruits, common salt, and other substances, by means of which lead and even arsenic are dissolved out in large quantity during the process of cooking. It is shown that it is not so much on account of the large proportion of lead and arsenic that these enamels are dangerous, but because they are so highly basic in their character, and are so readily acted on by feebly-acid solutions. No enamel should be admitted to use unless it is totally unaffected by boiling with a one-per-cent. solution of citric acid, which is a very moderate test.

A Prime Remedy for a Painful Disease.

The pains endured by the rheumatic are attributed by scientific pathologists to the contact of a certain abnormal acid element in the blood with the sensitive covering of the muscles and joints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, being a superb blood purifier, is admirably calculated to expel this impurity, and by removing the cause to allay the pain and feverish symptoms which it produces. That it is a most successful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia and gout, as well as a reliable means of counteracting those diseases, is a fact amply evidenced by voluntary certificates emanating from those whom it has cured, and attested by medical practitioners of high repute. It is likewise a sovereign curative of dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, urinary troubles and general debility, as well as the most popular and successful antidote to malaria extant.

Come Now and Let Us Reason Together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures everything?" Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an anti-periodic by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both purgative and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures weaknesses of the system, first, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use, by its combination of properties, suggests its use in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

EVERYTHING ABOUT SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH INVITES CONFIDENCE.

It is the prescription of one of our ablest physicians, it is prepared by one of the largest and most reliable drug houses in the United States, and is prescribed by physicians.