

CHRISTMAS.

ROSE TERRY COOK.

Here comes old Father Christmas, With sound of fife and drum;

With mistletoe about his brows, So merrily he comes!

His arms are full of all good cheer, His face with laughter glows,

He shines like any household fire Amid the cruel snows.

He is the old folks' Christmas; He warms their hearts like wine,

He thaws their water into spring, And makes their faces shine,

Hurrah for Father Christmas! Ring all the merry bells!

And bring the grandees all around To hear the fate he tells.

Here comes the Christmas Angel, So gentle and so calm,

As softly as the falling flakes, He comes with fife and psalm.

All in a cloud of glory, As once upon the plain,

To shepherd boys in Jewry, He brings good news again.

He is the young folks' Christmas; He makes their eyes go bright

With words of hope and tender thought, And visions of delight.

Hail to the Christmas Angel! All peace on earth he brings;

He gathers all the youths and maids Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child, All innocence and joy,

And bearing gifts in either hand For every girl and boy.

He tells the tender story About the Holy Maid,

And Jesus in the manger Before the oxen laid.

Like any little winter bird He sings his sweetest song,

Till all the cherubs in the sky To hear his carol throng.

"What's wanted besides thi?" Bessie asked, handing Sam the ginger;

"something! I know by your solemn face."

"It would be easier to tell what I did not want."

"Are you getting avaricious? Tell what you want most."

"I want—let me see, first, a warm coat. I'm almost frozen in this."

"You are getting savage, Sam," Bessie said, half roguishly, half reprovingly;

"Not from experience, I hope, Bess. Aren't your clothes warm?" asked Sam anxiously;

"Not as warm as they might be Sam; but go on with your list. What else would you like?"

"Some flannels would not come amiss. It comes rather hard on a fellow who has to be out as much as I do, to go without any."

"Without any, Sam; Surely you wear your old flannels?"

"With all due respect, sister mine, I will say, 'Surely I don't, Truth is I've buried them.'"

"Is your mind wandering?"

"No, not at all. Did you notice a large pole down in the garden, with a flag waving aloft?"

"Yes," Bessie replied expectantly. "That's the Union flag, weeping over a deserter."

"The deserter! My old underwear. They wouldn't be union any more; in fact, they have burst entirely."

The truth was the Harrison family were in a great strait. The minister's salary was painfully small.

"And Mamma, dear," said May, jumping up from her table and kissing her mother, "you must have thought our love for you was getting moath-eaten, too; but we'll be devoted to you henceforth, to make up, if possible, Thanks to Aunt Hannah's advice."

It was the day before New-year. Bessie had not prepared very elaborately for that precious day, because she had not the materials to prepare with.

Mr. Harrison endeavored to assume a cheerfulness which he did not feel; for it was rather depressing to know of so many things really needed, and no money to spare for them.

But he trusted God and went on with his work bravely.

"There's the express-man, with a great box directed to you, Bessie," Sam said, clapping his hands with the joy of anticipation, as he burst in upon his sister, who sat at a table awaiting the arrival of the express.

"For me, Sam? There must be some mistake."

"No; no mistake, sweet Bessie Harrison, but a glad some reality."

"In the sewing line or any other line that will bring satisfaction."

"I have my wardrobe well supplied. I don't know what I should do with any more. The attic is full of cast-off clothes already."

"You are no Flora McFlimsy, May, for you admit that you are well supplied; but, in regard to the attic, I wonder if there are not many things we could make over."

"What for, when we've got all we want without?" Edith asked.

"Make over for those who do need them," aunt Hannah answered.

"I fear we would make poor work making over things," laughed Clara; "it is something altogether out of our line."

"A very good line, however, aunt Hannah said with a smile. 'Would you like to make over the clothes in the attic, girls, if your mother is willing?'"

"For whom?" asked Clara.

"For a poor minister's family who live in C—."

"Do you know them personally?"

And for answer aunt Hannah told a story which caused tears and smiles to chase each other over her nieces' young cheeks.

"Sweet Bessie Harrison," May said as her aunt finished, "I wish I were as brave as she."

The exploring expedition to the attic had passed and had been wonderfully successful; and as three girls and aunt Hannah sat about a large table in the morning following, their faces looked bright and earnest.

Even the invalid mother caught some of the new cheeriness; for she said with a smile, "It does me good to see you so busy for others. The thought of the clothes in the attic, lying there unearned, has worried me a great deal. I feared they would get moth-eaten, but there's no danger now."

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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A WHISPER IN YOUR EAR AS CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

In 'o the silent waiting Fast There cometh a shining light—

Far, far, Through a dull gray bar Closing over a dying star

That watched away the night— Rise, rise, shine and glow, O'er a wide world of snow,

Sun of the Christmas-tide! Out of the Northland, bleak and bare, O wind with a royal roar,

Flurry, fly, Through the broad arched sky Flutter the snow, and rattle and cry

At every silent door— Loud, loud, till the children hear, And meet the day with a ringing cheer:

"Hail to the Christmas-tide!" Out of the four great gates of day A tremulous music swells:

Hear, hear, Now sweet and clear, Over and under far and near,

A thousand happy bells; Joy, joy, and jubilee! Good-will to men from sea to sea,

This merry Christmas-tide! Lo! in the homes of every land The children reign to-day:

They alone, With our hearts their throats, And never a scepter but their own

Small hands to rule and sway! Peace, peace—the Christ child's love— Flies over the world, a white, white dove—

This happy Christmas-tide! A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

How Three Children Saw Kris Kringle and How They Talked With the Old Gentleman.

"I just believe there was a real live Kris Kringle," said Nellie.

"Me sink so, too," said Ned.

"It was Christmas Eve and the children were paying a visit to Aunt Rebecca and uncle Timothy, who lived in an old-fashioned frame house near the Chesapeake bay, in Maryland.

Supper was over two hours and the children had talked so much about Kris and the fun they were going to have the next day that they felt very sleepy.

They had hung their stockings on nails that were driven in the fire-place wall, for in Aunt Becky's old-fashioned sitting room the chimney was open, and a nice, warm backlog fire burned every day.

"So you don't believe in a good, kind Kris?" said Aunt Becky.

"When I was a boy," said uncle Tim, "we always found something in our stockings on Christmas morning. One time brother William and I tried to sit up all night to catch old Kris."

red trousers as wide and baggy as a balloon, came into sight, then the edges of a great coat that looked like a buffalo robe turned inside out, was seen;

then two hands, with woolly gloves on them, and finally a face covered with long shaggy whiskers. When Kris got his feet on the andirons he stepped into the room and looked around him.

"Ho! you're awake, are ye?" said Kris, in a voice like thunder.

"Yes, ma'am," said Will, faintly.

"He! he! laughed Kris in a wee, small voice; I'm not a ma'am, I'm a sir. I thought you youngsters were in the land of Nod, or I'd have kept on to the next house."

"We were so anxious to see you, dear good Mr. Kringle," said Nellie.

"You were, eh? but what if I get mad and roar and shake the house down?"

"Please don't, Mr. Kringle; we'll go right to sleep this minute."

"Then I'll wait here until you're asleep," said Kris. So Kris took a seat in the big arm-chair and waited. By and by, little Ned whispered: "Mr. Kringle."

"Well?" said Kris.

"I'm as'leep, Mr. Kringle," said Ned. Kris laughed and went over to the stockings. Into one of Will's he shoved a glittering thing of steel and into the other stocking another bright thing made of steel.

Will, who was watching from the corners of his eyes, said to himself: "I wonder if they'll fit; it's cold out doors to-night and I guess I can use 'em to-morrow." After he had fixed Will's present, Old Kris went into another room and Nellie and Ned were afraid he had forgotten them, but he soon came back. He took Nellie's stockings from the nail on which they were hanging and in their place put a thing made of wire. In the wire thing was a tiny yellow thing, with little black eyes. Then Old Kris made another visit to the next room and brought in a wooden thing that had wheels and that was painted blue and white. To this he tacked a bit of paper marked "Ned's present."

The children wondered what he was going to do next, but he didn't keep them waiting long, for he took three boxes of candy from the pockets of his great coat, left the boxes on the mantel and shouted "good-by," and disappeared up the chimney. The children jumped out of bed and took a long look at their presents, after which they carried the presents to bed with them and slept soundly until morning.

Now, can children guess what Old Kris was? And can they guess what the presents were?

Romance of the Wine Press.

London, Arroyo.

"Well, we began to feel hurt and to think that old Kris had punished us for not believing in him when both of us found a bright silver dollar way down in the toes. Now suppose you children watch to-night. We'll bring your bed and crib into this room and leave the lamp burning, and maybe when Kris comes he will make so much noise getting down the chimney that you'll wake up and see him."

"Oh, that's just jolly," exclaimed the three children.

So Uncle Tim called the stable-boy, Joe, and told him to fetch in the bed and crib. Joe was quite an odd-looking lad. He was tall for his age, and almost as slim as the hitching post at the yard gate. Two years before, while Uncle Tim was in the city, he found Joe on the street—a ragged, rouny boy, who looked as though he were half starved. As the chimneys at the old farm house needed sweeping, Uncle Tim took Joe home with him and Joe lived there from that time on.

Joe put the bed and crib in place and very soon the children were fast asleep. Once Will opened his eyes, and remembering that he was to watch for the coming of Kris, he looked toward the fire-place. The fire had gone out and in the place of the backlog was a pile of gray ashes. The stockings had not been touched. The lamp burned with a dim light upon the mantel. Will muttered to himself that he didn't think Kris would come at all and again fell asleep.

"Tiek-tiek, tick-tiek," went the old clock in the corner. A little mouse peeped out from under the bureau and ran across to the cupboard. It was midnight and very still.

Suddenly Nellie pinched Will on the arm and said: "Listen, what's that?" Will rubbed his eyes and looked at the fireplace. The pile of gray ashes still rested about the feet of the brass andirons. The stockings still hung untouched. The lamp still burned with a dim light. Nellie and Will fixed their eyes on the black opening of the chimney just under the mantel and waited. The mouse, which had been nibbling in the cupboard, ran to the middle of the room, raised its ears and all at once flew under the bureau as fast as its feet would carry it.

"That mouse heard something," whispered Nellie, "and I really think old Kris must be coming."

The Typical American.

London World.

Far fuller of character than the travelers just faintly described are the American families, whose chief has "made his pile" recently.

The Knickerbockers, the Codfishers, the "F. F. V's." will have nothing to say to such as these. They have heard speak of them, they say, in a remote manner, but they know them not. To institute odious comparisons, the superfine American is far less tolerant of the second quality ditto than our county families are of new comers.

Either from that extreme of haughtiness which maintains practically, but without broad assertion, that all beneath a certain line of birth are equal, be they brewers or bankers, tinkers or tailors, or from a rational appreciation of the value of ready money and a machine for making it, the old families of England now show very little of that morgue and spleen with which the imaginative Gaul has credited them.

But the cultivated Americans, who could shoulder their own country on principle, turn their chieftain angle toward the self-made men of New York, Frisco and St. Louis. They will not have them at any price, and loathe their ways with great loathing. Now the prosperous ferrymen and poultryers and bankers, ferrymen, brokers, miners and wire-pullers of the States are of quite another complexion. They are "Amurrican" down to their finger-tips.

They have what they call "the stamps," and they distribute the same with a certain gracious amplitude. They raise the prices wherever they go, and demoralize the servants with extravagant gifts. Their language is pure "Amurrican," which, without being quite as broad and "English" as that of Boston, is yet a shade stronger than that excellent medium hit upon by Mr. Coghlan in "The Colonel." It is not pretended that the second quality ditto is exactly coarse, for these travelers are of very various texture. A little experience of them will explain the otherwise astounding influence of their womankind, due simply to their manifest superiority.

The wives and daughters of second-rate Americans are quite as pretty, clever and accomplished as their sisters above the line of "upper-tendom"; but owing to the fact of "pa's pile" being of only recent formation, have not had the advantage of being brought up in Europe and European ways. Hence, despite beauty, knowledge and talent, they lack the repose and other things which mark the cast of Vere-de-Vere. The toilettes are apt to be amazing, and their diamonds to rival an exhibition of light-house apparatus. Nevertheless they tower over their husbands, fathers and brothers. They dress very much like a barber's block, and talk more nonsense than could be imagined.

It was some years ago appeared on Fifth avenue with a red rosette in his button-hole, and informed another exquisite of the same caliber that he had just come home from Paris, where it was "quite the style" to wear either a rosette or a bit of plain ribbon in one's coat.

S. S. Cox at Jerusalem.

Y. Y. Express.

The tombs grow denser as we pass down the valley, as the Jews strive in life to locate their tombs as near in death to Mount Moriah as they can. Now we enter dry brook Kedron. We see Arabs digging in the piles of gravel and rubbish for old pottery. What for? To pulverize for cement. It makes rare and valuable cement, and thus the ruins of one age become the habitation and support of another. Then we turn down the rocky, meandering Kedron, to the Fountain of the Virgin. It is said that here the Virgin washed the clothes of the Child. Various rubbish is said about this fountain, and various modes to account for the appearance of the water were given, until some little science was brought to bear upon the phenomenon of its irregular flow. We see many women here washing clothes in a most motherly way, and filling their goatskins for the irrigation of their little gardens below. We retrace our steps and go up out of the cave into the somber light of the valley. Tombs of the "Judges" and tombs of "Prophets," old and new, surround our steps. There are tombs on every side. Indeed, we begin to find the place populous with others beside the dead. There are water results appear. Old Arabs in striped mantles appear also with antiques to sell in the shape of coins in the time of Titus, and pottery in the age of Herod. We buy much doubtfully, for ever so little. Now, we are under the southeast corner of the Temple plateau. How finely the battlements stand! This is, indeed, Jerusalem, and fills every expectation! From the village opposite comes the sound of a rude flute and the jabber of multitudes. The hills opposite are terraced and tenanted to their tops. In the valley below are some olives, some cabbages, and a cow! A few carouba trees and many caves; a few vegetable plots and many donkeys. From another point Sion seems a larger valley. We pass a well; there is a bronzed Rachel at it, filling her goatskins with water to irrigate her patch below in the "King's Garden." The lime-rock and soil are very white, and the dust and gravel very thick, and the wonder is that, even with water, anything can grow here. Here we are called on to examine some excavations recently made by a German paleontologist. He had found the old wall of the city, and was proceeding to make out of his inner consciousness the Temple, in all its parts and majesty of proportion, when the good Pasha called a halt on his enterprise.

Travel improves superior wine, but spoils that which is inferior. It has the same effect on brains.

Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Bitters, and their continued popularity for a quarter of a century as a remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, malarious fevers and all kindred diseases is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medicinal treatise is published by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own supervision, employing 30 hands in that department. Ten cylinder printing presses, eight folders, 5 job presses, &c., are running about eleven months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1887 will not be less than eleven millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian, and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1887 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general dealers in all parts of the country.

It is an admitted fact that men who use their brains live longer, other things being equal, than the men who do not.

"BOUGH ON RATS."

The thing that does for rats, does for fleas, lice, and other vermin. It is a sure and certain remedy for all these pests. It is a sure and certain remedy for all these pests. It is a sure and certain remedy for all these pests.

The work of destruction is just as necessary as the work of construction. We must expose the false in order to establish the truth. We must tear down the old and useless that we may build up the new and useful.

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This is the only known remedy that positively expels every vestige of malarial poison from the system without endangering the health by the internal administration of other poisons (even worse in the end than the original one), which must remain in the system for years, and perhaps finally destroy it.

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