

A NEW XMAS.

The pastor was in his study, his brow was furrowed with thought, and wisdom to guide him rightly for many a day he'd sought.

The pastor thought of his little flock, the children great and small, and great was the loving kindness with which he regarded all.

Oh, crisp and clear Christmas dawned that year; the church was with holly dressed, and the bells rang out a merry chime.

How It Happened.

A Story of a Home That Santa Claus Never Visited.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.

It was just on the outskirts of town. The wind, which went whirling down the streets, making men button their overcoats more closely as they hurried home.

And then the woman sitting in the chimney corner said: "Well, it's about time you was gittin' home. You stayed so long I thought you must be a-waitin' for the corn to grow."

"Tell us what you saw, Mag," coaxed the boy; but Maggie replied evasively: "Oh, lots of things! More'n I could tell in a week! Sit down now, Joe, that's a good boy, an' let Susie lay her head in your lap."

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"Glory to God in the Highest, and On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Man."

said it, and Maggie, looking at the window, against which the dark pressed close outside, echoed the sigh. She was but 12 years old, yet a good deal of hard experience can be crowded into twelve years sometimes.

"Your pa went to town to look for work again, Maggie." Maggie turned away in silence. After awhile the cooking was done, and the four sat around the table and ate the corn bread with a little cold meat that had been left from dinner.

"I wish I could get somethin' nice for Joe an' Susie," she said dejectedly. "Pears like I'd like for 'em to know they was see'd a day as Chris'mas."

She had heard a step on the walk and knew it. Maggie opened the door and the man that came in walked unsteadily, and hastened to drop into a chair by the fire.

"Well, I didn't get no work again," he said thickly. "Never saw such a place in my life for bein' out of work. Been a-huntin' for it all evenin'."

After awhile the mother called to Joe, who was tumbling in a box: "What are you after, Joe?"

Later in the evening Joe demanded the stockings, and climbing upon a chair, hung them on the nails himself. Having done this, and stood back to admire the effect, he wanted to be put to bed.

All that day she went on tiptoe, and her eyes shone like stars. A hundred times she caught Joe and Susie up in her arms, hugging them tight and laughing for joy, though there were tears in her eyes.

But Maggie was not discouraged. A wild anxiety took possession of her to get all the money possible and to bring such a Christmas into that little cabin as had never been dreamed of. If she could only get a dollar—a whole dollar!

She stole up to town once or twice and peeped in at the alluring windows where holiday goods were displayed and tried to pick out the things that she intended to buy.

"Yes! yes! God bless you, my dear!" cried dignified Judge Barr shaking hands with her for the twentieth time.

"Here they are," she panted. "Joe hung 'em up, his an' Susie's an' I never had nothin' to put in 'em!"

"Well done, little man!" cried his father; and the tree was despoiled of its lights and carried carefully out by Sam.

Maggie went with the others like one in a dream. In a dream she was the Christmas tree placed on the table at home, with all its candles and ornaments in position, ready to be lighted in the morning.

the stockings, and climbing upon a chair, hung them on the nails himself. Having done this, and stood back to admire the effect, he wanted to be put to bed.

"For if we go to bed early," he said, "maybe Santa Claus 'll come along here first, before he gives all his things away."

Maggie could not stand it. She seized the old shawl, flung it over her head and shoulders and fled out of the house, towards town.

"I don't think she's hurt," she said simply, and was about to go out on the sidewalk again, wholly unconscious of anything heroic in her action.

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taken your money, I 'lowed to git on a drunk with it, but I couldn't do it, somehow, and walkin' roun', tryin' to fight it off, I lit on a job, deliverin' Christmas goods; an' I've been at work all day. What's more, I believe the job's a steady one. Here's yer money an' a dollar besides!"

But oh, the next morning! There was no dream about that! When Joe opened his eyes, and saw that beautiful Christmas tree, with all its branches laden with stars, and then turned and saw those bursting stockings—that was a sight worth seeing!

"What are you looking for, Flossie?" asked her mother. "I am looking," she answered with a kind of it-grieves-me-to-see-you-in-this-condition-my-child expression on her face.

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CHRISTMAS.—The Lord, is born to-day! Hang the house with holly gay, Ring the tuneful bell!

Seasonable Thoughts. Christmas tide is peculiarly a season of joy and festivity. Its "good cheer" has passed into a proverb.

Fitting it is that He who came to proclaim peace on earth to men of good will should be honored in a festival of good humor.

The burning of the Yule log lights up happy homes. The sparks chase away the demons of discontent that seem to haunt many homes at all seasons of the year but Christmas.

As a nation we were never more prosperous than now. This will be in fact, as well in name, a "Merry Christmas."

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The conversion of trade dollar bullion into standard silver dollars, was completed to-day.

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