

HOW OFTEN WE FORGET.

We are too heedless of the little things Done for our comfort by our own each day...

THE IMP'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

On the day before Christmas, or, to be perfectly accurate, at half past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th of December, the Imp was driving through a heavy Vermont blizzard...

building he was about to destroy, when his father caught his hand. "On to the wood house," he cried "or your Aunt Gertrude will turn into a yellow haired icicle with a pink nose!"

at home; yes, he said Darius's folks would want us to," suggested the Imp helpfully; and that seemed to settle the matter, for they washed the dishes and set the table for breakfast in the best of spirits.

was food and fuel enough to stand a siege, as his father said, and they watched the steady fall of the flakes with more interest than dismay.

Some Suggestions for Christmas. The perplexing question of Christmas giving is the prominent topic of the hour just now.

Would-be Avengers Shot. Herbert Marks Resists an Attack in His Virginia Home—Killed Two Men; Another is Dying. Two men are dead, another is dying, and another, supposed to be seriously wounded, is missing...