



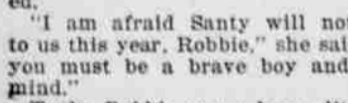
A rhyme, and a light and little one. That sways like a supple vine; A song, and a bright and blithe one. A-flood with the Christmas-shine.

A catch, and a clear and glad one. Like the brook-note in the spring; A slave, and a gay and mad one. That shall make the rafters ring.

Be the best of the dancers in it. The lilt and the laughing leap; And the thrill from the throat of a linné. That dies to a rapture deep.

Then it's cheer, my masters merry. And cheer, my bony maids, O! Our song's for the holy berry. Our kiss for the mistletoe.

Clinton Scollard.



A SEARCH FOR 'SANTY.'

ANTA CLAUS is so vivid a reality to most little boys and girls that any doubts thrown upon his existence is usually indignantly resented by them.

Truly, Robbie was a brave little fellow. A cheerier, merrier, more affectionate little chap was never left to console a poor, struggling widow.

It was the day before Christmas, and Robbie's little head was full of his plans for finding 'Santy.'

After dinner he stole quietly out of the room and down the long stairs, and out into the streets he sallied, well clothed and booted, indeed, and not to be intimidated by the frosty air.

What a sight met his gaze! Within were crowds of people and crowds of children; light and music and laughter; and at the end of the chancel a great Christmas tree uplifted itself loaded with beautiful things; and there—could Robbie believe his eyes?—was old 'Santy' himself handing toys to the children from the well-laden tree.

At that moment a richly dressed lady appeared from within the church. 'Say, ma'am,' shouted Robbie, so eagerly that he was almost breathless. 'Is he coming out soon?'

'Whom do you mean, my boy?' asked the lady kindly. 'Old Santy! He's in there. I'm lookin' for him.'

'Oh!' and the lady laughed in spite of all her gay attire at the funny little fellow, 'you're look for Santa Claus, are you?'

'Yes,' said Robbie boldly; 'my mamma's sick, and says 'Santy' won't come this year, but I thought I'd try to see him, and tell him Robbie's been a good boy, and didn't make poor mamma sick. I guess he'll come if he knows that.'

The lady bent down, as she wiped her eyes quickly with a lace handkerchief. 'Who are you, Robbie, and where do you live?'

Robbie knew who he was and where he lived, and he told it without hesitation. Then a strange thing happened. The lady led him into the church, and, after a short talk with some other ladies, he was taken up and introduced to the big man in furs and long white beard, whom he knew to be 'Santy.'

Then the Superintendent arose and told Robbie's queer adventure, in simple, affecting words, to the whole school, and there was much laughter and clapping of hands.

Robbie was taken back to his home in a big sleigh, with furry robes and prancing horses, but big as it was it was hardly big enough to hold the many beautiful things good old 'Santy' and his children had given him.

This is the true story of how Robbie found Santa Claus.

It was Christmas Eve in Moscow, and every one was busily preparing for the great festival of the next day, when a tall man, so muffled in a thick sheepskin frock that he might almost have been mistaken for a wool-sack, came tramping over the crisp snow past the red, many-turreted wall of the Kremlin, leading after him by a chain a huge brown bear, which plodded gravely at his heels without taking any notice of the admiring stares and pointing fingers of the countless groups that eddied carelessly to and fro through the 'Krasnaya Ploshchad' (Red Plain).

'Hello, brother!' cried a stout, red-faced, blue-frosted izvoshtchik (hackman), who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. 'Where are you going with Meesha?' (i. e., Michael, the Russian nickname for a bear).

'They're going to have him and me in a Christmas show at one of the big circuses,' replied the bear leader, 'and to give us twelve rubles (nine dollars) a night. Not bad, eh?'

'Git the Governor a Seat.'

One of the best anecdotes of the late Governor Curtin is that one relating to a sensation he created in a Washington theatre in the winter of 1884-85, when he was serving in the House. The grand old man was very anxious to see Henry Irving, who was then acting in that city, and he told his wife and his daughter, Mrs. Wilson, to go to the theatre, where he would meet them after Congress adjourned for the day.

The House, however, stayed in session on the river and harbor bill until quite late, and when the Governor reached the theatre there was standing room only, and very little of that. He wedged himself along one of the side aisles, and unintentionally stopped in front of some men who were perched upon a window sill. One of them touched Mr. Curtin rather roughly on the shoulder and commanded him to move aside. Governor Curtin looked about surprised, but before he could explain a big, double-fisted fellow of herculean proportions who was standing close by pointed his enormous index finger up at the three window sill ornaments and thundered out in stentorian tones. 'Say, do you know who you are shoving? That's Ex Governor Curtin, our old War Governor!'

Then turning to Mr. Curtin he shouted, as his face grew purple with indignation: 'Governor, I'm one of 'the boys; I served under you, and nobody shall shove you around where I am! Get down off that window sill, you scoundrel,' he yelled, 'get down quick! Shall I knock 'em down, Governor? Shall I knock 'em down?' And he jumped around like a Comanche Indian in his excitement.

By this time the men had slid off the sill and the doorkeepers had arrived. 'Git the old Governor a good seat,' said the veteran, as he pulled out a large roll of greenbacks. 'Git him the best seat in the house,' he continued in a voice that silenced Mr. Irving's on the stage. There was a private box not yet occupied, and the manager of the theatre was glad to rush Mr. Curtin into it and end a scene that was not on the programme.

'One of the boys,' as he called himself, then stationed himself in the middle aisle, and for the rest of the evening gazed intently into the private box at the old War Governor, who during the melee was unable to avoid the attention he was receiving. It created more amusement and applause than the scene in the play. Mr. Curtin made futile efforts to ascertain the name of his gallant protector, who may still be living.

Probably has never given two more attractive color plates than the 'Boot-black,' by J. G. Brown, and 'The Old Home by the Roadside,' by D. F. Hasbrouck, which appear in the November issue. Looking at these highly artistic facsimiles of oil paintings, it is easy to understand why a medal was awarded at the World's Fair to the Art Amateur, and why the Chicago Board of Education lately introduced into the High Schools of that city the Art Amateur's color studies as painting models—they have long been so used in the best art schools and academies. But these charming pictures are equally valuable for framing, and, indeed, they are so used in thousands of American homes.

This very practical art magazine, however, by no means depends on its color plates alone for its popularity. What most conduces to its extraordinary success is that by giving a profusion of working designs, with easily understood directions for carrying them out, it enables so many young people, of both sexes, to earn a living by painting, carving, designing and illustrating. No person of artistic tastes, who wishes to turn them to profit, can afford to be without this sumptuous periodical. Price, 35c. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Lenard Schynez, an educated Russian who had been exiled to the cruelities and rigors of Siberia for his freedom of speech, managed to escape and find his way to this country where he has since agitated the cause of freedom in his native home. Having met with marked success and honor among the Poles and Russians of Philadelphia he is now suffering from dementia as the result of overwork. Sooner or later, no doubt, freedom of speech will be tolerated even in Russia and all other tyrannical nations. To observe abominable wickedness, aristocratic tyranny and cruel slavery and not be permitted to denounce it for the sake of equity and righteousness is too humiliating and aggravating for a free born American to even contemplate, much less to tolerate.

A Minerva's helmeted head in enamel was surrounded with colored stones like a wreath.

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THE MARKETS. BLOOMSBURG MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Butter per lb. \$.26, Eggs per dozen .26, Lard per lb. .12 1/2, Ham per pound .13, Pork, whole, per pound .07 to .08, Beef, quarter, per pound .06 to .08, Wheat per bushel .70, Oats " " .45, Rye " " .65, Wheat flour per bbl. 3.00, Hay per ton .14 00 to 10.00, Potatoes per bushel .75, Turnips " " .25, Onions " " 1.00, Sweet potatoes per peck .25 to .30, Tallow per lb. .04, Shoulder " " .10, Side meat " " .10, Vinegar, per qt. .07, Dried apples per lb. .05, Dried cherries, pitted .16, Raspberries .16, Cow Hides per lb. .03, Steer " " .02, Calf Skin .40 to .50, Sheep pelts .60, Shelled corn per bus. .75, Corn meal, cwt. 2.00, Bran, " 1.10, Chop " 1.25, Middlings " 1.10, Chickens per lb new .10, " " old .10, Turkeys " " .12, Geese " " .10, Ducks " " .10, COAL. No. 6, delivered 2.49, " 4 and 5 3.50, " 6 at yard 2.25, " 4 and 5 at yard 3.25.

LITTLE VIRGINIA'S IDEA OF CHRISTMAS. Don't you think Christmas-time jolly and nice? Lots of white snow and twinkling lights? Caving and skating—oh, but it's fun— And, then, if you're good when Santa Claus comes? He'll creep down the chimney and look all about! And, then, if you're sleeping, he'll crawl softly out. With twinkling eyes and a comical grin. He'll fill your stockings way up to the brim. —B. E. Hampton.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.