

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

he the beat of the dancers in it, The lith and the laughing leap, and the thrill from the throat of a linns. That dies to a rapture deep

Then it's cheer, my masters merry,
And cheer, my bonny maids, Ol
Our song's for the holly berry,
Our kiss for the mistlence.
— Clinton Scollard.







most little boys and girls that any doubts thrown upon his existence is usually indignantly, resented by them, Little Robbie had no doubts upon the subject. Why should he? Hadn't kind old "Santy" brought him toys

and candy every Christmas he could remember, and he remembered three of them? But a cloud had fallen on Robbie's faith. His mamma was sick and alling, and many of the bundles of sewing that she had always seemed to be working upon remained unopen-Some days she could not get out of bed, and her hands were cramped so that she could hardly use them, and she almost creeped rather than walk-

"I am afraid Santy will not come to us this year, Robbie," she said, "but you must be a brave boy and never

Truly, Robbie was a brave little fellow. A cheerier, merrier, more affectionate little chap was never lett to console a poor, struggling widow. He had ways of his own, too, and an odd sort of independence that is often characteristic of the children of the

"I'll go find Santy," he said in his cheery way, "and tell him Robbie's mamma is sick, and that he mustn't Mrs. Garry scarcely paid any atten-

tion to the prattle of her boy, although he repeatedly announced his purpose to "find Santy.

The neighbors in the big tenement were kind to Mrs. Garry, but they were all poor like herself, and had children of their own to provide for. They did what they could, but their charity did not take in the idea of protein viding Christmas presents for the prattling Robbie.

It was the day before Christmas, and Robbie's little head was full of his plans for finding "Santy." He had figured out that he must arrive in town that evening, and during the day, from his perch in the high window, he had noticed a bustle and stir the streets that indicated to his childish mind the early advent of the good Saint.

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. The neighborhood in which Robbie's



The Finding of "Santy."

mother lived had few stores, and these mostly of a small kind. Here and there he stopped at a window, to note a display of toys, but no sight of "Santy" rewarded his vision. He passed block after block until finally he was lost in a maze of streets, but his heart did not falter nor his sublime faith in meeting "Santy" in the

least diminish. How long he wandered Robbie never knew. He never had dreamed the big city was so big. At last, he was at-tracted by music from a tall church, that was the principal object in a neighborhood so neat and orderly that it looked to Robbie like another world. He crossed the street, and standing on tiptoe on the steps, gazed through the great open portal of the church to ascertain what caused the music from

the inside. 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. He clarged his benderative laden tree. He clapped his hands, and laughed a merry laugh at his success in at last finding the object of his

At that moment a richly dressed lady appeared from within the church. "Say, ma'am," shouted Robbie, so eagerly that he was almost breath-"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

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 maamma sick. I guess he'll come if he knows that."

The lady bent down, as she wiped her eyes quickly with a lace handker-

"Who are you, Robbie, and where do you live?" Robbie knew who he was and where he lived, and he told it without hesi-

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. There came help and comfort too, for Robbie's mother, but that need

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

A Modest Request.



A Bear's Christmas Gift. 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 woolsack, 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 plod-ded 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 Plosht-chad" (Red Plain). "Hello, brother!" cried a stout, red-

faced, blu-frocked izvoshtchik (hackman), who was driving slowly past in search of a fare. "Where are go-ing 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?"
"And by what name are you two go-

ing to appear in the bills?" asked a dandified young fellow in a smart new "You'll be 'The Renowned

Bear Brothers,' I suppose." "That's it, my lad," said the beast tamer; "and as bears generally have a monkey to perform along with them, hadn't you better come and join us?"

The laugh was now turned against the jester, who, irritated by the re-tort, took off his fur cap, and began tease the bear by flipping him in the face with it.

'You'd better stop at that game, my fine fellow," said the bear's guardian, warningly. "Meesha's a good-natur-ed creature enough in his way, but he don't understand being joked with by strangers, though he doesn't mind it from me. He's got teeth of his own, I can tell you, and if he makes one bite at you, I rather fancy you'll find your sum comes out wrong the next time you try to count on your fingers."

But the dude was not to be warned, either by the words of the man or the low growls of the beast, and was con-tinuing to plague the bear, when all at once the shaggy head was thrust forward, and the juge jaws opened and shut with a snap like the falling of a steel trap. The joker drew back his hand just in time to save it, but at the same moment he saw his fine new fur cap (which had cost \$7) vanish like a pill into the bear's capa-cious mouth, amid a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"Serves you right, young fellow," said the bear tamer, with stern satis-"You've made him a nice Christmas present, anyhow; and there's no fear of your brains catch-ing cold for want of it, for you don't



Don't you think Christmas-time jolly and nice! Lats of white snow and talent v of the; Coasting and skatting-oh, but its tun— And, the , it you're g.od when Santa Claus comes. eomes.

He'll ereep down the chimney and look all about!
And, then, if you're sleeping, he'll crawl softly
out:

With twinkling eyes and a combal grin,
He'll fill your stockings way up to the brim.

—8. E. Hampton. "Git the Governor a Seat."

One of the best anecdotes of the ate 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. "You need not engage a seat for me," he said as they parted, "as something may arise that might detain me and prevent my coming until the very last moment. I can procure a seat easily enough if I do come and it will be all right." The House, however, stayed in ses

sion 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 perch ed 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 herculanean proportions who was standing close by pointed his enor mous 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 h 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 scoundrels," he yelled, "get down quick! Shall I knock'em down, Governor? Shall I knock'em down?" And he jumped around like a Con:anche Indian in his excitement.

By this time the men had siid 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 himelf, 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.

The Art Amateur

Probably has never given two more attractive color plates than the "Bootblack," 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 proot, can afford to be without this sumptuous periodical. Price, 35c. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New Yor't.

Lenard Schynez, an educated Rus sian who had been exiled to the cruel ties 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 coubt, freedom of speech will be tolerated even in Rus sia 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 agravating for a free born American to even contemplate, much less to tolerate.

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