

THE CHRISTMAS BRIGADES.

Blare o' the trumpet and roll o' the drum, A glitter of little tin blades, And led by their cute little captains, they come—

BRAVE LITTLE BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

It wasn't so very happy to begin with. Christmas eve was a little dreary. Maggie only hummed a carol because it was more her way to sing than to cry, and the carol was the only thing she could think of just then.

In another moment she was dashing down newspaper alley at full speed, elbowing her way a trifle more gently than the average habitue of that far famed locality, but pushing to the front with a dogged resolution none the less.

When she awoke, it was broad daylight, the shining light of Christmas day, which has never seemed quite like that of ordinary days since that first wondrous dawn nearly 1,900 years ago.

"Now for a cup of coffee and a doughnut," she thought as she hurriedly fastened her garments, "and then for my papers."

"Well, Little Borrioboola Gha," said the same kindly voice which had greeted her the day before, "merry Christmas to you."

"Same to you, sir," she answered shyly, glancing up at him with the eyes which reminded him so forcibly of his sister. "Paper, sir?"

Maggie soon found this to be true, if she was to equal the sales of the other paper sellers. But still, as has been said, her conscience rebelled against the deceit. So she decided with one of the compromises possible only to innocent souls upon inventing a cry about an event which could not possibly happen.

and, having read "Bleak House," she chose the words "Borrioboola Gha" as her "roar." She said nothing to her mother of all this, although the struggle in her mind was long and severe, and she longed sorely for sympathy and advice.

"Where do you say the accident happened?" queried the tall, pleasant faced man who owned the hand which still lay on her arm. "Did you say Borrioboola Gha? I have heard a great many queer cries used by newsboys," he said with a whimsical smile at the pretty face, which bent away from him.

"Not a cheerful day for a fellow who's got nothing but money to help him enjoy himself, and no one to share that with," he thought as he dressed slowly, dearly, for the day promised to be long and barren. "If I only had Jennie and her babies to help me out. By Jove!" and he quickened his movements with a look of sudden interest.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts had finished selling her papers the night before and gone slowly homeward, resisting the temptation to stay out in the brilliantly lighted streets because of her mother's well remembered request to this effect, and after buying as much candy and fruit for Sweetie as was consistent with saving a few pennies to buy a flower to go to the hospital with her and the baby tomorrow.

"Jack!" she said softly after kissing Maggie frantically. "Well, this must be Easter day instead of Christmas. Two resurrections from the dead!" and she drew his attention to another man who had seized upon Maggie as she released her and was embracing her as though he would never let her go again.

"We won't waste time upon long explanations now," said this gentleman as he put Maggie down at last. "I have been prostrated by an accident which caused me to lose my memory until a week ago and my name was mistakenly sent to Jennie here," indicating his wife by a tender glance.

"Well, I lost all trace of you all while I was out west," said Uncle Jack, taking possession of Maggie again, "and I only found this little girl by the merest accident." And he lifted Maggie lovingly to his knee, for they had reached the parlor by this time.

"You big enough," exclaimed her listener excitedly. "You big enough, you poor baby! Why, how old are you?" "I'm just 13," said Maggie proudly, "and, indeed, sir, I'm big enough.

Big Order for Coffins. A casket company of Allegheny has received an order from the Government for 4,000 zinc-lined coffins to be shipped within thirty days.

WHAT SHE WAS TOLD. "I was severely afflicted with salt rheum. I also felt weak and sick. I was told there was no medicine that could cure me, but I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me strength.

A PLEASANT DUTY. "When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it," says Rev. Jas. Murdoch, of Ham'sburg, Pa.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE. Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away.

LIFE'S A BURDEN. "If the stomach is not right. Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light Headed? Do you have Sick Headaches? Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder.

DON'T STARVE YOURSELF TO CURE DYSPEPSIA. Eat heartily, and take Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. They assist Nature in performing her functions and in an imperceptible time disease and suffering vanish and old time good health, comfort and youthful buoyancy reign.

WIFE (waking suddenly from sleep) "Henry, did you call?" Husband (who has been spending previous evening with the boys) "No, I'll raise it five."—Harlem Life.

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