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TOLUME IX.

PAYS! IT PAYS!! What Pays?

Averety Manufacturer, Merchant, name, inventor, Farmer, or Pro-main, to keep informed on all the im-al man, to keep informed on all the imamir and discoveries of the age. its his household a newspaper that is in-one that fosters a taste for investigation, uses thought and encourages discussion

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TENTS In connection with the scientific AMER-ICAN, Messrs, MUNN & steel. reof American and Foreign Patthe largest establishment in the than fitly thousand applications for patents through th dents through their agency, so on the best terms, Model antions and Sketches examined and A special notice is made in the gicas of all inventions Patented Agency, with the name and resi Patentee. Patents are often sold in persons attracted to the inven-

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Presently he returned with a pretty, [From the Catholic Record for December.], A CHRISTMAS HYMN. mild-eyed young girl, who came and seat-

Welcome to Thee, heav'nly Stranger, Gladsome shall Thy advent be ; The' Thy birth-place was a manger, Nature saw her God in Thee : Whilst Thy lowly home was wanting All that earthly joys could bring, Seraphs hyms of joy were chaunting. Unto Thee, earth's new-born King.

In Thy stable birth-place lowly, Angels waited Thy behest ; Whilst Thy mother, maiden holy, Clasp'd Thee to her spotless breast ; Shepherds who their flocks were tending

In Bethlehem's lonely plains by night Saw the heav'nly host descending, Filled with wond'ring, strange delight

They their flocks left unprotected, Wand'ring o'er the plains afar, Through devious ways to Thee directed.

By Thy radient natal star. Wise men, too, with presents laden, Jewels rare, and perfumes sweet, From lands afar rich robes array'd in, Came to worship at Thy feet.

And in adoration kneeling On Thy happy natal day, We like them to Thee appealing :-"Turn not Thy sweet face away ; God and God-like, condescending, As on the day that saw Thy birth, Mercy, (with Thy justice blending),

Show unto us, sous of Earth !" Lighten Thou the load of sorrow, Ease of pain the piercing smart ;

Let us hope and comfort borrow From the love that fills Thy Heart, Men's tierce passions all assuaging, O'er the earth let discord cease; The "better part" let man engage in, Guided by the hand of peace.

OLD MONEY-BAGS. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Roger Flint was a hard man-hard as

"This is the way it stands, Mr. Beggs," he was saying one day to a man in his office, "a poor man is no man at all, and a rich one is a fool if he spends what he has. My motto is, get money. Get it honestly, if you can. If not-get it, and keep it."

"And ye got it," quavered Mr. Beggs, with a meaning twinkle in his watery eyes. "Ye got it and kept it, Mr. Flint. Oh, your're a sharp one-a reg'lar knife-edger, you are." "In my younger time," continued Mr.

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1875.

"Wretch !" he shouted, "see what your

'My dear, dear father-doubly dear to very pale and trembling very much. Then me now that I have left you-try, oh, try without another word she turned and ran to believe that I am not so sinful as I ed herself silently at her father's side. If ever features of stone made a miserable seem ! Try to think that I strove hard attempt to look kind, Roger Flint's did indeed I did-to obey your wishes, but had then. And when he spoke, there was that by my own weakness and wickedness I something very like tenderness in his grating voice, absolutely.

"Jessie," he said, "have you ever tho't of marrying ?" off that fearful love of gain which has made ly veiled. "If I have, father," answered she, with us all so wretched, and be your own good, slight blush, "the thought has been so gentle self again. Be kinder to Jacob-

speedily banished by a determination never poor Jacob !- for I loved him, father; and forgive, oh, forgive your child !" to leave you, that it could hardly be called The two men stood staring at each other, a thought at all,"

with a fearful thought burning in their "A girl's whim, and of no weight in the plans I have formed for your benefit. All eyes, for a long, breathless moment. Then, your life I have kept before your eyes the as if he had dashed it aside with his clenchvalue of money and the utter worthless- ed hand, the depressed, shrinking air was ness of everything else without it. There- gone from Jacob; all that was manly and fore, in choosing a husband for you. I noble in him came uppermost in his strong have cast aside all romantic and unpracti- sorrow, and he, whose patint drudge he cable considerations, and secured for you- had always been, cowered before his dilating eye.

money !" The girl's face had grown as white as death, and she sat staring at him with accursed money has done for you. You wide open, frightened eyes. would have your daughter's life a hell for

"Simon Beggs," continued her father, it ! You would have given her, body and his voice growing dryer and harsher as he soul, to a thing a thousand times more deproceeded, "is no very handsome object to graded than a beast for it ! You have held look at, I admit ; but he is rich and a it up to her daily as an idol to be worshiped driveling old dotard, and the woman that before Heaven ! Are you satisfied ?" marries him can easily control both him and "I meant it for her good-indeed I did," groaned Flint. his money, if she will."

Beggs grinned and chuckled as if he had "Oh, man, man! what are you now" listened to the most glowing pauegyric Old, alone in the world, standing in your possible. The girl made no reply. Once grave, hated and despised by all of your while he spoke, she turned her eyes toward kind! Now, go to your money and seek the clerk at his desk and then was motion- consolation in it if you can. Prostrate yourself before it : will it bring her back

"Come," said Flint, with a grim attempt to you, or to me, who loved her footprints at jocularity, "he has but half a dozen on that dirty floor more than you loved her years in him at best, and then-a rich soul? Pray to it, weep to it : will it make young widow, eb. Jessie ?" her what she was? Oh, poor, misled, ill-"I would rather die, as my mother didused girl !"

a thousand, thousand times rather !" said Jessie, in a low, choked voice, putting he sank into a chair and burst into tears. both trembling hands upon his arm.

out of the room. Night had fallen again, and the old man was lying on his sofa in the little back norstrength to do it. Oh, my dearest! now room, with Jacob sitting silently near him, when the door opened, and three persons bave set a gulf between us, perhaps never came in. They were Mrs. Heyward, a to be crossed, I beg and pray you to shake tall young man, and a female figure, close-

> "Mr. Flint," began the lady, sharply, "you are not the mean, covetous, hard old man you were, are you ?"

"No," answered Flint, humbly, "And you would be kinder to your

daughter if you had her back again, would you ?" "Yes. But, God forgive me, it is too

late to talk of that !" "Then, there !" she cried, choking and gasping in her emotion ; "take her." And, with a loud cry, the veiled figure

fell at the old man's side and took his head to her breast. "My child," he cried, weeping bitterly,

"my little child !" "A dream, dear father," soobed the girl ; "all a terrible dream, it seems. Forgive me for leaving you."

"Tell him," said the tall young man, laconically.

"Listen, you bad old creature," said Mrs. Heyward, twisting her dear little face into all sorts of shapes to keep from crying, too. "One night, I came here and found your daughter nearly distracted because you were bent on marrying her to that hideous old crow friend of yours. When I knew that it was for his money, I was sure that you would never soften to any entreaty she could make. I was mad, I raved and stormed awful, and then went

home and told my old boy all about it." Her old boy, otherwise the tall young man, nodded admiringly. "I asked him if nothing could be done

When she had finished, Roger Flint

"Jacob," he said, stopping suddenly, "I

it ; and there are other and better folk in

like condition who will receive a collar or

to save her from the misery which you were driving ber. 'Let ber elope,' said

OLD SANTA CLAUS. Old Santa Claus sat alone in his der.

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With his leg crossed over his knee, While a comical looked peeped out at his

For a funny old fellow was he.

His queer little cap was tumbied and torn, And his wig it was all awry; And he sat and mused the whole day long,

While the hours went flying by, He had been as busy as busy could be,

In filling his bag with toys; He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys, With wheelbarrows, horses and drays,

And bureaus and trunks for the dolly's new clothes, All these in his pack he displays.

Of candies, too, both twisted and striped, He had furnished a plentiful store,

While raisins and figs, and prunes and grapes,

Hung up on a peg by the door. "I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he, "And Christmas is almost here;

But one thing more-I must write them book.

And give to each one this year." So he clapped his specs on his puffy nose,

And, seizing the stump of a pen, He wrote more lines in one little hour Than you ever could read in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new, And wrote them all out in rhyme; Then packed them away with his box of

toys, To distribute one at a time.

And Christmas eve, when all were in bed, Right down the chimney he flew; And stretching the stocking leg at the top, He clapped in a book for you.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

It was Christmas eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast as Herman, the charcoal burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest, He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely onough for the wants of his wife

NUMBER 48.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

A correspondent writes from Annanolis, Md., thus amusingly: "A full length figure of Gen. Jackson has been received, and is to day being erected on a suitable pedestal in the grounds of the Naval Academy. If any one thinks that Andrew Jackson should not have a place in the naval school. he will be enlightened by the following bit of naval history : During Jackson's first term, the famous frigate Constitution was undergoing extensive repairs at the Charlestown Navyyard, under the supervision of Commodore Jesse O. Elliot. This thorough-going Democrat caused the old fiddle-shaped prow of the historie ship to be taken down, and a wooden model of the conqueror of Pakenham to be raised in its place. At this sacrilege the old Whigs of Boston grew indignant, and the figure was hardly comfortably settled in its niche, before an intrepid marine scaled the heights of the Constitution and cut the President's head off. The indignant Elliot stuck it on again, and set a guard to watch it, but the same wilv executioner eluded the watch one dark night, and the headless trunk met the eyes of the confounded Commodore on his rounds the next morning. A second time the head was recovered by the indefatigable Elliot. and rumor hath it that the President sent him to sea in command of the Mediterranean squadron, to save his own head and reward the unquenchable zeal of his admirer. Even Jackson, however, could hardly pat him on the back, when the party zeal of this same officer led him to fill his gundeck with jackasses on his homeward voyage, and to set on foot and to subscribe to a testimonial service of plate to be presented, not to the President, but to Commodore Elliot. A courtmartial sentenced him to four years' suspension from duty, but it appears that all the jackasses in America must have been convinced of his unselfish wish to improve their breed, and signed a petition in his behalf; for we find that he was restored to duty before the excitation of his term of sentence. The figure-head was, however, suffered to rest in peace, and seems to have followed, unmolested, all the subsequent fortunes of the ancient ship, until its arrival at Philadelphia, where it is now being set in order for the coming Exposition. As it would be manifestly inappropriate, with all deference to the contrary opinion of the eccentric Commodore, to associate Andrew Jackson with timbers that speak more audibly than the oak of Dodona, of Hull and Bainbridge, of Channeev and Stewart, of Decatur and Somers, the figure of the President has been removed, and sent, at the request of the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, to Annapolis. The figure is bareheaded. and wears a dress suit of the time, over which an ample cloak falls, gathered at the throat with the usual cord. A roll of manuscript is held in the right hand, and the left is buried in the breast of his brass-buttoned and voluminous waist-coat. The likeness which the features bear to the original is not bad, and the hair, at any rate, stands up with perfect archaeolo-



of Representatives, the first be in power at Washington. he twenty-third election of a nited States. All of these e of great interest and imtaily the two intrar; and all o ng connected with them will freshiy reported and expounded

an House of Representatives. enf inquiry opened years ago sterniy and diligently investitions and misdeeds of GRANT's and will, it is to be hoped, lay for a new and better period in eney. Of all this THE SUN will ete and accurate accounts, fur-ders with early and trustworthy in these absorbing topics, inf Presidential election, with s for it, will be memorable as max's aspirations for a third ad plunder, and still more as I be the conditate of the party eeting that candidate. the constant means of being

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ICE -All persons knowing resindebted to the undersigned all at my Mill and settle their first of January next. All ac-Twp. Dec. 5, 1875.-4".

te of hand a large lot of Flour, Corn mass Flour, and all kind of Feed, sell for cash, and cash only, at the farket rates

MINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Bate of J. K. HITE, dec'd. inistration on the estate of late of Ebensburg borough. sound to the undersigned I persons indebted to said TRUST NO made forthwith · or demands against to present them pro-

MIN H. HITE, Administrator.

INISTRATION NOTICE JOHN C. BOLAND, dec'd. tion on the estate of John Rville borough, deceased, bet to the undersigned, all per-all estate are requested to make delay, and those having claims will present them properly au-S BOLAND, Administrator.

MINISTRATION NOTICE. Estate of JAMES BROWN, dec'd istration on the estate of JAS.

nater township. Cambria coun-been granted to the under ign-township, to whom all persons estate are requested to make pay-baying claims or demands will IDGET BROWN, Adm'x.

Flint, with a hard smile at the other's compliments, "I had some wild notions about generosity. But I soon got over that folly. I lost money by it. If people will be poor, let them go to the almshouses. If they are too proud to do that, let them starve and get out of the way. Charity ! Humbug ! Why should I be robbed for the sake of a set of lazy rascals who are never satisfied ?" Mr. Beggs expressed his entire approval

of these sentiments by a series of inarticulate croaks

"Now, there's a fellow," continued Flint, pointing at the shabby clerk, "whom I took out of a charity institution when a boy. I fed him, clothed him, and taught him a good business. But was he grateful? Not be! He complained of hard work, and had vague ideas on the subject of pocket money. But I have crushed all that nonsense out of him. Haven't I. Jacob ?"

"Eh," said the shabby clerk, starting at the sound of his barsh voice, but not turning his head, "Oh, yes, he has crushed me! Oh, certainly !" His depressed manner and careworn face sufficiently attested the truth of his words.

"Now," said Flint, turning suddenly upon his friend, and nearly upsetting him with the shock, "what did you come here for to-night? Not to be sociable. Not you. You are up to some game, Simon Beggs : I see it in your face. Perhaps I know what it is already. But out with it, anyway."

"What a knowin' 'un you are !" creaked Beggs, rubbing his lean hands together. "What an up and down sticker !"

Beggs shifted uneasily in his chair, and seemed very uncomfortable. ") our daughter is a very fine gal," he quavered ; "an uncommon fine gal. She ought to have a good husband, one as would be very lovin' and kind to her." "Like yourself, for instance," returned

Mr. Flint, with an ironic smile. "Well, go on." "Suppose," continued Beggs, more easily than ever, "suppose, for argeyment's

sake, I was to want her for my wife, what little sum would you feel disposed to give her?' The smile left Mr. Flint's face, and a

grim frown succeeded it. "Not one cent, sir !-- not one cent !" he answered, sharply. "Take her as she is. or let her alone. I'm in no hurry to part with her. She earns her own living and more, and is a good daughter to me be-

sides. Mr. Beggs shrunk into his shrunken head feebly, and groaned. Then, if such a dingy old scarecrow could be said to do

she earns her own livin', do she? And more ! Not as I would expect her to do

she's willin'."

Mr. Flint's face expressed considerable satisfaction as he answered : "She will be willing. She

"Nonseuse !" retorted her father harshly, shaking her off. "Once married, you will laugh at this folly, and thank me for

disregarding it. Now go up stairs and dry your eyes, for the matter is settled, I tell you."

She arose, and looked fixedly at him a moment. Then, seeing the iron determination in his face, she turned, and with a low sob left the room. When she was gone, the clerk, who had been standing near his desk with cleuched hands and flushed countenance, hastily resumed his

stool and worked away harder than ever. "Don't seem 'ticklarly 'tached to me, do she?" groaned Beggs.

The impatient reply upon Mr. Flint's lips was interrupted by the opening of the office door and the entrance of a young lady, mutfled and furred against the weather. What a bright little creature she was! What eyes !- now sharp and sly as a bird's --now soft and gentle as it is possible for woman's eyes to be. What a firm little figure, carried with an air of dignity that means just nothing at all ! What curls ! What lips ! Gracious !

"How do you do, Mr. Jacobs ?" she said, addressing the clerk first of all, and then bowing to Mr. Flint. "And this is your friend ?" she centinued, looking straight into Mr. Beggs' face, as he wriggled to his feet to be introduced. "I can't say that I am happy to know him. Any relation to the Crow family? No, indeed ! A very strong resemblance, then. Is Jessie up stairs, Mr. Flint? I will go up and see her, if you please." And with a laugh and a shake of the dark curls, she was out of the room-leaving Mr. Beggs breath-

less and crest-fallen. "I don't like Mrs. Heyward, if that's her name," he mumbled, trying to recover his composure. But she had so startled and shaken him that presently he shambied off home.

When the door rattled behind him, the clerk got down from his stool and approached his master with a bit of paper in his hand.

"Will you write down the value of a soul ?" he said, raising his eyes. "The value of a soul ! How should

know the value of a soul ?" "Oh, don't you?" returned the clerk.

still with his eyes doggedly cast down. "I thought you must, because you sold one just now-your daughter's."

Flint started forward as if he would have struck him ; but he restrained himself, and cried, in a threatening voice :

"Jacob Stirling, if you are a fool, don't make it so plain, or you will get into trouble. Now, go to bed, you beggar ! Be off, d'ye hear ?"

Jacob made no reply, but went slowiy self at the other's vehemence, rubbed his away, looking more careworn and depressed than ever. And Mr. Flint, standing before the fire, with an expression of so, he brightened up and croaked : "Oh, doubt and satisfaction, strangely mixed, upon his features, fell into a reverie.

A week rolled on, and one morning that after we was married. Ob, no! And Roger Flint entered his office, and in tones more! See here, Mr. Fiint, I'll take her if which he vainly endcavored to render as harsh and sterp as usual, said :

"Jacob, have you seen Jessie this morning?' Jacob answered : "No."

silent, with a bewildered look in his face : then he started toward the door, bareheaded as he was.

So crying out as if his heart were broken,

For a long while the old man stood

"Where are you going ?" asked Jacob, detaining him.

"I am going to find my child," he said, consented. My husband," laying her hand brokenly. "I am going to bring her back, and try, through all the years of my worthproudly on his arm, "whom you have never seen, was the man she ran away less life, to atone for the wrong I have done her. Jacob, will you go with me?" with, and our home was her asylum. She pined for the father who was not deserving For many days after this, people wondered at two strange figures whom they of her love; she pined for the home that had never been a happy one, and-and"encountered in the streets-a baggaro, here the little creature sobbed and laughed white-haired old man, supported by a together-"we have brought her back to younger one, who wandered hither and thither, on broad thoroughfares and in nar- you, this bright and merry Christmas day,

row byways, peering with eager eves into and never, never wrong her so again." the faces of all they met. But no trace of her they sought so anxiously was found, slowly arose and, deliberately turning Night after night they placed a light in the about, pummeled his pillows until he was office window, vaguely hoping that she out of breath. "There," he said, beaming might see its glimmer, and, feeling the all over, "lies old Roger Flint, that schemlonging it expressed, return to them. But ing old miser, dead as a door nail. And here," tapping himself, "is the new Roger she never came.

Flint, who, with God's help, will be a Avarice, in Roger Flint, had so sapped and mined his nobler feelings, that when it kinder and a better man." Then how he was torn out of him, at one fierce clutch, laughed ! such laughs as hadn't come out it left him weaker than a child to bear his of that dry throat in years. How he hugtrouble. Worn with fatigue, heartsick ged them all, aye, even the tall young man with fruitless expectation, he broke down hin.self! How he made a perfect, jolly dervish of himself about the room ! completely, and took his bed with no wish to rise again. And Jacob Stirling, more owe you a great debt, accumulated in long manly in his patient sorrow than he had years of harshness and cruelty, I'm going ever been before, sat by and tended him. to pay that debt, Jacob, every penny of it. "Jacob," he said, one afternoon, a few And here"-leading forward his blushing weeks after his daughter's disappearance, "Jacob. I dreamt last night that our poor daughter-"is the first installment." Then turning to the others, he continued : "I girl had come tack to us, and I was weephave worn spectacles, made of the lowest ing bitterly to think of all the wrong and passions of my heart, all my life. They sorrow I had brought upon her young life. have blinded me to all the good and gentle And I thought that she put her arm about things of which this world is full. But my neck and whispered : 'All a dream, dear father : be comforted, for it was all a they are gone, broken, cast aside forever, and oh ! my friends, I am a happy old dream.' Jacob," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, "I wish I could see her man." before I die."

Jacob made no auswer.

"If she ever returns to you when I am gone," he continued, with a sigh, "take her in, shelter her tenderly from the world, -Noah's Sunday Times. keep her from her own thoughts, and be a brother to her. God knows she will need it ! Tell her that her father loved her, in spite of his sin and folly. Tell her that he never blamed her, but himself, and that his only wish was that he might see her. to ask her pardon, before he died. Will you, Jacob ?"

"I will," answered Jacob, in a low voice. Then, arising and going into the office, be sat himself down at his old desk and rested his head on his arms, in gloomy thought. He had been so but a moment, when the door opened and Mrs. Heyward entered, and though the day was dark, a sunbeam seemed to have entered, too.

The smile left her lips as she saw haggard face he turned toward her. "What is it, Mr. Jacob? Are you not

well ?" sorting these trifles. There are certain "Yes," he answered, indifferently, "I folks whom we know to be sorely in need of articles for the wardrobe, and to whom am well."

we must, therefore, give utterly useless follies, because they know that we know "And Jessie ?" she inquired, with singular look.

"She has left us," he cried, brokenly. "Don't ask me more."

There were tears in the little woman's

and his four little children. He was think he, in his dear stupid way ; 'let her leave ing of them, when he heard a faint wailthe old tascal, and if he loves his child, as most men, however hardened, do, he will ing. Guided by the sound, he groued about and found a little child, scantily relent.' And so we planned between us clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in how it should be done. I persuade her to the snow. meet him, unknown to you, and at last he

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast ?" The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal burner's face. "Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou would'st be dead before the morning." So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down

the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him. "Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas

Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife, "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to wel come and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in bonor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavered to make a fete for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each shild contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, olue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre. Soon two over them.

Herman and his wife fell on their knees So had sorrow the power to resurrect exclaiming, in awe-struck voices, "The those nobler things, buried under many holy Christ-child !" and then embraced misspent years, and make them live again. their wondering children in joy and thank-So had sorrow the power to lay the first broad stone of a clear wide road to heaven. Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Herman passed by the place where he had found the fair HOW TO CHOOSE CHRISTMAS GIFTS .--- A child, he saw a cluster of lovely white writer says, apropos of choosing Christflowers, with dark green leaves, looking as mas presents : The usual practice in choosthough the snow itself had blossomed. ing Christmas gifts is to start out with a Herman plucked some, and carried them full portmonnaie and come home with it reverently home to his wife and children, empty, having scoured a dozen book, print and curiosity shops to "find enough pretty things to go round." The gift sent who treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that to one friend might have been offered with wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them equal r ic'y to a hundred others. Now ev ybody (worth remembering at Chrysanthemums ; and every year, as the all on Christmas Day) has a fancy, or time came round, they put aside a portion whim, or association, which a trifle will of their feast and gave it to some poor litrecall and gratify. Now that we have so tle child, according to the words of the little money, let us set our brains to work Christ :- "Inasmuch as ye have done it to remember these whims or hobbies, and to find the suggestive trifles, and our word unto one of the least of these my brethren, for it, we will startle our friends with a ye have done it unto me."-Florence Scanmore real pleasure than if we had sent nall, in St. Nicholas. them the costliest unmeaning gift. There must be a nice discrimination, too, in as-

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before Chancellor Longhborough to be examined upon application for a statue of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him; "How many legs has a sheep ?"

"Does your Lordship mean a live or a pair of gloves with as hearty and sincere dead sheep ?" answered Earl Bradford.

"Is it not the same thing?" said the

gical accuracy."

A MAIDEN once said, "I'll not mate with man who has not fortune great." she pouted and waited, and scorned to be mated. She's a maideu yet-age, 48 .-New York Commercial Advertiser. A maiden once thought, "I cannot be boughtwhite wings appeared larger and larger, I'll marry a man who is poor," but the and then the beautiful vision vanished, man be drank beer, died driving a "keer," spreading out his hands as in benediction and twelve orphans went out from her door. 'Tis better to wait and be aged 48 than to marry the average man ; for there's trouble ahead for the maiden who'll wed the very first person she can .- Louisville Courier Journal. A maiden once cried. Now, whatever betide, I'll marry a man who is wise," but, his wise views asserted, fulness that they had entertained the she ponted and firted ; each sickened full soon of the prize. Scan. mag. was the case; 'twas an "awful disgrace," said the jadge, in decreeing divorce ; and the woman's a fool who a general rule will adopt in deciding her course. - St. Louis Republican. But most of the girls (dash their frizzes and curls) make their minds up, quite early in life, to take any one who'll let himself be "done;" the point is, to be some one's wife. And the poor silly chaps who are caught in their traps will find out, when it is too late, that a girl who was charming can be an alarmingly terrible, illtempered mate. Only this much is certain, once back of the curtain, the young man who matries will find that the feilow who weds will deserve all he gets -and get all be deserves, of its kind .- Inter-Ocean, Now the maidens all swear by their purchased back hair, they'll be blest if they wed any scar p of a poet ; especially one who at women pokes fun, and rhymes in prose form, so that no one would know it. -Phila. Times.

YESTERDAY forenoon a "licksburg boy, says the Herald, entered the shop where his father works and excitedly announced ; "Oh ! pa ! ma's awful sick !

"What's the matter ?" asked the father "Oh, she's awful white, and she's shaking all over, and there's lots of women in there, and they say she's going to die !" "Can she talk yet?" inquired the fath-

