this was the reason two little heads the reason two little heads hall to meet me as I alighted from the carriage, and my heart turned towards her with a loval love.

"Why, no, brother, Willie, a sweet voice replies.

I've tried long in vain, but I can't shut my eyes, For somehow it makes me so sorry because Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus. Now we know there is, and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mamma died; But then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray,

And God would hear everything that mamma would say,

And maybe she asked him to send Santa Claus here

With the sack full of presents he broughtevery year."

Well, why tan't we pray dust as mamma did den. "Well, why tan't we pray dust as mamma did den.

And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more.

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor, And four httle knees the soft carpet press'd, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

See the walls, like mutes at a functal to the metallic voice of Aunt Myra falling the metallic voice of Aunt

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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

THE MYSTERY OF DETCHINGLEY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Go to Detchingley for the Christmas!
away from my happy home—away in the distant North!

A christmas story.

Gram, unmistakable footsteps of Aunt Myra did so—the recom was not cold; and Aunt coming from her room above. Slow and Myra was lying on the bed, with her chin resting on the clasped hands, and her face became quicker; and, from my gloomy position on the lowest stair, I could see her from a block of marble she might have given by the property of the chiral state.

That ther should retire precisely at seven Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more With questions unheard of than ever before; the head told hem he thought this delusion a few diags after that I had said good-bye to the feet the said good-bye to the dear old home circle, and was traveling the precisely my northwards, through the falling leaves and the fading flowers of the dying beautiful form me by the long brown hair that fell over it. The closing of the door had startled her. She hear

"Please, Desus, et Santa Taus tum down tonight.

And bing us some pesents befor it's light;
I want he should dir me a mice, ittle sed,
With bright slumin unners, and all planted red;
Abox full of tandy, a book, and a coy,
Amen, and bean, Desus, fill be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up their
heads,
with hearts, light and cheerful, again
with hearts, light and cheerful, again
with hearts, light and cheerful, again
They were seen to in slumber, both peaceful
and seers heard before, told me the same, and Aunt Dorothy, dear Aunt Dorothy, dear Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the great half,
tits a very wonderful, beautiful paintting. I should leve Uncle Charles to see
it,
Their prayers being ended they raised up their
heads,
and with hearts, light and cheerful, again
for the cold, whith hand half faller pulsesought their beds.

They were lighted; Uncle
Charles, with a gladness in his voice I had
here heard before, told me the same, and Aunt Dorothy, dear Aunt Dorothy, das Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the great half,
they as she stood by my side in the planted red; that spode
the Charles, with a gladness in his voice I had
here heard before, told me the same, and Aunt Dorothy, das Aunt Dorothy, das Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the great half,
they as she stood by my side in the planted red; the cold with and aunt being "bored," and "that horrid march,
it is a very wonderful, beautiful paintting. I should shot out the picture from their
and Aunt Dorothy, das Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the gladness in his voice I had
here heard before, told me the same, and Aunt Dorothy, as she stood by my side in the gladness in his voice I had
here heard before, told me the same, and Aunt Dorothy, as the stood by my side in the gladness in his voice I had here head to red; the left of the chirch, as a she follow in the planter of the left in the planter of the left of the chirch, as a she

In old Roman mythology Janus was a respondent, and justly proud of my country, so far as there is anything to be proud of, and brag without worth is more damaging than we sepretiment has

Domesticating Buffaloes.

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