

THEY SAY.

They say—ah! well, suppose they do. But can they prove the story true? Suspensions may arise from thought...

A Christmas Tale.

Christmas Eve, Aunt Ellen. Our first Christmas at home for ten long years. Ten long, lonely years. Only you and I to wish each other a Merry Christmas...

Gordon Blanchard was so far pardonable, that he lost his paragon at an early age. And been free from all restraint since boyhood.

to the reader, a little more than six months having passed since her return to New York. As she drove toward her destination, Mira Crosswell, pined silently, as she had so often prayed, that before another New Year dawned upon her lonely life...

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

I am so hungry for news of you, Mabel. "No more so than I have been for tidings of you, Mira. My own story is soon told. I am widowed and very poor, with two little girls at home, half fed, and half clothed."

Mira, and I had told the children I was afraid Santa Claus would not come here to-night. They have never been without some toy, however poor, and Mira, the elder one, as she said her prayers, added a little petition to the saint of Christmas...

carpet of soft texture, covered with bright bouquets of flowers, was on the floor; handsome furniture was tastefully arranged, and a low crib, of some old-fashioned shape, with warm covers, held two little figures curled cozily under the softest of blankets...

But May's eyes were drooping a little, in the midst of all this happiness. She missed something, dearer than all. "But I want mamma!" she said in a piteous tone. "Did Santa Claus take away mamma?"

NEWS IN BRIEF. —James Knox of Knoxville, Ill. has given \$10,000 for a Swedish college in that city. —The aggregate shrinkage of mining stocks on the Pacific coast is estimated at \$70,000,000.



W. Roman's

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Marrying the Wrong Woman. Haskell has been visiting a pretty girl up town, who is very wealthy; and with an eye to business, thought he could marry her and make the funds when the old man died; so he worked hard to line his nest with feathery greenbacks...