

# BRINGING SANTA HOME.

For a time it was great fun to live in the little forest clearing which was the Harmon's home, but after awhile it began to grow lonely—more so than ever now that Christmas was fast approaching.

Strange things always do happen the day before Christmas, and a very strange adventure had Teddy and Dot. "Oh, dear," Teddy was saying, "I know Santa Claus will never come tonight; he'd never find his way."

Dot remained for a moment in thought; then she burst out suddenly: "Then s'pose we go and look for him."



WILL JONES

"Well, children, how do you do?" Course he'll go to the nearest town, 'cause it's a great big place, with lots of girls and boys. An' if we can stop him anywhere I guess he'd come if we'd ask him."

"Great! You always do think of the right thing, Dot!" exclaimed Teddy. Just as twilight was falling the little boy and girl slipped from the house unnoticed by their mother and were soon lost to view in the great forest. Of course this was very wrong, but in their zeal to find Santa Claus they didn't stop to think.

Meanwhile, in town, Uncle Jack was about to put the finishing touches on his costume. You see, he thought he would dress himself exactly like Santa Claus, load a pack full of nice presents and pay a visit to the cabin in the clearing. He, too, was afraid that Santy might not be able to find his way there, and he didn't want Teddy and Dot to go without their usual presents.

Uncle Jack had never paid them a visit. Indeed, he had come to town but a few days before. But he felt sure he would have no trouble in finding his way, faint though the track through the forest was. He was disturbed, however, when he learned that he would be unable to use his horse, because the animal had been badly lamed the day before. As no other horse was obtainable, Uncle Jack started out on foot.

On and on went Teddy and Dot upon their journey. After awhile Dot began to grow the least bit afraid, while even Teddy's stout heart misgave him.

"I don't think we can find Santy tonight; let's go back," whispered Dot, throwing fearful glances at the shadows cast by the trees overhead.

Teddy nodded his head sadly and was about to turn when something far ahead claimed his attention.

"Somebody's over there, an' I do believe it's Santy! It looks like him, anyway."

The two walked timidly forward. Sure enough, it was Santy! Seated wearily on a tree stump beside the road, with his pack beside him on the ground, he looked up as the boy and girl drew near.

"Well, children, how do you do? You don't often see Santa Claus without his reindeer, do you? The fact is," he explained, "I jumped out of my sleigh for a moment, and for the first time in my life the reindeer ran away from me. I can't understand it. Perhaps you can tell me where Ted and Dotty Harmon live. I was on my way there when this accident happened."

Teddy and Dot were so overcome that at first they were unable to speak. Santy seemed surprised, too, when he learned their names, and he laughed heartily when they told him what their errand had been.

Mother was surprised most of all when the brother and sister gravely ushered their visitor into the room with the words:

"Mother, we thought Santy couldn't find us, so we went out and found him."

And Santy left them all manner of nice things, which, of course, they were not permitted to see until the morrow.

Strange to say, that night Santy disappeared again, and the next morning Teddy and Dot found in his place their Uncle Jack.

"The two were greatly puzzled as to how Uncle Jack had arrived. But they wondered still more about the way they had found Santy and how he had been able to go away without his reindeer.

## Der Nußbaum.

Gumoreste von Karl Mural.

Eines warmen Sommertages, als in der Hauptstadt selbst der Schatten keine Fühle bot, und wir uns so sehr nach der frischen Landluft sehnten, beschloffen wir, doch jenes kleine Obstgärtchen zu kaufen, welches zwischen Bergen lag und um einen annehmbaren Preis zu kaufen war. In der Mitte des Gartens stand ein kleines Holzgebäude, errichtet, um als Schutz gegen Unwetter zu dienen. Es war nicht größer, als ein großer Regenschirm, wenn auch darunter ein Tisch mit zwei Bänken stand, um die Bequemlichkeit und Pracht des Obstgartens zu heben.

Die Dike dauerte damals etwas länger, und so begingen wir die Unvorsichtigkeit, das Gärtchen zu kaufen. Wir gedachten, daselbst die Nachmittage und Abende zu verbringen, frische Luft zu schöpfen, im Grase zu liegen, uns durch Mücken stechen zu lassen, unsere eigene Ernte einzubehalten, mit einem Worte ein Herrenleben zu führen. Den Hauptpunkt des Gartens bildete ein Nußbaum, und dies entschied uns zum Kaufe. Es war ein großer, mächtiger Baum mit einer dichten Laubkrone, der uns so bezaubert hatte. Der Besitzer, als er sah, daß der Baum unseren Beifall gefunden, überhäufte ihn mit Lobpreisungen. Er sagte, wir könnten seinen einjährigen Früchteertrag in zehn Jahren nicht verzehren, und vom Ertrage dreier Jahre könnten wir die Kaufsumme lösen. Er schwor, es sei der herrlichste aller Nußbäume, und ein Tischler gäbe uns dafür ein ebenerdiges Haus in der Vorstadt. Endlich erklärte er, dieser Nußbaum trüge Früchte, so groß wie ein Gänserei, solche, die selbst ein Kind aufknaden könne und die in allen Ausstellungen den Preis gewonnen.

Es schmerzte ihn das Herz bei dem Gedanken, sich von diesem Nußbaum trennen zu müssen, doch die Verhältnisse seien solche, daß er nicht anders könne. Mit dem Verkaufe dieses Baumes würde sein Leben um zehn Jahre verlängert.

Als wir die erste Rate bezahlt hatten und als neue Beißer im Garten erdienten, fehlte vor allem der Nußbaum unsere Blicke. Es war in der That ein herrlicher Baum, wohl an die drei Stockwerke hoch. Seine unteren Äste konnte selbst der höchstgewandteste Mann nicht erreichen, und der Stamm war so dick, daß das hinaufklettern ein Ding der Unmöglichkeit schien. Wenn wir ihn umgingen, ermüdeten wir, und das Ausruhen danach war so süß.

Der gewesene Besitzer hatte zwar nicht die volle Wahrheit gesagt. Besonders was die Qualität der Nüsse betrifft: denn diese waren äußerst klein und so hart, daß man sie nur mittelst eines Schmiedehammers aufbrechen konnte. Dann waren die Früchte auch holzig und gar nicht gut. Als wir eine Nuß aufbrachen, konnte der Schnellzug von Budapest bis Wien kommen. Daß wir das Ertragsstück eines Jahres in zehn Jahren nicht verzehren konnten, das war vollkommen wahr.

Der Herbst brach an und man sollte zum Einheimen der Früchte schreiten. Die Bauern, die wir damit beauftragten, erklärten jedoch, es könne nur mittelst Schiffsmasten geladen, dazu gehöre aber auch ein entsprechend starker Mann. Infolgedessen blieb der größte Theil der Früchte am Baume. Dieser Umstand verlockte die Vögel der Umgebung, über den Baum zu setzen, hinauf zu klettern, und um einige Nüsse zu erbeuten, rissen sie ganze Äste herab. Sie verursachten so viel Schaden, daß ich ihnen auflauerte und zwei scharflich durchprügelte, was wieder zur Folge hatte, daß ich wegen leichter förperlicher Verletzung Unannehmlichkeiten hatte und mich nur durch ein größeres Geldopfer retten konnte.

Da dachte ich schon nicht mehr voll Liebe und Wonne an den Nußbaum, sondern blickte ihn mit förmlichem Haß an, da er ja Schuld trug, daß meine beiden Knaben von ihm herabgestürzt waren, und ich so die Hilfe des Arztes in Anspruch nehmen mußte. Der Nachbar, der Zeuge unserer Erbitterung war, tröstete mich, der Nußbaum sei veränderlich wie ein Kind, heuer trüge er kleine, schlechte, harte Früchte, im nächsten Jahre könnten aber seine Früchte groß und mit einer papierdünnen Schale sein.

Seine Prophezeiung traf jedoch nicht ein, denn im folgenden Jahre waren die Nüsse womöglich noch kleiner, härter und holziger. Ich glaube, dergleichen Nüsse gab es nirgends auf Erden. Niemand wollte sie haben, nur den Vögel waren sie willkommen, die wegen einiger Nüsse den ganzen Garten niedertraten. Ich erlaubte ihnen zwar, den ganzen Ertrag abzuschlagen und nach Hause zu tragen, doch es scheint, als schmecke manchem nur die gestohlene Frucht gut, die immer zu erringen, mit Gefahr seiner Haut.

Als ich sah, daß die Nüsse niemand haben wollte, verprügelte ich eine gewisse Summe demjenigen, der die Früchte herabholte würde. Doch die Bauern verlangten noch eine größere Summe, wollten sogar, daß ich ihr Leben verfidere, denn man könne ja

vom Baume herabfallen und das Genick brechen. Nun wollte ich den Garten verkaufen, doch kein Käufer fand sich, da ich der Ruf des Baumes weit und breit verbreitete.

Natürlich mußte nur noch die Erbitterung in mir, und wir wüden dem Obstgarten aus. Nüsse wollten wir gar nicht mehr essen, selbst dann nicht, wenn sie uns entgegenlachten. Da wandte ich mich an einen Tischler, um den Baum zu verkaufen, doch dieser sagte, das Holz sei sehr hart, nur 20 Gulden werth, und auch nur dann, wenn wir ihn selbst ausbauen ließen und ihn von den Ästen reinigten.

Eines Tages fragte ich im Bierhause mein Leid und hab meine Bekannte um Rath. Ein Herr, der nahe bei unserem Tische saß, trat zu mir und kifferte in mein Ohr:

"Schicken Sie den Ertrag dem Knabenwaisenhause."

Der Gedanke gefiel mir, und flugs schrieb ich einen Brief an die Direction des Waisenhauses, worin ich den Ertrag eines Nußbaumes dem Institut schenkte. Der Obstgarten liege da und da, und man möge nur die Nüsse herab schlagen und forttragen.

Den Brief rekommandierte ich, doch trotzdem war ich sehr unruhig. Ich fürchtete, man würde mein Geschenk zurückweisen, oder wenn nicht, mich lächerlich machen, daß ich ihnen übel mitgespielt. Es folgten nun schwere Tage, besonders, als mir die Direction mittheilte, sie nehme mein Angebot dankbar an, und die armen Waisenknaben würden für mich und meine Familie beten. Ich hielt mich infolgedessen wenig zu Hause auf, und dem Obstgarten wich ich in großem Bogen aus, um ja nicht mit den Waisenknaben zusammenzutreffen.

Meinem Schicksale konnte ich aber dennoch nicht entgehen. Eines Tages trat ein eleganter Herr mit drei Damen in meine Wohnung. Die Damen blickten etwas jurrid, während der Herr vortrat und sich räusperte. Dann begann er im Namen des Waisenhauses zu sprechen. Er sprach von ewigem Danke, von meinem edlen Herzen, von der Wohlthätigkeit im Allgemeinen, von Nüssen, Gottes Segen, vom Himmelreiche, — hier und da Bauten haltend, um den Beifall der Damen laut werden zu lassen.

So erhub ich, die Waisenknaben hätten die Nüsse herabgeschlagen und dieselben seien in sechs Säcken nach Hause gebracht worden und so könnten sie während des ganzen Winters Nußtrüdel essen, was der Knaben Leibspeise wäre. Da sprach auch ich: von der Pflicht, von Förderung edler Ziele, von Nüssen und großer Freude. Die Deputation gab mir schriftlich ihren Dank und ließ mich hoch leben. Diese kleine Scene entging den Journalisten nicht, die mich als einen edlen Menschenfreund rühmten und als Vorbild dahinstellten. In den Jahrbüchern des Waisenhauses wurde ich natürlich ebenfalls erwähnt mit dem Ausdruck innigsten Dankes.

Seitdem kommt der Ertrag des Nußbaumes jedes Jahr dem Waisenhause zu, und ich nehme einen hervorragenden Platz unter den edlen Menschenfreunden ein. Einmal mußte ich bei den nüssenbeimenden Waisenknaben vorbeigehen, die mir vorgestellt wurden, die mich auch hoch leben ließen, doch — ich sah es wohl nur zu gut, — mir verstoßenerweise wühende Blicke zuwarfen. Doch das that gar nichts an der Sache. Ich bin doch ein großer Menschenfreund geworden, ein Wohlthäter, wie es deren wohl kaum ein Dutzend in unserer Stadt gibt.

Was haben Kinder und Gerichts-vollzieher gemein? — Alles, was sie leben, wollen sie haben.

### A Bit Too Clever.

Holman Hunt used to tell how a carpenter saved one of his best known pictures from a serious error. The man was doing some odd jobs about the house and was found frowning at "The Shadow of the Cross" in the studio—the picture in which Christ, who has been sawing a plank in the workshop, rises to his full height and stretches, his shadow forming a crucifix.

"Well?" asked the artist interrogatively.

"Don't think much of it, mister," was the blunt comment.

"Why?" demanded Hunt, amused, but a trifle nettled.

"Any one that can saw wood without making any sawdust is a slight cleverer any I ever seed," was the answer.

It was true—the floor was clean beneath the bench!

### Cheap Prizefighting.

Speaking of the depths to which prizefighting has fallen, it was at a little "fight" attraction near Pittsburg that the audience was much displeased with the manner in which the fighters conducted themselves. To tell the plain truth, they were "stalling"—making believe they were fighting, while in reality they had agreed previously not to hit each other hard enough to hurt.

In answer to the hissing the referee advanced to the side of the ring and faced the audience. "It isn't my fault that they didn't fight; they were paid to fight," he said.

Then one of the fighters arose and put up his hand for silence.

"We only got \$5 apiece and a beef stew, and we ain't going to kill ourselves for that," he said.

And the audience, sympathizing with the fighters, hissed the promoters.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

### His Sarcastic Friend.

He was very proud of his new automobile—talked automobile, dreamed automobile, read automobile. Finally to his friends he became a nuisance, and each to himself swore softly that he would hide his time and at the proper moment give him a little verbal thrust.

Finally one long suffering individual was asked to go for a ride. Excuses were of no avail. He was bundled into the machine and taken for a spin through the parks and over the boulevards. In due course of time, without any serious mishap, they pulled up at the Automobile club. The auto crank and his guest were soon surrounded by several of their friends.

"How did you enjoy your ride?" was asked of the auto crank's friend.

"Until today I never thought an automobile could go so fast," was his reply. (Here the auto crank was all attention. That was some praise for his car. Right out in public too. That would silence some of the scoffers who said his machine should be called Snail.) "Why, do you know there was a car went by us at such a clip that I could hardly see it."

The auto crank glared, and under his gaze the group melted away. They had had their revenge.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

### Juvenile Suicides.

"A generation ago the taking of their own lives by minors was almost an un-

heard or occurrence," said a physician. "Now it is becoming alarmingly frequent not only in this country, but in Europe. In most cases the phenomenon can be set down to the artificial life people lead and to the complex conditions of modern existence. Very often parents are too ambitious for their children and by constant appeals to them so work on the nervous temperaments of their offspring as to bring on a derangement of the mental faculties. One of the most noted specialists of France, Dr. Berillon, who has made a study of the matter, asserts that children who have a suicidal tendency are for the most part wanting in the sense of smell. He makes recommendation that all who suffer from this defect should be taken to an expert for examination, as it might tend to forestall some future tragedy.—Baltimore American.

### Her Question Answered.

Yes, Geraldine, we quite agree with you that the crunching of celery is a noise abhorrent to the sensitive soul. A much better way is to cut the stalks into medium sized pieces and hold them in the mouth until they dissolve.

Write again, Geraldine. We are always glad to dispense useful information.—Lippincott's.

### A DOLLAR SPENT AT HOME

is a Dollar That May Come Back to Your Purse

### PRISON OR PARADISE.

Jail So Attractive Prisoners Have Thought of Leaving.

Truman Catlin, jailer of the county jail at Litchfield, Conn., believes he has solved the vexatious problem of prison reform. He makes the jail so attractive that the prisoners hate the thought of leaving. As a result, he is able not only to dispense with a lot of expensive keepers, but to operate the jail as an employment agency and sends his charges out to work on the highway and in garden patches. In this way he is able at the end of the year to turn over a tidy sum to the county.

The food is good, the beds comfortable, and every cell is decorated with pictures which jailers cut out of the magazines. Cell doors are never locked. There is a code of honor among the Litchfield prisoners and they are not going to embarrass Jailer Catlin. All the 50 prisoners are trustees doing odd jobs about town during the day. Nobody watches them.—Philadelphia Record.

### Photography at Sea.

The latest innovation aboard the new North German Lloyd liner, the princessin Cecilie, is a fully equipped photograph studio, which has become popular with travelers and is a profitable business.

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