HERE is often seen in human experience an equity so pleasing charming picture in the great moral collection. That justice which is seen in Mac-beth or Shylock is

derella, whose little fur slipper led her from ashes to gold and from insult to affection. Culture develops the sense of justice, and to behold a poor girl pass upward to happiness is a vision grander than that of an Italian sunset.

The earthquake of New Madrid began in December, 1811, and kept up its reign of terror until the next March. When the first steam-boat was making its exciting trip down the Mississippi it found the wonder of its own self surpassed by the wonder of nature. The sun became a dim, red spot in the sky; the air seemed connected in some manner with a furnace; the birds flew in an i out of the woods in alarm; dogs mouned and kept close to the feet of their masters; islands disappeared before the steam-boat; shores sunk when its pilot attempted to land; the river was as tor-mented as the rapids of Niagara, and sound to the many strange phenomena be-fore the eye. In these days of awe and tumult a tract of country almost a hundred miles long sunk and became a chain of ravines, marshes and lakes.

On Christmas morning two families which had spent happy years upon adjoining farms met with broken hearts, not to extract from the day any of its old merriment, but to confer with each other about moving to some more firm foundation in the North or South. The little children had no Christmas gifts over which to be glad. They were silent, for they had seen a part of the orchard sink until only the tops of the trees were visible, and had heard their frame houses groan for long days and still longer nights. All were worn out with the continued terror and the advancing loss. It was not necessary to hold long debate. To

remain was imposs ble.

No young hearts could be sadder than were those of Martin Robinson and Florence Ayer-the oldest children of these groups. The lad was only twelve years old, the little girl nine, and yet they had cried bitterly many a time since the ca-lamity began its work. Their school had , their daily play had ceased, their dreams of Christmas had vanished, and added to these ills, came the thought of separation. As the older people say, Martin and Florence were in love with each When possible they walked hand in In school they managed to pass many little notes to each other. Neither one ever looked up from the lesson with out taking a good look at the other, and it did often seem to the teacher that the glances given to the books were neither so frequent nor so absorbing as those given to the idolized faces. But the teacher could not make loud complaint because the erring pupils were very kind and respectful to m, and, what rendered him more tolerant, he was suffering from an extreme partiality for the daughter of the village doctor, and knew how such a passion extracted sweetness from nothing but itself. Florence had said to Martin: "Our master must be a good man, for he sings to himself in the woods and seems to look up toward the trees and sky as though in prayer."

"Oh, Flossie, it is no hymn he sings; for he sang words to me one night on our way home; it was all about some friend. I can "'My world contains but one;

Though in the crowded street, A countless throng I meet, The gay, the rich, the sweet, Of these my soul asks none, My world contains but one I hear her voice, I see her face." t a good song for me to sing.

tin, when I am far from you!" If this country schoolmaster sang with personal interest such melody while his home-bound foot was stirring the October leaves he could not find it in his heart to place any obstacle in the way of the friendship of the two children of our story.

Florence Ayer was much beyond her years in mind and beauty. Her memory was full of poetic scraps which pleased her by its sonorous endings, even when the depth of the sentiment was not fully sound ed. Into her good-bye letter to her school mate this blessed child poured some of her poetic resources: "Dearest Tim:

"Good-bye, good-bye, my path and thine Run side by side no more, Thy life is hid and hidden mine, We seek an unknown shore. Our hands to-day we sever, Our hearts so bound together Will be thus bound forever.'

In this separation the Robinson family removed to Cincinnati, the Aver family to lonely country place not far from Nash The fathers in this story changed pursuits. Mr. Robinson made a small beginning in a business then offering much promise-supplying the South with cured meat; Mr. Ayer rented a mill which, fed by a kind of spring and hill-torrent, did a miscellaneous work for a farming commu-To it came the farmer's boy; and sometimes the farmer's daugh ter, with a bushel of white corn to be made into meal or a bushel of buckwheat. When wheat was to be ground the father took ten bushels in a wagon and passed most of the day waiting for his turn and his grist. The mill had long been held by some one in the Ayer family and was rented to this unfortunate cousin or brother upon terms so generous that the lease was almost equiva-lent to a deed. As the seasons and years



AT THE GYPSY CAMP.

passed contentment and a form of happiness came to the exiles from New Madrid. The new home became as an old home. The hills, the streams, the trees, the neighborhood, became dear to the little heroine of this sketch. Her education went forward rapidly, not only by help of the local school-house but by the impulse of the child's own taste and powers. Florence was one of those rare minds whose culture omes up, from within, rather than upon, from without.

Pour years before the earthquake and apon a Christmas morning her brother had beyond what he had expected. He was with you.

died. She had no sister. Four years after the removal toTennessee her father died and was buried upon that day which has been held sacred to fir side happiness ever since the early Christian centuries. Florence, now thirteen years old, was able to measure to the full all these awful afflictions, and burying her face in her mother's arms she crie out:
"Oh, mother! must we not go also! What

can we do in this world? Even Christmas Day has no happiness for you and me!" The mother could make no reply; she could only wish in silence that the sinking earth years ago had made them a grave into which all could have fallen at once

not now in mind; but under a common load of sorrow.

The Nature which wounds also heals, and not many months had gone before Florence could be seen passing often between the cottage and the old mill, carrying some message or order to a venerable negro who was now man-of-all-work for the lonely

mother and daughter. Slavery contained some traces of beauty.

A rich planter, near whose large estate was the Ayer Mill, had formed quite a deep friendship for his humbler neighbors; and when Mr. Ayer died this planter sent an old slave man and wife to work for the widow and the orphan. Along with the two slaves came this note:

" Dear Mrs. Ayer: Let these faithful serv ants help you as long as they can. When they shall become unable from age to aid you they will be taken care of by my estate. I can not sell, or hire out or whip, a human being. I thus send them to you as we send love or gifts. Your friend always,

"JAMES DE MORGAN."

After these two servants came, and the vheels of the mill had begun to make their clatter, and the old cook had begun to make coffee and good corn-bread in the kitchen, the mother said to her beloved

"My darling, God has not forgotten us. He may yet make this world seem bright

The mother was indeed not too hopeful, out there was still an unseen storm behind the hills. Three years passed and the sun had learned to sink in daily peace. Seasons had come in the form of goodness and had brought each day abundant food for the table, good cheer for the cottage in the forms of friends, many and faithful, but, what is best of all, the years had brought to the miller-maiden a still higher education and a more faultless beauty. The fourth stroke from what seemed an angry rovidence did not come in the form of

death. As though the sky were full of relentings, this; affliction spared the life of mother and child and servants, and by a sudden fire made the mill a heap of ashes. Upon Christmas eve a score of young people had met by invitation to have what was called "a party." It was to last until midnight. For the better carrying out of the details of some game all had run out to the mill, and in their wild efforts to light up with tallow dips the dark old fabric, some woodwork, made dry by many a hot summer, took fire, and by the time the true Christmas had begun in the deep of night the Ayer Mill had ceased to exist. The water falling over the great wheel kept it from burning, and it would have run on had it not been dismantled to prevent it from mocking thus at misfortune.

The thoughtful girl who had wept for a brothest and a father could not afford to shed any tears over the ruin of the mill. Her sixteenth year had brought her too much mental strength and reflection to permit her to call such a loss of property grief; she saved that word for other reat usemories. She said:
"Mother, I can teach, I can sing, I can

do fine needle-work-we shall soon be at peace again; but, mother, one load rests upon my heart with an awful weight; it is Our Christmas is to be our sorrow. Oh, what a record! When the world is finding its joy, you and I are finding new calamities. What is to come to us in the

Thus the day which should have allured this child with its beauty broke her heart with its gloom.

Fifteen years after the separation at New Madrid Martin Robinson made a visit to Nashville, influenced by a rumor that the most beautiful face and character in le neighborhood was a Miss F ence Ayer. He had no doubt that it was the little school-mate of his fond memory Inquiries made the identity certain, and his heart became full of romance and love. His father had died, leaving him a large fortune and an engrossing business, and his thoughts had turned toward a home. While he was dreaming of this kind of earthly paradise this rumor reached him, and a journey had now brought him within a few niles of the lost love. His hand trembled with an excitement made of fears and hopes. Perhaps her hand was promised another; perhaps she would not love him again. The spirit of romance took posses sion of him, and he resolved to put on the accoutrements of a hunter and come to the Ayer cottage through the fields. On his way and when a mile out of the young capital of the State, he came to a Gypsy-camp where an extraordinary sense of the future is wont to dwell; and although the dry years of age cares little for such tents of prophecy, it is seldom that an enchanted man or woman can treat with contempt these oracles. Young Robinson dismounted, and, while having a general talk with the mysterious woman, he learne. that Florence Ayer was to come that morning with a few companions to seek some forecast of the future, for Christmas was only two weeks away and the half broken heart was full of anxiety. A happy thought came to Robinson. He wrote out a "fate" and gave the Gypsy a large piece of gold if she would utter that fate to the troubled girl and surround it with all the mystery of

her art. Away went the hunter toward the field of quail and dog and gun, and along came the group of girls to the Gypsy prophetess. For a small coin the friend of courtship, narriage, of black and white horses, of herbs and roots, distributed to each some ambiguous words, but on coming to Miss Ayer the dusky woman rolled her eyes up and down and across as though a whole troup of goddesses were rushing into her heaving bosom. Poor Florence trembled est new storms were about to burst upon her and her mother. The witch said, in a

tone slow but sweet: " Far, far from thee Thy clouds are done. Outbursts the sun. Step forth in pride-

With the closing word the Gypsy led Florence to the door of the tent and, pushing her gently, told her to cherish no fear of the coming world festival, but face her

good destiny Away hastened all the group, each one laughing over the folly of the visit, but each enjoying the mystery of the place and language. Martin Robinson, having left his horse in the care of a neighboring farmer, hunted for a time and at last drew near the sought-for cottage, and, with as much deference and humility as became a hunter and a stranger, he offered the mother abundant pay if she would bring him some simple lunch and some food for his dog. He was so little accustomed to hunting that he had become exhausted far

from a city, and had set forth in the morn

ing with too much confidence in himself.

At these words the kind widow brough inform the visitor that there was too much umanity in their cottage to admit of her taking money from such a polite and educated stranger. Martin made his best bow and expressed the wish that this humanity he had found could only cover all the

But the hunter could put on only the form of a hungry man, for there came along the porch toward him and his dog a being of wonderful beauty. There seemed no ele-ment of loveliness wanting. The hair was fine, abundant, light-colored and only loose ly caught up. The face had both physical perfection and soul beauty. Martin stood in he presence of a wonderful combination of thought and features, peach-bloom and education, large bright eyes and deep sentiment, angelic form and faultless dis-position. He saw, as though magnified a housand times, the child-radiance which had long ago charmed him. With him conversation was almost impossible, but as she placed her hand upon the head of the dog

The dumb animals seem to know what a friend they have in the cultivated

voman. The girl replied that if the dumb animals could shape the education of both man and woman they would make it the developing of a good heart—a heart which should carry

the one wish-the happiness of all life. "You must pardon me, lady, if I express surprise at finding such a thoughtful girl living here in seeming solitude. What is around you to create or cheer such a womanhood



"Ah,my dear sir, we children of the woods have always been school-going children and are not our books like your books, full of the souls of the great? Perhaps we have in these hills more time than you city youths enjoy for drinking in the spirit of genius. We commit to memory what you

perhaps only rapidly read." Martin had at last no good excuse for remaining longer, and acted as though he was about to resume his sport in the fields; but the dog had lain down in the glorious sun of an Indian summer noon, and after a false motion or two his master sat down on the steps not far from the girl and her mother. The mother had resumed some was standing as though wishing for more exchange of thought with the genteel and pleasing guest. His face was manly, his pearing soldierly, and his conversation full of courage, and yet modesty. Martin's heart could hold its peace no longer. He slowly took from his pocket the letter which this beautiful woman had written to him when both were children. He arose and, with much emotion, handed it to its author, and asked her to read it and tell him whether the sentiments were still her own. The girl, amazed, opened the old worn sheet and read. When she came to the words:

Will be thus bound forever. she turned to her mother and uttering the words: "Martin Robinson," she went into the parlor and falling by the sofa, cried It was many minutes before any one of the three could utter any but little sentences, and these were broken by sighs and tears. But this was the end of the misfortunes of Florence Ayer. On Christmas morning she was married to the rich and romantic hunter, and, having removed to

Cinc nnati, she passed to all the happiness which love and education and wealth can bring. David During

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING. Now get the stockings

ready, for Christmas is at hand, and Santa Claus already has left the Fairy land. His reindeers now are prancing on snow clouds in the sky, and he, in furs advancing, is urging them to fly. His sleigh is overflowing with sugarplums and toys, all in the stockings going for little girls and boys, who now are nightly dreaming of Christmas pleasures gay, and with glad faces beaming can scarce await the day. Wee tots, whose bright eyes glisten. close to the chimney draw, and to its noises So get the stockings mas now is near. and Santa

Claus has ly come

Wanted to Grind Her Axe First. Rignold-Sister, I think I'll ask pa to night if he will buy me that five-hundred dollar chronometer we saw at Benedict's for a Christmas present. I've been playing goody-goody for over a month now. Sister Arabella-I wouldn't to-night, if I were you, dear. Papa's had a toothache all day, and you know he's cross as a bear

when any thing ails him. Rignold-Umph! If he's got a toothache I'll put it off a week. Sister Arabella (In the library with pa ten minutes lair) -O you dear, durling pa; you are so tired. You should take some recreation; you need it so much. Why don't you drive out in the afternoon! and if you will buy me that seal-skin sacque I could go

## "PEGGETTY."

A Mysterious Visitor and a Wonderful Transformation.



EGGETTY - leggetty -peg! Legg peggetty-leg!" Leggetty-Scarvins stumping up the street on his wood en leg, his teeth chattering in the Decem ber blasts, and his ill-

clothed body be-numbed with cold. "Ho! Peggetty!" called a voice across the street.

"How I'd like to git one o' them boys within reach of my cane!" growled Scarvins, as he continued his way. "They call me names, and trip me down, and laugh at my gait, and I'd like to kill 'em! What

The gruff inquiry was addressed to a lit-tle girl who had stepped off the walk into a snow-drift to let him pass. "Please, sir!"

"Please what! I suppose you want to beg for money?" "No, sir; but I'm afraid of you." "Oh! you are! Well, I'm glad on it—glad on it! I wish every body was afraid

He stumped along up the street as fast as he could go and entered a tumble-down building which was occupied by a wagonmaker. The man was standing at his bench painting a little toy cart, which he had been making at odd times for the last fort-

"Jones, my rent was due at midnight last night," squeaked old Scarvins, as he hovered over the warm stove. "It's being due now all of sixteen hours, and, of course, you've got it for me?"

Jones continued his work as if the pres-

ence of a visitor was unknown and unsuspected, and after a minute his landlord pitched his voice to a higher key and exlaimed:

"Abner Jones, don't you try to put me off with any story of a sick wife, for I won't stand it! Men who are fools enough o marry must expect to have sick wives. Mebbe you think you can send me away by pleading hard times, but I won't go! There's six dollars rent due me, and I want Jones painted away at one of the little

wheels, whistling softly to himself, and Scarvins, who was now actually trembling with excitement for fear he would not get notice of the toy, and almost screamed out



"That accounts for it! Abner Jones you've been wasting your time and stock making Christmas pimeracks for some-body's young 'uns! No wonder you hain't got my rent ready, and I've got to go sup-perless to bed for the want of it! But I'll sue you-yes, I'll begin suit this very afternoon!"

The wagon-maker laid down his wiped the spots of red paint off his fingers with a handful of shavings, and then took six dollars from his vest pocket and laid the money down on the bench under old Scarvin's nose.

"What! You going to pay! Had it all ready for mea Haven't tried to work in a ad bill on me, eh? Say, Abner, mebbe l was a little hasty."

"Making a cart, I see! As yur haven't got any young 'uns of your own it's for some one else." Mr. Jones paid no attention to him. "It's for that widow Brown's little girl, Sarah."

"Then you are a bigger fool than I thought for! The widder Brown has had two new dresses since her husband died and I've heard she was talking of a new bonnet. You shouldn't encourage such folks, Abner Jones—shouldn't do it."

"It's the child, you know."
"Oh! fudge! This making a great hullabaloo about Christmas and presents and all that thing is all bosh! Children don't appreciate it, and it makes 'em vain and extravagant. Well, I must be going. This weather is terrible on the wood. I believe I burned all of five sticks to-day. I think I'll come down after a basket of blocks and shavings."

"You are welcome to them." "But the rent won't be any the less. mind that, and I shall want it the very day it's due. You musn't try to work off any excuses on me, Abner Jones, for I won't hear to 'em. I said six dollars a month for a year, and the six dollars is due the 15th of every month at exactly midnight. Don't try to cheat me, Abner Jones."

"Peggetty, peg-leggetty, leg," he stumped down the street toward home. When he had covered half the distance a man opened a store door and called after him, but at once excused himself by saying: Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Yes, it's me! Thomas Green; did you want to pay me that interest money?" "No; it isn' due until January 1st." "And if you don't have it then you need

expect no mercy from me. I ought to have made out the papers so as it would come due sooner, but I'll be around on time. It's due at midnight on the 31st, and don't you forget that! If I don't come at midnight it's because I am tender-hearted and don' want to drive a poor man to the wall. What did you call me for?"

"I took you for Larkins." "Oh, you did? What did you want of him?"

"We are making up a shake-purse to buy Christmas presents for the children at the orphan asylum, and I wanted him to chip Of course I wouldn't think of asking "It wouldn't do you any good if you did

ask. I don't go throwing my money away on jimeracks, and I warn you again to have that interest ready. It's \$14.75, and I don't throw off a cent. It's due at midnight on the 31st—remember that!"

"Peggetty peg," he continued on his way, and as he walked he soliloquized: "What an infernal pack of fools people has got to be, and how the country is being ruined by this extravagance. They ain't got nothing out of me, however, and I don't

let up on either interest or rent. I pay my though it does seem a shame to waste so

much wood. Here-hullo-here-He slipped on the icy step as he mounted to the door, threw out his hands in a vain effort to save himself, and tumbled heavily to the ground to lay stunned for three or four minutes. When he came to he attempted to get up, but his head swam and there was a terrible pain in his side. His heart chilled at the thought of being so badly injured that he might have to call a doctor, and he crept into the house, saying shed-not one kind word spoken-in your to himself:

"It's nothing but a fall-a common fallnothing to hurt me, I'm just a little dizzy,

and this pain is all imaginary."

But he could not long deceive himself. His head had struck the frozen ground with | your heart?" great force, and as he fell his side hit the corner of the step, and the collision broke two of his ribs. He tried to start a fire, but the pain was so great that he staggered to the bed and threw himself upon it, gasping out as he did so: "My stars! but I really believe I'm hurt!

The pain is almost as bad as when the rail-road run over my leg and cut it off, and I made 'em pay ten thousand dollars for it.

If any thing's broken this time I can't sue nobody nor nothing, and like's not the doctor bill will be two or three dollars. I'll leave more. Poor old Scarvins!' lie still awhile and mebbe 'twill go away.'' "I'll do better! Give me wat A quarter of an hour later his mouth was

dry; hot and cold flashes ran over his body, and old Scarvins began to call for help. He heard the merry jingle of sleigh-bells and the laughter of children, but they could not have heard his voice thirty feet. He had lived alone in that gloomy old house for twenty years, and this was the first time he had raised his voice in pleading to the outside world. This, also, was the first time the coming of night had seemed to increase his loneliness. He realized that he was badly injured, and that the setting in of a fever was making him flighty, and he screamed out:

"Help! help! help! I'll give anybody a shilling who will come and help me!"
"That's me!" replied a hearty voice, and

old Scarvins turned his eyes to the door to behold a queer little old man brushing off the fresh snow-flakes and removing his outer wraps. "I didn't say a shilling, or if I did it was

a mistake," groaned Scarvins. "I said I'd give a sixpence, but a sixpence is an awful lot of money to a poor old man like me."
"We'll have a fire," remarked the stranger, without deigning a reply to the old

"But don't put in over two sticks, and be sure one of 'em is a small one," said Scarvins. "Half the poverty in this country

comes of burning too much wood."

The little old man cackled and laughed to imself as he worked, and in a few minutes he had the stove red-hot and the chill taken off the room. Then he went to the shelf and took down and lighted the lamp, and, as he turned his back to the fire and rubbed his hands in a brisk manner, he chuckled:

"Ah! this is better—much better."

"Man alive, but what do you mean?"
shouted Scarvins. "I never had that stove so hot in my life, and you'll burn out all the oil in that lamp afore daylight! They are charging three cents a pint for oil, and it's hard work to make a pint last a week! The queer little old man never moved. He chuckled and cackled again, and he looked at Scarvins so queerly that the old man all at once felt alarmed and asked: 'Who be you?"

"Oh, I just dropped in to have a chat

"But I don't know you; I never saw you before. Did you hear me holler for help?"
"I hear most every thing," chuckled the stranger, as he folded his arms behind him. "Ugh! how the wind blows outside! This is going to be a terrible night-terrible on

"If you have come to help me," said the old man, after a long pause, "hand me drink of water. I seem to be burning up What nonsense!" exclaimed his visitor. "Last summer, when the widow Sabin's little boy had fever and was crying for ice and the widow asked for a piece from your great store-houses, you refused her with the statement that nobody had any business to have a fever. Now, take your own

The little old man dropped another stick of wood into the stove, rubbed his hands and chuckled, and old Scarvins tried to

medicine!"



nove his body so that he could get a better view. The effort brought such a sharp, cut ting pain, that he moaned out: "Good heavens! but I must have a doc tor! Won't you run down to the corner for

"No, sir! A year ago, when Chipps, the carpenter, fell off a scaffold and was laid up for three months and couldn't pay the interest on a loan to you, you wanted to take his very bed away, saying that it had all come from his carelessness. You have been careless; now take the conse-

'But I shall die!" "Of course you will! And what if you do? Let's see; it would be the proper thing to toll the bell. The sexton, John Chambers, is a good man, but he has been unfortunate. Two years ago he lost his three children by scarlet-fever. His friends made up a purse to help him out. When you were asked to contribute you said blankets were good enough to bury children in. Think ye John Chambers wil ring your years on his church bell?"

Old Scarvins ut ered a groan for reply. "Your corpse should be dressed for the grave. Tell me the name of one single man in this whole county who will volunteer for this work?" Scarvins was silent.

"There should be watchers beside th corpse. Tell me the name of one single hu-man being who would watch beside yours, even for pay!"
There was no answer.

"I can tell you how it will be," continued the stranger, carefully seating himself on "You'll die alone and uncared for in this gloomy old house. It wil. be days and days before you are missed, for , no one cares for you. When your body is and found the town will take charge of it; the nal.

let up on either interest or rent. I pay my debts, I do, and other folks has got to pay theirs. Well, here's home at last, and I suppose I'll have to kindle a fire again, undertaker will lift it into a cheap coffin,

old body a single rod!"
"Say! say! I want water!" gasped

Scarvins.
"Well, want away! You've hounded men, evicted widows and seen weeping orphans pass your door without the slightest feeling of pity. Your turn has come now! It's a cold job burying a body in winter; the undertaker will hurry up with you, word will go 'round the town that old Scarvins is dead, and not one tear will be memory."

The fever left the old man's face for a moment to give place to a deathly pallor, and, in his excitement, he raised up on his elbow and asked: "Have you no mercy in

"When Flynn, the blacksmith, on his dying bed, asked you to have mercy on his family when he was gone, what did you reply? You are rich, Scarvins—the richest man in town-but your December grave will be sunken when the May blossoms come, and your name will be recalled only to provoke words of contempt. Your kin will come here to fight over this gloomy for you except disgust that you did not

"I'll do better! Give me water-go for the doctor—I'll be a different man!"
"Too late! I'm going now. I'll turn
down the light, and the fire will go out of itself. It is for you to die in the cold and the darkness—uncalled-for, unthought of, unlamented. Good night, Old Scarvins! The cold sun of morning will find you dead, and the starved rats will come and sniff at your face and turn away again!

Merry Christmas, Scarvins!" "Hold on! come back!" cried the old man, but the stranger laughed softly to himself and passed out.

It was Christmas morning in Rushville, and it had been a week since old Scarvins nearest neighbor, seeing no signs of life about the old cabin, opened the door to find the old man half frozen in his bed, from which he could not move. The doctor said he would never leave it alive, and then a lawyer was called in and strange things happened. On that Christmas morning loads of coal and barrels of flour and packages of groceries reached dozens of doors where grim Want ever kept guard. Notes-of-hand and iron-clad chattel mortgages were returned to the signers. Little packages of money were placed in the hands of hard-working men who had called old Scarvins a usurer and a cheat. A great sleigh toiled up the hill to the asylum and unloaded a Christmas present for every orphan, and in his will old Scarvins had oft the town such a public park as money could not have bought.

"One - three - five-twenty-forty-sixty-six. A funeral bell on Christmas after-noon? It tolls for whom?" And people answered one another: "Scarvins is dead. He was not such a

bad man as we all thought for. We must all turn out to his burial to-morrow." Yes, Scarvins was dead. In his dying hour he whispered to one of the watchers at his bedside:

"I want you to tell him that I died a better man!" "Tell who?" "The little old man." It was a mysbey to them, for the little old man had of and gone and left no foot-prints behind.

> Co3 Leurs OUR HOLIDAY HOPPER.

easonable Scintillations Scissored from Several (Known and Unknown) Source A FAIR EXCHANGE—The compliments of A New Year's Call-Please remit.-

Lowell Courier. SAD is the heart that can not rejoice at Christmas time. No stocking is so small that Santa Claus

will overlook it. On Christmas Day, though the turkey's tender, the eaters stuff.

" HAPPY New Year, Judge." "Chestnut. Major."-Philadelphia Press. On Christmas eve the right stocking was never left .- Philadelphia Call.

What though your purse is empty, pray, if hearts are full of joy to-day? THE same good resolutions made last January will do for this year .- Puck. Just notice how nice your best girl will be from now till after the holiday season.

A CHRISTMAS GOOSE-The man who thinks Santa Claus a fraud .- Fall River Advance. It is not always the largest stocking which catches the most valuable Christma gift. Your presence at home on Christmas Day

s preferable to no presents at all .- White hall Times. It's a wise husband who prepares to pay

for the Christmas gifts received from his Say not that Christ has been born in your heart if the poor be not borne upon it. -N.

New Year's calls will never go out of fashion while there are bill collectors to make them.

In giving Christmas presents be sure and keep your presence of mind. Don't be ex-travagant.—Lowell Citizen.

Know all men by these presents (Christmas presents) that the milk of human kind-

ness is still sweet.—Philadelphia Call. FASHION NOTE-This is the season of the year when every one is looking for something new in stockings .- Yonkers Statesman. Begin the new year by buying a new umbrells and a diary; then just make a note of the one you keep the longest.—Lowell Citizen.

A NICE, easy exercise for Christmas Day s that of counting the change you have left. It can be done generally with one hand. "TIME is money." This ought to be cheering news to the man of leisure who

has Christmas presents to buy and no ready cash. THE person who shall do the most to cheer the hearts of the needy poor will have the merriest Christmas and the hap-

piest New Year. Try it, and see. If the "heft" of the pocket-book was, in every instance, commensurate with the promptings of the heart, what a glorious

Christmas it would be for the poor. THE store clerk who gets seven dollars & week, and spends twenty dollars for Christmas present for his girl, should be lassed among "Christmas greens."-Nor

ristown Herald. SWEAR off, though your companions rail; You may succeed; but if you fall, 'Tis better to resolve and fail

Than never to resolve at all. BLOBBS -" Morning, Dobbs. Hang up your stocking Christmas eve!" Dobbs - No. Hung up my watch. Wife wanted new pair of gold bracelets for a present, and I had to, to get 'em." - Somerville Jour