



By Lee Sarrchild.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Fond Hope grows more upon the earth
With each return of Christ's low birth;
The time comes in on happy feet,
And hastens each poor child to greet;
For Santa Claus doth still believe
He'd rather give than to receive.

I have a little sober story to tell my readers; and though they might not suspect it of me, I am, notwithstanding, a very sober fellow, being a prohibitionist; and I have even been called, "One of those things that you turn."

I suppose my readers will let me be a little confidential with them, for once. Of course, you can all of you keep it secret, can't you?

Once upon a time, as great writers say, my sister desired to make me a Christmas present; but being poor in purse as she was rich in her love for me, she did not have money enough to get me never so cheap a present. She was at this time in school, working her way through, with what little aid I could give her, which wasn't much; for I find out I have a big task on hand taking care of myself; and it is a fortunate thing for one of my cousins that I wasn't him. Yet I am inclined to think if we traded even, the one for the other, I would have something "to-boot," for myself, if not for others! Indeed, I find it such a task taking care of myself that it seems to me, in this respect, if in no other, I am equal to half a dozen other fellows, and I am sometimes in the notion of getting some one to aid me in looking after me—some one who is looking after me now! But I must tell you how my sister managed to get the money with which to purchase my Christmas present. The reason she did not sell eggs and buy it, was because she didn't have any eggs to sell. She finally struck upon a plan—making a successful hit—and secured the desired means. She simply wrote her brother that she would like very much to make him a Christmas present, and that if he would be so kind as to send her the money to get it with she would be very grateful to him. Now, as no one likes presents much better than I do, I hastened to send her the money, and if I did not get a handsome present it was not my own fault.

I wish all of you a merry Christmas. My little story is my "present" to you; it is about all I had to spare. If you know of any poor child, go, and with some token of love, make its heart glad. Remember that every day from the rosy painted cup of morn the sunshine, like a liquid splendor, is poured over your pathway.

"I am stuck on Seattle," said the man who was then standing knee-deep in the mud.

A GOOD REASON.

MR. SAMPSON—I see you have quit waiting on Miss Newberry, Mr. Stuart.

MR. STUART—Well, yee. By the way Sampson I'd a married that girl if it hadn't been for one thing.

MR. SAMPSON—What was that?

MR. STUART—Her refusal!

NOTHING LIKE CONSISTENCY.

REPORTER (interviewing Mr. Tallfellow, a millionaire.)—Do you belong to any noted societies?

MR. T.—Well, yes; and one or two belong to me.

REPORTER—Please state what ones you are a member of.

MR. T.—I am the five-hundredth member of the "four-hundred" of which Ward is the general manager. I am also an active member of the Nationalist society which is the embodiment of the principles set forth in "Looking Backward." I am also engaged in the real estate business; you see the body must be looked after as well as the soul.

A beautiful Queen, with pretty blue eyes,
A-dazzling the very blue of the skies,
With a light that was gentle and sweet;
In a sleigh to our home gladly she came,
And the North's cold breath had kindled a flame
On her cheek—as a blush to repeat
Some story of love.

On that Christman eve our stockings we hung
(We should have been hanged ourselves, I suppose)
Over the hearth; and it ought to be sung
In my songs—and my glad heart overflows
With thoughts of it now—the gift that was mine
Next morn; two stockings all silken and fine
I had bought and hung up—the prettiest seen;
And what found I in them? blushing sixteen,
(To Santa Claus, thanks) my "beautiful Queen."

ONE THING LACKING.

"Miss Etherton was educated at Vassar, and would make an excellent wife if it were not for one thing."

"What is the one thing, pray?"

"She's a single lady."

STRUCK IT AT LAST.

PAT (to his countrymen shoveling mire out of Main street in Tacoma)—Shure, me boys, and you've struck a "soft job" for wunce.

HE'D RISK IT.

BROTHER JOHN—Well, sister, I've made up my mind to marry Miss Dawson.

SISTER NELL—But you don't know her; you've only seen her a few times.

BROTHER JOHN—I know; but I can't make up my mind to marry any of those whom I do know. I'll risk getting acquainted with her when I come to live with her!

NOT REAL.

LITTLE INNOCENT (at home)—Mamma, is Santa Taus a real man?

MAMMA (brushing the illusion out of the child's mind at the expense of some one else)—No, dear, it was your father!