## THE BROWNINGS' CHRISTMAS.

One week before Christmas, John owning and his wife sat by the waning e in the grate after all their children d gone to bed. They enjoyed its rmth and their own relaxation from il, and were talking over their affairs general. Mr. Browning was a good chanic, and in reasonable good times rays made a comfortable living for his fe and five sturdy children; but the agnation of business and frequent cestion of work during the past five years. d aramped them greatly in money af-

rs. The children grew so fast, and inted new clothes so often, and needed many books, and had such healthy petites that their struggle to supply em had, for a long time, been a hard Mrs. Browning had done all her e. Mrs. Browning had done all her ork and taken in sewing besides. Mr.

rowning had worn his old clothes and outs until they were scarcely respect-le, and left no stone unturned to get ork, and yet withal, the grocer and utcher were pressing him, and things oked discouraging generally. As a re-It of a general survey of the situation

rs. Browning said: "Well, it is evident we can't have ach Christmas, yet I do think we ght to make the children as happy as can. tI does no good to have them al the weight of care, or realize the ardens and difficulties of life as we do; d so, if you can collect enough money the small bills due you, I think we ght to get them each some small prest, and that we had better get a turkey

we possibly can." With this conclusion her husband reed, and they began to count up at money they might probably depend on. Mr. Browning took out his ac-ant book and pencil and commenced

figure: 'Col. Randall owes me \$3 20 balance fixing his porch. He is able to pay I I think I can depend on that. ith owes 50 cents for a fire board; s. Jones, the milliner, owes me \$1 a screen for ber window; the new cer around the corner owes me \$1 25 making him a seat for his wagon, perhaps some other piece of work be found between this and Christ-

rend on \$5 with a good deal of cer-

good is comparative. Having is concluded to have a happy Christ-a as possible, and also that they had to be happy on, John Browning and wife went to sleep with a feeling of ntentment and happiness which many ich family planning for costly expentures might envy them.

The next morning the ground was coved with deep snow, and while they sat their frugal breakfast a loud knock is heard at the door. On opening it r. Browning was met by a portly and ndsome man with a great overcoat and stly fur collar and gloves, who asked m if he was John Browning, the carnter.

"That is my name and trade, sir," said

r. Browning. "Well, I want to get you to make a imper' for me right away. We don't ten have such a snow as this in the west; wife and children want to enjoy it. in you come over to my house right way after breakfast and see how I want on except those little bills we counted

made? Then I want a small stable nilt this week. Could you go on and nild it immediately."

"I have finished the stable," said Mr. getting pay for work, and needs the

Browning, "and I called to ask you to see it, and to present you my bill." "All right, all right, Mr. Browning, but we are just starting to the city to spend the holidays, and I cannot pay your bill till I return, which will be in two or three weeks."

"But my family are needing and depending on this money,"said Mr. Brown-ing, with a sinking heart, "and it would be very inconvenient to wait. I really must insist."

"No use at all in insisting, my dear fellow," said Mr. Potter, in a tone half gay, half insulting. "I need all the money I have, and more too, now that I am taking my wife and children to spend

the holidays in the city." Anger and disappointment flushed John Browning's face crimson as a said: "Mr. Potter,I depended on your prompt payment of this bill or I would not have'

"I have no time to parley," said Mr. Potter-""here, wife and children, jump in, or we shall be too late for the train. I tell you I can't pay you now." With this he sprang into the carriage himself, and giving an impatient order to the driver, the carriage rapidly carried them out of sight to catch the train already whistling in the distance.

How suddenly was the bright sky of of the Browning family darkened by this piece of thoughtless, cruel injustice. Mr. Browning stood for a few moments irresolute, while feelings of anger, humiliation and disappointment struggled in his heart. The fellow workman whom he had employed also waited for his small pittance, and when Mr. Browning informed him of the state of affairs, with an expression of profanity be threw down the tools he held in his hands and walked away. But to break the news to his family was the hardest of all. How could he blast their hopes and chill their hearts and on Christmas eve, too? But it was growing nearly dark, and something must be done. The butcher and the grocer would both be looking for him, and altogether it was too hard to endure Mrs. Browning saw her husband coming up the walk, and she knew by the expression of his face that something was wrong. She opened the door to meet him, exclaiming anxiously: "What

if it ?' "Mr. Potter has gone off to the city to spend the holidays and did not pay me, and he will not be back for three weeks," said Mr. Browning.

"Well, if that isn't outrageous !" said Mrs. Browning, with a sudden flush of anger. "Why did you let him off? If I was a man I tell you people couldn't trifle with me that way. When I earned my money I'd collect it."

There was danger that in addition to the loss of the expected money, there would be the loss of that more precious thing in the family, affectionate har-mony and sympathy; for Mrs. Browning was human, and had that human fistinct which leads us to try to find some one on whom to blame misfortunes and disappointments. Her husband, with an equally natural instinct, was inclined to resent this for he only knew how hard it of it. was to collect money even after it was

"If you think you can collect better than I can," was his reply, "just try it. You can take that bill for the balance Col. Randall owes me, and see if you can get it. We have nothing to fall back over last week, anyway."

earned.

The children had gathered an

"So do I need money. People seem to think I've made of money. I really can't spare this triffe this evening. Be-aides, I told Mr. Browning the last time he asked me for the balance—and he has bothered me about it a great deal—that when I got ready and could spare the her out, she heard him say to his wife in the sitting room:

"It is one of the annoyances of having work done by starveling workingmen that they are always dunning one for the pay. I am sure John Browning has bothered me more for that little balance than the whole bill is worth."

"And so that is what poor John has to stand when he tries to collect his bills," said Mrs. Browning to herself as she hurried home. "Starveling working-men, indeed! And then to think I am

ready to blame him in the bargain. Over and above all her feelings of dis appointment now rose the feeling of love and sympathy for her husband. How from Mr. Potter. When she got home she found only the two elder children still awake, and them she consoled cheerfully, telling them she thought they could not have much for Christmas, yet must they be kind and cheerful, and not add to dear papa's troubles by fretting. Her own spirit was reflected in theirs; kind and affectionate feelings were inspired by her cheerful words and talk; and although before they went to bed they hung up their stockings by the fire, in case any good luck should come, yet their little hearts were bravely prepared for disappoint.nent.

It was nearly au hour before Mrs. Browning heard her husband's footsteps on the walk. She hurried to the door, and as he entered she looked lovingly and sympathizingly in his face. His feelings also had evidently been moved by reflections of a gentle and tender kind, for as soon as he closed the door and noticed the kind look on his wife's face he held out his arms towards her. She threw her arms lovingly around his neck and pressed her cheek to his.

"Never mind if we do have hard times and bad luck, John," she said, "we have each other and the children, and we will

be happy in spite of all." "My dear, good wife," said John, hold-ing her close to his heart, "If I could only give you what you deserve, you should have every comfort and pleasure in life.'

And then in a few moments they sat down and compared notes. Mary told her ill-success with Col. Randall. John had got no money except the \$1.00 from Mrs. Jones, the little milliner, but the new grocer wanted to pay for the making of the seat for his wagon in trade, and they could get two chickens and a few groceries there. The \$1,00 would get a small Christmas gift apiece for the chil-dren, and so they would make the best

"Well, let us go out and buy the things for Christmas," said Mrs. Browning, and, a few moments later, closely bundled up from the cold, John Browning and his wife walked cheerfully and lovingly down the little village street. They got two plump chickens and enough material to make a substantial dinner, at the grocer's. Then they went to a store where there was a good five-cent counter

There have been many curious incidents connected with the retail sale of American beef in London. The greater number of the dealers sell the article as English beef, while some of the poor kinds of the home-fed are bought as imported American. The only place money I would Lay him. Good-evening, ma'am." And with this the Colonel turned on his heel, and while Mrs. Browning waited for the servant to let at New Leadenhall Market. Another curious fact which has long

been without explanation is the price for which American beef is sold in the British Metropolis. It seems strange that the meat of American fed cattle can be sold in London, after the expense of transatlantic shipment, for 16 and 17

cents a pound, while in this city the housekeeper has to pay from 30 to 50 cents for the same amount of native meat.

Mr. M. H. Gillette, of M. H. Gillette & Co., of Jersey city, who ship large quantities of beef to the other side, said in reference to the above facts: "When I was in England a short time ago, I saw she did regret her sharp words at the a butcher sell a piece of American beef news of his failure to get the money as English beef. I asked him why he did not tell his customer that it was from America, and he told me that the customer would not have bought it. "Our customers want 'good Henglish beef,' he said to me, "and I have to sell it to them as such. That man just gone out wanted a piece like that which he had last week. If I had told him the piece he had last week was American beef he would not have believed me. I know that meat hung in a cool place for ten or twelve days is better than that which was slaughtered yesterday, for sale to-morrow, as our English beef is, but you could not make my customer be-lieve that. There is no English beef as

good as the American article that comes to us, but I dare not say so or I would lose my customers; so when they call for the cheap American I give them poor British beef, and they do not know the difference."

"Was there ever any efforts made to prevent such ideas spreading among the people," said the reporter. "Yes. The greater part of the meat

shipped goes to the Metropolitan Market. It was advertised as American beef and a good trade has been secured, but what is one market in a city like London. This beef was bought by retail butchers and much of it is resold 'good, hold Henglish beef,' you know.'

"For what price is American beef sold in London?"

"For from 15 to 17 cents a pound, or cent or a cent and a half less than the English beef. This is quite sufficient to control the retail trade.

"What is the reason the meat is sold so much cheaper than in this city? What causes the difference in price?"

in England meat is cut up in the most the kidneys. People when they buy

## How the Stockings were Filled.

Pussy got into the house somehow, just as the least little streak of morning light was beginning to peep through the window curtains, and stole up stairs. She jumped upon the bed and rubbed her cold nose against Lill's face and awakened her.

Lill sprang up in bed, for it came to her like a flash, "It's Christmas day." "Bessie, wake up! Merry Christmas!" she cried, and in half a minute four little

bare feet were pattering down stairs to the sitting room after the Christmas stockings. They hadn't a doubt of finding them

full. Santa Claus had never forgotten them yet.

You can imagine then, their dismay when each little girl clasped a limp and empty stocking, with not so much as a sugar plum to fill out the toe.

They ran to mamma's bedroom to pour out their complaints.

"Santa Claus forgot us!" cried Lill, with starting tears.

"He didn't bring us anything!" said Bessie, throwing herself across her mother's feet in an agony of grief. "I think it's too bad," said Lill.

"He's real mean! I'll never like him again!" said Bessie.

"Oh, go back to bed," said mamma "You've got up too early. How do you expect Santa Claus can always get round before daylight? There are such numbers of little boys and girls, the wonder is that he gets round at all. He'd never forget you, I'm sure. Go back and curl down in bed till it's really light. Then get up and dress yourself nicely, before you come down, and you'll see what you'll see.'

Rather disconsolate, the little girls went back to bed.

"You needn't feel so bad, Bessie Bradley. Haven't you found out more'n a hundred times, that mamma knows about

things better'n we do?" said Lill. "I ain't feeling bad, any more'n you are! and Santa Claus is comin' in about nine or eight minutes," said Bessie. While waiting for daylight they talked

of the presents they hoped to have, and as soon as the sun peeped above the eastern horizon they were up, and put-ting on their clothes as quickly as possible, went down stairs.

There was nobody in the sitting-room. A fire was burning in the grate, and the stockings hung against the mantle, but they still looked limp.

They were not near enough to be sure they were empty, when a loud "Toot! toot! toot!" sounded from somewhere with a jingling of bells and a tramping of feet.

"He's coming! O Lill Bradley, old Santa's coming!" said Bessie, clinging to her sister's skirts. Lill held her breath and said nothing. The door flew open, and in bounced

The difference is more apparent than real. In this country meat is cut up under the rules of the Butchers' Associa-tion. The result is that if you want a piece from the sirloin, or the round, or the shoulder, you ask for and get it. But in England meat is cut up in the next. then, and Bessie and Lill sided up to In England meat is cut up in the most then, and besite and and and add the curious way you ever saw. A side of her, and caught each one of her hands, beef is cut into pieces of five, ten, fifteen feeling half afraid of the queer, "jolly or twenty pounds weight. Neither bone old elf," and then stood, silent and nor fat is removed except the fat about watching.

the kidneys. People when they buy meat do not ask for a piece of the round or didn't seem to be empty yet, and there the sirloin, as we do; they ask for so were packages peeping out of every many pounds of beef. It does not seem pocket, out of the breast of his coat, and About A Boy.

There has always been more or less illfeeling shown against the modern boy because he can't be sent after anything without dallying along by the wayside, and doing some kind of damage either to the article he went after or to something

else he wasn't sent after. History goes to show that when a boy is sent after a hatchet he always uses it along the road to peel shade trees or chop down picket fences. If you send him for a hammer, he generally batters up something with it so that when the balance has been struck, you find that it would have been cheaper to buy several new hatchets and a coffin in the first place.

Last winter, however, there was an in-cident occurred in Colorado which changed the opinion of several people relative to the juvenile with one suspender. and a tin box of caterpillars in his pocket. An old miner asked his little worthless

son to go up to the gulch and get a pick that had been left near the trail and bring it to where the old man was working on a prospect hole. The old man was a little agitated over the fact that he could not find the lead, and swore at the boy in an impulsive kind of way that was calculated to make the youth fly around calculated to make the youth hy around and get back during the summer. But he was one of those perverse kids who are not appalled much by profanity and when he got the pick he began to whack it into the ground and tear up the virgin soil, partly for fun and partly to kill time.

By and by he dug out the corner of a chunk of rock that aroused his cariosity, and, after spitting on it and wiping it carefully on his pants, he looked at it with one eye closed, like an expert who is paid \$5,000 to guess at the value of a

He took the rock back to the old man and when the cruel parent was about to attack him with an iron drill, the boy showed him the specimen. The old man looked at and changed his

mind about knocking the boy gally west, as he first intended to do. He went up the

ashe first intended to do. He went up the guleh and opened up a mine that he sold lately for \$150,000. The boy is red-headed and has freckles on his nose as big as a moss agate, and his eyelashes are white and his teeth are put in crooked, but he is the idol of a happy home. When he puts a split stick on the tail of the family dog, or fills the cream pitcher full of young frogs, or makes an aquarium of the sonp tureen, the parents simply pass it by as an eccenthe parents simply pass it by as an eccen-tricity of genius, and he does almost as he likes. The parental heart is warmed toward him, and his life is now one broad avenue of golden sunlight, and down its vista he softly steals, and the bright and beauteous universe holds not in all its mighty grip a boy whose warty and freckled be-spattered face is lighted with joy more peculiarly potent than his own. —Laramie Boomerang.

## A Narrow Escape.

It was Saturday night, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were shutting up house pre-paratory to retiring, when there came a loud ring at the front door that startled them both, as it was too late for either business or callers. Who could it be? Mrs. Jones declared she would not open the door for the world, and begged Mr. J. to arm himself with the umbrellastand or the hat-rack, for it might be masked robbers, or something of that sort. At which Mr. Jones pooh-poohed rather faintly and nervously, and marched

American Beef in England.

come at once, and when he sat down finish his breakfast he could not forear saying to his wife and children: "I ness we are going to have a jolly good hristmas. Mr. Potter is a rich man, as people say, and will pay well and romptly for the work done. I can earn to this week if he gives me the work he weaks of.

he children were exultant and good mpered as they went off to school. Mrs. d cheerful heart, singing at her work. on wequently enjoy Christmas much bet-r. She thought of her husband work-is heart full of what his wages would step, and ring to his family, and her heart blessed im as a good kind husband, and life

emed very bright and sweet to her. Mr. Browning came home at noon ven more full of good cheer and hope an when he went away in the morning. r. Potter seemed to be a man to whom oney was of small consequence. He as having a wonderful nice "jumper" adde for the children, and had given or-ers for Mr. Browning to go right ahead nd build the stable. The children all ejoiced again over the good news of ork, and exulted in the thought of enerous gifts and a turkey for Christ-

During the week both the grocer and utcher called around to see about their ills, and were both assured by Mrs. Browning that they would receive some

Christmas day came on Sunday, and it rould be necessary to get all the good hings for the Christmas dinner on Satirday. The day was very cold, and John Browning found it was going to push im very hard to get the little stable one by evening. As he wished to have little time in which to enjoy spending is hard earned money, paying what he wed, and in the happy employment of boing with his wife to buy Christmas ifts for his children, he employed a felow workman to assit him on Saturday. it noon he made out his bill to Mr. otter, and carefully placed it in his ocket, feeling that it was as good as so auch money. About 5 o'clock the last mil was driven, his tools were gathered the front part of Mr. Potter's house to all for his employer and get his pay. ust as he raised his hand to ring the ell, Mr. Potter came out, followed by ife and children, all heavily wrapped

p, and evidently just starting on a ong journey. A carriage stood at the cont gate loaded with trunks and va-

listened iu silence and dismay to the John Browning's eyes glistened and is face fairly glowed with pleasure at his unexpected good fortune. He agreed and when their mother sharply told them "No!" re-echoing in her voice and manner the anger of her spirit, it was but a few minutes till they, too, were inspired by the same discordant feelings,

The effect of the good news of work btained was felt by the whole family. All most faint for a more substantial was and Mr. Browning in the earlier part of the day had said to her: "We will have owning went around with a light step a good steak for supper this evening; working in the cold makes a fellow fearis wonderful how hope lightens toil. fully hungry." He was so full of cha-she sang and worked she thought what grin now that he scarcely noticed what out out of the second s with the grocer and the butcher and the meal was through he said, as he put

"I wish, Mary, you would take that bill over to Col. Randall's: it is but a step, and I have got to go clear to the other side of the village to see if I can get those other small bills. Perhaps he will pay it to you even quicker than he will to me. Then I must call and see the grocer and butcher. Dear me, I'd rather be lashed than meet them now." With this he handed her the account

against Col. Randall and went out. The original account had been \$32 30, and there was only the balance of \$2 30 due. Mrs. Browning washed up the tea things, her mind filled with bitter and complaining thoughts. She disliked to go to Col. Randall with a call for so small a balance; she ferred he would think them mean to ask for it. Then she fell back

to her mood of trying to blame some-body. John was a kind husband, but he was too easy with people. It seemed to her if she were a man that in some noney on Saturday night, inasmuch as way or other she would manage money fr. Browning had been so fortunate as matters better. They would never get ahead at this rate of doing things.

The early moon was shining brightly when she was ready to go to Col. Ran-dall's with the bill. Giving the elder children directions to put the younger ones to bed, she mufiled up warmly for it was bitter cold, and passed along the short distance that lay between their little home and Col. Randall's fine residence. Ringing the bell, she was ushered into the hall, and their left to add strength, and spun by women. waiting while the servant called the Each loom produces about five shawls in gentleman out.

"Good evening; what can I do for you?" said that severe looking gentleman, not recognizing her as a near

neighbor as he came into the hall. "Mr. Browning, my husband, wishes to know if it would be convenient for you to pay the small balance on this bill

this evening?" Col. Randall took the bill hesitatingly, turned it over, and hemmed and cleared

and had much amusement and pleasure in selecting a lot of little articles suitable for putting in the children's stockings, not forgetting a pound of stick candy. Coming home, they busied themselves for awhile in wrapping each article in a separate piece of paper, and deciding which should go into the different little stockings, not forgetting to put in two or three sticks of candy, all wrapped in separate papers. Very early Christmas morning, Mr.

Browning got up and put on a good fire so that the room might be warm when the little folks should discover the stockings, which they did early in the dawn. It was a joyful surprise to the children, who were just as happy as though the gifts had been costly. As for Mr. Browning and his wife, the blessed al-chemy of love had transformed their disappointment into affectionate sympathy for each other's trials and disappointments, and they listened with happy hearts to the gay chatter of their chil-dren, saving to themselves and to each other, "We are having a good Christmas after all." What was lacking in material good was made up in kindness and love, and earnest effort to make the best of things, and to cause their children to have a happy day. And when at dinner they sat down to partake of the two nice-ly browned, stuffed chickens, instead of the expected Christmas turkey, their happiness and enjoyment might well have been envied by the two inconsiderate employers, whose injustice and dis-regard for the honest claims of those whose labor they had enjoyed, came so near spoiling the Browning's Christmas.

Thousand-Dollar Shawls.

Few of the real Indian shawls are called for. One of the larger houses sells not more than a dozen such shawls in a year, and these are the cheaper ones; that is, the shawls the prices of which are under a thousand dollars. One good reason is that the wearer of a real Indian shawl does not get the credit of it. So few are worn, and so many imitate so well, the real Indian is not recognized. It is said that in the manufacture of Indian shawls not the slightest improvement has been made since Napoleon in troduced them into Europe by sending one to Josephine. The wool of the shawl is obtained from the inner hair of the Thibet goat. It is cleansed in rice water a year. Victoria rings tribute from these

poverty-stricken weavers in a certain number of shawls yearly. It is said that native Indian shawla

have been imported to repair shawls and change centers to suit the wearers. The shawls are made in pieces and put to-gether so deftly that the seams cannot be found, except by an expert. In the ag gregate a great many Indian shawls are imported, but are sold chiefly in the large

to make any difference what part of the even out of his sleeves. He seemed in animal the meat comes from. Beef's tearing hurry. beef in their opinion. I have seen a line of people standing outside of a butcher given weights and cutting without I never should get 'round. Whew! how any reference to the part the hot it is here! Well, let's see!" piece came from. There were two men selling and taking the money. All the beef, bone and fat, was sold at the same price. You must re-

member that there is not very much fine meat in a bullock-take one weighing 800 pounds and from it you will not get much more than 125 pounds of fine meat Now, while the butchers in this country charge 30 to 50 cents for fine beef, they are obliged to take out part of the bone "That's a doll, I know," said Lill, and a part of the fat, and they sell the course meat for much less than it is sold in England. You can buy first-class corned beef from 8 to 12 cents or a shinbone for soup for 5 or 6. In England you would have to pay from 14 to 16 for these. Of course, if a man knows how to choose meat he can get good beef cheaper in England than he can here, because if he sees a good piece hanging up he can take it for the same price he would pay for a poor piece. But suppose a lady it here were to send to her butcher for a nice roasting piece and she were to re ceive a cut from the shoulder, she would say that the man had treated her shamefully. Now, an English lady in such a case would not think anything about it. You can easily see that if you can sell the whole bullock for 15 cents a pound you will make as much as you will when you sell a small portion for three times as much and the rest for onehalf or one-third."

"What is the extent of the beef trade now?

"Five years ago, when the business began, they could not sell twenty quarters week in Liverpool. Now Liverpool takes between three and four thousand quarters a week. The whole trade amounts to from ten to twelve thousand quar ters a week, which at 200 pounds to quarter would make say 2,200,000 pounds of American beef sold each week in Great Britain, or 114,400,000 pounds a year. This trade has grown up from nothing in the past five years, and from present indications will grow a great deal larger as the years roll on." "Are many cattle shipped alive?"

"About five thousand a week in summer. They cannot ship them in winter. The rough weather knocks them about too much. The trade has affected the price of American cattle somewhat, but not enough yet to do much more than give a slightly upward tendency to the market.-New York World."

At breakfast a remarkable light omelet souffle is served at a moment when every one is engaged in a deeply interesting conversation. The omelet is neglected, 

"Whew! whew!" said he, "this is the first chance I've had to take breath since shop waiting their turn. Inside were four men cutting meat up into pieces of youngsters to visit this year! I thought

He whirled the pack from his back, down on the rug, and began rummaging vigorously among the packages within it. "Only two stockings to fill here, and little ones at that. I've lots of presents

left over." He drew out a package, held his head on one side with a funny little grimace as he peeped into it, and then thrust it into

squeezing her mother's hand.

A similar package went into Bessie's blue one. Then other, smaller pack-ages, till the stockings would hold no

All the time he worked he kept jerking out funny little speeches about the chil-dren and their wants, as if he knew all about them.

Lill and Bess were in a state of joyful excitement. Lill thought there was something familiar about the voice, or

"I believe I've seen him before. Else I dreamed I did. Else he's some like father," she whispered.

Her mother laughed aloud at this. It made old Santa Claus look up from his work, and he seemed to espy the little group in the corner for the first time.

'Bless my stars!" he ejaculated, beginning to gather up hastily from the rug the parcels that had fallen out of his pack.

"Bless my stars and stripes! Persons

musn't see me about this business. He threw his pack over his back, and putting his hands deep in his side pockets, drew them out full, and a shower of sugar-plums pelted the little girls, as he hurried out of the room.

Just as he was going out he threw a big package at their mother saying: "That's for the old lady, there. Came

pretty near forgetting her." Lill knew the voice in which this was

said, and cried out: "It's father, it's father !"

They sprang after him and led him back into the room in laughing triamph. They took off the pointed cap and the from his eyebrows, and rubbed the red from his cheeks. They robbed him of "chubby and plump," and the gray hair and beard which made him look so ven-

more than ever delighted to have for a Santa Claus their own dear father.

The Boston School Committee has 

valliantly to the door, threw it wide open and next fell back over Mrs. Jones, who had kept cautionsly in the background. Then the two reconnoitered the situation. There was no human being in sight, but on the doorstep, there was some kind of a mysterious looking ob-ject. Mrs. Jones looked at it for a moment, and then burst into tears. "It's a-a covered basket. Oh! J-Jones,

yon wretch, how could you? and I-I-I trusted you so?"

"Mercy on me, Marie, what are you crying about? I don't know what it is! Maybe it's an infernal machine, to blow us up," gasped Jones. "Oh,you know what it is well enough,

Mr. Jones! Don't add falsehood to your other baseness. Oh, Jones, Jones, how how c-could you deceive me so," and she wiped away another flood of tears. "Till throw the thing into the middle of next week," shouted Jones in a fury,

"I'll --- "

"Stop, stop, wretched man!" cried his wife, grasping his coat-tails. "Don't add murder to your other accomplish-ments; and to think I have tr-tr-trusted.

"Maria," said Mr. Jones, with the calmness of desperation, "unhand me! something familiar about the voice, or the motions, or something; she couldn't tell what. "I believe I've seen him before. Else had dragged it into the hall. "Why, it's our dinner for to-morrow. I forgot all about it, and left it at the butchers, and he has sent it home then! I hope you're satisfied."

"I never saw such a careless man in my life," said his wife, in a relieved voice. "We might have had to go without our

dinner for all of you." Jones says it was the narrowest escape ever he had.

Good EXERCISE. - We clip the follow-ing from the New York Tribune, which may be of interest as well as prove valuable to some of our dyspeptic readers: "Some years since, the wife of a Ten-nesee banker, after trying a variety of remedics for dyspepsia and other ailments, consulted a physician noted for plain, common sense and small doses of physic. He told her if she would split the wood for the family it would cure her. Woodhouses are unknown in Tennesee, or were at that time, and of course the wood-splitting must be done in the openair. The lady procured an ax suited to her hand, and applied herself to the blue spectacles. They brushed the floar task, beginning with a few sticks each day, and increasing the number as she grew stronger. Gradually her silments the pillow that made him look so all disappeared, and her health became exhuberant. When we knew her twentyfive years ago, with a house full of ser erable. And when they came to examine the contents of their stockings they were they do yours ago, with a house full of ser-vants, and practically unlimited wealth at command, she did all the wood-split-ting for the family, and bid fair to make double the half century in age she had already attained. Doubtless, taking her exercise in the open air had quite as much to do with her recovery as the mere muscular labor had."