

FROM BETHLEHEM TO NAZARETH.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. From out the golden doors of dawn...

MORN AT NAZARETH. I think I see him now at morn. Before the burst of sudden day...

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall...

The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotel, for after the Cornish pilgrimage of grace the king's commissioner...

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love story...

always, he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war.

It was Christmas eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish knight there was a commotion among the crowd...

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon.

"Where," said he, waving a newspaper in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers..."

The captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d—d chin scraping rascal! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence?"

"Yes," said Capt. Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes, and shooting was too good for them."

den, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch lade that had a guinea let into the bottom of it.

With an ominous look at the last speaker, Capt. Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he.

"What! my son taken by the press gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "Zounds! I'll not believe it—there must be some mistake."

"I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Capt. Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it."

"Just as St. Ives folk know why they whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily. The captain interposed.

"The mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your sherrant, Cap'n Tren'th."

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all three appeared in their usual places at church on Christmas day.

Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary, but his perseverance was useless.

one night he encountered the press gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival.

In the mean time, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table, but Capt. Trenwith had not arrived.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring safe?"

"What? Dick Hexel hath smelt gunpowder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for old England and beloved St. Ives!"

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, clearing his throat, commenced:

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about 2 o'clock, we came up with Portobello harbor, where the Spaniards had hoisted upon the Iron castle the flag of defiance.

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun."

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Capt. Trenwith; " 'twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, captain," said Peter Hexel; " 'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure."

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend," and the captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand.

"You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away, and nothing more was heard of him."

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas eve.

"'Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Capt. Trenwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the captain and his companions as they hurried to the door, and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him.

"If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tackabird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy!"

This sentiment of the good old captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renowden in the parish church of St. Ives.

If He Could Only Fill It.

Little Mary is a good little girl nearly five years old, but possessed of a poetical genius which runs rather too strongly toward paraphrasing.

It is needless to say that Mary lost the prize, her father pronouncing the poem a parody, and one which showed reckless disregard for the truth on the part of the child.—Chicago Herald.

Christmas Sonnet. Deep shadows fold the dark earth in. A holy silence everywhere...

A False Pretense. "Well, my son," asked Jimmy Tuff-boy's mother, "are you satisfied with your Christmas?"

Too Near the First of the Month. "One thing I've got against Christmas," "What's that?"

Received Some Himself. "Have a cigar, Charley?" "Don't care if I do."

Not Entirely Without Remembrance. First Soldier—Get any Christmas? Second Soldier—Yep; present.

What the Shop Keepers Dread. "It is time for Santa Claus," said the young wife.

A Child's Answer. His father stroked him on the head and asked him who St. Nick could be.

An Awful Possibility. Little Emma—Mover, won't you tingle agin afore next Trismas?

Confidence. Tramp to little Willie, who has opened door—Have yer had yer Christmas yet, little boy?



Customer in restaurant—You may not be for my Christmas dinner, waiter, but out of turkey, to be followed by a mince pie.

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE.



It may seem surprising, but it is less true, that the cutting of evergreen Christmas trees is doing serious damage to the forests in some sections.



Tramp to little Willie, who has opened door—Have yer had yer Christmas yet, little boy? Little Willie—No; we're just getting it now.