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QUIET, natural home story, this, but full of character and interest for those who delight in domestic details of life. A young girl takes charge of a large family in a motherly fashion that wins regard, and the incidents are all pleasing and consistent.

This serial will greatly please home readers, and its influence cannot help but benefit and ennoble the mind and the purer impulses of the heart.

CHAPTER I.

There are conflicts in most hyes real hand-to-hand combats, that have to be fought, not with any fleshly weapons, but with the inner forces of the being-battles wherein the victory is not always to the strong, where the young and the weak and the little ones may be found ablding nearest to the standards.

Such a conflict had come to Alison Merle, breaking up the surface of her smooth outer life, and revealing possible shoals and quicksands, in which many of her brightest hopes might be wrecked.
"It is hard. I do not know that even

if Aunt Di think it right I shall ever have the heart to do it," murmured Alison, talking to herself in her agitation, after the manner of older folk. "I have just rooted myself in this dear place, and the soil suits me. I could not flourish anywhere else; and," finished Alison, with a quaint little smile, "sickly plants are worth nothing."

To any ordinary spectator the interior of that little room would have presented a picture of perfect serenity and absolute comfort. Even the young creature comfortably seated in a chair by the window, with an open letter and a cluster of deep red roses lying among the folds of her white gown, presented no disturb-ing image, though the cheek had lost its wonted fresh color, and the dark, dreamy eyes had a look of doubt that was al-

Two years ago she had been sixteen then, and, oh, how discontented and ill and unhappy she had been. It was not only the loss of her mother, it was her own incapacity for responsibility, her morbid dislike to her surroundings, that had fretted all her fine color away. Change of air would do her good, and then Aunt Diana had come down upon them with the freshness of a moorland

"You must give your eldest girl to me, Ainslie," she had said to Alison's father; she wants care and cherishing more than Miss Leigh has time to give her." And, of course, Aunt Diana had her way.

Instead of the whir of machinery-for her father's sawmills were just behind their house-Alison had now only to listen to the soft flow of the river that glided below the green lawns and shrubberies of Moss-side; instead of waking shrubs and trees to the vast wood piles and masses of unsawn timber, that seem ed endlessly between her and the blue sky, Alisen's eyes had now the finest prospect; one shaded garden seemed to run into another, and when the willows were thinned or bare in winter time, what a view of the river and green meadows on

The moral surroundings were almost as much changed. Instead of Miss Leigh's dry method of instruction, Aunt Diana had placed within her reach many a pleasant short cut to knowledge, had sug gested all sorts of enviable accomplish exits; money was not stinted where Allon's talents could be turned to account.

In this pleasant but bracing atmosphere Alison had thriven and grown. She was still a tall, slim girl, somewhat youthful in look, but with plenty of warm life and energy about her; and though the dark eyes had still their old trick of dreaming, they seemed to dream more happily, and the shadow did not lie so deep in them-not, at least, until the June afternoon, when Alison sat sighing and visibly disturbed with her lap full of It was evident at last that she found her thoughts too painful, for after another half hour's intense brooding she suddenly jumped up from her seat, scattering the flowers where they lay unheed ed on the Indian matting, and walked abruptly to the door. She had dropped her letters, too; but she went back and picked them up, not replacing them in their envelopes, and then she went out into the passage.

A dark oak staircase led into a little square hall, fitted up with bookenses like a library, with a harmonium on one side; a glass door opened into a conservatory through which one passed into the gar-

Alison turned the handle of a door just opposite the staircase, and stood for a ent hesitating on the threshold.

What a pleasant room that was, half studio and half drawing room, full of cross lights, and artistically littered with an odd jumble of medieval and modern furniture—oak chairs and cabinets, bas ketwork longes, tiny ten tables, fit for Liliputian princesses, and hanging cup-boards of quaint old china that gave warm coloring to the whole. Alison's eyes were still fixed on a lady who stood with her

back toward her, painting at an easel. "Well, child, what now?" The voice was nicely modulated, clear and musical, but the manner slightly abrupt.

Alison came forward at once and in sected the picture. "It is very pretty, Aunt Di," she said, forgetting her own worries in a moment. "It is one of your best. I think I see what you mean, but it is all beautiful; that old manoner, is he not? and that poor, tired sheep, that seems to have dropped down by the way, left behind by the flock, is so suggestive of the title, 'Noon-

"That is what I intended. You as an intelligent child, Ailie; both the man and the sheep must be old; it is not for young creatures to rest at noontide; my old pensioner has already borne the bur-den and heat of the day."

"Of course, I see what you mean, "My parable is not hard to read," re plied Miss Carrington, with a smile, but as Alison studied the picture with ind interest and admiration, a pair ewd, kindly eyes were studying the

"Go and put yourself in that easy air opposite, and tell me all about it," e said at last, rousing her by a good-

humored title push. "I must finish this | inspection would have pointed out certain but I can listen to any amount of let- ish pipes; a pair of pistols, splendidly tered woes," with a suggestive glance at | mounted; some silver cups and tankards,

things so?" stammered Alison; then, as and purporting to be certain prizes in though used to obedience, she moved to the half-mile race, the high jump, throwthe chair that was always reserved for ling the cricket ball and other feats of Miss Carrington's visitors, whom she was prowess, performed by some youthful athwont to entertain after a fashion of her lete.

tience," observed Miss Carrington, painting on industriously, as Alison sat with drooping head, looking at her letters, without offering to read them. "I am quite sure those are Rudel's straggling characters; that boy's handwriting is a disgrace to the family; It has put him out of my will forever; fancy one's nephew being such a sorry scribe."

"Rudel does write badly," returned Alion, with a faint little smile, "but I like his letters better than Missie's; there is one from Miss Leigh, too; do you admire her handwriting, Aunt Di?"

"No: it is too thin and angular," re urned Miss Carrington, severely; wants freedom and breadth; it reminds me too much of Miss Leigh herself."

"I do not think we are any of us very fond of her," interrupted Alison. "I know she fidgets father dreadfully, and Roger, too, though he is so good to her."

"Roger is good to everyone but him-if," responded Miss Carrington; "but even he, with all his good nature, has owned to me that Miss Leigh has a very trying manner. You see, Alison, fussy people make poor companions. Miss Leigh has never leisure for anything but Miss her own worries; she is too overweighted for cheerful conversation; if she could forget Popple's misdemeanors, and Missie's pertness, and Rudel's roughness and the servants' fallures for about half an hour at a time, I could quite fancy Miss Leigh a pleasing companion; but now let me hear her letter!

"It is dreadfully long," sighed Alison, as she reluctantly obeyed. It was evident that she wished Miss Carrington to read the letters for herself, but Aunt trying." Diana held a different opinion.

"My dear Alison," it began, "I am afraid that my weekly account will be little more cheering than the last; indeed, I am arriving slowly at the conviction that, unless some change be made in the household arrangements, I shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to re-

"Humph! that looks bad," from Miss Carrington "I have done all I can in representing

to your father the mischief that must result from his injudicious treatment of spoiled, so entirely her own mistress, that to amount of reasoning has any effect due stress on her behavior to myself. but her treatment of Mr. Roger, and the bad example that she sets to Poppie, not to mention the constant bickering that is always going on beween her and Rudel. are quite destroying the harmony of the household. You may imagine, my dear Alison, how trying all this is to a person

of my sensitive temperament. "I always said it was a black day for as when Miss Carrington took you away from The Holms. With all due deference to your aunt's benevolence and good feel ings. I can not help thinking that daughter's place is with her widowed father. Of course, you will talk the matter over with your aunt, and perhaps you may be able to assist me to some so ution of our difficulties.

"PATIENCE LEIGH." "Patience has changed to impatience," sitive people never own to being out of emper, but I should have said myself that there was a spice of ill-temper in

"She never could manage Missie; I always knew that," returned Alison, sorrowfully. "And how old is Mabel, or Missie, as

ou call her?" "Sixteen last birthday, Aunt Diana," "Humph! there is not a more trouble-

"Aunt Di, I have something very serious to say. These letters came two or three days ago, and I have been thinking shout them ever since. I do believe Miss Leigh is right in what she says, and that am shirking my duty."

"Since I got quite well and strong and happy, about a year ago," returned Alison, answering most literally. "I ought to have gone back then, and not have stopped on here quietly, taking the good of everything, and enjoying myself just though I had no duties, and no place getting the upper hand, and making every one uncomfortable. I ought to go

nome to father and Roger." -There was no immediate answer to this, but in another moment Miss Carrington had walked to her slowly, and then, standing beside her, her hand stroked the girl's hair with a mute caressing gesture. "Do not cry about it, Allie, she said presently; but her own voice was not quite so clear as usual. "It is not a thing to be decided in a hurry; we must look at it all around; impulse is never a sure guide. No one is quite their own mistress, even at eighteen, and I am afraid you will have to ask my leave,

unless you prefer running away." "Oh, will you let me go, Aunt Di? with a sudden start of joy, as though the knots that her conscience had tied were suddenly cut through in a most unexpected way.

"My dear, if it be right I will help yo to go," was the expressive but somewhat curt answer to this; but as she spoke, Miss Carrington's hands pressed the girl's head a little heavily.

"Now," she continued, with a visible effort, "we must put all these troublesome things away for the present; there s the dressing bell, and we have only time to get ready for dinner, and you know it is our evening at Fernleigh, and we shall have to be cheerful for Mr. Moore's sake."

CHAPTER II.

An hour and a half later Miss Carrington and her niece were walking quickly down one of the garden paths until they came to a little gate set in the hedge; unlatching it, they passed into a neighbor ing garden, and then turned their faces in the direction of a low white house, with a veranda running all round it, and oses in profusion running over it. As they did so, the notes of a violin, evidently played by a practiced hand, reached them. Miss Carrington's face brightened, and, making a gesture to her companion to move softly, she stepped up to a window and looked through it. The room, if it were a drawing room, was alnost as heterogeneously furnished as her own, but it bore the character of a libookeases; a grand plane and a harmenious occupied some of the space; there was a round table littered with books, and a superfluity of easy chairs in every stage of comfort, arranged more with a

bachelor arrangements some costly Turkwith various inscriptions on them, all en-"Oh. Aunt Di, how do you find out graved with the name of Greville Moore,

An elderly man, with a long white beard and mustache, in a black velvet cont, sat with his back to the light, playing the violin. His face, seen in repose, was clear cut and handsome, in spite of the deep lines that time and perhaps many cares had traced upon it; but his eyes were cast down, as though in deep meditation, an habitual action, for Mr.

Moore had been blind half his life. He was playing from memory an exquisite fugue from Bach. The thin, some what wrinkled hand handled the bow with precision, a delicacy, a masterly knowledge, that seemed surprising in his situation. Apparently he was lost himself in enjoyment of the sweet sounds that he had conjured up in his darkness, for a smile played round his lips as the harmony widened and vibrated, and his foot softly moved as though in unison. In a moment the fugue was ended and the box

"Is that you, Sunny? Little witch why have you stolen a march on the blind man? Of course, you have flows

through the window." "Aunt Diana set me the example," re truned Alison, demurely. "How do you do again, Mr. Moore?"

"Oh, nicely, nicely; time always passer quickly with me in my own special world Have you given your aunt her favorite How does the picture progress Miss Diana? Sunny tells me it is one of

"Would you have me praise my own work?" returned Miss Carrington, bright "I must leave you to Alison's critism. I hope to do something good be fore I die, and if I do not succeed, well, my life will have been happier for the

(To be continued.)

NO NEW MODES FOR KOREANS. They are Likely to Rebel if the Jap-

anese Call For Different Clothes. It is reported that the Japanese propose to force their own style of dress upon the already rebellious Koreans. Such an attempt would probably be followed by a repetition of the serious and in some cases sanguinary results that arose a few years ago out of the Mahel; she is becoming so thoroughly Japanese attempt to force the shaving of the Korean topnot, says the New York Sun.

It seems to be one of the peculiar twists of the Japanese national character that the first yoke they would impose on a subject people should be in the nature of sumptuary laws. Although free themselves to borrow from outside civilization and adapt to their own purposes all that they feel necessary even down to the plug hat of convention, the Japanese insist whenever they have the chance-and history has given them several chances at Koreans that those whom they rule shall follow their domestic customs willy nilly.

Now the Korean hates change for change's sake first, and more botterly will be oppose change when initiated by his implicable enemy from across Tsushima straits. In the matter of his dress the Korean believes that what for unnumbered hundreds of years is good enough for him, even though doctors may explain to him that half the deaths in winter come from the ridiculously inadequate linen lawn dress that he wears. His garb the seal of antiquity and that's all the Korean

wants. The present Korean starched skirt and horsehair hat, shaped in the semblance of a fly-screen to set on a butter dish, are just what the Chinese of the Ming dynasty used to wear about four hundred years ago. The skirt and bagged trousers of the Korean, man and woman alike, are white winter and summer. White is the mourning color all over Mongolian territories, and a strange story is told by the Koreans themselves to account for this mourn-

ing garb. It seems that hundreds of years ago there was an epidemic of poisonings among the royal family. Crown princes. in life. It is all my fault if Missie is royal concubines and heirs of the blood

were dying with unpleasant regularity. Every time there was a death in the royal family all the subjects of the king were forced on pain of death to wear the mourning color for the space of one year. The ancient Koreans grew so weary of paying forced respect to royal ghosts that they became living ghosts themselves by donning the mourning white for good and all.

That is the way this dead land of the Orient became peopled with the white specters that now flit listlessly out of the path of the conquering Japanese, wondering in their dull way when fortune will turn and they will be rid of the little brown pest. The Koreans will probably continue to pay exorbitant taxes to their conquerors, to stand passive while their agrarian and mineral rights are taken from them, and to take with humility what the Japanese design to allow them; but if the men from Japan attempt to trifle with what this spiritless shadow wears on his back or on his head he will suddenly materialize into quivering, militant flesh.

Drugs and the Brain.

Most people believe that drugs affect the brain. Yet this apparently is not so, according to physicians. Drugs no more affect the brain than does insanity-that is, not at all !-except alcohol, which does injure the brain, though not at all on account of its mental efferts, but for the very different reason that alcohol has a chemical affinity for the albumen and fats of the tissues. By this chemical action it slowly alters and damages brain itssue, but this result in no wise differs from similar alterations produced by alcohol in the tissues of the liver and of the kidneys. Tobacco is a powerful poison, and yet no autopsies can show the yeast difference between the brain of a lifelong smoker and that of one who never lit brary. Two of the walls were lined with a cigar. Likewise, the brain of an opium fiend is indistinguishable from any other brain, and so on for the rest. Drugs do affect the mind and will power, but not the brain substance

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In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe. Much Canadian lumber goes to China, largely for rallroad construction,

A decided reduction of tariff rates goes into effect in Denmark, January 1. The total number of salling vessels n the world is double that of steam-

The average number of deaths through rallway accidents in Holland s one a year.

Tattooed portraits of the last six Creuch presidents were found on the skin of a burglar named Bertip arrested in Paris. Two million dollars will be spent in

approvements on the great steel plant of the United States Steel Corporation at Emsley, Ala. A 1,000-horsepower vertical gas en-

gine, said to be the largest of its kind, was recently put into operation at Runcorn, England, driving an electric generator.-Milwaukee Free Press. The proposed American exposition to

be held in London next year has been thoroughly organized and special efforts are being made to secure exhibits from the western part of this country. Although there are only eighteen flags

used in the international code of signals which is used by warships and merchant ships all over the world, they can be made to represent no fewer than 20,000 distinct signals. The Welland canal, which connects

Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, is twentyseven miles long. It was begun in 1824 and completed in 1833. Its original dimensions have been greatly enlarged. and there is now a depth of fourteen

Prof. Frederick Starr, anthropologist at the University of Chicago, has been made an officer of public instruction under the French government, The consul explained that this was one of the highest honors in recognition of his work in Mexico.

The winter of 1658 was a hard one n Europe, 'Charles X. of Sweden rossed on the ice the Little Belt, the strait between Funen and the Peninsula of Jutland, with his whole army-foot, horse, baggage and artillery. The rivers in Italy bore heavy carriages,

According to the accepted authorities here are 3,424 spoken languages in the world to day; or, perhaps, it would be nore accurate to say dialects. Of this number 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African and 1.624 American. By far the greatest number of these beong to savage and semi-savage tribes and nations.

France's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken action against a cinematograph company for in act of unprecedented brutality to a torse. In a series of pictures called 'The Lover's Revenge," a carriage drawn by a horse was seen to rush over the edge of a cliff and be dashed to pieces. The pictures had not been faked. On old blind horse harnessed to a carriage was really driven over he edge of the cliffs near Boulog obtain them.

The work of compiling a great technical dictionary, which was begun under the auspices of the Association of German Engineers, has been abandoned on account of the great cost, which, it was discovered, would be four times greater than originally contemplated. There is great need of just such a dictionary as was proposed in all the arts, sciences and crafts, and the decision of the German engineer will be heard with regret by workers all over the world.

The Journal of the American Medical Association has the following: Modern civilization furnishes no better example than this of the possible victory over pestilence and disease, when the warfare is carried on in the light of modern scientific knowledge. The building of the Panama canal and the sanitary record of the Japanese in their war with Russia are the two great object lessons of recent years, demonstrating that men can neither work nor fight to the best advantage unless protected from infection and preventable

diseases." One of the great railroads to the Pacific coast is perfecting plans for a forest of eucalyptus trees in San Diego county, Calif., from which to obtain a steady supply of crossties. A ranch of 8,000 acres has been purchased for this purpose, and as a start 600 acres will be planted. It is estimated that in eighteen years the company will be able to harvest from six to eight ties to a tree, and keep up the harvest thereafter continually. At present the system uses about 3,000,000 ties annually. In eighteen years the company thinks it will be able to obtain from its forest 7,000,000 annually.

Money circulates in Mexico from pocket to pocket. Almost every Mexican in professional or business life carries on his person anywhere from \$200 to \$800. Even the poor Indian in his blanket can more than likely produce an' deys mo' in de wood lof. Yo' alls a greater sum than the average traveler. It was but a few days ago, according to observers, that one Mexican of the middle class asked another in a casual way if he could change a \$1,000 bill. The other pulled out a wallet from his inside pocket and counted out nearly \$2,000. Time after time this happens, and it is regarded as no uncommon thing for a Mexican of the middle class to carry between 1,000 and 2,000 pesos on his person.

What Dr. Sven Hedin regards as the greatest achievement of his recent explorations in India is the discovery of that continuous mountain chain which, taken as a whole, is the most massive range on the crust of the earth, its av; erage height above sen level being greater than that of the Hamalayas. Its peaks are 4,000 feet to 5,000 feet lower than Everest, but its passes average 3,000 feet higher than the Himalayan passes. The eastern and western parts were known before, but the central and highest part is in Bongba which was previously unexplored. Not a tree or a bush covers it; there are no deep-cut valleys, as in the Hime layas, for rain is senuty.

## FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

Che Magic Christmas Phume

Wee Elsie had been told, some hobgoblin bold. hang her stockings neat And then this verse repeat: Twickledee, brickledee, fee fi fo fum, Stocking, oh, stocking, much bigger be-

On Christmas Eve, therefore, She said these lines thrice o'er. Lo! hardly were they said, When right above her head pair of stockings were That surely seemed, to her A glant to belong-"Good-night to you," she said, And clambered into bed, Quite sure next day would show Them filled from top to toe.

Whoa there! my Jupiter, Gallant as Gray! Quietly, reindeer, a moment here stay " And leaving them his sleigh, Old Santy made his way

Quick down the chimney flue

And through the fireplace, too.

"Dear me, what's this I see! It surely cannot beone but a greedy miss Would hang such things as this!" man swung himself down from the Greek church. While this date we branches, and behold, it was Robert, never changed, the reckoning of it grinning and chuckling.

"I reckoned yo' alls couldn't get dose nuts out de talles' tree, so I done shuck em down fob you."
So their first effort was made easy. That day's labor showed a fine start on

the nut heap, that grew and grew in the corner of the garret.

It was not always so easy. After the meadow trees were stripped they had to hunt in the woods, and often the trees were too high for the Boy to

climb. Other times he and Margy could go up together and they would both dance on the limbs with all their strength, till the nuts came rattling down in a

jolly shower. Sometimes, as the October days grew colder, they would come home with teeth chattering and fingers and noses blue with cold. Then mother would thaw them out and give them hot lemonade.

And the pile of nuts in the corner of the garret grew and grew.

You musn't think that picking up the nuts was all of the work. Not by any sort of means. For every put had a little green house of its own; and although sometimes the four little walls of it fell away at a touch, oftener the nut gatherers had to try force.

Two stones would do the business one to pound on and the other to pound with. Fingers and thumbs got pounded, too, sometimes, and if you want to know if it hurt or not, just try pounding your own finger sometime when it is half frozen

But that was part of the affair, and mother's arnica bottle and salve would stop the ache and dry the tears. Then, too, it was very interesting to unwind

made according to the Gregorian cale ter part of the sixteenth century, and upon which computations of time to nearly all civilized nations have sino rested. American Queen.

Little Johnny's Resolutions. "Next Tuesday'll be New Year's day,"
Said little Johnny Lake. Some reserloctions, mom declares I really ought to make. Mom's promised to stop gossipin', An' so has Sister Sue. guesa I'll resolute a bit. Le's see what shall I do?

"I'll resolute, I guess, to quit A-splittin' kindlin' wood; Then pop'll have to do that work, Like fathers always should. An' then, while I'm a-doin' it, I'll resolute to quit The Sunday school, fer goin' there

"I'd like to resolute some way To git myself a goat; want a buttin' billy ram With whiskers on his throat. An' then I'll resolute, I guess, To best up Tommy Hunt; He's took an' stole my girl frum me The doggone little runt!

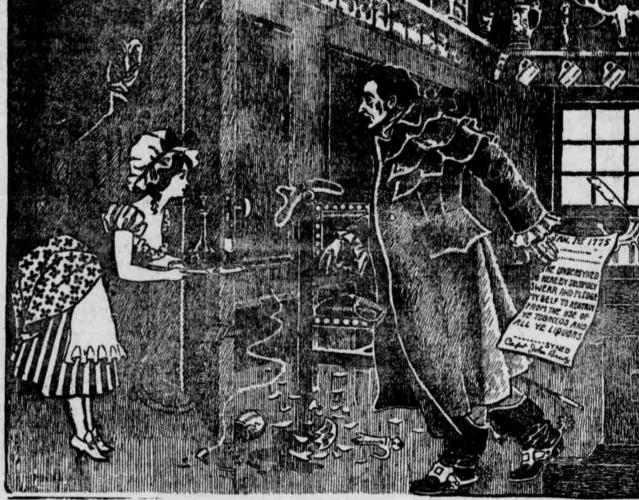
With me don't make no hit.

"I reckon that's enough fer me To resolute fist now; At any rate, I'll make that do It's plenty, anyhow. Le's see I start on New Year's day Well, that ain't very fur. Won't mom be tickled when she finds How well I've minded her?"

Christmas in King Altred's Reign In King Alfred's time, and through the middle ages Christmas be gan on St. Thomas's Day and lasted

-Denver Post.

## DID YOU RING, GOOD SIR!

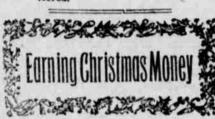


Which shows that even our forefathers had their troubles.-Cincinnati Post

So Santy sadly took The stockings from their book, And in their place he put One meant for smaller foot Nor did he leave behind A gift of any kind.

Next day, at sunrise, a little maid sobbed Bitterly crying that she had been robbed When right before her the goblin ap-

peared-"Greediness robbed you," he said, as leered.



The Boy and Margy thought and thought and thought. Finally they went to Violet Amanda in the kitchen. or they did not want to let father and ther know. It was to be a surprise. six big round silver dollars. This Christmas they had planned to cen the spirit of old St. Nicholas in said. heir hearts, and there were to be gifts, ought with money of their own earn-

How to earn it was the question Violet Amanda had no suggestions to ffer, but Robert, the hired man, had an dea. Now, to look at Robert you'd never believe he could have an idea dowed away under his black skin and coolly topknot; but looks are some

times decelving. "Out in de medder," he said, slowly 28 Violet Amanda poured him a second cup of coffee, "dey's a pow'ful heap sight ob blck'ry nuts on dem big trees, could git money fo' dem nuts of dey wuz gaddered. Dey's jes' ripe fo' fallin' out de shucks."

"Margy!" cried the Boy, "it's just the thing. How much could we get for a bushel of 'em, Robert?" "I heerd somebody say," said

ert, as he wiped his mouth on the back of his sleeve, "dat yo' could git two dollahs fo' dem dis Fall up in de city." "We'll start the minute we've finished breakfast," they cried. Mother's consent to a nutting party

was given without question. Bags and

baskets were provided, and a lunch of

bread and butter, with honey spread between, and off they started for the clump of hickory trees in the sheep pasture. As they crawled through a hole in the garden fence they could hear the trees rustling in a very queer way for

it vigorously. "It's a man!" cried Margy, dismayed "It's a thief!" shouted the Boy. "Come on!" And from far aways he relled: "You thief! Come down out of and that decision seemed to have so

our trees!" But before they reached the mot the

the long, narrow rag and show the wound to father after supper. All through the nutting season neither father nor mother asked one single troublesome question, so that made it there was a Lord of Misrule, elected easy to keep the secret, although both in every important household, at court, Margy and the boy were nigh to bursting with the importance of it.

And the nut pile in the corner of the garret grew and grew. Every time they added to their hoard the whole was carefully measured till at last there were three full bushels, heaped to running over. Uncle Tom was let into the secret, and he came over one day when father and mother were gone and took away the nuts. Two days later he came back looking

very important. "Hullo, children," he said, "come out in the woodship with me a minute. The old black cars out there washing her face."

Out there, behind the chip pile they never looked at the black cat, but Uncle Tom opened his hand and showed them "There's your Christmas money." he

"We'll divide even," said the boy generously, "even if you are the little-est, because you worked just as hard. So

there's three of 'em for each of us."

"What a Christmas we'll have," cried Margy rapturously. "The best ever. It's great fun doing things ourselves."

And so the sweet kindly spirit of good old Saint Nicholas lived again, and grew and grew in th. hearts of Margy and the boy, just as the nut pile had grown in the garret.

No, indeed, the soul of Saint Nicholas is not dead, and will never die so long as there are hearts on earth full of generosity and love.-Portland Oregonian.

There are no definite allusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of his birth, nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period in the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, indicating that the Nativity occurred in the win ter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century of Christendom, and it has been since uniformly celebrated by nearly all the branches of the Christian church with appropriate rejoicings and ceremonies The frequent and somewhat heated controversies, however, relative to the a still day, and pretty soon they espied date of Christ's birth early in the somebody in one of the trees, shaking fourth century led Pope Julius I to order a thorough investigation of the subject by the learned theologians and historians of that period, which resulted in an agreement upon Dec. 25, settled all disputes that that date was universally accepted except by the

until Twelfth Night, and was moreover as much a festival for fathers and mothers as for their children. There was no pantomime, it is true; but at the universities and above all, at the Inns of Court; and it was his business to see that there were no lapses into seriousness during the Christmas holidays. He was a very expensive institution, it seems; for in Edward VI's reign, when it was the business of the authorities to make the poor little boyking forget all the murders that were keeping him on the throne, the Christmas revels were particularly costly and the Lord of Misrule's costume alone

cost £52 8s. 8d.—New York Globe. The Worm Turned. Mrs. Cobwigger-While it's true that women wear men's neckties, you surely couldn't expect me to appear in public in such a monstrosity as this. Where in the world did you ever get such a

Cobwigger-My dear, that's the one

you bought for me last Christmas .-

A Time of Peril. Clarissa-I'm always glad when New Year's day is safely over. Fidelia-Yes; it is saddening anni-

Clarence and I always have a horrid quarrel suggesting improvements in each other's conduct. "Jessie Christmas!"

Clarissa-Oh, I don't mean that

Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-yearold sister Mary: "Merry Christmas!" "Jessie Christmas!" promptly an-

swered the baby. Bradds-Going to make any new res plutions this year, Spikes?

Spikes-New ones? I should say not.

I've got a lot of old ones I've never

