

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Into the silent waiting East... There cometh a shining light... Through a dim grey bar... Closing over a dying star...

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

A Christmas Story.

It was a small room, with nothing in it but a bed, two chairs and a big chest. A few little gowns hung on the wall, and the only picture was the wintry sky, sparkling with stars...

Chrome and Miss Kent. I shall go round every Christmas with a big basket of goodies, and give all the poor children some. "Pr'aps if we sew ever so many flannel shirts we may be rich by it."

stairs again: "They remembered the children, so I'll remember them, and have my share of the fun." So up went the pies, for Mrs. Smith had not much to give, and her spirit was generous, though her pastry was not of the best.

their going, having discovered how the hard-earned quarters had been spent. This was such unhelped bliss that they could hardly believe it, and kept smiling at one another so brightly that people wondered who the happy little girls in shabby cloaks could be who clapped their new mittens so heartily, and laughed till it was better than music to hear them.

FACTS AND FIGURES. -In some parts of France boiled apple pulp is mixed with flour for bread. -The fast trains between Chicago and New York now make an average run of about thirty-five miles per hour.