Chi this is the ta'e of a very bad boy: He had done all he could other folks to annoy. Then what do you think there was found to

The very bad wits of this very had boy?

On the night before Christmas, St. Nick to Two Mockings were hung by the very bad

aid to himself : " Of the sweet Christ-Whe ans joy ible my share, a trick I'll employ; ich for St. Nick-and the fun I'll en-

I'll give him these stockings his time to emhile he's at work," said the very bad

nok from his pack just the handsomest

the fun had a bit of alloy: k got a peep at the very bad boy; Ipped up his steeds, and he cried out: set, my young lad, neither candy nor You

way went St. Nick, and he chuckled left not a thing for the very bad boy. -Harper's Young People.



Our Bachelor's Christmas Dinner.

## THE THREE GRANDMOTHERS.

and you would marry this fellow. Grandma Von Breeks von Starch. r bassooniest (that is the only word think of with which to describe m) tones, "if you could?" "tes, ma'am," replied Gertrude,

ly but firmly.

he idea is simply preposterous!" red Grandmother Huffey's fife-like

reposterous indeed?" responded assoon. "More than preposterous graceful! A mechanic! a common odious. oridag-man! a house-painter!" "He's a fresco-painter," timidly cor-

cted Gertrude. "Which amounts to the same thing,"

"Sched the bassoon. "Michael Angelo—" began Gertrude. "Haven preserve us!" shrilled the file; "she's bringing some Irishman ito, the discussion now. Be silent. gracefully.

We'll not hear another word you. And understand distinctly, and for all, that if that person call there to-morrow, which no doubt instantly, or we will."

the bassoon took up the strain adam of the illustrious General Von this ton Starch, whose unexampled the city of his birth-famous, not only would at a time when you were not reaned of."

s for Great-gran Peeky, she had sat tly peking to and fro in her cushion-rocker, munching her caraway bisfled. And the next day the piano was closed and locked, and the fair performer t that was nothing strange for her.

THE TALE ON VERY BAD BOY. | above her still dark eyebrows, beneath | her cloak, turned the key in her door, light her soft brown eyes, and a pleasant winter bloom lingered on her wrinkled face.

It was from ner Gertrude had received all the picture-books and sugar-plums, almost always bestowed in perfect silence, that had brightened and sweetened her childhood, Grandma Von Breeks von Starch supplying the lessons in deportment, and Grandmother Huffey (let me whisper it) the punishments, usually inflicted with a slipper or the back of a hair-brush. But in spite of the lectures and lessons and other disagreeable things. Gertrude led a tolerably happy life with her three grandmothers until her eighteenth birthday. From that day dated such strict surveillance, so much sarcasm, so many scoldings, that even the hairbrush-and-slipper period seemed by comparison a regrettable one. And all on account of the young man who came to fresco the parlor ceilings. A handsome young man he was, possessing the highly euphonious name of Everdell Tremlett. But neither his good looks nor his romantic name

availed him aught with the two managing grandmothers, who saw in him only one of the working-day race, with which the Huffeys and the Von Breeks von Starches had nothing in common. And therefore, with no more thought about the matter than if John the manservant had been there in his stead, they allowed their grand-daughter to practice her music lessons in the back parlor—the sliding-door being partly open—while he was at work in the front.

And so it happened that Gertrude, rying to play an air from memory, and finding it continually eluded her, was about giving it up in vexation, when some one softly whistled it behind her; and turning quickly on the revolving stool, she saw the young painter, brush in hand, standing in the doorway. "Beg pardon, but that is what you

that of the bas-

vou."

which beamed with a mild, dreamy and took from her bosom a note, which she hastily read:

"My DEARSST" (thus it ran),-"I suppos "My DEAREST" (thus it ran', --"I suppose-in fact, I know-you will have a scene to-night with Her Royal Highness. You Birceks you Starch and her faithful henchwoman the Duchesse de Huffey. I am so soery for you, dear! But don't let them frighten you; and don't be frightened at what I am about to pro-pose. To marrow will be New Year's Day. Consent, I entreat you, to begin the new year with me. I have but a humble home to offer you, but in it waits the biessedest of mothers and the best of grandmothers (who will make your fourth) to we have you. That he wait-ing, when you read this note, with a carriage around the nearest corner. Our alto and tenor will be with me, ready to act as butles. ing, when you read this note, "Our alto and around the nearest corner. Our alto and tenor will be with me, ready to act as brides-maid and groomsman. Your grandmothers would never consent to our marriage, and un-lest you take a decisive step they will marry you, in spite of yourself, to your Dutch fifth gousin. Come. my darling, come. EVERTHELL.

"P. 8.—If you find it impossible to make your escape, why, then I must beard the lions in their den to morrow, and fight a duel with the You Breeks you Starch as soon as he arrives in the country."

Gertrude stood an instant in thought. Then she glanced in the mirror. It reflected a bride-like figure. Dress of some clinging creamy white material. daisy-decked head, a cloud of lace clasped at the throat by a tiny gold cross. She smiled softly, re-read her note, waited impatiently until half an hour had passed, and then unlocked her door, opened it, and listened. All was silent as the grave. Cautiously she ventured out into the entry, groped her way to the stairway, and began to descend the stairs, pausing on every other step to make sure that no one was astir and watching her. At last she reached the street door in safety. It seemed an age to her until she had succeeded in unfastening the heavy chain across itin reality it was just three minutes-

and then she felt for the key. It was gone! Her heart sank within her. "Poor Everdell! ' she said, and sadly prepared to retrace her steps-not daring to 'ry the basement-way, because the servants slept in that part of the house when a faint light appeared above her head, and looking up, she saw great gran, carrying a lighted can-

States Treasury-note. But never did Everdell or his wife hear from or see her again, for very soon after their marriage she passed quictly out of life, and so will remain an enigma to them forever.

And Madame Von Breeks von Starch and Mistress Huffey, having succeeded in marrying the merchant from Bergenop-Zoom to a distant relative of the Von Starch family-sought out and dowered for that purpose-departed with the bridal pair for that once-renowned military town, and "the land of the free and the home of the brave" knew them no more.-Margaret Eylinge, in Harper's Weckly.

## Christmas Keeping.

the thought that when we are celebrating our Christmas festivals the wave of reverence and joy that has reached us, sweeping round the world from east to west, comes bringing with it the chant of Roman masses, the carol of English villagers, the less worshipful songs of the students in the Quartier Latin, the chimes from the steeples of ten thou-sand churches, and the happy laughter of children from the beginning of the boundaries of Christendom.

How charming is that ancient and tender custom of the Calabrian peasants, who in the days just before Christmas go down from their moun-tains to visit the shrines of the mother of Christ, and cheer her with their wild strains of song till such time as the holy Babe is born! Surely the winds of Christmas morning might bring us, if not the echo of that music itself, yet some whisper of its spirit-a something sweeter spirit it may be than that of all

toe boughs and before the blaze of Yule-logs.

wanted, is it not?" he asked, as he die in her hand, coming down the stairs bot of Unreason held sway with their ceased whistling, in a voice as deen as des carefully as she had come down them followers till Little Christmas, or

lay a crisp thousand dollar United we are following in old British custom of the Draids, who hung the green up that plac within doors when the frost came, in due as th order that the sylvan sprites might still tind a home in the wintry weather under the forest bough, and bring a bless

ing to the house that gave it to them. Although in Latin countries the day and its preceding night are celebrated with countless bells and masses and candles, and with midnight banquets to sustain the fatigues of the celebration, yet the children there have no such luck in school holidays proper to the season as children do with us, their of that p longest holiday ending the day but one sorrow an so happy. after the festival, while our little lads and lassies look forward to Twelfth-Night as the winding up of their joys. dark ange Nor are our children confined to any

one form of the Christmas genius. As every nationality is represented with us, so every form of Christmas sprite and guardian is happily welcomed, from the Santa Claus who came over with the Knickerbockers, his pack full of toys and sweetmeats, to the Petit Noel of French settlements, who goes about dropping silver pieces into the children's two shoes at the foot of their little beds: and all up and down the land the flowers of summer are replaced by the flowers that bloom in the tiny flames upon the boughs of the Christman tree, which, if it was originally exotic, has now established its growth, and if it

has not become almost a native of the soil, has certainly taken out naturalization papers, and become a citizen of our homes if not our forests.

We may console ourselves for the neglect that the great festival has met with in these regions of ours by remembering that Christmas was not celebrated at all till nearly half-way into the second century of the Christian era, and even then it was an exceedingly movable feast, often confounded with another. that of the Epiphany, and sometimes only honored so late as the month of May. Nor did it become firmly fixed till two or three hundred years after

that, when, by the best authorities of the

old Roman archives of that early time

accorded any portion of and power which is their others and co-educators of ce. -- Harper's Bazar. the human

women

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Home

e for the Holidays. adors wait our coming.

nost sits from ghost apart, go to Heaven's thank-giving, cathering of the heart. e a happy Christmas? No. suppose it was all wrongy-but we spentevery hour ant festival time in bitter epining; we; who had been id expected that on our st, would never be placed own of sorrow;" that the zrael would never darken me! 4

our happ He had tten to us-our darlingd be home for the holidays, a little ill-spelled letter war, boyish hand had hurwhich his



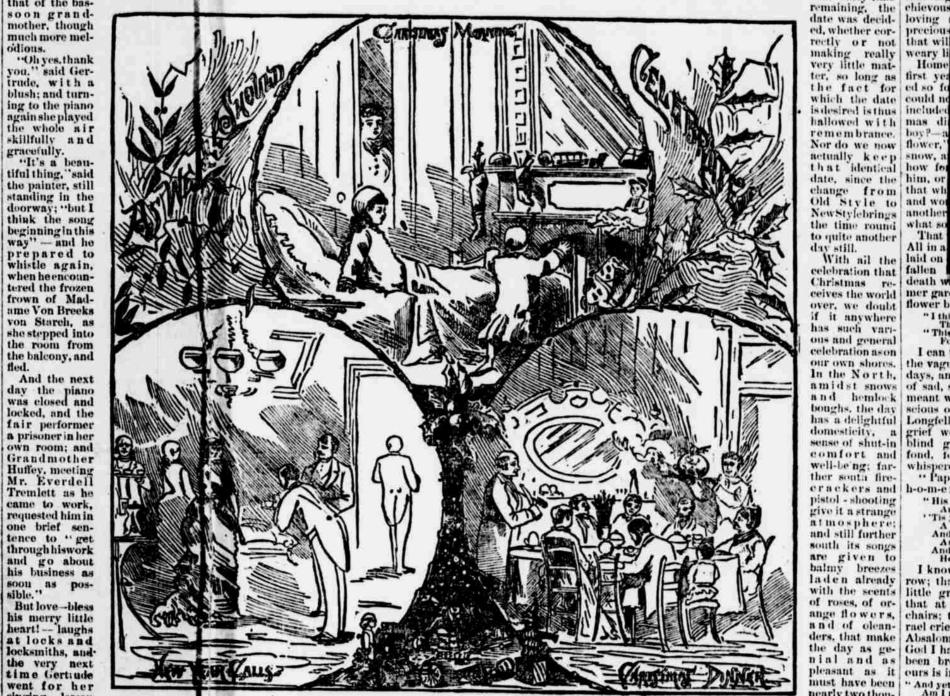
done sprend Santa C hissof dis fur a fa

> h and even and I--and -his mother aw at the ver it, and Tear glitter something like a there d and crumpled parts stle-he was always whistthen he was in our armsbonnie, blue-eyed boy with fcarless look; the same mis-mple in his chin; the same ile that seemed the most we-light in the world to us, sever die or be lost in this

t the holdays! It was his d school, and he had plead-this home-coming, that we efuse, and all our plans had am—for what would a Christ-ir have been without our we had his sled, "The Mayut, for there was a flurry of ut, for there was a flurry of twe tried not to let him see and foolish we were about a we followed the sound of ting volce through the house a let if there ever was such car boy, and planned out just of a man he would be! a one week before Christmas, coment a hand cold as ice was c hearts—the show that had its white chilliness brought is a ign it fell into our sum-

That

I can tell you nothing about it except our own shores. the vague sense of nights that were as In the North, days, and of days that were as nights; our own shores. a midst snows of sad, solacing words from people who and hemlock meant well, but who were all unconboughs, the day has a delightful domesticity, a grief we are dumb?" There was a sense of shut-in blind groping of the little arms-a comfort and fond, feverish caress, and the last well-being; farwhispered words: " Pap-a, m-a-m-ma, I am go-ing ther sonth firecrackers and h-o-m-e for the holi-days," and then: o-m-e for the holt-days, and then: "His Lord looked down on the flower And His heart weat out to its need. "Tis just the plant for my garden, A plant of celestial seed." And into the gates that were golden, And o'er the fateless plain. And c ose by the wonderful river of life. He planted the flower again." pistol - shooting give it a strange at mosphere: and still further



the revelry which goes on under mistle-

Many of our ancestors were frightened by the influences that ruled the revelries of their and their fathers' days, when the Lord of Misrule and the Ab-

.... There is something very pleasant in

scarcely ever spoke save in monosyles, and never even in them when dame Von Breeks von Starch and tress Huffey were laying down the (a favorite occupation of theirs, by--by), to servants, trades-people, or ind-daughter Gertrude. And the last g that could have occurred to either amiable law-makers would have the idea of appealing to the old for an opinion on any subject devot. It sufficed them that she atevet. It sufficed them that she id without grumbling the greater part the expenses of the household out of the prome which was to cease at her

and yet allowed them to manage mings pertaining to it in their own

rtrude-so named by Madame Von eks von Starch in honor of the pa-saint of Bergen-op-Zoom-had lost her parents in her infancy, and her her having been reduced to poverty the time before he died by various calemany vices, she had been left ly dependent upon her three grand-

other of Great-gran Peeky was the other of Grandmother Hufley, who in a was the mother of Gertrude's ther, while Grandma Von Breeks a Starch held the same close relationto her father.

e bassoon grandmother was at the d of the American branch of her



cking, ant Pil-; Pil

ly (she had been a Von Breeks von ch herself, and had married a cousin e same name)—a family of great ress and many bags of gold in their rland some century and a half She was tall, stout and solid, with and face, big black eyes, abundant a terray hair, and a carriage that im-edimely suggested to the beholder the syllable of her aristocratic name.

be file grandmother, five years her for, was directly her opposite, being or, alim and limber, with a sharp-face, extremely thin, fair hair and d blue eyes.

pat-gran Locky, notwithstanding eighty-three years, was by far the looking of the three (though she look, I must contess, when munch-her caraway biscuits, somewhat very nice meditative old rabbit).

the very next into the very next into the very next for her sample lesson
to the Conservatory (to and row into the very next int

lowe-making way, before a most fair-ionable audience, by the young man who frescoed their parlors. In a moment the whole truth flashed upon their indis, and how they sat est their fudignation, they never know their fudignation, they never know their fudignation, they never know to an end, and the omincus silence with which they received the pretty culps prepared her for the storm (the after claps of which I have recorded at this beginning of my story) that burst upon her head as soon as they reached hom? When it was over Gertrude was allowed to seek her proves Hore she throw of

Twelfth-Night, came-such sway, in- on the plains of Palestine. In whatdeed, that they grew to deserve and ever manner it is kept, Christmas is

generations were the first, with the general decline of a too severe asceticism, tobbring about an almost universal observance of a holiday which certainly deserves honor so long as we pre-tend to call outgelves a Christian peo-

wear the name of the Captains of Mis-chief; those revelries where the great Yule-log was kindled, a log so huge feel that women should hold in especial regard the day that did more to take them out of dishonor and establish them in honor than any other single day that ever dawned over the earth. When one sees the difference between the savage woman and her captor, between the Greek woman, even, and her cultured lord, between any slave and her master, and sees, on the other hand. the pretty nearly perfect equality now given by man to woman, if not politically, yet at any rate materially and in personal consideration, one realizes that the forces which came into play on the first Christmas-day of all were forces which lifted her from a low estate to a throne.

It becomes her, then, to burn the fire upon her learth in its honor, as if it were an altar flame fed with spices and fanned by the breath of prayer, to hang the ground-pine upon her door, that all who enter it may enter in the name of the day, and the holly-stems and laurel in her window, that all who pass shall know the spirit that reigns within, and to cast her wreaths upon the mounds in the church-yards in the name of Him who has risen from the dead, and that none of all the household who may have gone into the shad-ows beyond shall fail to have their share in its remembrances. It becomes them to spend thought and care and money on their gifts and on their tables, and to see that their poor also are not forgotten, and to teach their chilgather as TY-

dren to sing carols no mere music, or as par making, but as express ognition of all that means, which, having even in | er into the reverence we have shiping world, raise

of the mothers. For only in crept among those people

balmy breezes I know we were not alone in our sop laden already row; that the first show tell- on- other little graves that cover precious dust; with the scents of roses, of orthat at other tables there are vacant chairs; that ever since the King of Isange flowers, and of oleanrael cried in his bitter anguish: "Oh. ders, that make Absalom, my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee!" hearts have the day as gebeen broken and homes desolated, as nial and ours is in these sad holidays. pleasant as it must have been

nearly two thousand years ago

And yet, dear heart! remembering theo, Am I not richer than of old?
 Sale in thy immortality, What change can reach the wealth I hold g What change can mar the peace and gold Thy love bath left in trust with me?

I can not feel that thou art far, Since near at meeds the angels are, And when the sunset gates unbar, Shall not see theo waiting stand, And white against the evening star The welcome of thy beckning hand?" -Detroit Free Press.

"I wish you a happy New Year!" said Pingrey. "Oh, that's easy enough to say," replied Fenderson; "but what will you do towards making my New



Great Anticipations.

Year a happy one!" "Anything I can." said Pingrey. "Do you mean it?" cried Fenderson, dramatically. "Do you mean it?" "Well, well, good-bye, farewell." "What's the matter with asked the mystified Pingrey. you?" Why, you are going away forever, aren't you? You said you would do anything you could to make me happy. Farewell, old by farewell." And Fenderson wall a farewell." And Fenderson wall by farewell by around the corner, while by the bingrey stood as if, space of script.