

HE KNEW HER.



Woman—That rocking chair you sold me is a fraud. Second-hand Dealer—How's dot. "The rockers are not even, and, as you rock, it keeps moving sideways all over the room."

Signs in Japan.

The people of Japan have a mania for English signs and they flood the rooms at hotels with English cards. They have no inspirative mood, and they generally express an idea negatively which we express positively.

"On the dining time nobody shall enter the dining and drawing room without the guests allow." One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads: "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package."

The Champion Glutton.

"Quite a gourmet, isn't he?" "Gourmet? Why, he's a regular glutton."

ONLY SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.



Hungry Harry—I'm down on dis travelin' business, an' dat's right. Wandering Watson—Why, wot's de matter wid yer?

Wanted Help.

A stalwart Life Guardsman in London strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant boot-black, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block.

A Tribute to the Departed.

"Yes, she's a great talker." "Talked her husband bald, hasn't she?"

The Quail.

She—You're just beautiful. He—You're more so. She—You're a regular stiek. He—You're as cross as two.

Beating an Elopement.

"Yes, I have had my little romance," sighed the drummer as the talk turned on love. "If things had gone right with me I should have married the nicest girl in the world years ago."

Parental Pride.

"They tell me that your boy Josh is getting very handsome," said the neighbor. "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "Josh is getting' right busy."

THE OBJECT.



"That's a beautiful stained glass window." "Yes; it was given by Mrs. de Rich e. 'nose pew is just below. She wanted somethin' to suit her complexion."

Why He Succumbed.

Not long ago, in Perthshire, a woman was driving her husband down a narrow lane, when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's cart.

Making Preparations.

"I want to get a turkey and a bottle of paregoric, and some mince-meat, and some popain pills, and some cranberries, and some furniture polish, and a quart of oysters, and a package of court-plaster, and some sweet potatoes and a fire insurance policy."

Ed Whitney and the Cotton Gin.

"I see they are going to put up a tablet to the memory of Ed Whitney down south somewheres."

The Difference.

"What is the nature of this new fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?"

And He Was Comforted.

"But tell me," he persisted, "is there nothing I may hope for?"

PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the merry morning, When the red burns through the gray. And the wintry world lies waiting For the glory of the day.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing Rows of little socks to fill? Are they angels floating hither With their message of good will?

Well we know them, never weary Of this innocent surprise; Waiting, watching, listening always, While our little household angels, White and golden in the sun,

His Revenge

A Christmas Story

It was Christmas Eve that year when John Maxwell went away to make his mark in this world. Alice Tower was just eighteen. They had been lovers for a few years and were now engaged.

Sitting under the old apple tree one warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure. When John had bidden her good-by the thought of his return had been the sustaining power in the moment of his departure.

But a brighter red stole into the rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the apple trees were not responsible was thrown beside hers.

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice, "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life."

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence, Alice," he continued throwing himself on the ground beside her.

"John, John! Forgive me," she pleaded, clinging with both hands to his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. "I loved you then. Believe me, I loved you then."

Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unseen listener, who had at that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it mean?

He heard not the man's answering words, saw only his last, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms and covered her face with kisses which seemed half hatred and half love, then released her and went out into the night.

The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand, and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child. He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life.

"You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. You left me two years ago. If you had loved me you would not have done so."

reason for fixing the time so far ahead. Poor John Maxwell! Maybe she thought of him.

In all these weeks she had told him nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know. It was better that he should not.

"Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding dress before the wedding day. It was all nonsense, Alice thought, as later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its white silken robes.

"Come in," she called to the knock at her door. The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! law, Miss, how beautiful you do look. The gentleman is downstairs and wants to see you immediately, Miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict, and say that he, too, thought her beautiful.

With a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet in her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, then looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admiration gathering there—looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed a stranger—some one whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not come—looked from her own paling face, from the dying spots of scarlet in her cheek, to the silken train which swept the floor in its purity, and the orange flowers she had fastened in her breast. Yes, she knew him now. It was John, come home to claim her for his very own. His voice was very hoarse when he spoke.

"I came for my bride," he said. "Is she here? Is this dress for me?"

"Have pity," she wailed, in answer. "Two years were such a long while. For six months I had not heard. I thought you were dead, or had forgotten me—"

"Men do not forget," he answered. "We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness to me? I almost welcomed them, far ever behind there sit the thoughts that all were for you, for the day which was slowly, slowly creeping on, when I might stand before you and say: 'Alice, I have proved my love with a price. You may accept it, darling, without fear. It has been purified through fire. And when, six months ago, my crowning success came, I started in search of you; but the long hardships had done their work. For months I was at Death's door, unable to write, or to let others write. Then, when I grew stronger, I said: 'I will wait until I can go to her.' You were sheltered, cared for, happy—aye, I was so mad as to think praying for me—I even thanked God that your prayers had restored my life and reason. I am as the man who toiled all his life in search of a glittering diamond, and when at length he picked it up triumphant, he discovered it to be a piece of shining glass."

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Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he had prepared for his bride, sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief; but for an instant, as they parted, their hands met in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness—one had renounced it. So the wedding day was not postponed, but Alice's fingers trembled as she again fastened her wedding dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she bent to fasten the orange blossoms in her breast on Christmas Eve.

She knew that Dent had taken her back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happened she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child. "He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreaked on us such a revenge."

CHARLES DICKENS' "CAROL."

Tremendous Work Done by the Author in Less Than Two Months.

Pre-eminent among Christmas books may be placed the "Christmas Carol" of Charles Dickens, which has always ranked among the most popular of his works. Rarely has a book which made so great an effect and took so high a place in public favor been produced under circumstances of such high pressure and in so short a space of time.

Writing to Professor Felton after the book was published, he said: "Over which 'Christmas Carol' Charles Dickens wept and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereon he walked about the black streets of London fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed."

The Christmas Pudding.

Provident housewives are now preparing their Christmas plum pudding. Plum pudding is much improved by standing several weeks before it is used. An excellent recipe for Christmas pudding consists of three-fourths of a pound of suet chopped very fine. Mix with it while chopping a tablespoonful of flour; three-fourths of a pound of raisins, seeded; three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of fresh bread crumbs, the grated zest of one lemon, one-fourth of a pound of candied orange peel and citrus rind, one-half cup of brandy, one-half cup of stout, one-half cup of apple brandy, one-half cup of brandy, one-half cup of stout, one-half cup of apple brandy, one-half cup of stout, one-half cup of apple brandy.

The Christmas Traveler.

When Christmas day dawns many a traveler will be unfortunate enough to find himself far from home with no prospect of getting there for the celebration of the greatest holiday of all the year. To many of these this necessary absence is a bitter misfortune, but there are others who have not the good fortune to deem it such a misfortune. They are perhaps no settled home or no relatives of the special friends with whom they yearn to be on the festive day. But these people are comparatively few in numbers.

Time's New Leaf.

A new leaf is about to be turned in the Book of Time, and each one of us is almost a page nearer to the Final which concludes life's history. The well-thumbed pages of the past—here illuminated with the dramatic pictures of hope, here dotted with the tears of sorrow—are turned down forever. Their contents are beyond revival. The items have been transferred to the records of eternity, and what is written there is written—there can be no erasures. But the white leaves of Futurity are before us—a new page is immediately under our hand.