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**Yuletide Rhymes and Jingles**

Johnnie Has a Head For Business. "Johnnie, what do you want me to buy you for Christmas?" "How much money have you got?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unpoetic. "Christmas is in the air," said Mrs. Fosdick, looking out of the window. "Oh, that's mostly soot you see," her husband explained.—Detroit Free Press.

His One Request. Mamma—Now, what would you like best for a Christmas present? Willie—Oh, I'd like to see the school-house burn down! May 17—Philadelphia Press.

Undoubtedly. "I wish you a happy and prosperous new year," said the sourette. "Thank you," replied the contortionist, "I am reasonably sure of making both ends meet."

Sudden and Surprising. "What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?" "Oh, George, this is so sudden?" "Wh—what do you mean?" "Why, of course, I want you!"

Not Through Yet. "What kind of a Christmas did you pass?" asked the friend. "The same as usual," answered Mr. Bilgins sourly. "Twenty minutes of turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of pepsin."—Washington Star.

One Who Knew. Mr. Oompah (Christmas eve)—Maria, I have forgotten where I put Ben's present. Mrs. Oompah (calling out)—Benny, come and tell your father where he hid that drum he's going to give you.—Chicago Tribune.

A Matter of Principle. "Is you all going to hang up any mistletoe dis Christmas?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Deed I isn't," answered Mrs. Miami Brown. "Ize got a little too much pride to advertise fo de ordinary curtesies dat a lady has a right to expect."

Couldn't Give Herself Away. Charley Easyman—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that? Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.

Christmas Casserole. There is a Christmas tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to bankruptcy. A young man will "hang up" more than his stocking if he buys his best girl a present. The tall man will be short after Christmas. A man is thankful for small favors; but No. 12 slippers do not come under that head. It will not be necessary to tell the neighbors that you gave your son a drum.—Truth.

That Bad Teddy Brown. The wurstest boy I ever see Is jes' that Teddy Brown; He's jes' as bad as he can be, For one day he came down To visit me awhile an' play 'An' said our pas an' mas 'Jos' give us things on Christmas day, An' th' ain't no Santy Claus.

I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown; I'd like to wail an' not, But he says Santy can't come down A chimbley like we got, An' he says how would his sleigh go Last Christmas time, because There wasn't then a speck of snow? So th' ain't no Santy Claus.

He's jes' the wurstest boy I guess That ever was, an' I Hain't go'n' to play with him, but jes' Go on an' pass him by. So'd you ef you could hear him say That jes' our pas an' mas Will give us things on Christmas day, An' th' ain't no Santy Claus. —Margaret Vincent in Womankind.

Modern Santa Claus.



'Twas the night before Christmas; In each little house, The children were waiting As still as a mouse To hear the puff puff And the pish, chuff and squeal Of good old St. Nicholas' Automobile! —New York Herald.

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**ALL FOR LOVE.**

(Continued from page 3.)

ing up. "You are very kind; but it is not in your power to do so," said the prisoner, quietly. "My mother is probably in Yetholm with her tribe. You don't need to be told, now, I am a gipsy; my interesting family history was pretty generally made known at my trial." Again he laughed that short, sarcastic laugh so sad to hear.

"My dear fellow, I think none the worse of you for that. Gipsy or Saxon, I cannot forget you once saved my life, and that you have for years been my best friend." "Well, it is pleasant to know that there is one in the world who cares for me; and if I do die like a dog among my fellow-convicts, my last hour will be cheered by the thought," said the young man. "If ever you see my mother, tell her I was grateful for all she did for me; you need not tell her I was innocent, for she will know that. There is another thing," he paused, and his dark face flushed, and then grew paler than before.

"Germaine, if there is any message I can carry for you, you have only to command me," said the young lord. "No. It is as well she should not know it—better, perhaps," muttered the prisoner. "I thank you for your kindness, Villiers; but it will not be necessary."

"And your mother, how am I to know her?" "Oh, I forgot! Well, she's called the gipsy Keturah, and is queen of her tribe. It is something to be a queen's son—is it not?" he said. "Keturah, did you say?" repeated Lord Villiers. "Yes. What has surprised you now?" "Why, the simple fact that I saw her three hours ago."

"Saw her? Where?" "At my father's house. She came to see him."

Germaine sprang up, and while his eyes fiercely flashed, he exclaimed: "Come to see Lord De Courcy? Villiers, you do not mean to say that my mother came to beg for my life?"

"My dear fellow, I really do not know. All I do know is, that half an hour after, my father returned among the guests, looking much as if he had seen a ghost. I never saw him with so starved a look before. Whether your mother had anything to do with it or not, I really cannot say."

"If I thought she could stoop to sue for me," exclaimed the youth, "but no, my mother was too proud to do it. My poor, poor mother! How was she looking, Villiers?" "Very haggard, very thin, very wretched, in a word—though that was to be expected!"

"Poor mother!" murmured the youth, with quivering lips. "My dear fellow," said Lord Villiers, "your mother shall never want while I live."

The prisoner wrung his hand in silence. "If you like, I will try to discover her, and send her to you before you—"

His voice choked, and he stopped. "My dear Villiers, you have, indeed, proven yourself my friend," said the convict, "if you could see her and send her to me before I leave England, you would be conferring the greatest favor on me. There are things of which I wish to speak to her, which I cannot reveal to any one else—not even to you."

"Then I will instantly go in search of her," said Lord Villiers, rising. "My dear Germaine, goodbye."

"Farewell, Ernest. God bless you!" And so they parted. Did either dream how strangely they were destined to meet again? With his face shaded by his hand, the prisoner sat, when a noise as of persons in altercation met his ears. He raised his head to listen, and recognized the gruff voice of his jailer; then the sharp voice of a woman; and lastly, the calm, clear tones of Lord Ernest Villiers. His words seemed to decide the matter; for the heavy door swung back, the tall form of gipsy Keturah passed into the cell.

"I will have revenge," she added, while her fierce eyes blazed, and her long, bony hand clenched—"yes, fearful revenge!" "Mother! mother! Do not talk so! Be calm!" "Calm! With these flames, like eternal fires, raging in my heart and brain?" "Mother, you are going mad! Unless you are calm we must part."

"Oh yes! I will part to-morrow. You will go over the boundless sea with all the thieves, and murders, and scum of London, and I—I will live for revenge. By-and-by you will kill yourself, and I will be hung for his murder."

"Poor mother!" said the youth sadly. "Try and bear up for my sake. Did you see Lord De Courcy to-night?" "I did. May Heaven's heaviest curses light on him!" exclaimed the woman, passionately. "Oh! I think that he should hold my son's life in his hand, while I am here powerless to avert the blow! May God's vengeance light on him, here and hereafter!"

"Mother, did you stoop to sue for pardon for me to-night?" said the young man, while his brow contracted with a dark frown.

"Oh, I did! I did! I groveled at his feet. I cried, I shrieked, I adjured him to pardon you—and he refused! I kissed the dust at his feet, and he replied by a cold refusal. But woe to thee, Earl De Courcy!" she cried, bounding to her feet. "Woe to thee, and all thy house! for it were safer to tamper with the lightning's chain than with the aroused Keturah!"

"Mother, nothing is gained by working yours up to such a pitch of passion; you only beat the air with your breath. I am calm."

"Yes, calm as a volcano on the verge of eruption," she said, looking in his gleaming eyes and icy smile. "And I am submissive, forbearing and forgiving."

"Yes, submissive as a crouching lion—forgiving as a tiger robbed of its young—fearless as a serpent preparing to spring."

He had averted her—even her, that raving maniac—into calm, the cold, steepled glitter of his dark eyes; by the quiet, chilling smile on his lip.

"We understand each other, I think," he said quietly. "You perceive, mother, how utterly idle these mad threats and curses of yours are. They will effect nothing but to have you imprisoned as a dangerous lunatic; and it is necessary you should be free to fulfill my last request."

Another mood had come over the dark, fierce woman, while she spoke. The demonic look of passion that had hitherto convulsed her face gave way to one of despairing sorrow, and stretching out her arms, she passionately cried: "O my son! my only one! the darling of my old age! my sole earthly pride and hope! O Reginald! would to God we had both died ere we had lived to see this day!"

"My poor mother—my poor mother!" said the youth, with tears in his black eyes, "do not give way to this wild grief. Who knows what the future may bring forth?"

She made no reply; but sat with both arms clasped round her knees—her dry, burning, tearless eyes glaring before her on vacancy.

"Do not despair, mother; we may yet meet again. Who knows?" he said, musingly, after a pause.

She turned her red, inflamed eyeballs on him in voiceless inquiry. "There are such things as breaking chains and escaping, mother. And I, if it be in the power of man, I shall escape—I shall return, and then—"

He paused, but his eyes finished the sentence. "You may come, but I will never live to see you," said the gipsy, in a voice so deep, hollow, and unnatural that it seemed issuing from a tomb.

"You will—you must, mother. I have a sacred trust to leave you, for which you must live," he said. "A trust, my son!"

"Yes. One that will demand all your care for many years. You will hear my story, mother. I would not trust any living being but you."

far-seeing British Government dreams what an incalculable treasure they possess in the person of Germaine, the convicted burglar!"

His bitter, jeering tone was terrible to hear; but the dark, burning glare of his fierce eyes was more terrible still. Oh, it was a dreadful fate to look forward to—a chained, manacled convict for life—and so unjustly condemned!

With his fierce, gipsy blood, is it any wonder that every noble and generous feeling in his breast should turn to gall?

The dusky form crouching in the corner moved not, spoke not; but the inflamed eyes glared in the darkness like two red-hot coals.

"Well, mother, I was boasting of my cleverness when I interrupted myself—was I not?" he said, after a pause, during which he had been pacing, like a caged lion, up and down. "It is an exciting subject, you perceive, and if I get a little incoherent at times you must only pass it over, and wait until I come to the point. That brief expose of my standing in the school was necessary, after all, as it will help to show the sort of estimation I was held in. When the vacations came, numberless were the invitations I received to accompany my fellow-students home. Having no home of my own to go to, I need hardly say those invitations were invariably accepted. How the good people who so lavishly bestowed their hospitality upon me feel now is a question not very hard to answer. I fancy I can see the looks of horror, amazement, and outraged dignity that will fill some of those aristocratic mansions when they learn that the dashing son and heir of the exiled Count Germaine, on whom they have condescended to smile so benignly, is no other than the convicted gipsy thief."

He laughed, but the grim, shadowy face in the corner was immovable as a figure in stone. "Among the friends I made at Eton," he went on, "there was one—a fine, princely-hearted fellow about my own age—called Lord Evelyn. He was my 'fang' for a time, and, owing to a similarity of tastes and dispositions, we were soon inseparable friends. Wherever one was, there the other was sure to be, until we were nicknamed 'Damon and Pythias,' by the rest. Of course, the first vacation after his coming, I received a pressing invitation to accompany him home; and, without requiring much coaxing, I went."

The young man paused, and a dark, earnest shadow passed over his fine face. When he again resumed, his voice was low and less bitter.

"I met my fate there, mother—the star of my destiny, that rose, for a few brief, fleeting moments, and then set forever for me. I was a hot-blooded, hot-headed, hot-hearted boy of nineteen, who followed the impulse of his own headstrong passions wherever they chose to lead, without ever stopping to think. At Evelyn Hall I met the cousin of my friend—one of the most perfectly beautiful creatures it has ever been my lot to see. Only fourteen years of age, she was so well grown, and so superbly proportioned, as to be, in looks, already a woman, and a woman's heart she already possessed. Her name, mother, it is not necessary to tell now. Suffice it to say, that name was one of the proudest of England's proud sons, and her family one of the highest and noblest in the land. She was at Evelyn Hall, spending her vacation, too, and daily we were thrown together. I had never loved before—never felt even those first moonlight-on-water affairs that most young men rave about. My nature is not one of those that love lightly; but it was as resistless, as impetuous, as fierce and consuming as a volcano's fire, when it came. Mother, I did not love that beautiful child-woman. Love! Pshaw! that is a cold word to express what I felt—every moonstruck youth prates about his love. No; I adored, I worshipped, I idolized her, the remembrance of who I was, of who she was—all were as walls of smoke before the impetuosity of that first-consuming passion. The Everlys never dreamed—never, in the remotest degree, fancied—the son of an exiled count, could dare to lift my eyes to one whom a prince of the blood-royal might have wed without stooping. They had confidence in her, the proud daughter of a proud race, to think she would spurn me from her in contempt, did I dare to breathe my wild passion. But how little, in their cool, clear-headed calculations, did they dream that social position and worldly considerations were as a cobweb barrier before the impetuosity of first love!"

"And so secure in the difference between us in rank, the Everlys permitted their beautiful niece to ride, walk, dance, and drive with the gay, agreeable son of the exiled Count Germaine. Oh! those long, breezy, morning rides, over the sloping hills and wide lawns that environed the home of the Everlys! I can see her now, as, side by side, we rode homeward—her cheek flushed with health and happiness; her brilliant eyes, more glistening to me than all the stars in heaven; her bright, black hair flashing back the radiant sunlight! Oh! those enchanting evenings, when, enfolded by my arm, we kept time together to the delicious music of the voluptuous waltz. Then it was, there it was, that the gipsy youth wooed and won the high-born daughter of a princely race."

"For, mother, even as I loved her she loved me. No, not as I loved her—it was not in her nature to do that, but with all the passionate ardor of a first, strong passion. I had long known I was not indifferent to her; but when, one night, as I stood bending over her as she sat at the piano, and heard her stately lady's quaint whisper to a friend that, in a few years, her 'lovely and accomplished niece' would become the bride of Lord Ernest Villiers, only son of Earl De Courcy, all that had hitherto restrained me from telling that love was forgotten. I saw her start, and turn pale as she, too, heard and caught the quick, anxious glance she cast at me. All I felt at that moment must have been revealed in my land. I wonder if our kind fatherly-

CHAPTER VI.

"Eight years ago, mother," began the prisoner, "I first entered Eton. Through your kindness, I was provided with money enough to enable me to mix on terms of equality in all things with the highest of my high-born students. No one dreamed I was a gipsy, they would as soon have thought of considering themselves one as me. I adopted the name of Reginald Germaine, and represented myself as the son of an exiled French count; and being by Nature gifted with a tolerable share of good looks, and any amount of cool assurance, I soon worked my way up above most of my titled competitors, and became ringleader and favorite with students and professors. In fencing, shooting, riding, boxing, rowing, I was as much at home as reading Virgil or translating Greek. If it is any consolation to you, mother, to know what an exceedingly talented son you have," he said, with a bitter smile, "all this will be very consoling to you—more especially as Latin, and Greek, and all the rest of my manifold accomplishments will be extremely necessary to me among my fellow-carriers in Van Dieman's land. I wonder if our kind fatherly-

(To be Continued.)

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