

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget—
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking,
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold,
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It would never do at all;
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby—
I've thought of the very best plan
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll bring it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You have never seen her Santa,
For she only came this year."
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now before you go
Just cram her stockings with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."
—JACK SPRATT.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A Delightful Christmas Tale by J. Co-
lomb.

It had been snowing all day. Intense
cold had succeeded, and the stars, shin-
ing brightly, looked down on the good
old town of Nuremberg.

The people were coming out of their
dwellings and walking slowly but
cheerfully along the streets, not seem-
ing to mind the crisp cold nor the deep
snow under their feet. There was a murmur
of voices, a rustling of garments,
the sound of doors opening and
shutting, mingled with laughter and
merry shouting.

The throng of people had passed on,
and the voices of the bells had become
mere reverberations, when a little girl
about eight years old appeared in the
principal street, which was now silent
and deserted. She was alone and looked
so small as she walked fearlessly
along, taking short steps, so as not to
slip on the hard, glistening snow, and
singing in a soft voice an old Christmas
hymn about the angels, Bethlehem and
a child asleep in a manger.

Suddenly she stopped, uttered a cry
of dismay, and falling on her knees
began searching for something in
the snow. She was evidently
unsuccessful, however, for her sighs
changed to tears, and her grief increased
until it found vent in sobs.

"My money!" she cried. "My poor
groschen! Oh, dear infant Jesus, bring
back my groschen!"

Like an answer to her prayer, there
sounded not far off a strange, sweet,
melody, and she dried her eyes suddenly
and looked about, half expecting to see
an angel, for she thought the music
must have come from heaven, so beautiful
it was.

But soon she perceived a figure with-
out wings, harp or halo, a lad about 15
years old, dressed unlike anyone in Nu-
remberg, with dark blue breeches, a
short cloak on his shoulders and a little
red cap on his black hair. He carried
a musical instrument and touched the
strings as he glanced up at a house
where a light was gleaming. The child
did not understand the singer's words,
and feeling sure that he was using the
language of heaven she threw herself at
his feet, clasped her hands and raised
her eyes entreatingly to his face.

"Good angel, I pray thee," she cried,
"help me to find my groschen!"

"Thy groschen, little one? What say-
est thou?" he answered, speaking with
a strange accent. "Why dost thou call
me thy good angel—me a poor Italian
singer?"

"Is that true?" asked the child, still
in doubt.

"Indeed, yes," he answered. "I saw
a light in this fine house and thought
that if I sang I might be offered a
night's shelter, but all seems to be sil-
ent."

"Everyone but the sick lady and her
servant has gone to church," explained
the little girl, and her hearer added:

"Then I shall go there too. And what
wilt thou do?"

"This question the child, remember-
ing her loss, began to cry again, and the
lad took her hand in his, and stroking it
asked gently:

"What is the trouble, little one? Tell
me, and if I can help you I will." He
smiled cheerily as he spoke, and the
child answered:

"I have lost my money, my groschen.
We never have anything nice for sup-
per, but because it is Christmas time
my mother gave me the money to buy a
sausage and an apple pie, but I have
dropped my groschen in the snow. We
have no more, and now we can have no
Christmas supper."

"Where did you drop it?" asked the
listener, and when she pointed to the
spot he knelt down and began turning
over the snow, when he gave a cry of
triumph and held up a coin in his fin-
gers.

"Oh, you must be an angel!" cried
the little girl joyfully, and he added
with a smile:

"A Florentine angel, then. My name
is Maso Napone—remember it. Now,
goodby. Go buy your supper."

"Not until I have been to the mid-
night mass," replied the girl. "My
mother is ill, so I must go and pray for
her."

"Then I will go with you," said Maso,
taking her hand. "What is your
name?"

"Christine Dachs. My mother is the
Widow Gudule."

"Poor little thing. Do you remember
your father?"

"Perfectly. He used to hush me to
sleep by the fire every night, and some-
times I seem to feel his arms round me
still. Ah, how well he loved me!"

"Your mother has to work?"

"Yes, she does beautiful embroidery.
I do a little of it, but I have not learned

to work very well yet. Pretty soon I
shall do it better, and then mamma can
rest."

"I am all alone in the world," said
the youth, when Christine stopped
speaking. "I have no parents, no money,
no home. My father's creditors took
everything except my lute, so I left
Florence, and now I earn a little money
by singing in the streets, but I often
have to sleep in the open air and with-
out supper, but I am very strong, so I
do not mind it, and I have many happy
hours. Beautiful ladies call me into
their houses to sing to their guests, and
then I am well treated and well fed."

The little girl nodded approvingly, as
if such conduct were the most natural
in the world, and at that moment she
and her companion reached the door of
the church.

As they entered Maso doffed his hat
reverently, dipped his fingers in the
holy water fount and touched them to
Christine's. Then the two children
knelt down in the shadow of a great
pillar which rose to the high arched
roof. The whole congregation joined
in singing the carols, and the weak,
broken voices of the aged, the silvery
eyes of the children, the sweet tones of
the maidens, the clear, high notes of
the young men and the strong, deep
ones of their elders combined to produce
harmonies both powerful and sweet.
Maso could not keep silence. Suddenly
his voice rose above the rest, and it was
so full, so clear and so sweet that every
one near turned to look at him. A tall
man, wrapped in a great cloak, left his
place, and coming nearer the lad listen-
ed attentively, with his eyes fixed upon
Maso's face as long as he continued to
sing. Neither of the children noticed
the stranger.

"Poor me!" Maso thought, "no one
on earth loves me; no one cares what
becomes of me. If I should die to-night
there would not be one to shed a tear
for me. I am all alone." This little
girl who mistook me for an angel will
return to her home and receive her
mother's kiss, but I do not know what a
mother is. I would give anything to
have one kiss me."

Tears filled his eyes without his know-
ing it, and Christine, seeing them, said
to herself:

"He is crying. Then, he is not an
angel. Poor boy, how I pity him! He
is so lonely."

A few moments later the boy and the
girl were outside the church again.

"Why were you crying?" said Chris-
tine, and the lad replied:

"I was thinking how sad it was to
have no mother. God grant you may
long have yours, little one. Do not look
so sorry, but come and let us buy your
supper in one of these shops. See, I am
not sad now!" He led her into a provi-
sion shop, and not allowing her to spend
her only coin, purchased harp, fruit and
pastry for her, and then, seeing that she
shivered in the cold night air, he took
off his own cloak and placed it round
her shoulders. "Now I will take you
home," he said, and when they reached
her door she asked wistfully: "Will
you not come in and have supper with
us, as if you were my brother! Mamma
will be so glad!"

Maso followed her in and was wel-
comed by the Widow Gudule. While
they sat at supper Maso told them of his
childhood's home in Italy, which had
been opulent, because motherless, of his
father's ruin and death and of his own
wanderings.

"And so, mother, he sings. You
should hear him! The angels in heaven
have not sweeter voices!" exclaimed
Christine, and the lad, taking up his
lute, struck the chords lightly, then be-
gan to sing, while the mother and
daughter listened with clasped hands
and tearful eyes. As soon as he stopped
there was a knock at the door. Chris-
tine opened it fearlessly, for there was
nothing in that poor home for robbers.
Outside stood the tall man who had
been in church. He recognized the
child and smiled as he said:

"My dear, I want to speak to your
brother, who has just been singing."

"He is not my brother," said Chris-
tine, surprised.

"No? Well, it does not matter. I
want to see the lad who was in church
with you. Tell him Master Kreigwinckel
wants him a minute."

This man was one of the most cele-
brated musicians of that time, not only
in Munich, where he lived, but through-
out the music-loving world. Little
Christine, however, knew nothing about
him, and thinking that the stranger
merely wished to compliment Maso
upon his singing she bade him enter.
He bowed politely to the widow and
then addressed Maso, saying:

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad,
an unusually fine one. I am an old man,
but I have seldom heard such a voice
as yours. You understand what you
sing, too, and you love music. You
have all the makings of a great artist,
but—you do not know how to sing!"

"That is because I have never been
taught," said Maso sadly and humbly.

"I observed that it is not your
fault, and it can be remedied. How old
are you?"

"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Very good. I have a proposition to
make you. Have you relatives?"

"None. I am all alone."

"Better still. I will take charge of
you. I will take you back to Munich
with me. I will teach you music and
singing, and in three or four years—you
will see! Kings and princes will invite
you to come to court and sing for them,
and I shall have the honor of giving the
world another great musician. Perhaps
you have heard of me. I am Kreigwinckel,
leader of the choir in Munich."

Maso bowed low, for having always
been interested in musical matters, and
ever on the watch for new songs, he
had heard of Master Kreigwinckel and
had often sung his compositions.

"I will be only too happy, master,"
he stammered, "but I am obliged to
earn my living. I have nothing—"

"You will not need money, I will
treat you as my own son, and you will
earn a great deal more than your living

when I have taught you music. It is
agreed, is it not? Ah, it was not for
nothing that I watched you in the church,
followed you out, and after losing sight
of you in the crowd searched for you un-
til I heard your voice through that win-
dow, but I must leave Nuremberg to-
night. Come."

The boy took up his cloak and lute,
saying: "Goodby, Christine! I will come
back some day. Do not forget me."

The girl clung to his arm and whis-
pered: "I shall never forget you. I
thought at first you were an angel, be-
cause you sang like one and were as
good as one. I will love you all my
life."

Eight years passed.

The Christmas bells were ringing mer-
rily, and the people, coming out of their
houses to attend the midnight mass,
greeted each other with Christmas
wishes. Among the throng there was
none who received more salutes and
friendly smiles than an elderly woman
who leaned upon the arm of a beautiful
young girl, tall and slender as a reed.

By the light of the torch she carried the
girl's bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and
golden hair were seen, and every passer
looked at her with admiration.

Young girls nodded with a friendly
air, apprentices, students and more than
one young gentleman in velvet cap and
embroidered doublet bowed respectfully
to the mother and daughter.

Those two were but simple working
people, yet all Nuremberg honored
them. Every one knew that Dame Gu-
dule Dachs, when left a widow with her
child to bring up and her husband's
debts to pay, had set about bravely to
perform the task. She had become the
most successful embroiderer in the
town, her daughter had sooth grown
celebrated for her taste in designing
new patterns, and now the widow owed
nothing and could hardly fill all the or-
ders she received from the richest ladies
in the land. The poor and the suffering
well knew the way to the Widow Gu-
dule's door, and the fair Christine was
never happier than when attending to
their wants. It was thought that Chris-
tine had dedicated herself to God and
would soon take the veil, for if she did
not mean to be a nun why was she so in-
different to the tender glances, sighs
and words of the young men?

As the people entered the church the
organ's peals rose to the vaulted roof,
and Widow Gudule, kneeling at Chris-
tine's side, heard her murmured prayer.

"Sweet Savior Jesus, protect him!
Bring him back to us that I may tell
him I have not forgotten him!"

The mother smiled sadly for she had
had experience of the world, and she
knew, that with young persons, remem-
brance often fades.

Suddenly, just as the priest turned
round to administer communion to the
faithful, a voice in the choir rose above
the organ's strains, and Christine's face
was transfigured as she whispered, "It
is he."

Oh, that beautiful voice, strong, im-
passioned, yet as sweet as if it came
straight from heaven.

"Glory to God in the highest and
peace on earth," it sang, and Christine,
carried out of herself as she listened,
wept softly and wondered whether it in-
deed were not an angel's voice. "With a
saddened look in her soft eyes she fol-
lowed her mother out of the church,
casting a wistful, timid glance up the
dark winding staircase which led to the
choir, and the widow, who also had re-
cognized the voice, hurried her daugh-
ter away. When they reached the
street no strange figure was to be seen,
except a tall man wrapped in a hand-
some cloak and wearing a gold embroid-
ered cap which glistened in the moon-
light. When the two women arrived at
their home, this person stepped quickly
up, and with a bow said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Dame Gu-
dule; Merry Christmas, Miss Christine!
Will you let the Florentine singer share
your supper once again?"

"I knew he would come, mother,"
cried Christine, and the widow, in spite
of her misgivings, almost against her
will, added:

"He is welcome, as before."

They all entered the house, and when
the girl had lighted the candles, on the
supper table she was astonished to see
that the slender stripling had become a
strong, handsome man, who looked at
her with smiling admiration. Her sim-
ple yet well fitting gown showed off her
graceful figure to advantage. While
she filled his glass Maso said to her,
"One might take you for an angel
now."

Then he related how Master Krieg-
winckel had brought him up and taught
him and bade a father to him. The old
man was dead now and Maso once more
traveled about to earn his living by sing-
ing. But he went as a great artist, not
a poor vagabond. Kings and princes
were asking him to come and sing to
them, just as the master had predicted.
He was rich and honored, and yet he
was not happy, for he was alone.

"Dame Gudule," he added after a
pause, "You once gave me a mother's
kiss. Will you now accept me as your
son? Will you let me ask Christine if
she remembers her promise?"

"I remember," murmured the girl,
while her mother smiled and nodded.

"You promised not to forget me and
to love me all your life," he said, taking
her hand. "I have always thought of
you, and I love you Christine, my little
Christmas rose! Sweetheart, will you
be my wife?"

"I knew you would come back," was
all her answer.—Short Stories.

How He Won Her.

"I will be yours," she whispered.
He smoothed the raven hair that lay on
the marble brow and murmured passion-
ately:

"Won at last!"

"No, not one until we are united in
marriage," and she laughed softly to her-
self.

"That's one on me," he said.
He had forgotten that she was the
humorist of the Weekly Bugle.—New
York Press.

PHONETICS.

A lovely young maiden from Cl d.
As an actress, her forty-pique tryd;
But she had the pluck
To take the bad luck
Of the shock, so she sat down and cryd.

A youth far out on the ocean,
Grew ill from the ship's rocking motion,
With a sick and a crick,
And a tear in his sigh,
Of living he gave up the noan.

"My mind's made up," said the maid to her
wooer,
As into passion he throov'er,
But it made her heart ache
To have him hering tache,
And then send his lawyer to soo'er.

Once duth a certain King's reign,
A youth loved a maiden named Jean,
In a fight fell the lad,
Which was really too bad,
For his death drove the nation bleak.

WANTED A RELIGIOUS BOOK.

The Good Old Lady Carried "The Heav-
enly Twins" Away With Her.

She was a little old lady and she sat por-
ing over the list of books in the public
library. She had just finished reading
"The Life of an African Missionary" and
she was hesitating between "Noble Deeds"
and "The Beauty of Self-Sacrifice."

It was a busy day at the library. There
were schoolgirls writing original essays
from books of references, there were fore-
igners studying their native papers, there
were gray-haired scholars looking over
scientific works, there were club women
preparing "papers" on que-
sions of the day, there were ladies willing away an
hour, there was a steady tramp of people
to the exchange counter.

A young woman of the modern sort en-
tered and sat down beside the old lady.
She had an air of taking up a great deal of
room as she settled herself for a glance
over the list of new books. She carried
under her arm a copy of "The Heavenly
Twins."

Pretty soon the old lady's eyes lighted
upon the title.

She half reached her hand out for the
book and then drew back. She nervously
turned over the leaves of the missionary's
story and again her glance returned to the
young woman.

"Could you tell me the number of that
book?" she finally ventured timidly. "I
think I'd like to read it. I have heard of it.
The 'Heavenly Twins' sounds like a good
book. I am looking for a sound, religious
work."

The young woman coughed to hide a
smile.

"It is a religious book, I suppose?" the
old lady inquired somewhat dubiously.

"Not exactly," returned her young com-
panion, "but I think you would like it."
At any rate she took it home with her.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.



Greener.—I rather think the new boy is
going to get along.

Partner.—He doesn't know our custom-
ers yet.

Greener.—He knows enough to address all
the married women as "Miss."

"Ships That Pass in the Night."
A ship had passed the Island in the
night, had struck a reef and the sole sur-
vivor was making his way wearily up the
beach.

"Ah," said the cannibal King, "you are
here just in time. I am hungry."

"Excuse me," said the wayfarer. "I am
not fit to eat, allow me to assure you."

"Just my blamed luck!" groaned the
chief. "I have gotten hold of the Dis-
agreeable Man."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Proof Positive.
"Yes," said the physician, "he's dead,
poor fellow. His heart has ceased to
beat."

"That last statement settles it," said the
friend. "If there's anything about Slip-
pery Pete, that has ceased to beat, he cer-
tainly is dead."—Life.

A Division of Labor.
Husband—Will you remind me that I
have to write a letter this evening?

Wife—Yes, dear. And will you remind
me of something?

Husband—Of course. What is it?

Wife—Remind me that I have to remind
you—Truth.

Arctic Cannibalism.
Dundee whalers bring intelligence of a
ghastly discovery made by the crew of the
Galathea in Prince Regent's inlet. The
boat's crew landed in Elvin bay near
Water's Edge, and found an Eskimo camp
with a number of corpses, the men having
evidently died from starvation. The party
had evidently been driven to cannibalism
by their sufferings, some of the bodies
being partially eaten, while clean-picked
bones were lying about. One corpse was
decapitated, and the head was found some
distance away. It is supposed that the
party had been surprised by winter, and
been unable to get away from the island,
which is quite barren and destitute of
game. The bodies were in a good state of
preservation.

What She Thought.
The poet reclined in the dentist's chair;
Her hands they were white and her face was
fair,
And a sunbeam toyed with her nut brown
hair.

But there was a faraway look in her eyes—
At took little effort of puzzled surprise
To guess at the cause by the worldly wise.

She counted a thousand forward and back,
Repeated the Lord's prayer, then took a track
On tables of weights—oh, that horrible rack!

The dentist he gouged and hammered, and
bored;
Each thrust was as sharp as a double edged
sword,
And all of her sighs were underscored.

Our sympathies glow for the tender sex,
If sometimes they do so torment and vex;
We never can help it to save our necks!

I watched that woman and dropped a tear,
And granted so loudly I feared she'd hear,
And readily guessed what her sentiments werep.

She thought, and I knew it, reclining there,
With the golden beam on her scintillant hair,
"O Lord, if a woman could only swear!"
—M. M. Folsom in Atlanta Journal.

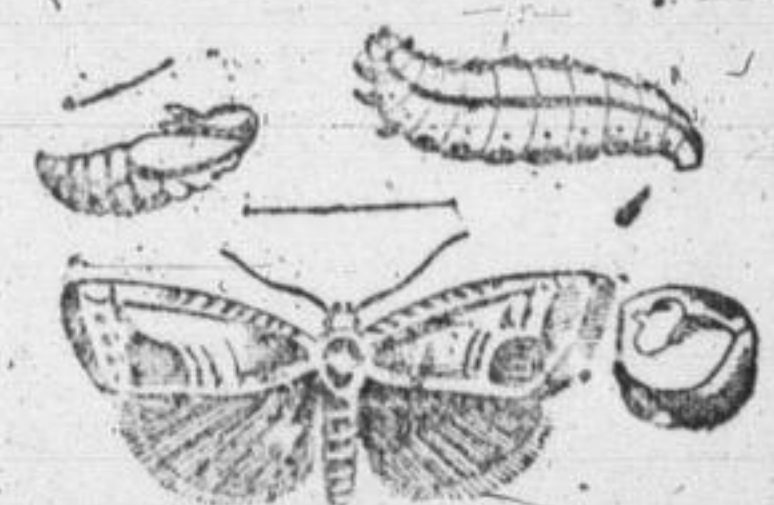
THE JUMPING BEAN.

The Funny Antics of a Small Triangu-
lar Shaped Seed.

The sixteen puzzle, pigs in clover and
numerous similar toys have had their day
in amusing many thousands of the children
of larger growth in our great and busy
cities, writes A. S. Fuller in American
Gardening. Of late a much greater curi-
osity has made its appearance in the form
of little semi-tropical seeds widely known
as Mexican jumping beans, and these have
taken the place of the older brain-confus-
ing puzzles. For the past two or three
months, dignified bankers, brokers, mer-
chants and their associates and customers
have been devoting their leisure moments
to watching the antics of these triangular-
shaped seeds when placed on any smooth
surface, and it makes no difference which
side up they are, they move along with a
jump all the same. These saltatorian curi-
osities have caught half the business men
of the city; but, fortunately, the craze only
affects the cheerful side of human nature,
hence is not as depressing as figuring out
one's prospective income-tax.

These little seeds have a history, for
thirty-seven years ago a number of them
were sent from Mexico to England, and
arrived in the autumn of 1837. In some of
these, at a later period, the insect was
found to have changed to the chrysalis
state, and early the following spring the
moths appeared. The species was then
determined and described in a paper read
before the Entomological society, on the
7th of June, 1838, by the eminent ento-
mologist, Prof. I. O. Westwood, who named
the insect Carposacca saltator. As its
name indicates, it is a first cousin of our
common apple-worm C. pomonella, but
the latter leaves its feeding ground and
spins a cocoon elsewhere, while the in-
habitant of the jumping seed spins its
silken case within, upon which it can
hump, bump and jump without injury to
delicate little self.

Some specimens of these seeds were sent
to Paris in the same year they were sent
to England, and these were exhibited at
the Academy of Sciences, but the French
savants made a mistake in supposing that
the inhabitants of the seed was the larva



THE CAUSE OF THE JUMPING BEAN.

of a beetle and not of a moth, as had been
previously determined by Prof. Westwood.

The seeds in which these insects are
found are evidently the products of plants
belonging to the genus Euphorbia, which
contains about one hundred species in-
digenous to the United States, mainly in-
habiting Texas and westward to the Pa-
cific. There are annual, biennial and per-
ennial species, mostly herbaceous, but
some are shrubby with large seeds. It is
not to be supposed that the insect under
consideration confines itself to any one
species any more than the apple moth does
to the apple, but the latter attacks all
fruits large enough to support its young
that belong to the Pyrus or apple family.

Just how the little grub encased in the
jumping seeds manages to move them is
what puzzles us, for it cannot get a grip
upon anything outside; consequently em-
ploys some principles of mechanics which
has not as yet been fully explained. Shut
a man up in a triangular box and he would
find it beyond his power to make jumps
the full length of his body and carry box
and all but this seems to be a very easy
matter with our curious little saltatorian.
There are also jumping oak galls pro-
duced by a fly (cynips) and jumping coo-
ons, and all probably employ the same
means of propulsion.

A Clerical Wit.

The New England clergyman of the rural
districts a century ago held a position of
great responsibility. Frequently he would
be the only liberally educated man of the
town, and he was therefore not only looked
up to as a religious teacher, but he had to
run the schools, hear and settle contem-
tious and be ready to give advice upon all
sorts of subjects.

The weight of responsibility, together
with the old abhorrence of anything like
frivolity, made the old time rural clergy-
man rather a sedate, solemn individual,
who had the appearance of carrying an em-
pire on his shoulders. But somehow a man
of a little different stamp had a parish in
one of the tier of southern towns in New
Hampshire, and some of his quaint and
witty remarks are preserved in the tradi-
tions of the town to this day.

It is related that upon one occasion he ex-
changed pulpits with a brother clergyman
of the next town, and just before the ser-
mon gave out and read a very long hymn,
after which he paused a moment as if se-
lecting some stanzas for omission in sing-
ing, then looked at the choir, then back to
the hymn, then scanning the choir a second
time, remarked, "Well, I guess you
may sing it all, you'd rather sing than hear
the old man preach."

At another time he was attending a meet-
ing of the clergy, when the question for
discussion was, "Is there such a thing as
disinterested benevolence?" After the dis-
cussion had gone on for a while, this pastor
arose and declared that there was such a
thing as disinterested benevolence, for he
had seen it. With a twinkle in his eye he
went on to state that his brother S—, a
clergyman of the next town, had been tell-
ing him that his parish had just raised his
salary \$50 without his asking for it.

"If that isn't a case of pure, disinterested
benevolence, I don't know what it is," said
the speaker.

His merry way removed the bars from
the pointed shaft, and no harm was done,
as the story goes.—Boston Herald.

An Episode.

"I don't know what you ever saw in me
to admire," an autumn girl remarked de-
murely.

And he answered:
"Oh, well, you know, sweet one, a fellow
who is anything doesn't look for mere