

Joe's Treat. sugar into a tomato can full of water. and having stirred the beverage with his HOW SANTA CLAUS APPEARED TO MASTER pen-knife gravely licked the blade to see JOE AND MISS SIS ON CERISTMAS if it was all right. Then, as he turned

It was Christmas Eve and growds of busy buyers and

EVE.

thronged Avenue A. 'Among them might have been seen a boy of perhaps ten years and a girl some three years his junior, who were evidently bent upon a very important errand, if one could judge by the number of times they paused and consulted, the look of earnestness deepening in their faces, Good faces they were, too, if a little soiled. The boy's frank and honest, with a merry twinkle in each dark eye, whilst the girl's blue ones wore an infocent wistful expression. She would have been quite pretty if it had not been for the sickly color of her skin (want of proper nourishment), and the matted locks. which only needed soap and water to render them soft and golden. A straw bonnet, a portion of the brim missing. on account of its being several sizes too large, gave the child constant employment trying to keep it on. Its counterpart in the shape of a hat covered the curly head of her companion, whose pants could have easily held mother

boy. Presently they passed before a large store with its window filled with cakes, Square cakes, round cakes, frosted cakes, cakes with snow-white towers and cunning sugar capids, cakes harge and small, yellow with eggs or black with fruit. As the children stood gaming at the rich display an old gentleman passed, turned and retraced his steps, and alac took his stand before the cake window. Ever and anon his kindly face was lit up by a smile as some remark of the children's reached his cars.

At last the important question seemed decided, for the boy, with a nod and the words, "You jess wait here, Sis," made his way into the store. It was crowded so he had to wait his turn, while the girl pressed her eagen little face tightly against the window pane, tiptoeing on her small, bare toes in excitement.

There was quite a pretty flush on the child's delicate checks when the boy reappeared with a small parcel in his hand. and she exclaimed cageriy:

"Did you get it ?"

"You bet," was the answer followed by a long-drawn-out "Oh I" from the little girl as they made their way along the venue, the old gentleman close behind bem. After a while they turned into a ide street and bent their steps toward a vacant lot, half shut in by a brick wall and littered over with old packing-cases, bits of tarpaulin and refuse.

"Is it a nice place where you live?" mestioned the girl, as her companion bloted her over barrel hoops and old crockery. A sancy look twinkled in the boy's eyes as he answered :

"Well, Sis, it sin't exactly what you'd call a brown-stone front ; it's more on the Oscar Wild, "a."

little girl's "What's that?" and eyes opened to their widest extent. "Their's a hinder style as is made up

of old things as was chucked away as no good to nobody." Then he added : "Here we are; jess hold on a minute

"This Side Up, producing emetly the effect she exmarked: pected, she continued with: "Do you believe in Santy Claws, "There isn't another feller as I'd invite to this air Christmas Eve shindy

the butter-tub. into a table, covering it

platter. The chief features, however,

were a very small plum cake and a ditto

mince pie. The cake, placed upon the

upturned bottom of a red collar-box, oc-

cupied the middle of the table, a tiny

American flag stuck in its centre. The

lemonade, flanked by two oyster shells,

was for want of space consigned to the

floor, while the candle flickered itself

into little gullies down the sides of the

ginger beer bottle that did duty as a

candlestick, perhaps in its anxiety for

Whether it should be a pie or a cake

had been the important question, and

they had at last split the difference by

there were two happier children in New

York that night than they, when the

coffee had been drunk to the last drop

and pronounced "elegant" (an old oyster

the least to begin.

and the other five in a pie.

fore placing the knife to it.

and began with:

with :

"Hold on, Bis, till I make a speech

brings on the pie and cake." So set

"Ladies and gentlemen"-

only me and you," interrupted Bis.

Joe ?" but you. Sis. There's lots on 'em as 'nd "What? The feller what comes down be glad to come: it isn't every day as they gits such a treat."

chimney and sich rubbish 1 -Do you think as I've got anything soft about "Oh, Joe, it's jees lovely," answered me?" Then, catching the look of dis-Sis, with an admiring glance at the spread appointment on the girl's face, he heatily that nearly resulted in the collapse of added: "Maybe there's something in't the coffee-pot, which took a notion just for girle." then to execute a dip. And Joe himself began to feel rather

with a piece of sacking marked in large sion she hastily added, "but I was to

"Oh, I wish there was," exclaimed Sis, tucking up her little bare toes beneath proud of his treat when everything was set forth. There was an apple cut into her skirt, for, although it was rather a four quarters and arranged upon a mild night for that time of year, still, broken bit of a blue china plate, whilst now the fire was dying out and the feast an orange aliced into as many pieces as fast disappearing, the cold air began to possible graced half of a wooden butter make itself felt.

ance take their sancers full of tea.

Was you ever at a circus. Sis ?"

"Oh, I picked 'em up 'round about

"No;" and seeing that she had rathe

fallen in Joe's estimation at this confes-

"I don't s'pose Santy Claws has much time to bother about sich a shabby little girl as me, but I'd like a really, really doll." and the child's eyes shone with such a happy light at the bare thought that some one outside the packing case came very near betraying himself. "And," continued the girl, "I'd want

him to bring you sich a lot of thingsa love-ly big cake." Then, thinking that perhaps she was reflecting upon the smallness of the one they had just eaten, she quickly added: "But it couldn't be beautifuller nor your'n."-"Why, Sis, I say, what's the matter yon've got sich red cheeks and--" "Have I?" and Sis's little brown hand

investing five of the ten cents in a cake went up to her face at Joe's words, as It had been a large sum for Joe to she continued with-"perhaps it's the spend in luxuries, not many tens finding racky | what's that ?" and Joe gased their way to his pocket; in fact, it was a-eyed at a folded piece of paper his last cent, but he was perfectly satisthat had fallen from the sky, as it apfied with the result and I do not believe

peared to him, right into his lap, "If it's any of them boys," he ejaculated, jumping up, "I'll put a head on 'em." "Oh! Joe, look here, there's writing

on it, maybe, oh i maybe it's from Santy Claws," extained Sis, can serving for a oup), and the great event of the evening the cake was to be Although Joe muttered "fiddlesticks "Here, Sis, you cut it, women always does," and Joe shoved the penknife to-ward his companion and she, perfectly ter Joe and Miss Sin," and on opening it

well aware of the importance of the oc- | found a fifty-cent piece and more writcasion, knit her little brow and measured ing, or rather printed letters, which off the cake exactly with her finger beread : "Santa Claus is very sorry that he had

othing left to give Joe and Sis to-night, This as ais was about to help to the but if they will be at packing-case house mert.] "It's always done when they to-morrow morning at ten, some one will be there to take them to a friend of Santa Olaus, where perhaps there will a Joe refilled the oyster shells with lemonreally doll and a beautiful cake." "Well, I'm blessed," was all Joe could ade, and having placed the tattered re-mains of his hat firmly upon the backed

atter, while Sis, clapping her hands with his head, he struck an attitude that delight, cried out : drew from Sis's lips a long drawn oh ! "Oh, Joe, I knowed there was a Santy

Claws. Isn't be good ? Jess think, he "Why, Joe, there sin't none-there's calls this packing-case house ; how funny." DISWIT "It don't make no odds, they always "Well," answered Joe, "there's the say it if there ain't no rich 'round," and money and there's the letter, and it does Joe with, "don't bother," continued look queer."

"You'll be here, Joe, won't you?" questioned Sis, a little anxiously. "We've met together as this air treat;

farmers and their sons, who discuss their tarms, crops, etc. We have such a community here. At

to my views it is an excellent one. Let

me explain. In all small villages there

are one or more stores where the entire

nighborhood go to buy supplies. On

rainy days and during the winter these

stores are more or less crowded with

one of our stores was hung one day a big potato, labeled with the name of the variety, also the name of the man who grew it. Now, every one who walked into that store was attracted by this fine specimen and it was not many days before other farmers brought in sample potatoes, corn and the like. In each case it was the best the farm afforded. In this way farmers in the neighborhood became interested in this agricultural show; it incited them to improve their seed and buy or exchange new varieties with each other.

I can cut ten shocks more of drilled corn in one day by the following plan than I can in the old way, viz : carrying it all in the arms. After making the "buck," cut all the corn within reaching distance and set it around the buck. After this has been done cut the rest of the corn that belongs to the shock and throw it on in piles, then take these piles by the tops and set them around the small shock that had been started before.

None but the laboring man who has suffered actual pain while husking corn can appreciate what a cure for cracked and chapped hands means. Do not wash your hands during cold weather oftener than can be helped. Grease them in the morning with clean sheep's tallow: meltit and rab it in thoroughly; the more grease you can rub in the better. At noon give them another greasing and at night wash the hands. My word for it, by this plan a man can husk corn with pleasure.

Gave it Up.

The anger of Mr. John Joseph Ryan of N. Y. city has been aroused by what he considers the inability of this Republic to protect its citizens abroad, He was naturalized in the Court of Common Pleas of New York city on October 13, 1880. The contempt which he now entertains for his citizenship has induced him to return his certificate to the court, and ask that his name be stricken from the roll. His letter save : -Seeing how American citizens are strung up unmercifully on the gallows in England, and how Messre. White head. Curtin, Wilson and Gallagher, American citizens, have been, on the evidence of a lying informer, sentenced to life imprisonment in England without American interference, J wish to have my name erased from the American citizenship roll of your court and America at large.

Mr. Ryan deposited this letter and his naturalization papers with Clerk Rogers, in the office of the court, said that the documents would explain them and hurried out of the Court-House He signs himself as a citizen of the Irish Republic.

WHEN a countryman enters a small

sit on de fence an chuckle over de fack dat he haint rich.

part of lawyers, an' darfore suffer no disappintments." [Grins no longer ob-

"It doan' look 'zactly right fur one

man to have a big brick house an' an-

oder man a rough bo'd shanty, but 'long

'bout tax-time de man in de shanty kin

servable.]

"It doan' look 'zactly right to see one man go pushin' an' swellin' an' crowdin' everybody else off de sidewalk to let de public know dat he am a king-bee, but such men have to carry de anxiety of hein' in debt to de tailor an' of dedgin de grocer an' of subscribin' \$25 to build a church widout a hope of bein' able to pay ten cents on de dollar.

"In fack, my friends, dar am heape an' heaps o' things dat doan' look 'zactly right to us at fust glance, but when ye come to figger it up an' divide an' subtract we've all got a heap to be thankful fur an' to encourage us to get up airly in de mawnin'. A man kin brace his legs an' lay back like a mule, an' kick away at de hull world an' hate eberybody an be hated in return, or he kin pick up sartin crumbs o' consolashun, crowd inter a seat in de back cand of de wagin, an' take a heap o' comfort, knowin' dat somebody is wuss off dan himself. Let na accumulate to bizness."

Dying of Thirst.

"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do.

"I remember the time well," he continued, retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days notes drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscious condition on the banks of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me were entertained."

"Was the trout stream dry ?" asked one of the interested listeners.

catch fish if the stream was dry ?"

fer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand." "Water close at hand ?" repeated the

water got to do with a man's being thirsty ?"-Philadelphia Evening Call.

reasts of some Boston boys," says the fournal of that city. "A lady in that city has a class in the Sunday school of one of the leading churches, the memrship of which consists of boys who are each about eight years of age. Like most youngsters they are of too exuberant spirite to keep altogether as quiet as the demands of the school require, and are prone to become restless and soisy at times. A few Sundays ago one of them was particularly uneasy, when the teacher, thinking to shame him into walking a step or resting during his

quiet, said; 'Now, George, I don's

v in Newark 7 118 Lake City and start a millinery decline to do so. We shall visit such there." towns as Newport, Albany, Newark,

portunities of witnessing a good per

formance without coming to the great

cities. This is always inconvenient on

account of the late return at night.

Moreover, great actors will not go to

small towns. Do you think Booth would

Paterson, Stonington, and Fall River,

anchor alongside the dock, and give them a first-rate performance, such as could never be heard in the miserably

appointed theatres of such towns. W

shall have a regular stock company, who

will live on the boat all the year round.

The appointments of the theatre will be

simply sumptuous. All that art and

modern theatrical improvements can

suggest will be found on board the

Gladiator. We shall rival Wallack's and

the Fifth avenue in point of complete-

ness, while our company will be a sec-

ond Madison Square troups and con-

ducted upon exactly the same principles

as those which govern that theatre. We

can move from place to place during the

summer months, but we shall keep the

company in action 365 days in the year.

The cost of running it will not be nearly

so much as that of managing a theatre

on land. There will be no land taxes,

and we can therefore afford to build

a very fine boat, and a theatre which

will be one of the best in the world.

This will be only our first structure, and

we shall not venture upon the ocean

with it. Later on we shall have boats

to take in the Delaware and Chesapeake

Bays. We shall elect our officers in

December, and next spring we hope to

A Creature of Impulse.

A friend of Mr. Christiancy, who was

acquainted with his divorced wife, said

to a reporter the day after the sudden

"I never knew a woman in whom the

A Kunner.

death of Mrs. Christiancy:

be able to launch the Gladiator."

one blow.

would do it ?"

VERY NECESSARY.

composed of men, and men don't know

anything. I could kill polygamy with

Mr. Jones-"Oh, indeed ! and how

Mrs. Jones_"I would go to Balt

Materfamilias-"Merey | John, what to you mean by practicing with that herrid revolver al day long, and you. theological student, too ?" John-"I am trying to learn to show

straight ma." Materfamilias-"But you are to be a clergyman. You will have no need of such a horrid accomplishment as that." John-"Oh, yes, I will, too. Consin Fred says that when I graduate he is going to get me a call for a congregation in his town, and you know he lives in Texas."

THE ADVANTAGE

First Politician- "I bear that the alary of the Governor of Michigan is only \$1,000 a year."

Second Politician - "Only \$1,000? Well, that is getting things down pretty

First Politician-"What pussles me is that they should ever find anyone to take the position at that pay, for I learn that there are very few perquisites." Second Politician-"But you forget the immense advantage of the office. First Politician-"In what way ?" Second Politician-"A governor o not be arrested."

UNPRONOUNCEARLE MANDE

A Russian gentleman by the name of Slobberscebskihivitch was traveling in Maine when a brakeman should : "Wequetegnock ; change cars for Antroscoggin and Saccarappacasset." "Whatsky did he sayvitch ?" asked the Russian gentleman in broken En-

glish of his traveling companion. "He was announcing the names of stations." was the reply.

The foreigner smiled a superior smile as he leaned back in his seat, and remarked :

"We Russians are very muchvitch amusedsky at the beathenisheooff names you peopleneff have in this country-

NOT REMARKABLE.

"I see by the papers that there is a lock in the postoffice in Monmouth, Oregon, which was brought across the plains in 1852, and has been running ever since."

"Nothing remarkable about that." "Nothing remarkable ?" "No. I crossed the plains myself in 1852."

"Well, what of that? This clock was taken across the plains in that year and has been running ever since."

"Exactly. That clock was probably with our party. We were attack Indians, and I don't wonder it has been unning ever since. I feel like running myself every time I think of it."

BENCHER OF THE PARATHER.-Mr.

scale of emotion was so long. It ranged from the loftiest exaltation to the deepest depression. She was a creature swayed by impulse. One day she would be buoyant with hope and the next day wretched. It was in one of these ex-"Dry ? Certainly not. How could tremes that she married Mr. Christiancy and in the other that she told him on "Well, I don't see how you could sufher wedding night that she did not love him, and cursed her fate. However, she soon returned to her state of exalted

happiness. The Senator told me, even Kentucky Colonel. "And what has after his divorce proceedings were begun. that in her happy moods she was one of the kindest and sweetest women in the world. Yon may not believe it, or yon

"GALLANTRY AWAKENS EARLY in the may think he is a fondly foolish old man, but Senator Christiancy loved that woman with his whole heart and loves her now." A Mr. Welch, of Casco, Me., ran to Oxford, twelve miles away, in two hours recently with his overcoat and cowhide boots on. After running mound the square there a few times to show them. "how kinky he was," he ran back, not

