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Hang Up the Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget;
The dear little darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I 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 pink little toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all,
Why, Santa won't be looking
For anything half so small!

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

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

Christmas Fairies.

"It must be nice to be Santa Claus," said Rosie, standing on tiptoe in the snow to reach the last bit of evergreen that Jack snipped off. "I'd like to be him, or his little girl, maybe, and ride around in his sleigh and help fill up all the stockings. Wouldn't it be jolly?"

"Jollier to help empty 'em in the morning," said Jack, dropping his shears into the heap of greenery he had cut.

"And I'd have some little gifts in my pockets to leave for the children that got forgotten or passed by," said Rosie, meditatively; "Santa Claus doesn't mean to forget anybody, I know, but he has so many children to look after, you know. I should think he'd need a little girl to help him."

Just then two little round faces peeped over the top of the high board fence that reached from the road to the orchard wall—two little round faces with round eyes and blue noses; and they stared curiously at the little girl, standing so warm and rosy in the snow, with her blue cloak and her bright scarlet mittens, her fluffy yellow hair and her velvet bonnet. Jack caught sight of the new arrivals.

"Rah for Christmas!" he shouted from the depths of green boughs.

Rosie ran up to the fence.

"How do you do?" she said, smiling up at them; "I wish you a merry Christmas."

Jimmy and Nell stared. Rosie tried again.

"What are you going to do for Christmas? Jack and I have come up to Grandma Harris' to keep ours. We're going to have a tree."

Nell's eyes grew rounder than ever. Jimmy stared wistfully at Jack in his fur cap, as he swung down out of the cedar boughs.

"Taint Christmas over here," he said dolefully.

"Why, it's Christmas everywhere," said Rosie, "and Santa Claus comes."

"He ain't comin' to our house this year," said Jimmy, with two big tears rolling down over his fat cheeks.

"I say now," said Jack, "that's too bad. What's the matter?"

"Mamma says she's too poor," said Jimmy. "Papa died last summer."

"Oh!" said Rosie, compassionately. Jack turned back and began snipping at the evergreen boughs, with a vague feeling that his boy tongue was too clumsy to meddle with such things.

"Never mind," said Rosie, brightening suddenly and nodding over her shoulder with dancing eyes as she whisked off across the yard.

There was a long whispered consultation with Aunt Lou in a corner of the sitting room.

"I just believe they are some of the ones that he's going to miss, and even he can't tend to them all. 'Cause if I am not Santa's little girl, he'd like to have me help him. And Jack and I have got such lots, Aunt Lou."

"Somebody else will be glad, too, dearie," said Aunt Lou, with a kiss on the earnest kind little face. Rosie looked up with a smile in her eyes.

"I don't always remember about Him do I, Aunt Lou?" Then she ran away to find Uncle Phil.

The moon rose early that night, and looked down at the world with a round jolly face. What queer things those earth people did, to be sure!

The moon peeped in through a little window where Jimmy and Nell were fast asleep. Then it came out again to watch outside, for there were very curious things happening.

First a tiny evergreen tree sprang up in the snow, and some odd looking fairies went whisking about here and there. I think they must have been

fairies. One of them was very tall, and wore a great shaggy overcoat. There was a little girl fairy, with beautiful golden hair and a blue velvet hood, and a boy fairy who had his ears tucked away under a fur cap.

Santa Claus must have been somewhere about, for surely those were sleighbells that passed, and whose bells but Santa's ever sounded so sweet! Still, it was a little early for Santa.

The fairies kept bobbing merrily here and there, hanging the tree with festoons of white popcorn, with crimson paper roses and little gold stars. There were cookies in hearts and stars and rings, and two wonderful gingerbread men perched fearlessly in the branches. I'm certain nobody but Grandma Harris knew just how to make those men, so I believe she must have been helping.

The little girl laughed softly to herself as she set up a dolly on a cushion of cedar at the foot of the tree, and she whispered to the boy fairy to look how cleverly Aunt Lou had mended it, and what a cunning blue hood she herself had made for its poor bald head; and the boy fairy nodded, and jingled a pair of outgrown skates as he tied them to the tree. Then the tall fairy fished up from his overcoat pockets two pairs of the brightest scarlet mittens. Some delightful little bags of candy and nuts came last, and a great pink and white popcorn ball apiece.

Last of all the tall fairy stole softly in at the door of the little woodshed, and right on the kitchen doorstep he set a basket with a fat little turkey all ready for roasting, some cranberries, a great juicy mince pie, and the tiniest of plum puddings. I am very sure that Grandma Harris knew something about that basket!

Then the golden-haired fairy danced up and down in the snow, because she was too happy to keep still.

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" she said, "it's just perfectly beautiful! I'm sure Santa Claus couldn't have fixed it any nicer if he'd done it all alone!"

Then the three fairies went away across the snow.

And all night the stars shone, and the great golden face of the moon kept watch. There were faint drifts of music now and then, when perhaps, the angels passed, or maybe the heavenly rejoicing (for I think they keep Christmas in heaven) swelled so high and glad and sweet, that the walls of pearl and jasper and amethyst could not keep it in, and it serged over and floated down to earth.

Christmas morning came. Jimmy whisked away to the window as soon as he was dressed, then he gave a great whoop of delight and rushed out into the snow—Christmas had come! Nell followed, buttoning her apron as she ran, and gathered up the dear little smiling dolly that waited for her with a blissful face.

The little mother came too, with the brightness of the Christmas morning on her face. (A golden head bobbed delightedly back and forth at Grandma Harris' window; two mischievous brown eyes kept watch with the dancing blue ones.)

"Bless their dear little kind hearts," she whispered softly, kissing her hand to them, with a smile on her pale face.

And just then the sun burst forth from behind the golden clouds.

"Merry Christmas!" he said, "to the whole world! to the whole world!"

The Tramps.

"Now remember, Frank, you must not climb a tree today," said mamma.

"No, mamma," Frank answered.

"You said 'No, mamma' before," said his mother, "and you know what happened. Now if you do it again I shall whip you with that birch twig. I mean it, Frank. Remember!"

Frank said "Yes, mamma," and his mother put a new piece of court-plaster on his forehead—for it was not long since the boy had fallen out of a tree and nearly killed himself—and then she kissed him, and told him he might go and play.

"Keep out of the trees, or I will whip you," were the last words he heard as he went away.

The house in which Frank's parents lived was in a very lonely country place, and there were no little boys near for Frank to play with. He was all alone with mamma and baby and their servant Nora until papa came up on Saturday night. And sometimes he got into mischief. Today he declared to himself that he would be good. He did not quite believe that mamma would whip him if he climbed a tree—he had never once done that in all his life—but he determined to obey, especially when that cut under the court plaster stung a little. And he was as good as he could be until a little brown hare came down to the brook, and, running after it, led him into the woods, where he had been told never to go alone; and just as it disappeared behind some bushes, he looked up and found himself at the

foot of a wild cherry tree, and I really hope he forgot his promise, for the next minute he was in the branches, hidden among the leaves, eating the fruit he liked so well.

He ate and ate, and I really believe he had enough for once in his life, when the sound of voices arose to him, and peeping down he saw two hideous tramps—wicked-looking fellows—stop at the foot of the tree, and sit down with their backs to it.

There was nothing his mother was so much afraid of as a tramp; and Frank was very frightened himself. His only hope was that they could not see him among those thick leaves, and that they would go away. But the next moment they began to talk, and this is what one said:

"Mister Fennel won't make much by tellin' me he'd have me arrested if I came there ag'in and settin' the dog on me, las' Sunday. He'll find I hey called fur all 'hat. I took the hinges off the cellar door, whilst you was talking to the gal in the front yard. We kin walk in easy to-night, tie up the wimmen, and take all there is in the house. It's a job I like when I've been druv off by dogs. I'd as soon cut them wimmin's throats and hang the kids to the clothes-hooks as not. Mister Fennel would have something to remember me by, then." And with this he took a long drink from a bottle passed it to his companion who emptied it, and then both stretched themselves out beneath the tree, and were soon sound asleep and breathing loudly.

And now, I do not know what Frank would have done, but that he remembered how Jack of the beanstalk got away while the giant was snoring; and making up his mind to be as brave as he, climbed down to the lower branch of the tree, went hand over hand to the farthest tip, and dropped down on the other side from that on which the tramps were lying.

He remained quite still for a little while; but neither of the men stirred, so he crept away through the bushes on his hands and knees until at last he dared get up and run home.

Nora was at the gate.

"How you have scared me," said she, "and what a sight you are with wild cherry juice!"

But all the poor boy could do was to gasp, "Come in! Come in!" and drag her into the house. There he told his story, not forgetting anything the tramps had threatened, and very soon Nora was running down to the village with a note addressed to the captain of police. Before dark three policemen were in the house, and when, at twelve o'clock, the tramps lifted the hinges and dropped into the cellar, they found themselves in the arms of the policemen, handcuffed, and bound and carried off to jail; and one of the officers remained in the garden to watch it until day night. Then the family went to bed.

Early next morning Frank was up, and down to breakfast, very proud of his exploits. He went about with his hands in his pockets boasting of his detective work, and was very much astonished when his mother, taking him by the hand, led him into her own room, shut the door, and drawing him toward her said softly:

"Frank, what did mamma tell her little boy that she would do to him if he climbed a tree?"

"You said you'd whip me, mamma," answered Frank. "But you know I saved us all from the tramps by doing it. If I hadn't been in the tree we might all have been killed."

"I know," said his mother with a sigh, "but that makes no difference. I will have to give the whipping all the same. I've been thinking it over, and it is my duty."

Then she took down the birch rod. It was a very slight whipping that Frank received. It hurt him very little, though he cried a long time over it, and at the time thought it very unjust, but afterward, when he was a grown man, he often said:

"I have always respected my mother more for keeping her word and punishing me as she said she would, than I could if she had forgiven me because I accidentally discovered the thieves."

Selected.

FOR INKY FINGERS.—A little girl I know has made a wonderful discovery which she thinks all other little girls and boys should know, too.

"It's so useful, mamma," she says. "All the boys and girls get ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and in their clothes as well," said her mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there," responded the little girl. I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!"

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were yet wet she took a match out of the match-safe and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another

the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where there had been a row of inky black ones.

"There!" said the little girl, after she had finished. "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, that I never knew was any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid!"

So some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from, because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the divine support! The first idea of infancy is of resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick room experiences confirm the impression, when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our Heavenly Father, the arms are felt, but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness or trouble; for God knoweth our feebleness. He remembers that we are but dust.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

All Sorts.

Investigations show that color-blindness is twenty times as frequent among men as among women. The difference is ascribed to the use of tobacco.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh. Give it a trial.

He—My dear, have you got anything interesting that I can read? I mean something harrowing—something that will make my hair stand on end?

She—Yes, here's my dress maker's bill.

Chilblains, chapped hands, frost bites are cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

Compressed air as a motive force has been adopted on three lines of tramways in Paris.

* If old people are forgetful, they always remember to use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.

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Collector—"On the contrary, he asked me to call again."

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Free sample mailed to any address, K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Aunt Mary—Poor Bess! Does your tooth ache yet? If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Bess—If it were yours? Well, auntie, so would I!

No one in ordinary health need become bald or gray, if he will follow sensible treatment. We advise cleanliness of the scalp and the use of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Small brother—O, grandma, Harry broke the record at the college contest!

Grandma—Well, I declare; that boy is always breaking something. What will it cost to fix it, or will he have to get a new one?

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickles Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

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A fatal attack of croup is a frequent occurrence among children. Every household should be guarded by keeping Hagar's Yellow Pectoral Balm at hand. It breaks up colds, coughs, croup, asthma and bronchitis in a remarkable manner.

Professor (to medical student): "Mr. Doselets, will you please name the bones of the skull?" Student (perplexed): "I've got them all in my head, professor; but the names don't strike me at the moment."

Nervous Passenger (to mother of howling imp in Colonial Express): "Madam, is there anything any of us can do to—to pacify your little boy?" Fond Mother (of spoilt child): "Oh, thank you, yes. You are very kind. You see, the dear little pet wants to throw his lunch at the passengers, and I was afraid they wouldn't like it. Just stand where you are, please! Now stop crying, darling! This kind gentleman wants you to play with him."

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and healthy; it gets your pullets to laying early, it is worth its weight in gold when hens are moulting; it prevents all disease, Cholera, Roup, Diarrhoea, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes. It is a powerful Food Digestive. Large Cans are Most Economical to Buy.

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Therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use, with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your eggs this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs is very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the elements needed to produce healthy and firm eggs, absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity less than a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind is so good. If you can't get it send to us. Ask First Samples for 25 cts. Five \$1. Large two-lb. can \$1.50, 50 cts. 50¢. Exp. paid. Sample "Best Pottery Paper" free. Farm-Poultry, one year (10¢) and large can, both \$1.00. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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