

8 THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

How her little hands trembled and her tears ran hot and fast into the open chest, but she had an object in view, and fought bravely to overcome her emotions. Stella worked on a mysterious something for nearly a week. Of course, she would not have her grandpa know what it was, for the whole world, it was her first and only secret, but as it was for a good cause, she kept it tucked tightly in her own warm little heart.

At last the eventful day arrived, on which the stocking cap was finished, and with it came the first sign of winter. The air was cold, and before night the wonderful white snowflakes began to fall. Stella was fourteen years old then, but at heart, she was a child, and where is the child whose heart does not jump, and whose eyes do not dance at sight of the first snow?

Oh! how Stella's heart beat as she went into her room, to bring the cap for her grandpa. He was sitting by the chimney where a great fire was burning, his tattered old hat hanging on a peg near by. Stella approached cautiously, holding her hands behind her.

"Shut your eyes and stretch out your arm, and I'll give you something to keep your head warm," she said.

He did so, and when he opened his eyes there was the most wonderful cap he ever saw, and well it might be, for it was the first of its kind ever made.

Words cannot describe the joy in the dear old man's heart, at the sight of so beautiful and appropriate a gift.