

Nelly's Present

"It was near Christmas—only two days before the world's holiday and the show windows of all the village stores were gay with beautiful Christmas gifts."

"So at least thought Mr. Wells Howard, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who had health and wealth, and plenty of leisure, but no home. It was not the fault of the good mother of Mrs. Lathrop, nor of the pretty daughters, that Mr. Howard had reached the ripe age of thirty-five, and was still a boarder at one of the village hotels."

"This morning he had walked half the length of the village street, when he came upon a picture which caused him to stop suddenly, and watch the pretty tableau which was before him."

"Within the show-window, surrounded by all kinds of bright, beautiful things, stood a large waxen doll, with lovely blue eyes, and coral lips, and flowing curls of bright golden hair."

"Oh-h-h! You darling beauty!" Mr. Howard gazed from one picture to the other. The same blue eyes and golden hair, only the lips of the living child were pinched and pale, and her dress was this and that, and upon her poor little feet were worn-out gaiters and thin white stockings.

"Would you like the pretty doll for your own, little girl?" said a voice beside her, and poor little Nell started violently.

"Looking up into the dark, kindly face, beaming upon her, then down upon her poor patched dress, and worn-out shoes—"

"Oh, sir, it is too nice for such as I," she answered, looking around for a chance of escape, but quite a crowd of little people were now gathered around the fine window, admiring the lovely French doll."

"Come with me," he said, quietly taking hold of her arm, and leading her within the door.

"Miss," he said to the obedient young lady who came forward, "be so good as to find a pair of scarlet stockings and mittens for this child, and a warm pair of gaiters, and put the large doll in the window into a box."

The girl obeyed, with wide-open eyes, bowing low as she gave him back the change for the bill which he put in her hand.

"He ought to have a guardian appointed, had't he, mamma?" said Belle Herman, one of the beauties of the village. "To think of giving that beautiful French doll to so poor a child. Why didn't he give her a new dress, or send her parents a barrel of potatoes?"

"He left that for us to do," said her mother. "Come, Belle, I have heard a great deal of scolding over this affair, and I am tired of it. If we do not like what another gives let us give better ourselves. No one else, as I hear, has been near the new corner, though they are sick and in trouble."

Later, on Christmas day, some parties, either from benevolence or curiosity, called at the poor room which had been Nell's room, but it was vacant.

"A man came in a big carriage last night and carried them all away this morning," said Mrs. Morris. "It is some of that child's doing, but how or what I don't know."

"At the home of the Lathrops there was light and gladness, although the white holly chest of one of the company told that this was the last Christmas day that he would ever see upon earth."

"And now I can die content," he said. "You all forgive the great wrong I have done you. Ellen, and Nelly will be cared for, and I shall be beyond the reach of temptation."

There was such joy and thanksgiving in the heart of the poor old mother that her face was radiant. "For the dead's sake, the last is found," she changed in her inmost soul.

The penitent wanderer died before the New Year dawned, and they laid him away in his long last slumber, and buried the memory of all his faults with him."

Ellen was again the loving, happy daughter, and Nelly, with her darling "Angela," for this was the name she had given her beautiful doll, were inseparable companions. In all her hours of study or of play the smiling face of Angela beamed upon her, and the little lady was the safe confidant of all her childish secrets."

Two years had passed swiftly and happily by, and it was again Christmas Eve, and the church at D. was trimmed with evergreens and brilliantly lighted in commemoration of the dawning of the Light of the World, nearly two thousand years ago. The church was filled with an expectant crowd, for beside the usual Christmas services, there was to be a Christmas Carol, and the wonderful little singer, the granddaughter of Mr. Lathrop, was to sing the solo.

"Why don't we go and see them if you love your mamma?" said Nelly, kissing her mother's tear-stained cheek. "They will not let us come," said the sick man. "I stole your mother away from her happy home, and then I became a drunkard and broke her heart, but now I am going to die, and I hope you will all be happy once more."

"Hush, dear! do not talk so. You will live, and get well, and who knows but we may yet be happy."

He shook his head. Nelly, who was striking his thin white hand, said: "Where is my mamma? If I could see you now, papa, I am sure he would love you."

"No, Nelly, I dare not get well. I am a slave to drink; and it is everywhere to tempt me. Your grandpa lives in D., only ten miles away. When I am gone, you must go to him and ask him to forgive me."

"It was near Christmas—only two days before the world's holiday and the show windows of all the village stores were gay with beautiful Christmas gifts."

"So at least thought Mr. Wells Howard, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who had health and wealth, and plenty of leisure, but no home. It was not the fault of the good mother of Mrs. Lathrop, nor of the pretty daughters, that Mr. Howard had reached the ripe age of thirty-five, and was still a boarder at one of the village hotels."

"This morning he had walked half the length of the village street, when he came upon a picture which caused him to stop suddenly, and watch the pretty tableau which was before him."

"Within the show-window, surrounded by all kinds of bright, beautiful things, stood a large waxen doll, with lovely blue eyes, and coral lips, and flowing curls of bright golden hair."

"Oh-h-h! You darling beauty!" Mr. Howard gazed from one picture to the other. The same blue eyes and golden hair, only the lips of the living child were pinched and pale, and her dress was this and that, and upon her poor little feet were worn-out gaiters and thin white stockings.

"Would you like the pretty doll for your own, little girl?" said a voice beside her, and poor little Nell started violently.

"Looking up into the dark, kindly face, beaming upon her, then down upon her poor patched dress, and worn-out shoes—"

"Oh, sir, it is too nice for such as I," she answered, looking around for a chance of escape, but quite a crowd of little people were now gathered around the fine window, admiring the lovely French doll."

"Come with me," he said, quietly taking hold of her arm, and leading her within the door.

General Business

LEE & LOGAN, DIRECT IMPORTERS OF Groceries, Liquors, Wines, &c., 45 and 47 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

General Business

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, it is certain in its effects and does not blister. SAVED HIM 1800 DOLLARS. Dr. J. K. Kennedy & Co., Agents.

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

The "Imperial Wringer" AND Wash-tub Stand. Clothes Forks, etc. Boiler for Sale.

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

GENERAL BUSINESS

E. A. STRANG Offers for sale to Consumers and the Trade CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR AND MEAL, LABRADOR & SHORE HERRING, BEEF AND PORK, LARGE TABLE OODFISH, MERCANTABLE DO. SUGAR AND MOLASSES.

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business

General Business