

side before the fire.

"Yes. I came and told her how I had left you in anger and I wanted to return. She urged me try this experiment. I gave baby a harmless sleeping draught to ensure quiet. I was in the church with my face veiled, watching every movement of yours."

"I was hungering for your presence before you came," he confessed; "but I am afraid I should never have taken the first step toward reconciliation."

"Nor should I but for this little peace-maker," she returned, kissing the small mouth.

"It was not the same home I had left, a bride, when I returned to it," she continued; "I missed you, though at first I would not own it to myself. I wanted your love and sympathy."

So on this Christmas night, freighted with so much of joy and hidden sorrow, two out of the many hearts, divided by cruel pride and misunderstanding, were united by the strongest of human ties, the mutual love for a little child.

HUMORISIMS.

An uptown landlady calls a boarder "Phoenix," because he rises from the ashes and flies.

Jenny—Why are old jokes called chestnuts? Don't know unless it is because they are bad-in-age.

There are people malicious enough to say that the rest which Jay Gould wants is the rest of the railroads.

Hereafter the University of London will confer a new degree to be known as the "Teacher's diploma."

Little Em'ly—No. There is no law in the State that prevents an unmarried man from having two husbands.

A little child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children" it must mean dolls.

The coming rage in hair is a soft and tender red, like that of a tomato which has grown old and lost usefulness.

There is in Iowa a young man who writes poetry in his sleep. His case is hopeless unless some kind friend shall bind him hand and foot.

"Oscar Wilde says he writes all his poems on an empty stomach." Oscar has evidently borrowed some country editor's stomach for a writing desk.

Wife—"John, our coachman must go!"—"But why, my dear? Our only daughter is married."—"Yes, but—John, I'm not so very old myself, you know!"

Sambo, kin you tell me why dey invariably take de pennies from de children at the Sunday school?" "Course I kin. Dat is to get de cents ob de mestin'."

Anxious Inquirer—When you say that you have found the milk in the cocoanut, it is merely another way of stating that you have got the facts in a nutshell.

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.

Miss Green, the English representative of the bifurcated-dress movement, said to an interviewer: "You know the reformers split into two sections on the trousers question."

A Swiss jeweler has invented a clock which needs winding but once in five years; but that isn't what the world wants this time o' year. Give us a coal stove that will shake itself.

Julia—Your poem entitled "One Sultry Day" is on ice, and will be kept till you send for it. Try again. John T. Raymond never played Little Buttercup in "Babies in the Woods."

A Chicago man allowed a Chinaman to run away with his wife. It is unknown what terrible grudge he bore the Celestial, but it is supposed John ironed his collar on the wrong side.

"How much did you say this was?" "Oh, a dollar and a half." "That's a big price, isn't it?" "No, I assure you. The drugs are very costly." "But I am a druggist myself." "Oh, you are. Well—of course—15 cents."

This month comes winter and sleigh-rides, and pretty girls, and frozen kisses, and two hands in one end of the muff, and Sunday school oyster stews, and colds in the head, and mumps, and plumbers, and lots of nice things.

"Why do you wear your beard mutton chops?" was asked a commercial traveler by a friend. "Because," was the philosophical answer, "in the first place it hides my cheek and in the second place it gives my chin full play."

An Irishman having been obliged to live with his master some time in Scotland, when he came back some of his companions asked him how he liked Scotland. "I will tell you how," said he. "I was sick all the while I was there; and if I had lived there till this time, I would have been dead a year ago."

Alonzo Moor, of Cumberland, Pa., put on an old pair of summer trousers and found the right pocket unusually heavy. He put in his hand and drew out a black snake three feet long. Ladies who are in the habit of going through their husband's pockets when ever they get a chance should make a note of this.