

the stockings on one side, and being fatigued, rested a few minutes, sitting on a vacant bed. While he was musing there he heard a sweet voice, as if from *Paradise*, singing :—

“ Dear angel ever at my side  
Donnez-moi vingt sous.”

Santa Claus turning towards the singer threw him twenty cents together with a life preserver to be used when skating on thin ice. He readily recognized the sleeper in the next bed. “Why! if this aint little Aleck the Glengarry Tory and womans’ rights advocate : he is getting to be quite a man. This is just what he wants” he said glancing furtively towards the cell occupied by the dormitory master, and dropping a package of cigarettes into the stocking. At the next bed the good old saint tripped and nearly fell, for a large splinter of the flooring caught his shoe. Glancing down he saw the floor pretty badly dented; however, when he saw the shoes on the floor near the bed he was not the least surprised. He immediately took from his bundles a strip of heavy carpeting, and laid it alongside the bed saying “What a terrible noise this youngster must make when he is getting ready for bed, but now we’ll have no *more* of it.” To the next bed he tied a twenty-five dollar horse, saying “This is for the Duke,” and was passing by another when he was arrested by the sight of a dark little head popping out of a red gown. “Ho! how’s this!” he exclaimed and he immediately examined his pack, drawing forth a Jack-in-the-box, a reduced counterpart of the being in the bed before him. “I thought my Jack-in-the-box was stolen and placed here; I’d have known better had I but listened to the snore; I guess this one of mine will prove interesting to the youngster so I’ll leave it to him. “Why they’re as like as twins; said Santa Claus, laying the Jack-in-the-box on the pillow;” won’t he have great fun in trying to “*bush him in*” as the Dutchman says. The Saint’s next visit was to a very thin youth into whose stocking he could force nothing but a lead pencil, yet he laid a whole turkey, nicely cooked, alongside the bed, and in order that there would be no mistake as to whom it was intended for, he marked it L. A. Moreux. The neighbor of this youth was given a toy called a “peggy,” Santa remarking that he would have given a piggy, but that it was *all lard*.

At the next bed Santa Claus was amused at the contortions and sparring of one of the smallest of the juniors who was evidently dreaming of a pugilistic encounter. The stocking of this juvenile were not to be found, but his overcoat was at the foot of the bed, and the Santa endeavoured to put something into the pocket when he found it already occupied by a large piece of cake. “Ho! ho! I have something that he’ll like,” said the saint, putting into another pocket a statue of John L. Sullivan; “this youth would never do for a looking-glass maker.”

It was now getting near morning, and Santa Claus saw that he must hurry if he wished to fill the stockings of the other sleepers before they awakened. He passed at the next bed long enough to measure the boy sleeping therein, and finding that he did not grow an inch since last year, left him a stretching machine and a bottle of medicine for promoting growth, and remarking “if *Brun* eat only a little more he would likely grow,” passed quickly the next two beds, throwing to one of the youths who was just escaping from the arms of *morpheus* a couple of jumping-jacks saying give one to your neighbor and *you may* keep the other for yourself. The younger of the two brothers who occupied the succeeding two beds, breathed so loudly with nasal accompaniment that the dormitory was as well filled with the reverberations as ever was the home of the Tyrol peasant when

“The echoes from his home  
Through his native *Valley van*.”

Santa Claus was hurriedly filling the stockings of the chanter when a snappish “get ‘way from me” startled him, so fearful of discovery he proceeded to fill the stockings of the elder brother whose good natured face unconsciously wreathed itself in a thankful smile as the old saint passed by. Four more pair of stockings remained to be filled, in the first was placed a volume of the Senate Debates and a list of pointers on an “Elective Senate” to replace those given to a Calumet parliamentarian by the *great* youth whose stocking was being filled; the second pair strangely enough were expanded by a pair of boxing gloves. Santa saying in the Ethiopian dialect that he “don’t *gib bon* bons to children like him.” The third pair were those of a *Christian* and were soon filled with a collection of scrap