

*** Swiss Legends of Santa Claus.**

There are endless legends and stories about him; some are most quaint. He is supposed to have been an extraordinary child from his birth, and to have spoken the first day he was born. He grew up with a remarkable love for Holy things. His father and mother died when he was very young, and left him great riches which he bestowed in charity. Hearing that a nobleman in the city where he lived was very poor indeed, and had three daughters who were nearly starving, he one night tied up some gold in a handkerchief and took it to the house. The door was open, and looking in he could see the three poor girls asleep in one bed, at the foot of which their father was sitting weeping. St. Nicholas did not wish to be seen, and at the same time was puzzled how to leave the money without this happening. Suddenly, however, the moon came out from behind a cloud and showed him an open window, through which he could throw the handkerchief unseen. It fell at the father's feet, who was overjoyed at the sight of the gold. By its aid, so says the story, he was enabled soon afterwards to marry off his eldest daughter. St. Nicholas came a second time to the house and threw in more gold, with which the second daughter was portioned. When the Saint came the third time the father was on the watch and discovered him. St. Nicholas, however, desired him to tell no one what had occurred, and the father with many thanks and blessings promised to obey.

*Santa Claus is the patron Saint of the children of Switzerland and Germany, and it is customary at Christmas to hang the stockings at the foot of the bed for Santa to fill.

† ANOTHER LEGEND.

According to this story Santa Claus was Bishop of Myra, where a dreadful famine was raging, and a great many ships laden with wheat having entered the port, St. Nicholas went to the captains of the vessels demanding a hundred hog-heads of wheat from each. This they refused, saying that the wheat had been measured at Alexandria, and must be put untouched into the Emperor's granary. The Saint, however, persuaded them with the assurance that when they should discharge their cargo no loss would be felt. They believed him, and found, on arriving at Constantinople, that he had told them truly. It was during this same famine that the greatest miracle is said to have been performed. As he was travelling through his Diocese visiting the

people, he chanced to lodge with a man, who in consequence of the scarcity of provisions, was wicked enough to steal little children, whom he murdered, cut to pieces, and served up as meat to his guests. St. Nicholas, however, had no sooner cast his eyes on the dish than he discovered the arch fraud. There was a tub in the room containing the remains of three of these unfortunate children. He approached it and had no sooner made the sign of the cross over it than up they sprang whole and well.

† A picture represents St. Nicholas with his crozier and mitre, standing over a tub in which are the three restored boys, while a man, most likely the host, is shrinking out of an open door at the back.

Making an Impression.

BEHAVIOR OF THE GIRL WHO DISCOVERS THAT SHE IS BEAUTIFUL.

The girl is unlucky who finds out suddenly that she has something nice the matter with her. I know one, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press, who learned that she had lovely hair. She took to doing it up with the hair-pin, and she used to look like a mop on the third day of a house-cleaning. She took to jerking her head, too, so that her hair would come down, and then she did look lovely, especially if it happened at the theatre, at luncheon, or in the cars. She

would wiggle her head so that her words would come out scalloped, and her nose got all spread around. A girl with a neat foot is the worst nuisance I know. She always has it stuck out in the car. Her shoe-string is always coming undone. She is forever lifting her dress and making you nervous. It just about spoils a girl if she finds out that she has fine eyes and pretty teeth. Good-bye to quiet expression at once. Her eyes roll droop, snap, shut, open, dance, and sparkle all over the place, till you wonder why they don't get sprained. Meanwhile her teeth are working just as hard. She smiles twice a minute, and often her eyes are getting in some fine touches that don't go with a smile at all. The effect is awful. I got so tired looking at a girl the other day that I wondered why the man with her didn't marry her just for the sake of tying her eyes fast to her nose and knocking her teeth out. As for me, give me a girl who knows she is homely, or one who is so good-looking that she doesn't care.

Henry IV. and His Children.

Henry IV. of France always insisted upon his children calling him papa, as he did not wish them to

address him by the titles of sire and majesty, according to the ceremonial adopted at foreign courts. He was in the habit of taking part in the childish amusements of his little ones. One day as he was going round a room on all fours with the Dauphin, his first-born, on his back, an ambassador unexpectedly entered his apartments. The King, without changing his posture, said to him:—

"Sir, have you children of your own?"

"Yes, sire," was the reply.

"Ah, well, in that case I will finish my ride round the room."—[L'illustrazione.

DECEMBER.

I am come! the Winter hour,
Latest of the seasons four;
Wrapped around with thickest furs to keep me from
the cold,
Many pleasant songs I sing,
Many joys with me I bring;
Happy, cheerful times, are they when I my revels
hold.

Hear ye not the chiming bells,
And full many a sound, which tells
Pleasure is a-foot without, and gaiety within?
I have evergreens to wear,
And rich bounteous gifts I bear.
For all comers that may seek my countenance to
win.

Robin Redbreast waits on me;
And though leafless is the tree,
There are berries crystalline, and of a crimson hue.
I have stores of garnered wealth,
I have gladness, I have health,
I can please, and entertain, and give instruction,
too.

H. G. A.

Not Up to the Standard.

"No, mis," said the school trustee of district No. 13, Cornstalk Township, shaking his head slowly, "I don't think you're quite the person we want for teacher in our school."

"May I ask in what particular I fail to meet your requirements?" enquired the young woman timidly.

"I've been listening to your talk," rejoined the official reluctantly, yet firmly, "and if I must tell you the truth, you don't seem to have no idea of grammar."—[Chicago Tribune.

