

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF TO-DAY.

PUFFING and snorting, the New York-bound train drew up at the little station of Honylea. Only one passenger was waiting on the narrow platform, a little, old woman, strangely clad, and carrying a large basket.

As the engine whizzed past her, she drew back nervously, but the busy guard with a peremptory "Here's your train, ma'am, it can't wait," pushed her into the end car.

All eyes were directed to the quaint figure, as she entered, looking timidly around for a vacant seat. She wore a bright red shawl, and her white hair was surmounted by a green poke-bonnet of obviously ancient date.

For a moment she stood there, clutching her basket tightly ; then, as the train, with a jerk, started again, she subsided suddenly on the knees of a portly gentleman close by.

It was Christmas Eve, and the car was filled with holiday-seekers, bent on spending the morrow in the city. Every available