

## The Inglenook.

### How Eva Got Ready for Christmas.

BY HARRIET DAILLY CLARK.

"Eva, Eva! what are you going to get for Christmas?"

Lucile Arbuckle bounded into the room, and hugged a slender girl who rose joyfully to greet her.

"It seems so good to have you come flying in at any minute, just as you used to!" said Eva.

"Doesn't it?" said Lucile. "Now, what do you expect to get for Christmas?" she repeated.

"Really, Lucile, I haven't given a thought to that part of Christmas. It has taken every single spare moment to plan for the things I am going to give to everybody."

"Everybody! I hope you don't intend to give presents to the whole world."

"I wish I could," said Eva earnestly.

"I think that's silly!" said Lucile frankly. "Well, tell me what you are going to give, then."

"Well," said Eva, "first there's old James"

"Old James! Is he living yet? I should think he would be too old to work."

"Oh! he is. We have another coachman, but papa pays James just the same; and his old sister lives with him, and cooks for him. I always give him something. Why, I believe he'd cry if I didn't!"

"Oh, well! what would you care if he did? Just an old Irish coachman! I should think you would give your presents to somebody worth while."

"Why, James is worth while!" said Eva, a trifle indignantly. "I don't remember when we didn't have James; he seems just like one of our family."

"But then he isn't, you know," said Lucile, with a provoking little laugh.

A little flush crept into Eva's cheek.

"I wonder why you always look at things in such a different way," she said.

"Oh! because you are foolish, and I have common sense," said Lucile complacently.

"I'm not foolish," said Eva, with some show of spirit.

"I think you are, and Aunt Lois said so," said Lucile, with another exasperating smile.

"Aunt Lois is mean to say such a thing," began Eva. And then she stopped and smiled.

Lucile always had been different. What was the use of caring? Aunt Lois was different from mama, and, if she had lived with her, instead of in her own dear home, probably she would have been just like Lucile. It was not worth quarreling about, anyway.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you won't like some of the others either; but there's crazy Tim"

Lucile burst into a merry peal of laughter, but covered her face with her handkerchief as she saw Eva's reproachful glance.

"I won't tell you about the rest, if you are going to laugh at them, because—because—it means something to me," faltered Eva, with a trembling voice.

"What does it mean, Eva? I'm sure I can't imagine. Why, I only give presents to people I just have to remember, and it's a big bother besides."

"Oh! it isn't a bother to me," said Eva enthusiastically. "Why, don't you know it's Jesus' birthday? And we can't send presents up to him, and so James, and poor Tim, and Bette!"

"The washerwoman!" said Lucile under her breath.

"Yes," said Eva. "She's so good, and works so hard. And she never would have a Christmas present if I didn't give her one. And there are Kate, and Jane, and Annie Small, and Auntie Case, and—oh! half a dozen more. You see," said Eva, earnestly, "I give the Christ-child's presents to the ones I think Jesus would like to have me give them to,—to the people who seem to need them the most."

"Aren't you going to give a present to your own mother?" asked Lucile severely.

"Not this year," said Eva, with a smile. "Mama understands,—her present goes to Pima Brown."

"Elma Brown!" echoed Lucile. "That girl who used to treat you so meanly?"

"Yes," said Eva softly. "But her mother died last week, and she is all alone."

"Does Professor Edwards teach your class in Sunday-school yet?" asked Lucile, changing the subject.

"Oh, no! He left the city months ago, and we have the dearest teacher,—Miss Adams. She shows me how to make my Christmas gifts, and help me in everything."

"What are they going to do at the Sunday-school this year?"

"Oh! haven't you heard? Each class has pledged a certain amount of money, and then each one of our class is to take a can of fruit, Harry's class takes canned vegetables, Prof Wilton's boys take flour, and mama's young ladies give sugar and so on; and then every one has to take a potato, or an apple, or an orange, or a cabbage, to get in at the door. Oh, it's the greatest fun."

"I don't see much fun in it!" said Lucile, with a look of disgust on her pretty face.

"Oh! but Lucile," cried Eva, "think of the hundreds of poor people who will get the things!"

"Yes, of course," said Lucile. "But don't you have any entertainment or treat for the scholars?"

"Oh, yes! We shall have a beautiful entertainment,—all about the Christ child. Professor Wilton has charge of it, and the singing is lovely. We don't have any treat. We don't want it. We have plenty to eat at home, I hope."

"Well, yes; I hope I do too," said Lucile. "But Marie Eiverson's Sunday-school is going to give out pound cakes of French creams. I believe I shall go down there with her. I don't believe in cabbages and potatoes."

"O Lucile! But won't you go with me, and see how lovely it all is?"

"I don't believe I can, Eva. I don't like crowds and vegetables, and all that. At Marie's church they have smilax and evergreen and holly and roses. The church is just a bower of beauty," said Lucile, with her best French air. "And it is so still and solemn,—more like Christmas, you know, than a noisy crowd with baskets and bundles, and all that. And then, I never could get enough French bonbons."

Eva looked dazed for a moment, and then said helplessly:

"I don't think you exactly understand, dear."

"No, perhaps I don't. Good by, Eva. Come over to-morrow."—S. S. Times.

### How The Mistletoe Comes To Be.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which indeed its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.

### Progress at St. Bernard.

The famous pass of St. Bernard is now provided with shelters at short intervals, and the good old dog that used to search for lost wayfarers has been superseded by a telephone line connected to the "hospice" in such a way that when a traveler calls up the "pious monks," they know the shelter he is at. However the dog, which the world would not willingly let die, may still be useful if the monks can train him to proceed to any shelter to which he is directed. Even now the pass is crossed by many persons. Every year the "hospital" receives from 4,000 to 5,000 tourists, 5,000 to 6,000 pilgrims, and about 15,000 Piedmontese work people going to Switzerland to seek work. Even in the worst weather six to eight travelers visit the hospital.—London Globe.

### The Wish-Bone.

Frieda and Fred were twins. Whatever good thing one had, of course the other must have, too. At least, so grandpa thought as he tucked an extra wishbone into the chicken pie, and so managed to serve one to Frieda, and one to Fred.

"What a funny chicken!" laughed Frieda, holding up her wishbone.

"I don't know chickens had two wishbones!" cried Fred holding up his.

"They don't very often," said Frieda. "But this one I think must have been twins."

### Never Forget the Note of Thanks.

Be sure to send a note of thanks for a gift received at the earliest possible moment. Write it before your ardor cools. Make it hearty, spontaneous, enthusiastic. You need not be insincere. Even if you do not like the gift you must like the spirit that prompted it. Never defer writing with the idea that you will thank the giver in person. You may do that as well when opportunity offers, but do not risk delay. Nothing is more discourteous than belated thanks.