

SEARCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

Fastor and faster fluttered the snow-flakes to carpet that city street, and to fashion a fairy highway on the roof tops for Santa Claus and his fleet reindeer.

Through the blinding whiteness, trudging bravely along, could be seen two small figures. A pair of blue eyes looked out timidly from under an apology for a cap. A pair of black eyes looked out fearlessly through locks of yellow hair, covered by a scarlet hood. Now I am going to tell you, at the very beginning, what this boy and girl were about,—they were searching for Santa Claus.

In a quiet little street, in a tiny bare room, that very morning, Willie and Millie had listened to a mournful tale: Santa Claus did not know their address, and so, of course, he would not visit them.

"Is that him?" cried the boy, tugging at the little girl's arm.

"Say, Millie, is that him?"

"No," said Millie, and she laughed.

The snow-flakes caught in the little boy's pinched face, and clung to the little girl's hair.

Some snowflakes—and these were not kind snow flakes—crept inside four little worn shoes to take a look at twenty little toes.

"There he is, Willie!"

They took hold of hands and ran as fast as they could.

"Hello! What's up?" It was Santa Claus' voice, clear and merry. He stopped stock-still, with the snow-flakes on his silver beard, and on the great basket he carried upon his arm.

Millie hastily drew a corner of her shawl over a rent in her dress; but Santa Claus' twinkling eyes had seen it already, but he didn't seem to mind it.

"Willie and me come to give you our address, Mr. Santa Claus," she said politely. "It's No. 3 Dickerson Street. We're the same ones you gave the horse and car and the baby doll to, last year,

when we lived on Greek Street."

They're all broke up," added Willie in a whisper.

"My goodness above!" cried Santa Claus; I've been looking for you two everywhere. No. 3 Dickerson Street,—trust me for remembering!" With that he hurried down the long avenue. The snow-flakes, growing larger, were pelted at him like snow balls. And the dear old fellow was laughing so that he couldn't walk straight.

ONE CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

This is what the stars saw one Christmas night: A stream of silvery light stealing far out into the windy street, throwing into bold relief each snow covered object, and the figure of a small child crouching close up to the uncurtained window. The wind was catching at her scanty frock in rude playfulness, and somewhere in the air a voice sang pityingly, "A child of the people." And this is what Christino saw: Around a beautiful green tree, lighted by a hundred tiny lamps, a band of laughing fairies, dancing to the sound of glad, delicious music.

The cold, little face was pressed against the shining glass, and the blue eyes grew wide and wistful. The frolicsome wind threw back the scarlet hood, and tossed the yellow ringlets wildly about. One of the fairies turned a joyous face towards the window. Christino started. Surely it was Gertudo, the little girl who gave her the great piece of golden cake. Was the Christ-Child pleased, she wondered, and is that why He sent her those lovely spangled wiaaps?

Oh, how happy the fairies were! The white, gauzy dresses, covered with stars of silver and gold, sparkled, and gicamed, and flashed in the colored light of the tiny lamps. One fairy stood up on a great, high table, spread her wings and fluttered down. One flew into a beautiful lady's lap, and the lady clasped her in her arms and kissed her.

Sleigh bells jingled along the streets and the fairies hearing them, laughed, and screamed, and fell to giving good bye at a wonderful rate. Then the stars saw another stream of silvery light, and little Christino drew back and shut her eyes, the fairies were so near.

The sleigh bells tingled, and jingled, and grew faint, and died away. The stars looked down on Christino, and Christino looked up at the stars.

"O Christ-Child," she murmured, "I gave my bread and butter to Fritz."

Would He give her a pair of wings? She was growing very, very sleepy.

"Christ-Child," she called again loudly, "I gave my bread and butter to Fritz."

Listen! A flutter of wings. O stars, what did you see there?

"I hear you, little Christine," said a voice sweeter than the sweetest music; "you will never be cold and hungry again."

And the Christ-Child fastened a pair of spangled wings upon her shoulders, and together they flew up to the smiling stars.

KATHARINE HULL.

SHE WANTED TO HELP.

It was the tiny daughter of a clergyman who was recently asked to accompany her mother on a walk.

"No," was her positively spoken answer. "I can't go."

"Why not?"

"I have to help papa."

"In what way?"

"He told me to sit here in this corner and keep quiet while he wrote his sermon, and I don't believe he is half through yet."—Washington Star.

