

humps if one hasn't got a tail?"

Then to his horror Jack could see something very black and shiny round the edge of the bed and pass gently to and fro up in the air as though it was feeling for him. It was the trunk of the elephant whose leg he had broken, but swollen to 20 times its size. Presently it found him and with a yank he was pulled out of bed and deposited upon the table. It was quite dark, and Jack was so frightened that he was unable to scream but just sat there held firmly in the elephant's trunk.

Meanwhile he could hear the animals in the ark all scurrying to and fro, and the angry voice of Mrs. Noah as she bustled about cleaning up her house. Then suddenly there was an unearthly rattle overhead, and all at once Santa Claus came tumbling down the chimney. He had left his reindeer and his sled on the top of the roof, but he had come down in such haste that he still held the whip. Over his shoulder was a great bag chock full of toys.

"May it please Your Honor," began the elephant, who seemed to be the policeman.

"I know, I know, don't interrupt me," said the little old gentleman in a squeaky voice. In a trice he had filled Mary's stocking full up to the top with all sorts of toys and presents. Jack could see the head of an enormous doll, with eyes that opened and shut themselves, as well as a ball and a box of candy. Somehow or other he found that he could see right through the box, and the candy was fruits covered with sugar, the kind that you are only allowed to eat of two at a time. But nothing went into Jack's stocking.

Then the old gentleman became very stern, and he sat down on the top of the bedstead, balancing himself in such a comical manner that Jack would have laughed if he had not been so much afraid.

"What is the charge against this bad boy?"

"May it please Your Honor," began the elephant, "he broke my leg."

The old gentleman looked exceedingly angry.

"May it please Your Honor, he pulled off my tail," continued the dromedary.

Santa Claus looked at Jack so severely that the little chap knew some dreadful punishment would happen to him.

"May it please Your Honor, he pulled off my wings," said the fly.

At this Santa Claus shook so much with indignation that he nearly overbalanced altogether.

"May it please Your Honor, he cut a hole in my chest," said the doll, "and let out my sawdust."

Santa Claus sprang to his feet and shook his whip fiercely in the face of Jack, who, overwhelmed with terror, had now no word to say. Bitterly did he regret his misbehavior of the past few months.

Suddenly the face of Mrs. Noah appeared. "And may it please Your Honor," she exclaimed, "he has sucked the paint off my nose."

At these dreadful words the old gentleman could no longer contain his anger. Snatching up the unhappy lad, he bumped him down with great force into a little empty box which stood upon the table.

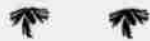
So forcibly did he bump him down that he thrust Jack right into the box, and he was held so tightly that when he tried to extricate himself all he could do was to wiggle his head.

"And now that you have been punished," said Santa Claus, "reply to the accusations of the prosecutors and say whether you are innocent or guilty."

"Guilty," sobbed Jack. "Oh, let me out, let me out; I am a regular Jack-in-the-Box!"

"There you shall stay," said Santa Claus, "as a punishment for your sins. You shall be a Jack-in-the-Box, indeed."

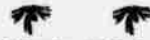
With these words he put on the lid, and this, children, is the legend of Jack-in-the-Box.



Letter Enigma.

The letters which spell the name of a once great personage appear in their order at the beginning of the first or second words helping to form the following well known old sayings:

What's in a name?
All's well that ends well.
A setting hen never grows fat.
Aim high and you'll never fall low.
Virtue is its own reward.
We never miss the water till the well runs dry.
Return good for evil.
Where there's a will there's a way.
One swallow does not make a summer.
New wine should not be put into old bottles.



Tim's Wish.

"I want a great, big stocking!"
Cried little Tim O'Finn;
"So that Santa Claus can get
A lot of toys in.

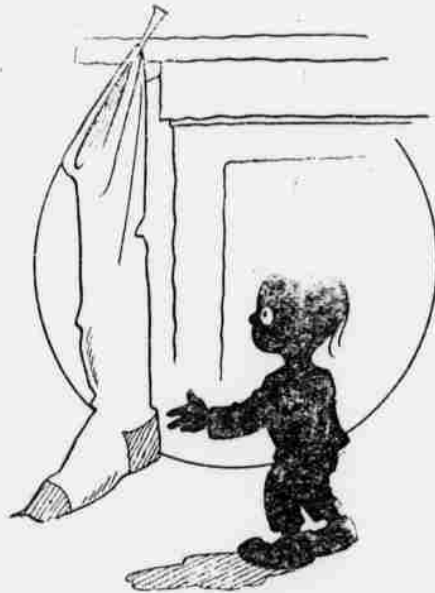
"I want the foot to measure
About a yard, you see;
And I want the leg so long
'Twould reach a giant's knee.

"And from the toe clean to the top
I want it full of toys,
Of every kind that Santa has
To give to little boys.

"I want a pony and a cart,
A sled, some skates, a bat;
A new baseball, a football, too,
A bran' new suit and hat.

"I want an engine-wagon,
A gun that shoots a ball;
Some picture books with stories,
And—mercy!—I want all

"The things that can be stuffed in
That stocking long and big;
But, say—I wonder if old Sant
Will think I am a pig?"



"I WANT A GREAT BIG STOCKING."



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