

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 21, 1894.

DRAWING NEAR.

It's getting close to Christmas; across the hills and dells
You can almost hear the chiming and the
rhyming of the bells.
But the skies are clear and candid, with no
clouds that dream of snow.
And you hear in dark and daylight all the
Elfin bugles blow!

It's getting close to Christmas; there's a
something in the air
That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all
the glory there;
And sweet the bells and bugles sound
through our dreams of rest—
Ring bells, your sweetest music! and bugles
blow your best!

It's getting close to Christmas. Oh, time of
peace and joy!
And oh, to be once more, once more, a wak-
ful watchful boy.
With the stocking in the corner for old Santa
Claus to fill!
But we still thank God for Christmas, and
we're boys in memory still!

—Atlanta Constitution.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

BY ISA CARRINGTON CABELL.

The Doctor was on his last rounds. He was a poor man for New York, and one of his jokes used to be that his servants knew what to expect when he engaged them—hard work and poor pay—but they served him because he always managed to keep them well and, of course, since sin was sickness, good. He promised that when he died each should have a legacy, how-
ever, though no one was very clear as to what sort of legacy it was to be. He was very fond of his concubine John, who did him many unrecorded services for his sake, even condescending to breaches of etiquette like being his own stable-boy, apologizing for it by the remark that he "wasn't any better than the Doctor." But the Doctor had boyish blue eyes and a winning way with him. He had gotten well into the forties—which is to be translated literally, for there had been a time when he had not been well—and perhaps his power over his patients might in a measure have been explained by his kind "know all about it."

The last round caught him at nine o'clock on the east side near Zachariah Square, and when he saw the Jew girls in Primrose Street running out of the shops, entreating, wheedling, coaxing the throng of people to come in and buy their feather boas, and hats trimmed with roses, and pearl necklaces, and every other beautiful and useful article in the market, he leaned out and told John to drive slowly. One curly-headed girl with a large waist and black eyes had got hold of a shabby, shabby old man, and was urging and threatening him to buy an imitation lace scarf or a pair of nickel-plated earrings. What was stranger the old man looked at them hesitatingly, longingly, and at last selected the earrings, and paid for them with five coppers begged at the corner. A closer inspection, and the Doctor found it was the meanest, poorest, most degraded people were either coming out of the shops or going in, and each had a package.

The sight of the throng of people, just the multitude itself, without individuality, without personality, smote his heart, and a strange feeling of pity crept over him just to see them there. "I should think," he said to himself, "if this was my birthday they were all keeping, giving gifts in my name, though they do not know me, giving gifts with money earned by privation, labor, sin, I'd be sorry for them and I'd try to help them."

At that moment John drew up. The Doctor could not move for the people who pressed against him.

"Big pardon, sir," a burly figure in blue put his head in the carriage. "There's been a bit of a row at the top of Zachariah Square and the man's to the hospital. God help him! He's dead an hour or so, and the young doctors are after getting ready for a lesson on him. But the widdle is a decent body and a Christian woman, and it was seen' her man all over blood like that."

"What's the number, O'Farrell?" said the Doctor to the policeman, taking out his watch. "The woman or the man, one, have appendicitis veriformis, you know, because there is an epidemic of the disease; but I'll go to the woman, because the boys have got hold of the man."

O'Farrell laughed good humoredly. He was used to the Doctor's jokes and he laughed the louder when he didn't understand.

They were on a corner, and the little Irishman who kept the saloon there stepped out at the juncture on seeing the Doctor, leaving his tremendous sales to an inferior. The Doctor greeted him civilly, and when he handed him a glass of egg-nog with a "by your leave, sir," he got a "thank you," and "mind, Mike, you put as good whiskey as this in what you serve to those poor wretches who are going into your place."

The publican said he always served good whiskey, for there wasn't any bad; but he had heard what they were talking about, and would the Doctor see the widow. "She's a decent Christian body, dying among the Jews, and not a mass for her soul."

Neither Mike Dolan nor the policeman was sure of the number, however, so it was decided that John should keep the carriage at Mike's saloon and the Doctor walk over. Both the policeman and the barber offered their society, and he accepted it, and walked along between the two in friendly converse for several blocks before they turned into Zachariah Square.

"It's this way, ye honor," said little Mike. "O'Farrell, don't be hangin' ye head like a lily-of-the-valley; the Doctor knows it as he knows us all; but it's the truth, ye honor, the b's afraid of his own beat, God help him, an' it's two weeks the Sunday since he put his head out of his house. An' mighty glad he is of ye company now. They'll be behavin' themselves, the

biargards, so they will, in ye prinsence, an' it's myself will go wit' ye to bring O'Farrell back safe to Mrs. O'Farrell, honest woman, and the childer.

Mike's wit was keenly enjoyed by the big man. His beat was a pretty tough one; every other door a bar-room, from which drunken men were being ejected; but O'Farrell had a post like that held by the man the football players have chosen to see that the rules are obeyed; and as one man can't watch twenty-two, so O'Farrell couldn't watch a thousand. The result was the same in both cases—a violation of decency and order.

But presently a scuffle just in front of them made the three men rush forward. A woman, bareheaded, the blood streaming over her face, came running out of a wretched cellar, a man following her with a knife. The place whence they came was filled with men and women, but O'Farrell and Mike rushed in. The Doctor followed when he had got the man with the knife by the collar; he stopped a minute to sound with his big cane on the pavement, and we may be sure he gave the proper call, as the heroine of a famous story failed to do on a similar occasion, for it was not more than two minutes before three policemen were there to help O'Farrell clear the place.

It was a dreadful place, dark dirty, evil-smelling; the woman with the blood running down her face had come from her wound, you may be sure, but because the Bobbies had run in on her Jake. She was not the only woman. Three or four others were lying about; a lot of glass was smashed; there was a queer evil smell—the Doctor knew it, as it seemed he had to know every sin—of opium. He held the man with his firm grasp.

"O'Farrell," he said, "summon me for a witness to-morrow morning in the precinct police court, and summon Mike Dolan. I'll have every bottle of liquor smashed in this place, and every ounce of this devilish opium thrown away. And you, sir," to the proprietor, "shall go to jail to the extent of the law. Take him, O'Farrell, and have him locked up as soon as you can get him to the station. You, evil pernicious rascal," he cried out, his eyes blazing, "you ought to be put in a cell and kept there the rest of your bad life. Look at the bodies you are ruining with your iniquitous stuff!"

The woman, trying to staunch her blood, rushed up to him at these words.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor!" she screamed, and you so good to everybody and helpin' us, and now to give him to the law. Oh, Doctor, 'tain't you to give him to the law."

"Will you take her along, Doctor?" asked O'Farrell respectfully.

The Doctor looked down at her. She was ragged and dirty and cold and hungry.

Mrs. O'Donnell," he said, "you've had hard times."

At this for address the woman hung her head and instinctively tried to pull the rags together to cover her poor exposed body.

"And you've not always been like this. I've known Mrs. O'Donnell," he said, in a loud voice, so that the roughs and the brazen, painted unfortunates might hear every word of the story that had never believed when Jake's Jenny boasted as she did some times, that she had known better days, "for a long time. Once she had a good home and a husband and two pretty children. She lost them all, no matter how, but I know the children died of diphtheria, not through her fault but the fault of the sanitary commission. They tell me to lose a child is a heavy sorrow."

At this the poor excitable creatures about her began to cry, and there were moans and such words as "Poor darling, the Lord love ye," where a moment before there had been jibes and laughter. But the Doctor went on. "As for that scoundrel," he said, pointing to Jake, "who sells you stuff that will eat up your bodies and the bodies of the children you bring in the world for him and others like him, I'll have the law of you whenever I can. You'll never soften me with any such talk as that. I'm here to see the law's carried out," he added, opening his coat and showing his badge as an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Crime.

Mike Dolan stepped up at that moment. "It's a bit of a place, but it's my house you can go for the night, Mrs. O'Donnell. I have lost a child or two myself, and as the Doctor has said, it's a sorrow. I think God I am prospered with a good business, an' I will see you through the trouble."

"God bless you, Mike," said the Doctor. He said it instinctively as the warmest form of gratitude he could think of.

"I said thrue, ye honor," replied the little barkeeper, walking off with a strut. "I mentioned the b's would be ather behavin' themselves in your prinsence, an' now it's as yin' him, him seeing how peaceable an' quait it is since, to be coaxin' O'Farrell to put his foot on his beat!"

His companions having parted with him, the Doctor went on his way alone. He soon turned into Zachariah Square. The lights everywhere made it almost as bright as day.

Poultry stalls were more frequent than butcher shops. The Doctor did not know the world had been disbartered of so many geese. They hang there as dead as last week's mot that had gone its rounds. The vender of geese feathers in the cellar beneath one of these poultry shops was generally a large dark woman in a nondescript dress and a wig, and about her unwashed neck was a gold chain. The men, as a class, were steeped and black-bearded and black-eyed. They wore black skull caps, and on either side a corker ear cap, and they were the husbands of the virtuous wives who sauntered their tresses at the altar.

After a little the Doctor knew he

had found the place he was looking for; there was a little excitement, and the crowd here was greater than the crowd he had hitherto encountered. A single gaslight flared at the dark simian faces, stunted, swarthy, with high cheek-bones and dark, deep-set eyes in which was burning the racial resentment for their centuries of wrongs. He knew the Russian Jews by their shaggy beards, pointed heads covered with tur caps, and their long sweeping coats. The Polish Jews had refined, supercilious, vain faces. The Doctor looked at their long thin fingers and sensitive mouths. He saw the artist and the musician hidden from the careless eye, and again his heart was moved. He looked at the women, mothers of American citizens—here and there a rosy girl, the rest like ugly, worn, old-world features, dirty, bedraggled, and all from the woman with the scrawny baby at her breast, half covered by a withered shawl, to the supercilious gaunt, staring Reader in the synagogue, with the phylacteries bound on his brow, looking down with contemptuous scorn on the infidel, the accused.

A few words disclosed the fact that the woman he had come to see was dead or dying. A woman in an ancient black silk and a brown wig, her hands covered with thick gold rings—told him the story, of which the following narration gives an idea of her manner of speech.

It was her house—God have mercy on it, who looked on the heart, not the treasure—and a week ago two Swedes, a man and wife, had come there. She had given them the room on which they were about to enter. God forgive her, for the worth of a clothes-brush. The man who was as well as a woman has a right to expect, was coming down the street that afternoon when the scaffolding of the house next door fell on him and killed him. The wife was standing in the doorway—God be thanked that none of the speaker's children or her children's children had bandy legs!—she fell down in a heap; and though they had put cobwebs over her eyes and anointed her with goose-flesh oil—so the mother hath taken bread out of the mouth of her children and fed it to the stranger—she had grown worse, and now was as dead as the fried fish they had ate at Passover. The Moon High is good.

When she opened the door the Doctor turned from her tanned aquiline face, decorated with its wig and its huge gold ear-rings, and went to the body. It was a cellar room, white-washed, bare looking. The woman lay on a feather bed. The high mantle was decorated with a light green fringe and two china dogs. There was also a table and a chest—an immigrant's chest. The woman lying there had penetrated all the mysteries of the Mishna, the Gemorah, the Talmud, and the outcome of socialism. The Doctor looked at her still face, and he had looked at so many dead faces, with reverence as well as curiosity. Ah, how much she knew! She had paid dearly for her knowledge, but how much she knew, and how ignorant an hour ago!

She was a fair young woman, in superb physical health. She looked like the idea of a Scandinavian princess of the olden time, for death had dignified her with the look of race. The child lying in swaddling-clothes at her side cried lustily; the Doctor picked it up and examined it carefully. The child of honest parents, with a heritage of good blood, hard labor, honest living. And in all that great city there was not one voice to bid him welcome.

"Where are her keys?" he asked, and then the Jewess opened the chest. There were a Bible and a simple record; the names, baptismal and marriage certificates of the young man and his wife; and a recommendation from the pastor of their village; a sum of gold—about fifty dollars (enough for their decent burial)—the Doctor mentally noted—was tied in a handkerchief against an evil day. It seemed to have come.

The Doctor stood over the dead woman a moment and thought. He bent down and felt her strong young body with gentle hands. He read the simple record of honest lives.

"I will give you five dollars," he said presently, "to let this body stay here till morning, and five more dollars to send the child home."

The Jewess wrinkled the skin of her black neck till it lay in serpents' folds. "I will keep him," she said, "over-night—the Almighty look blindfolded on my sin—but not longer; for he is a Shagetz (Christian), and if I keep him till sundown he will be sitting on my head, and in a month he will eat triphrament out of butter plates and the judgement of God will come."

As the Doctor walked out, the lament that grew into a wail, followed him. Only ten dollars to tend that child of a Gentle and a heathen corpse. He heard the pawnbroker's condemn herself and call on her ancestors to witness that she had a cat's head and was not fit to buy business for her marriageable daughters. But as he lingered an instant on the threshold he heard the key turn in the death chamber, and the child crying vigorously in the warm kitchen, then a sudden cessation of the noise. She had not killed it, so he knew she had given it food.

When he got to the rendezvous where John waited him, the Doctor's face had grown sternly resolute. He got in, and to the query, "Madison Avenue?" bowed his head and did not lift it from his breast. When the carriage stopped, he looked at the great brown-stone palace as if he had never seen it before. It seemed to him it was the largest, most desolate house in the world.

The servant waiting in the hall opened the door as quickly as possible. The Doctor looked about him a moment at the great superb rooms opening one on the other, the rich furniture, and

vistas of rooms beyond where fragrant flowers bloomed. There were pictures on the walls—speaking things, people called them—but they did not speak, nor hunger nor thirst.

A little, petted, bearded, and beribboned spitz-dog ran under his feet, the footman picked it up respectfully and laid it on a sofa cushion. The lights were dim, but he saw, looking down the length of the rooms, two bent and stricken figures. "Oh, so much room!" the Doctor said to himself; "room, room, more than he can take up in all his life."

At the sound of his step the two figures moved toward him. They had never lost faith in his omnipotence for one moment; their faith in their Doctor was supreme; it was superb. Tears welled up in his eyes, so great was their faith. Then he pulled himself together.

It was a self-limited disease—typhoid fever—and the great, strong, manly fellow hadn't the stamina to pull through. If that treatment failed a miracle couldn't have saved him. The Doctor set his teeth. Had typhoid fever been too much for him?

"She bore the baby's funeral very well," he heard the old man say, with an effort at cheerfulness; "but it is strange how much more she has been prostrated by this than the other."

His wife laid her hand on his. "Oh, you can't understand; you can't understand," the Doctor even can't understand," she said, as if she had limited the omniscience of Providence.

"She is bereaved; she has nothing in all the world to live for."

"She has you and me and all this," said the father, almost indignantly. But the Doctor saw the self-abnegation of the mother in the desolation of the other.

"You can't understand it," he said to the old man. "One never can explain intentions," he added, a little regretfully. "I think, however, children and dear simple souls like her"—he pressed the woman's hand—"have the gift of sight." And then again he looked about him. The great beautiful empty house—that was nothing; the parents who were watching her every breath with the intense silent passion expended on an only child—they were nothing.

"I will go up," he said, "and see her a moment." They looked at him with gratitude. He wondered how much more intensely they would believe in his omnipotence if she were to die; and he decided by the time he got up the stairs that if he took them word, in ten minutes she was with her child and husband, they would thank God that she had had the Doctor to the very last.

The fact was that this young widow, whose only child had been buried that afternoon, and whom he was going to see in order to reconcile her to the common lot in life, was almost like a child to him. He was the family doctor, and he had known her all her life. He had seen her with croup and chicken-pox, and crying with a red flannel rag around her neck because he had kept her at home from a dance when she had sore throat. He had heard her stamp her feet and call him an ugly mean old thing, oh, a hundred times, and once he had been called in to talk to her seriously about going on the stage; for she had vowed she couldn't bear it a single minute if those tyrants wouldn't let her study medicine, and would make her learn a whole lot of stupid history and French every day of her life; she was going to be some body in spite of them; she was going to be an actress at the Bell Theatre, like Miss Polly Carp.

As she stood on the threshold of her door all that time came back. He remembered how her mother had written the letter about the stage in the most diplomatic way she knew how; it wasn't very subtle, after all; and the Doctor saw the girl was probably too much indulged.

But he went. He found her a small, dark fiery creature, full of nerves, full of impulse, and with no more self-restraint than a tiger cat. He acquiesced in her proposal that he go to see Mr. Jacob May, the manager, at once, though the mother was rather horrified; she had stood in silence when he made the girl go to the end of the hall, while they stood in the doorway, and she prepared to recite one of her pieces which was to give her Miss Carp's envied place. The mother was dreadfully frightened and whispered that the girl had a great deal of talent; perhaps they never could get her to give it up after this; but the Doctor nodded and smiled. Her selection was the well-known "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight." The stanzas are pretty long, and the girl had flamed up at the second, when she should have at least got into the twentieth before she began to tear her clothes. At the fifth her mother said, "A little louder," and then they both saw the gestures, but heard no sound.

It was an affair of a moment, as the surgeons say when they are going to make an incision in a vital point. She burst into tears, and rushed out of the room, slamming the door after her. Her mother tried to thank the Doctor, but her mind was blank. He had been very kind; oh, the dear, talented thing, out to the heart in that dreadful way!

The Doctor said there were a great many other talents; the girl certainly had one or two at the least, so had everybody; and then he bowed himself out. He was not called there again.

The next time he saw her was a year or two or three after, when he had stepped into a horse show for a five minutes' look at the horses and the people and what it all was like. He never was quite able to have a feeling of belonging to these things, and he felt the lonesomeness of non-participation. But in crowds women are apt to faint, or somebody get jostled, and then, if he hadn't neglected his fixed duties, she was in a box, and looked very smart and well rigged in a knowing little hat and a gentlemanly cravat and tie and a waist of about eighteen inches round. So her boyishness was not

radical after all. The talk about the horses was so professional that the Doctor couldn't quite make out what they were describing, though he had been accused of a lack of dignity due to himself as a member of the City Medical Society because he had often been seen doing a vet. surgeon's business in the most fashionable avenue of the city, where, indeed, it was most needed.

The clean, rather solemn-looking young man with her was a very prominent character. They said that under that overcoat with a Watteau pleat in the back and the two capes thrown wide open exposing his chest, was a network of trained muscles, which were in such perfection that he had kicked a goal on the 6th of last November that had saved his university and thousands of its alumni from shame and disgrace.

The Doctor exchanged a word or two with the party, and asked the athlete if he were quite well, looking at him with kind serious eyes, at which the girl laughed his answer out of hearing. Then the Doctor told her that she was a very cruel girl, and had served him a sorry turn, sending for a fashionable young doctor, and cutting him, her old friend. Her mother immediately looked humble, and her eyes asked forgiveness, but the girl was genuinely surprised too.

"Why, Doctor, how could you know? I have never told anybody. I went there at night, alone" (here everybody laughed at the absurd exaggeration), "and you've found me out. You are a sorcerer, a magician, just as you always were. I never could fool you."

The Doctor showed his white teeth in one of his sympathetic smiles that made people feel fellowship with him. "No, you never did fool me," he said, rising to go; "but in my character of magician I will say I've found out one must keep nature's laws, and all other right laws, if one wants to be beautiful and happy."

The intense, sorrowful, little face, the small nervous form, turned from him. He knew she was hurt, perhaps offended; but that was his luck, somehow. He felt lonesome.

But wedding-cards followed quickly after that chance meeting, and then the typhoid fever, when the young and fashionable doctor, poor soul, was relegated to a temperature-taker, and the real angel of mercy and healing called in. It was a disastrous record—an overtrained athlete dead at twenty-four, a blue baby—no heart action from the very first—and that prostrate form, that deathlike face.

These memories passed rapidly through his mind. This was not the first time he had recalled them. Then he gave a gentle knock. No reply. But he went in.

The room was furnished in blue and gray. A bride's room, and all the lovely wedding gifts, the water-colors, the favorite books, the crystal and silver and ivory, the thousands luxuries of a child of fortune shown in the tint of the coloring of the wall-paper, the depth and softness of the lounge, the down pillows, the writing-desk with its trays and bottles, the rugs and silken hangings. The next room, opening on it, had a different look, something into it a moment; no, everywhere was there, except what he had always looked for first, the cradle, the soft blankets, the fire on the hearth.

The figure extended on the bed was so small and light it looked like a child's form. The limbs were relaxed, the face that lay on the pillow was as expressionless as a blank sheet of white paper. Somebody with a regard to proprieties had put her in a black robe. Every particle of beauty, life, emotion, had gone out of her. She might have been a mummy or a wax figure. He sat down by her, and without preamble began:

"You know, Evelyn, you can say I haven't any right to speak to you about all the dreadful business because I haven't lost wife or child; but I never had either, and some day you'll see that, too, is hard. But when I was about your age, thirty-one or two, for a woman is ten years older than a man, I suffered a great temptation, a great sorrow, and a terrible wrong. Never mind what it was, but it gave me the right to say to anybody in trouble or temptation, 'I know.' But you are not exceptional in your losses. Your husband and child were victims to the violation of nature's laws, and, 'he added, seriously, 'I do not believe anything outside a miracle, which she never performs, could have saved Jack when I first saw him. He was overtrained, and hadn't anything to go on but those big muscles.'"

The Doctor made this statement with conscientious precision, for he believed with all his heart that he could manage any typhoid fever case provided it had not got three days' start of him. The little boy with the thermometer—well he had been a little boy with a thermometer once, and so he was a little sorry for him as for the rest of them.

"Now, Evelyn, you have good food, you despise it; a good home, you envy the rag-picker in her crowded cellar; and people who would gratify any whim you have in the world. Listen to me. I've been down the east side, and I've seen a woman lying dead. No, Evelyn, don't envy her, because" (for he knew her thoughts) "in a way you've been appointed to a kingdom, set a task. The woman's husband was killed before her eyes, and she was struck down there that minute—a stranger, poor, bereaved. Her baby was born, and she died just before I got there. And this is how it is. The man is dead, lying over there in the Bellevue Hospital, the woman is dead in a cellar at Zachariah Square, and the baby" (the form on the bed quivered)—"the baby is in a pawnbroker's kitchen, waiting for morning, to be carried to some foundling asylum."

"Oh! oh! the poor little desolate thing! Oh, the little forsaken outcast! Is it a little tender blue-eyed thing, Doctor? Will it die before morning?"

"No, Evelyn, not that—not like your poor little baby. Don't let it hurt you too much, but you have not lived the life to have the child of that healthy, wholesome, natural peasant woman, nor have your ancestors before you led her life. All you can do about that is to fulfill a wish I have made for you many times, and that is that what I have taught you, and, above all, what you have learned by a common experience, you will tell other people, and tell it so they will listen to you. And in time"—the Doctor looked into space with intense gaze—"in time, if you and others, and others yet unborn go on telling, and go on being healed, we will have a happy and a healthy world. The child I saw to-night," he said, "is strong and beautiful. There is no fault to find in him, except that nobody in the world wants him, though it is such a little place that he'd take." He went over to the door that opened on the room whence his little occupants had been carried that afternoon. "What a warm-looking place this is!" he said. And that empty cradle there, and those little dresses and things!" He put his hand on her head, and then looked at her, but he did not say one word. Presently he went out. She heard in a dazed sort of way the front door slam, then the rattle of wheels. He had gone.

But she couldn't get his words out of her head. That poor desolate little creature! She longed for morning. What sort of foundling asylum would it be? She shuddered. She remembered a dear lovely charity she subscribed to, where a kind nurse in a blue gown tied different colored ribbons on babies to tell them apart when she washed them. She had thought what a "curing idea." Would any kind angel in Heaven in a white dress have to tie a ribbon on her baby to tell it from the others? Oh, how slowly the hours went by! The Doctor had been gone such a long time. She had as much time as she had of everything else. What! Had he come back? The Doctor entered. She was in the nursery passionately kissing the small empty clothes, the useless, undisturbed treasures.

"Do you think the woman will be good to him until morning? Hasn't he got a friend in the world? It isn't possible he hasn't got anybody—everybody has got somebody."

The Doctor faced about and took her by her hand and lifted her upon her feet. "Yes," he said, "he has got somebody. Evelyn, I told you a long time ago that people are constructed with individual properties, like light or heat, if you will. I won't give them scientific names, for the name doesn't matter. Your gift, or talent, or hereditary trait, never mind what you call it or how it was evolved, we will understand," he added, thoughtfully, "when we get at the root of selection—natural selection, you know; but it's there. It isn't acting—it's being, it's loving. I haven't been with you here all these months without knowing that is your life. I don't ask you to keep this baby longer than to-night if you find it is impossible." He opened the door, and out of John's arms he lifted the little Christ-like child and laid it in hers.

She shrank back instantly. "Oh, my own baby, my little heart out there in the graveyard!" But she did not let this baby fall.

The Doctor lingered again on the threshold; it was the second time that night he had stood and listened for a token of its fate. Then he heard a word that satisfied him, and he went down stairs. The old couple stretched out their hands to him; their faith in their Doctor had taken the form of blind obedience.

When he passed through Fortieth Street he heard the crash of bells and the clear notes of the boy choristers, and saw the stream of light pouring out from the open doors of the church with the triumphant strain, "Unto us a Child is born, a Son is given."

"Bless my soul," he said, "it's Christmas! I had entirely forgotten it for the time. I thought at first it was Easter, but I might have known by the holly I saw in the windows. If it had been Easter, there would have been forced lilacs."

He found the fire out in his rather cheerless library, and he was too tired to light it so he fell asleep in his armchair. It seems to me I get more up in things and make a little disturbance in this world," was his last waking thought; but I must do my work."

Better Times Ahead.

Many Mills to Start Up After the First of the Year.

New York, Dec. 16.—After the first of the new year, the Peppercorn Manufacturing Company, the Laconia Mill Company, the Otis Company, the Columbia Manufacturing Company, the Thorndike Company, the Androssogin Mills, the Warner Cotton Mills, the Palmer Mills, the Boston Duck Company and the Cordis Mills are all expected to start up on full time. Nearly all the mills are now working on about half time.

The above mills, through their agents here, will sell over \$2,000,000 worth of staples next Wednesday, clearing out all this season's stock. This is one of the largest of annual sales ever made. Owing to the dullness in trade the past year the stock on hand amounts to 27,000 packages of goods. The sale will have the effect of setting the price of staples for the next year.

His Annual Custom.

Spats—Young Glim has broken with Miss Thibly.

Bloobumper—His love has grown cold, has it?

Spats—It isn't that. He thinks he can't stand the expense of a Christmas gift.

How Progress Affects Old Kris.

The Santa Claus legend is being scandalously exposed by the constant supplanting of fireplaces and open hearths with hot air pipes and steam radiators.—Chicago News.