

TREASURE TROVE.

The forest of Dartmoor Is surrounded on every side by wide stretches of moorland that belong to the several contiguous parishes, and every householder in each of these parishes claims rights on the common of his parish, over which, moreover, the manorial lord asserts paramount authority and enforces it when he can. The duchy of Cornwall, however, to which the forest belongs, professes a sort of sovereignty over all these commons.

Now, there lived in the parish of South Tawton, in the curious old village of Zeal, where every house is an archæological curiosity and every householder is independent, a poor young man of the name of Josiah Day, commonly known as young Rainyday. This nickname was acquired by him

through his excessive caution. Jos was not a lazy man, yet his exaggerated prudence led to much the same re-

sults as inertness.

He was working on the common, cutting up granite blocks, wherewith to con-"new take" wall. While thus engaged Jos came on a pile of small stones. He cleared away these as too small to serve his purpose and discovered beneath them a granite slab This he levered aside, without much difficulty, and to his



HE PEERED CAUTIOUSLY ABOUT HIM. surprise discovered a stone cist or coffin constructed of rude blocks He crept in and was still further surprised when he found within a pot containing charred bones and ashes, and near it a cup of yellow metal and some rings and hoors, some weighing 6, others 10 and 15 ounces apiece.

He hastily scrambled forth, and as the setting sun gleamed out he examined his find by its light. He rubbed the cup and the rings on his sleeve and "By ginger! "I'm darned if it ain't all solid gold. Come, I'm in luck's way This shall stand over against a rainy day

have rights. There'll be naught left for me but the disappointment of having

found and lost treasure.' Josiah stood turning over the gold cup and rings Then he peered cautiously about him to make sure that he was unobserved

Then the young man replaced the covering block, then heaped the small stones and earth over it and disguised the fact that the place had been disturbed.

He returned home very satisfied with himself and with his prospects. Now he could look forward without blinking to the inevitable rainy day. At present he had health, strength and youth, and with these he could earn his livelihood. "But," as Jos put it, "I can't reckon on these lasting I knows several young chaps as has had colds settled on their chestesses and have died of a decline. And Tom Endicott, he dislocated his hip and now can't hobble up en to the moor after granite no more, and as to old age and decrepitudethere's no denying it, every day and hour and minute brings me nigher to it.

Accordingly Jos went on breaking up stone and inclosing, and instinctively he extended his "new take" wall in the direction of the cairn and stone chest that contained his treasure.

It must not be supposed that Jos was not tempted to realize, but fear of discovery and the consequent confiscation of the gold, above all, his prevailing dominant passion of caution against a future unprovided for, prevented his doing so.

On the verge of the moor lived a girl named Mary Aggett with her bedridden mother She made a livelihood out of some poultry she kept, out of flint arrowheads, which by searching she found on the moor and which she disposed of to an archæologist. She also did some needle-

work Jos passed the cottage twice daily on his way out and on his way home, and very frequently he saw Mary at her door, and they never met without exchange of salutations. On one occasion when overtaken by a hailstorm he had been invited into the cottage and had been given a cup of tea that warmed his heart as if it had been peppermint and got into his head as if it had been whisky.

On leaving the cottage he said to himself: "I might go farther and fare worse. The old mother is well cared for, the hous neat, the maid is pretty and bright and pleasant But"-he shook his head-"it don't do to marry early; that means a family coming fast and nothing drags a man's head under water like a lot of babies clawing hold of it. If Polly Aggett: had money, that would be another matter altogether. Then it might be worth con-

One day when they met on the moor the northeast blast was so cutting that they retired together under shelter of a rock to eat their lunch. Considering how cold the weather was Jos put his arm round Polly, and, having an overcoat, he threw one arm of it over her shoulder.

The ensuing night was one of sore temp tation to Jos. He tossed on his bed. He could not sleep. He sallied very early from his house and went to the moor, resolved to raise his treasure, dispose of it,

dare fortune and marry. As he passed the cottage of Mary Aggett he did not see her. He was glad of this, lest she should have asked him why he went to his work two hours earlier than

usual. He proceeded to the cairn, removed the s, heaved the covering sinb aside, got stone into the chest and brought out the gold rings and cup. He furbished them up. and they sparkled in the morning sun. When all were ranged before him, he shook his head. "It would be madness to

risk it," said he. "If I married Polly,

women be them corkserews, she'd have the whole story out of me, and they be that chatterboxes they can't help talking, and she'd blab about it to every one in the place. Then I'd have the crown, and the duchy, and the lord of the manor, and the parson, and the 143 commoners down on me demanding their shares. Be hanged if Women is terrible dangerous animals with their tongues, never to be hind the rock hard by, where she had picked up flint chips and flakes.

Slowly, painfully, Jos Day worked at his wall. He succeeded in carrying it over the cairn, and thus he secured his treasure from being disturbed, and thus was it made fast against the rainy day. In the course of the next three months

had completed the inclosure and had taken from the common a tract of good land of five and twenty acres in extent. 'Now, then," said Jos to himself, "my

way is to be as still as a mouse. The duchy won't know nothing about it. lord of the manor lives far away, and his agent is a sleepy chap. If he squalls, then I'll claim rights under the duchy or as a commoner, and if the duchy squeaks I'll claim under the lord of the manor."

About this time Mary Aggett's mother died Jos pitied her greatly, the cottage was so lonely for the girl. His heart grew soft when he saw her in black. me!" he said "If I lived in that cottage, it would save me half my journey every But I won't risk it.'

Shortly after this a great surprise came on him. One morning he found in his 'new take" a flock of sheep all branded "M. A."

"Gracious bless us!" exclaimed Jos. However came the sheep there? I'll run ask Polly. She may know. She must have seen some one drive 'em this way. He went to the cottage and spoke in "Mary, some owdacious radicals have been turning sheep into my new take

during the night. They are all marked 'They are mine, Jos."

"Yours, Polly?" Yes It was very kind and consider ate of you, Jos, to inclose so many acres for me I thank you with all my heart.

"Inclose for you! It is my new take!" 'There is some misunderstanding," answered the girl. "The new take is certainly mine. I have been to the lord of the maner and have bought it—25 acres at so much gold per acre. I have the papers all drawn ou

"Yours! Where did you get the money?'
That was a question Mary did not an

After much consideration Jos said fal teringly: "This is a pretty go! How am I to be paid for the walling? "I'm sure I can't think, Jos."

'But it has engaged me off and on for 18 months. Fifty pounds wouldn't repay my labor. I can't afford"-

'I really am sorry for you.' By ginger!" exclaimed Jos. "There is only one way out of it that I can see, and that is by changing the brand on the sheep from A to D and by lumping together my wall and your land.

"Well, I'm not particular," answered Mary, and so the matter was settled. They were married, and Jos found that he had secured not only a very capital bit

of land, but with it a thrifty, witty and wise wife. At the close of the first twelvemonth there were three in the house in the place of two. At the end of the second year the number had mounted to five, for the second addition to the family consisted in twins.

But the conscience of Jos was uneasy Something stood between him and Polly. He had a secret from her, and that is ever a barrier to connubial unity. Christmas was approaching. Jos resolved to make a clean breast of it and tell Mary every-

thing. Christmas arrived, and Jos put off his Sunday coat and flowered "weskit," took his lever and went forth. "Polly," said he, "come along. I've a surprise for you." He deliberately threw down a portion of his new take wall, discovered the lid of the stone chest, levered it aside and then jumped into the box. Next moment he rose out of it blank with despair, trembling with disappointment. His treasure

By the side of the cairn and overthrown wall stood his wife watching him with a smile on her cherry lips and a twinkle in her bright eyes. A toddling child clung to her skirts and she held one of the twin

in each arm. "Poll!" he gasped. "By gum, I'm a ruined man! I've lost everything. I've been ropped.

Then she laughed, and when she laughed the child holding her skirts laughed also, and the babes in her arms chuckled and "No, Jos Rainyday," she said, "you have lost nothing, you have gained much.



"YOURS! WHERE DID YOU GET THE MONEY?" I found your treasure and I disposed of it to the antiquarian gentleman who buys the arrowheads With the money I bought the land, the sheep, the cows-and you." Then Jos scrambled out of the grave and

fell a-laughing and he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.
"By ginger!" said he. "Woman's wit

outweighs man's wisdom. My true treasure trove is here"-he clapped his wife on the shoulder-"and it's one neither crown, ner duchy, nor lord of the manor, nor parson, nor the 143 commoners have one particle of right over no more nor a pin's head, but is all-all and undivided my own And by gum!"-he kissed Mary then the child in each arm, then the child at her knee-"this treasure of mine is one bearing annual interest.

"And, Jos-an interest that will grow and make loving provision for you as for the, when comes the rainy day."

> THE CHRISTMAS MORN. BY JOEL CENTON.

Shining in the Christmas sky. Sometimes meets the human eye, While the church bells, sweet and slow Peal their joy out down below, On the far horizon's hem A hint of faroff Eethlehem. 'Tis one softly luminous star, Like that the magi saw afar.

Pright holly and the mistletoe Join us in the fireside glow, And presents by the chimney side Make lovely all the Christmastide Today the hurrying world must pause The children look for Santa Claus, While in the air the silver chimes Recall the old Judcan times.

The ringing bells and tokens say That in a stable, dim and gray, The Light of All the World was bern, His bed a manger, rough, forlorn, Where meek eyed oxen, with their hay, Stood in a trance almost of grace Before the sweet Madonna face, And, half in awe and half in prayer, Seemed to suspect some god was there

This world will never cease to know, Though centuries come and centuries go, The story of those ancient times, The meaning of these Christmas chimes Which come with their perennial grace With blessing for the human race. So what to us are ice and snow And all the wintry blasts that blow If on the sky's horizon hem We see the star of Bethlehem?

A PRECARIOUS PUSH.

The Honeymoon and a Christmas Adventure. A New Method of Hunting the Grizzly. Wintering In the Yosemite Valley—The Neglectkd Christmas Dinner-A Narrative of Fact.

All our friends said we were foolish, and really I suppose we were-foolish in the

honeymoon in the Yosemite. Yes, they declared that to be the crowning act of all our foolish deeds, and they washed their hands and cleared their skirts of us entirely. But, bless them, we didn't care. Alicia and I had fallen in love with each other just because we couldn't help it, and we didn't want to either-that is, we didn't want to "help

it." And we cared not a straw what our

friends thought or did so long as they let us entirely alone. And at the end of the week, when the others started for the return trip, we proved the integrity of our intentions by remaining behind. It was then late in September, and soon, the guardian of the valley told us, the first snowflakes would fly and not long after the Yosemite would be

closed entirely to the outside world. "Yes, indeedy," he said, "there won't be nobody in here except now and then a logging team and whoever's left over. So I'd advise you two to get out mighty soon. 'But we don't want to get out," I exclaimed, and my wife nodded her head affirmatively. "We want to stay here all

winter, all alone. "Yes, and don't you know of some nice little cabin we can hire?" asked Alicia. Any kind of a hut will do, so long as it can be made warm and comfortable. We want to stay all by ourselves."

"Sho! You don't say! ies, i do know of one. It's that log cabin over the river. But it'll be awful lonesome, let me tell you There won't be nobody but me within a mile and p'rhaps half a dozen fam lies scattered over the whole seven mile stretch of the valley."

What Do you mean that darling little log nut among the apple trees, with the tiny flower garden in front and the river flowing by?

"That's the one. The man who built it has gone east; staid here one winter, and it was too lonely for him. If you reely want it, I can put you in possession at once."
"If we want it!" I exclaimed, ready to hug the old man on the spot. And

I was almost afraid Alicia would hug him

then and there, but she didn't, only her

eyes shone, and she clapped her hands fer "Why, we don't want anything else in this wide, wide world!" she exclaimed.

"It will be perfect, just too heavenly for anything! 'Well, guess you'll want a little something else," rejoined the dear old man, "some pervisions, for instance, fuel, and

At this sudden descent to sublunary and substantial things our countenances fell. We hadn't thought but that we could live on air perhaps or on ambrosial nectar. We looked at each other doubtfully.

The old man noted our disappointment and hastened to add: "Well, now, don't feel bad about it. I'll arrange for all that. Fact is, the cabin's supplied with pooty much everything except fresh meat—flour, meal, bedding, blankets, cooking thingsand if you haven't got the money with you we'll trust you till spring opens for all you want.

"Oh, we've got money enough," I remarked. "I'll pay you any price you ask and feel forever indebted to you into the bargain." And I wrung the old man's marked under his breath and with a sigh: Dear me! I was young myself once. It's

nice to be young. The hotel closed the very next day, but get installed in our new quarters. The old guardian showed us where the provimake a fire in the great fireplace and how to cook over the open hearth with the primitive utensils of our ancestors. There were two rooms in the hut, each about 14 feet square, one being for a bedroom and e other for kitchen, dining room and parlor. The great oak logs were well chinked with clay, the stout floor timbers neatly covered with pine boards, and a litthe square window in each room looked cut over the broad and winding river. The frost had not yet touched the flowers in the garden, and soon the best of them with the with us, they bore witness how a woman's dainty touch can evoke from bare walls a

suggestion of home. Finally winter closed in earnest. All the trails were filled with snow, the waterfalls converted into sheets of crystal



WINTER CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE. great trees hung with fleecy draperies. Then we staid within doors almost entirely, except that I sallied out every day to cut wood for the insatiate fireplace until a pile was heaped against the cabin almost as big as the hut itself. The time passed quickly enough, and Christmas day at last overtook us, finding us busy and happy, but with a larder sorely depleted.

Alicia and I were out in the snow gath ering holly and mistletoe for the decorating of the cabin when our friend, the old guardián, came along, a rifle in the hollow of his arm and a cur dog at his heels 'Bet a dollar you folks haven't a pound of fresh meat in the house," was his first remark after greetings were over, "and I've called to see if Mr. Alfred won't go with me on a little hunt.'

"Yes, dear, de go," said my brave little wife, but her eyes were tear gathering, I noticed, as she took down the rifle from above the fireplace and placed it in my "I'm not afraid to stay alone during the daytime, and then, you know, I've that judding to make, which will keep

me busy while you're gone."
So I kissed her and left her, and yet first place to fall in love; foolish to get my heart misgave me as I turned around married, and, lastly, foolish to spend our an hour later while climbing the trail up the cliffs and saw her still standing in the

doorway, watching us wistfully. It is a stiff climb up to Glacier point, and by the time we had arrived at the forest covered plateau the exercise in the cool crisp air had started my blood coursing rapidly, and I was in fine spirits. My friend directed me to take the trail to the left, while he swung around to the right, promising to join me within three hours' time.

'Shoot whatever you see," was his final word at parting. "It won't be much anyhow, but remember we're out for meat! That was unfortunate advice, for not more than an hour later, coming suddenly upon a strange track in the forest and shortly after looking ahead and seeing a queer but immense gray creature shambling through the snow and being at a loss what to call it, I thought a well directed | sight again!' bullet might disclose its identity and so threw up my rifle and let drive.

My friends would have felt perfectly justified in calling me a fool could they have seen me make that foolish shot and have seen the big gray monster turn around and disclose to my astonished gaze the unmistakable head and hideous fangs before, except in a cage, but there was no doubt whatever about this one. And he left me not long in doubt as to his intentions either when he wheeled about with



THE GRIZZLY ON TABLE ROCK. a shari and a growl and took the trail in

my direction. The blood was oozing from a wound in hand so warmly that he turned aside with a suspicious moisture in his eyes and re- a flea bite to his bearship, though good excuse enough for revenge. I looked about me and saw to my horror that I was between him and the edge of the cliff, which at this point descends sheer 3,000 feet. none too soon for us, as we were wild to Projecting over the edge of the precipice was an immense rock like the bowsprit of a ship and some 15 or 20 feet in length. sions were stored, instructed us how to It may look like an insane move that I made tracks for this perilous position, 3,000 feet above the valley floor, but there seemed nothing else to do unless I went straight toward the bear. I remember that I felt then that my time had come and wondered confusedly what Alicia would say and do when, perhaps days or weeks later, she should view my mangled remains at the foot of the great cliff. However, I ran for all I was worth, and as I ran on, mechanically ejected the empty shell from my rifle and slipped in another cartridge. It was a six shooter, and I reonly for Alicia's sake not to die ferns and the few pictures we had brought | until I had given grizzly the full benefit of every shot. He was shuffling along clumsily, but relentlessly, and was clos upon me as I slipped over the bank. If I had carried out my hastily conceived plan of going out on the protruding rock, I should not have lived to tell this story, but just as I reached its base I slid down into a crevice behind and a little to one side of

> That unintentional move saved my life, for, seeing me go over, my pursuer rushed fiercely after and could no restrain his impetus until well out on the rock. It was extremely slippery, incased as it was in ice, with a sheet of snow atop, and he had hard work & keep his footing, and as he stood there, growling terribly and shifting his position uneasily, yet looking down and all around for me, a germ of hope came into my mind. I saw that it would not take much to send him crash ing down upon the rocks at the foot of the cliff, and I trembled lest he should get off the rock before I had given him a little jolt. I could see him quite clearly, as he wasn't more than 20 feet away, and that instant also he saw me, wedged into the

crevice back of him. He tried to scramble about and reverse his position, but as he turned I drew a bead just behind his shoulder and sped a bullet there. His situation was precarious enough at the first, but now in his frantic struggles to turn about-and perhaps made giddy by the two wounds-he swaved considerably. Into the ice sheet and the snow he sent his crooked claws, making desperate efforts to regain his balance, but another ball crashed into his ear and that settled him. Over he went, clawing and fighting the empty air, whirling through space, until he was dashed with a terrible shock upon the rocks 3,000 feet

I dared not look over for fear I might share his fate, but after a prayer of thankfulness at my escape I slowly crawled to the brow of the precipice. The old man met me soon after and had to support me over a portion of the downward trail, I was so unnerved.

After a detour of several miles we finally reached the base of the cliff over which grizzly had fallen, and there we found him, a very much used up bear. His skin. however, was not so badly torn but it later served as a rug for our cabin floor, though it was long before Alicia could look upon it with composure.

The bear meat, the old guardian said was tender and toothsome—probably from the pounding it got—but Alicia and I could not bring ourselves to taste it. In fact, though our hearts sang with joy and we were thankful for our blessings, with the true Christmas spirit, yet we could not do justice to that Christmas dinner. Even the pudding, which the old man declared a conspicuous success, was neglected, for my little wife did nothing but shudder and, throwing her arms around my neck, whisper, with her lips close to my ear, "Dearest, I shall never let you out of my

The Date of Christmas.

Christmas gets its name from the mass celebrated in the early days of the Christian church in honor of the birth of Christ, its first solemnization being ordered by of a grizzly bear! I had never seen one Pope Telesphorus. This must have been some time prior to the year 138, for in that