#### A CHRISTMAS COFFEE POT.

He was only ten years old, and he ought to have been in school, of course; but his father was dead and his mother almost an invalid, to whose slender and uncertain income from her needle Benny's two dollars a week at Haines' General Store was no that the seventy-five of mean addition. Some weeks indeed, his pocket was still intact. earnings were greater than hers, and on these occasions Mrs Brooks, who was still young, would smile in her pretty way and pat Benny on the head and call him her little man of the house.

Those were always proud moments for Benny; and, oh, how they made him yearn to be earning ten dollars a week in the store, like Hank Sellers! Hank was Benny's ideal of a great man, for he could blow smoke through his nose without coughing; he could lift a barrel of salt; throw anybody in town in a wrestling match, and break the wildest colts that were ever brought to him. Benny learned in Sunday school, of course, and from his mother, that some of these things were not nice; yet, if they weren't, why did a great man like Hank Sellers do them?

These were questions that often puzzled Benny's brain as he sat on the high seat of the delivery wagon, with old Ned jogging along in front. Mr. Haines did not smoke, to be sure-but he was a little, dried-up old man, whom Hank could have licked with one hand tied behind his back. Mr. Haines often spoke sharply to Hank, especially when the latter had been out training somehody's colt instead of attending to business in the store; and Benny, on such occasions, always trembled for his employer-but somehow Hank never lick-

Every Saturday night Benny hurried straight home with his two silver dollars, and the kiss his mother invariably gave him was the richest of rewards. In the beginning he also conscientiously carried home the occasional nickel or dime which he picked up in return for some little favor done a customer. But one day his mother told him, with a queer little catch in her which he could not then underthat thereafter he could have these extras for himself. He kept them after this, but whatever he bought with themcandy or licorice-root or an orange-he always shared with little Elizabeth and his

Since September, however-and it was now next to the last week in Decemberhe had not spent a penny. Why, was a secret into which he had let no one but little Elizabeth. He was going to make the first Christmas gift of his life, and it was to be to his mother ! But what? This was the question he had pondered for days. He had considered at least a dozen articles, always carefully bearing the cost in mind, but no sooner would he decide on any one of them than all the others would at once take on new charms, and thus undo his

What he wanted was something that his mother really needed and would use every day, but which at the same time would be beautiful and enduring, and would not cost over seventy-five cents. It proved a difficult combination to find, and he was beginning to despair, when one morning at breakfast, just four days before Christmas, his mother said: "Benny, dear, I guess you'll have to take the coffee pot down to Mr. Conrad's again. It has sprung anoth-In that moment the inspiration ame. He would get her a new Not a plain tin affair like her old one, which was battered and soldered in many a place, with its spout twisted and the butne from the lid; but a gorgeous one of white and blue granite iron, such as he had seen in Conrad's window.

That very afternoon, after school, Elizabeth, following instructions, stopped at the store for her brother, for the selection of the pot was a responsibility not to be assumed by any one person. Benny got excused for a little while, and the diminutive pair hastened toward Conrad's hardware store. The clouds were spitting snow, and a keen wind harried the street; but Elizabeth's little red hood and jacket were snug and warm, and Benny, though he blew his bare knuckles from habit, was too excited to think of the cold. They paused in front of the window, and Benny eagerly pointed out the pot which he had chosen, contingently, earlier in the day.

"Ain't it a heauty, Lizzie?" "It's awful pretty!" she murmured. "How much does it cost?"

"I ain't asked yet, but Hank says that no granite-iron coffee pot ever made ought to cost over seventy five cents; and he knows, 'cause he used to work in a hardware store. We'll go in and ask, if you think it'll do " 'It's beautiful, brother."

"Do you think it's too big ?" he interrogated anxiously.

"Oh. no." "Do you think it's too little then?"

"Oh, no. I think it's just right," said

she. "Then I'll ask. Wait till I count my

He drew from his trousers pocket half a handful of pennies, nickles and dimes, and after some study found that they totaled seventy-five cents-just the amount he should have had. Then he paused for one final glance at the gorgeous pot. It was in that fatal moment that his eyes fell on a pot which had somehow escaped him hitherto—a beautiful vessel which shone like silver, with a fancy curved spout and figured handle, a very king of coffee pots in fact, throned high above all the rest. He gasped, and in that instant the glory of the granite iron pot faded forever, and

hopeless tone.
'Oh, my!' exclaimed Elizabeth. wish we could buy mother that one; but I expect it costs about ten dollars, don't

"Look at that silver one!" he said, in

it became a common plebeian thing.

Benny shook his head, too dejected to show his boyish scorn of her ignorance. 'It don't cost that; no coffee pot cost that-except a king's mebbe. But it costs

He fastened his longing blue eyes on the glittering object again. It seemed to shine with even more effulgence than before; and he pictured to himself, with an aching heart, the glow that would come to his mother's face if he could only make her such a magnificent present.

"Lizzie," said he, almost tragically, while his lip quivered, "I ain't goin' to get mother a coffee pot after all. I'm goin' to get her something else."

'What you goin' to get her?" asked Elizabeth, greatly disappointed at this outdition.

ver pot," he added, sadly.

He dreamt that night that he found a on the ground as thick as leaves, enough to buy many silver pots. But just as he was entering Conrad's store, which didn't seem just the same old place exactly, the bottom of his nockets and any silver pots. Being a bundle of brown paper.

Benny's work day ended at six o'clock, by Mrs. Brooks' stipulation, for he was too young to be kept up as night. bottom of his pockets suddenly dropped out, his silver rolled hither and thither, dodging about as if it had life, and not a single piece could be found again. He awoke bitterly disappointed; but he was somewhat cheered to find, on getting up, that the seventy-five cents in his trousers

On the way to work he could not regre the temptation to stop and look at the silver coffee pot again. Some fairy must have polished it over night, for it reflected the morning sun in a manuer that was fairly dazzling. Each time that day that he passed Conrad's with the delivery wagon—and he went out of his way several times to do it—he turned a pair of hungry eyes toward the window. At noon, both coming and going, he stopped again. Once during the afternoon, as he went by on the wagon, he saw Mr. Conrad showing the pot to a lady, and his heart sank. He also felt some resentment, just as if the pot were his and not Mr. Conrad's. But when he came back there was the king on his throne again, looking, if possible, more royal than

"Lizzie," said he, desperately, when the pair once more stood in front of the window, "I ain't thought of anything else yet, and I'm going to ask Mr. Conrad how much it's worth."

Elizabeth's eyes opened wide at this venturesome declaration. "Mehbe he won't like it, Benny. He

knows we're too poor to buy it."
"I don't care," answered Benny. heard Hank Sellers ask a man the price a thrashin'-machine once, and he didn't have the money to buy it. And mehbe

that pot don't cost but seventy-five cents. They climbed the steps of the old frame building. Benny's heart, in spite of his valorous words, was thumping furiously: and it was with a feeling of relief that he noted the absence of any other customers in the store.

'Mr. Conrad," he began, with a tremor in his voice which he could not quite control, "I want to look at your coffee-pots. I want to get mother one for Christmas. How much is that—that silver one in the window, with the crooked spout?"

Elizabeth tightened her grip on Benny's hand as Mr. Conrad stepped to the window and lifted the beauteous thing down. When he came back and set it on the counter. within eighteen inches of the tip of her snub nose—at which close range it was overwhelmingly splendid—her eyes fairly snapped. But Benny's heart went lower than ever. He realized already his folly in pricing such an article.

"Do you mean this one? That's a dollar and a quarter, Benny," said the dealer. There was silence for a moment, intense

"I suppose it's solid silver," said Benny, trying to muster a matter of fact tone, but struggling with a lump in his throat. "No. it's nickel-plated; but for all practical purposes it is as good as silver. Do

you think you would like it?" Benny shook his head. He was about to say, evasively, that he hadn't decided yet just what to get his mother; but his instinctive truthfulness prevailed. "I ain't got the money," he answered,

almost inaudibly.
"We have some cheaper pots," said the merchant, kindly. "We have some as low

as a quarter." But Benny again shook his head. "I wouldn't take no pleasure in a cheap after seeing that one. Come on, Lizzie.' "How much money have you, Benny?" called the storekeeper as the children reached the door.

"Seventy-five cents." Conrad hesitated and glanced at the bottom of the pot. It was marked o-m, which meant that it had cost him, as it happened, just seventy-five cents. Then he glanced at the diminutive pair. They were about the age of his own two chil

dren. "Benny," said he, with a smile, "this is the season of peace on earth and good-will to men; and I am going to let you have this pot for seventy five cents."

Benny's eyes lighted wondrously for an instant; then the radiance faded and he said, in a hard little voice, without turn ing back, "I don't want you to give it to me, Mr. Conrad."

"I am not giving it to you. Seventyfive cents is just what it cost me, and often sell goods to favored customers at cost. You and your mother have always heen good customers of mine, and I should be glad to have you take this pot at seventy-five cents

"All right, sir, if you put it that way," answered the proud little boy ; and once more he counted out his small change, fearful lest a penny or two might have got away and thus at the last moment vitiate the sale. But it was all there Mr. Conrad swathed the pot in paper

until no one could have guessed what it was, tied it up securely and passed it across the counter. Benry lifted it carefully down with a sense of tremendous responsibility, tucked it under his arm and passed out with Elizabeth.
"Suppose you'd fall down and smash it,

Benny, suggested she, awesomely, as they trudged over the icy sidewalks.

"I ain't goin' to fall," said he, con-dently. "I've carried things as valuable fidently. as this before-glass, too. But never nothing for mother," he added, with a tenderer

"Suppose a hoise runned over you," continued Elizabeth. He laughed in a boy's superior way. horse

ain't liable to be runned over by a when I drive one myself every day. When ou get used to a horse, you ain't afraid of, any of 'em any more. Hank says old Ned's got the hardest mouth of any horse in town."

Benny expected to smuggle the coffeepot into the house on Christmas Eve. He nad not yet decided whether he would softly arise some time in the night and tie his gift to his mother's stocking—he would hint beforehand that it would be well for her to hang it up along with his and Eliza-beth's, this year -or whether he would set it in the cupboard, in place of the old pot, and let her find it when she went to make coffee in the morning. Each plan had some feature to recommend it

But meanwhile he deemed it wisest to keep the precious gift at the store, although just where to stow it was a serious question. Under a counter it might get dented; on a shelf it might fall off, especially if there should happen to be an earthquake Moreover, if such a valuable thing were in which he thought the village must left in an exposed place, burglars might find it out and break in and carry it off. Finally, however, Hank Sellers, whom Benny took into his confidence, hid the pot

But I wish I hadn't seen that sil- ting. If Benny peeped into that drawer once in the next two days, he peeped twenty times. But on each occasion the place where quarters and half dollars lay treasure lay there as peacefully as if it were

past three o'clock on Christmas Eve, when his heart was already beginning to quicken in anticipation of the exciting venture of He getting his present into the house unobserved, the telephone in the store rang vigorously. It was Mrs. Rosecrans, and she wanted to know why the two pounds store was full of customers, and Hank Sellers hung up the receiver with a growl. limits, about a mile and a half from the that day in the delivery wagon with bas-kets full of Christmas cheer; but Hank bad in some way overlooked the raisins in putting up her orders. Mrs. Rosecrans was Haines' best customer, however, and could not be disappointed, although the horse had been put away for the day.

"Benny," said Hank, in a tone not in tended for his employer's ear, "do you suppose you could hitch up old Ned by yourself and take two pounds of raisins out to old lady Rosecrans? I can't possibly leave the store now, and she'll have a fit if those raisins ain't delivered.

Benny bad never hitched up the horse but he was not the boy to admit, especial ly to his idol, his inability to do a thing before he had tried it. So a few minutes later he trudged over to Haines' barn with the bag of raisins under one arm. Hank had told him that he needn't come back again that day, so under the other armand this was really the important thing-he carried the precious coffee pot.

Arriving at the barn, he deposited his packages in a safe place; then he climbed on a box and lifted the heavy harness down from a wooden peg. Mounting the manger with the bridle over one arm, he seized old Ned's forelook firmly, with a reassuring "Ho, boy!" as Hank always did, and unbuckled the halter. But old Ned, having done his day's stint of work, had no mind to be harnessed again, especially by this pigmy. So he snorted, threw up his head with a force which nearly wrenched Benny's arm from the socket, and then derisively cantered out into the barnyard, through the door, which Benny had inadvertently left open. Half frightened at this catastrophe, and with an aching arm, the child followed with the bridle. For fifteen minutes he alternately coaxed and chased the horse, stumbling over the frozen ground, and bruising his bare hands until they burned like fire and were bleeding in several places, but the wary old Ned would neither re-enter his stall nor allow himself to be caught.

At first the boy thought of returning to the store and confessing the failure that party, systematically canvassing every had overtaken him. But in addition to the humiliation of this course, it seemed like an ungrateful thing, somehow, after Hank bad let him off for the rest of the day. So Benny resolved to walk out to Mrs. Rosecrans'. He had walked out there once before with some boys, in the Summer time, to help pick strawberries; and it had not seemed so very far. Gathering up his parcels, therefore-for leaving the offee-pot behind in a stable was not to be thought of-be started off.

The road was badly cut up. The parcels, so light at first, soon grew amazingly heavy; and his arms, especially the one which old Ned had jerked, began to ache terribly. Every few rods he paused to shift his burdens, as first the raisins and then the coffe-pot seemed the lighter for his lame arm. In his haste and anxiety, too, he had left his mittens behind at the stable, and his dirty little hands were soon as red as boiled lobsters.

It was balf past four o'clock when he reached the big Rosecrans bouse, and the great red sun was nearly down to the tree tops in the west. The cook made him come in and warm himself, and expressed her opinion of the man who would send a boy of Benny's size that distance on foot with two packages to carry. Benny explained, and after he was warm the cook buttoned him up thoroughly, drew a pair of her own mittens— a trifle hig but wonderfully warm—over his small hands, and wished him a merry Christmas.

A few flakes of snow were drifting down in an inconsequential way, but before Benny reached the public road they were falling thick and fast. He did not objec to snow, especially with the prospect of a new sled for Christmas; but he decided to take a short cut across a large tract of meadow. The old snow in the meadow proved deeper than he had thought, and at each step he sank in above his ankles; but by the time he realized how toilsome this made the walking, be fancied that he must be half-way across, and that it would be better to go on than to turn back.

He had broken through thin ice in several low places, and his wet feet soon got very cold, but he cheered his flagging spirits by bugging his present tighter, and picturing for perhaps the hundredth time, his dea mother's smile when she should look at her stocking in the morning. He was considerably worried by the snow's wetting the porous brown paper in which the pot was wrapped, and finally, by the appear-ance of one or two holes in the paper, caused by his frequent shifting of the package from one tired arm to the other. Water might take off the beautiful glitter, he feared, or even rust the nickel. over, if all the paper came off, how should he ever get his present into the house un-

recognized? To remedy matters he tried to shield the pot under his overcoat. But the strained position which this crowding necessitated hampered his walking badly, and the opening in his overcoat let in the wind and snow. It occurred to him, too, that he might scratch the polished surface with his buttons. So he drew the vessel out again—the holes in the paper now higger and more numerous than ever-buttoned his coat as best he could with his benumbed fingers and trudged on.

Presently he found himself in a grove. He was greatly surprised at this, for he was positive that no trees grew in the meadow. He had been floundering along with his head down, as one naturally breasts a storm; but stopping and looking up now to get his bearings, he discovered that no landmarks were visible. Not only the spires and trees of the village had disappeared, but also the Rosecians house tself, big as it was, and set on a hill. Snow, snow, nothing but snow, in great, wet, noiseless flakes which stuck to his face and clothing! Frightened but not despairing, he struck out in the direction surely lie. After a little he came to a harbed-wire fence. His heart gave a great throb of thankfulness, for this must "I ain't decided yet. I'll think it over. Benny took into his confidence, hid the pot you stop at the store tomorrow afternoon in a drawer under some rolls of cotton bat- There was no road on the other side, as -Harpers Weekly.

there should have been-only a smooth

expanse of snow, like another meadow. By this time the last of the pulpy brown paper had been rubbed from the coffee-pot; enny's face, bair and clothes were wet with melted snow and his feet numb with cold. His brave little heart now failed him, and he began to cry in short, hard bitter sobs. He had scarcely strength enough left to drag himself through the fence, yet he carefully screened his beloved gift from the barbs on the wire. Having gained the other side, he had an almost irresistible desire to sink do wn in the snow and rest, but the thought of home and mother and of raisins she had ordered for her Christ- the Christmas entertainment at the church mas pudding had not been delivered. The kept him going. Elizabeth made up like a fairy, was to sing a song at the church and he did not want to miss that. And Mrs. Rosecrans lived outside the village the next was Christmas! That was a great thought, and he repeated it over and over, store, and Benny had been out there twice like some incantation which might have the power to keep his aching legs in mo-

But even the virtue of this incantation spent in time. His strength was almost gone. Holding the coffee-pot by the handle. in a rigid, half-frozen grip, he stumbled aimlessly about in the gathering darkness, with no course in mind, and instinctively following the line of least resistancewhere the ground sloped down or where the snow was thinnest. Every few yards he fell, and when he rose he staggered helplessly. Both mittens were gone, but he was scarcely conscious of the fact; and to his benumbed faculties the loss seemed like a trivial one, even though the mittens

were not his own.

The lethargy which cold and excessive fatigue produce was fast overcoming him, when he was rudely jarred by bumping squarely into something. Although utterly indifferent to his surroundings now. he knew from the feel and smell of the object that it was a straw stack. It had been, eaten away on the sides by the cattle until it somewhat resembled a gigantic toadstool and in the shelter formed by its overhanging edge he sank down in the litter of straw with a strange but delightful sense of languor, such as he had sometimes felt in the morning when he had waked before it was time to get up. His hands and feet also had ceased to pain him, although the former were so stiff that he could not move a finger. So closing his eves with a smile. and hugging his treasure to his wet, frozen breast, he began to repeat :

"It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house.

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.' He knew the whole poem by heart, and had recited it the year before at the Christ mas entertainment; but these two verses were all he could remember to-night, and he repeated them drowsily several times. Then muttering in a fitful way a part of the little prayer which he was accustomed to make each night at his mother's knee,

he fell asleep.
"There, three hours later, the searching square yard of the meadow with their gleaming lanterns, found him, with the coffee-pot clasped in his arms, and his cap jammed over his eyes-not dead, but in a stupor which is the precursor of death.

When he regained consciousness, mother was sitting beside the bed ; a lamp burned on the table, and there was the pungent smell of liniments in his nostrils. He was still very tired, and it was some time before he opened his eyes wide enough for his mother to perceive that he was awake.

"My dear little boy !" she exclaimed. bending over and kissing him, while the tears glistened on her long, beautiful lashes the most beautiful in the world to Benny.

asked, in a mystified tone. "Why, yes, darling; only you are in mother's room to-night, where it is warmer, instead of your own. Don't you recognize

"Did I come alone?" "No, the men—the good, kind men—found you and brought you home."
Then the memory of his present flashed

over him. He glanced about the room, but the coffee-pot was nowhere in sight and the sickening conviction that it had been lost came over him. "And is it Christmas yet, mother?" he

asked, faintly. "Yes, it is now two o'clock, and really Christmas. But we don't usually count it as beginning until morning, when all the

little boys and girls wake up and look in their stockings. I am so thankful, darling, that you have been spared to be one of those. "Did you hang up your stocking?" he

asked. "Yes. Don't you remember that you told me at dinner yesterday to be sure not to forget it ?"

He burst into tears. "You won't get nothing now, mother. I lost it in the snow!" he sobbed. "Oh, no, you din't, my darling! You

had it in your arms when they found you ; and you held it so tightly that they let it stay in your arms until they got you home." Her own tears now flowed. "The coffee pot?" he queried, in amazement, his eyes lighting with hope.

"Yes, that beautful, beautiful coffee-pot, finer than mother ever had before, or ever hoped to have."
"And wasn't it rusty ,?"

"Not a bit of it. It shines like silver. Mother shall always he so proud of it. But how much prouder shall she always be of her noble boy, who was so thoughtful and so self sacrificing in order to give her pleasure; and who, in all his pain and despair, out there in the darkness and the storm.

would not abandon his present for her !" "Mother," said he, with a radiant face, 'I knowed you'd talk like an angel when I give it to you. That's one reason why I done it-just to hear you. But I wanted you to have it, too," he added, quickly, just before her lips smothered his speech.

—By Elmore Elliott Peake, in the Delineator for Dec , 1904.

# Stage Ice Cream.

An amusing "break" once occurred in a production of "Camille" at the old Walnut street theatre in Philadelphia.

In those days sea island cotton was stage ice cream, just as molasses and water was make believe wine-sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses.

Armand and Camille were at table, where they had been discussing such viands as these, and their dialogue was making the finest sort of an impression on the crowded house. Enter a maid servant with candelabra of the wabbliest sort imaginable. The scene was so engrossing that the maid was hardly noticed by the audience, but when she had set down the candelabra between the unfortunate Camille and her lover and one candle toppled over and set the ice cream in a blaze the nervous strain upon the house was broken, and the entire audience burst into a roar of laughter that brought down the curtain.

### Good Games to Play.

Pleasant Amusements for Boys and Girls During the Xmas Tide.

Here is a jolly game.

Pass around to each of the players a sheet of paper with these sentences written

on it Tell the players to find a river hidden in each sentence, and not only to write down the name of the river, but to state some one thing that he knows about that

It will keep the players busy and happy for some time, you may be sure. This game was got up by Miss Virginia Baker in the Normal Instructor. 1. Yes, Adam, a zone is a belt passing around the earth

2. Miss Elsie Davol gave a party. 3. That lawless gang escaped 4. Oh, Engene, see my new book! 5. Will you rally round the flag? 6. Industry brings its own reward

7. "Hullo!" he shouted. " Hullo!" 8. We must sever now our friendship. 9. Whatever happens, don't forget to be polite.

10. Ned drew a plat and a chart. 11. Hurry, or we shall miss our ride. 12. The cucumber landed on the ground. 13. Baby is taking a little nap.

14. Oh, I overlooked that picture.

ANSWERS. 1. Amazon; crosses northern part of South Americ 2. Volga; eastern part of Russia.

15. Bees gather honey from the flowers.

India 4. Genesee; crosses western part of New York. 5. Ural; separates Europe and Asia.

3. Gauges; northeastern part of British

6. Indus; western part of British India. 7. Loire; central part of France. 8. Severn; central part of Canada Po: northern part of Italy. 10. Plata; eastern part of South Amer

11. Missouri; crosses northwestern and entral parts of United States. 12. Cumberland; crosses Kentucky and Tennessee.

13. Lena; northern part of Siberia. 14. Ohio; eastern part United States 15. Rhone: eastern part of France. TREE GAME-GOOD FUN.

You boys and girls can have lots of fun some evening playing the following game from the Normal Instructor. The grown folks in your family will

enjoy it just as much as you will. Some of the questions are not very easy to answer, either. 1. What is the most level tree? Plane. 2. Which is the brightest colored tree? Red wood.

3. Which tree suggests thoughts of the ocean? Beech. 4. What tree would we prefer on a very cold day? Fir.

5. What tree contains a domestic animal? Mahogany. 6. What tree might very properly glove? Palm. What tree is a pronoun? Yew.

8. Which is the most melancholy tree Blue gum. Which tree is a tale teller ? Peach. 10. Which tree is an insect? Locust.

11. Which is the dandy among trees? 12. Which tree is an invalid ? Pine. 13. What tree never is barefooted?

Sandal-wood. 14. Which tree can best remember num bers? Date. 15. Which tree has passed through fire?

Ash. 16. Which is the most ancient tree?

# Two Arctic Bables

On the 4th of July, 1899, in a broad level valley in the heart of Ellesmere Land, I came upon a herd of five musk When they saw us they ran tooxen. gether and stood back to back in star form, with heads outward. This is their usual method of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they shot I discovered two tiny calves, which till then had been hidden under their mother's long hair.

Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their fore-heads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony knock-kneed legs and no tails

With the falling of the last musk ox my dogs made a rush for the little animals which, though wide-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately I was too quick for the dogs and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I ha not the heart to kill them myself nor tell my Eskimos to. Finally I thought I would try and get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up; but when we were ready to start for camp, and put a line about their necks to lead them away, they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that I knew they would soon strangle themselves to death, and had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered by experience years before at far off Independence Bay, and told Ahngmalokkok to throw one of the musk ox skins over his back and walk off

With a baa-a-a the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and with noses buried in the long bair trailing behind him followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the ice boat where the sledge had been left-Robert E. Peary's, in the December St. Nicholas.

#### Had Them All A well known writer of humorous prose

and verse was talking with a bibliomaniac when the latter said: "By the way, I am collecting first editions of American authors. I want to add your first book to my collection. Have you any copies of the first edition?" "Yes," answered the author. "I have all of them."

-"Yes," said Stormington Barnes, "we did well in the West. At a one-night stand in Arizona we played to a \$10,000 house."

"Say, what are you giving me?" queried Walker Ties.
"Facts," answered the footsore trage dian. "The one man who comprised the audience was said to be worth fully that amount."-Kennehec (Me.) Journal.

#### End of the Fair. Great Exposition at St. Louis Closed.

With ideal winter weather prevailing, with the gates thrown open to children and to those who were worthy but had been unable to attend from pecuniary reasons, with crowds pouring through the turnstiles from the opening of the gates until far into the day, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held forth its last day last

Friday. President David R. Francis was the guest of honor and ceremonies were conducted commemorating the services he had rendered in making the Exposition a success, and at the same time bidding farewell to the world's fair, the magnificence and greatness of which have been heralded and acknowledged throughout the entire world.

It is estimated that the attendance was in the neighborhood of a record-breaker. An official announcement Sunday night showed that 18,317,475 paid admissions have been recorded since the Exposition opened ou April 30th. The banner month's attendance was in Sentember when the total attendance September, when the total attendance was 3,651,873. The highest single day's attendance was on September 15th, when

"St. Louis Day" was observed.

That every citizen of St. Louis might participate in the last day of the Exposition and help observe Francis Day, it was proclaimed a holiday by Mayor Wells. Gov. Dockery likewise had proclaimed throughout the State that the day was especially set apart for paying final homage to the Exposition, and the crowds that poured into the city on the early trains attested to the fact that the proclamation was widely observed. A large number of business houses ceased operations and the public schools were closed. Additional forces of officers and guards were stationed over the Exposition grounds to preserve order in handling the crowds, but every visitor was bent on having a last good time and there was little need of guards, except for giving directions and looking after the comfort of the visitors generally. Promptly at midnight the electric illumination that has amazed millions of visitors was turned off and the World's Fair was formally ended.

### Inauguration of President Diaz.

The inauguration of Gen. Porfirio Diaz. as President of the Republic of Mexico for the seventh time, and of Senor Don Ramon Corral as First Vice President, took place Thursday in the Hall of the Chamber of Deputies under most auspicious circumstances. At sunrise all the artillery sta-tioned in the Federal district and also the infantry here and at barracks throughout the Republic fired a presidential salute and flags were hoisted over all public build-

The principal streets and edifices and residences were decorated profusely with arches and National flags freely interspersed with flags of foreign nations. One of the features of the street decorations was two allegorical arches over the Paso de la Reforma, the principal street of the capital, representing "Peace" and "Glory." These arches were greatly admired on account of their artistic construction.

There was a huge procession, at the head of which rode many members of the local police force. The pageant was made up of thousands of Federal troops, the reserves, bands, societies, political organizations, and many prominent political personages, including the Governors of the States comprised in the union. The procession proceeded to the Hall of Congress, where, amid great enthusiasm, the President and Vice-President were formally notified of their election and took the oath of allegiance. After an exchange of felicitation between the President and Governors, the foreign diplomatic representatives and prominent citizens who had received invitations, the assemblage went to a reviewing stand, where they witnessed the passing of the procession en route to the Castle of Chapultepec, where it was dishanded.

# "The Christmas Presence."

I couldn't seem to contemplate a continuous Christmas of peace, now-a-days, when suddenly I seemed to see the words befo' me," differently spelled. Instid of "e-n-t-s" I saw "e-n-c-e," an' right befo' my speritual vision I saw, like sky-writin,' Christmas Presence''—these so. Maybe it won't strike you, but it was a

great thought to me, doctor, an' "Christ-mas all the year" had a new sound to my Think of that, doctor—of livin' along in the azurine blue, beholdin' the face of the Little One of the manager by the near light of the Bethlehem star! Or maybe seein' the Beloved leanin' on a pillar of clouds, illuminin' our listenin' faces with the gleam of his countenance whilst he'd mayilluminin' our listenin' be repeat the Sermon on the Mount from the book of his eternal memory. Think of what an author's readin' that would be

-an' what an andience! An' it 's this Christmas Presence that inspires all our lovin' thoughts here below, whether we discern it or not. An' what we'll get on the other side 'll be realization-a clair vision with all the

mists of doubt dissolved This is the thought that come to me vesterday, doctor, out o' the cyclone of play-ful good will that got me so rattled. An'

it's come to stay.

An' with it, bow sweet it will be to set an' wait, with a smile to welcome the endurin' Christmas that 'll last "all the vear" an' forever -Ruth McEnery Stuart's, in the December Century.

Wealth in Tiny Particles of Gold.

"The United States government assayed the old mint at Denver recently," said R. W. Burchard, of that city, 'and got \$30,-000 in the clean-up. That sounds like a peculiar statement, but it is the truth. The new coinage mint, which has been in course of construction there for about seven years, was completed recently, and the government moved from the old mint, which had been occupied for about thirty vears.

"When they got ready to clean out the old place every particle of dust and dirt was carefully saved. This was then run through the assay furnace, and it was found that the tiny particles of gold which had accumulated about the building in all those years had amounted to the snug sum I have mentioned. The particles had been carried through the air during the refining rocesses, and were so minute that they bad not affected the weight of the metal assayed to any appreciable extent. But the total accumulation was extremely large. It was all velvet for Uncle Sam, and more than paid the expenses of moving to the new mint."

-Jars and bottles that smell of onions will be quite sweet and odorless if left out of doors filled with sand or garden mold.

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