





THOUSAND par dons, but could the senor the change give

John Wells jerked his newly-urged horses to a standstill and glared his annoyance at the heavily-bearded Mexican who, with doffed sombrero, had sud-

denly confronted him at a point where where scattered jacals of Fort McKavett and ided out for the open prairie. It was it morning of the 24th of December, 1805. early morning of the 24th of December, 1895. Wells had freshly risen from an unappetizing and indigestible breakfast of grease-sod-den tortillas and rancid bacon; had quarreled with the hotel keeper over his extortionate charges for the last night's lodging; was hungry; angry with the sharp sleet that came drifting against his face from the northeast; angry with the "infernal luck" that doomed him to wander over the wild 'prairies of southwestern Texas while the rest of mankind were happily preparing for the holiday festivities; angry at the abominable cabbage-leaf cigar which refused to yield him solace from his woes; angry with the world at large and—just at that moment—with the disreputable looking "Greaser" before him in particular.

—with the disreputable looking "Greaser" before him in particular.

"Two gold pieces of \$20," he growled.

"Where are they? Are they counterfeit? How did you come by them?"

The Mexican gravely held them forth in his dirty palm for inspection.

"They are gold, senor. They were given me by the American, Senor Black—who sends the meat of goats across the seas in cans. The money is the price of 40 goats that I drove from the Rio Concho."

Wells regarded the Mexican with a searching goze of suspicion.

ing gaze of suspicion.

ing gaze of suspicion.

"I know Col. Bill Black, and his gold is good. But I think I know you, too You were in the hotel just now when I paid my bill, and I think I saw you last night at the store where I bought those cursed cigars. I believe you want to learn if I have money, so you can relieve me of it farther out on the plains."

The object of Wells' distrust threw his arms aloft in humble deprecation.

"The Sacred Mother knows—!"

"Never mind that nonsense," exclaimed Wells, roughly. "I'm no baby, and I'll take the didn't leave me a thing that I wanted—nuthin' but a little tin wagon and a pound of candy. Say, mister, d'ye reckon Santa Claus ever handles windehesters?"

The appearance of the elder Hark Grimm



"THEY ARE GOLD, SENOR."

chances on you and all the Greasers in Mc Kavett. I'll give you silver for your gold-Kavett. I'll give you silver for your gold and here in this sack is more money—whit and yellow—that you may have for the tak-ing. Don't be afraid of the guns—they are

ing. Don't be afraid of the guns—they are never loaded—but sail in as soon as you can raise your crowd and overtake me."

The Mexican made no reply to this bland bit of encouragement, but his snaky eyes gleamed evilly from their covert of steelgray brows, as they rested upon the plump buckskin pouch nestled between the butts of a heavy shotgun and a winchester rifle. He was profuse in his thanks for the American's kindness, but Wells' only response was a short grunt as he once more drew the was a short grunt as he once more drew the blankets closely around him and chirruped to his not over-willing team

to his not over-willing team.

It was a long drive to Menardville, and a longer one to the nearest railway station, the point for which Wells was now heading. Ever since the middle of November he had been driving heave at the state of the been driving here and there among the scattered ranches, on a collecting trip for his employers, a prominent firm of San Antonio merchants; and he was more than anxious merchants; and he was more than anxions to get back to civilization once more. He had been successful in his mission and had remitted several large sums by express; but was disposed of his tongue ran more glibly

his collections had been heavy during the last few days, and at least \$83,000, in bills and coin, were stowed away in his pockets and in the buckskin bag at his feet. It was a large sum of money and he naturally felt the responsibility its possession involved. John Wells was by no means a coward, but he was perfectly acquainted with the country and its people, and knew that the chance of acquiring one-tenth the amount he carried would be sufficient to prompt many of the latter to murder. He had been particularly struck with the villainous face and suspicious demeanor of the goat-herder, and the uneasiness aroused by the little incident of the morning hung over him during the enhis collections had been heavy during the

Without making his usual noonday halt, without making his usual hoohady hair, he drove steadily on, occasionally glancing back over the dim trail, in momentary expectation of finding himself pursued. However, evening came without anything having transpired to increase his alarm, and an hour before darkness closed down upon the bleak plains he drew rein before the door of a lone ranch and without the useless tree. of a lone ranch and, without the useless pre-liminary of applying for accommodations, began divesting his tired horses of the har-

the morning hung over him during the en

As he unhooked the tugs of the off horse,

As he unhooked the tugs of the off horse, a towheaded urchin of eight or nine years same strolling up from the near-by corral, crept into the buggy seat and drew the blankets over his head until only his boyish face and sparkling eyes were visible.

"What's your name, mister?" he asked, with childlike directness.

"Jack Wells. What's yours?"

"Hank Grimm. I'm only Little Hank. Old Hank is my gran'paw, and he owns this ranch. The Mexicans call this 'Dos Botas, Ranch,' 'cause gran'paw gives the 'two-boot' brand. Say, mister, do you know who I thought you mought be when you driv' up?"

"Couldn't guess "I thought mebby it was Santa Claus, but then I allow ke's got more whiskers'n you have. Still, he mought have shaved." Wells admitted that Santa Claus might,

by way of a change, conclude to make his annual trip with a beard of three weeks' growth, or even a smoothly-shaven face. Further than that he couldn't, under the circumstances, blame Little Hank for looking upon all strangers with an eye of suspicion; but he thought the chances of popping his gaze on Santa Claus by daylight were extremely small. Several millions of

The appearance of the elder Hank Grimm spared Wells the necessity of answering this difficult query. The owner of the "Two Boot ranch" was a man well advanced in years, and possessed of a sturdy, creet figure, square-cut features and sky-blue eyes, that told at once of German ancestry and of past service in the armies of the old world or the new. He welcomed the traveler heartily, directed him how to dispose of his horses for the night, and then abruptly turned away and entered the house. Littly urned away and entered the house. Little Hank remained behind and, in his quaint, boyish way, superintended Wells' every

A covey of quail that had been foraging in A covey of quant that mad been roraging in the vicinity of the crib flushed at their approach and settled in the prairie grass a short distance away. Little Hank clamored to have one of them killed for his Christmas breakfast, and to please him, on their return to the buggy, Wells slipped a couple of hind londs in his Payton and, when the oird loads in his Parker, and, when the

bird loads in his Parker, and, when the covey rose again, grassed three plump beauties with a hasty double shot. The boy was in perfect eestasies over his success.

"That's better'n you could do with a windchester," he remarked, in a tone denoting that he considered this the height of possible praise. "Gran'paw says a shotgun is no good; but I reckon it depends a heap on who shoots it. I never seed but one before, and it wasn't with shucks. It befored to a man from Arkansaw, and he onged to a man from Arkansaw, and he ouldn't hit the broadside of a mule."

The traveler's effects were soon transferred to the living room of the ranch, where he was introduced to the ranchman's aged ne was introduced to the ranchman's aged wife, and found that the only occupants of the place were themselves and their precedious grandson. Grimm was a German of the old school, with true Teutonic ideas of comfort, and it seemed that unusual preparations for the evening meal had been made in honor of his visitors. All in the way of food that the ranch could offer was on the food that the ranch could offer was on the table, and, surmounting the array of snow biscuits, ham and eggs, juicy steak and canned fruit, stood a group of ancient glass decanters, their contents shining in a grada-tion of colors from deep red to straw yel-

than ever. At length his grandsire suspend

than ever. At length his grandsire suspended for a moment a morsel of beef half raised to his mouth, and uttered a word of reproof.

"Henry, my boy, it is not right that the children should talk and the grown ones listen. Remember, you should be very good to-night. They say that Santa Claus to bad boys is not kind."

"But see," retorted the lad, quickly. "I was good before and what did he bring me?, Nothing. I wanted a windchester and he brought me a tin wagon."

"The child would be a man before his time," put in his grandmother. "He talks of nothing but guns; and if he had them he would kill us all, and himself in the bargain."

"I would be a brave soldier—like my fa-ther," said the boy, his eyes filling with

ther," said the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

"And be killed by the Indians, as was he," responded the old ranchman. "My child, the Grimms have been soldiers since the earliest days. I have fought, in my time, with brave men to lead me on to battle, and I tell you there is nothing in soldiering—nothing but hard work and slavery and bloodshed and death. It is a dog's life; nothing more."

Later in the night, when Wells and Little Hank were snugly stowed away in the latter's bed, the question of Santa Claus and the "windchester" came up again, but no lengthy discussion followed.

It must have been sometime after midnight when Wells was partially aroused by the knowledge that some one was moving in the room, and called out to know who it might be.

"Nobody but me—Hank Grimm. Not gran'paw, but the kille one. You know—"
But that was quite enough for the some.

According but me—Hank Grimin. Not gran'paw, but the little one. You know—" But that was quite enough for the som-nolent gentleman from San Antonio. If the sentence was finished he failed to hear its conclusion. Sometime afterwards, however,

sentence was mission afterwards, however, he was aroused again; and this time so thoroughly that he heard and understood the words that awoke him. They evidently came from the "living room" into which his apartment opened, and were uttered at the top of Little Hank's childish treble.

"Thar now, Santa Claus. I'vegot you this time, and either that windehester comes or I downs your meat-house. No tin wagons for me this Christmas."

There was a fierce curse grittingly muttered; the sharp crack of a pistol; and then—boom! boom;—two thunderous reports almost as one, shaking the adobe walls of the ranch to their foundations. A dense volume of smoke rolled into the sleeping room, but Wells charged through it with ready rifle, reaching the outer apartment ready rifle, reaching the outer apartment just as old Grimm entered from another door light in hand

Goor light in hand.

Little Hank lay beneath the huge table, groaning dismally and rubbing his shoulder.

Otherwise the room was unoccupied; but a window near the door was open, and on the



"I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, SANTA CLAUS."

hard dirt floor lay a freshly discharged pis-

hard dirt floor lay a freshly discharged pistol and a Mexican sombrero.

"It is robbers that have been here," exclaimed the ranchoan. "It is Mexican robbers, and they have shot my boy!"

Wells dived beneath the table, brought forth the injured lad and placed him tenderly in a chair; but he at once struggled to his feet. "Turn loose the dog, gran paw, or he will git away. It's Santa Claus, and I'm blamed if he didn't miss me with his pistol right slap in my face. I never knowed afore that Santa Claus was an Arkansaw man."

Wells turned from the excited boy and

right stap in my face. I never knowed afore that Santa Claus was an Arkansaw man."

Wells turned from the excited boy and approached the open window. Below it, and directly to the right, the whitewashed walls were torn and disfigured with shot, and there were great splotches and dark, trickling streams of something like red paint shining in the light of the lamp.

He turned to the old German; his features pale but collected.

"You will not need the dog," said he.
"The man who tumbled through that window is lying where he fell—and I think I will recognize him when I see him."

Wells was right in both his surmises. In "layin' fer Santa Claus" Little Hank had taken a step that no midnight marauder could have foreseen. In foreing an entry to Grimm's ranch, the Mexican goat-herer, who had trailed Wells all the way from Mc-Kavett, had gone directly to his death. He

Kavett, had gone directly to his death. He lay outside the window, as he had faken when the bulk of two loads of buckshot had struck him, and when Little Hank gazed into his dead face, its pallor more ghastly still in the lamplight, he screamed and staggard had been convenient in the screamed and staggard had convenient in wear with tranship. gered back, covering his eyes with trembling

"I don't want to be a soldier." he sobbed.

live."
But his sturdy old granddam—descended, no doubt, from a long line of warlike Teutons—took him in her strong arms con-"But this man was a robber, my dear.

Killing was his deserts, for he came to murder us all in our sleep. You saved our lives, and now would you turn coward and make us ashamed?"

us ashamed?"
"It was not a brave deed," growled old
Grimm. "The boy thought to shoot Santa
Claus and killed a lazy thief of a Mexican instead. It was a bull's-eye on the wrong target and no honor is won. Still, I am glad
it has happened, for it may frighten his
babyish mind from this folly about soldierlife and que."

And so Kris Kringle did not visit the ranch that night, and Little Hank had to wait for his rifle—but not, as it chanced, so very long, after all. Arriving without farther incident at his destination, Wells first care was to visit the different gunstore of San Antonio upon an errand the nature of which can be easily guessed. On New Year's Eve the McKavett stage halted at Grimm's ranch to deliver a package, and a few min-utes later the heart of the younger Hank was beating high with elation. Snugly packed in a neat box lay two guns—a tiny winchester and a light breech-loading shotun. It was a present fit for a king, and a costlier one than Jack Wells' slim purse could have stood unaided; but his employers had been teld how their thousand. ers had been told how their thousands were ers nad been told now their thousands were saved and graciously donated two per cent, of the entire amount towards rewarding the principal actor in that Christmas Eve trag-edy at the "Two Boot ranch." 5. D. BARNES, LOY

s not enough to finite the day with feasting. With merry laughter and with happy song. Unto this blessed day some deed of kindness And word of sweet slope. Unto 0 encouragement belong.

Pause from thy mirth awhile to ease the

load Thy weary neighbor bears along life's road. 'Tis not enough, the love so true and ten-

der,
Plighted to-day beneath the mistletoe;
The faith of friends, the sacred ties of kinship—
Upon this day more warmth our hearts should know.
Let thy love flow, as boundless as the sea, Into the hearts of all humanity.

'Tis not elough, the dainty Christmas Though loving hearts with generous zeal

have glowed; The bounteous charity, though free and

tender,
Is small beside the gift God's love befit offering mayest thou impart, Give unto Him a pure and loving heart.

-Adelaide D. Reynolds, in Union Signal.

MR. PAYSON'S SATIRE CHRISTMAS GOODWILL



mas giving, and every Payson knew that he or she might expect a present from each of the other Paysons, and so here was Mr. Sidney Payson (bachelor, mis-anthrope and cynic) elbowing his way along State street with the other shop-

Mr. Payson would have been utterly miserable had it not been for the fact that he found a selfish joy in knowing that the Christmas season brought neither peace nor good will.

He had reached that stage of soul distemper at which there can be no happiness except by the discovery of misery an others. Mr. Sidney Payson was the kind of man who loved to tell invalids that they were not looking as well as usual, and who frightened young husbands by predicting that they would regret having married. He made it a rule never to put the seal of approval on any human undertaking, and it was a matter of pride with him that he could find a sinister motive for every act which other people applauded. He dealt in sarcasm, was perpetually bored and might have lost all interest in life had it not been that he found a contin ued satisfaction in making himself feared and hated. Some of his pious friends used to say that Satan had got the upper hand with him, but there were others who intimated that it might be bile.

Imagine the surly wrath and sense of humiliation with which Mr. Sidney Payson set about his Christmas shopping! In the first place, to go shopping for Christmas presents was the most conventional thing that any one could do, and Mr. Payson hated conventionalities. For another thing, the giving of a Christmas present carried with it some evidence of affection, and Mr. Payson regarded any sign of affection as one of the crude symptoms of barbarous taste and deficient educa-

If he could have assembled his relatives at a Christmas gathering and opened a few old family wounds, reminding his brother and his two sisters of some of their youthful follies, thus shaming them before the children, Mr. Sidney Payson might have managed to make out a rather merry Christmas. Instead of that, he was condemned to go out and purchase gifts and be as cheaply idiotic as the other wretched mortals with whom he was being car ried along State street. No wonder that he chafed and rebelled and vainly longed that he could hang crape on every Christmas tree in the universe.

Mr. Sidney Payson was not only humiliated. He was greatly puzzled. Aft er wandering through two stores and looking in at 20 windows he had been unable to make one selection. It seemed to him that all the articles offered for sale were singularly and uniformly in appropriate. The custom of giving was farce in itself and the storekeepers had done what they could to make it a sickening travesty.

This was Mr. Payson's point of view. "I'll go ahead and buy a lot of things at haphazard," he said to himself. "I don't care a blank whether they're ap propriate or not."

At that moment he had an inspiration. It was an inspiration which could have come to no one except Mr. Sidney Payson. It promised a speedy end to shopping difficulties. It guaranteed him a Christmas to his own liking.

He was bound by family custom to buy Christmas presents for his rela-tives. He had promised his sister that he would remember every one in the list. But he was under no obligation to give presents which would be welcome and appropriate. Why not give to each of his relatives some present which would be entirely useless, inappropriate and superfluous? It would serve them right for involving him in the fool performances of the Christmas season. It would be a burlesque on the whole foolish custom of Christmas giving. It would irritate and puzzle his relatives and probably deepen zee his relatives and probably deepen when the world in the world did you ever happen to think of them? Did you really believe that my skating days were not over? Well, they're not. I went to the the fool performances of the Christ-

and, thank goodness, it wouldn't be con-

Mr. Sidney Payson went into the first department store and found himself at the book counter.

"Have you any work which would be appropriate for an elderly gentleman of studious habits and deep religious convictions?" he asked.
"We have here the works of Flavius

Josephus in two volumes," replied the

young woman.
"All right; I'll take them," he said.
"I want them for my nephew Fred. He
likes Indian stories." The salesgirl looked at him wonder-

ingly.
"Now, then, I want a love story," said Mr. Payson. "I have a maiden sister who is president of a Browning club and writes essays about Ibsen. I want to give her a book that tells about a girl named Mabel who is loved by Sir Ronald Something-or-Other. Give me a book that is full of hugs and kisses and heaving bosoms and all that sort of rot. Get just as far away from Ibsen and Howells and Henry James as you

can possibly get."
"Here is a book that all the girls in the store say is very good," replied the young woman. It is called 'Virgie's Betrothal; or, the Stranger at Birchwood Manor.' It's by Imogene Sybil Recycler." Beauclere."

"If it's what it sounds to be it's just what I want," said Mr. Payson, showing his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here

his teeth at the young woman with a devilish glee. "You say the girls here in the store like it?" "Yes; Miss Simmons, in the hand-kerchief-box department, says it's just

'All right. I'll take it." He felt his happiness rising as he went out of the store. His joy shone in

his face as he stood at the skate coun-"I have a brother who is 46 years old and rather fat," he said to the sales-man. "I don't suppose he's been on

the ice in 25 years. He wears a No. 9 shoe. Give me a pair of skates for him." A few minutes later he stood at the "What are those things?" he asked.

their hatred of him. At any rate, it would be a satire on a silly tradition, and, thank gradness, it wouldn't be continued to the continued to rather weak and I fell down twice, fortunately without any serious damage to myself or the ice, but I managed to get around and before I left I skated with a smashing pretty girl. Well, Sid, I have you to thank. I never would have ventured on skates again if it had not been for the beautiful pair which you sent me. I was a little stiff yesterday, but this morning I went out again and had a dandy time. I owe therenewal of my youth to you. Thank you many times, and believe me to be, as ever, your affectionate brother, "WILLIAM."

"WILLIAM."

II.

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 26.—Dear Brother: The secret is out! I suspected it all the time. It is needless for you to offer denial. Sometimes when you have acted the cynic I have almost believed that you were sincere until I have observed in you something which told me that underneath your assumed indifference there was a genial current of the romantic sentiment of the youth and the lover. How can I be in doubt after receiving your little book—a love story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have al-

iove story?

"I knew, Sidney dear, that you would remember me at Christmas. You have always been the soul of thoughtfulness, especially to those of us who understood you. I must confess, however, that I expected you to do the deadly conventional thing and send me something heavy and serious. I knew it would be a book. All of my friends send me books. That comes of being president of a literary club. But you are the only one, Sidney, who had the rare and kindly judgment to appeal to the woman and not to the club president. Because I am interested in a serious literary movement it need not follow that I want my whole life to be overshadowed by the glants of the literary kingdom. Although I would not dare confess it to Mrs. Peabedy or Mrs. Hutchens, there are times when I like to spend an afternoon with an old-fashioned love story.

"You are a bachelor, Sidney, and I have long since ceased to flush at the casual mention of 'old maid.' It was not for us to know the bitter-sweet experiences of courtship and marriage, and you will remember that we have sometimes pittled the infatuation of sweethearts and have felt rather superior in our freedom. And yet, Sidney, if we chose to be perfectly candid with each other, I dare say that both of us would confess to having known something about that which men call love. We might confess that we had felt its subtle influence. We might even admit that sometimes we pause in our lonely lives and wonder what might have been and whether it would not have been better, after all. I am afraid that I am writing like a sentimental schoolgirl, but you must know that I have been reading your charm-

and whether it would not have been better, after all. I am afraid that I am writing like a sentimental schoolgirl, but you must know that I have been reading your charming little book, and it has co message from you. Is it not really a con-fession, Sidney?



FOUND HIMSELF AT THE BOOK COUNTER.

pointing to some gayly colored silks | folded in boxes.

"Those are scarfs."
"Well, if you've got one that has all the colors of the rainbow in it I'll take I want one with lots of yellow and red and green in it. I want something that you can hear across the street. You see, I have a sister who prides herself on her quiet taste. Her costumes are marked by what you call 'unobtru-sive elegance.' Well, I think she'd die rather than wear one of those things, so I want the biggest and noisiest one in the whole lot."

The girl didn't know what to make of Mr. Payson's strange remarks, but she was too busy to be kept wondering. Mr. Payson's sister's husband is the president of a church temperance society, so Mr. Payson bought him a buck-

horn corkscrew. There was one more present to buy. "Let me see," said Mr. Payson. "What is there that could be of no earthly use

to a girl six years old?" Even as he spoke his eye fell on a "Bargain sale of neckwear."

"I don't believe she would care for cravats," he said. "I think I'll buy some He saw a box of large cravats marked

'25 cents each."
"Why are these so cheap?" he asked. "Well, to tell the truth, they're out of style."

"That's good. I want eight of them eight will do. I want them for a small niece of mine-a little girl

about six years old."

Without indicating the least surprise the salesman wrapped up the cravats.

LETTERS RECEIVED BY MR. SID-NEY PAYSON IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS:

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 27.—Dear Brother: Pardon me for not having acknowledged the receipt of your Christmas present. The fact is that since the skates came I have been devoting so much of my time to the reacquiring of one of my early accomplishments that I have not had much time for writing. I wish I could express to you the delight I felt when I opened the box and saw that you had sent me a pair of skates. It was just as if you had said to me: 'Will, my boy, some people may think that you are getting on in years, but I know that you're just the same as ever.' I suddenly remembered that the presents which I had been receiving for several Christmases were intended for an old man. I have received easy-chairs, slippers, mufflers, smoking Jackets and the like. When I received the pair of skates from you I felt that 20 years had been lifted off or my "Chicago, Ill., Dec. 27.-Dear Brother:

"You have made me very happy, dear brother. I feel more closely drawn to you than at any time since we were all together at Christmas, at the old home on the North side. Come and see me. Your loving sister, "GERTRUDE."

the North side. Come and see me. Your loving sister,

"GERTRUDE."

"Chicago, Ill., Dec. 25.—Dear Brother: Greetings to you from the happiest household in Chicago, thanks to a generous Santa Claus in the guise of Uncle Sidney. I must begin by thanking you on my own account. How in the world did you ever learn that Roman colors had come in again? I have always heard that men did not follow the styles and could not betrusted to select anything for a woman, but it is a libel, a base libel, for the scarf which you sent is quite the most beautiful thing I have received this Christmas. I have it draped over the large picture in the parlor, and it is the envy of every one who has been in to-day. A thousand, thousand thanks, dear Sidney. It was perfectly sweet of you to remember me, and I call it nothing less than a stroke of genius to think of anything so appropriate and yet so much out of the ordinary.

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing dish party after

"John asks me to thank you—but I must tell you the story. One evening last week we had a little chafing dish party after prayer meeting, and I asked John to open a bottle of olives for me. Well, he broke the small blade of his knife trying to get the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get downtown again I'm going to buy a corkscrew.' Fortunately, he had neglected to buy a cork and so your giff seemed to come

the cork out. He said: 'If I live to get downtown again I'm going to buy a cork-screw.' Fortunately, he had neglected to buy one, and so your gift seemed to come straight from Providence. John is very much pleased. Already he has found use for it, as it happened that he wanted to open a bottle of household ammonia the very first thing this morning.

"As for Fred's lovely books, thank goodness you didn't send him any more story books. John and I have been trying to induce him to take up a more serious line of reading. The Josephus ought to help him in the study of his Sunday school lessons. We were pleased to observe that he read it for about an hour this morning.

"When you were out here last fall did Genevieve tell you that she was collecting silk for a doil quilt? She insists that she did not, but she must have done so, for how could you have guessed that she wantspieces of silk above anything else in the whole world? The perfectly lovely cravats which you sent will more than complete the quilt, and I think that mamma will get some of the extra pleces for herself. Fred and Genevieve send love and kisses. John insists that you come out to dinner some Sunday very soon—next Sunday if you can. After we received your presents we were quite ashamed of the box we had sent over to your hotel, but we will try to make up the difference to heartfelt gratitude. Don't forget, any Sunday. Your loving sister,

"KATHERINE."

It would be needless to tell what Sidney Payson thought of himself after he received these letters.—George Ade

in Chicago Daily Record. Seasonable.

Teacher (in Sunday school class)-Now, boys, see if you can remember what I taught you last time. What does B. C. stand for?

"Before Christmas!"-Judge