MARKARAK Miner Bob's Gift 的证明,如此是对对对对



T WAS Christmas eve in mining camp in Rocky mountains, forty years ago. There were many men, but only one little girl. She was sitlittle girl. ting in front of a fireplace, which occupied

one whole end of "the best cabin in camp." Her seat was

best cabin in camp. Her seat was
a flat piece of pine log. Lying close
to her was a big St. Bernard dog.
"Miner Bob says that Santa Claus
comes down the chimney; but now, Rover we know better than that. She took hold of the dog's collar, and turned his head toward the fireplace. Even if he should get down the chimney, he'd be burned up. He could not bring anything with him without getting it black and dirty. I'll put the fire out tonight with that pail of

Rover got up and took a lap or two,

the rest of the story.

She continued: "But I don't believe thy Santa Claus will come away out here, where there is only you and me.

Here she stooped and whispered in the dog's ear. "We'll leave the window open. Of course, Rover, I don't mind telling you why I am so anxious Santa Claus not to come down that chimney. You see, I want a doll Miner Bob says that Santa Claus brings you what you wish for. I never saw real dolls, but they must be beautiful things. This picture I cut out of a magazine is a doll, so Miner Bob says. Whew! It mustn't come down the chimney, Rover, it mustn't."

In a few minutes the dog and the little girl were both fast asleep. This time the child's head was pillowed on Rover's shaggy coat and in her hand she tightly held an advertisement of Christmas toys.

Two men, sitting at a pine table in the other end of the cabin, were talk-Ing in a low, mysterious manner.
"We are 'most out of food, you

know." said one: "only five potatoes We paid \$100 for the last stick but we could not get another stick for love or money. We have been snowed in now for three months, and we've to count on four weeks more be fore there is any hope of getting out

'Yes, I know it," replied his companion. "but I'm going to do it just the same."

"You know the boss' orders," spoke up the first man, who was Miner Bob. "We'll catch it if we disobey, especialwhen starvation is staring us in the face.'

"I can't help it," was the reply,
"put it all on me; I'll stand the

The men drew their chairs closer together, and there they worked for several hours, stopping just long enough to lift the little girl from the floor to her cot, where she went on dreaming of Santa Claus and the

It was a bitter cold night—a regular blizzard! Several miners lost their way going from one camp to the other and were frozen to death. Animals that failed to get under shelter were found dead next morning.

The little girl remembers no more of that most terrible storm in the history of the camp, but next morning was awakened early by her fathe trying to close a broken window. said it had been crushed in by the storm, but the little girl said, "No Santa Claus did it."

"He's been here!" she cried, and in her excitement fairly rolled from her cot over the floor to the chimney With cries of "It's a doll-a doll!" she clasped to her heart the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. "It's my doll, all mine; and it's got eyes, and a nose, and a mouth, and ears and hair—and such a beautiful red flannel dress!"

She kissed it again and again, and no heart ever came so near bursting with joy as the heart of that little girl, way out in the snowed-in mine, with death and starvation all about

The two miners had come in, and were listening to the wonderful story as it fell again from the childish lips "You used them all." interrupted the father, gazing sternly at the man "Yes," said Miner Bob, "we used them all."

"We could not help it." replied the other miner. "It was the only way to make it, and we'd rather go hungry rest of our days than have the kid disappointed."

The "kid," oblivious of anything but the blessed joy of possessing a doll was telling Rover: "Father thinks the wind broke the window. I forgot to open it; but, you see, Santa Claus knows just what you want, so he brought the doll through the window to save her from getting dirty coming

Little did she realize that of all the the stockings of the little ones all over the United States not one was made of as precious material as hers. She of as precious material as ners. She was clasping to her bosom the "only five potatees in camp." They had been carved into "Miss Doll" by Miner Bob and dressed in pieces of the only good red finned shirt that the other man

Forty Christmas days have passed since then, and they have all been happy ones, but the peculiar and exdoll" has never been excee-

MOZEKENIKE KAROM "Bettu and Billiken" BOX BIANOW KINDS

As Betty looked up from her em broidery, a letter was thrown into her lap. "Hurrah!" cried Billee, "here's a letter from mother. She is not a bit angry about our runaway match, and writes beautifully. She wants us to go down for a visit and stay over the Christmas season. Will you go,

"Of course, I will!" she cried delightedly; and then, a little wistfully, "Do you think your mother will like me, Billikin?"

"She will adore you. How can she help it? And I am sure you will love her. Do you think we could start tomorrow?"

Well, I guess we "Tomorrow? could. We can pack at once. Let me see, what clothes shall I take? Are they very gay down there, or must I be terribly demure?

"Let me know my role and I shall play it to the letter. I once took part in a Sunday school entertainment and was the hit of the piece. think I was somebody's spinster aunt, and said 'Land sakes' every five min-I simply must get on with your

Billee smiled. "It isn't a case of land sakes exactly, though I'll admit mother is a little old-fashioned, and there isn't much doing down there.

"Oh, I see," sighed Betty ruefully.
"I could take my black tailored gown, and my blue rajah, a couple of quiet blouses and skirts.

It was almost tea time when they arrived, cold and tired after their long journey.

When they were shown to their

room Betty was delighted. "Oh, isn't this delightful, after 10x12 flat! And, Billee, I think your mother is a dear!"

"I knew you would like her, and she will absolutely dote on you; I feel it in my bones!"

But Betty was not so sure. More than once she felt her mother-in-law



"Here They Are," Exclaimed Betty. gazing at her in a sort of mild disapproval, which was both annoying and

In the meantime Billee had noticed too, and cornered his mother on the first opportunity.

"Now, mother, what is it you don't like about Betty? I am sure you do not approve of her in some way."
"Why, I did feel a little disappointed

that you, being so young and lively, had chosen a girl of her age and with

so little life and spirit."
"Of her age!" exclaimed the astonished fellow. "Why, Betty is only nineteen and I am twenty-four. Did you want me to rob a kindergarten? And lively? Why, Betty is the most spirited girl you ever saw."
"Well," she said finally, "if that is

the way she appears to you, I am very glad for your sake; but she really is shy and isn't quite her natural self, that the way she wears her hair and dresses makes her seem older and more staid than she really is."

"Oh!" exclaimed her son in a tone nat spoke volumes. "Mother, I that spoke volumes. "Mother, I thought that you did not care for that

"Well, I am an old lady," she answered with a toss of her head, "but when I was young I wore my share of vanities with the best of them. You see how it is, Billee; I had told all our friends here that you had married such a society belle and that she was o stylish and pretty and-

And she doesn't look the part!" With a peal of laughter he rushed out of the room and up the stairs.

"Come out of it, Betty; it's all a did bring a few things with you, didn't

'What do you mean?" demanded an stonished Betty

Betty," he began gravely, but ended in another peal of laughter, "we're on the wrong track. The mater says you depress her. You lack youth and am; she isn't old-fashioned at all.

When they burst into the sitting room a few minutes later the old lady ooked up in amazement. For a whole minute she surveyed them, then aughed till the tears ran down her pink cheeks.

"You poor child! And to think that you went to all that trouble to gain ny regard!"

Yes, and I've been positively suffering for a good laugh, and afraid to be my natural self, for fear you would be shocked," added Betty dole-

The idea! The very idea! And I've been suffering for a little life and galety, and have looked to Billee and his wife to bring mirth into this lone ly old home, and to-" Her voice Instantly their arms were

"Shall we have a jolly Christmas, Billikin? Shall we make the rafters Billikin? Shall we make the rafters ring?" comes a gay challenge from

potate | Betty. "Leave it to us! " said Billiain.

Their Christmas BOX BOX BOX FOR BOX



HE Bigbee children looked at the river, and gave all hope of Christmas. steamboat went by on its daily trip, breaking the way through

crust curing the night, and leaving behind a highway of drifting ice. On the bank beyond they could see the houses and the church, but could not

"We may even forget when Christmas comes," said Ben, "unless we notch a stick, like Robinson Crusoe."

"I shall not forget," said Della.
"Nor I," said Mamie Scudder. The Bigbees lived on an island. There was one house besides own, where Mrs. Scudder and Mamie lived. Mamie never crossed the water in cold weather, but the Bigbee children rowed across every week to

school, until December Sunday school, un brought ice and snow. People living on a small island must take boats instead of carriages when they go to church or post office or market. But the Bigbee children did

not think that a hardship. 'We want clear water all winter," said Della.

"I hope you will have it," said the teacher, "at least till Christmas. We are going to have carols and a Christmas tree.'

This was great news to the Bigbees, who had never seen a Christmas tree. They talked about it, and told Mamie Scudder. They knew there would be candles on the tree, and shining things among the boughs.

But the first Sunday in December a blinding snowstorm kept them at home. The next Sunday and the next there was ice tossing in the river, so that no little rowboat could venture abroad.

One more Sunday, and then Monday would be Christmas. All the happy children across the river would go to church and there would be the tree full of gifts.
"It's a cold day and growing cold

r," said Mr. Bigbee on Saturday. The family kept close round the

None of them spoke of Christ-There had been no secret preparations, no shopping trips. M was scarce in the Bigbee family.

When Ben and Della went to their beds at night, Paul, who followed soon after, came back into the kitch-

en with a serious face.

"Mother," he said. "they have hung
up their stockings!"

Mrs. Bigbee set her lips tight. Then her arm round Paul, and

kissed him. "Never mind," he said. "We can pop corn and crack nuts."

Mrs. Bigbee stayed up late that night. By 11 o'clock she had made cookies shaped in various ways-birds, dogs, balls, boys, horses, ele phants, camels, hearts, sheep and rabbits—and not one too big to slip

easily into a child's stocking.

She put 12 into each of her children's stockings, hanging Paul's up She glanced toward Mrs. Scudder's, but the lights were out.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christ-mas!" shouted the children the next The house rang with laugh ter and mirth. There was great excitement over the stockings. Even Paul was interested and amused.

"Dear little mother," he said, softly. Mamie came with her stockingful. and the children played menagerie Noah's Ark, and farmyard for hours. steamboat made no trip that A few skaters were seen.

guess the boat skips Christmas the same as Sundays," said Paul. After dark he went to the window I hear the bells. church windows shine." A silence fell

on the group. "If we knew the carols we would sing them ourselves," said Mrs. Big-

From time to time the childre went to the window. It was starlight. "See the lights in the road!" exclaimed Della. "The folks are going home with lanterns."

They're coming down the bank!"

A little line of lights moved steadily along. They were certainly on the frozen river. They were coming toward the island.

"Why, father, father!" shouted Paul. over, and that's why the boat didn't

"It happened so once six years ago," said Mr. Bigbee.

Mrs. Scudder ran over from her house. "They're singing!" she cried. "Listen!" The sweet Christmas carols sounded clearer and clearer, as boys and girls came up the bank, up to the

"Come in! Come in!" said Mr. Bigbee, throwing the door open.

It was as if church, tree, festival. Christmas and everything had come to the Bigbees and Scudders "We cut off a bough full of candles to be your tree," said the boys.

to be your tree," said the boys. They set it up in a corner and lighted the andles anew "We brought your presents," said the girls, giving each a book and box

of candy. it was late when, with merry farewells, the visitors took their lanterns and departed, singing carols, while the happy children watened the line of lights recrossing the river, and listened in happines until the volces died away in the distance.

MORENE MARKET MA A War Time Christmas

The incident occurred one December during the Civil war. The Army of Tennessee was in Virginia, watch ing closely every move on the great chess board of strategy. Sergt. Montgomery and a few men were ordered guard a certain narrow pass through the mountains.

Orders were strict to permit no one to pass no matter what the errand The tension was high: spies were everywhere.

Not far from the picket post was a mall house, part log and part frame. There lived a young wife and two lit-tle girls. The husband had joined the Confederate army. The wife was left with two cows and some potatoes and corn

She or her little girls brought the Union soldiers milk and butter; some times a few eggs.

The names of the girls were Mary and Susie. They said they liked soldiers; that their papa was one, and that they knew he would be glad to see these soldier friends of theirs if he could only get off, but he was so busy somewhere shooting at the Yankees that they wouldn't let him leave

to a close Susie, the smaller of the two, asked the sergeant why they were always looking up and down the pass so close. "To see if anybody's coming, little

One day as the month was drawing

one," said the grizzled officer, "our orders are to shoot any man who attempts to go by here." Instantly Susie laid her head on her

sister's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break. The big sergeant was very much embarrassed; he sav he had put his foot in it, but couldn't understand just how

"There, there, girlie," he said, "don't you cry, we ain't going to shoot any of your people."

"I know you ain't," said Susie, trying to dry her eyes, "but we been a



'What Means All This Buffoonery!' lookin' for Santa Claus for years an years an' it's mos' time for him to be

along here." The sergeant was dumfounded. Two days later he rode down the valley to the army headquarters and sought out

the quartermaster. "I want two blankets," he said, "big ones, and warm; 40 pounds of coffee a case of sweet crackers, and some ginger snaps if you got 'em, and some sugar, and-let me see-got any can and goods, pears and peaches and the

like o' that?' The day before Christmas was clear and bright. The troopers were walk-ing about their campfire, their guns stacked, but within easy reach. The sergeant was not there. Pretty soon the little girls came out from the cabin, hand in hand. They had hardly reached the camp when the cap tain of the guard suddenly straight ened up.
"Halt!" he cried, "who comes here?

The soldiers sprang for their guns and stood across the trail. Climbing down a hill bordering the trail was a man with a long white beard and a fur cap. He was laden with parcels Susie saw him, and uttering a glad ery ran to him and stood between Santa Claus and the soldiers.

"You sha'n't shoot him," she shout "you sha'n't shoot Santa Claus! The soldiers grounded arms and laughed until they couldn't laugh any more. Just then there was a sound of a horse's hoofs on the rocky trail was an unusual thing, there was no joke this time. The soldiers straight ened up, ready for action. Claus dropped his parcels and gripped his revolver.

In a moment the rider was among them. It was a high officer in the Federal army, and he glared about in angry surprise.
"What means all this buffoonery?

he growled, his keen eyes boring through Santa Claus.

Santa Claus, entirely unabashed told the story, omitting nothing. He said the father of the little girls was in the Confederate army and they and their mother were alone in the moun tains; that the winter had come or them unprepared, and he had ordered the quartermaster to get some things to tide them over Christ mas.

The gold braided officer looked into the fearless eyes of the sergeant, the men standing respectfully about him and then at the half-clad little girls and their blue hands and lips.

"It's all right, boys," he said, "en tirely all right. I got a couple o' lit tle chaps o' my own back in the hills of Kentucky, and I hope the good Lord will raise up friends for 'em same as you folks have been to these. Good-

Then he rode on down the trail

That night the Yankees and the little family of the Confederate soldie had a Christmas dinner in a cozy

多多种的人的人的人的人的 A Christmas Fairy Tale MONEY WAS NOTED TO



T was Christmas eve. From the high hills came no wind to howl across the white world at the farmer through his every

the door as if to say. "I am King Wind, let me in!" or harass the animals as they stood in their chilly stables. No wind, but cold, oh, so cold! The moon was steel blue as if frost bitten. The stars blinked with the cold. It was 10 below zero, the village folk said, and that is very cold.

Two travelers trudged the road that wound up and around the hill. "Swing your arms, Sigurd," said one, and him-self commenced slapping his armpits. "We will try at the next house," he continued. "'Tis Christmas eve, and how can they turn us away on such a night?'

Ahead a farmhouse threw a welcome yellow glare on the snow. travelers hurried on, encouraged. Soon they stood under the eaves of the little house so alone in the snow, and before the door. Fridthjof pulled the old brass knocker down heartily. "Oh, ho, within," he cried. "Have you food and bed for hungry travelers this Christmas eve?" They heard a bustle and stir inside. The door swung open and the farmer, a huge man with big voice, peered out. "Come in,"

he said. The two stamped the snow off their feet and entered. The best hearth seats were given them and the farmer's daughter appeared, bearing a pitcher of steaming, home brewed ale. Along with it came smoked mutton goodly piles of flat brod. Sigurd and Fridthjof toasted dreamily content. Behind them the farmer's wife and daughter clattered diligently with silver dishes and a bountiful Christmas feast.

Sigurd looked up in surprise, "Do you eat your Christmas dinner at night?" he asked. The farmer settled into his creaking armchair and his jovial face became serious. "Years ago," he began, "the goblins, or the hill people, came down, took possession of my farm and demanded that I turn my place over to them every Christmas night. Before we go we must set them a feast with silver I dared not disobey them, lest they run off with my horses and ruin my crops. So, you see, I have no real Christmas ever." Then he added, 'you cannot stay, for they will kill vou. too."

"Do they come every Christmas?"

asked Sigurd. "Every Christmas." Sigurd turned to Fridthjof. "What shall we do," he asked, "get out or

stay?' "Stay by all means," asserted Sigurd.

"As you please, gentlemen," the "My sleigh farmer exclaimed. ready at the door. Good night and a merry Christmas to you."

Left alone, the two guests undressed and went to bed.

Pretty soon away over the hills they heard the silvery jingle of gob-lin sleigh bells. Sigurd drew the cur-tains. Nearer and nearer came the fingling and now they could hear shouts and hoof beats. Then they heard them draw up in front of the house with a great clatter of harnesses hoofs and sleigh bells. They could hear the goblins putting their tiny ponies into the farmer's sheds Then with a great shout they entered

the house. The two luckless fellows in hed kept very still and barely breathed. Noisily the goblins seated themselves and started to eat with an uproar of clattering dishes, working jaws and spirited conversation. Many tery of disappearing hay bundles sheep or farm tools long discussed bundles among the village and fisher folk was explained by

of the evil, jabbering goblins below. At last Sigurd dared peek over twixt the curtains. He saw little, white bearded men with red noses and glittering eyes, high peaked hats and fat bellies. To one end at the head of the table sat the chief, whose bigger red nose, fatter belly, higher hat and gruffer manner characterized him as such. When he bellowed forth his orders for food the others stepped

Of a sudden the chief cried out: "Wuf, I smell Human." Immediately the room became chaos. Search was made everywhere, under chairs, in

upboards-everywhere. The chief himself was the most dillgent searcher, and presently he made straight for the curtains that covered Our travelers lay tense almost scared to death. Sigurd gripped a shoe convulsively by the toe when he saw the chief approach.

The goblin looked into the lower berth and then, climbing in a stool, he peered into the upper one. He could just manage to get his nose on the edge of the bed, and Sigurd brought his shoe heel down. Bing! awful hard on that good goblin's red. tender nose. He let out one tremendus yell and his men dismayed at fear in their leader, stampeded out of the house to the sleighs. The chief

followed them.
Sigurd and Fridthjof could hear them frantically hitch up and heard them drive off, singing dolefully until the great white silence of the hills swallowed them up.

The villagers say that the farmer was never again bothered by the wicked hill people, but lived happily ever afterward with his family.

MORENT MORENTAL A Christmas Story 对心区的人对心场人的文化的

Finding myself far from home one Christmas eve night, I halted at the nearest farm house and asked admittance. An old man and his wife were the only occupants. They bade me enter and gave me hearty greeting. I found them to be

one Ephraim Gogard, and his wife, Tabitha, 40 years married. After the good wife had spread a bountiful table with good cheer for the inner man, and we had enjoyed the delicious viands to the fullest extent, we drew our chairs nearer the hearth and prepared for a sociable evening. These good old people told

me of their children; of the good times when Christmas Eve found them

all at home hanging up their stockings and getting to bed early, hoping to stay awake till Santa Claus should come. "But that was long ago!" sighed the mother. "Willie went to sea, and after a few years of saling up and down the world, we heard nothing more, and we have long mourned him as dead. Rose went to the city and, growing fascinated with the stage, became an actress. She succeeded better we had ever hoped, but her laurels did not prevent her from making a silly marriage. An Italian prince, a

penniless adventurer, carried her off to Italy. 'We fear she is either dead or enduring a living death in extreme povwith all her illusions and

bright youth gone. We are both too old now to go in search of her."
"Alas! alas!" groaned the old man.
"Our baby boy, our best beloved, grew impatient of the old home and its slow, conservative ways. He went to the great city and succeeded for a time, his bright whole-souled ways brought friends without number. But these very social graces became the cause of his downfall. He learned to gamble and drink at card parties and



A Stalwart, Seafaring Man, Wearing

the Garb of a South Sea Islander. at banquets where women make bold to do these things. Both these habits grew on him till they possessed him body and soul. He went from bad to worse, until at last he killed his best friend at the gaming table. He now wears the stripes and is eating his

heart out in the state prison."

When I had retired for the night I found myself in a large luxuriously appointed sleeping apartment, on the hearth a fire of cheery logs, the fac-

simile of the one below. As I sat and pondered, what was my surprise to see a stalwart, seafaring man enter, wearing the garb of a South Sea Islander. I knew he was an "old salt" by the lurch in his walk. Following him came a train of at-tendents. They put upon the table

great jugs of liquor.

Taking no notice of me they went on hilariously cracking their jokes and taking great swigs from the jug.

Just as I was wondering if the lead-er could be Willie, whom the aged couple had mourned as dead, I was attracted by a sound at the door, and, looking in that direction, I beheld a very beautiful young woman, attired as Shakespeare's Ophelia. She came forward and began to repeat her lines as to a crowded house. The strange company ceased their prattle and gave her the most devoted hearing. They when there entered a dissolute-looking young fellow, with refined feat-ures, bleared by the excessive use of and, calling him brother, embraced im as one does after a long absence The younger man produced a bottle of champagne and began to treat all

round. A disreputable-looking Italian had followed Ophelia into the room, and when he saw the champagne flowing, his eyes glittered with an unholy light.

I had at least collected my wits enough to realize that among this strange gathering were the three children to whom my hosts had just in-

I had just about shaken myself free of my weird surroundings and had summoned strength to move from my seat that I might go below and send the dear old people to embrace their children when a noise sudden and loud took my breath away.

Instantaneously my strange guests vanished, I opened the door to see if I could catch a glimpse of their departing figures, but no creature was

Whence came the noise which had startled them into evaporating? Ah, again it came! It was but the rattle of the wind upon the casement.

I looked and, lo! my fire was re-duced to embers, I knew only too well that I had been dreaming, that my strange company had been but the kind host and hostess the pleasure of