When the snow is falling, falling, and the sound of coasters calling

To their fellows on the hillside echoes clearly through the night. How the sleighbells tingle, tingle, while the

snow goes crinkle, crinkle, And the furs and robes about us hardly

serve to keep us warm; And our feet and fingers tingle to the music and the jingle,

As we drive on swiftly homeward through the thick flying storm.

How the lights shine out to meet us; how the dogs rush out to greet us, As we draw up at the gateway; and the

horses, in a steam, Stand there restless, stamping, stamping in the drifting snow, and clamping

At their bits, impatient of us-like the shadows in a dream.

How the blazing hickory fire flashes higher, higher, higher,

As we pile the wood upon it and draw closer all around:

And the cracking and the snapping of the logs, like wood-gnomes rapping For release from out their prisons, has a weird and wintry sound.

Oh, the warmth and love within there! Oh, the stories that we spir there To the children, of the goblins who live out in all the snow;

And at length we leave the fable, and recall the lowly stable Where the King of Love was lying many centuries ago.

Till, as we all sat there thinking, little eyes with sleep are blinking, And the old clock in the hallway tells of

Christmas come again; And the whole white earth rejoices as

hear the angel voices Sing again the old, old story: "Peace on earth, good will to men.'

Then to wake up at the dawning of a glorious Christmas morning, To find everybody happy with the warmth

of Christmas cheer. Ah, when love is such a feeling, all our bet-

ter selves revealing.

Let us dwell in love forever and have Christmas all the year. -James G. Burnett.

THE CHRISTMAS PIKE

BY MISS L. V. BULLOCK-WEBSTER.



THERE shall I go for Christmas," was a question that much disturbed my mind last year; for I had a great many invitations, and only a few days to spare. I particularly wanted to be back for the big dance at The Haw-

with open weather, and four good horses in the stable, I grudged missing even oneday's hunt-Still a bachelor's huntingmiles from anywhere. was not exactly my idea of the place to Christmas in; so I turned over in my mind the merits and demerits of my various friends' establishments, but could not come to any conclusion as to which I intended to honor with my

The evening post settled the matter for me.

"The very place," I cried, when just as I had finished dinner the maid brought in a letter from my old chum, Langham Carter, who was home on a six menths' furlough from India. He and I had been close friends at school. but we had not met again until one winter when I went out to India for some tiger and big game shooting. We were both staying with Sanderson, at Mysore, and good sport we had. He showed us my first tiger.

which we had spent together.

and I hope you'll come, too. You can have a good mount on any of the dad's horses-they are all your sort, well bred coming.

the rest of the day in pleasant anticipation of the fun I was going to have. If to hunting, it is a bit of good fishing, line; so I packed up my rod and looked | was old Jacob's work." out suitable tackle for the mighty mon-

archs of whom Lang spoke. stantly recognized one as an improved tackle of abnormal strength and size. and kiss under the mistletoe long ago.

She had been my first love, and we the water was shallow. I mounted a nice of line water in hopes of frightenly, as the means of giving me my love.

What's Nellie like? Well, my friends She had been my first love, and we the water was shallow. I mounted a nice gling gamely, but still held across his made all sorts of vows and promises dur- roach, fresh and lively, of about two quarters in the cruel jaws. The Most as a boy. Her companion was tions tried a bit or water beside a log. I dived from the punt right on to them, Holly Leaves. not Nora-I felt sure of that-but 1 My float was scarcely settled when I had and quick as thought with my left hand the regular Christmas-story-book-picture haunts of the Patriarch, and we grew girl, with the advantage of a merry pair cautious and slow.

a toy buil terrier, in a smart red coat. well."

"Langham was so sorry he couldn't | ing Johnson's directions, swung it well | gaff in his hand, and did not lose a secevening, so we-let me introduce Miss Mildred Palgrave, who is staying with in front of the house. us-thought we'd drive to fetch you instead. I am afraid we are a poor substitute for brother Lang, but you must make the best of it and take us on our merits.'

Looking at them I though myself lucky, and thanked heaven that Lang could not come, ingrate I was.

Miss Palgrave held out a well-gloved hand, saying, "I am so glad to meet you, for Langham has told me so many stories about you as a boy that I quite feel I

"Not many, I'm afraid. Mere travelers' tales. Some of dear old Langham's yarns," answered I, modestly, but I was secretly gratified at her taking such a friendly interest in me.

"You've got to take Mildred and Goliath (the tiny terrier) in front and drive," said Nellie, when my luggage had been stowed in the bottom of the dog cart-and I was expecting to have to sit behind; "I want to have a rest. Old Banjo-we call this cob Banjo because he is so musical—pulls like a de-mon as soon as his head is turned for

Nothing loath, I helped the girls into their seats, and we were soon at The Moat, which was only five miles from the station-a very short five miles, and so brief, when I should have liked it to attractive red top of the latter. have lasted forever. My companion chatted on as if she had known me all her life, and I fell desperately in love with her and quite forgot my boyhood's sweetheart, who only reminded me of | yap in unison. At length his excitement her presence as we drove up the avenue | grew so intense that we all burst out by exclaiming: "This is where you laughing. To him it appeared no laugh-

meet you. He won't be back till this out into a deep hole at the mouth of a ond in gaffing Master Jacob behind the backwater that ran round a little island shoulders. Luckily it was one of the

watch the fun. A charming group they made-that fine sedate old pointer, at his heels; while agine that the whole party had come out new life into Goliath, and seizing him know you already. But they tell me entirely for his gratification and amusethat I must treat you with respect, for ment. As my bait touched the water you're a mighty Nimrod now, and a the excitable little dog pricked up his slayer of wild beasts."

A the excitable little dog pricked up his slayer of wild beasts."

When we touched the state of the content, quite oblivious content, quite oblivio ears, and advanced at the water's edge, surveying it critically as if he fancied it might be some vagrant water rat with terrier in my arms and restored him to whom it was his duty to do battle.

"Come to heel, Goliah, come to heel,

catch your death of cold." But she called in vain, he heeded not her warning, and I almost forgot my fishing, so taken up was I with watching the comical little beast, as he dodged about the bank in fussy importance, his red jacket contrasting prettily with the dry grass and weeds.

My bait was so big and lively that it kept the float moving briskly, constantly pulling it under, and as I had no spare her now as my own, and determined I corks I was obliged to let it go, hoping that a sensible patriarch would discriminate between a bony roach and a float I hated Banjo for making the journey and prefer the former, in spite of the

However the eccentric vagaries of the said red top attracted all Master Goshot your first rabbit that Sunday after- ing matter, but a serious subject which

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.



Old Christmas comes With frozen thumbs, His long beard white with snow; 'Tis right good cheer His knock to hear, And grief to have him go.

The children dance, And the babies prance, For the tiniest toddler knows 'Tis a world of drums And dolls and plums, Where the jolly old pilgrim goes.

how to catch elephants, as only he knows noon when we were all at church. What | required investigation, and when the how, and put me in the way of bagging a row there was about it! Do you remember? You were both bad boys in usual he could stand it no more, but "What fun it was! and what a good those days." On the steps were Nora sort old George Sanderson is-very few and the Squire, who welcomed me like him, worse luck," I mused, as heartily, and Mrs. Carter met me with a Langham's letter recalled that jolly time pleasant greeting in the hall. In a moment I felt "at home," and it seemed "Dear Frank," his note ran, "I am more like fifteen months than fifteen going down to The Moat for Christmas years since these kindly folks had last seen me.

As we sat at lunch Mr. Carter apoloand good performers. If you bring a rod sence, and asked me if I could console lighted to see you once more. Come by the Patriarch. Old Jacob, as we call pounds at least. He ate a good-sized lost to our sight! duck last summer, and we picked up a there is one thing I like, or love, next half dead carp not long ago that weighed | Mildred gave such a weird, wild, agoover fifteen pounds, and had a big hole nized cry, as she saw her darling disapand a big pike is my especial in the fish in its side like a cavero. No doubt it pear to certain death, that I felt almost

I almost forgot Mildred in my excite ment, and directly lunch was overrigged | pened. It was only midday when I reached up my pet old rod, made of a bamboo the Carters' station, for I had got up be- I had brought from India, where it had times. Two very pretty girls were waiting for me on the platform; and I in- swift Joaldoka, and put on live bait

ing the winter holidays that I spent at ounces, and under the keeper's instructhought she was the most beautiful a pull, and knew I was into a good fish, grabbed Goliath by the collar, whilst woman I had ever beheld. Medium and after a few minutes a respectable tenheight, and fair, with curly golden hair pounder was in the boat. On the way up across the pike's jaws, whic made him ander an Astrakan cap, she looked quite I caught two more and then came the leave go.

As I pulled my traps out of the train So, dutifully, I selected one that was

bright red top disappeared longer than jumping with a dash, regardless of the bitter cold water, swam out for the point where he last saw the float. Mildred's face was a study. "Oh, my

poor little dog!" she cried. "Do get him out at once, Mr. Galloway, and bring him in. Don't lose a moment." As well as his laughter would let him Johnson was paddling to meet the bold gized for Langham's unavoidable ab- swimmer, and I leant ready in the bows, with my sleeves turned up, to grab him you can catch pikes galore and of sizes myself with the pike for one afternoon, as soon as he was near enough. His large in the moat. Father and mother "They are all on the feed," he said, round, little head and big eyes and red and the girls (you remember Nellie and 'and Johnson, the keeper, has got some coat made him look like some strange Nora when they were little) will be de- nice roach. I want you to try and catch new water-baby come to view the world. When he was within six feet of the boat, the early train on Christmas Eve and him, is a huge brute who abides by the and I was just making ready for the I'll me you at the station. Don't bother island. He is wily, but as no one has grasp, there was a mad swirl that sent to write, just send a wire to say you're fished the place for a year we are hoping the water flying into my face, a rush, a he'll give you a show. Last year be huge pair of jaws swept the surface, and 80 next morning I sent my message, broke two of my friends, one of them in a moment the Patriarch had pulled twice, and they swore he must be fifty poor Goliah under the water, and he was broke two of my friends, one of them in a moment the Patriarch had pulled

All the girls screamed in chorus, and as if I were a murderer; for had I not been fishing this would never have hap-

Johnson had all his wits about him. "He's gone for his hold there under the willow," said he, driving the slow punt forward, and plunging the pole deep into the water in hopes of frighten-

with my right I struck a heavy blow

Johnson seized my hand as I turned girl, with the advantage of a merry pair cautious and slow.

of sparkling gray eyes and a laughing face. In her arms she carried a mite of a toy buil terrier, in a smart red cost.

"No use trying a small bast for him, punt when the Patriarch, wildly enrage! Afr. Penwiper (the bookkeeper)—"I think we had better make it a New Year's a toy buil terrier, in a smart red cost. grasping my arm just above the wrist in gift, sir. I have just sent him out with his effort to get at the dog. But his a telegram, and I don't think he will get Miss Carter came up and shook hands. fully half a pound weight, and, follow- Nemesis had come. Johnson had the back by Christmas."

old fashioned, home made ones-a huge "That's the place, just where your float hook big enough to gaff sharks, with a is now," cried the squire, who with the big holding barb on it-and struggle girls had come down on the lawn to and fight as he might the monster could not get away.

Meanwhile I had chucked the half old country gentlemen, the picture of dead Goliath into the punt and struggled health and good nature, with three pretty in myself; then, slipping a cord over the girls standing by him, and Don, his fish's tail, we soon had him in the boat, where a judicious tap on the head with gayly frolicking round them all was the a leaded "pike stick" settled his hash. irrepressible Goliah, who seemed to im- The sight of his enemy seemed to bring by a fin he shook and shook to his heart's content, quite oblivious of his

When we touched the shore I scrambled out with the plucky little his anxious mistress, who thanked me heartily and gratefully while she called Mildred. "You'll tumble in and showered kisses upon her rescued treas-

The squire hurried me off to the house. wisely thinking that a hot bath would prevent any evil effects from this cold dive. My coat sleeve had protected my arm so well that a few deep scratches were the extent of my ills, and I felt as if I would gladly have lost a hand to be thanked once more like that by my darling Mildred. For I quite regarded would propose that very night after dinner.

For the first time in my life I felt grateful to the uncle who had worked hard and left me the money which had made my life so easy and pleasant; and kept repeating to myself the old liath's attention, and each time the float adage, "Enough for one is enough for bobbed up he gave a little jump and a two," and thinking how I should spend next Christmas at home, and how Mildred and I would ask Langham and Nellie and Nora to stay with us, and how we would talk over this day's proccedings, and enjoy ourselves.

By the time I had dressed I felt quite "good," and had no doubts at all about the future.

"Tea is served in the drawing-room," said the pretty parlor maid, "and the ladies are waiting.

"How's Goliath?" asked I. "All right, sir. Johnson has set his eg, and tied up his wounds, and he's doing nicely. He is asleep now, sir, on Miss Palgrave's lap."

"Say I'll be down in a minute," I anwered. And as soon as I brushed my hair, and tied my scarf to my satisfaction, I stalked down stairs as if I was walking on air, to receive the renewed thanks of my idol, and to try and tell her that my life was at her service.

As I stalked into the drawing room Langhan rushed forward and shook me warmly by the hand, exclaiming, "I am so glad to see you, Frank, you dear old man. A thousand thanks for your boldness in rescuing Millie's pet. She treasures that little brute above creation-"

For a moment I was thunderstruck. My dream was over! Fool that I was, it served me right, and good sense soon returned. Heartily could I congratulate them both on their good fortune. and I hope no one ever guessed my dis-

"Bar one thing," Mildred broke in. as she slipped her hand caressingly into

"And says it's just because I gave it to her," continued Langham. "You know it was my first present to her after we

were engaged.' When he had done talking over our adventure, and saying how thankful we were that it had terminated so well, we all went out to inspect the foe, the sight of whom made Goliath bristle with rage, and struggle to get out of his mistress' arms, and attack once more his wouldbe murderer.

Certainly he well deserved the name of the Patriarch. He weighed fortyeight pounds and was long and lean and lank, with jaws like a crocodile. Had he been in condition in proportion to his length he would have weighed fully sixty pounds, and I felt quite proud of having played even a subordinate part in the

capture of such a monster. Johnson got a couple of sovereigns from Langham for his share, and well he deserved it. If it had not been for his prompt action I believe old Jacob would have snatched Goliath from my arms and

left his mistress a-lamenting. We spent a jolly evening, and never have I enjoyed a Chrismas more than I did that one, though this year I fancy it may prove even pleasanter still; for now I am going as Nellie's accepted lover. Don't laugh; in spite of one day's infatuation for her friend I discovered that it was Nellie, my first and only sweetheart, that I really cared for, and the girl I loved as the boy of twelve I now ove with the strong and lasting love of manhood.

Oh, yes, the Patriarch and Goliath, what became of them? Goliath went out to India six weeks later, when his mistress married my old friend, and I am afraid he will carry the marks of that day's adventure till his death. I trust he may never again encounter so cruel a foe, for a pluckier little dog was never wrapped in a skin.

And the Patriarch? We ate some of him on Christmas Day. In life he was terrible, and in death he was horrible; may I never taste so vile a fish again. Peace be to his memory, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. His skin is stuffed, and holds a place of honor in

you'll see next year when we are married, and then you'll agree with me that she is the sweetest girl in the world .-

A Suggestion.

Head of Firm-"You had better give the office boy a couple of dollars, Mr.



The Russian blouse still reigns. Puffed sleeves are going out of fash-

Fancy footwear obtain more and

One must now commence one's letter on the fourth page.

Mary Anderson is said to be an enthusiastic fisherwoman. Brocades form! the basis for the even-

ing gowns of the winter. It is seriously said that chignons and

crinolines will again be fashionable. Extremely pointed toed shoes are voted bad form at home and abroad.

Large colored glass boats are now the fashionable thing to hold cut flowers. A silver shoe buttoner, two feet long,

is among the dressing table novelties. No woman who values a small hand will ever wear embroidered kid gloves. A new button is made of bark sewed

in fancy colors to recall the Indian All women declare the new French ribbons to be the finest they ever ad-

mired. There is reason to believe that French fans will have the fashionable call this

Fashionable mourning often causes the fury and jealousy of those who are

Crowns of new hats and foundations of the new bonnets are really "ridiculously small."

Parasols trimmed with fur, an affectation of French women, have reached this side of the Atlantic.

In Vienna recently guests at a dinner party were invited to put their autographs on the table cloth. Somebody says that the one kind of

wrap never out of fashion is the "real genuine camel's hair shawl." Furs dyed in all sorts of bright colors are to be trimmed on cloth dresses, ac-

cording to a Paris correspondent. A new gray material for winter walking gowns is Russian army cloth. It is intended to be trimmed with fur.

We are to have Scotch tweeds of whatever pattern or color fancy dictates, and we are to have them built to fit. Miss Luella Cool, a leading dentist of

San Prancisco, has been placed in charge of dentistry at the Stanford University. It is easy to see, even with defective vision, that the reign of suspenders on

the backs of women is drawing to a Miss Kate Drexel, of Philadelphia, who recently took the veil, has \$1,000,. 000 in her own right and much more to

Necklaces made of the genuine gold coins of all Nations, beautifully sized. are something new in the jewelers'

stocks. Shoulder bows of expensive ribbon are seen on many of the new house dresses made with pleated instead of puffed

sleeves. The linings of seal and fur trimmel cloaks are unusually gorgeous this season. Pale brocades, gay tartans, brilliant silks and high-colored satin effects

are common. All the chairs in Madame Adelina Patti's boudoir at Craig-y-Nos, Wales, are draped with ribbons of all colors, taken from innumerable bouquets which have been thrown to her.

Mrs. Ernestine Schaffner, of New York City, the "angel of the Tombs," or the "prisoners' friend," has given bail bonds during the last five years aggregating almost \$1,000,000.

The swagger girl crimps her hair in a very astonishing manner, these days, reserving one flat effective ringlect which she coaxes to repose picturesquely at the central point of her very classic head.

At Brussels, Belgium, a few days ago Mile, Marguerite Gombart was awarded her degree as doctor of philosophy and letters amid great applause. Mile. Gombart is the first young girl who has obtained this degree.

Miss Sadie Price, of Bowling Green, Ky., has devoted nearly four years to collecting and classifying the wild plants of Warren County. She has found in all about eighty-eight different orders and about 650 species.

In the five Swiss universities of Basel, Berne, Geneva, Lausanne and Zurich, during the past summer, the number of women students was 224, of whom 127 was in the medical departments, sixty. two in the philosophical and five in the

Walter Satterlee, the artist, says one of the greatest difficulties he meets is the lack of models in this country, whose hair is so black that it has blue or purple lights in it. He adds that what he wants is common in Europe, but almost unattainable here.

A high school for girls in Iceland has been established. The subjects taught include English literature and Scandinavian literature and history, besides the regular branches of study. Cookery and tailoring are also taught, because Icelandic women have always to make the men's clothes.

Miss Homans, head of the Normal School of Gymnastics in Boston, in a recent interview said: "Two years ago, out of a class of thirty-seven, there were but two or three young women at the end of the school year who continued to wear corsets, and no one continued to wear French heels. Last year, out of a class of seventy-one, seven-eighths gave up wearing cersets.

Alvinza Hayward, one of the earliest of the gold millionaires of California, is very old and feeble now. He is worth probably \$20,000,000 or more, but has dropped completely out of sight behind the newer bonanzaists.



Mr. Herman Hicks "Three years ago, as a result of CATARRIE

I entirely lost my hearing and was Deaf for More Than a Year. To my surprise and great joy when I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more and I can bear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter Street, Rechester N. 1

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Face was one Mass of Eruptions! Walked the Ploor Night After Night!" following from Mrs. Hams proved WONDERFUL POWER of DANAS

in very bad shape. I have had RHEU MATISM for a longtime and a TERRI BLE PAIN IN MY HEAD ; posed to be caused by Liver Trouble. Night after night I have been compelled to walk the floor because of the terrible pain, and this was not all, my face was one mass of cruptions so had at times as to be covered almost entirely with seabs. I road your papers, and thought I would try one bottle of DANA'S

SARSAPARILLA feetier. I have now taken two, and do not do like the same woman. I can go to bed and SLEEP ALL NIGHT. The terrible pain has departed. The tired feeling I had it entirely gone. My face is well. I think one more bottle will care me entirely. Your respectfully, Theonderopa, N. Y. MRS. FRINDA HAMS. To whom it may concern:—I hereby certify the truth of the above. P. W. BAREY. Throuderoga, N. Y. Pharmacist.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

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My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn.



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