

Gifts

By E. S. Martin

THE imperial child to whom the wise men brought
Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest,
Gave no gift back. It was Himself they sought,
And finding Him, were sated in their quest.
Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed,
Now was the world's long yearning satisfied!
Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
Their gifts meant love, unmarred by lust or spite.
Be it so with ours: our aim, not debts to pay,
Nor any recompense save love to win,
Nor any grosser feeling to convey
Than brought the wise men's gifts to Bethlehem's inn.
Those that we best that no return afford
Save the pure sense of having found our Lord.

—From Harper's Weekly.

The Colonel's Christmas Gift

By Margaret Seymour Hall

WHEN the original John Pemberton came to Massachusetts to fight Indians and to enable his descendants to become Dames and Sons of all manner of things, it was in a way that little betokened such future glory. It is sad to record such things of an ancestor, but as a matter of fact he was fairly smuggled in from Virginia, where a political difference with Governor Berkeley had led to his enforced retirement; and so little was his presence desired in the Puritan colony that only because of his splendid military ability was he allowed to remain. For he, being by all accounts a spirited party, gave the blue laws no more attention than if they did not exist, and in face of indignant public opinion insisted on keeping Christmas after the fashion of their common mother-country.

But with King Philip and the Naragansetts waging war it was impossible to spare one who was both a fearless and a skillful warrior; and besides (so say the ancient annals) his sins brought their own punishment; so terrible a one that the most orthodox stood aghast, for his eldest son—his heir and his pride—married a red-headed witch, the daughter of a Dutch emigrant, who had died just as his vessel touched port. There was no doubt about the witchcraft. She wore gay garments of a strange cut, she sang in an unknown tongue, songs of an unearthly sweetness that held passers-by spellbound near her tiny cabin; she had wondrous skill in herbs and simples; and, lastly, to clinch the matter, there was the red head. But the younger John, who had traveled, only laughed at the tales when he took her for his wife in defiance of the world, and of his father to boot, who, in spite of his own contumacy, desired no dealings with sorcery, and who cut off his son with a shilling.

But one thing more went with it—namely, the old man's sword; for the son, though uninvited, came to the funeral and took it down from its hook on the wall, declaring that of all the sons he alone, as eldest, had the right to wear it. And later, when he, too, was dead, his daughter, being frivolous, as became her parentage, melted up the gold hilt and ran it into beads, and this deed added flame to the family feud, which did not die out, as do most feuds, but burned on for two long centuries. For in each generation the head of the one branch of the Pem-



"AS HE PUT HIS FINGER ON THE SPRING THE LID FLEW BACK."

bertons made a formal demand for the heads as a lawful and just right, and the representative of the witch Pembertons, as they are called, as the eldest line, scornfully refused; so that the quarrel was constantly renewed, and would have probably have flourished indefinitely but that, through inadvertence, the eldest son of either side was entered the same year at the same college, and both of them being strong and athletic, they were thrown much together and wrestled themselves into a mutual respect which gradually ripened into friendship.

And thus it came about that the one introduced the other to his sister, Damaris Pemberton, who had come up for commencement week. Now, Da-

maris was a sight to see. By a strange run of fate every girl in that line is born with a red head, but in Damaris, when the sun shone upon it, it was a halo of glory. And her complexion was dazzling, and her blue eyes were great stars, and her dimples came and went; and, in short, if her ancestress had been like her it is no wonder that a man threw up lands and money for



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—Harper's Bazar.

her sake—at least so the living John thought, and so before long he told her, and they agreed that the feud was nonsense, and became engaged, her brother consenting.

And then came the deluge. John's father, old Pemberton, nearly went off his head with rage when John informed him of the engagement. "What," fumed the Colonel, "my only son wed the daughter of that wrong-headed lawyer! Let them begin, in common honesty, by restoring their unjust gain and I'll consent to hear more of them; but until this is done, never!"

"Unless she gives up those beads, if you marry her I'll—" The father left the sentence unfinished, but John read his meaning, from his hardening face. "I shall marry her," John returned, briefly and firmly.

"Very well." And the old warrior's face grew cold. But though for love of her he had defied his father and announced his firm intention of cleaving to her, he found that he had leaped over one obstruction to their marriage only to hurl himself against a greater, Damaris, who had a fine spirit of her own, would have none of him on such terms.

"If the Colonel comes to me himself and begs me to honor him by accepting his son's hand perhaps I'll think of it. But not before," she said.

Try as he would John could not shake her from this position. So that is how matters stood with John Pemberton when Christmas-time—the season of peace and good-will—came around. No wonder that he was pale and haggard.

The Christmas dinner could hardly be called a cheerful meal, nor did things brighten later when the young man stood gazing silently out of the window.

In the gathering dusk John thought he saw a slender form run past the casement window. Then just as he had decided it was imagination there came a tap at the front door—a sudden rickling and falling of the old brass knocker—so slight a noise that it failed to call the butler.

After waiting a moment John Pemberton himself strolled down the hall and opened the door. No one was there, though the mark of a small foot was clearly visible in the snow on the door-step. As he stooped to look at it he saw beside it a little square package, directed in fine printed letter "To Colonel Pemberton, with a Merry Christmas."

"Eh, what's that?" said the old man, when John returned to the library. "Left on the door-step? Perhaps it's some sort of a practical joke, though who would think of playing it I don't know. Open it, my boy, and let us see what it is."

John Pemberton cut the string and removed the brown-paper wrapping; inside was the daintiest of parcels done up in pale green tissue paper and tied with ribbon. Wondering, he unrolled the paper and found an old case of carved ivory. As he put his finger on the spring the lid flew back, and with a loud exclamation the Colonel leaned forward to stare at what was surely one of the strangest presents ever made to a grim and scarred old veteran of war—no less than a string of gold beads!

The father, with the beads held in one limp hand, gazed with down-hung jaw at his son, who in turn gazed with like astonishment at his father.

Then there was silence, for what time John's heart gave some two hundred thumps against his ribs, and the Colonel stared into the open fire, unconsciously taying with the strand of gold that had caused so much trouble. The old warrior knew when he was conquered. He was not one given to half-way measures. He looked up at his son.

"John," said he, "will you order the carriage out?"

John did, asking no questions.

A few minutes later, without another word being spoken, the two

ed; and she took them. "And also I beg that you will honor me by consenting to accept my only son, and that you will come to my old house as its beloved mistress."

John moved up to her and possessed himself of her hands. "Father gave you the beads, and you took them," he said, softly. "And he also gave you me. Am I taken, too, dear?"

Damaris raised her eyes, and crept closer; and John drew her into his arms.

And so the old Pemberton feud came to an end on Christmas night.—Woman's Home Companion.



GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BY A C WHEELER

I wonder how many old women there were who baked and basted and then sat waiting in their black silk frocks for the broods to come back on Christmas—the broods that never came. Not many, I hope. There was a finer sort reserved for the mothers, and it was to have them come. Certain it is that a holy pathos settled over it as we contemplated it afterwards. We remembered then that the "old woman" could not be as merry as we were. She had little disappointments that she hid from us. How plainly we understood them, after the old silk frock was put away in the cedar chest for the last time! How she must have worked for days with what remained of her skill, to renew the old foolishnesses against the coming! She put brandy in one of her mince pies because John had always liked it, and she left it out of another because Molly always "abominated it." She tried to coax her old gray hair into the three short curls again, which, all of the children would remember, danced in their young faces when she kissed them and sent them off to school. To that tired old heart there was a private joy in stirring these forgotten embers and sitting by the fireside of her mother's love. I dare say, if she was a New England mother, she made a batch of crullers with her own hands, and put them in the same old crock in the pantry, where Frank used to go slyly and steal them away. How often she found the crumbs in between the sheets in the morning, and never mentioned it! She would cook them herself because Frank liked them of "a nice cinnamon brown." It was not quite comprehensible to her that Frank could get beyond the cruller stage, and when she took him to the pantry and pointed, with some flaming up of her old pride, to the crock, she thought that he could at least have made a pretence of his former zest for her sake. But Frank probably laughed carelessly, and said, "All right, mother," and went away without thinking of them again, until—well, until he saw the tired old wrists crossed and tied with a white ribbon. Then he wondered why he did not grant her that poor little favor. If he could only have the chance again he would eat all her crullers and sing their praises to the world.—Harper's Weekly.

Young Lady—A friend of mine is engaged to a man, and now he refuses to marry her. What would you advise her to do?
Old Lawyer—Is the man wealthy?
Young Lady—No. He hasn't a dollar.
Old Lawyer—Then I'd advise her to write him a nice letter of thanks.—Chicago News.

THE LAWYER'S ADVICE.
"That man says he wants all the advice he can get on the way he is to conduct the office to which he has just been elected."
"That is very shrewd of him. In that way he is pretty sure to get just the kind of advice he desires. Then he can lay the responsibility on some one else for doing precisely as he pleases."
"Here's a queer announcement on the bottom of the bill of fare: 'The proprietor will be glad to receive complaints against the waiters.'"
"What's queer about that?"
"Why should the proprietor be glad to receive complaints?"
"Because then he knows the customers are not getting more than their money's worth."—Catholic Standard and Times.

WHY HE IS GLAD.
"I thought you guaranteed that suit of underwear you sold me not to shrink?" said the customer, who entered the store and stood in a somewhat cramped attitude.
"I did," replied the merchant; "if it shrinks bring it back."
"I have brought it back," said the customer in evident embarrassment, "but I got caught out in the rain and can't get it off."—Ohio State Journal.

A PRISONER.
"There are numerous dialects in the Chinese language, and the inhabitants of one locality may have difficulty in understanding those of another," remarked the professor.
"Well," said the theorist, "that's what China gets for not printing publications that make a specialty of dialect stories. This country takes no chances on not letting the different sections keep acquainted."—Washington Star.

THE MISSION OF DIALECT LITERATURE.
Smearer—You know that grand old patriotic sentence which begit's this way: "Eternal vigilance."
Dauber—Why, sure. Every school boy does.
Smearer—Well, I have been engaged to paint an allegorical picture of that sentence. Now, can you suggest a happy idea for "Eternal Vigilance?"
Dauber—I can. Make a picture of a man keeping an eye on his umbrella.—Express Gazette.

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THE MODERN LITERARY MARKET.
"Yes," said the fair girl, "Adolphus is perfectly devoted to literature."
"Is that the young man who proposed to you?" asked Miss Cayenne.
"Yes. He knows ever so much, and he has a command of English that is absolutely correct and classic."
"That's very nice, my dear. But before you trust your future to his keeping you try him on up to date slang."—Washington Star.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE AT HOME.
"Why is it, Mr. Blinkenham," the jolly little match-maker asked, "that you have never married?"
"Well, I'll tell you," he answered. "In all my life I have never really loved more than three girls, and although they returned my love-of-course you understand that I didn't love them all at the same time—it is a singular fact that in each case their parents objected to me."
"Pooh!" she exclaimed. "I don't think much of a man who will let parental objection stand in the way when he really and truly is in love."
"Perhaps not," he went on regretfully; "but you see my father and mother eloped."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Kansas Champion.
Atchison has a man who can give more good advice, and act the fool more times in a day, than any other man in America.—Atchison Globe.

JOKERS BUDGET

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.
There was a maid in our town
As wise as she was fair,
She went to a peroxide shop
And bleached her raven hair.
But when she saw her hair was like
A piebald charger's mane,
She walked into another shop
And dyed it black again.
—New York Commercial Advertiser.

MENTAL INSOLENCIE.
"Do you believe in natural selection and the survival of the fittest?"
"I do," answered the candid man.
"I have to. I don't know enough about those subjects to give any reasons to my scientific friends why I shouldn't believe in them."—Washington Star.

PREFERABLE.
"Doesn't it make you nervous to hear your husband constantly complaining about the way political affairs are managed?"
"No," answered the tired-looking woman. "It's a relief to have him complain about politics. It takes his mind off the meals."—Washington Star.

SECURING HIMSELF.
"That man says he wants all the advice he can get on the way he is to conduct the office to which he has just been elected."
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COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

General Trade Conditions.
R. G. Dunn & Co's Weekly Review of Trade says: It is most fortunate that the vagaries of speculation are not always deleterious to legitimate business. Railway stocks fell sharply, yet full returns for November show that earnings were 1.15 per cent greater than in the same month last year and 1.81 per cent over those of 1899. Industrial and traction shares were even more violently disturbed, yet the manufacturing plants of the nation were never more fully occupied. Numerous labor controversies have been settled, and the rate of wages is at the highest point ever attained. Retail distribution is of massive proportions. Raw material in the textile industry has developed distinct firmness. Cotton not only retained the spasmodic gain that followed the Government report, but made a further advance, and indications of continued strength attracted liberal purchases by spinners. Western grain producers and dealers have expressed great faith in the future of prices, many announcing their intention to hold supplies until spring, when the scarcity would be marked and quotations reach a more profitable point. Failures for the week numbered 273 in the United States, against 240 last year, and 17 in Canada, against 25 last year.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.
Flour—Best Patent, \$4.90; High Grade Extra, \$4.40; Minnesota Bakers, \$3.00-3.50.
Wheat—New York No. 2, 85½¢; Baltimore No. 2, 80½¢.
Corn—New York No. 2, 60½¢; Philadelphia No. 2, 65½¢; Baltimore No. 2, 67¢.
Oats—New York No. 2, 54¢; Philadelphia No. 2, 54¢; Baltimore No. 2, 54¢.
Hay—No. 1 timothy, large bales, \$15.50-16.00; do, small bales, \$16.00; No. 2 timothy, \$14.50-15.00; No. 3 timothy, \$12.00-13.50.

GREEN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—Apples.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, packed, per brl, \$3.00-3.75; do, New York, assorted, per brl, \$3.00-4.50; do, No. 28, per brl, \$2.50-3.00; do, Eastern, per brl, fancy, \$4.00-4.50; do, Fancy Kings, per brl, \$4.25-4.50; do, New York Fancy Gills, per brl, \$4.50-5.00; do, No. 1, Baldwins, per brl, \$4.00-4.25; do, Western Ben Davis, per brl, \$3.75-4.25. Cabbage—New York State, per ton \$9.00-10.00; do, Danish, per ton \$12.00-13.00. Carrots—Native, per bushel box, 40-50¢; do, per bunch, 12½¢. Cauliflower—Long Island, per crate or barrel, \$2.00-3.00. Celery—New York State, per dozen stalks, 25-30¢; do, native, per bunch, 3½-4¢. Cranberries—Cape Cod, per brl, \$6.00-7.50; do, Jerseys, per brl, \$6.00-7.50; do, Cape Cod and Jerseys, per box, \$1.75-2.25. Cucumbers—Florida, per crate, \$2.00-2.50. Grapes—New York, per 8-lb. basket, Concord, 12-15¢; do, per 5-lb. basket, Niagaras, 12-15¢; do, Catawba, 12-15¢. Kale—Native, per bushel box, 20-25¢. Lettuce—Native, per bushel box, 35-40¢; do, North Carolina, per half-barrel basket, \$1.00-1.25; do, New Orleans, per brl, \$4.00-4.50; do, Florida, per half-barrel basket, \$1.25-1.50. Onions—Maryland and Pennsylvania, yellow, per bu, \$1.15-1.25; do, Western, yellow, per bu, \$1.15-1.25; do, Western, white, per bu, \$1.40-1.50; do, red, per bu, \$1.15-1.20. Oranges—Florida, per box as to size, \$2.50-2.75. Oysterplants—Native, per bunch, 3-4¢. Spinach—Native, per bushel box, 60-65¢. Turnips—Native, per bushel box, 25-30¢.

Potatoes.—White—Maryland and Pennsylvania, per bu, No. 1 \$5.00-6.00; do, second, 60-75¢; New York, per bu, best stock, \$5.00-6.00; do, common, 60-75¢; Western, per bu, prime, \$5.00-6.00. Sweet—Eastern Shore, Virginia, per truck brl, \$1.25-1.75; do, per flour brl, \$1.75-1.85; do, per brl, frost 75¢-80¢; do, native, per brl, No. 1, \$2.00-2.25; North Carolina, per brl, No. 1, \$2.00-2.25. Yams—Virginia, per brl, smooth, \$2.50. Provisions and Hog Products.—Bulk clear rib sides, 9¢; bulk clear sides, 9½¢; bulk shoulders, 9½¢; bulk clear plates, 9½¢; bulk fat backs, 14 lbs and under, 9½¢; sugar-cured shoulders, narrow, 9½¢; sugar-cured shoulders, extra broad, 10½¢; hams, canvased or uncanvased, 12 lbs and over, 12½¢; refined lard, tierces, brls and 50-lb cans, gross, 9½¢.

Eggs.—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, per dozen—27¢; Eastern Shore (Maryland and Virginia), per dozen—27¢; Virginia, per dozen, 26-27¢; West Virginia, per dozen, 25-26¢; Western, per dozen, 26-27¢; Southern, 22-25¢.
Butter, Creamery—Separator, 26-27¢; gathered cream, 22-23¢; imitation, 10-20¢; Md., Va. and Pa. Dairy prints, 21-22¢; small creamery blocks, (2-lb.), 25-26¢; choice rolls, 18-20¢.
Cheese—New cheese, large 60 lbs, 10½¢ to 11¢; do, flats, 37 lbs, 11 to 11½¢; picnics, 23 lbs, 11½-12½¢.
Live Poultry.—Turkeys—Old, \$1.00-1.50; young, fat, 90-95¢; do, small and poor, 80-85¢. Chickens—Hens, 27-35¢; do old roosters, each 25-30¢; do, young good to choice, 80-95¢; do, rough and poor, 37-40¢. Ducks—Fancy, large, 9-10¢; do, small, 8-9¢; do, muscovy and mongrels, 8-9¢. Geese, Western, each 50-65¢.

Live Stock.
Chicago, Cattle.—Good to prime, \$6.00-7.00; poor to medium, \$4.00-5.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.00-4.00; cows, \$1.00-2.50; heifers, \$1.00-3.00; canners, \$1.00-2.25; bulls, \$2.00-4.00; calves, \$2.00-2.25; Texas fed steers, \$4.50-5.00.
East Liberty, Cattle—Choice, \$5.00-6.10; prime, \$3.50-5.80; good, \$3.00-5.50. Hogs slow and lower, prime heavies, \$6.30-6.40; heavy mediums, \$6.10-6.20; light do, \$5.95-6.00; heavy Yorkers, \$5.85-5.90; light do, \$5.60-5.70; pigs, as to weight and quality, \$5.30-5.40; roughs, \$4.50-5.75. Sheep active; best wethers, \$3.40-3.75; culls and common, \$1.00-2.00; yearlings, \$2.50-3.75; veal calf \$6.00-7.00.

LABOR AND INDUSTRY
The Marine Engineers' Association takes in the engineers on the trans-Atlantic liners which are manned in this country, and the present wages, based on these demands, are as follows: Vessels of the first-class—that is, vessels of the largest tonnage—chief engineers \$150 a month; first assistant engineers, \$90 a month; second assistants, \$80; third assistants, \$70. Vessels of the second class, chief engineer, \$145 a month; first assistants, \$75; second assistants, \$70; third assistants, \$65.