

BUDD OF NOWHERE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY G. M. S. HORTON.

It was up-hill work with the clock. From half-past 3 until the minute hand didn't seem to have life enough left to pull itself up to the figure XII, which was half-hidden by the gorgeous painting of the setting sun, whose rays struck out in every direction over the generous face of the old timepiece.

No, for even while he looked, the minute hand on the clock passed two of the sunset rays, and eclipsed a third; and the little boys in the lowest row now and then looked at him. I will not pretend to say that something which happened just then was right. I will leave that for you to decide at the end of my story.

Barton passed the note under his desk, and Moore read it behind his back, and here is the note that Moore read:

"Bill: Will you try it to-night? F.?" Then it was that the master looked at his watch, and Moore scribbled with his left hand, while his right hand was apparently finding relief in the book, with the eye of anxiety.

The village at Ocean Point is fast asleep. No light from any of the cottages lining the streets near the shore nor from those scattered back towards the center. Well might the place be sleeping, for the old clock in the school-house is still striking 3 o'clock. But stop a bit, there is a light; it is coming down the street. Now it is joined by another and still another.

At last the clock struck. Whether it had been recently wound, or whether the striking part was not on friendly terms with the pendulum and wanted to challenge it to a burst of speed, I can't say; but the way the clock struck four was enough to make a locomotive black in the face to equal it.

On the playground the notes were passed from boy to boy. "You all know what it is to be, fellows," said Barton, with that hearty voice of his; "how many will join you? Not a boy short of the whole of them!"

"We'll give Budd of Nowhere such a..." "Hush, perhaps he's round." "No, he went home at recess," said Moore, "and a poor little shivering chap he was too."

"Half-past 10 to-night sharp," cried Barton to the boys as he gathered in groups of two and three through the streets of the village; and a cheery "all right" was echoed from each.

There was so much mystery about the meeting—so much of things going which those in attendance alone were to know, that I feel it would be a sad breach of confidence if I tell a syllable of the proceedings.

It is hard to keep myself from it—hard not to tell of the bovine sacrifice made that night and of the unselfish, tender words that sprang straight from the boys' hearts; but I don't like to lecture, and I promise that I will not, but I tell you that was the time and place for those who don't altogether believe in the boys.

A month before the meeting at Frank Barton's house, the village of Ocean Point had a genuine sensation. Jerry Scatterwood wasn't the cause of it, but he was a very generous hand in making it known.

"You might have knocked me over with a feather-duster when I see the little chap peeping into my cabin window down there on the beach," the old fisherman had said, as he stood at the counter of the store waiting for customers. "Mark that half a pound of crackers a whole pound, storekeeper, and bless me if I don't go in for a few nuts and a bit of candy."

"Don't be stingy with your tongue, Jerry, tell us all about it," and the men crowded around to hear what who it was for when candy and nuts were given to the old hut on Ocean Point beach.

"There's mighty little as I know myself," said Jerry, pulling up a long vest to make way for his change into a pocket whose locality would be a difficult one to determine. "Mark that half a pound of crackers a whole pound, storekeeper, and bless me if I don't go in for a few nuts and a bit of candy."

"Hold on, tell us the rest; don't open us in that way and then close up for the night," said the storekeeper; "give us the rest of it." "Best, there ain't no rest about it. I took him in and there he is, and here he'll stay, too, for awhile, for if I'm a judge there's a squally weather ahead for that chap. He's just tucked out. Said he come from nowhere so far as he could remember, and that they called him Budd of Nowhere, which was a long time ago and a long way back in the country; and say, boys, if you see Dr. Biven, round tell him to drop in, and that's good of you," and the old fisherman opened the door and went down the frozen road and around the point of the bluff, and so passed out of sight.

One evening, two weeks after Jerry Scatterwood bought the candy and nuts for Budd of Nowhere, the old fisherman was sat mending some nets by the light of the flickering fire.

"If you please, sir, I suppose I must be going now." Jerry dropped his net and taking Budd by the shoulder, turned him so that the light fell full upon the boy. He was very small—but could be told at a glance—but just how old he would have puzzled a better judge than the old fisherman; and as for his clothes they might well have been on since his first birthday, so ragged and worn were they. But the eager little face above the tatters, though pinched and worn with cold and trouble, was frank and bright, almost merry, throughout it all.

"Must be a-going? Where?" said Jerry, still keeping his hand on Budd's shoulder. "I don't know, indeed I don't, Mr. Jerry, but I suppose I can tramp on right along without going nowhere in particular," and the boy cast a wistful look at the bright fire as though to remember its warmth in the cold days to come.

"See here, little chap," and the fisherman drew Budd close to him. "You say you've been lost your mother, and as how there don't seem to be no home left for you to come here with your little fists as cold as yesterday's potatoes, and

with your toes awful good friends with the holes in your shoes; and you tell me all about it, straight-forward like, and I take you in and we eat beautiful together, and you read out of the books yonder as was left when the missus was here—spellin' for the hard words, but as-tomshing smart on the every-day and I sat and listened, and says I to myself as how it's my old Jim Moore who's the one to go with his mother where there's no squalls nor danger from rocks on an unbeknown coast, where everything is smooth sailin', so the preacher says—and I know it myself every day in the week."

By this time Jerry couldn't see the fire very well. There's the only place where he can't stand still and face the wind, drawing his sleeve across his eyes and winking hard at the crackling logs. "I don't think as how I've cried since the day of it."

Budd crept to the old fisherman's knee and felt a strong pair of arms about him. "I don't know just where I was, lad, in my talking, but if you say the word well just keep together, you and me, and pull on without mindin' little nobody says. Is it a bargain, what chap?"

"Aye! That is was!" "The village at Ocean Point is fast asleep. No light from any of the cottages lining the streets near the shore nor from those scattered back towards the center. Well might the place be sleeping, for the old clock in the school-house is still striking 3 o'clock. But stop a bit, there is a light; it is coming down the street. Now it is joined by another and still another.

The streets seem to have become alive with dancing lights, and nearer they come. Now we can see gigantic lights reflected on the snow. The lights are lanterns, and the legs—ah, there is no mistaking them, they are school-boy legs, and without the bobbing lanterns, very small some of them are, too; but yet legs that you might expect to see breaking out into a whistle at any moment. Here they come; I can't count the lanterns because they don't keep in one place long enough. The legs and lights come toward the school-house. They crowd through the gate and up to the door.

Here one pair of legs appears around a goodly door, and at last a pocket opens and a hand goes in and brings out a key, and the next moment finds our old friends, Barton, Moore and all the other school fellows whom we saw the other day, gathered about the stove.

"Here's luck for us," cried Moore, "the fire's kept over first-rate. So let's go to work." Bright is the room with the lantern light. A dozen boys are here, and under a dozen arms are as many—

"That was pretty near a tell, wasn't it? It's the hardest thing in the world for me to keep a secret," said Jerry, who he hummed and sawed while some of the little fellows held their caps so that no sawdust or shavings should drop on the floor! And how the hands on the old clock seemed to spin around as the boys worked on!

Four o'clock already and the hands still galloping. Barton was the carpenter, and Jerry was the twelve pairs of willing arms it did seem, at one time, as though they wouldn't be through in season.

Five o'clock, as sure as you live! "Lights out, fellows, moon's up," called Moore, as locking the door he went to the boys' heads down the yard once more, out through the gate and toward the beach. If they worked in the schoolroom the old fisherman's cabin, and the moon shone bright and clear—almost too bright the boys thought, as they toiled.

"Lucky it's a warm night, or the snow wouldn't stick worth a cent," said Barton, stopping a moment to rest. "Now, fellows, just one turn more."

The "one turn more" was made, and they stood looking at the result of their work. "Isn't she a bouncer!" cried a little fellow, who had been very busy all the time trying to find something to do.

"Hush! they'll hear," said Barton, cautiously. "Who's got the plan?" It was found and placed in position, and with many an admiring backward look, the boys went home again, leaving the old cabin with the mysterious something guarding in the moonlight the black wooden door.

"Moore," said Barton, as they separated. "I don't think Budd of Nowhere will feel bad again of coming to school because he hasn't anything to wear, do you?"

"I rather think not, old fellow," rejoined Moore. "And it was Christmas morning."

Old Jerry rubbed his eyes. "Come here, Budd, and let me know what you think of it. Did you ever see the like in your life?"

Budd came to the door. There, just in front of the step was a little ball of snow, rolled from the covered field near by. A perfect mountain of snow it was, and no wonder that the school-boys had puffed and rested, and rested and puffed over it for an hour that morning. Over the whole was a flag, on which was printed in large letters with much more ink than paper.

"LOOK SHARP. BUDD OF NOWHERE, FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

"And bless my heart if it ain't Christmas, too," said Jerry, "and I'm wishing you a merry one, lad. What do them chaps mean? If it's any trick they're playing they have to count me in, too, and stand the consequence."

A cry from Budd interrupted the old fisherman's threat. "Look! Look!"

"What is it, boy?" Budd darted into the cabin and was out again in a twinkling with the shovel.

"It's a box, don't you see?" he cried, "there is the edge." A few cuts with the shovel and the box was displayed to reveal other corners of other boxes. And out they came one after another, and were carried into the cabin. At last, through the mountain of snow, the ground was reached, and the last box safe inside by the fire.

"Look! Look!" said Jerry, "I'll tell this thing's worth a good deal more than the tatters, though pinched and worn with cold and trouble, was frank and bright, almost merry, throughout it all. "Must be a-going? Where?" said Jerry, still keeping his hand on Budd's shoulder.

again. Have I said jackets? Then I say once more, for there were two of them, and trousers to match, and and if I haven't said skates, I say so now with a will. With sparkling eyes Budd watched the fisherman or helped when he could.

With wonder he looked upon each gift as it was drawn from its stout wooden box. "Not for me," he said, "they can't be for me."

"Then help me on with these 2x3 trousers, and I'll use the jackets for mittens," cried Jerry; dancing about the room. "Old Chris ain't been round my chimney for a good ten years before. Hunt sharp, no more writing, boy. Ain't there none round?"

Pinned to the jacket they found it only a line: "From the school-boys at Ocean Point."

"Then God bless 'em forever, we both say," said the old man fervently. "From the school-boys at Ocean Point."

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of today. C. N. Boyd, the druggist, is not liable to fail for the want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for he gives away a bottle free to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Scotch Beauty. The Scotch are a wiry and hard-enduring rather than a muscularly massive race, though here and there the Scandinavian physique is found to prevail. In the island of Lewis it is odd to note how in the north, where the names of the villages and mountains have Norse terminations (boast and bhial), the population is of the stalwart, tall, fair-haired, Scandinavian type, while the smaller black haired Celt occupies the southern half of the island, in which the names of the streams and mountains and lakes are exclusively Celtic. The handsome man I have ever seen was a boatman on the west of the Skye, the calm and serious dignity of whose face seemed more suggestive of Leonardo da Vinci than of any other man I have ever seen.

For the rest the way in which an educated Highland young lady speaks English is one of the most delightful things in the world, though no doubt she would be very much surprised and even indignant if she were told she had any accent at all.

Wedding Scene in a Church. A curious scene occurred lately at St. George's, Hanover square, London. A couple were about to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, but as the lady had been defendant in a divorce suit, the rector was opposed to the marriage, entertaining conscientious scruples on the subject. The bridegroom had, therefore, secured the services of another clergyman, the brother of the rector, who on the marriage question are well known. He was present, and all promised to go smoothly, when, just as the ceremony was about to be performed, the fact that permission had never been asked or obtained from the rector of the church. When the rector who desired to officiate made his appearance, he was refused the loan of a surplice, but some one overcame that difficulty by rushing out and buying one. But the troubles did not end here, for two stalwart curates resolutely barred the passage of the reverend gentleman, preventing his entering the church, where the bride was anxiously awaiting her swain. Eventually the contest was abandoned, and the wedding party retired from the scene of action, in a faded bride being taken away in a wheeling coffin.

How He Doubled His Trade. Mr. Benjamin W. Patton, pharmacist, Globe Village, Massachusetts, says that the miraculous pain-cure St. Jacobs Oil has greatly helped his other business and the sales of the remedy have doubled in one month. He keeps a large supply always on hand. Officers of heavy and navy pronounce St. Jacobs Oil to be the greatest pain-cure of the age.

WHAT SHE FOUND.—It is not true that Santa Claus will not put anything in a stocking in which there is a hole. Last Christmas a society belle found a darling needle and a ball of yarn in hers.

It is wise to provide against emergencies that are liable to arise in every family. A cold may be a dangerous thing, or, depending upon the means at hand to combat it. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove the quickest and most effective cure, and your best friend.

A minister preaching on "The Recognition of friends in the future," was told by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach of the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church for 30 years, and didn't know any of its members.

THE GERMANY REMEDY FOR PAIN. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Swellings, Sprains, Stomach, Catarrhs, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Burns, Scalds, and all painful affections. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Druggists, Dealers in Medicines, etc., everywhere. The Charles A. Vogel Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, inferior imitations. Purely vegetable. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. N. Y.

"ISMS" THE WORST "ISM" TO-DAY IS Rheumatism

RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK Cured by FERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES Cured by FERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM IN THE MUSCLES Cured by FERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATISM OF LONG STANDING Cured by FERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS, buy of Perry Davis's Pain Killer

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so common in their attacks as those affecting the throat and lungs, none so tried with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unseasonable exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has won its fame as an effective and safe remedy in all cases of this kind.

A Terrible Cough Cured. "I was laid up with a severe cough, which affected my sleep, and I was unable to get on my feet for several weeks. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it cured me in a few days. I feel as well as ever, and my lungs are perfectly sound. I can now do my usual work, and I am very much obliged to you for the good medicine you have sent me. H. W. BROWN, Boston, Mass., July 15, 1882."

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute. "While in the country last year my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup. I was very much distressed, and I was told that I should lose him. I bought a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and I gave it to him. He was cured in a few days, and he is now as well as ever. I feel as if I ought to say a few words in praise of this medicine. It is a most valuable remedy in all cases of croup. I can now do my usual work, and I am very much obliged to you for the good medicine you have sent me. H. W. BROWN, Boston, Mass., July 15, 1882."

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

WILSON'S MAGNETIC INSOLES PREVENT COLD FEET

They Regulate the Circulation of the ENTIRE BODY. Prevent Cold Feet. Cure Rheumatism of the feet and all kindred troubles, absolutely prevent Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all kindred troubles. Sold by Druggists and shoe dealers or sent by mail. WILSON'S MAGNETIC APPLIANCE CO., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

WISDOM

People are always on the lookout for some new and improved way of doing things. They want a great deal of pleasure in their work, and they want to get the most out of it. They want to be able to do their work with ease and confidence, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of effort. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of pleasure, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of expense. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of efficiency, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of delay. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of economy, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of waste. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of speed, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of time. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of accuracy, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of error. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of precision, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of inaccuracy. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of neatness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of mess. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of cleanliness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of dirt. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of order, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of confusion. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of harmony, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of discord. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of peace, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of war. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of love, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of hate. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of kindness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of cruelty. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of generosity, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of selfishness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of honesty, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of dishonesty. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of integrity, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of duplicity. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of loyalty, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of treachery. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of courage, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of cowardice. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of strength, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of weakness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of endurance, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of fatigue. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of perseverance, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of giving up. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of determination, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of indecision. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of resolution, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of vacillation. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of firmness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of wavering. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of stability, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of instability. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of consistency, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of inconsistency. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of regularity, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of irregularity. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of orderliness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of disorderliness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of tidiness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of untidiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of neatness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of messiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of cleanliness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of dirtiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of order, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of confusion. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of harmony, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of discord. 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They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of resolution, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of vacillation. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of firmness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of wavering. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of stability, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of instability. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of consistency, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of inconsistency. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of regularity, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of irregularity. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of orderliness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of disorderliness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of tidiness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of untidiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of neatness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of messiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of cleanliness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of dirtiness. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of order, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of confusion. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of harmony, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of discord. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of peace, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of war. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of love, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of hate. They want to be able to do their work with a maximum of kindness, and they want to be able to do it with a minimum of cruelty. 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