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men about town.

NO. 1

three crowned kings swift-

doon has brightly glowed, hered o'er the chilly plain

at were weary sore; it a Rioz long, long foretold, logifts they bore, at lowels rich and rare. nints subtle sweet ed in their hands to lay or reached murral eargo + chanting strong and deep ing upon spiere.

the azora atyg above a stable shed.

Trays officient, mid.

Laused with lowing heeds, they be mother and the Child.

es mounted kings fell upon their knees meekly reverent grace; new Him by the ring-lit brow, glory on His face. have found Bim whom we sought: now Bim by the sign. someof this lowly place; rule and coarse a shrine!

agread their costly treasures there sweat Mary's kace here the Christ mass first was said Sim the one in three. and o'en as on that Christmas eve.

Long centuries ago. We seek life whom the three kings sought, We have not far to go.

For where the poor and needy are,
The weary wees and weak,
We sad Him whom the seers foretold. The King whom nations seek, And who so doth His Christmas feast With this cold and hungry share. Let be will find the Christmas King Partuking with them there.

TO SPEND CHRISTMAS.



NVITED me to spend Christmas with 'em, eh?" said old Mr. Knott, pausing in his task of soldering a new tin bottom into a superannuated wash oller. "Well, it's has ever took so mu h trouble as that for us. eh.

who might have formed no bad model over the fire of sticks. In her old red hood, from which escaped gray elflocks innumerable, uttered a signifi- without some discussion. cant snort which might have been con trued into almost any meaning.

kiab." said the woman "Sisters' sons min't different from

"Ain't many people selfisher than "Uncle Kiah's the best of the le you and I be," observed Priscilla, his cordin' to my way of thinkin'."

But it beats me what they should waste a two-cent postage stamp on duly written and dispatched.
askin' you and me to come and eat a "It's rayther a joke, you an' me the old man. "Me, as is in the rag | Hezekiah. business, and you as is only my

'It's just possible they wanted to see us," suggested Mrs. Knott, who satisfied with the result of her efforts. the comment of her incredulous hus- bunches of grapes on the door. She

There was no denying that the different branches of the Knott family Hezekiah boldly bought a horse and It's mor'n likely she's got all the cart and went into the rag-and-bottle | stoves that she wants." business, instead of preaching the gospel, like his elder brother, or ac- Hezekiah. "And I mean to send it sent.—Young Ladies' Bazar. cepting a clerkship in a village store, to her, so you may just stop your

'I hadn't brains like Bill, nor capibein' in the open air. And, arter all, grace. there ain't so much difference be-

The Baptist minister looked steadfastly the other way when the sounding of divers and sundry bells an- than, who was polishing red apples, nounced the coming of the tin-ped- sorting out the fattest and largest dler's wagon; the budding merchant nuts, and sharpening the carvingdesired his wife to have nothing knife for the coming feast. "Might whatever to do with Hezekiah's help- ha' known he'd send something difmate, in a social point of view; but ferent from anybody else. But, since

smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "The best on 'em can't do start a fire right off. more than that." Mrs. Knott, who was a silent, phi-

icsophical sort of a woman, toiled fire till he came. He wanted to show away in her kitchen, scouring up the lus the valves and dampers and rosty pots and kettles which Heze- | things." kinh brought home, cleaned the shabby suits that were given in exchange | to start a fire but him?" said Jonafor fresh tinware and crockery, and than, laughing. "No, no; on a cold presided over the sort of second-hand | morning like this we can't afford to store, which, after awhile, Hezekiah | wait. et up by way of disposing of his suras wares. And in time people got Aunt Malvina arrived in a cumbrous into the way of going to "Knott's little buggy drawn by the business lace" for cheap goods, second-hand pony, the parlor glowed with tropical articles, and all manner of odds and heat, and the little stove presented ands. Prices were always reasonable its most hospitable aspect. besc-the articles were varied and

average country farmer.

kiah was not the happier of the we've took in trade?" three. Day after day he was on the Mary came forward with a beaming Her Purchase of a Rare Coin and Hor Disroad. He knew the orchard where smile and both hands held out. the reddest apples grew, the copses where bubbled out the clearest here," said she. "A merry, merry springs, the shadowy thickets where Christmas, aunt and uncle.

In his quaint way he studied Nature, and rejoiced in her mysteries. -I started it. Do you suppose I and cared little that he was outlawed by his kith and kin. And those were not altogether wrong who declared that he shouted "Ra-a-gs-old ra-a-gs -bottles and tin-a-a-ware!" all the louder when he came past the stiff he. "All I know is that you've burned and trudged beneath the shadow of the country store where his brother practiced the great principles of "exchange and barter.

But Jonathan, the only son of the old man's only sister, had always surreptitiously delighted in the mysterious contents of the basement where away. He had helped his uncle tinker tea-kettles and saucepans, and sort out from the rag-heap all that promised to be capable of some rejuvenation. When he married the district school teacher, however, Hezekiah shook his head doubtfully.

"We've seen the last of Jonathan now," says he. "Mary Mix'll be a deal too genteel to let him associate 'long of us any more." But here on the top of all this came



the invitation to the first Christmas for the Witch of Endor, as she bent dinner in the young couple's new

> It had not, however, been sent "What!" Mary had exclaimed. "In vite the old rag-and-bottle man?"

"He's the jolliest old chap you ever get out of us now?" demanded the old | knew, Mate," pleaded the bridegroom. "And Aunt Viney's a regular brick. "He's your own sister's son, Heze- I wish you could see the big ginger cookies she used to bake for m "But if they come, Uncle William other folks, as I knows on," said Hez- and Uncle John will keep away,

ekiah Knott succinctly. And this argued Mary.
'ere's a selfish world."

"Let 'em," was the curt reply. "Uncle Kiah's the best of the lot, ac-So Mary acquiesced in her husband's wishes, and the invitation was

Christmas dinner with 'em forl" said bein' invited out, old woman," said "We'll go, sha'n't us? Hev' we anything fit to wear?" "I guess we can make out," said

Mrs. Knott. "And I'll tell ye what," said Hezeby this time had blown the fire into a | kiab, "we won't be beat in manners, full, uncompromising blaze, and now | not by nobody. We'll send a Christleaned back against the door-way, mas present to the bride. There's that old cast-iron wood-stove that I "Tell that to the marines," was bought at Hound's Hollow, with the Mary and I ever thank you for your Still, she couldn't help hoping

shall have that. "La, Hezekiah!" said Mrs. Knott, "what do you suppose she cares for an had been sorely scandalized when old second-hand rattle-trap like that?

"A stove's a stove, anyhow," said Mrs. Knott only smiled. She was

tal like John," said this black sheep used to the pertinacity of her acceptable Christmas gift. An exof the Knotts. "And I allays liked spouse, and she gave way with a good | ceptionally dainty one has a founda-

"Oh. what a pretty little stove!" twixt sellin' wares out of a waggin', said Mrs. Jonathan, when it was car- ed satin and covered outside with and handin' 'em across the counter, ried into the neat best parlor on Christmas morning. brightly it is blacked!"

"Just like Uncle Kiah!" said Jonashrewd New-Englander only it's here, I guess I'll put it up at miled and shrugged his shoulders. once. It's prettier to look at than "I'm gettin' my livin', anyway," that air-tight thing; and we can

"But he sent word," interrupted Mary, "that we weren't to light the

"Does he think nobody knows how

And so, when Uncle Hezekiah and

"Wish ye merry Christmas, Jona- | for Christmas. an que-and there is no one who than-and you, too, Jonathan's wife," likes better to save money than your was Uncle Hezekiah's greeting, as he on the installment plan, as she might slipped a bunch of copy-paper and a Blanche Maxwell would scarcely have trudged up the steps. "And many happy returns," court- payments.

holier-than-thou" atmosphere, the old china sugar bowl in one hand and storekeeper had undoubtedly the adits corresponding cream pitcher in a vantage of gentility, but it is ques basket in the other. "Will you please THE GIRL REPORTER'S CHRISTtionable whether, after all, old Heze- to accept some pretty old china as

"We are so glad to welcome you

the brown-coated chestnuts rattled "Hal-loo!" said Knott, looking down at the touch of the earliest around him. "So you started the fire, did ve?" "Yes, Uncle Kiah," said Jonathan,

> wanted to give my relatives a cold welcome, ah?" Uncle Kiah clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Dunno nothin' about that," said

illac bushes of the parsonage garden, up your Christmas present, disobeying orders this sort o'way." "Eh?" said Jonathan. "Uncle, what do you mean?" cried

Uncle Kiah stamped around the

room and tore his hair in an ecstasy of rage. "The fools ain't all dead yet!" said these second-hand goods were packed he; "that's plain enough. I'd laid up the old clocks, mend the battered out to give you and your wife here a hundred-dollar bond for a Christmas gift—and I packed it into the old stove-pipe, with a lot of waste-paper. with bunches of holly until the severe pitifulness.

to make sure there shouldn't be no goddess looked like a jolly flower-girl mistake about your gettin' on it, and out on a larkso it's gone up chimbly, with the rest of the sparks and smoke!" Jonathan grew lividly pale. Mary uttered a little shriek of dismay. numerable quarters were being even as china excels earthenware, For a moment the Christmas glow dropped, but from which nothing though it be soiled and cracked. The

hearts. all dead, so long's you're left alive; for nobody but a fool would ha thought of tuckin' hundred-dollar stove-pipe. And it's lucky for you and these young folks here that I happened to want a little waste paper to wrap round this 'ere old china



n my basket, and took the stuffin outen the stove-pipe-ain't it now?" She extended the basket to Mary Knott. Old Hezekiah pounced upon dragged the paper wrapping forth.

dollar bond!" he shrieked, waving it triumphantly above his head. "A merry Christmas! Hooray, Jonathan! -a merry Christmas! Old woman," to his wife, "you're the sensiblest of mication

first Christmas dinner that Mary not written that a city editor or a Knott had ever cooked-with bright ballet-master needs be heartlessfaces and joyful hearts. "Uncle," said Jonathan, "how shall in so many words.

generous present?" "Don't say nothin' more about it." ber the day and send her home again, said Uncle Kiah. "You're the only She was very tired after all the society. one of our relations as ever invited us events she had reported the previous to spend Christmas-and I guess we evening, and it was so hard to work can afford to make you a present; eh, on Christmas. old woman?" And Aunt Viney smiled a broad as-

A Protty Present for Christmas tion of white wood or stout card-



Marie Antoinette silk. Over the lld is stretched plain plush, covered with four tabs of Ottoman ribbon with a butterfly bow in the middle. Round the base and over the lid is gold lace. The Van Dyke points in the valance are each tipped with silk tassel.

Though money makes the mare go, t makes Santa Claus come. unless it is an expensive one. Don't ask your child what he wants unless you intend giving it to him.

Don't buy your best girl a present must be more work. So the girl

rounded himself with the "I-am- esied Aunt Malvina, who carried an | MISS MAXWELL'S PENNY

MAS ASSIGNMENT. covery of the Mate to It- Two Guests at a

Cheap Restaurant Who Formed a Recher Interesting Acquaintance.

Brother Meets Brother HE spell of Christall at the Beacon office that morn ing, though most of the "boys" were eating their dinners in hotels, and down - town cafes, and those who had homes of their own could Even the dusty head of the stairs aspect. The so-Stretety reporter had

The elevator man was radiant over seemed to have faded out of all their visible came out, at least nothing visible to the "boys" as they straggled

came in, and, leaning her elbows contemplatively on the railing which bonds up into the elber of an old hedged the divinity of the city editor from the hot pollot, looked down at that imposing individual dubiously. She was among the latest of them all that morning, for somehow, after she had started from the boarding-house she called "home," the thought of that other home down by the wide Ottawa and the carols they were singing there came upon her, and she had slipped back into her little hall bedroom again to have out the "good cry" that



And so they all sat down to the as in the twinkling of an eye. perhaps it does not require to be put

against hope that he would remem The city editor called a message to

the Press Bureau over the phone, signed an expense bill for the religous editor, ordered the sporting editor to look after that game of indoor A pretty trinket box is always an baseball at the X Club, and be sharp about it, and to take in that sale of fast horses on his way back, sent the "pretty boy" of the office on a social assignment, then, running his finger down the columns of the assignmentbook until he came to the initial "B said, briskly: "There's a nice little assignment for you, Miss Max-Take a whirl around among the cheaper restaurants of the cityperfectly safe by daylight-and watch the kind of dinners some folk have to eat at Christmas. Splendid chance for fine descriptive writing. about a column and a half if it's worth it, and have your copy in early as possible, for we're going to be loaded to the guards to-night. Mind. the cheaper the restaurants the bet-

ter material for you to work up." The girl's heart sank. She was a little bit of a body, with a brave soul. but now things really seemed to be getting too hard to endure. She was even a trifle afraid to go to these places, besides the actual unpleasant ness of it all, but-well, were not Ralph and little Paul even now coast ing their new sleds down the hill of Rub the price mark off the present | Monte Bello, right on to the frozen white breast of the Ottawa, and was not little Gertrude radiant in a new shawl, and her (Blanche's) pocket just If you wish to surprise your girl so much the lighter? Of a truth, never ask her what she would like there could be no carping; if there know." were to be more shawls and toys there bag, and started on her round.

Are at nome to-day, looking in somebody's

It was not such a hard assignment shabby restaurants she had become quite used to it, and entered the shabblest of them yet with almost a happy air. It was, indeed, a cheap place, even lower down in the scale than probably the city editor bad boarding-houses, dreamed of sending her, a place where there was a 1-cent line in the menu, thus- "Bread, 1 cent; milk, 1 cent," etc.

The girl took a seat at a vacant tanot take a day off ble, and ordered tea and rolls she to spend in them. never expected to consume, while she enseanced berself behind that mornold bronze statue ing's Beacon, and proceeded to size of Justice at the up the heterogeneous collection of patrons that filled the dingy place. had blossomed out But first she took a long look at a into holiday man who had come in and quietly seated himself opposite her. Then her eyes came back to him again, and filled her scales there they stayed, and filled with all

He was a man of about 35 years, pale with the pallor of exhaustion and hunger, and threadbare in the a small box fixed up in the corner of extreme. Yet he was unmistakably the machine, a box in whose slot in- of finer stuff than those about him, greasy waiter, with slippers flapping loosely from his heels, pushed the For a moment only, however. Aunt into the "local"-room, and began to bill of fare toward the pale man, Viney came promptly to the rescue. rummage for mail in the wire basket who took it anxiously, then said in "You're right there, Hezekiah or peep warily into the assignment Knott," said she. "The fools ain't all dead, so long's you're left alive: By and by the girl of the office cloth: "Bring me bread, please." The greasy waiter stared impu-

dently. Then seeing there was no earthly prospect for a tip he went off, remarking audibly that there "was a saide felier a-blowing hisself on his Christmas dinner. No doubt he'd be wantin' finger-bowls an' solid silver

The girl's heart grew hot within her as she heard, then she leaned forward impetuously, and said: "Pray do excuse me, but I am making a collection of coins, and I would so like to buy that curious penny from you. I will give you 50 cents for it; may I

And before he could answer she had confiscated the penny and laid a bright half dollar in its place. A faint red dyed the man's bloodne said quietly, "and I thank you,

roung lady, for I am hungry, I confess, and that is my last penny. But -pardon me, this time-you can't be overburdened with money yourself, or you wouldn't dine here Christmas

"Oh, please don't mind me; I've l is." blundered Blanche, "and if you don't care I'll lend you the money-

The man looked grateful and asonished the greasy waiter into civility by ordering a beefsteak. Then he explained.

It, too, was an old, old story of wild cats, wickedness, illness, poverty and repentance, friends lost, and utter loneliness. The penny was the only novel feature in the whole tale, only this was a silly, unworldly girl, and she wept behind her paper long before that was spoken of. You see, people from the country are so easily noved, and-well, the man's face was a tragedy in itself.

The penny-oh, yes-it wasn't an or linary penny at all, but one of two dies of different colors shining among queer coins which had been given by the dark-green foliage, but children an eccentric uncle to twin boys and are delighted with novelties, and kept afterward as talismans by them every year brings some fresh device. both. Somehow he never had been Little people are never happier than able to get over the idea that that when cutting, pasting, and gilding penny would bring him luck. Perhaps | and if the tree in their own homes in it was only a remnant of the super- prepared by the elders they ofter stition that clung, thick as the odor | render efficient help in dressing the of tobacco, to the wings of the one which is to stind in the Sunday wretched little theater where for a school. There is no end to the vari time he picked the banjo and sang ous devices -each year brings some topical songs. And he hated to let fresh novelty. Little hands can cut it go this morning horribly, but chains of gold or silver paper, stars, hunger is stronger than superstition | crosses, or circles, or string popper or that queer thing called reverence- corn, festoons of which form a pretty

Well, would the young lady kindly | tree. keep the penny until he could redeem it? He would surely get work

you mean anything?" "Anything at all. "Then come to the Seventh Church, corner of Mary Jane and Worthington streets. Do you know where it is?



Christmas-tree gathering to-night at pine cones can be gilded in the same eight o'clock, and maybe I can hear way.-Washington Star. of something before then and let you

filt you before you had made all the couple of pencils into her shopping expected her penniless acquaintance THERE is a blessedness as well as a to keep his appointment; a less in- grace in rightly receiving.

It was the same story, new to genuous than she would never have Blanche Maxwell, perhaps, but old to | made ft, for innocence is the most those who know city streets and city daring thing in the world. But he ways. A dreary thronging of the was there, pacing up and down in the bleak air, which penetrated his Christmas! One of the holidays: pleasant 'tis | Worn garments like a steel knife. She But what is the man about town to do?

All the clubs are deserted; the men who have as she gre ted him and hurried him off into the pastor's private study, where she had often held converse What was it to Moses, world-weary and tired, with the keen-witted, eloquent pastor of the church. Leaving her ragmas seemed over after all, and after three or four ged friend scated on the crimson hor ror of a couch presented by the

Ladies' Aid Society, she went in search of the minister. "Mr. Miller," she began breathless "I've such an object for you to work off some of your charity on. I'm sure he's worthy, though I was introduced to him through no more

responsible source than this penny.' The minister's benign face con! tracted suddenly. Lifting the penny



from her hand he beckoned her to ead the way. She brought him to the study, and then stood aghast at what she had not thought of before. The same height, hair, eyes, every thing save the marks of dissipation and what contrasted with health,

"They're enough alike to be twins, she thought, and then-

"Henry-brother!" "Robert, forgive!" Blanche stole outside and crouched on the doorstep, while within the

chorus rose: Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled. "God and sinners reconciled," salo the pale man, lifting his hat rev-

And Bianche, the young heathen as she turned in the last page of her copy that night, murmured. "So there was luck in the crooked penny after all."-Ch cago Times.

TREE DECORATIONS.



that there is not ing prettier fo on than countless tiny can contrast with the dark foliage of the

A very beautiful effect is produced by following King Winter's mode of decoration. For this purpose bits of "Work!" exclaimed Blanche. "Do cotton wool, representing snewflakes, are gummed on the branches. The foliage is then smeared here and They and half a dozen boon comthere with mucilage, over which granulated sugar is strewn, so that the tree looks as if it were covered children are delighted with the sight of birds' nests among the branches These are made with half an egg moss, horse-hair and bits of gray wool. Smooth, sugar-coated almonds

vered nuts of all kinds are largely used for the ornamentation of Christmas trees, comes the following directions for the process: Cover the nut with a thin coating of some glutinous substance, such as white of egg mixed with water, or diluted gum arable. Drive a sharpened match into one end of the nut to hold it by in order The mysterious ringers were never

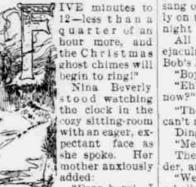
THE bachelor who puts his thumb into the boarding-house Christmas A more unworldly person than pie is apt to pull out a collar button —Judge.

A Christmas Toast Here's a round to thee, Dan Chaucer. At the festal Christians sime. Pledge me, poet -- to the master

Of our gentle art of rhyma. To the eldest of our brothers. To the bount of his name. To the sweetness of his spirit, To the glory of his Tume:

To that voice whose music echoes All the centuries along Prophenying are triumphant in eternity of song.

THE GHOST CHIMES.



mother anxiously "Dear boys! I a hollow voice. am sorry I consented to their going. The storm is rising; it is a dark, dreary walk, and after the trouble Oscar, her nephew, was the one my!" panted the affrighted youth. spot of gloom baunting an otherwise

bright and glowing Christmas eve. He had been staying at the Beverly home for some weeks, and he and at that moment, sounded a deep, her boys, Norman and Bob, had got sepulchral voice. on together like tried brothers.

Three nights previous, however, a The hot-tempered Oscar had rejoined except to burst out that he would "get | lapse of excruciating silence, then

or heoming, the boys were not on time.

The little group of adventurer, had reached the vicinity of Hemiock Hill without accident, in the meantime. "This is the wildest night we ever came here, Bob," remarked Norman. "Whew! that blast cuts like a knife. In with you, boys, to shelter!"

"Who's got the time?" sang out Bob, as he clambered up the ladder Norman answered from below by flaring a match and examining bitimericce.

"One minute of midnight, Bob." he sang out. "Up with you, boys! Baresang out. "Up with you, boys! Barely on time, we'll ring out a tune to night that will wake up the sleepers."

All gained the second floor. An ejaculation of concern rang from Bob's lips as he groped about blindly.

"Boys!" he gasped, "it's no use!" "Boys!" he gasped, "it's no use!"
"Eh?" echoed Norman "What

"The rope! It ain't here. We cozy sitting-room | can't ring, because it's gone!" Ding-dong!

"Mercy!" There was a scramble for the lad der, and exclamations of affright. "We've struck it at last!" groaned

"Struck what?" demanded Bob. "The ghosts! They're here-the've stolen the rope-they're ringing the about Oscar, I am nervous for them." chimes themselves -hear them! Oh,

Whiz-bang! Something went hurtling past Bob's head, and he ducked unceremoniously. From above, too,

"Avaunt! get out! get out!" "Thr wing things-talking Shak outhful escapade among the apple speare!" muttered Bob, suspiciously, oins in Farmer Drew's barn had led as his companions basely deserted to the capture of Oscar. The trate him for the floor below. "Real ghosts farmer had administered a dogging. don't doit. I'm coming up after you." Dauntless Bob grasped the ladder his cousins smarting from the la-hes, running up in the beifry. Those be-sullen, resentful, uncommunicative, law held their breath. There was a



FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE.

The next morning. Oscar was found | Norman had lighted a bit of candle missing. His bed had not been slept be had found in his pocket. As its in; an open window showed how he rays illumined the aperture near the had left the house. His mysterious ladder, he saw two forms clamber disappearance could be explained in into view. only one way; he shrank from the | "I've found the ghost" announced numiliation of his punishment, and Bob Beverly in excited triumph had left for his home surreptitiously. Oscar had missed a great treat in vaguely at his brother's companion leaving so abruptly, Norman and Bob had told their mother that afternoon. responded Bob, energetically. panions were going up to Hemlock the boys, crowding about the pile Hill that night to ring the ghost and shrinking Oscar chimes. What an inspiring jaunt

it was given over to bats and owls.

agone, the villagers had been startled tried to scare us away to-night." from midnight sleep by the chimes of the old tower pealing out sweetly the over an old stubble field!" exclaimed dawn of another Christmas morn. Norman royal daring to visit the distant ruln, you never intended to do."

On this venture, Norman, Bob and six doughty.companions had de- same," murmured Oscar humbly. parted an hour since, and, with a Christmas chimes did not ring that fond mother's anxiety, Mrs. Beverly night from the old church tower, but and Nina were counting the minutes | Christmas joy was not lacking in ticked slowly away by the clock.

Midnight Strange! The chimes were not

even with that old curmudgeon if it half-audible tones in apparent con versation, and then a scrambling down

"Oscari" gasped Norman, staring

"What does it mean?" murmured

"It means that Oscar has been with snow and hoar frost. Many poor Oscar had lost through his foliy! laboring under a mistake," spoke up The "ghost chimes" were quite an Bob. "He was mad at old farmer in titution with Fairfield boys. Years Drew for horsewhipping him, and before a wealthy gentleman had built left our house to tip over his feed shell covered on the outside with a church at Hemlock Hill. For a troughs and set his cider butts run time it was the general place of wor- ning, out of revenge. Bad work, I'l ship of the district. Then Fairfield confess. Just as he got to Drew's barn or gilt or silvered hazelnuts can be became the populated center, new that night he lit a match and it fell churches nearer home attracted the among a heap of straw. He couldn't From Germany, where gilt and sil- people, the Hill temple fell into dis- put it out, got scared, and ran. He use, and then decay, and now, win- could see the glare and supposed he dowless, doorless, a mournful ruin, had burned Drew out, house and baggage. He's been hiding in the One Christmas eve, four years old church here ever since, and he

"And all the fire did was to burn

to avoid too much handling. After traced. Boyish gossip discerned a You say you've suffered like a penibeing coated with the give put gold ghostly hand in the occurrence, and tent during your two days of starvleaf on them, pressing it lightly down since then, at every recurring Christ- ing and freezing, and I guess that I've an assignment to 'do' their with a soft linen rag. Fir apples and mas eve, it was considered an act of atones for the hot-headed mischlet

"It's taught me a lesson, all the motherly Mrs. Beverly's heart as she welcomed home the penitent prodigal. VICTOR RADCLIFF.