If I should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Niles Nelson paused, at the sound dismayed,
And then—and then Niles Nelson prayed;

'Lord save," was all be could think of then

night,
'I see it!'' he shouted, "Thank God, a light."

Twas a beam from a lamp on the window

Of his own sed cabin. With right good will

I've brought her a wonderful Christmas

Then he points to the bed where the blanket

In a queer little bundle: "That's my surprise

Why don't you snswer? You're deadly pale; You tremble and shiver, you sob and wall. Answer! Where's Moille?" "Oh, Niles,"

Oysters.

Gram of Artichokes St James

Celery Radishes, Olives, Salted Almonds

RELEVE

Saddle of Mutton, Plemontaise
Tenderloin of Deet Larded, with Green Pease
Smithfield Ham, ausupreme al'Americaine

ROASTS

Boiled white Astatoes Stewed Squash, Stewed Turnips Celery Stewed Incream, Fried Egg Mant Green Corn

PASTRY English Plum Pudding Mince He Chartreuse d'Oranges

Malaga Grapes. Oranges, while Mocha IceCream Nuts and Roisins, Tobsied Crackers Cheese Coffee

Rhode Island Turkey Stuffed with chestnuts
Boiled Onions
Sudding Pig. ato Bourpeois with Apple Souce
Boked Sweet Potatoes

Sweetbreads idealistique a la Grandi Chicken
a la Cleopatra.

Salmis of woodcock Amphannaise Filet of Partridae

Lamb Cutlets a la A Crevalier Terropin, a la Holland House

Sorbet Monte Carlo

Boiled Pompano, Moulin Rouse
Filet of Salmon a la Doria
Carp. Scandinavian Style. Smelts a la Melba
Hothouse Cucumbers

Mollie?" he cries; "where's little

His pony quickened its lagging pace, And soon in that dear, familiar place, His cosy cabin, Niles Nelson stands; He kisses his wife and he holds her hi

Editor and Proprietor.

At first I thought of applying for another

VOL. L

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1895.

NO.



Thar won't be any Chrl'mus fun Eround cur house this year, Fer Sandy Claws, in passin' by. 'Ull jest lean down his ear.
.n' w'en he feels the chimbley's cold. He'll grunt: "I'll put right on;

No need o' stoppin' in to Clay's, The chillern's all gone." An' yit I've seed the time when be 'Ud hev to hump hisse'f To fill the stockin's hangin' up

Er lon' our chimbley she'f.

An' me an' maw'd be up till twelve Er one, a-poppin' co'n. No use o' sech-like doin's now; The chillern's all gone

I uster feel plump like a boy. To see them young 'uns sit An' talk o' Chri'mus bein' nigh, wonder what they'd git, An' fix theirse'ves to stay awake Till Sandy kem alon

Thar's no one watches fer him now, The chillern's nil gone. They're all grow'd up an' married off

Exceptin' little Joe.
They spoke for him up yander,
An' we had to leave him go,
Twuz po'rful rough to lose him,
But now we're glad thar's one Thet's still a little shaver. Though the chillern's all gone.

I sez to maw, it seemed Ez if I sensed his rosy face Right whar the firelight gleamed. An' maw, she 'lowed that mebbe he Had lent us back our own, Cuz Chri'mus an't a smeller w'en The chillern's all gone.

An' settin' yere this Chris'mus night,

It kinder made my bones thaw on To jedge that wen we die We'll find our little tad ag'in. Not grow'd a smitch more i I want him like he uster be,

Jest big enough to run. I won't stay up thar-ef I find The chillern's all gone.
-New York Ledger.



HE city editor sat at his table hard

"Of course. Christmas eve: that's all "I'm on duty. Why didn't you tele phone to me, and ask what night I could go? You knew I was at the end of your wire, and you would have done it, if you wire, and you would have done it, if you cared anything for me," and down went the tickets to the floor. It was evident that pretty Sadie had a temper of her

She turned with dignity, and left Billy standing there. The quarrel had come on so suddenly that he hardly realized it was all over. Then, feeling as if all the world had suddenly turned to ice and ink he mournfully regained the street. Sadie sat at her work, as the night went

on, listening to calls from people who wished "Merry Christmas" over the wires, and wondered why hers did not come. Then, about 1 o'clock, a share ring came in. No, it was not Billy's "Give me one-naught-six-four, quick!

Now, it invariably irritates a telephone girl to be told to be quick. She is alway quick. The "quick" aroused Miss Sadie's temper, but she said nothing; 1,064 was the rival of Billy's paper.

"Hello! that you, Barker?" continued the voice. "Say, there's the biggest thing on to-night, and we've got the deadwood on the Argus, if we work it right. There's been a Christmas eve tragedy in the Italian quarter at 768 Bremer street. Two men are dead, and one's so bad he'll die before morning."

"Who's on that beat for the Argus? came the breathless inquiry "Oh, I've fixed that-Billy McGuffy and I've got him out the way. I had a fellow tell him there was a frightful accident out at Bloomfield, and he thinks he's got a scoop on it. Take the murder case; here's the details."

Sadie had made up her mind what to do. She knew she was wrong, but-poor Billy! She had been on the newspaper wires long enough to know the value of time to a morning paper. She listened carefully to the message, then she rang "Hello, Banwell, city editor," she said.

"Take a frightful tragedy in the Italian quarter. Billy—Billy McGuffy." "All right; hurry it along. Say, Billy, ou're scared—you talk like a girl.' "It's enough to scare anybody—two men dead and another on the way." Sadie gave the full particulars, rang off abruptly, and sat back looking scared berself at what she had dared to do About 4 o'clock a call came from th Argus office, and Sadie's answer had a

tremble in it.
"Hello," sounded Billy's voice. that you? Merry Christmas. I just got back from running down a rumor. Down make up, Sadie?"
"Well, I'll be free at 6 o'clock, and then

you may come over and see me home." At the Argus office, Billy just arrived from his bootless errand, stayed all alone till daylight. As he started after Sadie the watchman handed him a copy of the paper damp from the press. He read the startling headlines: AWFUL CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

Iwo Men Instantly Killed in a Brawl and a Third Dies This

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Billy. "I'm a goner! Right in my district, too! Here I was fooling about the suburbs, and Banwell so short-handed. Well, it's all p with Bill McGuffy."

He hurried to the telephone exchange

uilding, where he found Sadie at the loor waiting for him. "Oh, Billy!" she cried; "I've done the most dreadful thing." "So have I."
"But I'll lose my situation if I'm found

out."
"I'm found out now," sighed Billy, "and my situation is as good as gone. But tell me about your trouble first," and Sadie

Billy, you're green. You never know enough to do the right thing at the right

her as they stood there.
"Oh, Billy," she cried, catching her breath, "I did not think you had the All of which shows that a young man on a daily paper learns many things as



T was Christmas eve, and the wind Across the prairies that lie between Fort Dodge, on the Arkansaw, under and the straggling hamlet of Purdeville

From his home to the northward, far away,

The night was dark—not a star on high— And a blizzard brewing up there in the sky. Niles Nelson stepped out into the street; The wind was driving a blinding sheet of powdery snow right into his face. But Niles was happy; he left the place With a glow in his heart, for little Moll, His baby daughter, would get her doll, The Christmas gift he had promised long. Niles Nelson, trolling a Christmas song, And facing the north wind, sturdily rode,

The snow grows deeper, the night When he hears the wall of a little child, CANDIES FOR CHRISTMAS eats for the Delectation of the

Boys and Giris.

It would not seem Christmas to the little people without candy, any more than it would without dolls, and even older ones would have the same feeling if something sweet were missing. There are many pretty ways of serving bon-bons with the Christmas dinner. Pretty dishes filled with them can be placed upon the table. Dainty bags of various colored silks, with sprays of flowers painted upon them and filled with bon-bons, either with dinner card attached or name paint-Boys and Girls. with dinner card attached or name painted upon them, are pleasing souvenirs.

The variety of candies that can be made at home is infinite as to color, shape and flavor. The purity and cheapness of ideration, also. Here are a few good

ecipes: French vanilla cream—Break into bowl the white of one or more eggs, as is required by the quantity you wish to make and add to it an equal quantity of cold water; then stir in the finest pow-dered or confectioners' sugar until it is stiff enough to mold into shape with the fingers. Flavor with vanilla to taste. After it is formed into balls, cubes or lozenges, place upon plates to dry. Can-dies made without cooking are not as good the first day. This cream is the foundation of all the French creams.

Nut creams—Chop almonds, hickory-nuts, butternuts or English walnuts quite fine. Make the French cream, and be-fore adding all the sugar while the cream is still quite soft, stir into it the nuts, and then form into balls, bars or squares Three or four kinds of nuts may be mixed

Maple sugar creams-Grate maple sugar, mix it in quantities to suit the taste, with French cream, adding enough confectioners' sugar to mold into any shape desired. Walnut creams are sometime made with maple sugar, and are deli-

Orange drops-Grate the rind of on range and squeeze the juice, taking care to reject the seeds. Add to this a pinch of tartaric acid; stir in confectioners' sugar until it is stiff enough to form into



high disdain crept into the divination. The Colonel nodded his head. "Miss Knollys, I suppose?" "Pshaw! I would as soon marry CHAPTER XX. cicle!" was the contemptuous reply. When, early on the morrow, Stephe "Then I am afraid you will have to Prinsep received a note from Jane con

me who it is for I cannot guess."
"It is Miss Knox." taining only the word "Come," it may be believed he lost no time in answering The Adjutant was too dumfounded offer the usual congratulations. He was As he entered the compound, he saw standing with one hand resting on the

"After what I said at Cawnpore abou

a mute at a funeral; it seemed such a satire upon his hopes that he should be

on, "are very stupid things in my opinion

"Yes, I know," laughed the Colonel.

"And we will talk about your supporting me on the great occasion another time."

Some doubt must have returned to him

with rather a forced smile.

ack of warmth.

Jane standing under the veranda, and going up to her with hasty, swinging strides, he caught her in his arms. table, and now placed the other on it Her red lips quivered beneath the fierce Colonel from seeing his face. The Co admiration his eyes expressed, but he onel, too proud to ask for the good wishe which were not forthcoming, would no stooped and kissed them into quietude. "My little love, my own sweetheart," be the first to speak. Mr. Graeme felt compelled to say som In all his intercourse with her he had

never been able to speak or act as he would have chosen. But his promise to Mrs. Dene had bound him, and then the knowledge of her promise to Sergeaut ion was at an end, and he could put his sassion into words. For more than an hour they strolled up

and down, and then a servant interrupt ed them with a salam for the Colone from Mrs. Knox. Telling Jane to wait for him there, he at once obeyed the To his surprise the lady was neithe

so elated nor pleased as he had expected to find her. She was pale and discomposed, and the smile with which she tried to welcome him faded away at once. "You may congratulate me," said the clonel. "June has accepted me, and I only want your consent now and the Quartermaster's." "She is the most willful child that ever was!" cried Mrs. Knox, irrelevantly, as

ned. "I believe that if a man all the fortune of a Rothschild had wished to her promise to that drunken sergeant."
"But now she is mine," said Stephen Prinsep, proudly.

"Then mind you keep her." "Why? You don't think"—
She put her hand upon his arm, and to respond. net his glance of surprise with one of nn warning. "I'll tell you what I think. If Jacob her to marry him in spite of what has

"But he has released her from her en gagement; at least I suppose he has."

Mrs. Knox remained sileat; but the firm compression of her lips seemed to de-clare that she could say something if she

"Will you tell me what Bergeant Lynn said in reply to your daughter's letter?"

There was a touch of authority in his tone which Mrs. Knox immediately detected and resented.

"You had better ask my daughter," she replied, sullenly, "Of course I can do that, but I would

rather hear from you. Jane has suffered so much that I should like her to forget everything connected with that un-He waited for her to speak, and at last

later on, as they sat together after dinner he said, hesitatingly: in the veranda, for he asked, anxiously:
"And if Sergeant Lynn had not given "You wish me to tell you what Jane you up, could you still have sacrificed m to your love of truth?"

He bowed gravely in assent. "Then," she answered, hurriedly, "Jane said she only received her letter torn in half, with nothing whatever in reply." Which was tantamount to giving her up, of course, though one might have

him, and he came back. "You really believe that Sergeant Lynn meant to release Jane?" he asked, look-

ing searchingly into her face. She crimsoned to the temples, but her voice never faltered as she replied, de-

And this appeared so incontroverthic that the Colonel's doubts were satisfied. He changed the subject to a pleasanter either," he finished, gayly.

"By the bye, Mrs. Knox, now that everything is settled, is there any reason why the wedding should not take place at once? Another fortnight will see near-

er you are married, the sooner gossipping will cease.

he rejoined.

He went out and found Jane where he had left her. She ran toward him and put her hands in his with a little familiar gesture, and effectually effaced any dis-agreeable impression he might have re-ceived during his interview with her

feeling of happy lovers, the morning sped. It was two o'clock before either thought about the time, and then the Col-onel recollected that he had not yet visited his office. He had to tear himself away.

"I was just coming up to your bungalow with these papers," said Valentine Graeme, meeting him as he rode up to the door of the orderly-room and dis-

much for me to sign?" "My own dear one," it began. "I have never despended for me to sign?"

"Rather more than usual, and some must go by to-night's post. There is a sergeant wanted immediately at Hattisbad. Lynn is next on the roster; but I thought you would rather that he remained here, under your own eye for some magning the envelope and read the letter.

"My own dear one," it began. "I have been wretched since your letter came, and hoped you might out of your great goodness, which I know well I have never deserved, write to me again a fuller explanation. I like your noble frankness in having confessed that you love some one else;

coincidence that r 'ance should occur of getting rid of Sergeant Lyan for awhile, so soon after his conversation with Mrs. Knox. He had not determined whether to comply with her request, but now the whole thing seemed taken out

to go in my stead; but then again I thought that a short absence would do me no harm—might, in fact, help me to win the only thing in the world that I care to have. I won't ask you to maary me soon, after what you have said. You shall take your own time; but write only a line to tell me that my case is not so hopeless as sometimes I think it is. Good-

> punction as she destroyed this letter; nor did she give one backward thought to the teachings of the village school in nersetshire, nor the high, if somewhat narrow-minded, principles she had im-bibed from the village curate. And so for the while all went well. Mrs. Dene wrote immediately upon receipt of the news-a letter full of delightful con-

> gratulations, and indeed everybody expressed pleasure at hearing of the Colonel's engagement. Mesalliance though it undoubtedly was, the Quartermaster's daughter was so sweet and fair that most people forgot that fact and thought only of the romance of it.
>
> The wedding was to take place on the

ourteenth. It was to be very quiet; only the father and mother, and Valentine Graeme, who, after all, was to act as est man. Jane had only stipulated that she should be married in white.

"You will only want a bit of orangeblossom in your bonnet to be as like a The Colonel looked disappointed at this bride as any one could wish," observed

"Jenny, you promised me you would Valentine tried hard to look gratified by this mark of favor from his colonel, but proachfully. "And so I will," said Jane, smiling again his effort at cheerfulness was a lugubrious failure.

"It is very kind of you to ask me, Colonel," he answered, with the solemnity of back.

Economy in Fuel. Prof. Carpenter, a writer and authorasked to take the part of first walking my on the economy of fuel in present gentleman when he had hoped to play the engineering methods, states that a title role. "Congratulations," he went study of the tests of bollers which have been made in this line shows, definitely, but you may be sure I wish you every prosperity. Miss Knox is—" He stopped short, and concluded rapidly: "But you know what she is, sir." been made in this line shows, definitely, that a larger percentage of the value of the coal can be utilized when using anthracite and that bituminous coal and even oil can only be burned with large wastes of heat. Many who have intimately studied the subject are of Though he spoke carelessly he had discovered from Valentine's manner that he hydro-carbon gas contained in bitumin-was, or thought himself, hard hit, and ous coal is given off when the coal is

through a body of incandescent coal, but no automatic device will replace an intelligent fireman, though it is admitted that no slight difference exists in the quality of these various machines, and some of them are of practical help.-New York Sun.

Fancy Diving.

Capital exhibitions of fancy diving are often given from the pier at One Hundred and fifty-fifth street and the Hudson River, New York. Dives from the top of plers fifteen or eighteen feet above the water are gracefully accomplished, varied by back-hand springs, somersaults and "twist." A daring dive was made the other day by a tance swimmers are to be seen here also. Some of them think nothing of a faunt to the New Jersey side, although the Hudson is a broad river at this point. One young woman has crossed several times. It takes her about an

A group of veranda cushions, which are very affective, are of white unbleached muslin, each one having a windmill sketch painted in Prussian blue oil colors, after a design on the delft plate. The paint should be used very sparingly to obtain the right covered with apple green and pale sky blue denim have designs printed upon

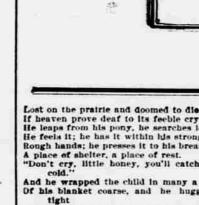
The Land of Suicides. Switzerland, with a population of 8,000,000, averages 650 sulcides annually. Only Denmark and Saxony make a more extensive use of what is supposed to be the right to die.

ock."-Dallas (Texas) Visitor. One on the Miller. The man at the little mountain grist nill waiting for his turn became im-

at it faster than your mill grinds it." replied the customer and went on growl-

Weather or Coffee? Landlady-Is it cold enough for you? Boarder (vindictively)-Do you mean he coffee?

ng.-Detroit Free Press.



Still strove to wither its tender life.

He mounted his pony, and then the strife With the wolfish wind, and the blinding

When the Storm Flend files) began once and under his breath Niles Nelson swore. Then a slience fell in the tumult wild. heard the voice of the little child: "Now I lay me down to sleep;

Patent New Year's Resolves. I will get up and dress when the break

though she was a perfect stranger.

I will strive to be more thoughtful for my own comfort, that others, seeing me happy, may also endeavor to be con-

I will not spend so much money this rear on the useless frivolities of life. I will endeavor to impress upon my family the duty of greeting, with cheerful roices and laughing faces, the father of a family when he returns home, wearie with the depressing cares and labors of

a long business day.

I will go out by myself oftener, in or ler that my family may enjoy the tranguil and improving pleasure of a long. uninterrupted evening in the quiet sanctity

tive Providence to bestow upon me I will pay my pew rent this year, if I

When the night shut down, all stormy and

f set the lamp on the window still Rushed into the storm and sought her until The bilizzard drifted me back to the door, That shall open for Mollie, our Mollie, n

Siles Nelson stood like a statre of stone: Then he raised his hand and said, with groan:
"Is there a God that will kill a child Of wintry plains to save from death

The child of another?" He drew his breath With a savage hiss, as he snatched away The blanket in which the baby lay.

for the sake of maintaining a good appearance at church. I will be, in all things, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a good provider; and I will rear up a family that will love and respect me, and render to me prompt and cheerful obedience, with perfect deference to my comfort, or I will break

These are declicious. Stirred cream walnuts-Take two cu

The Day In Richmond. The following extract from the "Diary of a Refugee," describing a Christmas n Richmond in 1864, portrars graphically

tea and ginger cakes, two very rare in-dulgences, and but for the sorghum "I am

xtravagance at all excusable. "Poor fellows, how they enjoy our plain dinners when they come. Two meals a coffee is very much felt by the leaders. The rule with us is only to have tea when sickness makes it necessary. A country lady from one of the few spots in Virstitute milk for tea. She could hardly believe me when I told her that we had not had milk more than twice in eighteen

mall balls the size of a small marble uls of sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of soiling water and one-half salt teaspoon-ful of cream of tartar. Boll until it begins to thicken. Stir in chopped walnuts and drop on tins.

omforting. St. Paul's was dressed most much sadness on account of the failure of the South to keep Sherman back. "When we got home our family circle was small but pleasant. We had aspired to a turkey, but finding the prices range from \$50 to \$100 in the market on Sat-

ter days. "At night I treated our little party to grown in our own fields the cakes would have been an impossible indulgence. Nothing but the fact that Christman comes but once a year would make such

their backs in the attempt.—Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal. An Ocular Demonstration

selves to be so, too. The church ser vices in the morning were sweet and elaborately and beautifully with evergreens; all looked as usual, but there is

tolerable substitutes for the viands of bet-

day has become the rule among refugees and many citizens from dire necessity. ginia where the enemy has never been, and where they retain their comforts, asked me gravely why we did not submonths, and then it was sent by a country

the meager provision for Christmas fes tivities it was possible to make in the capital of the Confederacy: "Dec. 26, 1864. The sad Christmas has passed away. J. and C. were with us, and very cheerful. We exerted our-

urday we contented ourselves with roast beef, and the various little dishes which Confederate times made us believe are

of his hands.

than mine for you; I think I could have given up all, even honor, for your sake." She looked distressed at his remark and wished he had released her in a more dipped her hand in his as a gentle pro-He had said "good-by" and crossed the threshold, when a sudden suspicion struck test against his self-deprecation

manded, she added, in a lighter tone:
"In India I think one must hate falsecialvely:
"There could be no other meaning to hood more than in any other country; it is so humiliating to share a meanness with the natives." "And not be able to beat them at it

ly every one away from here could it not be before the fifteenth?" She looked up, delighted at this solu-tion of a difficulty which oppressed her. "I think it is the very wisest thing. People will talk, of course; but the soon-

"I am glad you consider it practicable," is rejoined. "Will the Quartermaster "I will answer for my husband; only win Jane's consent, and the thing is set-tled."

mother.

And in reminiscences and the sweet

"I am sorry I am so late. Is there

"Why do they want another sergeant?" asked the Colonel, thinking it a strange

though just now it promised to be suc-cessful, the slightest contretemps might cessful, the signtest contretemps might render futile all her scheming, and mat-ters would be worse than if she had never interfered to mend them. As she had stood that Sunday afternoon with her letter in her hand, a sudden temptation had assailed her, whose promptings she had not been able to resist. It seemed

CHAPTER XXI.

phasis to the implied meaning of the re-Mrs. Knox would not have resorted t such an expedient had not her daughter happiness as well as worldly welfare been concerned. However unwilling, she would have eventually resigned herself to the failure of her ambitious plans had Jane really cared for Jacob Lynn.

It was probable the Sergeant might

write to Jane again, she thought, and se she had perforce to be on the alert le the letter might fall into other hands than her own. She was glad that she had contemplated the possibility when a day or two later the letter came. It happened arrived; but so afraid was she of detec on that she carried it away to her own room and locked the door. Then she tore spen the envelope and read the letter. "My own dear one," it began. "I have been wretched since your letter came, and

ing confessed that you love some one else; and perhaps I ought to have released you at your request, only I could not, Jane-l could not! And whatever you may fancy now, I cannot but think that you will turn to me at last, loving me, nearly if not quite so dearly as I love you. They say women always forgive crimes committed for their sake, then surely you will look leniently on my fault of selfishness. You had anything to do with Sergeant Lynn, the Colonel turned to other business, and soon forgot the whole affect. soon forgot the whole affair.

But before he left he had to tell his adjutant the news about himself.

"What should you say was the most unlikely thing to happen. Grasme?" he

by, my own dear love, and that we may meet soon is the prayer of your devoted JACOB LYNN." A very weak letter, worthy of the writer, thought Mrs. Knox; but it might have been all-powerful had it fallen into any other hands but her own. She shuddered as he pictured what would have happened had she been less watchful. The downward course must be a very easy one, for she felt not a twinge of com-

"It would not seem like a marriage if I wore my traveling dress," she had said, outing; and Stephen Prinsep, to whom her slightest word was law, agreed with a married colonel, you cannot expect me to show exuberant delight," he observed. her directly.

"I thought you would have been more But here the Colonel made a difficulty. more enthusiastic, Val. I wanted you

(To be continued.)

was, or thought himself, hard hit, and ous coal is given off when the coal is orespond. He rallied Jane about it that same sumed with large volumes of fresh air before the furnace doors are closed. "You are a regular little fire-brand in Whether or not there is absolute proof content with having me at your feet, you have left your mark at intervals all down the list, from Major Larron and the Adjuble gradually heated in the presence of told her, smiling; "not of this being so, Prof. Carpenter thinks tant—" He broke off abruptly.

"Down to Sergeant Lynn," she finished, quietly. "Don't let us have any subject between us that we are afraid to menthe list, from sinjor Lariton and the last be gradually heated in the presence of a small amount of air, which will drive off the gas, and the gas liberated should between us that we are afraid to mendescent coals in the presence of suffi-

He had taught her to call him by his Christian name, and the slight pause be-fore pronouncing it seemed to make the sound the sweeter when at last it fell upon his ears.
"My darling, nothing shall come be tween us either now or ever!" he asseverated, boldly; and even to himself the speech seemed a boastful one, for how could he tell what the future had in

"I must have kept my word if I died," she answered, firmly. "Then, Jenny, your love must be less "You should not speak so, even in jest. I should not love you as I do if I did not think you nobler and truer than any one else in the world." Then, feeling that the athlete stood. Yet he cleared it she had said more than the occasion developed and added in a lighter total.

> hour to swim across. Cushions for Verandas.

Mrs. Knox was much relieved to hear Bergeant Lynn was off to Hattiabad, and indeed had good cause for satisfaction. She had played a very bold game, and shade, a nearly dry brush being necessary for the soft clouds and background. Another group of cushions such a simple thing to cut off the one short sentence at the bottom of the page them in pure white. and to tear the letter in half was an after-thought which seemed to give em

> What He Thought of Him, "Do you think Skinner can make 4 ving out there?" "Make a living? Why, he'd make a ving on a rock in the middle of the cean-if there was another man on the

atient, and growled at the miller. "Now, dld you ever," said the miller, see anything so industrious as this mill s? It no sooner gets one grain crushed han it hops on to another one." "Pshaw," retorted the man, "I could "You could, could you?" snapped the niller. "Well, how long could you?" "Oh, till I starved to death, I reckon."

-Andreas Hoter, the Tyrolese patriot, is to have a colossal statue er ted to his memory on the top of the



corner, entered it, took the elevator to he top floor, and paused at the open door f a great brilliantly-lighted room. Facing e wall, on high stools, sat some dozens d girls, aparently playing games with egs on a continuous brass checker board hat extended around the room. The irls had small round discs fastened to egs or ring up a subscriber. It was the

"IT WAS EVIDENT SHE HAD A TEMPER OF HER OWN."

ity telephone exchange. Perhaps it was the free magnetism of lectricity of the place, or Billy's hypnotic flance that made one girl turn her head, unile and gracefully slipping from the tall stool come quickly into the hall. Billy narrated how he had just heater tickets, and exhibited them. The

Why, Billy," she said, after a pause

elephone girl took them to look at.

tickets are for the 24th.

silently listened to Mr. Banwell's compilments that afternoon on his enterprise and wide-awakeness on Christmas eve.

Shoe or Stocking. Some little French-Canadian children were discussing a very important matter with some of their Yankee neighbors from "over the line."

"Any way," said one of the Canadias girls, "shoes are a great deal nicer that stockings to get bottles of perfumery in because if it breaks and spills it can' feel that we have not heretofore sufficiently denied ourselves in little luxuries

le reached a tall building that rose from through Billy's mind as he modestly and

The French children are in the habit of putting their shoes on the hearth in-stead of hanging up their stockings, or the night before Christmas, and the little Vermonters naturally thought this s

of a happy home.

Lost on the prairie and doomed to die if heaven prove deaf to its feeble cry. He leaps from his pony, he searches long; He feels it; he has it within his strong, Rough hands; he presses it to his breast— Don't cry, little honey, you'll catch more

And he wrapped the child in many a fold Of his blanket coarse, and he hugged it tight To his big, broad breast, but the blizzard's

anow, And the biting cold (that the plainsme

fast bell rings.

I will not complain when everythin I will treat my wife as politely as

I pray the Lord my soul to keep;

I must be more unselfish, and take better care of myself that I may long be spared to be the joy and light of the home which it has pleased an apprecia-

My God, how can 17 Ob, Niles, she's dead."
"Dead?" "Yes, Niles, she's lost in the o-day was pleasant, and Molile would go In the prairie to play, and she didn't come