

Palatable, Po tent. Taste Good. De CURE CONSTIPATION. HO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug-

He Knew Better.

"But two," protested the young man, "can live as cheaply as one." The old man looked at him pityingly.

"Before a young man marries," he said, "he ought to have a little experience."

"In what way?"

"He ought to bring up a family of girls, and then he would gain an approximate idea of how each individual woman adds to one's expense account." -Chicago Post.

Always Well Attended.

N. Peck-I'll bet a dollar that the Coagulated Pullets' association, to which my wife belongs, is the best attended organization on earth. Cumso-Why?

N. Peck-Well, you see it is composed of a lot of women who have it in for each other, and the one who stays away is always roasted throughout the entire afternoon .-- Los Angeles Herald.

Tit for Tat.

"I don't see why you keep proposing to me," says Miss Cayenne. "I have never given you any reason to suspect that I would ever change my mind."

"That's just it," answered Willie Wishington, seriously. "I know your mind is made up. Therefor I feel perfectly safe in paying you the highest tribute of esteem which it is possible to offer."-Washington Star.

How M Turned Out.

"When I married," he explained, "I sort of thought I had annexed a wife, you know."

"And wasn't that the way of #?" "Well, not exactly. A few years of grub camp, with cook shed attached, married life has convinced me that I am the annexed party. You know, it makes some difference in the government as to which does the annexing." -Chicago Post.

A Good Thing.

"Did you say that hair restorer is good thing?" asked the patron.

les.Seanswered the terter, with slight besitation; "it's a good thing. We sell several bottles a week.

"But how do you know it's a good thing ?" "Because the profit on every bottle

is 75 cents."-Washington Star. Bank.

-Jack-I was up at Dayton's house last night. He's got a great collec tion of pipes, including a rare old water pipe. Ever see it? Dick-Yes, and it isn't a water pipe.



away, he bore down upon me with re-

sistless force, and I found myself re-

Ryan, when the fear of bell fire is CERISTHAS EVE IN A LUMBER CANE. to you." I was due to a mysterious dis-

The men stood amaged at pensation of Providence and sudden anger and length of spee a good deal to Leslie Graeme "Bon! Dat's good for you, my bully boy," said Baptiste, a wiry little French that I found myself in the

beart of the Selkirks for my Christmas Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and deeve as the year 1882 was dying. It had voted admirer ever since the day when been my plan to spend my Christmas the big Scotsman, under great provo-cation, had knocked him clean off the far away in Toronto with such bohemian and boon companions as could damp into the river and then jumped be found in that cosmopolitan and in for him. kindly city. But Leslie Graeme chang-

It was not till afterward I learned ed all that, for, discovering me in the the cause of Sandy's sudden wrath village of Black Rock, with my traps which urged him to such unwonted length of speech. It was not simply all packed, waiting for the stage to start for the Landing, thirty miles that the Presbyterian blood carried with it reverence for the minister and contempt for papiets and Fenlans, but that he had a vivid remembrance of covering from my surprise only after how, only a month ago, the minister we had gone in his lumber sleigh some six miles on our way to his camp up in had got him out of Mike Slavin's saloon and out of the clutches of Keefe the mountains. I was surprised and much delighted, though I would not and Slavin and their gang of bloodallow him to think so, to find that his suckers.

Keefe started up with a curse. Bap old time power over me was still there. tiste sprang to Sandy's side, slapped him on the back and called out: He could always in the old varsity days-dear, wild days-make me do

"You keel him! I'll hit (eat) him up, what he liked. He was so handsome and so reckless, brilliant in his class me.

It looked as if there might be a fight work and the prince of halfbacks on when a harsh voice said in a low, savthe Rugby field and with such power of fascination as would "extract the age tone:

heart out of a wheelbarrow." as Barney Settle it, if you want to, somewhere Lundy used to say. And thus it was that I found myself just three weeks laterelse."

I was to have spent two or three days-I turned and was amased to see old on the afternoon of the 24th of Decemman Nelson, who was very seldom moved to speech. ber, standing in Graeme's Lumber

Camp No. 2, wondering at myself. But There was a look of scorn on his I did not regret my changed plans, for hard, iron gray face and of such settied flerceness as made me quite be lieve the tales I had heard of his dead in those three weeks I had raided a cinnamon bear's den and had wakened ly fights in the mines at the coast. Be-fore any reply could be made the minup a grizzly. But I shall let the grizzly finish the tale. He probably sees more cheery voice: The camp stood in a little clearing and consisted of a group of three long.

"Merry Christmas, boys! Hello, Sa dy! Comment ca va, Baptiste? How do you de, Mr. Graeme?"

"First rate. Let ma introduce my friend, Mr. Connor, sometime me student, how artist, hunter and tramp

a little distance was the sleeping camp at large, but not a bad sort." with the office built against H, and "A man to be envied," said the min about a hundred yards sway on the ister, smiling. "I am glad to know any friend of Mr. Graeme's." other side of the clearing stood the

I liked Mr. Craig from the first. He had good eyes that looked straight out at you, a clean cut, strong face, well set an his shoulders, and, sltogether stables and near them the amiddy. The scantains rose grandly on every side, the sky. The clearing in which the camp stood was heven out of a dense pine forest that filled the valley and an unstanding, manly bearing. He in-bles to see Dandy, his brencho, put up. "Decent fellow," said Graeme; "but, elimbed half way up the mountain sides and then frayed out in scattered though he is good enough to his broncho, it is Sandy that's in his mind

It was one of those wonderful Casisnow." dian winter days, bright and with a touch of sharpness in the air that did "Does he come out often? I mean not chill, but warmed the blood like are you part of his parish, so to

men, but to me this in

make us thankful. Amen."

more better for sure."

to us this Christmas night, our Father,

"Bon! Dat's fuse rate," said Bap-

And then no word was spoken for a

far too solemn and moments too pre-

but when the white piles of bread and

the brown piles of turkey had for a

second time vanished and after the last

ple had disappeared there came a pause

and a bush of expectancy, whereupon

Mr. Craig was the first to respond

a huge, blazing pudding, came forth.

to be thankful for."

ments, "Lochaber No More." At the drafts of wine. The men were up in speak?" inks so, and have no doubt he th I'm blowed if he doesn't make the himself on some blankets behind the Presbyterians of us think so too." And fire, turned over on his face, feigning he added, after a pause: "A dandy lot sleep. Sandy McNaughton took his of parishioners we are for any man, pipe out of his mouth and sat up There's Sandy, now. He would kneck straight and stiff, staring into vacancy, Keefe's head off as a kind of miligious and Graeme, beyond the fire, drew a exercise, but tomorrow Keefe will be short, sharp breath. We had often est, sober, and Sandy will be drunk as a Graeme and I, in our student days, is lord, and the drunker be is the better the drawing room at home, listening Presbyterian he'll be, to the preacher's to his father wailing out "Lochaber" disgust." Then, after epother pause, upon the pipes, and I well know that he added bitteriy: "But it is not for the awful minor strains were now eat-me to throw rocks at Bandy. I am not the same kind of fool, but I am a fool of several other cards." He had long since or paused upon the pipes, and I well know that Slayed his lament. He had long since Surgetten us and vons seeing visions of the hills and locks and glens of his furin the cook cars data tation on the Bottom of a di Bajtiste energing with a put AL: Brat proy native land and making us, too e strange things out of the dim n -----An sha at at ald man. Me ation at the starting of apparent reta was a Mg fresh look in his ares, and I wish the Breplace attended appling over to 0.0 lates of be a distaibutet at" WILL Wwo lanterns 1 the the star The oper the final into the partner of the stands and discutiful cases, determs broken in The discover and by and Bd." After playing the serve through once he hang softly the refrain. After the first verse for most joined in the chorus, at first limitity, but by the time the third verse was reached they were shouting with threats full open. "We shall most in te ent a dini, fitted i Mailes ... the at a nod from Granma Ma Orals rose "I den't know hew you feel abo

ng the cookee in the ad fall in! Quick march?

ent every man was in the In a m

Strike up, Batchees, ye little angel!" uted Blaney, the appellation a co ion to the minister's presence, and away went Baptiste in a rollickin French song with the English chorus:

"Then blow, ye winds, in the morni Blow, ye winds, ay oh! Blow, ye winds, in the morning, Blow, blow, blow!"

And at each "blow" every boot came lown with a thump on the plank floor that shook the solid roof. After the second round Mr. Craig jumped upon the bench and called out: "Three cheers for Billy the cook!"

In the silence following the cheer Baptiste was beard to say: "Bon! Dat's mak me feel lak hit dat

ouddin' all hup meself, me." "Hear till the little baste" said Blaney in disgust.

"Batchees," remonstrated Sandy gravely, "you've more stomach than

manners. "Fu sure, but de more stomach dat's more better for dis puddin'," replied the little Frenchman cheerfully.

After a time the tables were cleared and pushed back to the wall, and pipes were produced. In all attitudes suggestive of comfort the men disposed themselves in a wide circle about the fire, which now roared and crackled up the great wooden chimney hanging from the roof. The lumberman's hour of bliss had arrived. Even old man Nelson looked a shade less melancholy than usual as he sat alone, well away from the fire, smoking steadily and silently. When the second pipes were well a-going, one of the men took down a violin from the wall and handed it to Lachlan Campbell. There were two brothers Campbell just out from Argyll. typical highlanders-Lachlan, dark, silent, melancholy, with the face of a mystic, and Angus, red haired, quick, "Stop your row, you blank fools! impulsive and devoted to his brother, a devotion he thought proper to cover under biting, sarcastic speech.

Lachlan after much protestation, interspersed with gibes from his brother, took the violin and, in response to the call from all sides, struck up "Lord Macdonald's Reel." In a moment the floor was filled with dancers, whooping and cracking their fingers in the wildest manner. Then Baptiste did the "Red River Jig," a most intricate ister drove up and called out in a and difficult series of steps, the men keeping time to the music with hands and feet.

When the jig was finished, Sandy called for "Lochaber No More," but Campbell said:

"No, no; I cannot play that tonight Mr. Craig will play."

Craig took the violin, and at the first note I knew he was no ordinary player. I did not recognize the music, but it was soft and thrilling and got in by the heart till every one was thinking

his tenderest and saddest thoughts. After he had played two or three exquisite bits be gave Campbell his violin, saying, "Now, 'Lochaber,' Lach-

Without a word Lachian began, not "Lochaber"-he was not ready for that yet-but "The Flowers o' the Forest" and from that wandered through "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Land o' the Leal," and so got at last to that

most soul subduing of Scottish In-

on to tell us how, in his home years age, he used to stand on Christman other telling him the story, and h she used to make him see the si and bear the she and hear the sheep bleating near by, and how the sudden burst of glory used

to make his heart jump. "I used to be a little afraid of the angels, because a boy told me they were ghosts, but my mother told me better, and I didn't fear them any And the Baby, the dear little more. Rabywe all love a baby."

The ere was a quick, dry sob. It was from Nelson "I used to peek through under to a the little one in the straw and wonder what things swaddling clothes were.

Oh, it was all so real and beautiful!" He paused, and I could hear the men breathing. "But one Christmas eve," he went on in a lower, sweeter tone, "there was

no one to tell me the story, and I grew to forget it and went away to college and learned to think that it was only a child's tale and was not for men. Then bad days came to me, and worse, and I began to lose my grip of myself, of life, of hope, of goodness, till one black Christmas, in the slums of a faraway city, when I had given up all and the devil's arms were about me, I heard the story again, and as I listened, with a bitter ache in my heart, for I had put it all behind me, I suddenly found myself peeking under the shepberd's arms with a child's wonder at the Baby in the straw. Then it came over me like great waves that his name was Jesus, because it was he that should save men from their sins. Save! Save! The waves kept beating upon my ears, and before I knew I had called out, 'Oh, can he save me?' It was in a little mission meeting on one of the side streets, and they seemed to be used to that sort of thing there, for no one was surprised, and a young fellow leaned across the aisle to me and said, 'Why, you just bet he can! His surprise that I should doubt. his bright face and confident tone, gave me hope that perhaps it might be so. I held to that hope with all my soul, and," stretching up his arms and with a quick glow in his face and a little break in his voice, "he hasn't failed me yet, not once, not once!"

He stopped short, and I felt a good deal like making a fool of myself, for in those days I had not made up my mind about these things. Graeme, poor old chap, was gazing at him with a sad yearning in his dark eyes; big Sandy was sitting very stiff and staring harder than ever into the fire; Baptiste was trembling with excitement; Blaney was openly wiping the tears away. But the face that held my eyes was that of old man Nelson. It was white, flerce, hungry looking, his sunken eyes burning, his lips parted as if to cry.

The minister went on. "I didn't mean to tell you this, men. It all came over me with a rush. But it is true, every word, and not a word will I take h And, what's more, I can tell you thiswhat he did for me he can do for any man, and it doesn't make any differ-ence what's behind him, and," leaning slightly forward and with a little thrill of pathos vibrating in his voice, "oh, boys, why don't you give him a chance at you? Without him you'll never be never get the better of that that's keep-ing some of you now from going back home. You know you'll never so back till you're the men you want to be." Then, lifting up his face and throwing back his head, he said, as if to himself "Jesus-he shall save his people from their sins," and then, "Let us pray." Graeme leaned forward with his face in his hands; Baptiste and Blancy dropped on their kneed; Sandy, the Camp-bells and some others stood up. Old man Nelson hold his eyes steadily on the minister. Only once before had I seen that look an a human face. A young follow had broken through the ice an the fiver at home, and as the black, water was dragging his ingers one by one fr the slippery edges there came over his face that same look. I need to wake for many a night after in a sweat C hervert seeing the withe suce with to parting the und its pitterns, dusch spind-gaid the black water slowig Belleg fi down. and it all back but furity the prayie the face changed na sort, stern, almost gloomy as of a Destan a After the prayer Mr. Oraig in he may to a Christman dinner tr in Black Back. "And h are as independent intere i charge your held a Gollar free disart and the wear ind there." Their instring a femalie of magnitude and illustrated papers of the inble, a godsend to the men, he ald goodby and went out. I was to go with the minist jumped into the sleigh first and waited while he said goodby to Graeme, who had been hard hit by the whole service and seemed to want to say something. I heard Mr. Craig say cheerfully and confidently: "It's a true bill. Try him." Bandy, who had been steadying Dan-dy while that interesting broncho was attempting with great success to balance himself on his bind legs, came to say goodby. "Come and see me first thing, Sandy." "Aye, I know. I'll see you, Mr. Craig," said Sandy earnestly as Dandy dashed off at a full gallop across the clearing and over the bridge, steadying down when he reached the hill. "Steady, you idiot!" This was to Dandy, who had taken a sudden side spring into the deep snow, almost upsetting us. A man stepped out from the shadow. It was old man Nelson. He came straight to the sleigh and, ignoring my presence completely, said:

The old man m Well, here's his means The Bos of Man is com "To me? To me?" said the

eagerly. "Listen. This too is his that cometh unto me I will in n east out.' That's for you, for here

"You don't know me, Mr. Cale left my baby fifteen years ago cause

irst the

is s

Yo

"Step!" said the minister. "Do tell me-at least not tonight, perh never. Tell him who knows it all n and who never betrays a secret. it out with him. Don't be afraid trust him "

Nelson looked at him, with his fa guivering, and said in a hunky volce, "If this is no good, it's hell for me" "If it's no good," replied Craig, a

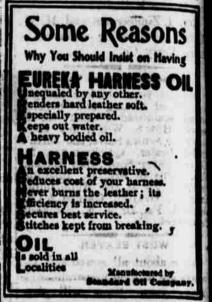
most sternly, "It's hell for all of us" The old man straightened himself oked up at the stars, then back Mr. Craig, then at me and, drawing a deep breath, said:

"I'll try him."

As he was turning away the minister touched him on the arm and said quisly:

Keep an eye on Sandy tomorrow." Nelson nodded, and we went on, but before we took the next turn I lookal back and saw what brought a lump is to my throat. It was old man Nelses on his knees in the snow, with his hands spread upward to the stars, and I wondered if there was any one above the stars and nearer than the stan who could see. And then the trees his him from my sight.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



The pages in the national house of representatives now wear big black buttons on which the word "Page" is printed. Represenjative Lessler, who defeated Perry Belmont, brought bout this reform. Before the menbers came to know Representative Lessler he was several times taken for a page and rather brusquely told to go on errends. Representative Lessles, the men you want to be, and you'll who is small and young, then insisted on having the pages tagged.

Jack-Not

Dick-No; I've smoked it; it's a sewer pipe.-Philadelphia Press.

Greatly Overestimated.

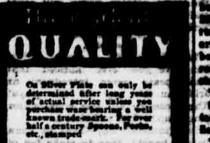
Hewitt-Half the world doe know how the other half lives. Jewett-I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business. Depokiyn Life.

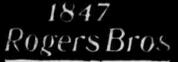
Boing His Best,

"Bridget-An' play do yes be levia th' cover of th' brine barrel? Patrick-Hist, derlint. Th'

to be sayin' you made salt air .- H. T. Weekly.

A mid Pretitien. Berter (etter English)-Yes, Rob art, "the bing can be Then there and Bebbing fun beft a bing there and be unsh fun beft a bing -Fath





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TUUT TUUT

the woods, and the shrill scream of the bluejay flashing across the open, the impudent chatter of the red couldred from the top of the grub camp and the pert chirp of the whinky jack hopping mout on the rubbish besp, with the ting, lone cry of the wolf far flown the valley, only made the silence felt the

humor in it than I.

low shauties, with smaller shacks near

them, all built of heavy, unhown logs,

with door and window in each. The

food in the middle of the clearing; at

inrowing up their great p

and stanted trees.

As I stood drinking in with all my soul the glosious beauty and silence of tain and ferest, with the Christmas fooling stanling into me, Graeme anno.out from his affee and, catching sight of me, solled out, "Giorious Christmas weather, old chap!" and then, coming askrer, "Nost pen go to-Berrow ?" 92.40

ar mit "d auplied has wing ou that the Christman feeling was on hi the survey of Mar. Shills is had to show the " with I were going with yes." he

Terrestantes in the statement an any dipart for my b D.c.m

m all his de the down about his De l'entit an b she dia the Western eine bergen

a chaffing, Mke fig the bert "They are a little wild tonight," said

a, "and theservow they'll paint Black Back red."

Sofere many minutes had gone the of tempeter was "washed up" and all last tent were standing about waiting impa-tiently for the cook's signal-the supper tonight was to be "something of a feed"-when the sound of bells drew their attention to a light sleigh drawn by a buckskin bronche coming down the biliside at a great pace.

"The preacher, I'll bet, by his driving," said one of the men. Bedad, and it's him has the foine

nose for turkey." said Blaney, a good natured, jovial Irishman.

"Yes, or for pay day, more like," mid Keefe, a black browed, villainous fellow countryman of Blaney's and, strange to say, his great friend.

Big Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian highlander from Glengarry, rose up in wrath. "Bill Keefe," said he, with de-liberate emphasis, "you'll just keep your dirty tongue off the minister, and, as for your pay, it's little he sees of it or any one else, except Mike Slavin, when you're too dry to wait for some one to treat you, or perhaps Father

throats full open, "We shall meet on the that besutiful shore." When I looked "Fire abcad, sir." mildi out a voice

quite respectfully, and the minister at Nelson, the eager light had gone out bent his head and unit: of his eyes, and in its place was a kind "For Christ the Zerd, whe came to of determined hopelesaness, as if in eave us, for all the love and goodness this new music he had no part. After the voices had ceased Mr. Craig we have known and for these thy gifts

played again the refrain, more and more softly and slowly. Then, laying the violin on Campbell's knees, he drew tiste; "seems lak dat's make me hit from his pocket his little Bible and said:

"Men, with Mr. Graeme's permission, quarter of an bour. The occasion was I want to read you something this Christmas eve. You will all have heard cious for anything so empty as words, it before, but you will like it none the less for that."

His voice was soft, but clear and penetrating as he read the eternal story of the angels and the shepherds and the Babe, and as he read a slight motion the cook and cookee, each bearing aloft, of the hand or a glance of an eye made us see, as he was seeing, that whole "Hooray!" yelled Blaney. "Up wid radiant drama. The wonder, the timid And, grabbing the cook by the joy, the tenderness, the mystery of it shoulders from behind, he faced him all, were borne in upon us with overpowering effect. He closed the book and in the same low, clear voice went

"Mr. Craig, are you dead sure of this? Will it work?"

"Do you mean," said Craig, taking him up promptly, "can Jesus Christ

For several years past persons walking along Fifth avenue in the gloaming The Triumph of might have noticed

an open carriage Plack, with two men sit-

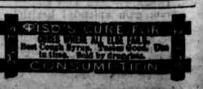
ting in the back seat, one afthem holding a light and a beah and facing toward the other, evidently meding to him. The latter was Charles Broad-my Rouse, blind, and a herchast of grant prominence in this city, who died recently. He furnished one of the most reported is instances of the triamph fast and seamer in the bistory of New York basiness life. The genits -

treat the provide it plant. A set 1.1.1

the. A Strangen P the file -

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