

# The CHRISTMAS BASKET

By Carlyle Moore

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CHRISTMAS! Bah! His sleep filled eyes had cleared to the meaning of that merry peal of bells.

Whether to find more warmth or out the sound that roused him, drew the scanty blanket over his head and turned shivering to the wall, either case the result was failure. He should have known that the first rattle heralds a chorus that rolls higher and higher in a crescendo of added voices; that sandwiched between a canvas cot and a single blanket, near a paneless window but eked out with castoff rags, offers poor defense against an ideal Christmas morning.

He cold disgust, but wide awake, he heard the sash within his reach. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Newspapers, street cleaners, bootblacks, the roundsman as he relieved his mate, paid cheery tribute to the day.

Even the police," he growled. "Go the devil! I'm a cynic."

His fingers trembling with cold, he saw the congress shoes (quite new) on his feet and searched beneath the blanket for his coat, which, having no duty as a pillow through the night, had added creases to those of wessness from the day before.

"I wonder," he chuckled mirthlessly, "old Santa missed my stockin'a. If hadn't been so cold last night I'd have put them on the mantel," looking about the room, "if there'd been a fire."

He drew a silver dollar from his pocket.

"I got my presents yesterday. Term pertented for good behavior, a new hat, hat and shoes and one silver dollar. I'd be a bloomin' sport if my dollar was a bit longer. Them prison chaps ought to get about a bit and merriment of the styles."

He held the coin close to his eye, shut out the light. He held it at

"Boosh!" he muttered as he hurried around corners, threaded a side street, then doubled back and took a fresh course. "What's the use of a pick-pocket's tryin' to live straight? Who'd hire me? I ain't used to work anyhow. I s'pose there's no hope for an ex-convict. That's what the papers say anyhow. It's good stuff too. It's great to have the papers on your side. It makes slippin' back seem easier."

He trudged along, now and then casting wary glances to the rear. "Now, if there was any one who cared, anything to live for, I know I could make good. But I ain't got a soul. Nobody cares or depends on me, nobody."

Clang! Clang! Clang! A church bell high above changed the tenor of his musings. He sneered. "All ye who are heavily laden—I know the system. Bring your troubles here and shift 'em to some one else's shoulders, preferably the devil's, but shift 'em."

He turned the corner. At the very door of the church, half buried in the snow, reposed a market basket.

"Holiday marketin', eh?" He picked it up. "Heavy." He peered through the door, but all was solemn dark within. "Doin' penance, I suppose. Well, here's a practical one for carelessness." With the basket on his arm he turned the nearest corner.

Our friend had a Christmas dinner. True, it was all uncooked. True, he had no home to take it to, no place to cook it. Rather a useless bit of petty larceny it would seem. But each to his trade. The crooked mind is ever one of expedients. He saw a restaurant.

"Sure! I'll get them to cook my dinner. There'll be some left over. Maybe they'll take it off my hands." A plausible story bubbled forth.

"So I want you to cook these things," opening the basket, "and I'll— He stole a glance at the contents. The lid fell shut. He stared stupidly at the attendant.

"All shall be cooked as monsieur wishes," with elaborate gesture as the waiter reached for the basket.

"I guess you ain't quite qualified to roast this—yet." Our friend mopped a perspiring brow with his disengaged hand. "Where's the nearest police station?"

"Three blocks up the street. And if monsieur will leave his basket where he is away"— But monsieur had bolted out the door, and for several moments a much perturbed waiter wondered why, while three blocks away a much perturbed man with a basket wondered how.

"Any story I'd tell 'em would sound fishy. Then there's my picture in the gallery. A record for good behavior don't go very far. Great Scott! They'll find the pocketbook on me!"

That thought lent wings to his feet. The police station diminished in the distance. What to do with the basket that was now growing heavy on his arm—that was the question. No use going back to the church. It was left there with intention.

"I'm the devil, all right. Somebody's shifted the responsibility to my shoulders. The first time I've been near a church in years too. Well, I've got my lesson. Not again for me."

He thought of sitting down to work his problem out. Those were likely steps where that officer was passing. Hurrying to his goal, he passed the law. Their eyes met for an instant, long enough to thrill the basket man. The officer hesitated as if searching his memory. There was no hesitation from the man behind.

"You got me once," he muttered and raced up the first flight of stairs at hand, plunged into an entry and in his excitement pressed the private bell.

The officer turned back. There was no one in sight. Musing over the resemblance, he rounded the corner of his beat.

Steps sounded on the stairs. The knob turned. Well, he could ask if they had any rooms to rent. That would explain his ringing of the bell. A sweet faced, white haired lady appeared in the doorway.

"Do you rent rooms?" he blurted.

"I do not." The little old lady drew herself up, her tone a trifle haughty. The man muttered an apology and turned away. The door moved toward the jamb. A wall, unmistakable in its origin, came from the basket. Three steps of the flight the man measured in a move.

"One moment, sir!" In the voice above authority spoke unquestionably. "Oh, ma'am, please!" That policeman had got on the light fingered one's nerves. In abject fear he turned.

"My poor man!" The kindly old lady saw only the humble pleading of a father to save his child from the inclemencies of the weather. In that moment her dear old mind had built a romance around this situation, of which the hero was the basket man.

She sought no explanation. Merely to do good on such a day was sufficient to her. Was not this the anniversary of a child who centuries before had not even a basket to lie in?

"Come in, my poor man, come in."

"But, ma'am—"

"Not a word, sir. I have a nice warm room that you are welcome to. If you are out of funds there is plenty to do about the house. As for the baby, my daughter has gone west with my little grandson. Your child comes into my house as a blessing."

"But, ma'am, you don't know"—stammering, but determined to explain.

"I do not seek to know," urging him in and toward the rear. "If

you have been unfortunate and some day need to tell the story I will listen. Now you and your baby are my guests."

She withdrew and closed the door on the poor sorrowful man and his blessed babe.

"Well, I'll be jinked!" The sorrowful man sank into a comfortable chair and chuckled. "Of all the— An insistent wailing, accompanied by lusty kicks, heralded the final and complete awakening of the basket's contents. "Let's see what's here." He threw back the lid and greeted the pink protesting face with a humorous twinkle



"WELL, YOU TAKE TO ME, DON'T YOU, YOUNG UN?"

of appreciation. "Well, you little brat"— Those hands, so deft at pocket picking, were gentler possibly than an honest man's. The babe was cooing on his shoulder.

"Well, you take to me, don't you, young un?" He held the bundle off at arm's length. The infant's efforts to snuggle back pleased him mightily. "There you are, you God's blessed darlin'."

In that restful position the babe cooed off to sleep again. The man sank into a rocking chair and swayed back and forth. He felt comfortable, placid, content. Something had touched a spot in his makeup that had never before been reached.

He was learning in a moment what years could not unlearn—a purpose in life, finding a something to live for, and all taught by a poor little abandoned baby.

"If any one," he thought, looking down at the smiling, unconscious face, "could abandon such as you and not leave hope behind, then there's a chance for both of us in this world. You'll be my hope, you poor, little— I don't know whether you're a boy or a girl; but, whichever ever, you'll be mine, and, so help me God, I'll be yours—and—and—and—there'll be a chance for both of us."

He sat quietly for a long time. The baby stirred, opened his eyes and still smiled. The man bent down, then hesitated. "I'm not worthy," he muttered, "but I will be—for the future." He kissed the little brow. His eyes were moist.

"Merry Christmas," he breathed, "and," dashing the tears from his eyes, "a happy New Year."

His Preference. "I do not believe in kissing under the mistletoe," said Gladys Beautigirl. "Neither do I," promptly replied young Huggins. "Right here, wherever it happens to be, is good enough for me."

Thereupon he proceeded to prove it.

No Cigars This Christmas. "What do you expect your wife to give you for a Christmas present?" "Nothing." "Well, you seem to be happy over it."

"So I am. I've quit smoking."

Chinese Clothing. The Chinese never wear wool, even in the depth of winter, and, generally speaking, the entire population clothes themselves in cotton all the year round.

## GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD



Henry Drummond says, "Love is the greatest thing in the world." Perhaps he is right in the abstract, but the greatest concrete thing I know is A CHILD ON CHRISTMAS MORNING, greatest because most joyous, most appealing and most lovable!

To be sure that you add to this joy, SHOP EARLY. Then the gifts will go to the little ones, whatever happens to you. Make sure of the happiness of at least one child.

DO IT NOW

SHERIFF'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—By virtue of process issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Wayne county, and State of Pennsylvania, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and will expose to public sale, at the Court House in Honesdale, on FRIDAY, DEC. 22, AT 2 P. M.

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that southern 1/2 part of a certain piece or parcel of land, situate in Preston township, Wayne county, Pa., beginning at a heap of stones on the line of land surveyed to John Chambers; thence by the same and land surveyed by Daniel Bauman, north 63 degrees east 107 perches to a beach corner; thence by lots Nos. 42-37 of the allotment of the Bond tract, north 27 degrees West 320 perches to stones the corner; thence by lot No. 29 on said allotment, south 63 degrees west 107 perches to stones corner and thence by lots No. 39 and 40 of said allotment, south 27 degrees east 320 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 314 acres more or less, being the same land that Thomas Cadwalader and wife by their deed dated the 7th day of December, 1830, said deed being recorded in Deed Book No. 7 at page 256, granted and conveyed to Bernard and Cornelius Reilly, and the said Bernard and Cornelius Reilly divided the said land property by the said Bernard Reilly taking the southern half or 160 rods by 107 rods of the said tract and the said Cornelius Reilly taking the north half or 160 rods by 107 rods of the said tract.

Also all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Preston township, Wayne county, Pa., bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a stonewall corner in the line of other lands of the said Bernard Reilly; thence by Lots Nos. 43-44 of the allotment of the Cadwaladers in Preston township, south 27 degrees east 186 rods to a post set for a corner; thence by Lot No. 23 of said allotment, south 84 1/2 degrees west 180 1/2 rods to a stonewall corner; thence by land of N. L. Kennedy, north 5 1/2 degrees west 159 1/2 rods to a stonewall corner in the line of land of Bernard Reilly; and thence along said line, north 63 degrees east 42 1/2 rods to the place of beginning; containing 78 acres and 149 perches be the same land or less, and being the same land that Mary Cadwalader by her deed dated the 2nd day of March, 1843, granted and conveyed to Bernard Reilly, and the said Bernard Reilly having died on or about January 1, 1866, having made his last will and testament in which he devised the said land to his two sons, Michael Reilly and John Reilly. The said will having been duly probated in the office of the Register of Wills in and for Wayne county on the 13th day of January, 1866, and recorded in Wayne County Will Book No. 2, page 243, and the said John Reilly et ux having by their deed dated March 27, 1873, recorded in Wayne County Deed Book No. 43, at page 76, granted and conveyed all his interest in all the said land to the said Michael Reilly. And the said Michael Reilly having died intestate on or about the first day of January, 1896, leaving to survive him a widow and one child, Charles J. Reilly, and the said widow having since died the entire title to the land above described became vested in the said Chas. J. Reilly absolutely.

Upon the premises are a good frame dwelling, barn, shed and other out-buildings and a good orchard. Land mostly cleared and balance has some good timber growing upon it. Seized and taken into execution as the property of M. J. Moran and Chas. J. Riley, at the suit of The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, No. 96, March Term, 1910, Judgment, \$300. Attorneys, DeLaney & McCarty.

ALSO

All the defendant's right, title, and interest in the following described property—viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Dyberry, county of Wayne, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at the south-western corner of a lot of land, devised by William Hogland, deceased, to Ephriam P. Kimble; thence south 50 degrees west 80 rods to the middle of the public road leading down the Dyberry Creek from Tanners Falls to Honesdale; thence along the middle of the same, south 28 degrees east 23 7-10 rods to a corner of Eli Burtitt's land; thence by the same and by other land of the said party of the first part north 50 degrees east 95 rods to a corner and thence

north 44 degrees west 23 6-10 rods to the place of beginning, containing 13 acres more or less. Being the same land that Frederick Hubbard and Elizabeth Hubbard his wife by their deed dated the 30th day of November, 1870, recorded in Wayne County Deed Book No. 65, at page 247, granted and conveyed to Charles Tribes. Upon said premises in a frame house, barn and other improvements; land mostly improved.

Seized and taken into execution as the property of Charles Tribes at the suit of Harry B. Ely, No. 131 June Term, 1910. Judgment, \$50.55. McCarty, Attorney.

TAKE NOTICE—All bids and costs must be paid on day of sale or deeds will not be acknowledged.

M. LEE BRAMAN, Sheriff, Honesdale, Nov. 22, 1911.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

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### NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS OF THE MILANVILLE BRIDGE CO.

The bondholders of the Milanville Bridge Company will take notice that in pursuance of a resolution duly adopted by the Company, and in accordance with the provisions of the mortgage dated January 2, 1905, given by the Milanville Bridge Co. to Homer Greene, trustee, one thousand dollars of the bonds secured by said mortgage have been drawn for redemption. On presentation of said bonds to Homer Greene, Trustee, at his office in Honesdale, Pa., they will be paid at their par value, together with interest thereon to January 1, 1912; on and after which date interest thereupon will cease. The numbers of the bonds so drawn are as follows: 64, 243, 32, 153, 218, 242, 30, 112, 276, 227, 36, 114, 37, 245, 300, 87, 251, 237, 290, 298, 138, 11, 229, 126, 240, 100, 188, 142, 160, 281, 16, 62, 187, 246, 272, 164, 89, 169, 12, 173.

CHAS. E. BEACH, Secretary of the Milanville Bridge Company, Nov. 14, 1911. 92eol4w

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### THE NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Agency at Honesdale, Wayne Co., Pa.

FROM THE 53d ANNUAL REPORT.

Total admitted assets	\$ 273,813,063.56
Total insurance in force	1,080,232,708.06
Total number policy-holders	425,481.00
New Insurance Reported and paid for in 1910	118,735,023.00
Increase in Insurance in force over 1909	67,940,613.00
Total Income for 1910	67,940,613.00
Total payment to policy-holders	52,899,899.00
Ratio of expense and taxes to income	17.8 per cent.

YOU WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE IF YOU INSURE WITH

H. A. TINGLEY, Agent, HONESDALE, PA.



Scene from "The Dixie Chorus" at the Lyric Christmas Evening, December 25.

### D. & H. CO. TIME TABLE---HONESDALE BRANCH

A.M.		P.M.		STATIONS		P.M.		A.M.		P.M.		A.M.	
SUN	SUN	SUN	SUN	Albany	Binghamton	Philadelphia	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton	Scranton
8:30	10:00	18:00	10:00	4:30	6:00	7:14	8:28	9:42	10:56	12:10	13:24	14:38	15:52
10:00	11:15	12:30	2:15	2:15	3:30	4:44	5:58	7:12	8:26	9:40	10:54	12:08	13:22
4:15	5:30	6:45	8:00	9:15	10:30	11:45	13:00	14:15	15:30	16:45	18:00	19:15	20:30
6:15	7:30	8:45	10:00	11:15	12:30	13:45	15:00	16:15	17:30	18:45	20:00	21:15	22:30
8:15	9:30	10:45	12:00	13:15	14:30	15:45	17:00	18:15	19:30	20:45	22:00	23:15	24:30
10:15	11:30	12:45	2:00	3:15	4:30	5:45	7:00	8:15	9:30	10:45	12:00	13:15	14:30
12:15	1:30	2:45	4:00	5:15	6:30	7:45	9:00	10:15	11:30	12:45	14:00	15:15	16:30
14:15	15:30	16:45	18:00	19:15	20:30	21:45	23:00	24:15	25:30	26:45	28:00	29:15	30:30
16:15	17:30	18:45	20:00	21:15	22:30	23:45	25:00	26:15	27:30	28:45	30:00	31:15	32:30
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32:15	33:30	34:45	36:00	37:15	38:30	39:45	41:00	42:15	43:30	44:45	46:00	47:15	48:30
34:15	35:30	36:45	38:00	39:15	40:30	41:45	43:00	44:15	45:30	46:45	48:00	49:15	50:30
36:15	37:30	38:45	40:00	41:15	42:30	43:45	45:00	46:15	47:30	48:45	50:00	51:15	52:30
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42:15	43:30	44:45	46:00	47:15	48:30	49:45	51:00	52:15	53:30	54:45	56:00	57:15	58:30
44:15	45:30	46:45	48:00	49:15	50:30	51:45	53:00	54:15	55:30	56:45	58:00	59:15	60:30
46:15	47:30	48:45	50:00	51:15	52:30	53:45	55:00	56:15	57:30	58:45	60:00	61:15	62:30
48:15	49:30	50:45	52:00	53:15	54:30	55:45	57:00	58:15	59:30	60:45	62:00	63:15	64:30
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52:15	53:30	54:45	56:00	57:15	58:30	59:45	61:00	62:15	63:30	64:45	66:00	67:15	68:30
54:15	55:30	56:45	58:00	59:15	60:30	61:45	63:00	64:15	65:30	66:45	68:00	69:15	70:30
56:15	57:30	58:45	60:00	61:15	62:30	63:45	65:00	66:15	67:30	68:45	70:00	71:15	72:30
58:15	59:30	60:45	62:00	63:15	64:30	65:45	67:00	68:15	69:30	70:45	72:00	73:15	74:30
60:15	61:30	62:45	64:00	65:15	66:30	67:45	69:00	70:15	71:30	72:45			