

worn, and melancholy, too ; but presently, with reviving faith to urge them, opened wide and heartily, and began to twinkle again. The bar was in festive array : Christmas greens, red berries, ribbons, tissue-paper and gleaming tin-foil—flash of mirrors, bright colour, branches of pine, cedar and spruce from the big balsamic woods. It was crowded with lumber-jacks—great fellows from the forest, big of body and passion, here gathered in celebration of the festival. John Fairmeadow, getting all at once and vigorously under way, shouted "Merry Christmas, boys !" and "Hello, Charlie !" to the bartender ; and he shook hands with Pale Peter, slapped Billy the Beast on the back, roared a greeting to Gingerbread Jenkins, exclaimed "Merry Christmas !" with the speed and detonation of a Gatling gun, inquired after Butcher Long's brood of kids in the East, and cried "Hello, old man !" and "What's the good word from Yellow Tail ?" and "How d'ye do ?" and "Glad t' see you !" and everywhere shook hands and clapped backs—carefully preserving, however, his own back from being slapped—and devoutly ejaculated "God bless you, men ! A Merry Christmas to you all and every one !" and eventually disappeared in the direction of Pale Peter's living-quarters, leaving an uproar of genial delight behind him.

John Fairmeadow's Shadow, however, unable