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VOL. 24. -THE

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Holly and Mistletoe. aid the holly to the mistletoe:
Of our holytide what canst thou know, Thou a pagan, thou Of the leafless bough?

To the holly spoke the mistletoe:
"This I our hollytide do know—
Many a tremulous vow
Thrills my leafless bough,
And human love, I deem, may give some:
Of share in things divine!"

**Fidth M. Thomas

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anges. Cook and Hall Stoves Heaters of all kinds, Coal Hods, Fire Shovels and Fire Setts, Lanterns, and all kinds

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Poetry.

A Christmas Carol.

high,
And the clouds, they look like snow,
And the plumber man goes briskly by—
Blow, little tin horns, blow! and I view my cash with a secret sigh, And I say to my soul, "Go slow!"
But the children come, and I can't lool

Blow, little tin horns, blow! So I'm quite resigned to the rocket's noise And the roman candle show; It's hands all around with the girls and boys—
Blow, little tin horns, blow!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Christmas Sleighing Song. Chere's a loving lure in the pine cone's ember When the white frost etches the window

pane;
There's a lingering chasm that all remember
In the tender voice and the lifted strain;
But, despite the joys of the dear December—
The carol's glamour, the Yule log's

I'd rather be where the night winds rally And blow their bugles, a-ho, heigh-Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally Over the crispy snow!

Forsooth it's jolly under the holly
When the feet of the dancers trip in time,
And there's never a touch of melancholy
When the fiddle follows the cello's rhyme,
But for all the fun and for all the folly,
And for all the hanging the mistletce,
I'd rather be where the night winds rally
And blow their bugles, a ho, heigh-ho,
Down the valley a-sleighing with Sally
Over the crispy stow!

-Clinton Scollard. Select Witerature.

A Belated Christmas.

"It does seem dreadful-dreadful!" sighed She tried to drink a cup of coffee, while she stroked little Henry's hair with one hand and wiped her eyes with the other. She used her bonnet strings for the purpose, and

never noticed it. "Don't fret, mother, we'll get along," omforted May'an. May'an! May'an was fifteen, tall and self possessed. She had helped in the tailoring business for a year. "Yes, dear, you'll do your best—you and Jessie, but she's awful undependable. I stove, where he could smell the turkey, and eant to huy a turkey with this mo morrow, and to have to use it for poor Uncle | the door when May'an looked in, to see if it Henry, lying there with his leg broke!"

dinner, her press board and needles for once "Aren't you glad you've got it?" abruptout of sight. "Yes, yes, child. Kiss me, I must go. There's the whistle! Be careful of fires: don't let Henry go out without his scarf; and be sure "-but her last warning died on the frosty air, as Mrs. Barlow ran down the road to the depot. May'an got the children off to school,

cleared up the room, and sat down to finish little Harrison Turner's trousers. They little Harrison Turner's trousers. They with the snow, which was now falling faster. were to be delivered, sure, that afternoon, and their unfinished state was one cause of Mrs. Barlow's tears. There were plenty of said Uncle Henry. He took a pair of crut other causes. On his way home Henry Ket. ohes from Mr. Turner's boy, and, helped by everybody, managed to get out of the wagcham had broken his leg, and sent forty
miles for his sister to come and get him back
gon and into the house.
"Tell Mr. Turner to call to-morrow, and safely. Henry was always a ne'er-do-well.

I'll pay him," he said. Henry and the boy a start on some fresh adventure; and she carried in a small trunk, and set it down in was just beginning to pay up eld bills. No the entry.
"Ah, this looks like home!" exclaime onder her tears flowed!

May'an sewed steadily until twelve o'clock, Uncle Henry.

He sat down before the fire, spread out only stopping to put coal on the fire, that

beside the lamp. Mrs. Barlow went upstairs to take off her bonnet.
"We've got a turkey," cried little Henry, prancing up and down on the red sofa. We're going to have Christmas to night, mother get home?" shouted little Henry, leaving the door open as he rushed through. Uncle Henry!"

"You are, are you?" said Uncle Henry, "Shut the door, Henry. I'll give you grimly. "Christmas is over-long ago."
"Well, we're going to have it, anyhow your dinner presently. Mother won't be home for two or three days—not then, unless I got the turkey, and Mother's come home!"
Mrs. Barlow bustled around in her old way, glad to be getting dinner again; she dished the potatoes, and put the pie in to

Jessie came in softly, shut the door which Henry left open, and asked no questions. She knew why there was no turkey at Christ-Come, Henry, let's have supper."

Mrs. Barlow was determined to keep things pleasant, and wait for Henry's ac-

nas, and why her shoes were patched so many times.

A comfortable Christmas dinner of bee ount of the last two years. He had bee and potatoes lacked sentiment, but satisfied little Henry's appetite. Mrs. Turner, the outcher's wife, paid for work promptly, and

had a generous heart as well.
"Ef you've got any small turkeys left day aft-morrer, Burton, ye might give them girls one," she said to her portly spouse. "Mrs. Barlow's a "member," and them pants is more work'n I'd do myself for fifty cents!" The day after Christmas the butcher remembered her suggestion. He took down a skinny turkey that he hadn't been able to sell, and gave it, with a benevolent smile, to little Henry, when he came for a half pound

rousers, and she was marking the crease

down the front of the leg with a hot iron

when the children came in from school.

can have a Chrissmas dinner then," he ex- poor May'an, who was red and white by

"We must keep warm to day, if we starve be morrow," thought May'an. She needed is teadily at the tablecloth. Was this the so lution of Henry's sulkiness? At the strange into a passion when he set out for the David pause, little Henry ceased crying, and the girls looked in astonishment at this remark-

> one with the other!"
>
> He drew from his pocket a for package of papers, and gravely placed them between the turkey's drum-sticks. Then came three big bundles of bills, from three

and help yourself to the stuffing," commandmarked little Henry. "Why can't she come then? Won't she be s'prised when she "It's a game—a game," cried little Henry. "It's a game—a game," cried little Henry, joyously, recoving his spirits. "I want to

With trembling hand Mrs. Barlow drew out the papers. She looked at them in a dazed way, without speaking. May'an and Jessie, and then little Henry himself, each "I think I can do it," said May'an, prick

"I've got the turkey, Henry, and that's more than enough for anybody!"
"Oh, Henry—Henry," cried Mrs. Barlow coming toward him with the papers in her

hand. "I never suspected it for a moment!"
"I knew you didn't," replied Uncle Henry, putting his arm around her. "I've done well this time, Mrry. That's a deed of the Mary Ann Mine, and it's paying me two thousand dollars a year. I came home to nake Christmas brighter for you-you've made it bright many a year for me! Do you think you could make a good use of three

worried about!" she cried, breathlessly. May'an held up her roll. "This will pay the doctor's bill!"

"I can go to school two year's more!" said "And 1-hooray! I can buy another turkey!" shouted little Henry. "So you shall—the biggest one Mr. Tur-

Mrs. Barlow's head. She was quietly crying on his shoulder. "We'll shut up the tailor's shop for the winter, eh, May'an?"
"Indeed, we won't, Uncle Henry," cried

May'an, with decision. "I like to make trousers, myself. I'd a thousand times rather do it than stuff turkeys, any day!"-Eva Lovett Carson, in the New York Inde-

The Deacon's White Turkey.

"Well, mother, the big white turkey's down upon the kitchen floor.

"Don't know," seating himself by the fire was browning evenly. May'an was getting and kicking off his wet boots. "Didn't Looked high an' low, but didn't find no signs of it. 'Tain't likely it would go off in such a tracks are all hid by the snow. I allowed Christmas. I've set such a store by havin'

for dinner when the deacon returned. Re-

moving his wet garments, he seated himself forth, in his chair, moodily holding his head between his hands. "Did you get the turkey back, father?"

"No!" curtly answered the deacon. Mrs. Patten looked surprised at this sharp The deacon gazed steadily at the floor dropped his hands into his lap and raised his

"Mother." he said in a convincing tone them Davids took that turkey." "Why, father!" exclaimed Mrs. Patten, dropping her knife. "'Tain't like you to peak so of anybody," and she leaned to the loor and took up the knife again.

"Course it ain't. Wouldn't say such a I'd go down the road a piece and see if any

nough there was a white heap on the man-"Snowdrift probably," interposed Mrs.

Patten.
"'Twasn't no snowdrift. Snowdrifts don't ought to have a lock on the door, Dick; some

right 'nough."
"Perhaps so—and perhaps they found it

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1896. resentment nursed over night, had grown into a passion when he set out for the David

homestead the next day. Mrs. Patten watched him depart with a sinking heart. Her eyes followed him down the road as he went with great strides through the almost unbroken snow. Then she dropped into a chair by the window and watched for his return. Almost before she expected to see him he came in sight. Mrs. Patten rose to

turkey."
"How do I know?" roared the deacon. "Can't I see an' hear?" And making an effort to get control of his voice he continued:
"I jest got to the door an' was goin' to knock
"Land aakes, mother! I clean forget to when, I see something white blowin' 'round get any. But I'll get one an' throw it out on the snow. It was feathers. I was so at the door when I go past," and he started upset I didn't know what to do. I didn't expect they'd be so careless with their underhand work. I jest stood there, an' then I "And now the white one, father?" asked

an' they all laughed."

"That didn't make it your turkey, did it?" Dick!' an' Dick says, 'Oh, it went in the shed behind the deacon's barn and I knocked to do it." it over with a hard snowball, an' before it knew where it was, it was comin' home under my arm.' Then the little girl says, 'I wonder if that old duffer has missed it yet,' meanin' me-Deacon Patten-that's been

and higher till it ended in a shriek. "Now, there, there, father. Perhaps

an' wouldn't I give 'em all they asked for!"
"Taking things to them of your own free will, that's giving; but letting them have what they come and ask for, that's begging, for them. I know you've been good to them. So have the other neighbors. But since this bad spell of weather we haven't felt that we supper table and looking inquiringly at the bors have neglected them, too. There's no

"That's no excuse for their stealin'." "Perhaps not, but we must remember i the first time we've had any reason to think hard of them; and I never knew any good to come of spvin' 'round after one's neighbors

and it ain't like you to do it, either." "Hain't I a right to know where my things are goin' to? Why, didn't they take one of the russet turkeys. They knowed I was savin' the white one. Jest wanted to be as mean as they could. Then eat it to-day, 'cause they knowed I always sent 'em one for to morrow. But they've fooled themselves this time. They'll not get another thing ou of this old duffer. Oh, no-"

The deacon's harangue was cut short by loud knock at the kitchen door. Mrs. Pat ten went to the door and opened it. "Morning, deacon," said a cherry voice from the outside. "The folks are going out to dinner to-morrow, and I thought I'd come and see if I could borrow your sled to haul down Widow David's things to-night. The women folks have a pile fixed for her." "No," growled the deacon, starting to

ward the door, "you can't have anything of mine to help folks that ain't honest." "Don't say a word about it father," sup-plicated Mrs Patten, but the deacon brushed

of the neighbors seen the turkey, an' when I got 'long by the Davids' barn I thought I'd peek in an' see if 'twas in there. Sere of her own she had fashioned over for Mrs. David, a shawl she had added to the pile by | Catarrh of Long Standing Relieved in a Few a little sacrifice. There were the vegetables and some dainties she had prepared for them

turkey for dinner. A few minutes later he landed in the middle of the kitchen with a

excited deacon.
"Mother wants to know if you'll let us "Mother wants to know it you'll let us
have a few potatoes for to-day, and we'll
pay you as soon as we get some money."

"When will you get any money, I'd like
to know!" demanded the descon.

"Dick's going to get some," proudly an-

"Dick! What'll he get money for?"

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

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give him two dollars for every white owl he'd ketch, an' he's got one now. He had two,

him he came in sight. Mrs. Patten rose to her feet, shaded her eyes with her hand and peered anxiously out at him as he approached. He was empty handed. On he came, stumbling along through the snow, pausing here and there to turn back and shake his clenched fist at the receeding home of the Davids. He had started out full of anger, he was returning in a towering passion. Mrs. Patten sank back in her chair with a sigh, her heart filled with forebodings as to what might have happened, when the deacon entered, closed the door behind him with a bang and threw himself into his chair.

"You need never say another word for them Davids," he gasped, struggling to recover his breath.

"Cause we hadn't anything else." And as the look of amazement on the deacon's face was followed by one of disgust, she hastened to add, "It wasn't so bad. We made believe it was turkey and—"

But the deacon fied to the barn and remained there, till he saw the child, well laden, leave the yard.

"Did you ever hear the like, mother? With all we've got to spare, here's our next neighbor eatin' no wal. Ain't fit for nothing," and the deacon fussed around getting into his storm coat. "I'm goin' to hitch right up an' you'll have to fly 'round, 'cause we hadn't anything else." And as the look of amazement on the deacon's face was followed by one of disgust, she hastened to add, "It wasn't so bad. We made believe it was turkey and—"

With all we've got to spare, here's our next neighbor eatin' no wal. Ain't fit for nothing," and the deacon fussed around getting into his storm coat. "T'm goin' to hitch right up an' you'll have to fly 'round, 'cause was followed by one of disgust, she hastened to add, "It wasn't so bad. We made believe it was turkey and—"

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"No use getting excited! Them Davids have eat up my white turkey!"
"Did they say so?" quietly asked Mrs. Patten. "If they did so, it was because there was a mistake somewhere, and if they didn't say so, how do you know they ate the turkey!"

"I've been thinkin' I'll have Dick come an' do the chores. He'll get his meals here, an' then we'll have a way to send things home by him, an' we'll know whether our neighbor's got things fit to eat, or eatin' owls. Ough! I'd rather eat your old dish rag, mother. It would be jest as tender, an' twice a cread tastic."

twice as good tastin'."
"Where's the turkey for dinner?" called

heard the dishes rattlin', an' one the girls say, 'I'll have some more turkey, mother,' an' they all laughed."

Mrs. Patten in surprise as she looked down upon the big russet turkey she found at her feet when she opened the door.

"That didn't make it your turkey, did it?"
"Didn't, hey? You wait. Pretty soon ome one says, 'How did you ever ketch it, It would just choke me. I said them Dav-

"I've never preached or taught," said Ben Adhem, " but I've had some little experience helpin' them for three years. Me an' old duffer!" and the deacon's voice rose higher instance which occurred on my father's farm

in good old Ohio. "Zeke was a raw, very ungainly and very they did do all you say," said Mrs. Patten, almost convinced against her will. "But if they did take the turkey you can just depend on it they had need of it."
"Need of it! Hain't I always helped 'em an' wouldn't I give 'em all they larged form." foot, and, as the days began to grow chill father took it upon himself to buy Zeke a pair of stout shoes. The presentation was a sorrowful scene. Zeke held the shoes disconsolately by the string which held them

" Why, what's the matter Zeke? Don't

broke into a lubbering expression of woe.
"'Yes, sir,' he said, gulping hard; 'but I could have went without suffering fer a scarf pin."

Heart Relief. RIGHT YEARS' HANGING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH WITH ACUTE HEART DISEASE—AND IN 30 MINUTES AFTER TAKING THE HEART RELIEF COMES-WHAT IT

DID FOR ALFRED COULDRY, WEST SHEF-FORD, QUE., IT CAN DO FOR ANY SUF-FERER FROM THE SAME CAUSE. "I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried, and failed to give me railed, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a pemanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case while this great cure is to be had, I cheerfully sanotion the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good." Sold by S. N. Weare.

The Grandeur of a Church. We should never think of complaining of plicated Mrs Patten, but the deacon brushed her aside and closed the door behind him as he went out. A short time after, the man left the yard, following his team on foot and Mrs. Patten knew the deacon had not shielded his neighbor. and Mrs. Patten knew the deacon had not shielded his neighbor.

Mrs. David and her three children, the oldest, a boy of fifteen, had lived for three years in the little black house beyond the Pattens. It had been an abandoned house for years, but the willing hands and the generosity of the neighbors made it fit for habitation, and a continuance of that same generosity, together with the work she obtained, enabled the widow to eke out a living and keep her household together. But the heavy snow storms had shut off their neighbors and their offerings had been laid saide to swell the donation they were executomed to make on Christmas. Mrs. Patten thought of her own part of that donation. There were the woollen stockings and mittens she

and some dainties she had prepared for them
—all doomed, alas! never to reach the widow
and her family. Then she thought of the
deacon's long illness in the spring, when her
neighbor's ready assistance and kindly symparthy brought both rest and comfort. Could
such Christian solicitude come from an unworthy heart?

Christmas dawned cold and bright, a
cheer-brigging morning to everyone but the
deacon, who gloomily sat around in the kitchen. Finally acting upon Mrs. Patten's
advice, he started for the barn to secure a
turkey for dinner. A few minutes later he

Hours.

It is not alone the people of our own counserty, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe,
M.P. of Joliette, Que., and other members
of Parliament, who having used Dr. Agnew's
Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most
effective remedy they have ever known, but
people everywhere are expressing their graticine at the effectiveness of this medicine.
C. G. Archer of Brewer, Maine, says: "I
have had catarrh for several years. Water
would run from my eyes and nose days at a
time. About four months ago I was induced
to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and
since using the wonderful remedy I have not
had an attack. I would not be without it."
It relieves in ten ninutes. Sold by S. N.
Weare.

jump that sent the unbaked custard in Mrs.

—Aconcagua, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, is to be thoroughly explored by an expedition fitted out by Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, the explorer of the New Zealand Alps, which recently left England for Buenos der the barn when I was tryin' to coax up
th' others. It's got under there an' been
drifted in an' them Davids—"
But Mrs. Patten had succeeded in reaching
him, and turning his attention to the other
side of the stove, where sat the youngest
David child holding a small basket.
"What do you want?" blurted out the
Mount Everest, in India, the highest mountier the small of the mountain heights
on the human system, as he intends to scale
Mount Everest, in India, the highest moun-

-Minard's Liniment Cures Disten

Weekin



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Little Henry smiled delightedly into Mr.
Turner's broad red face, and concealed the turkey under his overcoat while he dashed home. He was so fat that when his overcoat was buttoned up the turkey couldn's fall out if it tried. "Hooray! We're going to have Christmas when mother gets home. I've got a turkey," he cried, throwing the bird on the table before May'an. "But"—doubtfully—"I don't believe you know how to cook it, May'an."

"I don't think I ever did cook one,"
May'an laughed at the turkey and at Henry's excitement. "But it can't be harder than anything else. We'll have it the night mother gets home."

May'an wrapped the turkey in paper and down the turkey in the country found the turkey in turkey. He fretted and spluttered over the ginger-spiced in their barn and shut it till they found where it belongs. It in their barn and shut it till they found where it belongs. It is turkey after all."

"Not my turkey! Whose is it then, I'm turkey after all."

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"Not my turkey! Whose is it then, I'm turke

only a bad sprain; he could be moved next week, and they would get home Thursday dren, and that little Henry had not had another attack of bronchitis. May'an handed the letter to Jessie, and went back to her

to-morrow," thought May'an. She needed the fire; she sewed every minute faithfully.

There was no lack of work. Mrs. Barlow

nade clothes for all the small male inhabi-

Wednesday will be New Year's," resees our turkey, May'an?"
"We can stuff the turkey Thursday morning," thoughtfully observed Jessie, putting the letter into its envelope, and clasping her

ands over her knees before the fire.

ing a row of holes in the table with her needle. "There's all kinds of spices in the box-we haven't used any in six months." "Put plenty of nutmeg and ginger!" exclaimed Henry.
"I think it should be parsley and sag and thyme and—onions and cracker-crumbs and—some other things," hesitated Jessie. May'an looked doubtful. "I might ask

"Don't ask her, May'an! Don't ask he nything. She's been in every day just to ee what we have to eat. The turkey must taste good if we put in lots of good things-"I s'pose so, Jessie!" May'an couldn't

say more with her mouth full of pins. Thursday morning a consultation was held over the turkey. Everybody contributed to the stuffing, first with advice, then with more materials. Into the bread-crumbs went ginger and cinnamon, nutmeg and ground cloves, besides the thyme, sage and parsley recommended by Jessie. Henry wanted to add a handful of raisins and curants. May'an felt that to stuff a turkey was a greater burden than to make trouser

for the seven Turner boys. "It smells awful good!" cried little Henry, taking long sniffs with his hands in his pockets. He gloated over the turkey, poking its bones here and there, while he pondered how delicious it would taste when browned in the oven. He put a spoonful of vanilla in the stuffing when May'an turned her back. "It must be good," declared Jessie paring apples for a pie, which was to crown the

ast. "Don't you think it will, May'an?"

I hope so, I'm sure!" May'an lifted her flushed face from filling the turkey. "Don't grate the nutmeg, Henry. I'll get a needle and thread, and sew this up. Two o'clock is time enough to put it in, if the fire's good. Mother won't be home till five." It was a dull afternoon. Toward night snow began drifting lazily down. Henry divided his time between the windows,

"Here they come, Henry," called Jessie, from her corner.

Mr. Turner's butcher waggon drove up. Everybody rushed to the door. Mrs. Bar low got out first, looking tired and anxious. She smiled as her eyes rested on the rotund form and rosy cheeks of little Henry. A

his hands, and looked contentedly at the neatly laid supper-table, and Jessie reading her irons might be ready for pressing. The

"And won't we have Christmas to-mor row?" demanded little Henry, in dismay." "Certainly, Christmas. A good piece of corn-beef and potatoes for dinner. We'll go out to night and buy greens for father's picture." "We all stuffed the turkey, Mother, called little Henry, telling about his wonder ful prize. "We put in all the good things we could think of; didn't we, Jessie?" "There's an odd smell about it, somehov

> very reticent while she nursed him, and paid out every cent so grudgingly that she was afraid he had hardly money enough to get Uncle Henry cut open the turkey, and fell back in his chair. "Ginger!" he cried. "What did you pu "Isn't it right," faltered May'an.

Uncle Henry shouted with laughter. He helped them all around to the spiced turkey; f bacon.

"1t'll keep 'till yer ma gets back, and ye

amid questions and exclamations from Mrs.

Barlow, and awkward explanations from turns, and had hard work to keep from Little Henry smiled delightedly into Mr. orying at Uncle Henry's merciless jests.

mother gets home."

May'an wrapped the turkey in paper and hung it in the woodshed. There was no danger it wouldn't keep. The weather was bitterly cold; the coal vanished with alarming rapidity.

"I started nome with a little Caristmas and when I fell I'm going down there tomorrow an' tell 'em and Jessie too. I was so mad when I fell I'm going down there tomorrow an' tell 'em off that car, and had to send for you, that I wouldn't tell you then. Thinks I, "I'll take it home. Yes I will!"

And he did. Gentle Mrs. Patten labored have our Christmas a week after date!" in vain to make the deacon take a more

tants of Chester. Some customers paid promptly, and some didn't. People wanted so much money for Christmas presents.

Four days after Christmas came a letter over," and so are the presents—we'll fill up

separate places, and were fastened in among the papers.
"Now—pass around the Christmas turkey,

"Mother first!" said Uncle Henry. took possession of one of the fat rolls.
"There's nothing left for you, Uncle

nousand dollars—eh?"
"Henry—I can pay off the mortgage John housand dollars-eh?"

ner's got: but we'll let mother stuff it next time!" laughed Uucle Henry. He patted

gone," said Deacon Patten as he took off his great coat and sent a shower of snowflakes "Gone," repeated Mrs. Patten, setting the steaming coffee pot in her hands upon the could go so far, and perhaps the other neigh-

storm when it had plenty to eat here. If anything had been 'round an' took it the I'd kill it to-morrow, an' hang it up for t then 't won't be any kind of a Christmas without it." "Perhaps it will turn up by morning. Come to supper father." And so the deacon seated himself before the steaming coffee

golden honey, the lost turkey was for a time forgotten. But the search was taken up again the next morning. After bringing in the milk the deacon returned to the barn and Mrs. Patten caught glimpses of him hunting as she passed back and forth before the kitchen window, doing her work. Finally he left the yard and went out into the road. The housework was finished, a row of crisp pies on the pantry shelf told of Mrs. Patten's left handiwork, and she was paring potatoes

asked Mrs. Patten after an interval of silence. one and waited for him to speak again.

hing if 'twasn't so. You see, I thought

flap their wings, I guess. While I was tryin' to find a crack to get a square look at it, Dick David and one of the girls come to the "We did put in ginger, and all kinds of pices! Ain't it good?" asked Jessie, quick-I'll open the door a bit, an' you put your head in an' take a look.' Then he fussed with the door an' after a minute the girl says, 'Hain't he a big fellow? But you body might open it an' let him get away;' an' then they fastened the door an' went to the house. I knowed where my turkey was,