

'That's the way I figure it out. Well, you come over to my house the first day of January and I'll have the money for you. I won't get the money on this contract until then, and my folks have dinged all my ready money away from me for their Christmas nonsense.'

Bert was too much surprised and disappointed to speak for a moment. Then he said, 'If you could let me have just a part of it.'

'Don't see how I can, Bert. I need all the money I've got on hand. It's only about a week until the first of January. I guess you'll have to wait. Wish you'd pile up them boards behind you before you go. I've got to be off right now.'

He took his overcoat from a peg in the wall near the door of the sawmill, and departed without noticing how Bert's lips quivered as he said, 'All right, sir.'

But in his heart Bert thought that it was all wrong. He had been so sure of receiving his money that when the mill had been stopped for repairs one day of the previous week he had walked to Hillsboro, and selected the doll and some other things for Helen, fearing that the best of everything would be gone if he waited until the day before Christmas. Having found just such a doll as Helen had described—no other like it was left in the only toy store in Hillsboro—he had had it and a few other toys put aside for him in a box, for which he had promised to call by twelve o'clock on the day before Christmas.

'And now I can't get them,' he said, bitterly. 'They'll be sold to some one else if I'm not there by noon. Oh, it's meaner than mean for Jason Woods to keep me out of my money. He is the richest man in town. He could pay me if he would! Poor little Helen! I haven't a cent with which to keep my promise to her, and there's only one day between now and Christmas! The child will be so disappointed! And I wanted to get some little things to put on the tree for the Hawes children. Their mother has been so good to Helen and me!'

He brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his rough, red hand as he went into the mill to get his old overcoat, which was worn beyond repair. It hung on a peg close to the one from which Jason Woods had taken his own thick, warm overcoat. Bert set down his little tin dinner-pail, and when he stooped to pick it up he saw a little roll of green paper lying by the pail.

'Why! it's money!' he exclaimed. He smoothed out the little roll and found it to consist of four almost new five-dollar bills.

'Twenty dollars! Exactly what he owes me!' exclaimed Bert. 'And Jason Woods said he didn't have any money! This belongs to me by all that is fair and just! It is my rightful due! It is mine! I'll tell him boldly that I found the money, and kept it because I had a right to it! Now Helen can have her doll! I'll go to Hillsboro to-morrow!'

If Jason Woods had a 'soft spot' in his heart it was for his little granddaughter Marjorie, who was just the age of Helen Dodge. Hence Jason entered the toy store in Hillsboro on the day before Christmas in search of things for Marjorie's stocking.

'She wanted me to get her a big doll

with real hair and real shoes, a doll that would make a noise, and open and shut its eyes, and she wanted it to have on a hat and a muff to put its hands in.'

'Well, I've only one doll of that kind left, Mr. Woods,' said the proprietor. 'And I don't know that I ought to tell it. You see it's like this: A lad of sixteen or seventeen came in here and bought the doll and some other things one day last week, and had them put aside for him, saying that he would come for them by noon to-day. I don't often sell goods that way, particularly to strangers, but this was such an honest-looking boy, and he seemed so anxious to have the doll and other things saved for him until to-day that I agreed to do it. By the way, he said that he was working for a man over in Horton, where you live, and that he'd get his pay last night. He said he wanted the doll for his little sister. He looked as if he'd better spend the two dollars the doll cost on clothes for himself. Well, it's now after one o'clock and he said he'd be here by noon, so I feel free to sell it. I can't have an expensive doll like that left on my hands.'

He took a box from under the counter as he spoke and said, 'Here it is with his name on it—Bertram D. Dodge. Maybe you know him.'

'Yes, I do.'

'Do you suppose he'll come for all these things?'

'I can't say, probably not.'

'Maybe he didn't get the money he expected to get last night.'

'No, he—he—maybe he didn't.'

'Well, I guess you may have the doll. But I can't help feeling a little sorry for the boy. He had a good face, and I know his heart was set on having the doll. He'll be awfully disappointed if somebody has kept him out of his money. That's a thing I couldn't do; but I suppose there are plenty of people who will take advantage of a boy when they would hardly care to ask a man to wait for his pay. Excuse me a few minutes while I wait on that lady.'

As Jason Woods looked at the doll and the few cheap little things in the box, his slumbering conscience awoke. He thought how hard and faithfully Bert had worked, and he remembered now that the boy had looked almost frightened when told that he was not to get his money the evening before. When the proprietor of the store came back Jason said:

'I'll take that box of things just as it is, and the next best doll you've got.'

Half an hour later the owner of the sawmill was on his way home. It was very cold, and it had begun to snow. He had driven about three miles when he came to a boy sitting on a log by the roadside, who called out excitedly:

'Stop, Mr. Woods, stop! I want to see you!'

Bert thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought forth a roll of bills. 'Here,' he said, 'I'm sure this money belongs to you. There's twenty dollars of it. I found it in the sawmill last night. I've been sitting on that log two hours trying to make myself think I had a right to keep it because you owed me that much. Here's the money. I beg your pardon for keeping it so long. I did wrong.'

'Put the money into your pocket, Bert. It belongs to you, for I owe it to you. Get

into the sleigh and let me carry you back home. I've got the doll and the other things you had put aside at the toy store. I am going to be little Helen's Santa Claus this year and yours, too. You worked overtime several days, and I didn't allow you anything for it, so I've made it up to you in a Christmas present of a new overcoat that I've got under the sleigh seat. Get up there, Nell, what's the matter with you?'

A Real Santa Claus With Live Reindeer.

'The Work at Home' quotes a part of a letter from Dr. Sheldon Jackson, written from the Reindeer Station, not far from the A. M. A. mission at Cape Prince of Wales, in which he tells this story of how a live Santa Claus made a midnight visit with a team of reindeer in the far north:

I told the children about Santa Claus, asking them to tie their fur stockings up near their beds, as he was coming to visit them for the first time and would remember every child.

I made up a lot of little bags out of empty flour sacks, and into each one put eight cubes of white sugar, about a dozen pieces of dried apples and a dozen raisins—not a very appropriate assortment for a Christmas present for a white child, but it was the best we had, and I found afterwards the selection was much appreciated by the little Eskimo. Although our supplies were very limited, I concluded to take enough from such as we had and to give each family the same assortment. It was made up of a tin can filled with flour, eight navy biscuits, one pint of rice, one-half pound of sugar and one-third of a pound of tea.

There are ten houses in the village, and about 100 persons all told. The supplies above enumerated were made up into ten packages. I had the herders harness one of our deer teams to a sled, and at twelve o'clock started with four natives for the village, a half mile west of the station. When we reached the first house I took a flash-light view of the deer, standing just by the little skin window, through which a faint gleam of light was thrown from the oil lamp burning below.

It occurred to me that perhaps this was the first time in the history of civilization that a live Santa Claus made his visit upon an errand of mercy with a team of reindeer, and that the Eskimo were the first actually to experience what throughout Christendom is only a myth.

It became necessary to dig away the frost from one corner of the window in order to get the packages through, and in nearly every instance the operation alarmed those below, when a package was immediately dropped down and they became quiet. I peeped through their little skin windows and saw them dancing around in high glee, old and young, and expressing their thankfulness for the many good things received, the like of which they had never before eaten. The hour I spent in this service was one of supreme delight, for the little handful of food I distributed made the bright eyes of one hundred people glisten with happy