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Mamitar.

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BRIDGETOWN, N. S. VOL. 26.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1898.

NO. 40.

CLOTHING

BOOTS & SHOES at CUT PRICES Men's Ulsters, ...: \$5 00 \$3 50 Men's Long Boots,: \$4 00 \$3 50 " heavy Bellow Tongue Boots, 1 50 1 15 Boy's Ulsters, :::: :::: 4 25 " " Wax " " 2 25 Men's fine extra-lined Overcoats " long Oil-tan Felt-lined " 2 75 of best make and quality:::: 12 00 10 00 " ankle Felt-lined Boots ::::: 2 50 Men's Heavy Blue Overcoats 8 00 6 00 " extra grained, bel.-tongue, 250 Black Pilot Cloth " Long-legged Lace Boots :::: 2 75 Overcoats, satin lined ::: 10 00 7 25 " Rubber Boots. ::::: 3 55 Men's fine Brown and Grey 7 50 Lumberman's Rubbers, ::::: 1 75 1 25 Overcoats, :::: :::: 10 00 5 50 Men's Extra Buff Boots, 2 25 1 75 Men's Canadian Tweed Suits, 9 00 6 25 Men's Fine Dongola, extra value 3 00 · 2 38 O golden love, O youth and age, " " 10 00 " 10 00 8 25 Men's Fine bongota, extra value 2 00 0 living and desiring, Our hearts shall tune to many songs, Our hearts shall tune to many songs, Our lives to many jarrings! " Heavy Reefer Suits in be closed out at cost. blue, black and brown, 10 00 6 80 Shall steal a consolation—
That thou, O mighty Father, Son,
Will send they benediction! Heavy Working Pants, 1 25 and Lace Kid Boots. Tweed Pants, 1 50 1 20 1 95

1 35 Oxford Ties, ::::: ::::: \$1 75 \$1 25 1 65 Fancy Slippers, ::::: 1 50 1 00 2 00 Fancy Slippers, 1 75 1 20 Ah, me, the times have changed and past 2 25 Ladies' Long-legged Rubbers 2 25 1 85 2 40 Overboots and Cardigans at 10 per cent 3 10 discount.

4 00 2 75 Full lines of Boy's, Youth's and Children's Boots at prices that cannot be beat.

I keep a fine line of Horse Blankets, Woollen Robes, Wolf Robes, Harnesses, Halters Whips, Combs, Brushes. " 4 50 3 75 Also Top Buggies, Concord Waggons, Carts,

Plows, Harrows, in fact all kinds of # have a line of Boys' Overcoats which I will Farming Tools.

MAIso I have a few Ladies' Fine Cloaks and Flour, Meal and Feed at lowest Cash prices.

chasing elsewhere. Land Surveyor, 5 p. c. Discount on above prices for Cash.

See my stock of GENTS' FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, TIES, Etc. WANTED-Any quantity of good Butter, Oats, Eggs, Wool and Cash.

BURNS. JI JE -

5 00

..... 3 50

Youths' Suits, 2 50 1 75

" " 3 50 **2 75**

Coats Call and see them before pur-

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Evangeline Sash, Door & Planing Works, BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

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Having two large Dry Houses, we can guarantee delivering Dry Stock. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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FALL AND WINTER STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

OVERSHOES! -Men's Manitobas, Ladies' Manitobas. Misses' Manitobas, Children's Manitobas, Men's Snow Excluders,

OVERSHOES! Men's City Jersey Excluders, 2 buckle. Men's Drab Gaiters. Men's 2-buckle Snow Excluders

Women's Carnival Overshoes,

Men's City Jersey Arctics, " Gipsey Queen Overshoes. RUBBER BOOTS! RUBBER BOOTS! Men's Rubber Boots (Canada), Ladies' Rubber Boots, Misses' Rubber Boots, Men's Rubber Boots (pebble-legs),

Men's Rubber Boots (Woonsocket), Children's Rubber Boots. WHITE KID SLIPPERS. WOOL SOLES, all sizes. A large stock of LEATHER GOODS, all of the best makes MURDOCH'S BLOCK, GRANVILLE STREET. E. A. COCHRAN

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The subscriber offers for sale his valuable farm situated 2½ miles from Bridgetown. This is an Al hay farm, two large orchards, one small plum orchard, good pasture and wood land. House and outbuildings in good order. About two-thirds purchase money can remain on mortgage. Apply to W. M. SCOTT. Bridgetown, May 2nd, 1898.

CAUTION ! All persons indebted to the estate of the late J. AVARD MORSE, either by r, occurs or promissory notes, are hereby noti fied that all payments of the same must be made to the understoned as no person hereby consists.

E. BENT, J. B. GILES. \ E2 zecutors.

TEN YEARS A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM. NOW CAN WALK.

Briley's Brook, Antigonish Co., N. S. Oct. 25th, 1898. To Egyptian Rheumatic Oil Co., Ltd .: -DEAR SIRS, - For ten years my daughter Barbara Ellen has been a sufferer from the effects of rheumatism; the last two years of which she had not the use of her limbs and has been totally unable to walk. Early in September I purchased a bottle of EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL and

after the external application of one bottle my daughter was able to walk across the my daugnter was able to walk across the house without any assistance whatever. I could scarcely believe it at first, and I feared a relapse, but after some weeks, she still continued to improve, and is now recovering rapidly the former use of her limbs. It therefore gives me pleasure to testify to ing under her breath. therefore gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL, which has wrought such a wondrous cure on my daughter. "O my suz! It's joggled over!"

Yours truly, ISABELLA CHISHOLM (Cutter).

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HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES, SLEIGH BELLS, ANKLE BOOTS, AXLE GREASE, HARNESS OIL HARNESS SOAP, GALL CURE, CONDITION POWDER, LEAMING'S ESSENCE, FRIARS' BALSAM,

ALSO Flour, Meal, Feed, Groceries and Confectionery so cheap that it will make you laugh

Because he gives no credit, it will pay you to get prices before purchasing elsewhere. ALL GOODS FIRST-CLASS.

E. YOUNG. Lawrencetown, Nov. 25th, 1898.



CEALED TENDERS addressed to the und

s not bind itself to accept pepartment tender.
By order.
E. F. E. ROY.
Sec.

Octawa, Nov. 28th, 1898.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO SAVE ke shares for your children. \$3 per month, it kept up till maturity, will yield \$500. This will take from eight to nine years. The Equitable Savings, Loan & Building

A Yuletide Reverie. Ah, times are changed since we were young.
There's much o' good and much o' folly;
long to take a backward glance,
When we were boys and life was jolly.

Boetry.

Along the snow white country road We sped in Christmas times so merry To where the little gray spired church In festive trim and lights so cherry.

And young and old in Christmastide Alike in happy heartfelt pleasure Made warm and bright at Christmas night The old gray church in gospel measure. Ah, me, the times are changing fast!
There's much o' good and much o' folly,
Could we but live again such days,
Their mistletce and holly!

Their golden dreams and sweet young life, Their searching and their striving,
Their noble thoughts and glowing hearts,
A glory thus in living;

Sit side by side and murmur low; Again their vows are plighted.

And when the solemn Yuletide song Shall stir our hearts to sadness
The thought of Thee on yonder throne
Shall melt them into gladness.

So lives in memory green and fair That part of life the brightest, And God shall make the darker parts Of all the best and richest.

-Philadelphia Public Ledger Christmas Tide. "A MERRY CHRISTMAS!" How the old

For hopes fulfilled not, that the years have Into their keeping, like the tears ye shed. 'A Merry Christmas!" Let the happy

for us, E'en as the dawn of morning after night. A Merry Christmas!" Be ye thankful ever For friendship that is left, warm, sure, and strong, For love that fills your hearts with high en-

Live life anew. Ye do the Past no wrong. "A Merry Christmas!" Life has halting pudding. He dipped in his knife blade and pudding. places,
Where ye may pause in all the busy strife
To comfort those whose sorrow-stricken faces
Tell their own story in the book of life.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!" Raise on With spirits leaping at the sound of mirth far nobler than all sorrow is your folly That sheds "good-will" and gladness o'er the earth. -Harriet Kentdall.

Select Ziterature.

The Loan of a Christmas Tree.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL. "It joggles!" she said. The bowl was slippery and big, and she held it pinched tight between her little palms. The small fingers strained themselves in the struggle "It joggles-it joggles!" she kept repeat-

The heavy plank door behind swung to with a bang, and two or three drops of the gravy spluttered up into Roxy's anxious

"Never mind, Hopper Thumb! There's a plenty left behind," her father said con-

He was carrying the rest of the men's dinner. The tin plates clanked together in the basket and a steamy whiff of boiled meat issued from the covered pail in his other hand. They made a rather queer pair. He was big and grizzled and homely, while the preoccu nied little face under his elbow looked out from a mesh of curly flax, through beautiful blue eyes. But that they were father and daughter was evident enough. They went on down the big, bare room towards the table in the farther end. The men were grouped around it, waiting.
"Hello, there, Thumb Hopper, what you

fetchin' along inside o' that there pannikin? Glenny Cox called out. His rough voice seemed keyed to unaccus-

tomed softness. Roxy set down the bowl with a sigh of "Guess it!" she cried, putting her stiff little hands behind her.

"Treacle!" said Glenny Cox. "Cam'mile tea," joined in Pepper Higgins, ruffly.
His voice, too, had kindly underlying

"Consummate soup," Big Bickford said. They all laughed boisterously. Roxy brought one forefinger round in front again, and pointed it at Glenny, enunciating littl emphatic syllables with its accompa "Su-gar'n'-egg pud-din'-sauce!" she said gravely. "I made it."

The men applauded with heels and palms.
"I made it myself," went on Roxy, t. It's a treat 'cause to-morrow's Christmas you know. There's a puddin' to eat it on in

She stood by watching her father the plates and dole out generously the savory meat. He set the pudding beside her bowl. "I'm goin' to hang up my stocking, ain't you, Glenny?" she queried eagerly. "Ain't you, Pepper?"

"Go call Nantucket to dinner, Hoppe Thumb, her father said. Nan Tucker's little room opened off the pattered away toward it obediently. Burly
"A christmas—I guess it must be awful!"

Her round chin ingratiated itself into her small, cold palms and a little elbow rested on each knee. She swayed gently from side to side, keeping time to her thoughts.

"Yes, sirree—the best one this county'll show up. I spotted it out in the south pasture yesterday. Mother Grane and me's goin' to dress her up magnificent, may I tell

a Christmas—I guess it must be awful!"

Her round chin ingratiated itself into her small, cold palms and a little elbow rested on each knee. She swayed gently from side to side, keeping time to her thoughts.

"I wish papa'd let 'em all out to-morrow, like other folks. I wouldn't let Glenny run away and he's the biggest. Papa could tend as usual.

"Sit down—sit down!" commanded the Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria. big corridor down near the door, and Roxy

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

His preoccupation failed to discern the dear!"

wontedly keen wits.

Up the corridor came "Nantucket," holding little Roxy's hand. Her sulky, ill favored face had softened a little, as it always straightening her little bent back. ored face had softened a little, as it always did when the child was near. Roxy led her up to the bowl of pudding and explained the details to her with grave pride.

After the father and daughter had gone

Roxy's, of course it had its way. Roxy

Roxy's had become and mathematically had become and mathematically had become and mathematically had become a small what her gone have done the little kid himself.

Nantucket gathered up her gifts into her course it had its way. Roxy

away, and the great iron clamped door had usually had her way. Her father and moth- apron and slipped across to Glenny. swung too noisely behind them, with the shrill squeak of the keys in its locks, the notion but what could they do?

apron and slipped across to "Well?" she whispered. "Well?" she whispered. "Well, Nantuck'?" men straightened back on their benches and looked at each other again consciously. Nantucket ate her dinner in sulky uncon-

"You better go, too, Nantuck'," said Pepper, prodding her arm with his knife.

"No, I ain't goin'," the woman replied listlessly. "I've made up my mind not to. What's the use?" "Well, you're a silly, that's what. We

ellows are goin' out to-morrow night, right in the plum middle of the little kid's Christtree racket. That's the game! There won't be no time like it till next Christmas. The boss'll be off scent, ontyin' doll babies an' candy bags an' merry makin' like sixty. He ain't even quite himself, the boss ain't, when the kid's havin' a celebrate—an' a Christmas tree! That's the game!"

Nantucket raised her eyes from her plate. A gleam of malice shone in them. "You've had uncommon good success 'goin' out,' ain't you?" she said. "Oh, yes, words waken
A thrill and throb for many a Christmas fled.

Was the boss merry-makin' the last time, when Pepper got his arm broke kind of accidental, an' Big Bickford's nose got a hip-roof in it?"

Bring a new thrill, new freedom, new deself describin' what it'll be like to us? An' Glenny walked round the corridor uneasily, land for so many years known as the dark

and dripping the clear sauce over his slice of

the table and brought hi ingly upon it, jingling the plates.
"I say boys," he exclaimed, "I'm blessed if I don't kind of hate to leave the little kid!"

There was a moment-two, three-of si-

en only by a patter of Roxy's little feet and She clutched at her dress with tense, Nantucket's slow, soft shuffle. Occasionhooked fingers, and her voice spent itself in a clumsy sob. Then she shuffled down the hall to her cell, the silent men watching her. The jail at Chillicothe was never very full. Either the county's moral record was unusually praiseworthy, as the county people they hid under their matresses. Faint remthemselves proudly believed, or, as scoffers up on their grizzled faces still lingered affirmed, the county was too small to spare more than half a dozen of its bread winners there, softening the uncouth lines and makfor wrong doing. Anyhow, the fact reing them look unwontedly good. mained that big Ben Crane's official duties Little wrinkles radiated from the corners were not irksome or specially hazardous. his whole lowering face. He sat down on his He had plenty of time to keep his potato rows clean and thrifty, and his strawberry bed and swung his crossed foot back and forth slowly. Suppressed childish laughs drifted in to him once in a while, and the

bed and apple trees were famous far and He and his wife and Roxy lived in the cozy white-painted, green-blinded L of the jail. Gay hollyhocks and tree dahlias, in summer, nodded in through its windows at Roxy, standing on her little cricket washing dishes. But about the grim, brick-walled jail, with its sinister window bars, no flowers grew at all. It loomed up, surly and ill-

omened, an evil spot on the whole sun-fleeked, peaceful landscape.

That it must be there at all was a person grievance to many and many a good house mother within view of it. But Roxy was used to it. She had looked at it out of wide baby eyes, and, ever since, it had been a familiar part of everything to her. She trudged in and out among its inhabitants with fearless familiarity, carrying with her little whiffs of blessed innocence. Sometimes she grieved over parting with some pleton. Nantuck' laughin'!"

" Ready !"

"Ready !"

with astonishment.

big shoulders with a subdued chuckle.

friendly culprit whose time was served out, and could hardly be comforted. Roxy had a compassionate little heart un-der her blue-checked pinafore. That was why she sat so long on the stairs that day before Christmas, letting her father go on alone with his empty basket. She was

BARRISTER

SOLICITOR.

ONEY TO LOAN ON BEAL ESTATE

His preoccupation failed to discern the quick glances that passed between the men, and the elbow nudge Pepper Higgins administered to Glenny. The Christmas spirit had istered to Glenny. The Christmas spirit had taken possession of him to the dulling of his wontedly keen wits.

A student possession of him to the dulling of his grew to generous size and took possession of some gay trifle. Caudy bags and oranges her.
"Why! Why!" she cried, jumping up and on the benches beside the men, and on their "Wby, knees lay dainty, childish treasures. They

Christmas morning began under clear skies. The earth was flecked lightly here back. and there with snow heaps—"freckels,"

Roxy called them—but everywhere else was
brown, bare earth. The dry hollyhock
brown stalks creaked softly, and a small bird, alighting on one of them, silted it up and down in imminent peril of its life. He was clearing his throat for a merry Christmas trinkets on their knees and her happy, grac-

Through the iron-latticed windows of the them. jail the men looked out, each in his own It was a year afterward, standing out in cell. Nan Tucket drew the scant cotton the free, sweet-smelling air that Glenny curtain across her window to shut out the "darst" kiss little Hopper Thumb good-by. glimpse of Chrisamas peace and sun. Nothing in her poor, sulky breast answered to it

or fellowworshipped with it. What had she to do with little sun-kissed drifts of Every citizen of this empire should keep white snow or a little bird's Christmas sing-ing?

The men's plans were all laid. The min-toms and habits of the people of the world? utiæ of them were all arranged with pains. The British Empire has subjects of almost taking precision and caution. If the boss every race, and possessions in every corne interfered—well, that was arranged for, too. of the globe.

They were all strong and big and three were better than one. But each one of them cherished deep in his toughened heart the same desire—to say good-by to "the kid," dealing with British matters. At the pres-Glenny laughed good humoredly.

"Well, the boss warn't makin' merry that time, and that warn't Christmas, you bet! I tell you, there's goin' to be a smashin' time down there to the boss's to-morrow hight. Ain't Hopper Thumb most busted her little

And all day they were waiting for her.

Glenny walked round the corridor unessilved. I and for so many years known as the dark. making periodical trips into his cell. What continent, but which may be as famous in self describin' what it it is need to describe we'll light out.

right when it's ragin' fiercest we'll light out.

Big Bick's got the keys fixed up—you better

see along. Nantucket."

making periodical trips into his cell. What continent, out which ages of the past, he did there would have astonished the other trips into his cell. The revival of Egypt—what a fascinating ers even beyond ridicule. He closed the go along, Nantucket."

"No time like it, Nantuck'," drawled Pepper. He was canting up Roxy's bowl and dripping the clear sauce over his slice of

A New Departure. I'm goin' to have 'em ready. Then if I Dr. Marschand, the celebrated French should darst to-just a little bit of one! I hate to leave the little kid that way, under handed like that, an' then if the boss gets in There is a large staff of chemists and physician.

ally they whispered and Roxy giggled under her breath. The men spent the time getting together their few belongings and tying them compactly into small bundles which crease the demand for hides. nants of the smiles Roxy's coming had called the wool and cotton markets boom.

The wages of railroad men will advance, because new freight trains will have to be wrinkles round his eyes deepened every time. Once he went to the door and raised time. Once he went to the door and raised his hand to uncover the little grating in the hand to be storned market to keep body and soul together.

morning mist.

He sat down again and drew forward his big shoulders with a subdued chuckle.

"Didn't know there was any milk o' human kindness left in Nantuck' that warn't soured to a curdle!—hear that, will ye?" sa again the queer, unused laugh blended, not inharmoniously, with little Roxy's.

"Ready!"

The reason for the great popularity of hood's Sarsaparilla lies in the fact that this medicine positively cures. It is America's Greatest Medicine, and the American people have an abiding confidence in its merits. They buy and take it for simple as well as serious allments, confident that it will do them good.

clod drinks it in, is warmed by it itself, but But the sun touches a diamond, and the In the middle of the room was Roxy's diamond almost chills itself as it sends out Christmas tree, shining with little lighted oandles. On its branches hung a bewilder fallen upon it.

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C.

Fire Insurance in Reliable Companies

little lady of ceremonies. "All but Glenny
you must come and reach the high-upbings for me. No, lift me up to em, Glenny,

things for me. No, lift me up to 'em, Glenny, that's how. Now let's begin."

She gravely untied a dangling dolly with kint worsted clothes and extended it toward Big Bickford, graciously.

"I'm sorry," she explained, "that 'tisn't a grown-up tree, but I didn't think 'bout it soon enough for that. So I brought my tree instead, and you can have some of my presents just as well as not. My stocking was so full this morning, you know. If you want to, you can make believe they're

you! I say, boys"—he leaned towards them and spoke impressively—"I say, boys, you be bang up good and I'll give you a squint at it, mebbe.'

His preoccupation failed to discern the them. But it won't do any good to su'gest it. Papa wouldn't. He thinks the gov'nor want to, you can make believe they're it. Papa wouldn't like it if they run away again, same's Glenny an' Pepper did last time. Ob, dear!"

The distribution went on rapidly. No one objected to Roxy's disposal of the pretty, foolish things, and every one received them

"Don't do it-don't !" and then she went

ions little voice in their cars, pleaded

pudding. He dipped in his kniie blade and tested its qualities. "Good!" he said, smacking his lips.
"Good for Hopper Thumb!" Glenny cheered, tasting his own.

Big Bickford suddenly leaned back from

the trips grew more frequent.

"I don't know's I shall do it," he mutterest in the mighty empire of which they

There was a monent—two, three—of silence. Then Glenny spoke.

"I'm blessed if I don't.

"Count this chap in," Pepper said.

"Tain't her hair nor 'tain't her eyes, though them's 'nough sight good lookin'; but 'tain't them—"

"Nor 'tain't her pretty little ways o'doin' things an' talkin' to a fellow—not altogether, 'tain't."

I'l's her, that's what 'tis, the little scalawag!"

Nantucket choked over her pudding. She pushed it away, and turned abruptly toward the men.

"I could 'a' told what 'twas," she said. "I could 'a' told what 'twas," she said. "I could. Don't I know what it feels like to leave a little young one like that? Ain't I felt little fingers clutchin' of me an' little cheeks rubbin' my face? An't I—none?"

Her voice rose shrill and wild. The men shuffled their heavy feet uneasily under the table.

"Oh, yes, I know—I could 'a' told you more'n you ever dreamed of knowin'."

She clutched at her dress with tense, booked fingers, and her voice sense itself in only by a patter of Roxy's little feet and Nantonek's slow, soft shuffle. Occasion—Nantonek's slow, soft s

When Rum is no More.

The increased call for clothing will make The wages of farm laborers will advance, because the productive value of their labor

will advance. The wages of coal miners will be raised, of Big Bickford's deep-set eyes, transfiguring because the consumption of coal will be vastly increased.

door, then he stopped.

"No, you don't!" he growled. "Ain't

The penitentiaries will be depleted, and you got no sense? The little kid don't want the contract labor problem will solve itself.

Peckin', confound you! Hark! that's old Millions will be restored to legitimate Nantucket laughin or I'm a three-ply sim- trade, and hard times will vanish like the

will do them good. On the door panels rained a patter of soft Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The men went out, looking rather sheepish. Had the Queen of the Fairies been helping Roxy and Nantuck? What had happened to the great, bare corridor? Glenny gasped lies as black as ever, and sheds out no light.

thinking it out.

"Glenny ain't goin' to, and Nantucket ain't. She said so. Nobody ain't. Not a single stockin' hung up to-night! What'll they do for a Merry Christmas? I guess it must be awful!"

a Christmas—I guess it must be awful!"

candles. On its branches hung a bewilder ing assortment of gay things interlaced with strings of cranberries and pop corn—glitter and color everywhere. And flags and bright hundredth year, on being asked to what shawls draped the grim walls here and there. Roxy stood beside the tree, waiting, her attached considerable importance to his little face bright with more than the light of invariable custom of "toasting his feet"