THE ATHENS REPORTER. DECEMBER 20 1916



"Have you seen my Mazie?" The alert Sam O'Connor, newspape man and "star" on the ----, pause in his haste to catch the subway train and glanced into the appealing eyes of

the haggard woman at his side. No, he hadn't seen Mazie, but a subtle someching permeated his customary reserve, accustomed as he was to pass scores of town-and-outs in the course reserve, accustomed as ne was to pre-scores of town-and-outs in the course of his duties, and he halted. Perhaps he was prompted by the fact that it was Christmas eve, when, according to all intents and purposes the world was preparing to rejoice on the mor-row, and then again it might have been the "oh," uttered with the de-spair and abandon of a lost soul, as the woman shrank and grasped a kind-ly mail-post for support.

The night was falling; the street lamps began to twinkle; the night life of the city had begun. Wearily the woman, fairly well dressed, but with a faraway look in her eyes, her checks placebed with cold and hunger, and the lines of worry pictured on her kindly lines of worry pictured on her kindly face, swayed to and fro against the friendly support. Past the two swept the night life of the city. "No, I haven't seen Mazle," he said, adding meditatively: "Who is Mazie?" "Tou don't know Mazle? Why, she's www.site cirl. my poor lift etcl." is

my little girl; my poor little girl," she said, as if pltying the ignorance of big Sam, and, continuing: "She came to New York three years ago. Whan she first came here she was a steno-grander. She wrote to me every week, gragher. She wrote to me every week, and then every two weeks. At last, when no letters came, I tried to bear up under it, but I worried and worvied, and, unable to stand it longer, I came here hoping to find her. For four days I have scanned the passing faces in vain. I have asked policeme to aid me. A few were kindly. Others have laughed and told me to tell it to the 'Sarg.' Can't you help me to find Mazie?

Sum, touched to the quick by the ison mother's place, gave up all inten-tions of going home on the subway train that night. He had a mother in the long ago-one of the best-who had taught him the difference between good and evil, right and wrong, early in life. He had strayed from the straight road often, and from particiintion and the object lessons of others knew the pit-fails of the big city-and he feared for Mazie. He knew what the poor mother little realized-the almost impossible task of fluding the girl. His duty plain, hesresolved to become the temporary guardian of the poor stranger, none too warmly clad, and probably wanting in nourishment.

His trained faculties, were quick to evolve the possibilities. He plied his questions-name, last home address, place of employment, friends' names mentioned in letters and many others —rapidly, and soon his fund of desired information apparently complete, he turned his attention to the immediate future.

Sam stood pensive for a moment, and then sure this plan was up to the meeds of the situation, said. "I'll find Mazie for you, if possible, if you will follow my directions. I'm sorry the chance of success is small, but we'll do the best we can. It is necessary that you care for yourself first other.

Are the best we can, it is necessary that you care for yourself first, other-wise you will be ill and unable to continue your search. Come with me," Degod and weak, almost childship she followed where he led to a quiet rostaurant. With a steaming meal she Secame preoccupied and failed to note disappearance of the Samaritan first realization of his absence came as he returned and smilingly ina friend, who would care for her that night, and on the morrow they would ulan for continuing the search.

He left her at his friend's home, realizing the magnitude and the hopelessness of his quest, but resolved to his part in dispensing of Christmas



charming little frook of Delf A

A charming little frook of Delft blue taffeta, handsomely embroider-ed in a rose design, the skirt grace-fully draped slightly. below the hips. Billowy tulle sleeves and underskirt also of blue tulle with a band of sli-ver embroidered insertion add a very pleasing note to this delightful after-ternoon gown. ternoon gown.

woman's little cottage in a small country village, the mother weeping as the memories of the past enshroud. ed her. Sam resolved to do his duty, but longed sincerely for its early accomplishment. The kitchen fire was soon lighted, and the friendly tea ketthe began to sing. As Sam gazed he wondered at the invention which had followed a similar gazing years be-fore. A knock aroused him from his reverie, and as he listened exclama-tions of "Mother" and "Mazie" told him his task was ended.

Mazie's story was soon told. She had seen Sam's advertisement in a morning newspaper and had hastened home in fear and trepidation, break-ing her contract with a theatrical company which weekly endowed her with the munificent salary of \$14 for wice-a-day appearance as a chorus When she first went to the big girl. city she worked in place after place as a stenographer, but her peroids of employment were everywhere short, and her money dwindled. Her attire suffered and soon she was unable to find employment at her chosen work. She drifted until she found work clerking in a store, scrimped and saved enough money to secure, on the installment plan by the way. presentable clothes, and found a sympathetic manager who placed her in a chorus. She had planned to return home as soon as she had acquired the equiva-lent of the capital with which she had left it. She did not write, because left it. She did not write, because she did not want "mother to know of

her position. Pride had caused mother and herself untold suffering, but the happy reunion washed the sands of the past, and on this Christmas night Mazle promised to never again stray to the

big city. Sam was happy that night as he re turned to the city and realized with a new import the words of Him who, in the long ago, said: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these. My brethren, ye do it unto Me."

One Christmas Morning.

When at last 'twas Christmas morning, and you slipped from bed to creep

The Christmas Spirit 5

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto ne of the least of these, my brethren, e have done it unto me." As Jeanie sat on the old meadow "I'd rather give the money to you. We couldn't say our prayers to-night, Dot and I, if I left you sitting here" one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." She forced the money into his hand. "What's your name?" he asked. "What's your name?" he asked. "Jeanie Goodwin's my name—I live across yonder, at Halewood cottage. Good-bye!" The left for money of the state

As Jeanie sat on the old meadow stile, in the radiant spiendor of the September afternoon, she was think-ing of a Sabbath morning when her father sat in the cottage door, his great bible on his knees, reading the sacred word to his family. It had been a bright summer morn, and the very a bright summer morn, and the very scent of the roses and lavender, and the busy hum of the bees, seemed to

to busy hum of the bees, seemed to come back to her. It was her father's custom to require Jeanie and her little sister Dot to repeat a verse when he had fin-ished reading. That morning, Jeanie's

ished reading. That morning, Jeanie's verse was, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "What does that mean papa?" Jeanie had asked. And papa had said: "Why, my dear, it means this: If you were to see a poor beggar, sit-ting by the wayside, and gave him food, drink or shelter, the great Lord would regard your kindness just the same as if bestowed upon Himself." This was the memory that came back to Jeanie as she sat on the old

good, after all." Years went by; years of patient and incessant toil to the widow and her children, at Hazlewood cottage. But their combined efforts failed to keep want from their door. Dot was al-most helpless, and the mother herself was frail, and at last fell iil. The heavy burden of care resided on back to Jeanle as she sat on the old style. She repeated the verse softly. to herself, then, with tears rising in her blue eyes, she glanced over her shoulder in the direction of the vil-lage church-yard, where her father now slept now slept.

Childhood's sorrow, however, is short-lived. She soon dried her tears, and began to jingle the two silver dollars in her pocket. Two round ver dollars in her pocket. Two round silver dollars! Oh, how hard and patiently she had worked for them, nick, ing berries in the hot sun, for the

ing berries in the hot sun, for the village market. When they were earned and she held them in her little brown hand, mamma had said: "They are yours, Jeanle; you shall

do with them as you like. Buy a new hat for yourself, gr-" "Mamma no, no, please," Jeanie cried breathlessly. "I will do without

the hat; let me buy the dolly with the eyes that go to sleep, and the darling little bed to put her in, for

Dot the dear. Oh, mamma she has wanted them so long." "Do just as you please, Jeanle, love; you worked hard for your mon mamma said. ey

And now Jeanie was on her way to the village, to make her purchase. Dot was weakly, and somewhat de-iorn.cd-poor little mite-mand could not accompany Jeanie. But Jeanie had kissed her when she set out, and said:

"Now, sit here, and be patient, and watch for me, Dot; I'll hurry as fast as ever I can, and you shall have the big dolly in your arms, the very min-ute I get back."

Jeanie thought of Dot as she jingled the two silver dollars in her pocket; and, springing from the stile, hurried across the meadow. When she came across the meadow. When she came close to the great elm that stood by the wayside, she stopped short. Sit-ting beneath it, was a man with a bandage across his eyes, and a little dog at his feet. The dog had a for-iorn look, and his master was clad in rags. Jeanle looked on in silence, for some minutes; and then down. for some minutes; and then drew little nearer. "Good man, are you blind?" sh

asked.

"No, not entirely," answered the an. "I've had a sunstroke, and the man. light hurts me."

Jennie's tender heart was moved. She drew still nearer, and patted the

little dog.

"Why, bless my soul, here you are, the dog. "What makes you sit here?" she ked, at last. "Why don't you go asked, at last.

and I had just endered my buggy, to some over and see you," exclaimed the elder physician when he appeared. "I am trying to get there, but walk-

"Then you know my mother is ill?" 'No. 1

worth I wish to see, please," Jeanie, in her sweet soft voice.



The notable feature of most of the The hotable feature of most of the winter suits is their simplicity of lines. However, the lavish treatment of fur makes up for this plainness. The suit shown is navy blue duvetyn with flowing cost and shirt the cuffe with flaring coat and skirt, the cuffs and front having navy silk crochet buttons. The high collar is of possum

Some weeks later, as soon as her mother was able to make the journey they went down to live in the pretty cottage at Marshland, and, not many months after, Jeanie married Dr. Farnsworth's son.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

A Christmas Story of Gordon's Toy Castle on the mui.

Last Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as many other St. Nicholas boys and girls had. The tree was up in his biayroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be caned that "hursery" when he was a baby. A few days after Christmas Gor-

don's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up and the little spruce needles are dropping all over the ficor and the maid has to sweep them up every day." Gordon was sorry to have the tree

taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she wouldn't wait just one day more. I think this is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until to-morrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him he be-gan to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland and he had read to Gordon' many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the node lords lived in strong casties set high And the young doctor left the room, thinking he had never seen a sadder up on the mountains, so that the sol-diers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle, just like the ones he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers. So this day Gordon got out his cas tle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a steep hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bot-tom of the hill-all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle." he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the castle. the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they couldn't set up by themselves. Then Gorden would stand them all up in a Gorden would row again and roll the marbles down the kill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gorstanding. It was lots of fun for Gor-don, for you know it really didn't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint. The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next spring.

ORIGIN OF SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

We are apt, most of us, to observe the customs and traditions of the Yule-tide with the feeling that they had their birth with the first of the greatest festivals of Christendom. The Christmas tree, the gift giving, the candles, the holly and the mistletoe have become so identified with our celebration of Christmas that they eem as inherent and peculiar to it as the radiant points to the Star of the Nativity. And yet it is to antiquity and heathendom that we owe the customs we observe, the stock phrases customs we observe, the stock phrases we utter and even the mince pic, with-out which no -Christmas dinner is complete. The Germans, the Scandi-navians, the Jews, the Romans, the Goths and the Saxons have all contri-buted to make our Christmas festival. "Merry Christmas!" It is en our lips from the stroke of twelve that ends the vigil of Christmas eve until the last caudie has burned out on Christmas night. If we think of it at all we accept "merry" as meaning lively, sprightly and gleesome, and wonder a bit perhaps at its preference. As a matter of fact, when the English

As a matter of fact, when the English first used the old Saxon word in this connection, spelling it "merrie," it

meant simply pleasant and agreeable, but we cling to it in spite of its changed character. The day before Christmas we bring into the house a great fir tree that is made the centre of the festivities. It is an old Common Lorent that he me is an old German legend that has pro-vided us with this pretty custom. Saint Wilfred, the tale runs, was one day cutting down one of the sacred oaks of the Druids. Presently a great wind seized it and it fell, split in four pieces. Behind it Saint Wilfrid saw a young fir tree standing staunch and unharmed, pointing a green spire to the heavens. He thereupon proclaim-ed it a holy tree and the tree of the Christ child because its leaves were evergreen and its majestic spire point-ed heavenward. He asked the people to gather about it in their own homes, where it would shelter nothing but

loving gifts. On Christmas eve we illuminate the tree with many flickering candles — unless we prefer safety to sentiment, when we make use of the electric lighted devices. One may choose among several picturesque accounts of the origin of this practice. In me-dieval times when the forests seemed dieval times when the forests seemed peopled with nothing but sacred trees, there was a tradition of particular holiness being invested in an illumin-ated tree. Then the ancient Jews held a Feast of Light about Christmas time in which candles were an import-tant feature, so that their use may oddly enough have been thus adopted by the Christians. The huge Yule candle signified the coming of the light into the world. The most beautiful idea is that our use of candles is derived from the fact that prohably when Christ was born twinkling lights

were burned in every house. The holy and mistletoe indispense able for holiday decoration were originally, identified with some pagan testivals. There is a tradition that hol-ly is the bush in which Jehovah ap-There is a tradition that holpeared to Moses. The mistletoe was an object of great veneration to the Druids, although only when it grew upon an oak tree. The propriety of kissing under the mistletoe is a **relic** of an old Scandinavian myth. It seems that Balder, the Apollo of the North, was hated by one Loki because "everything that springs from fire, air, earth and water" had given promise not to hurt the former handsome gentleman. Whoever it was had thus coerced all things of the earth and sea, had some how neglected to mention the matter to th mistletoe. So Loki straight way made an arrow of mistletoe, and being an unprincipled chap induced blind lider to shoot Baider. Little good did it do him, however, for the gods restored Balder to life at once and presented the mistitoe to the Goddesa of Love to Everyone who passed under it. keep. received a kiss to show that it was the ember of love, and not death. The popularity of mistletoe was unabated for centuries, but one old writer says "Mistletoe was abandoned in the Christmas decking of churches together with kissing at the services, because both were found to set the young ladies and young gentlemen a-reading of the marriage service. And dear oid Santa Claus, or Saint . Nicholas, or Kris Kringle, as you prefer-what delightful myths from antiquity have presented him with his reindeers and his whiskers and mack of toys! The Scandinavian legend ralates the coming of Odin, the winter god, who visited earth at the time of the Winter Solstice or Feast. Udin rode a white horse and preceded by wolves and ravens was supposed to lead an army of souls that had died As Christianity triduring the year. As Christianity tri-umphed it was only over the untap-tized that he was thought to have power, and his army cane to be com-posed only of the souls of children to whom he become a friend. Eren:u ally he was said to bring the toys and gifts to the children on earth. We are satisfied now to tell the children that he comes down the chimney with his pack of gifts and disappears without being beheld by mortal eye. In a little Moravian village in Emaus, Pennsyl-vania, which is the only place in this country where this custom is thus observed. Saint Nicholas, or Peltznickel, is yearly impersonated by some yil-lager, and visits every household on lager, and visits every humanity of the The mince pie is a survival of the immense pies that the early Christians used to make in the form of a cradie or manger. After several centuries the pies were made smaller in size, were still made to carry ont the but idea of the manger, in a sort of coffin hane.

sad of heart. Her mother was in need of nourishment and medical attention, poor little Dot's pale face-betrayed her lack of strong, wholesome food, and a debt hung over the cottage, which would soon make them homeless. Suddenly sho sumembered that the Suddenly she remembered that it was Christmas Day. But, alas! there was no Christmas cheer for them, much less Christmas gifts. And yet how she would have liked to buy some little trifle for Dot! Jeanie stood in the door, and looked out at the fast falling snow. She was a tall, slender girl, graceful as a young willow, and with a sweet, sad

face, and tender, resolute eyes. It was an inclement afternoon; but Jeanie was determined to face the storm. She had formed a purpose.

Good-bye!" The last few words ended with a sob, and Jeanie turned away, to hide the tears she could not keep back. "Dot, we won't grieve, will we?" she whispered, that night, clasping her little sister, as they nestled together in the same bed. "Only think, Dot, "Ils just the same as if the great Lord Him-self had been sitting there, under the elim trees, and we gave our money to

elm trees, and we gave our money to Him. We won't fret about the big dolly, Dot."

"No, of course," answered Dot, obligingly, "and the rag dolly's just as good, after all."

heavy burden of care rested on Jeanie's shoulders. One winter afternoon found her very

"Dot," she whispered, approaching her sister's low chair; "I'm going to see Dr. Farnsworth. I shall not be gone long, dear." She left the cottage, crossed the fields, with a rapid step, the snow beating in her face. The old meadow-stile still stood at the crossing, and

just beyond it the giant elm tree. Jeanie paused for breath a minute; her eyes filling with tears. It saddens us, sometimes, to see how strong and changeless nature is, when the dear-

est treasures of our hearts seem to

Jeanie hurried on, under the snow-

laden branches of the elm tree, and along the self-same path her childisn feet had trod on that memorable day

when she was on her way to purchase the big dolly. She did not recall the

circumstances, however; other and graver thought, filled her mind.

She reached the village after a fa-

tigueing walk, and made her way to

Dr. Farnsworth's residence. The old physician's son, a young disciple of Esculapious, just retained from

abroad, and getting ready to step into his father's snoes, occupied the sitting-room, into which Jeanie was ushered.

He rose to his feet, politely inquiring in what way he could serve her.

"Thank you; but it is old Dr. Farns

be slipping away from us.

cheer.

He hailed a cab and shot first across town and then up Fifth avenue until he came to the home of Broker Jones, who had once employed Mazia

He knew nothing of her where-abouts and declared he didn't want to He said Maz.e had been disknow charged for insubordination, and Sam knowing the brand of employer he must be, asked no further questions By careful nursing along that line . he secured the name of a giri em loyee who had been friendly with This call was but the first of Mazia many Sam made that night, all to seemingly no avail.

Sam, however, had hopes, and retiring to his room in a downtown ho tel, lounged about. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket and mused:

Yes, its a chance, a lone chance, that's all, but who can say there is no hope.

"I'm curious about Mazie. I wonder if she is one of the army who have accepted the boarding house as the apology of the home? Gracious, how many are there in this great city whose hearts never go out to the old roof-troe home in the country and the dearest memories of tender associa-How many a boy and girl tions has shifted the environment of life antil they no longer think of the dear old mother and father at home? Later they will regret their negligence years to come when the dear one who slaved for them is no more and I wonder if this regrets are useless. I we be the case with Mazie? But many a heart is heavy on the day of 'Peace on carth, good will to men,' and from adications this poor old mother will be no exception. However, Sammy, let's tarn in, mayhap the Kyrie Elle son of the morrow may cheer the seart more than we think is pos-sible.*

And Sam slopt.

Bright and clear Christmas morning daward. Sam arose and after a hearty breakfast went to his friend's home After an hour's earnest conversation he prevailed upon the searching mothe by there during the day, then with his day's work done to go to her home with him, he in turn pro-ulsing to pursue the se woh for Marie. Early that evening they entered the and you slipped from hed to ereep Whispering, along the hallway to the landing dark and deep, And then downstairs with wee bare feet to find the missing sock. "Twas the hour before the daybreak, but you thought not of the clock. And you hunted for the stockings that were hanging away up high. And so full of funny buiges that were welcome to the eye. You see yourscives as childron when with

were hancing away up high. And so full of funny buiges that were welcome to the eye. You see yours-lives as children when with big eyes shining bright Tow opened up your stocking and weat dancing with delight. It was really Christmas morning and you wakened with a shock. And you danced downstairs to see what Cantrid left you in your sock! In group and me. That having best cur folly saint we all may Santas be; Thoth we sometimes wish the fancy that we loved so might be true. What we feared old Santa would get singed when coming down the flue. Now the earce little children who are whith get the tell of him, and all his group wish the shock. And we all subped downstairs, barefood to find the missing sock. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From thes tarry heavens descending Heraid angels in their flight, Nearer winging, Clearer singing, Thrilled with harmony the night; Thrilled with harmony the night; "Glory, glory in the highest!" Sounded yst and yet again, Sweeter, clearer, Fuller, nearer-"Peace en earth, good will to men." Shepherds in the field abiding, Shepherds in the field abiding, Roused from sleep, that gladsome morn Saw the glory, Heard the story That the Prince of Peace was born; "Glory, glory, in the highest!" Sang the angel choir again, Nearer winging, Clearer singing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Swept the angel singers onward, Died the song upon the air; But the glory Of that story Grows and triumphs everywhere; Then when through the star-lit heavens, Sounds that glorious song again, Hear it nearer.

unds that giornous Hear it nearer, Sweeter, clearer-ace on earth, good will to men!" -J. R. Newell

Brinker-Yes, your wife's clothes have cost me a good bit of money. Tinker-My wife's clothes! What do you mean? Brinker-Why, every time your wife gets a new gown, my wife must have one just as expensive!----Judga.

'ng makes my head hurt." "How far away is your home?" "Nearly a hundred miles." "Oh, oh! You surely don't mean to walk that far?" cried Jennie.

"I did; but I can't make much head way now.

The man laughed scornfully; a sad half desperate sort of laugh. "Because I haven't got a cent, lit-

tle one.' "Poor man," said Jeanie, "are you hungry?

"Not very: I got a bite on the road." "But you're tired and sick?" "Yes.

There was silence a minute or two The elm leaves rustled overhead, and little dog watched Jeanie with

wistful entreating eyes. "How much would it take to carry you home, poor man?" she asked, suddenly.

"Two dollars."

home?

The child recoiled, as from a blow A hot color rushed into her cheeks, and her lips quivered. She put her hand in her pocket, and clutched the two silver dollars.

'I'm sorry for you," she said, hurriedly, "but I must go-Indeed I must go.

She started off at a rapid pace, her hand still clutching the money in her pocket. Presently she stopped, however, and looked back; and between heavy respirations, she repeated verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done the verse, it unto one of the least of these my rethren, ye have done it unto Me." Five mnutes went by. Jennie looked towards the village, and then towards the man beneath the elm tree "It is just as if the great Lord Himself was sitting there," she said, at last in an awed tone. And slowly turning, she retraced her steps. When And slowly she reached the tree, her childish lips were almost colorless, so terrible had been the struggle, but in her eyes shone a steady and resolute resolve She put her hand in her pocket, and ew forth the money. "Here, poor man, take these two drev

dollers, and so home." she said. The man pushed up the ban from his eyes, and looked at her. "What?" he cried. in surprise, bandage mnt-

ting aside her extended hand. "No." no. I can't take it." "You must. It is my very own. I earned it picking berries. I was go-ing to buy a big dolly; but-but-but-

mas to you."

"Ycs, sir; she's been ill for weeks," replied Jeanie, speaking rapidly, lest her courage should fail her; "but she wouldn't allow me to come to you, sir, because because we haven't the money to pay you. But I can't see her because-because die for want of medical aid; and if

you'll only go to see her, sir, if there's enything 1 can do, any sort of

said

"Never mind, never mind," interrupted the doctor; "we'll settle all that hereafter. You should have let me know long ago. Come to the fire and warm. You didn't walk over?" "Yes, sir, I walked; but I'm not cold! and please, sir, if you'll be good enough to go at once-

Yes, yes; my buggy will be around in ten minutes. I was just coming over to see you, Miss Jeanie. I've got a letter for you."

"A letter for me, doctor!" "A letter for Jeanie Goodwin. That must be you. It came enclosed to me -- from Marshland. One Rathburn, a

lawyer, sent. Here it is." Jeanie received the letter, and look ed at it with wondering eyes. She could scarcely break the seal, her fingers trembled so. Dr. Farnsworth busied himself with his medical bags,

a suppressed twinkle in his even The substance of the letter was an follows: A man, named Hiram Burns, dying recently at Marshland, had left a will, bequeathing a pretty cottage and grounds, and something over siz thousand dollars in cash to Jeanie Gcodwin, a little girl, living at Hazlewood cottage, some two miles from Berryville, said Jeanie Goodwin havfrom ing given him two dollars, to pay his way to Marshland some seven years before, when she found him sitting by the wayside, ill and penniless, and he,

Hıram Burns, desiring to repay the debt. with interest. exclaimed Jeanie, clasping "Oh!"

her hands.

"Oh!" echoed the doctor, looking up. "Now, there's luck, young woman! You'll be able to pay my bill, you see. I've written back to Rathburn; and, if you say so, I'll take you down to Marshland and see that you're

not cheated. And now a Merry Christ-

THE LIGHIS OF XMAS EVE.

They glimmer and glow on the trodd

Where the busy shoppers come and go; Steady and clear and full of chees Flashing the olden message dear; "It is more blessed to give than receive." O cheery lights of Christmas Eve!

Their radiance pours on the crowded floors And the jumbled shelves of the city stores. 'Mid busile and waste and stock dis-placed Where hardy buyers buy in haste Lest some one, forgotten, to-morrow grieve. O dazzling lights of Christmas Eve.

O dazzling lights of constitutes Eve.
But their fairest light is shed to-night in the homes where Christmas frees gleam bright
With tinsel swung, and with stockings hung
The saily garnished boughs among.
Waiting to hold what Santa will leave, O happy light of Christmas Eve!
-Waiter G. Doty; in the Edison Monthly.

Muggins-Yes, he married her for her money. Muscine-How did pan out? Muscine-How did bim feel like 30 cents. ata tt