

secret for another reason. Mind, Katey, don't you tell."

"No!" said Katey, with wide eyes, "but can I truly have a new frock, mammy, and new shoes?—and is it really Christmas?"

"It's really Christmas, darlin'," said Ann, "and you'll see what mammy'll bring home to you after breakfast."

The luxurious meal of sausages, potatoes, and hot tea was soon smoking on the table, and was eagerly devoured by Katey and her father. But Ann could not eat much. She was absent-minded and only drank a cup of tea. As soon as breakfast was over, she left Katey to wash the dishes, and started out again.

She walked slowly down the street, revolving a great plan in her mind.

"Let me see," she said to herself. "They shall have a happy day for once. I suppose John'll grumble, but the Lord has sent me this money, and I mean to use part of it to make one good day for them."

Having settled this in her mind, she walked on more quickly and visited various shops in the neighbourhood. When at last she went home, her big basket was stuffed as full as it could hold, and she carried a bundle besides.

"Here's your tea, John," she said cheerfully, as she unpacked the basket, "a whole pound of it, and sugar, and tobacco, and a new pipe."

"Give me some now," said the old man eagerly, "don't wait to take out the rest of the things."

"And here's a new frock for you, Katey," old Ann went on, after making John happy with his treasures, "a real bright one; and a pair of shoes and some real woollen stockings, oh! how warm you'll be."

"Oh, how nice, mammy!" cried Katey, jumping about, "when will you make my frock?"

"To-morrow," answered the mother, "and you can go to school again."

"Oh, goody!" she began, but her face fell. "if only Molly Parker could go too!"

"You wait and see," answered Ann, with a knowing wink, "who knows what Christmas will bring to Molly Parker?"

"Now here's a nice big roast," the happy woman went on, still unpacking, "and potatoes and turnips and cabbage and bread and butter and coffee and—"

"What in the world! you goin' to give a party?" asked the old man, between the puffs, staring at her in wonder.

"I'll tell you just what I am going to do," said Ann firmly, bracing herself for opposition, "an' it's as good as done, so you needn't say a word about it. I'm going to have a Christmas dinner, and I'm going to invite every blessed soul in this house to come"

They shall be warm and full for once in their lives, please God! and Katey," she went on breathlessly, before the old man had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to speak, "go right up-stairs now, and invite every one of 'em, from the fathers down to Mrs. Parker's baby, to come to dinner at three o'clock; we'll have to keep fashionable hours, it's so late now: and mind, Katey, not a word about the money. And hurry back, child, I want you to help me."

To her surprise, the opposition from her husband was less than she expected.

But now the cares of dinner absorbed her. The meat and vegetables were prepared, the pudding made, and the long table spread, though she had to borrow every table in the house, and every dish to have enough to go around.

At three o'clock when the guests came in, it was really a very pleasant sight. The bright warm fire, the long table covered with a substantial and to them luxurious meal, all smoking hot. John in his neatly brushed suit, in an arm-chair at the foot of the table, Ann in a bustle of hurry and welcome, and a plate and a seat for every one.

How the half-starved creatures enjoyed it, how the children stuffed, and the parents looked on with a happiness that was very near to tears, how old John actually smiled and urged them to send back their plates again and again, and how Ann the washer-woman was the life and soul of it all, I can't half tell.

After dinner, when the poor women lodgers insisted on clearing up, and the poor men sat down by the fire to smoke, for old John actually passed around his beloved tobacco, Ann quietly slipped out a few minutes, took four large bundles from a closet under the stairs, and disappeared up-stairs. She was scarcely missed, before she was back again.

Well, of course, it was a great day in the house on the alley, and the guests sat long into the twilight before the warm fire, talking of their old homes in the fatherland, the hard winter, and prospects of work in the spring.

When at last they returned to the chilly discomfort of their own rooms, each family found a package containing a new warm dress and pair of shoes, for every woman and child in the family.

"And I have enough left," said Ann the washer-woman to herself, when she was reckoning up the expenses of the day, "to buy my coal and pay my rent till 'spring, so I can save my old bones a bit. And sure 'John can't grumble at their staying now, for it's all along of keeping them that I had such a blessed Christmas day at all."—*Christian Weekly*.

THE "Democrat" of Leadville, Col., prints the names of 109 persons who have died by violence in and near that city since its existence as a mining camp.