

THE ADVOCATE

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Toronto, Canada, Thursday, December 27, 1894.

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THE SECRET OF THE SIBYL.

The mighty train of the great King Solomon halted upon the edge of the oasis. The luxuriously expansioned camels knelt, and the warriors who harnessed them, glittering in brass illiad with costly metals, descended and stretched their stiffened limbs beneath the grateful shade of the palm trees, while the hurrying slaves hastily erected the gorgeous tents dyed with saffron and Tyrian purple. All around them spread the level waste of the red sand, over which the burning simoom poured forth its fiery breath. Far in the distance a rugged mountain chain raised huge heaps of rock against the glowing horizon.

It was upon this mountain spur, and upon this alone that the eyes of the aged monarch were bent. Feeble and trembling with the weakness of extreme old age, yet with an eager and almost passionate interest depicted in his speaking countenance, he stood apart from his followers, searching with yet undimmed eye the mystery of the distance.

"Let my people stay here," he said, addressing the High Priest, who stood

rocks, where sat the object of his long and arduous search.

This was an old woman, old with an unpeepable age. Shriveled in every limb, wrinkled in every feature, her hair bleached to an almost transparent whiteness, there was little left about her to suggest kinship to the living world, save the mystic and awful gleam of the dark eyes sunk deep within their cavernous sockets. Gazing into those half-hidden orbs, even the most wise of mortals felt his mighty intellect relaxed with the apprehension of a knowledge deeper than the profoundest conceptions of imagination.

"Mother of Wisdom," he said feebly; "behold the appointed hour! I come to hear from thy lips the secret of the utmost, highest and most perfect knowledge of womanhood. Speak therefore and tell it unto me, that that may come to pass which was written, so that, knowing all that the most that may be known unto woman."

Slowly the withered lips opened, and in a voice deep, yet distant and musical, like the sound of waters within the inmost hollows of the earth, the Sibyl spake, saying:

"Oh, my son, if thou wouldst learn the

head. And then, pointing to where, on the northern horizon, the apex of Cheops, flanked by the lesser pyramids, stood sharply outlined against the sky, he added with a sigh, "nor in theirs."

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

There was supreme rejoicing in the camp of the French Army, which had but that day been led to victory by their great chieftain, Joan of Arc, and which was now encamped upon ground won at overwhelming odds from a heretofore successful opponent. The celebration of their victory was carried on with delirious ardor. Patriotism, greed and wine, all contributed to arouse the wild enthusiasm of their exhaustion. Forgetful which the soldiers exhibited. Forgetful which the soldiers exhibited, they rushed from camp-fire to camp-fire, and again and again drained bumpers to Joan, the great captain — the Savior of France!

There was one group of huge fighting men, each of whom bore one or more of blood-stained bandages, among whom the rejoicing was of the highest. Yet in this group was one who sat silent.

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WHEREIN HE DIFFERED.

"Here, don't be a hog," protested Everett West, who thought his companion was holding on to the can a little too long.

"I ain't no hog," explained Dismal Dawson. "A hog do know when he has enough, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding; but when I've got enough I don't know nothing at all."

And He Flew.



— There's no use in calling a stove man, I'll



— Fix the flue myself.



— Any child can do it, and —



— Just then a log broke.

near him with bowed hands; "but thou and I must cross yonder sands ere night-fall, that the desire of my heart may be fulfilled. Yet will I also take with me the child, my grandchild, even the son of my son's wife, that if what I am to hear be for mortal cars, peradventure it may be for him to hand the saying down unto the sons of men. For lo! within this hour shall I not see the Wise Woman, the wisest of all women, even she that hath learned the secret of the Whole Wisdom of Womanhood! And unto me, who have all the wisdom of man and am the wisest of all men, it shall now be given to know the utmost wisdom wherunto woman may attain."

With the sturdy frame of the High Priest supporting his faltering steps, the aged sage set out, leading by the hand his little grandson, a bright boy of seven. Long and hard was the way, and even under the declining sun the shifting sands burned their feet. To surmount the foothills of the rocky range was a task requiring almost incredible exertion; and it was almost in a fainting condition that the wisest of kings and men at length found himself in front of the bleak and wide-swept niche, in a projection of the

utmost wisdom to which a woman may attain, listen and incline thine ear."

And Solomon said, "I listen."

Then said the Sibyl, "Lo! this is the beginning of thy wisdom."

"The woman who naggett a man when his stomach is empty shall get emptions for her pains; and she who asketh her wish of him when his stomach is full shall have even unto her the learned of womankind, then shall the rule and dominion of the earth pass from the man to the woman, and he shall be her bond-slave and shall execute her will."

And Solomon bowed himself unto the earth and worshipped at his feet, saying:

"Verily thou art the Mother of Wisdom and knowledge is thy handmaiden."

And so saying they went forth of the place, for the pilgrimage of Solomon was at an end. But as they went, the little child, Ben Hin, the grandson of Solomon by his ninety-seventh wife, said softly to his grandire:

"And when O My Grandfather! will women learn this mighty secret!"

"Not in anytime nor in thine, my son," said the venerable monarch, laying his hand tenderly upon the boy's golden

Presently his abstraction (for he seemed deep in thought) was noticed.

One of his fellows fetched him a mighty stroke on his broad shoulder, and cried, "Ho! thou dreamer! Art so soon befuddled with a drop of wine?"

Another cried, "He fan would dream of the sheep he once did tend. Perchance, he wished many times this day that he was still amongst them."

"Not so, thou prattler!" interrupted a third; "my soul would be burning now had he not been in the fight. Come, Comrades, he wished many times this day to silent one." "Drink a toast with me to our great leader. Didst not see how she fought, man?"

"Aye, marry, I did!" slowly answered the other. "I saw her fight. Aye, I saw her fight! And when she was a shepherd maid, I strove to wed her. Aye, I marked me well how she did fight!" And he arose and strolled away, that he might be alone with his thoughts.

"I understand that Willoughby was half seas over at the Snerwell dinner."

"Oh, no. He was sailing into port when I left."

A GREAT SOCIAL EVENT.

The Bavarian peasants are in many respects very much like the Irish. To drink a great deal, are quite witty, and are never so happy as when they are fighting. A story in the case of two Bavarian peasants meeting in the road and holding the following conversation:

"Were you at the wedding last night?"

"Indeed I was. It was the nicest we'ding we have had this season. My even the bride took a hand in the fight."

OUT OF DANGER.

Rev. Dr. Primrose (visiting poor-house). — "This is a dreadful place for an embodied man like you to be spending Christmas."

Weary Wrangler. — "Tain't no bad hustlin' on dis road. I'd be dead by week of I had to live on de money what's floating round dis time 'o' year."

Florida man. — "We had a term confinement in Swamp City last week. Only seventeen houses left standing. British tourist. — "My goodness! many were there before the fire!"

Florida man. — "Eighteen."

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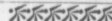
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LINES.

... was the day when we looked
 on Clifton's
 ... was the mist-drop that wept from
 the tree
 ... of the harvest hung heavy and
 sabbon,
 ... on the land and no wind on the
 sea.
 ... the graves of Clan Givindray cluster
 together,
 ... the chieftain fell dead by the Well
 of the Dead,
 ... on the moorland and plucked
 the pale heather,
 ... flowers where the cause of the Stuarts
 was sped.
 ... a wind that awoke on the moorland
 came sighing,
 ... the sobs of the heroes who perished
 in vain,
 ... the Fenloch alone the red claymore
 was playing,
 ... to win back the world that comes
 and again?
 ... A. LANG, in Logman's Magazine.

The Temptation and Fall of
 Deacon Brown.



CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

... dearest, Josiah, it sarter seems like
 him,
 ... here an' waitin' for the children
 all to cum—
 ... all their children with 'em, to bring us
 every year
 ... outfits that pervade the place when
 Christmas time is here,
 ... a's lots of nuts an' elder an' doughnuts
 an' an' brown,
 ... for the children an' their children
 from the town,
 ... butter an' the pudlin' will be grime,
 ... they all have royal appetites you know
 on Christmas time.
 ... think I hear 'em jingle, them bells
 about the snow;
 ... see the hoofs is rattlin' on the river
 bridge below,
 ... light the lamps and set 'em in the win-
 dows—it will seem
 ... though we both was reachin' out our
 arms to take 'em,
 ... children an' it's children, for the
 Christmas time has come,
 ... see their shinin' gaily, them boys an'
 gils an' we
 ... greet 'em in the doorway, for their
 dear to you an' me.



"Why! Polly Ann an' Liddy, Oh! Sit
 you lug me so!"
 John, you have shayed yer whiskers; Hee,
 how that boy doe grow.
 Mollissee an' the baby—come to the fire all,
 An' shuck your wraps an' go, you fetch the
 big bunch from the hall.
 Our man'll tend the horses—Lem, you have
 blessed me twice.
 In course I must dote 'em up, yer count'
 seems so nice.
 So now we're all together in flat the same
 old place.
 An' God has been so kind to us, I do not
 miss a fare.
 "Yes, supper's nearly ready; Oh! Joe, yer
 appetite
 Hain't lost its former fancy, an' you've
 fetched it him to sight.
 I'm glad to see you, dearies, an' I'm glad
 to see you well;
 Ther, how ye gottin' shaved out an' most
 ready, that's the best!"
 Thank God for all this kindness! Pa, you
 can say the rest."
 And every head about the board was bowed
 upon the breast;
 And as the aged sire's voice grew deep with
 holy shamin,
 A powerful spirit overspread the Christmas
 on the farm.

"Do you believe in metempsychosis?"
 "Yes; I was an ass the day that I left
 you live lookin'."



A CHRISTMAS LESSON.
 Let others sing of high renown,
 Of names that live in story,
 Of heroes swift who wear a crown
 And win a name of glory;
 A thousand plaudits greet them there
 For every brave endeavor,
 A thousand currents high in air
 Record their deeds forever.
 My muse an' humbler theme shall sing,
 Of orchard boughs in flower,
 That to the breeze their sweetness fling
 Through every summer shower,
 And of the steed throughout the land
 Who treads the path of duty,
 While Mother Nature's tender hand
 Robes all the earth with beauty,
 No eager crowd his efforts vaunt,
 Or watch him at his labor;
 But in each green and flow'ry haunt
 He finds a friendly neighbor,
 Ofttimes a squirrel from his limb,
 A rabbit, and the groundhog,
 Will race a farrow's length with him
 In greeting as he passes.

The bluebird cheers him on his way
 From out her leafy bowers,
 Beside his pathway lightly away
 The dainty, wayside flowers;
 And when at last, through sun and rain,
 His days of toil are over,
 His prices are the golden grain
 And fields of moulting clover.
 We watch him with indifferent eyes
 Until his work is ended,
 And sunset hues in evening skies
 With twilight grey is blended;
 Yet each may read, if he but look
 When he next the plough is speeding,
 The lesson taught in Nature's book,
 And profit by the reading.
 For He whose day we keep with cheer,
 With songs, and mirth, and laughter,
 Came to the good and humble here,
 That's in the crown hereafter,
 And every straggling sabbon son,
 Though tears may mock our vision,
 Will find in such life's work is done
 Within the fields Elysian.

THE RICH AUNT.
 She has relations far and wide,
 Nephews and nieces by the dozen;
 And ciders him who take great pride
 In speaking of "our wealthy cousin."



And so, when Christmas time draws near,
 They anxious grow about her health;
 But not with selfish thoughts—oh, dear!
 They never think about her wealth.
 They send her messages and call,
 They show respect in many ways;
 She gets fond wishes from them all
 To cheer her through her lonely days.
 And Christmas Eve, while falls the snow,
 She dons her ancient wraps and hat,
 This Lady Bountiful, to go
 And buy a collar for her cat. R. L. M.

Jacques—I think that your friend is not
 remarkable for bravery.
 Jean—It is true that he never goes to
 sleep without looking under the bed for
 fear that a woman might be hiding there.
 Raoul—I had a dog who attacked all the
 raccoons.
 His Friend—What did you do with him?
 Raoul—I had to get rid of him. He was
 everlastingly biting me.



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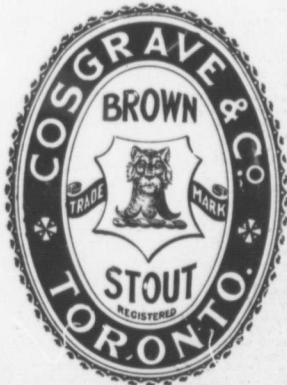
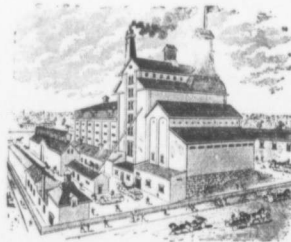
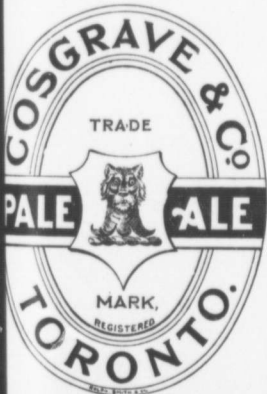
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR

This is the holiday week when business is as far as possible thrown aside and gas diffusion is out of order. We therefore make of this issue a holiday number, one for recreation, one that will amuse you perhaps, one that does not attempt to instruct. We hope it will please, and we leave it with you, coupled with our heartiest wish for

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

SHARIN' ALIKE.

"Good-mornin', friend; nice kind o' weather. Looks squally, tho', up in ther hills. Some whidley, I reckon. December is a bad time o' year for ther chills. If'n ye-don't suppose you have ever let a good-lookin' cuss, kinder late on one leg, around Aspen this Winter? Pete Idaho Pete was his name.

"Ain't seen him, you say? No offense, pard. Thought likely you, tendin' ther bar, might a met him. 'Tween Pete an' ther bottle he gonally ain't very far. Ye an' 'take one yourself. It was this way: We were diggin' and sharin' the same tip 'bout Creston way all last Summer—An' Idaho Pete was his name.

"A fine-lookin' feller, an' social. As ever you'd want for a pard; always jolly when ther panned out well. And jolly when he's a hard. Bore like a injun, an' played some—His look at ther cards was a shame. Turn me, but I most loved that feller—An' Idaho Pete was his name!

"We'd saved quite a pile last o' August. Ther sharin' and sharin' alike, an' I kept mine hid in ther hut, sir. An' he kept his down at ther dike. An' well, pard, for mornin' ther story—I wike up one mornin' to find that Pete an' my cuss just vanished. An' left 'n't a glitter behind.

"Shot Pete when I find him? Not much, sir. He's welcome to what I have got. As long as there's money in pocket. An' four an' hog in ther hut. But I'd just like ter see him ter ask him how, by Fario's wate an' ther Nio, he ever found out I was a hoodin'! Out more 'n my share o' ther pile!"

A FIRM BELIEVER.

"THE Bible, if I remember right," said Mr. Hungry Higgins, "says that six days a man shall labor and do all his work."

"Guess you are right," assented Mr. Wary Watkins, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I allow that I have done as much as six days' work in my life, and if I don't read the text wrong, that is all the work a man is permitted to do. It says 'do all thy work,' don't it?"

The Usual Way.



"Never mind, Conductor, I'm not kitchin'."

MASHED BY A MERMAID.

An Amusing Story of a Flirtation with a Siren of the Deep.

I was lazily conscious of a gentle, rustling noise near me, and then something wet and cold came dab in my face. I sat up with a jerk—and there sat a mermaid!

"Good gracious! You can imagine how startled I felt.

She sat on the sand quite close to me, resting on one hand, and with her tail, an indisputable tail, with beautifully glistening silvery brown scales, curled round in a graceful curve. She was fascinatingly pretty, with a sweet face, laughing now at my air of bewilderment, and with long tresses of brown hair blowing about her. I suppose my drooped jaw and staring eyes must have struck her as very comical, for she laughed such a musical, soothing laugh, strangely like the ripple of the waves among the grey isles higher up the beach.

"Excuse me," she said, "but you look so funny."

"Funny!" I exclaimed indignantly. "What have you been up to? You've been throwing water over me."

"I haven't."

"Yes, you have. Look here, my face is all wet now, and my hair is damp."

"I didn't throw water over you. I suppose it was rather forward, but I put the end of my tail on your face. You looked so tempting, you know, lying there. I really could not resist you."

"Well, you shouldn't, then," I said; "now you've woke me up, and some of the water has gone down my neck."

I spoke groundly. You see, I was miserably myself yet; it was so utterly incomprehensible that I should be sitting here with an absolute mermaid, a creature I had never for a moment believed in, sitting almost close enough for me to touch.

I had wandered off that afternoon among the big bowlders that lay piled up on the shingly beach at the foot of the cliffs to the left of the little town. I was very hot, so hot that after skimming through the columns of the paper I had brought with me I lay back and snoozed, in blaseful disregard of the glaring sun and the white rocks and the low ripple of the retreating tide. And then happened all I have described.

"Do you know you snore?" she said, suddenly.

"Said I—" You must be a very mischievous girl—mermaid, I mean."

"Oh, no, I'm not; not nearly so bad as some—it's lucky for you my cousin wasn't with me when I came up and found you here."

"A gentleman! A merman!" I ventured.

"Oh, no! she usually comes up here with me an afternoon, but she's up at the other end of the bay to-day. Her name's Genevieve and mine's Maud."

"Where do you get your names?" I asked.

"Out of the books we pick up. We got mine and my cousin Imogen's out of a supplement that dropped over-board from a steamer. Pretty name, Imogen, isn't it?"

"Not half so pretty as Maud."

"Well, I don't know. We're glad to get anything to read. Is that to-day's paper?" pointing to the *Mercury* that lay on the beach.

"Yes," I said, "would you like it to read?"

"Thank, awfully; no, not now; but I'll take it with me, if you don't mind. Smoke your pipe, will you?"

"With great pleasure. Sure you don't mind?"

"Not a bit; besides I want you to let me light it."

So I pulled out my pipe and filled it, and Maud, with a snowy loop of her tail, glided up to me. She seemed highly delighted at being allowed to strike the match for me to get a light by.

"Isn't this jolly?" she said, looking up at me with wonderful eyes.

Star of hope to souls in night,
Star of peace above our strife,
Guiding us through the dark of death
Ope to fields of endless life,
Wandering from the nightly throng
Which the eastern Heavens glow,
Guided by the angel's song
To the Base of Bethlehem.

Not Judea's hills alone
Have earth's woe's glances trod,
Not to beta of David's throne
Is it given to "reign with God."
But where'er e'er on His green earth
Heavenly faith and longing are,
Heavenly love and life have birth,
"Nearer the smile of Heh-lem's star.



"Don't stop the car, I always jump off."

"Rather," I said, looking down into them. "Do you often go in for this sort of thing?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you," she replied. "You're the first I ever spoke to—like this, I mean, but old Nep sent me here for trying to. You're in my nook, you know. I often come here, and yesterday it was so hot that I dropped asleep, and when you came along I just had time to get behind that rock."

"So you've seen me before, then?"

"Oh, yes; several times. I saw you along the beach on Sunday evening."

"The deuce you did!—I beg your pardon."

"And I saw you kiss that fisher girl. Oh, yes, you did."

"Well," I said, turning very red, "I admit it, but it was only one."

"There ain't any mermen here," she replied.

"Aren't there? I suppose it's rather lonely?"

"I used to be spoons a little with one at Brighton, but we never see one here. That's old Nep's doing. I haven't been kissed for ever so long."

"Really?" I said, sighing over toward her.

"Really," she sighed, looking down.

"Er—shall I—would you—shall we—that is—"

I leant over her as she raised her face, smilingly, mischievously, to mine, when,

just as our lips touched, with a sudden start of her tail she caught me a dab in the face with her wet fin.

I fell over backward, and by the time I had got the sand and wet out of my eyes the mermaid had disappeared.

No trace of her was left; but my newspaper was gone, and as I went slowly home I fancied I could catch sight of her, laying out by the big black sock that just showed itself above the sea.

I stood still and called to her, and distinctly so; her white arms waved to me, and heard the rippling of her laugh, and saw, too, her long brown hair tossing on the waves.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In the fields where, long ago,
Dropping tears, amid the leaves,
Both's young feet went to and fro,
Binding up the scattered sheaves,
In the fields that heard the voice
Of Judea's Shepherd King,
Still the clovers may rejoice,
Still the reapers shout and sing.

For each mount and vale and plain
Felt the touch of holier
Than the gleams of the grain,
Heard, in voices full and sweet,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,
Ring from angel lips afar,
While, o'er ever, glads and glad,
Broke the light of Bethlehem's star.

Star of hope to souls in night,
Star of peace above our strife,
Guiding us through the dark of death
Ope to fields of endless life,
Wandering from the nightly throng
Which the eastern Heavens glow,
Guided by the angel's song
To the Base of Bethlehem.

Not Judea's hills alone
Have earth's woe's glances trod,
Not to beta of David's throne
Is it given to "reign with God."
But where'er e'er on His green earth
Heavenly faith and longing are,
Heavenly love and life have birth,
"Nearer the smile of Heh-lem's star.

In each lowly hearth or home,
By each love-watched cradle bed,
Where we rest, or where we roam,
Still its changeless light is shed.
In its beams each unquench'd heart,
However smother'd or dead,
Keeps one little place apart.
For the Heh-lem mother's child.

And that inner temple fair
May be holier ground than this,
Hallowed by the pilgrim's prayer,
Warmed by many a pilgrim's kiss.
In its shadow still and dim,
Where our holiest longings are,
Bliss forever Bethlehem's hymn,
Sings a rever Heh-lem star.

A NEW WATER NYMPH.

Some visitors were strolling through an art gallery and had passed between the long rows of statuary.

"This," said the leader, with a wave of his hand toward a statue of plaster, "this is Apollo and that one over there is his wife—Apollinaria."



"This way."

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS.

The Thrilling Experience of a Telegraph Operator in the Wilds.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1882, how vividly I remember it! The deep, ugly red scar, which starts at my left temple and runs clean down to my left jaw was made on that day.

It is not because I am unduly sensitive of my altered appearance that I have told so few the story of the ugly scar, but on account of the horror that I yet experience when recalling the terrible incidents that led to my receiving it. How many lives were saved by that wound I shall never know.

The great Canadian Pacific Railway, which connects the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific, was in the year 1882 only built about 200 miles west of Winnipeg, which left a huge gap of several hundred miles of untouched prairie before one of the world's wonders, the famed Rocky Mountains of British Columbia, was reached.

Such was the rapidity with which the rails were laid and telegraph offices erected, that when winter set in fifty telegraph operators were needed to take charge of the empty stations.

The management found it hard to induce men to go out and bury themselves for the winter in the vast prairie, which was only then being opened up. To-day men are only too happy to make homes in

the finest flour, and with amazing force drove it against the little telegraph office which sheltered me from its deathly embrace, as though enraged against this earnest of approaching civilization. At times so fierce was the onslaught that the tense telegraph wires could be heard humming even above the demoralized gale of the storm.

I knew it was unusual, but I could not help it; the tears would start to my eyes. It was Christmas, and I was spending it in such a queer manner. My thoughts had been with mother and dear old London, where I had left her two years ago to try my fortune in Montreal. I knew she was thinking of her eldest born, whom she had tried so hard to keep at home.

Christians awake, salute the happy morn. All I had to do was to close my eyes, and I could hear my companions singing the grand old hymn in the greatest city in the world.

It was a relief to hear the telegraph instrument, which had been quiet for hours, call my office. Both passenger trains were ten minutes late, and were slowly struggling toward my station. It was just 2 a. m. when I received the order.

I really understood what they meant; the Indian's fear of telegraph instruments, and his inability to understand electricity, was known to every operator west of Winnipeg. As easily as I could have lifted an infant, I understood in an excited, guttural tones began in a threatening manner to say something to me. Seeing that I did not understand, the tall brave, pointing the little which he still tightly clutched in his left hand at the talking instrument, said fiercely: "No-go there 'no-go there!"

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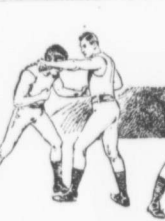
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How Fitzsimmons' Deadly Blow May be Avoided.

this wonderful country, which has very aptly been termed the future granary of the world.

Money is a loadstone that few men can resist, and when I heard that \$80 a month was being paid out for operators, I was resigned my position in Montreal, and with \$20 and a pass in my pocket I started on Nov. 2, for Manitoba.

Four days later I reached Winnipeg, and was at once sent out to Elkhorn, a bit from a station 150 miles further west. When I took charge, Nov. 8, four inches of snow already hid the earth, which did not see the sun again till March 20, when its four-foot-thick chilly covering had at last disappeared.

Two passenger trains a day and an occasional construction train was the only break in the monotonous life which I led. It was a dreadfully lonely life. I was alone in the station, and as December began to wane, and the dread blizzards began their wild revelry, heaping the snow into such mounds on the tracks that the trains were delayed for days. I got as homesick and as nervous as a girl of fourteen instead of a young man of twenty.

Christmas eve ushered in bitter weather. All day it had been storming and snowing. At one a. m. the glass showed two below zero. The storm had risen and zard from the west. The riotous wind, as it swept along the vast prairie, unobstructed for scores of miles by houses or trees, caught up the newly fallen snow in its mad embrace, tore it into fragments

kicking and howling at the door. In my surprise I forgot to turn the lamp which was to signal the engineer to stop at the station for orders.

Little while I was agitated—the nearest house was seven miles away; no white man could have walked a tenth of that distance in such a blizzard and have lived. Had the shouting and kicking been less imperative I might have been driven the bolt. Before I could step aside the door was thrown violently open, and to my dismay two stalwart Cre Indians burst their way into the little office. It was the manner the savages entered that made me feel nervous. It was no uncommon thing for me to have Indians dropping into the station at night, and to see all at hours; and two drunken Cre Indians, even an Indian scout might have been pardoned for fearing had been unarmed and placed in the same position I was in.

Without appearing to notice me, the braves walked over to the glowing wood stove and began to warm themselves. I wanted to show that I trusted them, and brought two chairs and asked them to be seated; as I spoke they both turned their wicked-burning black eyes to me, but again did not deign to speak, but kicked the chairs to one side and began taking off their great skin coats and caps and red-and-white blankets.

As the taller prettily struck his wraps down, something hard struck the

his companion. The effect of the liquor upon their savage natures showed itself almost immediately; they began to yell and shout, and putting their hands around their mouths uttered cries like prairie wolves. I shrank closer to the wall.

In ten minutes they had finished the bottle and had become nothing better than howling maniacs. They took hands and capered round the stove, stamping the floor viciously with their mossed feet. Releasing hands, they would wave their long arms about their heads in a most grotesque manner, uttering at the same time the most bloodcurdling war-whoops.

In their eyes was the baleful light of the wild beast. The coal-lick light which but dimly lit up the room threw a yellow shade upon their dark, perspiring, brutal red faces, making them look like ensiaries from the Evil One, dancing in fiendish glee over some evil deed; the storm, as though in sympathy with the savage scene, that rising to a hurricane, shrieked like a mad thing, and drove through the cement and ill-constructed door miniature snowblanks.

Every moment I expected they would seize me and in their insane glee practice upon me some savage torture. Would they never cease? For nearly thirty minutes I sat still as death where they had flung me. Safety for me lay in not attracting their attention. A dreadful ordeal was in store for me.

The instrument, which had been silent for a time, again woke to life. The dis-

patcher was calling my office. Like a flash the order to detain the down train express that he had sent came back to my memory, and with a thrill of horror I remembered that I had forgotten to turn the red lamp. The despatcher, I knew, wanted to ask me if the train had arrived. Involuntarily I started to my feet. The only sounds now to be heard were the ticking of the instrument and the ceaseless cries of the storm.

The Indians, the instant they again heard the ticking, ceased their maddened mimicry, again looked apprehensively at the mysterious instrument and hurriedly glanced at me. Their treacherous, suspicious natures were thoroughly aroused on seeing me standing and looking eagerly at the instrument. I knew not how near the train might be, as I must; I thought of the fearful loss of life which would surely occur unless I could reach the cord that hung above the instrument, and with one pull swung round the red lamp and let it beam across the track. I had received the order to expose the light, and unless I did so I knew full well that the company would hold me responsible for any accident that might occur. I had written the order in the order book when receiving it.

All this passed through my mind like a flash. I dreaded not the company, but I could not let scores of lives be sacrificed in order to save me from endangering my own. I had always thought I was not the stuff brave men are made of, but

when put to the test I gloried in finding that I feared not death.

I was quite calm as I began carefully to walk over to the instrument. The drunken savages were on me; I had taken six steps. As they fell me to the earth I heard a dull, muffled roar; that saved me from losing my senses—it was the rumbling of the east-bound locomotive. The Indians also heard the noise, and as they turned to listen I once more sprang to my feet and dashed past them. One of them I passed in safety, but as I dodged the big brave he struck viciously at me with the broken bottle.

His aim was but too true; the ragged mouth of the bottle opened my face like a conical bullet. I had only a few more steps to go. Before I fell I knew that I had turned the light.

The conductor put me on the train and took me to Winnipeg, where I remained in the hospital for three weeks.

The Indians had gone when he entered the station. He had seen the order in the book, and had waited the arrival of the west-bound express, which arrived five minutes after he did. Had he not seen the red light he would have gone on, and the trains would have met about two miles east of the station.

The detective tried to trace the treacherous savages, but did not succeed.

Yes, as long as I live I shall remember Christmas Day, 1882, when I was employed in the Far West by the great Canadian Pacific Railway.

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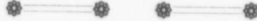
to trace the in-
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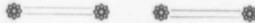
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before reaching them. Therefore we sat down on a fallen tree and lit our pipes, waiting for Joe and the team. He was at long in arriving, and climbing into the wagon we drove on to the bridge. Here we put the horses into the old sack, and, after making everything secure, once more started on the hunt. After crossing the bridge we skirted the base of the hill and keeping a good look-out on every side, made our way slowly and carefully along until we struck the gully through which the little stream flows that empties into Findlay creek, a short distance further down. Into this gully we went; walking along between the bank and the stream. After walking about a mile we came within seeing distance of the hay stacks. Taking of his hat, Bob crawled carefully on the bank, which here was about six feet high, affording us plenty of protection. Peeping carefully over he looked for an instant and then signalled us to follow. Here he hid his rifle, and looked over. There were our deer at last. We could make out six or seven about the stacks indeed. As carefully we crawled back up to hold a consultation. The deer were there sure enough, but the question of how to reach them required careful consideration. A small clump of pines stood between us and the deer, a little to the left; but could we reach it without being discovered, the distance was then too great to think of getting a successful shot, and beyond that the ground was as level as a billiard table, and as free from obstruction as a skating rink.

What to do we did not know. After considerable talk Joe suggested that he go back, get one of the horses and ride around the prairie keeping well in the woods out of sight of the deer. On arriving opposite he would show himself to the deer, riding slowly towards them. A little way beyond where we stood, a ridge had been thrown across the stream the previous summer. Joe thought that the deer, seeing him, would make for the bridge, and crossing which would reach the mountain on the further side, which was only a short distance away. In the meantime Bob and I were to make our way up to the bridge and set ourselves within good shooting distance. As this seemed the only feasible plan of circumventing them we agreed, and Joe immediately started back. He was soon out of sight, and we crawled toward the bridge. We had plenty of time as Joe would have about a five mile ride before he dare show himself. On getting at the bridge Bob said he would crawl under it to further side and make his way to a small clump of bushes that grew on the brink of the bank, a point only of twenty-five yards from the ridge; while a bunch of dead grass was there as a hiding place for me. Thus he hid, if they came our way would go down us. Taking off my hat, I once more recommenced our game. We were now a little closer but with an unobstructed view, and I could see them quite easily. Looking over in the direction Bob had taken I saw he had reached the bushes, and was carefully preparing to crawl under them. I crept to my place of concealment and made myself as comfortable as possible for the wait that was to follow. I could see whether had quit feeding and were moving about now.

I was afraid they would start off before we could reach the farther side. If they did by only hope was that some of them would come our way to cross the creek, and for a drink. I could plainly see tracks where some of them had crossed the bridge on their way to the stack, but felt sure they would return that way. Fortunately what little wind there was was from them to us, and they therefore did not scent us. Cogitating thusly I considered if Joe was ever going to

reach the other side, I nearly froze, but did not move. After what seemed to be hours, I heard a low whistle from Bob and looking towards the stacks again I saw the deer were started by something. They had got away from behind the stack and were standing on either side looking intently at something directly away from us. I felt sure it was Joe and my heart began to thump. I wondered if I was going to have back fever. He did I had time to steally my nerves a bit when I broke away. About half a dozen came directly towards us, but by far larger band, which we had not seen, they having been feeding on the further side of the stack, started off to the left. How they flew! Those coming towards us seemed to grow to double their size as they approached. My heart was going like a trip hammer. If only I could manage to hit one of them! Just before reaching us they slackened up a little, and by the time they were in good rifle shot were going at an easy gallop. I was waiting

mounting, said "by God, you ketch on all right." Did you hit one, G.?" "You bet he did" answered Bob, before I could speak, "and it's a wonder he didn't bow over the whole band. He kept bawling away until the deer were half way up the mountain." After tethering his horse, Joe started to dress the other deer while I walked over to my bunch of grass and picked up seven shells. I had'n't thought I had fired so many rounds, and when I showed them to the other two, they had a good laugh.

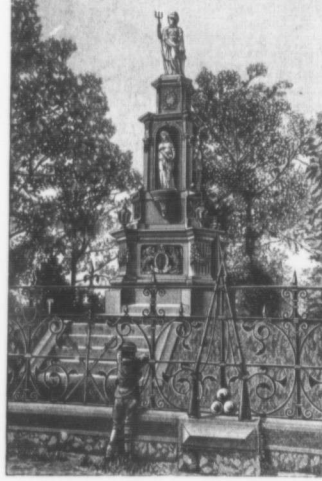
As soon as the deer were dressed we slung them across the horse and started on the back track. As we went along Joe told us that on coming in sight of the deer he was more than surprised at their number. There must have been, he said, at least twenty. On their sighting him he had stood still, which accounted for the deer not starting off at once on seeing the hunter as possible he was minded. When I reached the boys the tears were running down their faces, and they could not speak but could only point in the direction of the bear. There Joe lay all sprawled out as dead as dead could be. My one shot had been a lucky one. The ball had struck him in the throat and had gone smashing through the vertebrae of his neck. That lurch forward and a few convulsive kicks had been his last movements. But how the boys did laugh at my sprouting! Then the question was, how to get him back. He was not as large as he had looked to me, still too large for us to carry. We soon solved the problem by taking off our belts; and fastening one to each forepaw and one around his neck, we dragged him quite easily over the snow back to where the horse stood. My, how the horse did snort when he saw the count down the hill. I thought he would surely break away with the deer on his neck. But he soon quieted down again.

We dragged the bear in this manner down the river, which was only a short distance away, and Joe went across to the wagon to get a rope, while I went back for the horse. Joe brought the other horse ready harnessed back with him; and, hitching him to the bear with the rope, started it across the bridge. As time was wearing on we did not wait to skin the bear but tumbled it into the wagon along with the deer. Not waiting for lunch we immediately hitched up, and started for home, eating as we went. We rode along without mishap, until we reached camp, and then I would have to grab Joe or Bob to keep them from falling out as they happened to think of my running from the bear, and were overcome with laughter. We drove along at a good rate, and reached the camp about three o'clock, Paul, in the meantime, had prepared his pudding and pies; and had everything in readiness. Therefore, he soon had a fine bunch of venison steaming for the supper, while we took care of the rest of the game; and by the time the men were in

with it. Tethering the horse to a tree we climbed the hill, keeping a good lookout on every side. On reaching the top the track was plainly traceable for some distance. Bob was ahead, myself next and Joe in the rear. We had gone, perhaps, a quarter of a mile; our footsteps making almost no noise on the soft snow. When happening to turn my head to the right there was his bearish slowly coming around the foot of a fallen tree gazing after Bob, who was some yards in front. He had apparently come round in a circle and was making his way back to where he came from. I was spelt bound. I forgot I held a rifle, I forgot everything except that I was face to face with a black bear that looked as large as an ox. Joe, who was some yards to the rear could not see it; but seeing me halt had halted also, and asked in a low voice what it was. The bear hearing his voice turned his head and saw me. Immediately he was on his hind legs looking as tall as a tree, and I remembered I held a rifle in my hands. It came to my shoulder in an instant, and without aiming, I fired just one shot; and turning ran for dear life past Joe. The gunge forward, and I thought was after me both foot. I didn't know why I ran or how I was going to escape by running; only I wanted to get out of that neighborhood as quickly as possible, but didn't even drop my rifle, but lugged it along with me.

After running perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, but which to us seemed miles, I heard shouts of laughter. It then began to dawn on me that I might possibly be making a good bag out of myself, so I stopped and turned around. Joe and Bob were bending over and holding their sides. I went back a good deal slower than I came, for I was all unstrung, and completely winded. When I reached the boys the tears were running down their faces, and they could not speak but could only point in the direction of the bear. There Joe lay all sprawled out as dead as dead could be. My one shot had been a lucky one. The ball had struck him in the throat and had gone smashing through the vertebrae of his neck. That lurch forward and a few convulsive kicks had been his last movements. But how the boys did laugh at my sprouting! Then the question was, how to get him back. He was not as large as he had looked to me, still too large for us to carry. We soon solved the problem by taking off our belts; and fastening one to each forepaw and one around his neck, we dragged him quite easily over the snow back to where the horse stood. My, how the horse did snort when he saw the count down the hill. I thought he would surely break away with the deer on his neck. But he soon quieted down again.

We dragged the bear in this manner down the river, which was only a short distance away, and Joe went across to the wagon to get a rope, while I went back for the horse. Joe brought the other horse ready harnessed back with him; and, hitching him to the bear with the rope, started it across the bridge. As time was wearing on we did not wait to skin the bear but tumbled it into the wagon along with the deer. Not waiting for lunch we immediately hitched up, and started for home, eating as we went. We rode along without mishap, until we reached camp, and then I would have to grab Joe or Bob to keep them from falling out as they happened to think of my running from the bear, and were overcome with laughter. We drove along at a good rate, and reached the camp about three o'clock, Paul, in the meantime, had prepared his pudding and pies; and had everything in readiness. Therefore, he soon had a fine bunch of venison steaming for the supper, while we took care of the rest of the game; and by the time the men were in



Monument to the Heroes at Ridgeway, Queen's Park, Toronto.

until they should be abreast of us, thinking that my best chance, when bang! went Bob's rifle. One dropped and I thought it time for me to begin too. The rest had not stopped, but were making towards the bridge at full speed. I blazed away, and without looking to see if I had hit one or not, I stood up and worked that Winchester for all I was worth and as long as a deer was in sight, but which was only a very short time. Then I looked around. Bob was cutting the throat of one deer while another lay a short distance away kicking its last. Bob was laughing heartily. "Did I hit one," I shouted, "you bet you did" he answered, "and it wasn't your fault that you didn't bring down more. I thought you were never going to let up firing." Having cut the throats of both animals he proceeded to dismember them. Hearing a noise I turned to see Joe come galloping up. He soon reached us and, dis-

of them had not a move in that direction. But noticing that the wind was from the wrong quarter, and remembering that we were waiting patiently on the other side, had given up the idea. He immediately put his horse to a gallop, and that was the instant the deer started off. "By God! I thought you all run other way. Don't see six or seven to you an' I know you got 'em sure." Getting back near the river again, Bob, who was leading, suddenly halted and silently pointed to the ground. On our coming up to discover the cause, we found the track of a bear crossing our trail and going up the hill. It wasn't there when we came up and Joe swore it wasn't there when he went back after the horse. Therefore it couldn't have crossed more than two hours since, and by the look of the track might have been a great deal while. Bob proposed following it for a short distance in the hopes of coming up

(Continued from page 1115.)

readiness it was done to a turn. We were pined with many questions by which men as to how we got our game, to which we returned no answer, Bob and Joe saying that it would take too long to tell the whole story before supper and they would enjoy it better after; while I, for obvious reasons, kept strictly silent on the subject. All the information that was given was that I had killed the bear and one of the deer. The men looked on me as something of a hero; but I knew that a fall was coming and, therefore, said nothing.

Didn't I have a grand supper! Besides the venison Paul had cooked some fine bear steaks. And with the plum and mince pies I may say that the Christmas dinner was one of the best before or since. Old Maurice was more than satisfied. He allowed that a Christmas dinner of that style weren't a bad institution after all; even if he had to work that camp, as all well regulated camps are, was run on strictly temperance principles.

After finishing supper all gathered in the bank house to hear the exploits of the day. Pipes were filled, and the men, some getting into the benches, settled themselves sitting on the benches, settled themselves to listen. Then Bob and Joe related, with but little exaggeration, the whole of the day. Very little of the shooting of the deer. Then I had to stand a good deal of good-natured chaff. But when Joe, in his broken English, so graphically described the killing of the bear, and how I ran away from that could have been laughter arose that could have been laughter across the lake; and in which I could not but join. Even the Push could hardly keep on his seat; while Charlie, the Chinaman, coked, twisted himself up into so many knots that it was some days before he got fully straightened out. And for many a day after, without the least provocation he would grab himself around the middle and fall over in convulsions. On being asked to explain he would answer, when he caught his breath: "Oh, dat G—he kill 'em bear."

GEO. A. KILBIS.

TORONTO, 1894.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Updates. From the quiet nursery. Where the lamp burned soft and low I could hear the gentle voices. Come! Bring down below. And I knew bright eyes were trying A longed-for watch to keep. Lead Santa Claus pass by them. And they be fast asleep.

I heard the voice of Mabel. "Perhaps he won't come, because Lucy Grey says there's no such person. As good old folks say, 'No such person, and if there isn't, truly.' Why, then, he won't come, you know, And our stockings will all be empty From the top clear down to the toe."

Then up rose Will, indignant. At such a suggestion as this! Such a sudden dimpling of faces! And visions of Christmas tides Of a rocking-horse, saddled and bridled, Of stockings stuffed full to the top, Of pictures and games without number. And a wonderful trumpet to blow.

All the while his round shoulders And with eyes aglow with excitement (As I took in the doorway a peep, "Said, "She don't know anything about it! I'm tired and going to sleep. I wish you would just stop talking. For our stockings are hung below. And I know they'll be full in the morning. "Cause my father told me so."

And I thought, O trustful childhood, How you shame our riper years! And so sadly learn Father's lesson. That we learn so slowly with tears. And I thanked the little creature, And she said, "I might know. That the way God leads us is always right. For "our Father tells us so."

POKER RULES DIDN'T WORK

A Game in which Three of a Kind Took Only one Pair—Smarter than he Looked.

On Upper Broadway there is a shoe store, in the windows of which are some sample shoes. On the top of one pair is a large card on which three new \$1 bills are displayed. Below the bills is printed: "Three of a kind take a pair."

Yesterday a tough looking Westerner, after gazing for a long time on the bills stepped into the store and was met by a smiling clerk.

"Say, mister, is this a straight game yer given us?" "You refer to—" "I'm referin' to them shoes in the

winder. You sell them 'ordin to the rules of poker, do you?" "Oh, yes, yer sir. Quite so sir; ha, ha!" Rather clever thing, isn't it? Ha, ha!"

"D—ever. Show me a pair of number nines, that style."

The gentleman produced several pairs of nines, and the western man tried them on. He selected two pairs, and said he would take them both.

"Now, see here," he said, "I want to shenanigan. You're sellin' 'ordin to Hoyle, eh?"

"Yes sir, we guarantee that. Couldn't take advantage of an old hand like you. You evidently know the game."

"I do, sonny, and I want nothin' but what's 'ordin to rules. I want a straight game with no lookos, savvy?"

"Yesir, certainly, sir."

"Well, then, wrap up them two pair of shoes, and there's your \$3."

"But every one pair goes for \$3. Look at the card. Three of a kind, you know, take a pair."

"I know they do; but we're playin' by the rules, an' 'ordin to all the rules of poker I ever see, three of a kind, also just naturally and eternally, scoop two pair."

The clerk ceased to smile for a moment but suddenly recovered himself.

"Yesir, but three of a kind wouldn't scoop two pair when both pair are nines, would they?"

"Well, I'll be—Gosh take it if you ain't right! I thought I was workin' a smart game on you; but I'm a jay. I should have taken a pair of eights and you, damn you. Well, so long. You city fellows are smarter than you look, an' kin always squirm out of a deal somehow."

New York World.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

Night on the Nile is night quiet and deep; Naught in city or field to be heard Save the drowsy plish of the river's sweep By temple and quay, or the cry of some boat That drowns in its sleep.

Night in the cloudless and watchful sky, Where the myriad eyes of Heaven look down On out and palace, on country and town, Keeping an endless watch on high.

Or the current of life, and evermore Trembling and shuddering, as, one by one, Its waves roll up to the eternal shore, Break, and are gone.

Night in the depths of the rock-hewn tomb, Where priest and Pharos are lying in state, Starting with unmeaning eyes through the gloom That binds there forever, and seeming to wait.

Wrap up in their listening to the tread Of him who passes the corridors. And open and shuts the curtains of the dead. The bones of the dead.

The silver folds of the canopy Of Abbas Nofretat, the lost of those that rock-haunters buried and stored.

In the heavy air as though there had passed The wings of an unseen bird.

And lo! of a sudden an awful cry, How through the length and breadth of the lands

As when the tribes of the earth lament A cry that fills the whole firmament. And coming back to the earth again Went wailing over the fertile plain.

And lost itself in the desert sands. He had left the meads of the funeral fray. He had left the chamber where Mahomet pressed.

Her lifeless babe to her lifeless breast, And when the living were lying at rest He had smitten the first-born of man.

In palace, cottage and shed. There is a long and long slender, by With cold eyes meeting the moon's cold ray.

The first-born of Egypt—dead. Back on death, to thy rock-hewn case By the Nile's broad wave.

And unloosed through the countless years That lies outspread at the summit of fate, A cruel shade of despair and tears!

Back to thy haunts, for lo! in thy sleep A gentler presence walks over the earth. And fills God's Aere no with the dead. But with swaddling clothes for the weep.

For unto us a child is born! To every household throughout the land From Arctic snows to torrid sands; Wherever the foot of man hath trod, Wise or ignorant, high or low.

Wrapped in luxury, steeped in woe, Oh, happy, happy, happy now. This day a child, the child is born. With cold earth from sinless Heaven.

The day, — Sing, Oh baron, that didst not bear, Break forth into singing and cry aloud, That hadst neither travail nor care. He hath put down the mighty, and laid on the proud.

But unto one a lowly heart and mind He hath given a child.—The child.

"Theology isn't religion any more than a fashion plate is a suit of clothes, remarked the Manyuk philosopher."

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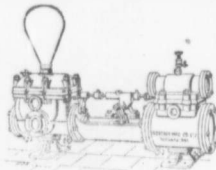
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THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Above the snow, and 'neath the stars,
And down the western sky,
In cold and pointed showers, came the grass
With frost-dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, and came along lay by
The first frost Christmas night.

The shepherds slept, and slumbering faint,
With twist of thin low smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The winter silence broke,
Saw when a young lamb raised his head,
And softly whistled low,
A nesting bird would stir,
Where dusky doves grew.

With finger on his solemn lip
Night looked the holy birth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little creature's birth,
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds awoke and hit
Their frightened, dazzled eyes.

But all their gentle, sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that shined the stars
Brought endless peace to each,
Nor ever heard the grateful words
That dawn the ages thus:
"The Christ is born, the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring."

Then o'er the meadow, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-wailed
flock,
Where lay the baby boy,
And, in the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ had smiled
In Mary's happy eyes.

SOME GHOSTLY REMARKS.

I am a Ghost by profession.
I haunt residences, chateaux, cabs, corner
lots—anything—for a consideration.

And, what is more, I am the oldest
ghost in the business.
I began in an unattractive way to do
haunting for private families when I
wasn't more than five years old.

That was in the year 402 B. C.
Then, as the years of that period grew
beautifully less, I became more expert,
and opened a Spectre Bureau and laid
the foundation of a large trade, which I regret
to say, has fallen off of late years.

My headquarters were then in Rome;
as time went on, established branches
in other cities, and made myself
agent for other specks, securing them
engagements to do haunting in places where
I could not spare the time to go myself.
In the old Roman days there wasn't
much Christmas work to be done, but
there was a great lot of political haunting
in bad.

I am the ghost who played the Pompey
act as Cæsar; and later on Mrs. Cæsar
employed me to make it unpleasant for
Brutus.

Brutus thought I really was Cæsar.
My make-up was fine—Mrs. Cæsar having
lent me a fog-colored toga, and a
transparent laurel wreath used to wear.
It would have made you laugh to see
Brutus quail.

It was worse than quail.
It was a whole covey of partridges.

By slow degrees I built up a monopoly
of European haunting.

Haulet was one of my best customers,
and gave me a letter of recommendation
to some English friends of his, through
whose influences I got the contract for
haunting the Royalty.

I sent down to my main office and got
a batch of spectres to come and help me
haunt Richard III.

You don'tless remember the episode.
That was the proudest moment of my
life.

It was haunting on a grand scale, you
know.
Ordinary spectres never do business in
that way.

They seem to think that if they appear
alone at a man's bedside, it is enough.

They have no mind to grasp the cumulative
effect upon the victim who gets
a whole invoice of ghosts thrown at him
all at once.

But lately—trade is dull.
People haven't time to be haunted;
and, unless they have some fell purpose
in view, they no longer hire specks to
haunt other people.

Here it is Christmas-time, and I have
not more than five engagements—and
what paltry engagements they are!
One fellow living off in the country
has his wife's mother living with him, and
he wants me to haunt the old lady until
she departs.

Nice business for a respectable ghost
to be in!

Then listen to this—here's a man
who writes to say that his wife is set
on having a seadisk soap, and he wants
to know what I'll charge to sit on the
foot-board of her bed, grinning at her
for three nights in a row every night
for three nights hammering, with a seal
soap over my shoulders.

I like to do a kind act of that sort,
particularly when, as in the present in-
stance my client offers to give me half
of what he gets out of it.

What's that?
I must be rich by this time?
Well, I guess not!

That's the one great trial of my busi-
ness.
No many of my clients go back on me.
I haunt 'em for a— I horrify and terrify;
I do everything a speck can do to achieve
their ends; and, lo! George! when I come
to ask for my money, they pretend not
to see me.

It's easy to pretend—not to see a ghost,
you know; and what redress have I?

Not a bit.
Who ever heard of a speck having any
standing in court?

That's why I'm disgusted with the
business; I'm going to give it up after
this year.

What am I going to do for a living?
Well, I don't know exactly!
I'm sorter uncertain whether to go into

a museum, or settle down in some old
French or English castle until I ex-
pate.

What?
Why, of course I'll evaporate some
day!

Particularly in those days when coats
are heated by steam.
I'd dry up in seven minutes if I heated
near steam.

But for a year after the coming day,
January I'm engaged by a wealthy young
New York boy.

One hundred dollars a month and my
board and lodging.

He wants me to sit in one corner of
his room as a specimen of real London
fog.

It's a nice, easy job; and, being foggy
is one of my specialties.



Job's Dream on Christmas Eve.

Do you call that a dignified thing?
Now, here's a bit I rather like:

A young man out at Poke-Stogy wants
me to attend a big ball there on Christ-
mas Eve, and horrify everybody but him-
self—his idea being that the girl he loves
will so admire his leaviness in the pres-
ence of a supernatural being, that she will
refrain from being a sister to him.

That's the kind of business that I like,
because it makes somebody happy; but
this trade of badgering an old lady just
because she happens to be a man's wife's
mother,—why, it's positively low!

Then, there's another congenial bid
I've got for Christmas Eve.
A boy who was discovered to be dis-
sipated by his rich father ten years ago,
and whose name has been removed from
the old gentleman's will, has retained me
to appear at his governor's bedside as the
clock strikes twelve, and simply soak him
with remorse, and secure the boy's re-
instatement.

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Passing the "Dairy Lunch Counter."

A MEAN TRICK.

Mrs. Goshop—"I think I'll give my husband a bottle of hair-restorer for Christmas."

Mrs. Quiz—"So you want him to look young again?"

Mrs. Goshop—"It isn't that. I just want to keep him from going to see the skirt-dancers every night."

"FOITY NINE CENTS."

Merrill—"Those were pretty rank cigars your wife gave you for Christmas."

Cabrigger—"I should say so. They made me sick before I tried them."

Merrill—"How was that?"

Cabrigger—"She forgot to rub the price off the bottom of the box."

NOT CONVENTIONAL.

Old Jerry Simpson does not care
What goes on his stockings,
He hangs 'em up his stockings,
He has 'em stockings to hang.

NO REASON FOR UNEASINESS.

Mrs. ROBINSON HILL, of Austin, Tex., on entering the dining room one warm day saw something that shocked her, and to the colored lady, Matilda Snowball, whom she employs, she said:
"Matilda, is that a handkerchief you have put over the batter?"
"Yes, mum, I put hit dar to keep de flies off. Don't be skeart, hit's my own hankercher."

SHE APPRECIATED THEM.

"Well, if, as you say, you love Clarence why don't you release George, Harry, Fred and Eugene?"

"I know my business. It isn't going to be a cold day for the dear boys until after Christmas."



While assisting the pretty "Typewriter" across the street.

WORKING AN OLD SCHEME.

At one of the theatres the other evening a dapper, well-dressed young man was seated with a couple of society girls in a front seat in the parquet. As the curtain went down after the second act, he was observed to grow restless and cast furtive glances towards the entrance. Suddenly an usher came dashing down the aisle, conspicuously waving a note in hand, which he delivered to the gentleman in question. The latter opened it, knotted his eyebrows seriously and handed it to his lady companions for inspection. Then, seizing his hat, he hastened back to the door. When he re-entered the theatre a few minutes later, wiping his mustache with the handkerchief, observant ones among the audience quietly nudged each other and remarked in an undertone: "It was an old scheme, but it worked."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,
He sang, when suddenly his hostess rose
And whispered, "Do not let my husband hear—
He has too many wild times, I fear."

HIS HONEST OPINION.

An Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmistakable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanor, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied with the characteristic humor of his country, "Never a single word, your Honor! It's my real bad opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."



Saluting the "Mayor."

AN IMPLIED SLUR.

Cobbie—"Van Gilder, the painter, had a narrow escape from being drowned recently, didn't he?"

Stone—"Yes, and now he won't speak to me."

Cobbie—"Why not?"

Stone—"I referred to him as a struggling artist."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Artist—(showing picture)—"Now, my dear Glimmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs."

Glimmer—"Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of wood."

The artist is thinking this compliment over.

HE PLAYED WITH BOOTH.

"You wouldn't think, sir, that I once played with Booth in England?"

"Dear me?" exclaimed the benevolent old gentleman, as he handed the wretched mendicant a quarter, "what did you play?"

"The bass drum, sir," answered the mendicant meekly, "but this Salvation Army biz is played out for me."



Addressing the "Apple Woman."

THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF IT.

A MEVY of pretty girls were talking of the Christmas gifts they would like to receive.

"Give me a gold watch," said one.

"Give me a silver bombazone," said another.

"Give me lots of gloves."

"Give me a toilet-box."

"Give me an album."

"Give me a piano," and so in succession.

"Give me a man," said the last; and the rest all snickered and changed their wishes at the same time.

TWOULD GO AS WELL.

They tell this story of an absent-minded professor in the University of Pennsylvania. He was writing at his desk one evening when one of his children entered.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I cannot be disturbed now."

"I only want to say good-night, papa," replied the child.

"Never mind now," as he instantly resumed his writing, "to-morrow morning will do as well."



Demonstrating with the "Organ Grinder."

THOSE BLOOMERS.

They—"Mudder, Mudder! wate is my pants?"
Mudder—(soothingly)—"There, there, fley, do be quiet! Your sister, Rebecca, has gone out for a ride on her bicycle vid dem, but she'll be back soon again."

A nice Christmas toy for an archin
Is found in an elephant green.
With eyes that are purple and scarlet,
And a voice that sings "God Save the Queen!"

AFRAID OF THE NEW DISEASE.

Mrs. A.—"I'm afraid that if I use a pen much longer I'll have an attack of—
of—oh, what is that you call it?"
Mrs. B.—"I'm sure I don't know."
Mrs. A.—"Oh, I have it; appendicitis. That's it."



Addressing the "Newsboy."

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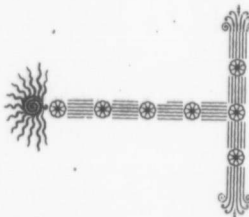
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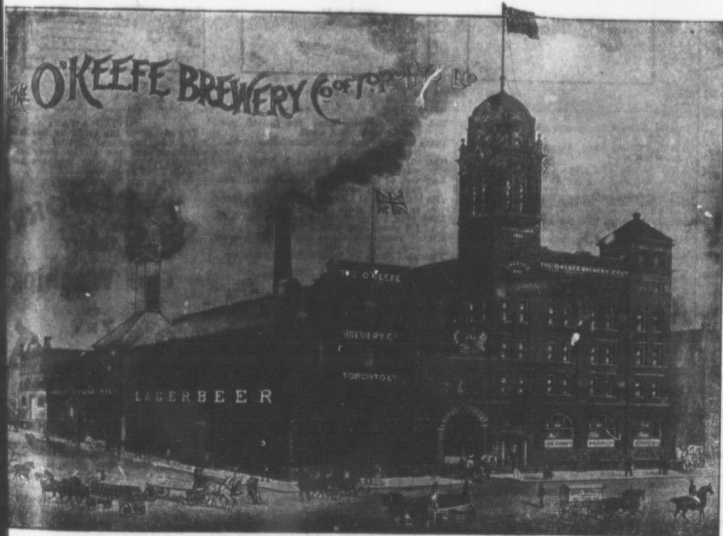


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THE BELLS OF ATLANTA.

An Incident of the Civil War.

Autumn sunset on Atlanta painting banners red of Mars— Twinkling candles in the distance like ten thousand evening stars. For the foe had come upon her in the glory of his might. And his siege guns, like grim war dogs, waited for the morrow's fight. Down the valley in the moonlight lay the gateway of the South. Proud as the summer grain field when the east wind breaks the drought— Proud as harvest queen and heedless—sleeping 'neath the cannon's mouth.

Sabbath sunrise on Atlanta, issuing in the steel-gray morn. Turning dark hills into silver as the crystal light is born. Wakes the booming sky in beauty, spreads the summer ether in shade— Only reveille and roll-call mock the peace that God had made. And he siege guns ceased their dreaming— ceased their dreaming of the fray. Turned their horrid fronts to eastward, where the quiet city lay. For the war had come from masters, they must open up their prey!

Far away through blue-dusted morning rose the city's thread-like spires— the banner for her heaven-kindling fire; A— the fountaineer, wondered,—knew they fought no timid wraith— For the finger of her worship was the flag-staff of her faith. Ay, they knew that in that banner, fluttering there without a flaw, Slept the chivalry of Dalton and the nerve of Kennebec—

Shambled southern hope and glory, her religion and her law. "Alm, for yonder cursed banner flouting from that tallest spire; Open with the hundred-epandera—let the batteries follow fire." Thus spake Sherman, and his army, marshalled in the hill-top sun. Waited there in painful silence for the music of that gun. And those siege guns, huge, black-muzzled, show their demon, ghastly lips. As they raise their necks to measure where the blue horizon dips— Where to spring across the valley when their leash the keeper slips.

In a moment on the city there would rain a fire of bell; A solid shot would mingle thunder with the shriek of shrapnel shell! Like an eagle from his eyrie falling on the rock below. Death would scream across the valley lighted by the fuse's glow. Then the sergeant grasps the lanyard, while erect the gunners stand. As they wait in dumb obedience the colonel's stern command— For the word unloosing thunder on this heaven-basking land.

Suddenly, far down the valley, came a faint yet fearful sound. Floating from the distant steeple, spreading like God's halo 'round. And the sergeant dropped the lanyard as that sweet and noiseless fell. And the bristling ranks saluted—for they heard their own church bell! Softly, sweetly, rising, falling, rang: 'Tis thus the psalm rang calling, with "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Heralding to pale blue morning till the echoing hills stand still and crimson scorning: "Love thy God with all thy heart!" It pours, full and heart-throated, caring naught for glory's puff. Chiming, as it upward thence: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." God's own skylark of His spirit!—sweeter than the songs of war. Greater than the boss of battle when the cannon boom afar— Greater than the blunder-organs on the decks of Trafalgar!

And the soldier as he listened saw New England's hilltops rise— Saw the plains of Indiana stretch beneath his misty eyes. Vanished now the flags of battle, gone were sword and gun. And his own sweet native valley lay before him in the sun. It is Sabbath, and the church bells call him now to worship God with the chastening riel. Till a brother's blood shall mingle with his own, his southern sod.

"Tea-though—the sags are lowered and the blue-steel guns they stack— God has broken that dire cannon never yet hath turned them back. All day long the rebel banner, flirring while the winds cease to move—

Mocked the guns that, perked to westward, crowned the hilltop's bristling crest. All day long the Sabbath sunlight o'er the peaceful city spread. Bleeding blue and gray battalions in the soft clouds overhead— And the siege guns watched and wondered why their keepers all had fled!

Ring, ye church bells of Atlanta! Ring till sin and hate shall cease. Ring till nations hear thy psalms, and the founts of love release. And the notes of drums are drowned out in thy melodies of peace. —The Horse Review.

LOTS OF SPORT.

Popper gets the sleigh out—the low one like a sled. Not the cutter in the barn, the one that's painted red; Gets his big red mittens out, the butter roll, and all. Mommer comes to the kitchen door in her old green santonj show. My! she's got a list of things that Popper's got to get. War down at the Junction store, where things are good, you bet! Every kind of spices, a chewing gum, Hairpins and a bag of salt and a jug of rum. Popper for the sausages, rilment and shoes. And that curious smelling stuff for the tea that Gramma brews.



Jimmy Tries to Get Comfortable with the Big Book.

Popper screws his mouth up and says the list is big; But they must have things at Christmas when we KILL THE FIG.

Next day Mr. Wilkins comes—he's the Nobody in town can cut up pork meat like he can. He and Popper make their guess, sitting up Ain't no other pig than that in Jersey or in York. Popper says four hundred pounds—Mr Wilkins tells him no. Says three hundred and a half is high as that pig'll go. Jimmy—that's our hired man—looks kinder cross at him. "Four hundred pounds is in that pork or I ain't no judge," says Jim. You see, Jim's always fed the pig, and that's the way it ends. Jim and the pig they got to be a kinder sort of friends. And Jim ain't goin' to let 'olks say he ain't real good 'ol' gal. And he feels right bad at Christmas when we KILL THE FIG.

The folks come out from the house—except the women folks. They say they hate to hear the signals, but then men makes lots of jokes. And along comes Mr. Shepard—th' sister's steady head. He says for come to help us out, but it ain't for that, I know. Why, 'cuhah! he don't do nothin', for didn't see him stand

You see he's really most to fat—if you want a right good noise. Then follow, long-south razor-backs is bet. But our pig sort of grunts a while, and wags his tail, and And sort of quacks a through his fat, and sags down on the ground. The little pool of blood he makes looks pretty on the snow— Last year I played 'tween Injun blood and I'd shoot 'em with a bow. I don't know sometimes but I'll be a cow boy when I'm big. Though I think I'll be a butcher when we KILL THE FIG.

Then the women folks fetch steaming, boiling water in the pails. And Popper goes out to the barn and gets the stillyard mares. And my it don't Jim look satisfied when Mr. Wilkins says: "By gum! that pig's four hundred pounds, it's exactly what he weighs. I knowed he was a fine one when I see him; but, well, no— I didn't think him so much weight, or I'd have told you so." Pop says that's just a butcher's way never to guess too big. But I think it realy 'spritd him when we KILL THE FIG.

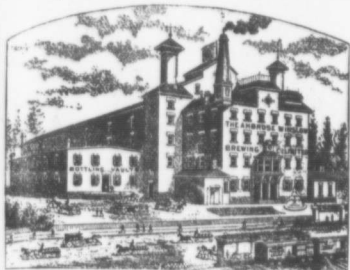
Then Mr. Wilkins lifts his legs and puts a broomstick thro' it. And hangs him up to the hook on the tree that they hang the stillyards by. And he scrapes him and he steams him till the air is steam all round.

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And the steam makes little peck-marks in the snow upon the ground. And he scrapes the bristles off him and he splits him just as straight! And he puts the sausage castings in warm water for to wait. And there he is a haunch! there, all white and clean and dry. And Mr. Wilkins's 's gone away, and there's the empty fig. It's cold, and he's a-stiffening fast, and sooty ain't he big? Oh, it's a lot of fun at Christmas when we KILL THE FIG.

GIVING AWAY. The giving of the bride by her father and a very important part of the same ceremony, but the giving away of suit-milners by their little brothers has devoted many marriages.

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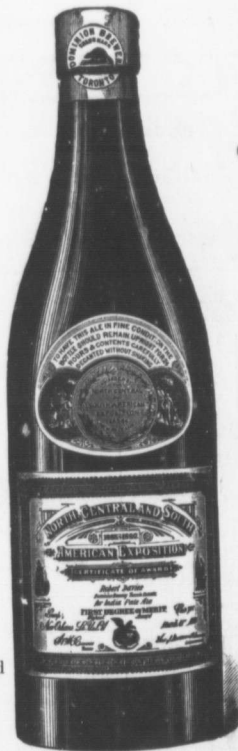
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