

DEAD IN THE DESERT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY ALFRED R. CAL. dated Christmas eve, a year before: HOUN.

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stroyed, there was nothing to indicate | men wherever one turned. From the the town, state or land. One read as wide parlors came the rythmic fall of feet and the swell of music. follows, and, curiously enough, it was Here was Eden, but on asking the

landlord the reason for these festivities, "My DARLING BOY-I think of you at all times, but on Christmas eve you fill he replied:

"It is a wedding. Mr. Louis Bolton, my heart so that I can think of nothing whose bride and mother reached here else, and if it were not for Dora, who T WAS the 24th | has come to cheer me, I fear I could not | yesterday from the east, was married to-

of December, stand it. "Where is my Louis tonight? night." "Louis Bolton?" I repeated, and 1 1870, I was at that | This question haunts me, and ! picture time in charge of you out in the deserts of that wild land, thought of the dead man out on the division of en- homeless and friendless, still hunting for desert.

"Yes; here he is. Let me introduce

## THE PUBLIC LEDGER,

Herrick, in his "Hesperides," treats: Of Christmas sports, the Wassell Boule That tost up, after Fox-i'-th'-hole; Of Blind-man buffe, and of the care That young men have to shooe the Mare; Of Ash-heapes, in the which ye use Husbands and wives by streakes to chuse:

Of crackling laurell, which fore-sounds A plenteous harvest to your grounds. A writer in The Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1784, tells us that "the drinking the Wassail bowl or cup was, in all probability, owing to keeping Christmas in the same manner they had before the Feast of Yule. 'There was nothing the northern nations so much delighted in as carousing ale, especially at this season, when fighting was over. It was likewise their custom at all their feasts amuse anybody I jes got myself into for the master of the house to fill a large trouble.

bowl or pitcher, to drink out of it first himself, and then give to him that sat next, and so it went around." In Poor Robin's Almanac for 1677, in

the beginning of December, he observes: Now blocks to cleave this time requires

'Gainst Christmas for to make good fires, which salutary advice is still to be heeded in northern latitudes.

Then I waited, pinchin myself to keep The Yule log figures largely in all the awake. After awhile papa came into poetry of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and the room with a lot of things that he Fifteenth centuries, and of this Herrick dumped on Tommy's bed. Then mamsays: ma came in and put some things on

Come, bring with a noise, My merry, merrie boys, The Christmas Log to the firing, While my good Dame, she Bids ye all be free And drink to your heart's desiring; "With the last year's Brand Light the new Block," and For good success in his spending, On your psalteries play, That sweet luck may Come while the Log is a-teending. Drink new the strong beere, Cut the white loafe here The while the meat is a-shredding; For the rare mince pie And the plums stand by To fill the paste that's a-kneading. ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

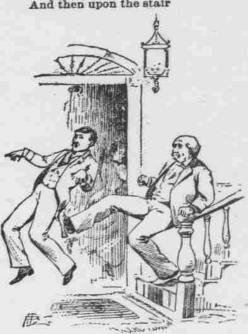
Can't Have Too Much of a Good Thing.

Tommy could see me when I came down the chimney into the room.

Clara-Did you get my Christmas card, dear?

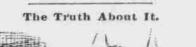
## TO A SPRAY OF MISTLETOE. BILLY'S SANTA CLAUS EXPERIENCE.

[A CHRISTMAS SOLILOQUY.] One year ago above the door You hung, and she was there. I kissed her then, because of you, And then upon the stair



We sat and talked. Because of you My arm stole round her waist. And then, because of you once more, I kissed her. This in haste:

For her papa was up above, And down the stair he came. This was last year, and yet I'm still, Because of you, quite lame. TOM MASSON.

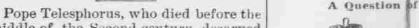




crawled over to the chimney that went down into our roor l climbed up on top of it. I had a aght my bicycle lantern with me and I lighted it so as Stuffer-What do you think? Jones

has actually invited me to dine with him on Christmas day at his boarding house. Dashaway-Ha! ha! Did you ask him if he had a grudge against you?

Stuffer-Yes. He said no; that he had grudge against the landlady. CHRISTMAS APHORISMS



feel safe in guara ing a price. Yes, cotton i rise. Mark t are being our prediction. \* The prediction of and pub-sent out from Ne Work and published in the new mpers all over the country that the cotton crop will be unusally be is without foundation and wholly false. It is the work of st k gamblers to aid them in ther speculation schemes. In fact de arein possession of reliable information which shows that the word's cotton crop according to the jimstes of the best exp-rts, will under the published estimates by more than a million bales. F rther, we have in our possession pafidential cir-cular which was intended to circu-late on the set of the set o late on the inside among specula-tors which puts the cotton crop of world at 1,300,00 ales short of the figures they have published to the world. Accoreing to their own estimates the core brop of this year will 'a'l she the estimated needs of the world at least 600,000 bales. It is true we lost last year by hold ng back cotton, but the crop was musually large which with a contacted money supply enabled endpeculator to steadily push down the price. In fact we can selaton afford to try to hold a group of the price of the price. hold a crop as long as a few money sharks can control the volume of currency But with the great shor-

Held Yop:

If you can hold

curcotton we

ing a better

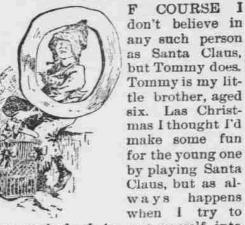
tage in the crop this year it is hardly possible that they will be able to keep down the price if the farmers will hol and stop seling. The following resolution was offered before the Supreme Council

of the Alliance at Indianapolis by ion Butler, of North Carolina, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That being in possession of facts that are thoroughly reliable, which we ant us in a belief that a talse est-bate has been purposely made of the present crop of cotton, we feel safe in guaranteeing bet er prices if cot-

ton can be held for sixty days. We know that many will be forced to sell in eder to do them-selves and their craditors justice, but let every man hold who can. -The Caucasian

A Question of Darkness.



I went to bed pretty early on Christ-

mas eve so as to give my parents a

chance to get the presents out of the

closet in mamma's room, where they had

been locked up since they were bought.

I kep my close on except my shoes, and

put my nightgown over them so as I'd

look white if any of them came near me.

mine and in our two stockings that were

hung up by the chimney. Then they

both went out very quiet, and soon all

I kep on pinchin myself and waitin

for a time, and then when I was sure

that everybody was asleep I got up. The

first thing I went into was my sister's

room, and got her white fur rug that

mamma gave her on her birthday, and her

sealskin cape that was hanging on the

closet door. I tied the cape on my head

with shoestrings and it made a good big

cap. Then I put the fur rug around me

and pinned it with big safety pins what

I found on Tommy's garters. Then 1

got mamma's new scrap basket, trimmed

with roses, what Mrs. Simmons broid-

ered for the church fair, and piled all of

the kid's toys into it. I fastened it to

my back with papa's suspenders, and

I hurt my fingers some opening the

scuttle, but kept right on. It was snow-

ing hard and I stood and let myself get

pretty well covered with flakes. Then

then I started for the roof.

the lights went out too.



gineers who were gold. Ah, my boy, come back! Better making a survey poverty than this awful anxiety. But him." of the Mojave we cannot be poor where there is so desert from the much love."

"Do not think me impatient," she

urged, "but I feel more and more that

wealth does not mean happiness, and

"You must not think that I am indif-

ferent to the self denial you exert and

The letter continued at length in this Needles on the vein, and it ended, "With love and Great Colorado kisses and blessings from Mother." to Los Angeles The next letter was also written at "The Elms" on Christmas eve, just a year prise he kissed me and shouted: on the Pacific. For a month before. I cannot pretend to quote it in

the officers and full, but every line bespoke a noble men had been eagerly looking womanhood and a profound love for the

forward to spending the Christmas holi- absent Louis. days in the beautiful town of San Bernardino, on the other side of the Sierras.

On the 23d the wagons, pack mules and all the men, excepting three who that the noblest manhood is not develremained back to complete some work oped in the fierce struggle for gold. And with myself, crossed the range that then, my darling, the world is not so separates the Mojave (pronounced Mo- full of objects worthy our love that we hav-ee) desert from the flowering and can afford to live our brief lives apart. fruitful paradise of southern California.

For six weeks we had been working in the desert, running lines, taking elevations and plotting our work at night by the smoky light of dried creosote and sapless sage brush. At nearest water, and when obtained the up. \* \* \*

water was alkaline. Many of our pack desert to die.

Hard tack and bacon, and not too much of that, had been the only food of the men since we entered the desert, and so the most cheerful became grum, and the skin of the youngest grew dry and parched as that of a mummy.

We did our work in silence; even the officers came to speak in whispers, for our throats were dry and our lips cracked. Everything with moisture in it parched as if in a furnace.

The alkali on the level expanses looked like dazzling snow. The fantastic hills and mesas were crumbling and burning up in the forceful and persistent fires of oxidation. And amid all this the mirage would appear to mock us with lakes and streams in which were reflected the spires, domes and minarets of grand oriental cities, such as might have been built by the genii of architecture.

It was half past 5 in the afternoon, and we hoped to reach the pass by dark, where fresh horses would carry us to the town before midnight and Christmas day.

As our horses staggered on, we saw three vultures rising from a dark object a little to the right. A glance through side by side.

Years of this wild life had accustomed were full of thoughts of the joyous Christmas days of the past and of the fire opals in the light of the setting sun. rest, fresh food and water for bathing, which we were to enjoy on the morrow, there was something inexpressibly sad with all speed for the beautiful town of in the presence of death at such a time San Bernardino. and at the foot of the purple mountains, beyond which lay Eden.

We reined in our thin, panting horses and dismounted. In that atmosphere no organic substance decays-it shrivels up and becomes as hard and indestructible as the glistening volcanic rocks that sur- There were round it; but enough remained to tell wreaths and banus that the horse had once been a noble ners over windows creature, and the saddle and equipments and doors. There

myself a man out seeking my fortune in that land of wonders; but I shudder when I think that you are surrounded times we were sixty miles from the by the dangers which my fancy conjures "Nero, grown fat and lazy, lies at my nules, maddened by thirst, broke their | feet as I write. I call your name, 'Louis! ropes and wandered further into the my Louis!' and the dog starts up and





STRETCHED SIDE BY SIDE rushes to the door with a joyous bark, but he hears no loved voice or footstep, and he comes back dejected and lies down with

a moan. Ah, dear boy! if that dumb brute mourns your absence, how must it be with us?" \* \* \*

And so the letter went on, full of love and gossip and gossip and love, till it ended with "Ever and forever, Dora." We laid the body at the base of a volmy field glass revealed the outlines of a canic cliff, and covered it with stones to prostrate man and horse, stretched out | save it from the vultures, then we distributed the arms and saddlebags, so as to save our horses, and resumed our us to such sights. Yet as our hearts march for the west, where the peaks of the purple Sierras glowed like mighty

We found fresh horses at the pass, and then, although quite tired, we pushed on

We were out of the desert. The odor of orange blossoms and perennial helio

trope filled the air, and the ripple of water came to our ears whenever we reined in our horses We found the hotel ablaze with light.

The landlord introduced me to a tall, handsome young man, and I at once

took him to my room and showed him the arms and saddlebags. As soon as he saw the titles, he threw his arms about my neck, and to my sur-

"You have brought a wedding present that makes me rich, rich as any honest man wants to be!" Briefly, Mr. Bolton's papers and much

of his ready money had been stolen six months before by a Mexican desperado named Guan Chauz. The man was chased into the desert where he perished, and so my sympathy was wasted.

I met the dear mother, and I met "Dora" that night, and I drank to their health and prosperity as the church bells rang in Christmas day.

## Early Christmas Carols.

the sufferings you endure. I often fancy Christmas carols have been sung ever since the rule tribes of Germany were converted to Christianity. There are books by the score containing louidreds. of them. Bishop Taylor observes that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the well known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's Nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. Bourne cites

Durandus to prove that in earlier ages | afraid it isn't big enough. of the church the bishops were accustomed on Christmas day to sing carols among their clergy. The original of the Anglo-Norman carol (translated by Douce) of the date Thirteenth century is in the British museum. It begins:

Now, Lordings, listen to our ditty, Strangers coming from afar: Let poor minstrels move your pity,

Give us welcome, soothe our care. In 1521, Wynkyn de Warde printed a set of Christmas carols. One of them was "A Carol bryngyng in the Bore's Head."

Tale:' James sitteth by the fire with double berd, And he drinketh of his bugle-horne the wine Before him standeth the braune of the tusked swin

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Copyright, 1891, by American Press Associa-From heaven to earth at night's high noon

There flashed a ray of sacred fire, And Nature's voice was all a-tune With songs of sweet desire. O wondrous night! O holy morn!

When peace and harmony were bornl The anthems of all nations ring Over the seas from shore to shore; The song the Christmas joy bells sing

Echoes forevermore. O Christ, to think Thy baby hands Could grasp and hold so many lands!

May joy abide in every breast! May loving thoughts and kindness sway The souls of men to quiet rest, For Christ was born today! Let bitterness and envy cease, And all His children be at peace!

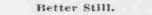
O spirit of this Christmastide, Abide with us, and give us power To conquer upon every side The battle of life's hour. And grant that we may know with Thee The joy of immortality!

HELEN S. CONANT.

OLD TIME RHYMES.

Some Quaint Christmas Verses of Other Days.

Maude-Yes; and I have always admired that card so much. I told Ethel 3wansdown when she sent it to you last year that I thought it was so pretty.



First St. Louis Girl-1 want to hang

Second St. Louis Girl-Why don't you

A Short Wait.

THE SON COMES OUT.

Too Slow.

Run like the horses do."



## CLIMBED UP ON TOP OF IT.

There did not seem to be any places inside the chimney where I could hold on by my feet, but the ceiling in our room was not very high and I had often jumped most as far, so I jes let her go, and I suppose I went down.-Anyway, I did not know about in devotee and skeptic alike. Men may anything for a long time. Then I woke up all in the dark with my head feelin. queer, and when I tried to turn over in bed I found 1 wasn't in bed at all, and all who suffered and strove to heal every

up my stocking on Christmas, but I am then my arms and legs began to hurt aching heart. terrible, mostly one arm that was doubled up. I tried to get up, but I of its theology and has come to stand for couldn't because my bones hurt so and I was terrible cold and there was nothing love it, for throughout the universe love to stand on. I was jes stuck. Then I is born of love and is worshiped for its began to cry, and pretty soon I heard own sake.

mamma's voice sayin to papa: "Those must be sparrers that are making that noise in the chimney. Jes touch a match to the wood in the boys' fireplace.'

I heard papa strike a light and then the wood began to crackle. Then, by iinks! it began to get hot and smoky and screamed:

"Help! Murder! Put out that fire lest ou want to burn me up!" Then I heard papa stamping on the

wood and mamma calling out: "Where's Billy? Where is my chile?"

Next Tommy woke up and began to ly the pains all over me. Then papa

called out very stern: "That's all right. I thought I'd make "William, if you are in that chimney aryself comfortable until the sun comes

stuck and couldn't.

Then I heard papa gettin dressed, stable went up on the roof and let down ropes what I put around me and they hauled me up.

> It was jes daylight and I was all black and sooty and scratched and my arm was broken.

Everybody scolded me excep mamma. I had spoiled my sister's white rug, and broken all of Tommy's toys, and the snow what went in through the scuttle melted and marked the parlor ceiling, besides I guess it cost papa a good deal to get my arm mended. Nobody would believe that I had jes meant to make some fun for Tommy, and my arm and all my bruised places hurt me awful for a long time. If I live to be a million I am never goin to play Santa Claus agin. CORNELIA REDMOND.

The Antiquity of the Christmas Box. Three centuries ago the Christman box now not often heard of, was in the height of its glory, as these lines show: Gladly the Boy with Christmas Box in hand, Throughout the town his devious route pursues.

made of the Second century, deserved canonizing, if for nothing else, for instituting Christmas as a festival. It has been celebrated ever since in all Christian lands, and has given more happi ness to children than any day in the calendar. Making children happy is the essence of Christianity.

Of late years, Christmas has become far more a domestic and merrymaking holiday than a religious one. But it is religious in the best sense, since it is a day of peace and rest, and opens the heart to human needs and human sympathies.

The most satisfactory way to observe Christmas is to do at least one good act to some of our fellows. The consciousness of doing such an act will inspire us to do others, and so sanctify the day as to make it ever welcome.

Christmas is always associated with the good Jesus who, whether regarded as God or man, was the purest, kindest. noblest being that has walked the earth. He has inspired love in saint and sinner, wrangle about creeds; but about Jesus and his beautiful life there can hardly be any difference of opinion, for he pitied

Christmas has gradually evolved out a festival of love. Therefore all men

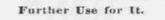
A clear conscience furnishes the best digestion for a Christmas dinner.

Christmas is a day to form good resolutions. It is easier to form them on that or any other day than to keep them for a single month.

No conscientious person can enjoy his Christmas dinner if he knows anybody else within reach to be hungry. The consciousness that we have given food to the needy provides us with the finest appetite.

Christmas was formed, in the era of theology, from Christ and mass. In cry and everything was terrible, special- these practical and luxurious days it might signify that we should try to imitate Christ in dealing with the mass of mankind, who are usually more or less come down at once!" and I answered. unfortunate. By so dealing with them cryin, that I would if I could, but I was we should make all days Christmas days

It is better to be a Christmas turkey on the table than a Christmas goose at and pretty soon he and John from the the table. JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.





several New Year's callers.

Answer this Question.

Ethel-I think I ought to tell you, Edith, that 1 met your fiance in a dark hallway last night and he kissed me. Edith-Indeed! The hallway must have been very dark.-Munsey's Weekly.



"Don't want nothing. Go 'way, Don't ike peddlers." "But maybe your hashand does. How about a razor?

"He never shaves. Go 'way." "But perhaps he might want to commit suicide."-Philadelphia Times.

Unterrified

"I'm told," a George to Mabel, "that tyrotoxicr been found in remarkable abundance in ice cream this season.'

"Does it hurt one much?" she asked apprehensively.

"Oh, I guess it poisons you," he replied.

"Is it alive?"

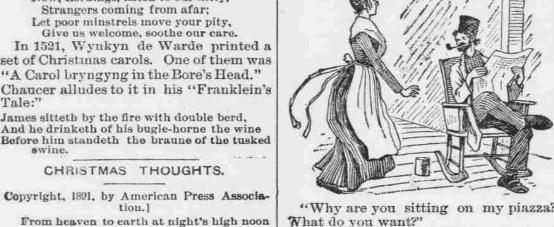
"Ye-yes; I think so."

"Oh, George, by I would like to see one."-Merchanter weler.

An Ungainly Creature.

Man is an ungainly creature at the best. His head is an irregular spheroid, his eyes are not or of equal efficiency; his whiskers won't grow uniformly. One shoulder is higher than the other, one hand or foot larger than the otherand this is on opposite sides-his hips (if he has any) are unequal in shape. The calves of his legs are not twins in anything but age; nod without his tailor, hatter and boeting the is a sorry looking animal.-Ogden Argus.

How They Work.



sat."

hang up your ear muffs?

as the wealthy Mexicans of were flowers and southern California delight in.

The man was of medium height, and the carbine, pistols and knife, still belted about his shrunken waist, indicated ability to resist. He was young. The long, dark hair and the silky mustache, through which the white teeth gleamed, told this. We opened the saddlebags and found \$200 in gold, the titles to a lot of California mining lands made out to one "Louis Bolton," and a bundle of letters tied with a blue ribbon.

In the middle of the bundle there were two vignettes-one that of a sweet faced, motherly lady, the other that of a beautiful girl, the name "Dora" at the bottom of the picture being surrounded by a delicately painted wreath of forgetmenots.

These letters were dated at "The Elms," but, as the envelopes were de-



10

It was Thomas Tusser who, nearly three and a half centuries ago, advised all people to at-

Christmas play and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year, in his quaint book, entitled "Five Hundrede Pointes of Good Husbandrie," but it was previous to this that there had been issued a mock play called "Alexander and the King of Egypt," the conclusion of which is given in Ray's Collection of Proverbs," as follows: Bounce Buckram, velvets dear, Christmas comes but once a year; And when it comes it brings good cheer, But when it's gone, it's never the near. [Note-Bounce Buckram is equivalent to

throw away your old clothes."] Again, in a rare tract published in 1653, are the lines: Let's dance and sing and make good cheer,



Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most suc Why do so many people we see around cessful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the us seem to prefer to suffer and be made worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bron- miserable by indigestion, Constipation, chitis, while its wonderful success in the Dizziness. Loss of Appetite, Coming np cure of Consumption is without a parallel of the Food. Vellow Skin, when for 75c in the history of medicine. Since its first we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guar discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, anteed to cure them. Sold by J. P. Steda test which no other medicine can stand. man.

"Say, aunty, do get a move on you. If you have a cough we earnesily ask you to try it Price 10c, 59c and \$1. If your F. H. Hickey, 1208 Main street, Lynchlungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use burg, Va, writes: "I was broke out all count you will find that it cost us \$27.50 "Oh, no, Frankie; it wouldn't look Shilohs Porus Plaster. Sold by J. P. over with sores, and my hair was falling for repairing rocking chairs during the Stedman. "Then you might as well take me

Several stores and dwellings in Oxford Blood Balm my hair quit falling out and Chicago Tribune. for sale or rent JOHN A. WILLIAMS. all the sores got well."

his and the second Baking powders are mixtures of chemi-Bridget-Shall I take the Christman cals which, when moistened, liberate car-Bridget—Shall I take the christian nistletoe down from the door, miss? Miss Summit—No, indeed. I expect several New Year's callers. bonic acid gas. They are added to the flour used in badmaking, so that the gas, as it escapes, any puff up the dough, mistletoe down from the door, miss? rendering it spongy and light. Yeast serves the same purpose by causing a fermentation in the flour, which also develops carbonic agid gas-Boston Budget.

Had the Figures to Show for It. "You never loved me, John!" sobbed Mrs. Billus hysterically,

"Maria," exclaimed Mr. Billus earnestly, "you are mistaken. If you will look back over the family expense acout. After using a few bottles of Potanic first three years of our married life."-

well for me to run like that." home again. This pace is just killing For Christmas comes but once a year. me."-Life.