

W SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

AUL FLETCHER was in the drawing room waiting for Lida to come. Lida lived with her and to see her either the brother's speech. or his children were in the room, there was never a chance to say thing to her alone.

ad gone to her mother's for several chance."

www. with Lida left at home with two servants and her brother not and g till evening, Fletcher could say our those things be had been longand himself to write in a letter nor eagerly. deviare before the assembled family, at reagth, after what seemed a very my waiting, some one was coming. strust aside, and in walked Teddy- thinking the child still slept. oddy, who, in Fletcher's opinion, was "I can step only a moment," Fletch-

un were concerned. condially. "I thought you had gone to joining room. sound Christmas with your grandma."

"I didn't go," said Teddy. Claus tonight?"

"Oh. I s'pose so," wearily. "I'd just like to see him, though!" His manner crew more animated. Why, what would you do?"

"I'd tell him what I think of him." "And what is that?"

"Oh, that I think he's a fraud! Prewading he comes in a sleigh when the ground has been bare for a month! La come on a bicycle?"



LIA CLAUS STOOD BEFORE EIM.

- reity old, too, and maybe does may how to ride, and, besides, would be bring the presents?" has the use of presents, any-I never have anything that's

betcher, and then he did not remed to be in a brown study,

thing roused him till Lida came I even then he did not say much. Whe given a tile parties ayed only a short time.

ds and introduced the guest to his the first forkful went mouthward.

I not know that there is no snow on ance lecture right then and there.

ie cround." Bleycle?" asked Teddy.

No; I came in a motor carriage." residuously. Then he ran to the win- cellence of this pie. It has a most I do," he said excitedly, coming back. tasted anything like it. Would you Ton can see it just as plain out un- think me everbold if I asked for andoe the electric light,"

I did not bring you any presents," press. and Santa Claus, "as I heard you did 1 of care for them, but I would like to the you for a little ride, if your aunt Don't take the tone that you are will go too. I came early," glancing "cut up" if some one for whom you at the clock, "so that I can get back have nothing gives you a present. The and attend to the boys and girls who thing is not supposed to be a matter

ke to have presents." "Of course we will go," said Teddy blance of a Christmas spirit and regay promptly. "I have never been in a the obligation, not by a turdy respond-

notor carriage." In a few moments the three were on | some other time, if you want to.

their way, wen protected from the cold, bracing air by an abundance of furs and wrips. There was no moon, but after the lighted streets of the town were past the stars shone down on them brightly.

Teslely was wild with delight, and his tongue ran on rapidly. At length there were occasional panses, then longer ones interrupted by disjointed remarks. Finally there was total silence. Fietcher bent over so that he could see the child's face; then he looked at Lida

They went on for a little in silence. haother, and every time Fletch- Fletcher was trying to compose his

"I don't know how to say it," he burst out desperately at length. "I keep forgetting how I look, and if I it must, however, his opportunity had say it the way I want to it will be per-... it was the day before Christ- feetly ridiculous. And yet I must us, and Mrs. Safford and the children say it, for I may never have another

She was looking at him, her startled eyes dark and luminous in the star-

"Perhaps you do not need to say it," she said gently.

"Do you mean that you understand as say, but which he could not without my telling you?" he asked

"Yes," she answered very low. When they reached the house Fletcher took Teddy in his arms and carried to stood up and looked eagerly to- him in. He laid him gently on the cord the doorway. The portiere was couch in the hall and turned away,

corst pill in the whole box as far er said. "Is it late?" staying power and keen observa- At that instant Teddy sat bolt up-

right, staring about him wildly. He Helio, Teddy," he said, not very caught sight of his father in an ad-

"Oh, papa!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and shrill. "Oh, papa, "Do you expect a visit from Santa Santa Claus is kissing Aunt Lida!"-Boston Herald.

THAT CHRISTMAS PIE.

Confession of the Sinner Who Doctored the Mincemeat.

It had been our family custom to put I decinders too! Who does he think brandy in all the mince pies and to is a plag to believe that? Why doesn't put in at Christmas time a sufficient amount to enable the partakers thereof "Ills for overcoat would be rather in | to detect that there was really someway," said Fletcher gravely. "And thing in it. It often went so far as to deserve the remark of my grandfather that we put mines pie in our brandy, With this as the family precedent. My bell shall be the Christmas invagine the consternation when it was learned that Rev. Jeremiah Scroggins, our new manister and an avowed teetorrier, had accepted mother's invitation to Christmas dinner. A vote was taken at the family table (we were a demorrante la discholdu and it was dewhile I that out of temperal to our guest. the brands would be omitted from the

Now, each of us in his heart of hearts et i but the nie world be improved if read a wee bit of bounds were added. S. I. For one, resouved to do the deroi. Accordingly I sought out the big stone crock in which reposed the faincewas a moderate quantity of brandy.

It's wooderful how true is the adage about great minds running in similar

the family, hallding my forcer, our popth learnly and the sain a College Latier we disput that the min emest musbecare input prouted to high thinks a quark Monthly reserved her ladedy unti-Christmas day, when, before the pic vas latarit, site arbied a generous los you have the blues today." at sount of the strong stail.

While become as then as the fully plant namen, though Teddy tried to crist itself we all we used another carve till pli- and settle in-

The Rev. Josephile Edwagins, due can tof an exercise of admost for july

No stamer had we go ind of the fine the in the evening that a card of h then we discovered that that ple prought to Teddy. On it was was nothing short of a small sived disthen "Santa Claus." Teddy's eyes Ellery. It was Laundhell us no other thich. "Tell him to come in," he the had been alive the birth of time. You can I revise the cold chills which a coment later Santa Claus stood | went round the restal heard as we to him, a tall, for clad figure with watched the flar, Jeremiah begin to alog hair and beard. Teddy shook eat. I believe I actually shivered as

The first countrial was followed by 14d you find it good sleighing?" a second and the second by a third. ddy asked. "And how are the rein- Finally he had finished the whole portion, and he settled back in his chair. I did not come on runners, young We saw he was a bit embarrassed and a." said Santa Claus. "Perhaps you expected a real old fashioned temper-

The Rev. Jeremiah Screggins cleared his throat, and, turning to mother, said: "Ah-er-my good sister, permit "A motor carriage!" cried Teddy in- me to compliment you upon the exw and looked out. "It is, Aunt delicious flavor. I confess I never other piece?"-New York Mail and Ex-

> Bear Up Gracefully. of bargaining. Preserve a decent sem-

ing gift, but in some other way at

REINDEER

That sets all hearts aglow.

And I shall call, and not in vain,

While stockingward I head

My mile a minute flying train,

"The Christmas Limited."

'M up to date, and, be it said, I certainly this year Shall break and burn the ancient

And cook the ancient deer. Those things are out of date for me; They're now a shattered dream. Oh, I'm as happy as can be



FULL soon across the boundless

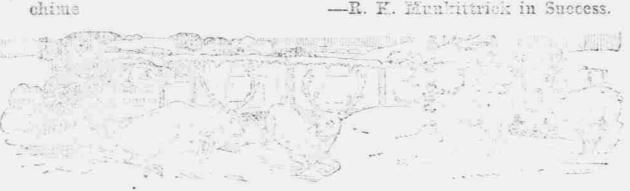
Beneath the Christmas stars, I'm going to travel on my train Made up of baggage cars, And they'll be simply stuffed with

And other precious things For little girls and little boys For whom I spread my wings.

OH, yes, in jigtime, down the track I'll gayly glide along, From home across the land and back To fill all hearts with song.

And to my agent at each town I'll toss a bundle great Each artless child with joy to crown And make its heart elate.

ILL run along on schedule time, Through wind swept drifts of SILOW.



Christmas With Stevenson.

meet and peared in what I thought Lubeck unexpectedly spent Christmas at sea in the year 1800, but the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson, the fa- And a meditative maiden of the kind mons story writer, was among them Sat and gazed, with pensive visage, on made that a most memorable holiday. The Lubeck was en route from Australia to Samoa. She broke a shaft and relating the incident, "cheered everybody up by telling funny stories that were better, coming offhand from his write if they worked over them for weeks. He knew, too, that it was only would die of consumption and that he than a brief visit. It was simply wonmade among the passengers, and I gues: almost all of us would gladly sail, with machinery disabled, if we could have a Stevenson aboard."

A Polish Custom.

Peasant lads in the villages of Poland have a pretty C'uristmas custom which affords great Relight not only A too ring would be lovely, and a piece to themselves, but to the other villagers. This is called the procession of the star. At Christmas time the boys make a large hollow star, two "Except, of course, some other things that or three feet between points, lighted Such as various kinds of dresses made of from the interior. This is earried aloft at the end of a pole or staff. . It For surely," said the maiden as she symbolizes the star of Bethlehem. The three wise men of the East-Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar-are impersonated by boys. Others in the party bear a little puppet show cabinet, in which are performed the drama of the | Don't give any one bric-a-brac or pic-Nativity and other Scripture incidents tures unless you are morally sure you Christmas gifts.

Mistletce on Apple 'rera Regiand on the apple trees.

Christmas In the Colonies.

THE train's made up. Already I

Am getting up the steam,

The gifts of which you dream.

While piling in the cars sky high

With joy I stand upon my head

And shout both far and near,

"Goodby unto the ancient sled-

All hail the iron deer!"

Passengers aboutd the steamship Twas the merry christmes remon, and saffes Posts page

folks would delegrate. Hamped along several days under sail. Piace a patha tree in the parter, hang their anxiets o'er the grate. "Mr. Stevenson," says the captain in | On the heaped up Christmas table, greaning with its load, thursd be Appetizing bird's hest truthes and ba-

tips, than most literary men could "Let me see," she murmured softly; "father 'Il get his string of beads. Rue and yellow. I am certain they're the a question of a short time before he For his old ones loosed quite shocking. And why not? Buffelo Express. though he never seemed to care. could never again go home for more And his new set's quite the swellest thing d gentlerinn can went.

derful what a difference that one man "And for maxima there's the nose ring that I bought on Ynnisday west, With the majustance vancenous stleapin spend the time to trake port under And little prother's boomerang! He'll be immensely pleased. That or a mandous jumping fact are the things for which he's teased.

> "And as for me, I only hope they've got Just one or two nice costumes made of genuine comit tent

> of comper wire To wear around the instep make up all that I desire.

> nicely riperiod leaves. smiled a scornful smile. "I'm not like those American girls who always think of style." -Chicago Record-Herald.

> > A Timely Caution.

appropriate to the occasion. From know his taste. Presents that must be house to house around the village this displayed are apt to be a great strain procession trudges in the snow at on the affections. No matter how the night singing carels, and the villagers receiver may hate them, he must fapresent the boys with small coins as ther them and deface his rooms with Don't let your little ones into the set thanked God when I gound that one them or insult the giver. Now, a book, cret that Santa Claus is an impostor. of the man could make plus and anfor instance, even if the receiver Let them figure out for themselves other soda biscuit. About 5 o'clock we doesn't like it and doesn't want it, can how a fat man with a big pack can had the best dinner the camp cantil The growth of the mistletee on oak be tucked away among other books get into the parlor grate through the turn out, boiled turkey, boiled polytocs, is now of very rare occurrence, but it and forgotten, but an ugly vase we chimney of a modern house heated by cannel squash, cannel squash, cannel flourishes luxuriantly in many parts of bave always with us-at least till we steam. Imagination is a quality desir- peaches, dried apple pie, hot becuit can smash it.

ON'T think that you are too poor to keep Christmas. You can't be

was that you can't get even with the ervoir out on the plains about tenbutcher and grecer until March.

Don't give presents that are a pleas- on the job, all white men. ure for ten minutes and a burden and a worry for ten years.

for your men folk; don't encourage them in being bigger guys than neces-

Don't give a drum to the children of your enemy who works nights. A watchman's rattle is just as good, and it is cheaper.

Don't give your wife something she doesn't care for just because you want it yourself. This "don't" works the other way just as well.

Don't forget that a basket of fruit or a box of flowers is just as nice a present in many cases as something that will last a good deal longer.

above dollars and cents. Don't forget the Bob Cratchits and

the Tiny Tims-that is, unless you are unregenerate Old Scrooge, in which case forgetfulness can be explained. Don't put off everything to the last, because you had better for the joy of your friends give nothing than wear vourself out and be as cross as two

sticks when the blessed day comes. Don't waste any of your pity on the long haired youths who lie at the botvourself in the rush at the holiday around him.

against each present that you gave pole. and calculate whether you made or

tiated to sadness with toys already by I had to save him. I ran like a deer giving them more. There are other to get around the crowd and reach the ways of making them happy, or if meat pole first, and all the while I there are not it is because they are spolled with many pleasures and are the most pitiful belows alive. In that case lef them try doing something for poor children, who are blessed in powers of enjoyment, and see if the

causelfy were property carefully, Dou't negirel, if you are a wound. to law in a stock of some simple things the handkerelders and sachet brus for amerapertud characteristic if you like to meet various people with a reasonable

Don't set your own happiness up as the chief thing to be looked out for at of the lot or hot Desember in an island Christmas sime. Try to make officer people happy and forcet yourself, then you will be surprised to see how really

happy you are. Don't give a book to a man with a Liz library or a picture to the man who makes a specialty of the fine arrs unless you know pretty well what he wants. Ten to one he'd rather do the buying of such things for himself,

Don't write your name or anybody class on earls if you send them. No one can keep a lot of such truck, and It is often highly convenient just to send them on their travels to carry Christmas grading to other people.

> Hawailan Christmas. Rische one statefall ever switters. Flowers are showing becomes rare, Merry, huggy Coristmast Here in overn Thules notice, Flere in purgering frome zone, Neutli a a origus stannist sun Cometh merry Christmas.

Day which giveth for to all. Hanny, merry Christmas! Merry, Linny Christmas! Day when annel voices call Praise to him, the Lord of all, And power, road will, to mankind fail On every merry Christmas.

Santa Claus comes here alway Every merry Christmas, Sans the remeleer, sans the sleigh Of the lang syne Christmas. Here is neather front nor snow, Here but pleasant trade winds blow, Here is paradise below And a merry Christmas.

Hawali's homes send forth today "A merry, happy Caristmas!" To the loved ones far away. "A happy, merry Christmas!" May the God child's natal day Be a happy one alway. From serrow free and deery way A merry, merry Christmas! -Paradise of the Pacific.

For the looneslast.

able to cultivate. and coffee.—New York Press.

dinner in a construction camp in the year 1900, said a former Colo-Don't spend so much on Christ- I radoan. We were building a resmiles east of Pueblo. We had 150 men

NEVER shall forget our Christmas

We had a poor cook on the job and couldn't seem to find any other. As a Don't, young women, buy neckties result there had been men leaving every day and constant grumbling all the fall, and it came to a head Christmas day.

It was a beautiful, bright Colorado, Christmas. The men were to work in the morning, have a turkey dinner at noon and lay off in the afternoon. The old man had bought three pounds of turkey per man-450 pounds. The birds had come out the day before.

About ten minutes after noon I heard a kind of an angry roar outside. I never heard anything like it before, and it made me jump. It meant tronble of some kind. I hurried out and saw a surging mob at the door of the cook tent. The men were all shaking Don't try to find the price marks on | their fists in the air and yelling with the gifts you receive. If the gifts are one steady, hearse, prolonged yell. worth having they mean something went around behind the tent and slipped in. There stood the cook raging, fighting drunk, brandishing a meat ax and emitting a steady stream of profanity. In front of him surged the mob, just out of reach of the meat ax, crazy mad. I didn't blame them. They had come off work with their mouths all made up for turkey, and not a table was set, not a spark of fire in the stove and 450 pounds of turkey scattered over the section of alkall plain which formed the floor.

The battle was short. The men ran tom of the heap in football scrim- in behind the cook, tripped him and mages. You will need all your pity for the minute he was down had a rope

"Hang him, hang him!" they reared Don't check off each gift you receive and started off with him to the meat

In all my life I never was so scared lost. Christmas is not the time to be as I was that day. I didn't care in any smaller or meaner than you can the least whether the man was hanged, drowned or died in his bed. Yet Den't oppress children who are sa- civilization rose up in me, and I knew



BLANDSBING & MEAT AN.

ran I was carsing the conk. When they got to the agent pole they found me on a los freing them with a guit-"What do you want?" they routed.

"Get quiet," said L. Those in from called out, "Thus up." When they were still I suid: "Boys, I'm some this thing has horogard. It's my fault for not wanteling this 1001 closer. But we can wish those filehas and have a good distar yet if some of you'll turn in had help use. Thuy aren't hurt any. As for illist section of a cook, I don't care any silvers about him than you do. But Fur in charge here and I can't let him be hanged. You can go shead and hang him if you want to, but you'll have to

kill me first. Now go alread I waited, but no one stirred. There were plenty of guns in the crowd, but no one was ready to undertake the job of killing me. I gave them only a minute to think. Then I sold to the man that held the rope, "Untile him." "He did it. "Get out of here." I said to the cook. The fellow got up, white as death with fear.

Then I turned to the men and asked if there were any who had ever done any cooking, who would help me. Half a dozen volunteered. We washed the turkeys and put them on to boil. I never worked over anything in my life as I did that Christmes dinner. The men were still silent and sullen, and I didn't know but they'd hang me If the dinner didn't suit them. I tried desperately to remember all the conting I'd ever seen my mother do, and