



PILE on the logs and knotted sine The worries which beset our way,

Let's have a rearing fire to-day; ts cheerful light shall put to flight Pile on the logs and crackling chips— Pile on the logs and see them gleam,



The bells ring out with festal chime ? Let lad and lass the glad hours pass

In wirth and music to their rhyme. | Pile on the logs. Pile on the logs; But every heart be glad and gay.



front of his doorway. He had a very nice house. A long time ago a rabbit had lived in that hole among of the tree, but the little Green Eif had lived there for years, ever since the cow ate the old Kobold, his father.

The cow never meant to eat Kobold,



The hoose tidy inside.

There was moss for a carpet. In the corner was the pantry with clean acora cups and saucers. An empty nest the bed, with oak 'enf pillows

ry, but this night he was sorrowful. He sat in a bunch with his hands chaped on his knees. There were holes in his green coat and the wind blew

"Protty sort of weather," he said in a graft voice, because his throat was sore. "Not much to eat, and no thistle-down to pay the Pixles for a new overcost. Never knew such a winter-brooks empty, milkweed crop a failure, no pumpkin seeds to be had at any price, and the nuts all covered up with snow! Whew! But it's cold!

any price, and the nuts all covered up with anow! Whew! But it's cold! And Christmas Eve, as sure as I live!"
"Chee, chee, tee, tee, chee."
The little Green Elf stopped shivering and listened.
"Chee, chee, tes. Fine night, isn't it! How do you do down there?"
"It's the Lame Squirrel," said the liftle Green Elf. "I thought he must be frozen this bitter weather, or

"I'm not so sure of that," said the "Got anything to eat?"

Plenty," came the pining pice. The moon come out on purpose to look at it. There is stood in the middle of the claristmas trees going lute town. The little Green Elf sparior. From the free sight! You ought to be up here."

This little Green Elf unclasped his hands. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine needles.

the Cricket.

By CHARLES S. HURT. Pile on the logs till red flames rise And leap high up the chimney flue; Above the snow the North winds blow And fan the ruddy blaze anew.

We'll have a rooring fire to-day. No gloom should bide on Christmas tide,

hands. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine needle broom and swept the snow out of his house. Next, he scampered off over the snow. He was not gone long. When noise doing it that one of the sleeping crickets woke up.

"What are you doing?" she asked, peering in at the door.

"Sh." said the little Green Elf. "It's he came back, he was dragging a hemlock branch. He stood it up in the middle of the floor. He made so much a Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel, he stood still. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were

el. Don't you tell him."

"Got any fixings for it?" inquired the Cricket.

"Oh, a few," said the little Green tiful. There were glow worms and

## Glad Midings of Great Joy.

By Prockhorst, 1825.



is and the little Green Elf. "A islimar free for the Lama Squirrel." Walt a minute," said the Smowbird, belog a bench of wheat for the

of chesthuts I was saving for dinner to-morrow."

"Hold on!" said the Cricket. "I'll just waken a few Greffles to be lights on the tree."

A Snowbled fluttered by. "What is going on?" she said, locking in at the dear.

"Sh." said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel, "Walt a minute," said the Snowblrd, "Walt a minute," said the Snowblrd, "PI bring a hanch of wheat for the sound file rest, of the woodfolk—the Pirise, the Kebolds the Gnomes.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

IN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED

painful step and also at commis agriculture to serve some future crop, a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and a little file way. From mult to must step and to multi-distance at God's benevo. The for the souls of men.

June as the tears of the right-ous many defiance at God's benevo. The for the souls of men.

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June as the tears of the right-ous mow whall if teams the light of glory that shall afterward as parking forever in the light of glory that shall afterward and trinkets and toys the tawdry tinsel and trinkets and toy

it is hased is also true, the proposition of the fool who said in his heart, "There is no God."

And in the second place we have the answer of philosophic optimism, which assorts that things are steadily getting better than it was 1900 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 or 10,000 years ago, it will be far better 1000 years and I be when those far off improvements of our race arrive? This materialatic philosophy offers us of the present no immortality, and hence no opportunity for the adjustment of life's present gaing injustices. I am glad to believe that the race that shall be resident here 1000 years from now will be a better race. But I would like to be in existence some where, too, when the better day dawns. And even if I could rise to the superb unselfatness like unto that which posts some where, too, when the better day dawns. And even if I could rise to the superb unselfatness like unto that which posts some times sing when, temporarily, they happen to be in just that mood, and could say I was content to live and die and cease to crist here or anywhere else if only, as a result of my having lived a while, future generations might be infted a little higher; till, one must feel that that pretty and after all, rather morbidly sentimental scheme does not satisfy the imperative demands of our acust that the receive the superbased helplessness shall be avenged.

Now comes Christianity, with its ample answer, It admits all the facts, she apparent injustices of the present, the prosperity of the unrighted, that innocent sufferer had been one of us. God does not expect to the

which is of little or no value, anyway, and stabilityle a final 'g,' you have the tenfer and gentle word 'discipling,' That is smally what the present chastenings mean MYSTERIOUS WELLS AMID. THE

Cosnectivat Legislature, Deciseve that the Whole Enigna of Life is advised at Dass When Toe Medi the Keyword. Hoodilyte, M. Y.—The Rev. J. H. Lockwood is well and favorably known in Brooklyn and on Long Island, where its hat he was born and educated in Brooklyn and studied law before he entered chy ministry. He hat the limber of the Connectivat Legislature, He took for the subject of his symmetric before he entered chy ministry. He hat the first was born and educated in Brooklyn and studied law before he entered chy ministry. He hat the limber of the Connectivat Legislature. He took for the subject of his sermon, "Afterward." His fext was from Hebrewa, xii:2: "Now no chantening, but present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward and the sigh of the activation and the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward it yield the seemeth of the sigh of the activation and the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; inevertinless, afterward to be advised to the seemeth of the s

new surprise.
That even His matchless patience could grave His own
Features uson such fractured and stubborn

folly: and afterward, desolation and anguish indescribable.

So, to sum it all up—what kind of an afterward are you going to have? That depends on what kind of a present you are having. Would you not prefer to suffer afflictions with God's people and afterward have glory unspeakable than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a sesson, and afterward unfer the inevitable aftermath of despair? Say "ves" to that proposition and I will say "Amen."

God has a place for each one of us, and a work for each one of us. God does not expect us to fill more than our own place, or to do more than our own work; but each one of us is important in his or her own sphere. All the offerings of the wealthy in the courts of the temple of Jerusalem were well in their time and amount. But the poor widow, who had only her two mites, should not have felt that her gift was unimportant. It seemed as if Jesus art watching and waiting for that little offerings and the story of her doing her part has been told the world over in the centuries since then, as a lesson and as an inspiration. Even though our part is but a little one, God, as it were, watches and waits for that.—Sunday School Times.

The Laygar Life.

I am quite clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter of fact life and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because our fathers and mothers did it, all of which may be the very rec on why we abould not do it. There is no station of life, and no place of one's home, where, it he want to enlarge his life in caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend indefinitely. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life is prevery experience of life.—Phillips Brooks.

Daily Duites.

I cannot say that the true part of a

MOJAVE DESERT'S WASTE.

Bulls with Skill Centuries Ago by an Unknown People, and Today They Frequently Prevent Lost Travelers from Dying of Thirst. Numbers of men owe their lives to

the providence of a race which has passed away and been forgotten. Neither history nor tradition with Neither history nor tradition tells aught of it, and it is known only by a few of its works which survive.

This forgotten race was the desert dwellers of a prehistoric period. Their home was in the great desert region of eastern California, which is really one unbroken desert, although it has been

divided by the geographer into two, known as the Mojave desert and the Colorado desert.

In these deserts are found several water holes known as Indian wells.

They have been walled in to protect the water from the encroaching sands of the desert, which otherwise would, ages ago, have buried the water many feet deep, and the wells would have been lost.

The walls are built with skill and perfect knowledge of the action of the winds which sweep the plains. They are so arranged and constructed as effrom the drifting sand, and they have withstood the elements and warded off the sands for more than three centuries since white men began to traverse those desert wastes, and it is not possible to state how many centuries pre

The walls guard three sides of the well the fourth side being graded and leading gradually down to the water. earth, in which case the grade extends some considerable distance back. In such cases steps lead down from one of the waits for the convenience of the human visitors.

The known instances in which these wells have proved life savers are many. Not many years ago two men drove down into the Colorado desert. bound for Yuma. They had a canvas top wagon and a span of mules, and in

One of the men had made the trip several times and was supposed to be familiar with the route. The mirage often confuses the most expert of desert guides; and the man became bewildered and got off the course. The watering place at which they

expected to replenish their supply was missed, and they ran out of water. The men and the beasts began to suffer the tortures of thirst. They became utterly bewildered and knew not in which direction to turn. on the men one of the mules

tug vigorously at the bit in a frantic endeavor to turn from the course they keep him on the old way, but the mule was obstinate and continued to pull at the reins. Finally the driver's com-"Let him have his head," he said.

"These animals often smell water a long ways. Maybe he will take us to a spring."

The animal pulled away to the right so strongly and persistently that he drew his mate along with him. The course was changed to right angles with the one they had been pursuing. Two hours later, when the men begun to lose faith in the sagacity of the animal, they came to an old Indian well, deep and walled. Another Mojave desert experience

did not have so happy an ending. Two

desert prospectors, running short of supplies at their mine up in the Death valley country, started for Daggett to replenish their stock. They watered up for the first stage of the journey," expecting to replenish at a certain casis, which they were due to reach about noon of the second day out. Early in the morning of the second day they were overtaken by one of the most dreaded of desert visitations, a sand storm. For a time they strug-gled bracely on, vainly hoping to be able to reach the oasis before the storm got too bad for travel. This

they were unable to do.

The animals became frantic and un-manageable, and they were obliged to unhitch them and tie them to the sheltered side of the wagon with burlap over their heads to keep them from stampeding. Then the prospectors crawled into the wagon and waited for

the storm to cease.

Long before the storm abated their supply of water gave out, and when the wind died down and they could again proceed the mules showed signs of collapse. Before they had made ten miles one of the animals dropped

of collapse. Before they had made ten miles one of the animals dropped down and expired.

Then the men knew that it a was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was to be a battle for life. It is was the mon trudged on affort leading the animal. They want some miles out of their course, and had to retrace their staps, but before they got back upon the trail again one of the men gave out and wank fainting to the earth.

The provision pack was then thrown off and the unconscious man was thrown across the mule and strapped to the saddle. Before water was reached be died. His companion haulty reached an old ludian well, and he and its mule back to the abandoned provisities pack, the icurney was resumed and the mule back to the abandoned provisities pack, the icurney was resumed and the mule back to the abandoned provisities pack, the icurney was resumed and the mule back to the abandoned provisities pack, the icurney was resumed and the mule back to the abandoned provisities.

Peterson and Kelley, two Los Ange-

ads.-Newport Sun.

PRIVATE BALLOONS.

Sir Vincent Barrington Tells of Thair Use by British Aero Club. Vincent Kennett-Barrington

says that England is far from being the best country in the world for ballooning by amateurs, for the reason that with water all around it, there is little opportunity for aerial flights in certain winds without being blown out to sea. Whenever the aerial navi-gators find themselves making toward the mouth of the Thames, after rising over London, they descend again as soon as possible, knowing that otherwise they will soon be over the water. English channel in a balloon in a fair northwest wind, and the trip has been made by several of the British amateurs. They have their aeronauts, however, much as the automobilists have their chauffeurs.

Balloons such as those used by the Englishmen cost about \$750, are made of silk and are good for about two years, although they will sometimes last, with care, for three or four years Sir Vincent remarked in his conversa-tion on the subject that he much preferred to make an ascension in a two year old ballcon than in one which was more than three years old. The silk is very delicate in texture, and the club employes dry and repair a balloon very carefully after each ascension. Sir Vincent says that it is a great strain on a balloon to navigate against the wind, and that in the same way there is more strain on a captive balloon than on one which rises free. He himself

an ascent in a captive balloon fully as dangeress, as to go up it a free one. The danger county largely from possible rending of the fabric. The best balloons are now ade in sections, just as ships are made less liable to sink by being con-

structed in compartments. It is not possible to guard completely against rending, for the expansion of the silk in coming into the sun-light after contracting in the intense cold of a cloud makes a great strain on the fabric. Another trouble of the amateur aeronaut is the water, which often forms by condensation in a hollow on top of the balloon when passing through a cloud. If there is only a little of this its weight makes a difference, and if there is much of it the balloon if often forced downward ome thousand feet by the extra

Sir Vincent does not regard the as cent in an ordinary balloon as very dangerous, although he admits that a sky voyage in an airship is a good deal of a hazard. In ordinary ballooning he says the principal thing to be acquired is skill and judgment in handling the ballast. Each balloon takes up, as a rule, three bags of sand ballast containing 60 pounds each, and the trick is to navigate without being obliged to throw out more than twothirds of this before making the dely needed to make the aerial craft come down decently and in order, at a suitable place, and some of the Englishmen are getting to be rather psoftcient in the matter, it appears. A handful of sand makes a difference in the height at which a balloon will ride, and it is clear that if the aeronaut runs cut of ballast while high in the air he will be compelled to rely on the release of gas to control the descent of the balloon and will find it extreme-ly difficult to come down gracefully. The balloon grounds in London are reached by many members of the club, in their automobiles, and the automobiles are also used to follow the course of a balloon in order that observers may be on hand at the landing place. -Boston Evening Transcript.

Where Turnips Are a Luxury. In "A Woman Who Went to Alaska," In "A Woman Who Went to Alaska," the woman herself tells of her first encounter with a vegetable garden on the way down the river from Dawson. Such luxuries as the ordinary "truck patch" represents are practically unknown on the tables of the Yukon Valley. "As we neared the delectable spot," writes the many experienced woman, "the river banks were lined with cances; many natives stood looking at us from the abore, and while stevedores handled the wood, many passengers visited the town. It was not iong before they came hack with handfuls of turnips, just pulled from the ground, which, had these been the most luscious fruit, had these been the most luscious fruit, had these been the most luscious fruit, and they been easen with more. banks were lined with cances; many natives stood looking at us from the shore, and while stevedores handled the wood, many passengers visited the town. It was not long before they came back with handfuls of turnips, just pulled from the ground, which, had these been the most luscious fruit, could not have been eaten with more

relish.

"I tried to buy one from a young man, but he had evidently been long away from such luxuries, for he refused to sell. Afterward his gallantry got the better of him, and he politely oftered me one-half of the turnip, which I took with thanks.

"As my brother peeted the precious thing, I asked him how long it was since he had calen one. "Two years," he promptly replied.

"Knowing that he was especially fond of such things, I ate a small slice, and save him the remainder."

Remarkable Shoeting.

CYNICAL GRAN'PA.

Gran'pa's a cynical, fuany old man-Kindly, but humorous, too. Talks, plays and works just as hard as he

can;
Hasn't the time to feel blus.
Ever so much tribulation he's had,
But declares, and he wickedis grins;
"There's nothing one make a fellow so mad
As kicking him hard on the shins!" Baffied ambition," says gran'ps, "burts

Throws a chap down in the dumps.
Poverty humbles a man more and more;
Misfortune may give him his bumps.
Unrequited affection may make a man sad.
Men may be pumphed for sins.
But there's nothing can make a fallow so

mad
As kicking him hard on the shins!"

Cynical gran'pa says: "Life leaves its sears, But sears lose their pain by and by. Sothing's worth while 'neath merciless stars!" Gran'pa gives vent to a sigh. He eyes little Pani and his features grow

glad,
And he sings, as a romp he begins:
"There's nothing can make a fellow so mad
As kicking him hard on the shins!"
—Pittsburg Dispatch. HUMOROUS.

It does outside, but a trout always weighs most in the water.-Son

ville Journal. "I did not know that I had so many close friends." said the Sporter, turned down in his tenth attempt to borrow \$5.—Yale Record.

Bings-There goes a particular friend of mine. Bangs-Friend o' yours, eh? Well, he can't be overparticular.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What did you see about that wholesale butcher's sign that caused you to giggle so?" "Headquarters for hindquarters!"-Houston Post.

Customer—To what do you attribute the great creansing power of your soap? Dealer—To judicious advertiseing.-Chicago Daily News.

A correspondent writes to inquire if idlocy is absolutely incurable. It is in the case of the man who stops to argue with a woman.—Buffalo Times. "I think I'm not hard to get along

with." "Faith, nayther am I, mum! Whin a misthress is doin' her best, 't is mesilf that overlooks lots things!"-Puck. She-Do you believe that mosquitoes smile? He-Well, if they are not smiling this season with all the openwork

waists around, they never will.-Yonkers Statesman. "Gracious! What in the world is that man ordering such a lot of dishes for? Will he be able to eat them?" "Oh, no. He merely likes to show that he can pronounce all those French names,"—San Francisco Bulletin.

lookin' boy you have there, Sam. Mr. Dobbs-He's good enough if he wasn't so all fired slow. Why, if that boy had a' had a job buildin' the ark we wouldn't a' had the flood yit,-Rochester Democrat. "Say," demanded the ugly individual suddenly appearing from a dark alley.

Mr. Perkins-That's a pretty likely

"what time is it?" "You're just abo two minutes late," replied the Chicagoan; "that other gentleman you see running away has my watch."adelphia Press. "Is the prisoner going to plead in-sanity as his detempo?" saked the court stenographer. "Judging from his se-lection of an attorney," replied the lawyer, who had falled to get the case.

"I should say be was."-Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. "I don't like these references," mid the housewife. "Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I did not write 'em so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em jest you go to the

people as gave 'em to me an' tell 'em so."—Chicago Evening Post. "I always take things as they come, said the pickpocket, as he dexterously relieved the man ahead of him of a watch and purse. And I take men as I find them," added the policeman, clutching him gently but firmly by the arm.—Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

Press.

Young Mosquito—Spiker IIII says. that if I'll join in with him and a bunch of others, he will take us to a place where there is a family of seven fat people who steep with screenless windows and scanty covering—Old Mosquito—Look here, my laddy, you must pay no attention to these petrich-quick schemes sprung on oulous like you by the sharpers.—Bairimore American.