



to move. It's something I never did before, and it's sort of trying. But I'm thankful I don't feel so unaccounted and unhappy about it as I thought I should when I first made up my mind that there was nothing else I could do.

LOVABLE GIRLS. Girls that are fair on the heart are true. And though they may be small and weak, they are not to be despised. They are the angels of the household.

grayness. It moved, and I was sure that my eyes were not deceived. It disappeared, and almost immediately afterwards I heard a fall upon the terrace below. The man had disengaged a distance of fifteen feet from the window—a drop of not more than six feet for an ordinary man falling from the ledge.

had come to my rescue, he stopped me. "That is a lie!" he exclaimed, "for she has been with me."



MISS RHODA'S MEASURE.

Miss Rhoda sat in the west doorway. Her face was turned toward the sweet sky, radiant with its rays of red and golden light; it was nature's "withdrawing sensor."

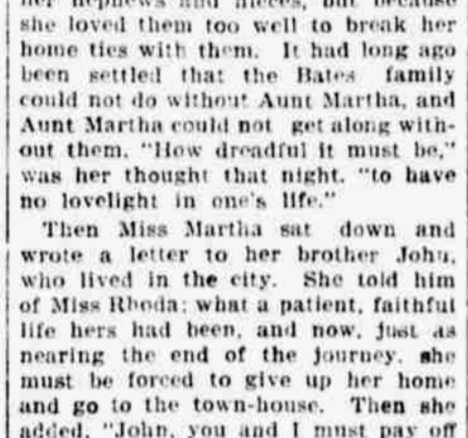
CHRISTMAS RAPPINGS.

(By James Rolfs Haggood.) A friend should rap at your old home door On the Christmas morning fair.



HE'S TOO CLOSE-FISTED.

A vision of the pearly gates, behind whose portals those loved ones were dwelling. Watching the red and gold light fade away, and the darkness gather, she, like Christian, "fell sick" at the glimpse of the glories and wished she could be among them.



THE LORD STAYED HIS HAND.

about them which made it a hard matter to decide what to take and what to give up. There was the mother's old workbasket, once so full of the making and mending for the loved ones, and her copy of "Daily Food" lying in it, and father's well-thumbed Bible with here and there words of comfort and explanation written on the margins—those of course must go with her.

"I was passing Miss Rhoda's house just at sunset to-night, and I saw her sitting at her west door," said Mr. Bates, as he sat down at the supper table. "I know she was trying to work out the kinks and knots about that mortgage on her place. But old Tom Carpenter will foreclose when the time comes. She can't expect any mercy from him; he is too close-fisted for that."

At this season of the year, remember that it is your duty as children, and also your privilege, to glorify God, to promote peace, and to extend good will to those around you.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Martha Bates: "what will become of her." "She will have to go to the town-house, I suppose. It will be very hard for her; Miss Rhoda was always a high-strung woman," her brother replied.

Christmas gifts for thee, Fair and free! Precious things from the heavenly store. Filling thy casket more and more; Golden love in divinest chain, That never can be untwined again; Silvery carols of joy that swell Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell.

"But, my dear Miss Rhoda, it is not going to be the Lord's will for you to leave your old home; you are to stay in it as long as you live."

When Miss Martha told her how her home had been secured for her, she exclaimed, "I never thought before how Abraham must have felt when he was ready to sacrifice Isaac and the Lord stayed his hand!"

It was Arthur who planned a house-warming for Miss Rhoda on Christmas eve. The young men and young women of the church and town filled her woodshed with wood and coal, and her cupboard-shelves with things needful for the necessities of the body.

When the Christmas bells rang in the church belfry on Christmas morning the people heard them with gladness, and thanked the Lord that they had been enabled to help return Miss Rhoda's measure running over full.

And presently my force gave out, and all hope leaving me I ceased to struggle, and was calms to his touch, when he once more touched my shoulder.

What Makes a Happy Christmas. It does not require much money, nor indeed any money, to make a happy home circle on Christmas. The chief thing is a warm and merry heart.

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The Great Hesper.

BY FRANK BARRETT. CHAPTER IX.

That sound warned me that the end was near. Not content with taking the diamond, the scoundrel intended having my life to remove the possibility, if possibility existed, of being identified as the thief by me.

A thousand thoughts whirled in my mind in that brief space; but a great awe came upon me as I felt his hand firmly grasp my left shoulder, for then I realized that I was on the very brink of eternity.

It was striking 5 o'clock when we quitted the house. The judge left me to look after the garden and its vicinity for Van Hoek; he himself struck out at once for the wood, taking Lola with him.

I knew the cross-roads; they were nearly two miles distant. It was incomprehensible to me how Van Hoek had strayed so far from the Abbey; but the laborer's description left little room for doubt that it was Van Hoek he had seen, and I started at once in the direction indicated.

"Is it you, Thorne?" he cried. "Yes," I replied. "What has happened?" I waited until I got up to him, then putting my hand on his shoulder, I said: "I have bad news for you Van Hoek."

"I have bad news for you Van Hoek," he trembled violently under my hand, and opened his lips to speak, but no sound came; his condition was pitiable, and to keep him no longer in suspense, I said: "I have lost it. It has been taken from me."

"And what is your defense?" I took his arm, and as I led him up the hill toward the cross-roads, I went over the story once more. When I was telling him how Lola

CHAPTER IX. Brace's door was unlocked. He to all appearance was sound asleep with his face to the wall. I shook him, and as he turned over I said: "Get up the Hesper is lost!"

"Lost? as how?" he asked, sitting up. "Stolen—taken from me." "Where's the diamond?" "I told him of Van Hoek's terrible presentment, and the circumstances under which he had left the house."

I narrated briefly the events of the night while he completed dressing. Lola, standing by the window, listened in silence. There was just enough light to reveal the mischievous exultation that sparkled in her eyes.

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"Granting she led you for an hour—and you would scarcely suffer her to lead you longer—that would allow her to return to the Abbey, and come to my rescue at the time I speak of."

"Have it as you will, it makes no difference now. She got me out of the way, and that was her object in being there. Go on."

I made no reply; and we stood there in the middle of the road, he quaking with fear and turning his head from side to side to catch the sound that might confirm his fears. He looked like a hunted beast, that knows not which way to escape the hounds.

But before we had gone a dozen yards, a shrill whoop rang through the echoing woods to our right, and Van Hoek again stopped. I looked in vain over the brake for Lola, whose cry I recognized; but, glancing up the road, I perceived that the Judge had heard the signal, and was coming after us. At the same moment Van Hoek, starting forward, cried:

"Quick, quick—he sees us—he is coming down upon us!" and then, after another dozen yards, "do you want him to overtake us that you stick to this cursed road?"

"I am looking for a path; we can not push through the brake," I replied.

Columbia River as Ancient Stream. The few steamboat men on the upper Columbian river in Eastern Washington, and others acquainted with the stream, express grave doubts of its ever becoming a safe and certain highway, although enthusiastic residents of that region count much on its utilization as a means of transportation for the development of the country.

He Knows His Place. "How does the old man look upon you as a prospective son-in-law?" "Don't know yet. Haven't got far enough along to sound him." "He can't be blind to the fact that you are an accepted beau?" "Well, no, that's plain enough as far as the bean is concerned; but I seem to be playing second fiddle all the time."—Kansas City Journal.

Genius or Bogus Diamonds. Make a small dot on a paper, then look at it through a diamond. If you can see but one dot, you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine; but if the mark is scattered or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered to you for \$500.

Estimations of Literature. Little Boy—What is your papa? Little Girl—He's a literary man. "What's that?" "He writes." "What does he write?" "Oh, he writes most everything 'cept checks."