

Christmas Dinner by Toboggan Express

By
ALVAH MILTON KERR

(Copyright, 1906, by W. G. Chapman.)

Donald Saunders had his first great adventure up in the Long's Peak country, a region famous throughout Colorado for heavy snows and avalanches. Donald came over from Denver, after graduating from high school, to spend the summer with Sumpter Saunders, his father's youngest brother. Sumpter was a very young uncle, indeed, being but 27 and not very long out of college, while Donald was 19. "Uncle Sump" was a big-boned, strapping fellow who had played center in his college football team, a man with laughing blue eyes and "teasing" ways but entertaining serious dreams of owning a great mine, if strength and pluck and persistence would bring one to light. He was running a tunnel on what he believed to be an excellent gold-bearing prospect, up in the Long's Peak country. Donald went out to help him. The tall boy had notions of becoming a mining engineer, and here was experience that might prove of value when he should be ready to enter a technical school.

The world is very much in confusion up in that country, the earth having been fung about at all sorts of angles, heaped and ragged and tumbled. Streams sprawl in foamy



Donald's Gray Eyes Dilated with Sudden Fear and Horror.

abandon through the canyons and the clumps of pines on the soaring steeply sing cheerily in the wind and sun. Donald found it all quite magical.

He had purposed returning home to Denver in the autumn, but Sumpter having offered him an interest in the mine, should they succeed in striking quartz, he concluded to remain at least until Christmas. Donald's father, knowing the value of practical experience, thought it quite as well that his son should stay and rough it for awhile.

There were deer and bear and mountain grouse in that lifted, broken region, but the two young fellows had little time for hunting them, being intent on driving the tunnel as rapidly and with as little delay and expense as possible. Sumpter had built a cabin close against the base of a perpendicular wall of rock at the side of the canyon in which his claim lay. In this cabin they lived very snugly, going down to Ward occasionally to bring up supplies. Donald had come up to that country over a little railroad that runs from Boulder to Ward, a bit of track upon which the snow rotary plows are busy most of the winter.

Towards Christmas the young miners began to grow a bit lonesome and restless; they especially grew weary of ham and tinned meats and longed for venison, bear, beef, or almost any sort of fresh food that was fresh. Snow was heavy on the mountains and they could get about but little save upon snowshoes. Donald wished very ardently that he might go home for Christmas but made up his mind that to leave Sumpter in that white, lonely world would be selfish and cowardly, so he remained.

Christmas morning Donald put on his snowshoes and, flinging Sumpter's rifle across his shoulder, he declared he was going to look for fresh meat. His uncle laughed at him but the hardy Scotch youth was resolute.

"An old hunter," he said, "told me at the hotel down in Ward, the last time I was down, that a lot of deer wintered in the big thickets just back of us here; he said they were hard to get at but he'd found them there twice. I'm going up to see." Sumpter assented reluctantly, cautioning his nephew not to go too far away.

The day was soft and mild, the white world all gleam with sunshine. Donald put on a pair of smoked glasses and started up the canyon. A half mile away he found a little "draw," up the slope of which he

climbed until he came out upon the gleaming side of the mountain; thence he made his way slowly westward, passing around upheaving masses of dark stone, across slopes that were smooth as white satin, and still further up the mountain side, found little hollows, evidently lined with brush but now filled with snow, simply big, glistening dimples in the mountain's fat face; but he saw no deer.

Finally, being weary of laboring through what was very much like an infinite bed of glittering down, he reached a point on the steep slope apparently a quarter of a mile or so directly north of the cabin. As he stood there debating if he should return to the "draw" or attempt to find a more direct route to the floor of the gulch, he suddenly felt himself moving. His first thought was that an earthquake was swaying the mountain or that he himself had been seized with vertigo. Then with a wild thrill he perceived that a strip of snow 200 feet wide and perhaps 500 feet in length was moving down the mountain side!

Donald's gray eyes dilated with sudden fear and horror. He was thrown headlong in the snow, hearing as he fell the crunch of stones that were being ripped out of their beds and the crash and rending of stumps and roots as they parted from their sockets in the earth. With every pulse leaping in alarm he got to his feet, toppling and reeling and shouting for aid as he glanced about him. The next instant he was again thrown headlong. He was upon the back of a steed beside which the fabled Horse of Death was an insect. Something went through his brain like a sheet of flame, in it a picture of Sumpter sitting by the open fire of pine logs down in the cabin, a book in his hand, undreaming of this ruthless monster rushing down to crush him.

The next moment Donald was again upon his feet, pitching and clutching at the air and shouting. In that moment he saw a very amazing thing, though everything was both amazing and not amazing as in some sort of indescribable dream. A hundred feet to the rear of him, almost at the upper tip of the avalanche, he saw a bear rolling and tossing on the hurling mass. Thrown out of its hibernating bed among the rocks or decaying tree-roots, the animal was pitching about, now upon its feet then upon its back, helpless as a fly upon an ocean surge. Donald never knew why, but he shouted at the bear, and he never could recall afterwards exactly what it was he shouted. He says now that he thinks he commanded the bear not to roll down upon him, which was certainly absurd.

In his mind were many glancing thoughts. In such moments the mentality of man sometimes seems as a diamond with many facets. He thought of the Christmas tree to be lighted in the parlor at home in Denver, of how tired he was of corned beef, of where they would bury him when they took him crushed and dead from the snow at the bottom of the gulch, whether or not his school fellows if they now saw him would shout "Slide, Donald, slide!" as they used to when he was running the bases when playing ball, and many other things, all, seemingly, in a single moment.

It must have been a very short period in which he was leaping and tumbling and whirling about on the mighty toboggan, for the avalanche ran down the mountain side like a swiftly hurrying snake, save that its undulations were up and down instead of sideways as with a serpent. It seemed to Donald he had scarcely drawn six breaths before the snowslide shot from the precipice above the cabin. Swift as was his flight he was conscious that the slide had leaped from the canyon wall, for throughout a few seconds there was no noise and he seemed being borne upon a bed of feathers through space, then there was a roar as of muffled thunder and he was wallowing deep in snow.

The mental picture that had flashed through Donald's mind of his young uncle sitting by the fire engrossed in a printed romance, had been true to the fact. Sumpter had awakened to the coming of the avalanche only when it neared the brink of the wall, 70 feet above the cabin. His book dropped from his hand and he made a leap for the door. The next moment a bear crashed through the roof and smote the floor in front of the fire, leaving the luckless animal lifeless. Sumpter's face blanched as he stared at the strange object, then he thought of Donald and hurriedly pushed his way out of the door. The snow about the cabin was up to his neck and the roof was piled deep with it, but the bulk of the slide had leaped clear over the little house, heaping the bottom of the gulch to the opposite wall, some 600 feet away. The bear had dropped from the fall of this rushing mass directly upon the cabin.

When Sumpter had got his frightened nephew out of the smothered stuff in which he was foundering, the two young fellows stood with pale faces staring at each other for a little space, then both, seeing what they had escaped, laughed joyously.

"Come into the cabin," said Sumpter, "we will have broiled bear steak for Christmas dinner! Too many snowslides around here now; to-morrow we will pull out for Denver. In the spring we will come back and tunnel until we strike the vein."

All of which came true.

Bad.

"Did you enjoy the play last night?"

"No. It was awful. I could write a better one myself."

"H-m. Then it must be bad."—Detroit Free Press.

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

By MARGARET SPENCER



TELL me you ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, "but that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right. But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidering. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidering, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion: "Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many 'shopping days' there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazaar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon or something," the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman at that time.

"I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishin' the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me?" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

"Oh, but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!"

THE TIE THAT BINDS (SOME). Affecting Reconciliation Between Two Really Loving Hearts.

There is a certain couple who decided to separate awhile ago. It seemed that they were not affinites, after all, and life together was unendurable, so the wife packed up her belongings and was preparing for a trip home. At the time of parting she picked up their little pet dog and tucked him under her arm, while her other managed the suit case.

"Why, you're not going to take Trixy?" exclaimed the husband.

"Of course I am," she announced. "I couldn't live without him."

"Well, I can't let the little fellow go," he insisted.

"And I simply won't leave him," she declared.

So they argued for half an hour, at the end of which she decided to stay, and unpacked to cook dinner, at which Trixy was the guest of honor.

TORTURED SIX MONTHS By Terrible Itching Eczema—Baby's Suffering Was Terrible—Soon Entirely Cured by Cuticura.

"Eczema appeared on my son's face. We went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor for four months, the baby never getting any better. His hands and legs had big sores on them and the poor little fellow suffered so terribly that he could not sleep. After he had suffered six months we tried a set of the Cuticura Remedies and the first treatment let him sleep and rest well; in one week the sores were gone and in two months he had a clear face. Now he is two years and has never had eczema again. Mrs. Louis Leck, R. F. D. 3, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, 1907."

Ready with the Answer.

Miss Baxter, feeling the effects of a torrid afternoon in June, was attempting to arouse the interest of her languid class by giving, as she supposed, an interesting talk on the obelisk. After speaking for half an hour she found that her efforts were wasted. Feeling utterly provoked, she cried: "Every word that I have said you have let in at one ear and out of the other. You're pointing to a girl whom she noticed had been particularly inattentive throughout the entire lesson—'tell me, what is an obelisk?'"

The pupil, grasping the teacher's last words, rose and promptly answered:

"An obelisk is something that goes in one ear and out the other."—Success Magazine.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDO, KINAN & MARTIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Puzzled.

New Yorkers had been warned to boll water.

"What for?" they asked, with languid interest.

"To make it safe to drink," replied the sanitary official.

"But why drink it?" they queried, with a keener curiosity.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Death Each Second.

The number of deaths in the world annually is 33,333,333, or 91,954 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute, or one per second. It is estimated that the population of the earth at the present time is being increased at the rate of about 15,000 annually.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalog 105 N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—Ammiau.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A four-foot coal seam yields 6,000 tons an acre.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn
get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-Powder. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

A tiresome speech is apt to be a cheerless affair.

Are your shoes going down hill? They haven't lived up to the salesman's say-so. Take our say-so this time. Get stylish White House Shoes. They fit from tip to counter. From welt to top face, they meet the graceful shape of your foot. And they hold that shape.

WHITE HOUSE SHOES.

FOR MEN, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00.
FOR WOMEN, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Best Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for youngsters. Ask your dealer for them.

THE BROWN SHOE CO., Makers

ST. LOUIS

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

LAME BACK PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of "Toris" for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "To one-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good druggist.

AMONGST THE BULL-RUSHES.



Lazy Larry—Woof! Just to think, with all this wasted effort, I could have won the Marathon race!

LEWIS' "SINGLE BINDER."

A hand-made cigar fresh from the table, wrapped in foil, thus keeping fresh until smoked. A fresh cigar made of good tobacco is the ideal smoke. The old, well cured tobaccos used are so rich in quality that many who formerly smoked 10c cigars now smoke Lewis' Single Binder Straight 5c. Lewis' Single Binder costs the dealer some more than other 5c cigars, but the higher price enables this factory to use extra quality tobacco. There are many imitations; don't be fooled. There is no substitute! Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder."

Kicks.

Harry Payne Whitney the day his own and other noted horsemen's racers were shipped from London on the Minnehaha, said of the death of racing in New York:

"A good many jockeys have been hard hit. A jockey told me last week a very sad tale of misfortune. I listened sympathetically."

"Ah, Joe," said I, "when a man is down, few hands are extended to him."

"The jockey as he chewed a straw, smiled bitterly."

"Few hands—yes—that's right," he said, "but think of the feet."

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Work with a Will.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

A Solemn Responsibility.

"It's easy to be gay and make people about you forget their troubles."

"That's all you know about it," answered the professional comedian.

"You never had a lot of people out in front wondering whether they were going to get their money's worth."

What Worried Him.

"Maud told me to call her father 'old man.' She said he'd like it."

"Did he ever like it?"

"Never mind about that. I'm busy wondering why she told me to do it."

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Least Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT,
801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
FOR RHEUMATISM,
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,
DIABETES, BACKACHE

375 "Guaranteed"

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears the scalp, promotes a luxuriant growth, keeps the hair from falling out. It is the only hair dressing that cures scalp disease & hair falling. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

Health and Beauty Without Drugs

Vitriol manages man's wrinkles, makes the complexion clear and beautiful. Cures rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, etc. Send \$1 for Lassar's Hair-der Health Vitriol, with complete instructions, charges prepaid. Wm. G. King, 184 Monroe St., Chicago.

DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch

takes laundry work a pleasure. 18 c. pkg. 10c.

If afflicted with
Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 50, 1908.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation, permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the
**CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO.**

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ BOTTLE.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heavy Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER.

They regulate the bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.**

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear
Fac-Simile Signature

Wm. D. Carter

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.



For Croup and Whooping Cough

there is no quicker, surer remedy known than Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant. Four generations of children have been relieved and cured by this old and reliable medicine.

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

has been successfully employed for 78 years in countless cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs and Chest, Pleurisy, and similar ailments.

For the sake of your children keep a bottle of Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant in your home where you will have it at hand in an emergency. Sold by all druggists in three size bottles, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge is the ideal worm medicine, and an effective tonic for adults and children alike.

320 Acres of Wheat Land IN WESTERN CANADA WILL MAKE YOU RICH

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Fifty bushels per acre have been grown. General average greater than in any other part of the continent. Under new regulations it is possible to secure a homestead of 160 acres free, and additional 160 acres at \$3 per acre.

"The development of the country has made marvelous strides. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Canada in August last.

The grain crop of 1908 will net many farmers \$20.00 to \$25.00 per acre. Grain-raising, mixed farming and dairying are the principal industries. Climate is excellent; social conditions the best; railway advantages unequalled; schools, churches and markets close at hand. Land may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For "Least Best West" pamphlets, maps and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT,
801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears the scalp, promotes a luxuriant growth, keeps the hair from falling out. It is the only hair dressing that cures scalp disease & hair falling. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

Health and Beauty Without Drugs

Vitriol manages man's wrinkles, makes the complexion clear and beautiful. Cures rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, etc. Send \$1 for Lassar's Hair-der Health Vitriol, with complete instructions, charges prepaid. Wm. G. King, 184 Monroe St., Chicago.

DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch

takes laundry work a pleasure. 18 c. pkg. 10c.

If afflicted with
Thompson's Eye Water

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 50, 1908.