# THE BEST MAN

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CHAPTER XII (Continued).

The carriage rattled on, bumpety-The carriage rattled on, bumpety-bupm, over rough places, around corners, titting now and then sideways, and Cella, half frightened, was forced to cling to her protector to keep from being thrown on the floor of the cab. "Oh, are we running away?" she breathed awesomely into his ear. "I think not,—dear," he answered back, the fast word inaudible. "The driver thinks we are in a hurry but he has no need to go at this furious pace. I will tell him."

"He leamed forward and tapped on the

He leaned forward and tapped on the He learned forward and tapped on the glass, but the driver paid no attention whatever save perhaps to drive faster. Could it be that he had lost control of his horse and could not stop, or hadn't he heard? Gordon tried again, and accompanied the knocking this time with a shout, but all to no purpose. pose. The cab rattled steadily on. Gordon discovered now that there were two men on the box instead of one, and a sudden premonition sent a thrill of alarm through him. What if after all the presence of that detective had been a warning, and he unheeding had walked into a trap? What a fool he had been to get into a carriage where he was at the mercy of the driver. He ought to have stayed in open places where kidnaping would be impossible. Now that he had thought of it he felt convinced that this was just what the enemy would try to do,—kidnap him. The more fruitless he found his efforts to make the driver hear him the more he felt convinced that something was to make the driver hear him the more he felt convinced that something was wrong. He tried to open the door next him and found it stuck. He put all his trength forth to turn the catch but it held fast. Then a cold sweat stood out upon him and horror filled his mind. His commission with its large significance to the country was in imminent leopardy. His own life was in all probabilty hanging in the balance, but most of all he felt the awful peril of the sweet girl by his side. What terrible experiences might be hers within the next hour if his brain and right arm could not protect her. Instinctively his hand went to the pocket where he had kept his revolver ready since ever he had left Washington. Danger should not find him utterly unprepared.

had left Washington. Danger should not find him utterly unprepared.

He realized, too, that it was entirely possible, that his alarms were unfounded; that the driver was really taking them to the East Liberty station; that the door merely stuck, and he was needlessly anxious. He must keep a steady head and not let his companion see that he was nevous. The first steady head and not let his companion see that he was nervous. The first thing was to find out if possible where they really were, but that was a difficult task. The street over which they rattled was utterly dark with the gloom of a smoky city added to the night. There were no street lights except at wide intervals, and the buildings appeared to be blank walls of darkness, probably great warehouses. The way was narrow, and entirely unknown. Gordon could not tell if he had ever been there before. He was sure from his knowledge of the stations that they had gone much farther than to East Liberty, and the darkness and lonelihad gone much farther than to East Liberty, and the darkness and loneliness of the region through which they were passing filled him again with a vague alarm. It occurred to him that he might be able to get the window sash down and speak to the driver, and he struggled with the one on his own side for a while, with little result, for it seemed to have been plugged up with wads of paper all around. This fact renewed his anxiety. It began to look as if there was intention in sealing up that carriage. He leaned over and felt around the sash of the opposite door around the sash of the opposite door and found the paper wads there also. There certainly was intention. Not to alarm Colia he straightened back and

alarm Celia he straightened back and went to work again at his own window sash cautiously pulling out the paper until at last he could let down the glass.

A rush of dank air rewarded his efforts, and the girl drew a breath of relief. Gordon never knew how near she had been to fainting at that moment. She was sitting perfectly quiet in her corner watching him, her fears kept to herself, though her heart was beating wildly. She was convinced that the wildly. She was convinced that the horse was running away. Gordon leaned his hand out of the

Gordon leaned his hand out of the window, but immediately he caught the gleam of a revolver in a hand that hung at the side of the driver's box, pointed downward straight toward his face as if with intention to be ready in case of need. The owner of the hand was not looking toward him, but was talking in muffled tones to the driver Theorem. ing in muffled tones to the driver. They evidently had not heard the window let down, but were ready for the first sign of an attempt on the part of their vic-

ms to escape. Quietly Gordon drew in his head eculating rapidly on the possibility wrenching that revolver out of its e's hand. He could do it from he sat, but would it be wise? were probably locked in a trap, and the driver was very likely armed also. What chance would he have to save Celia if he brought on a desperate fight at this point? If he were alone he might knock that revolver out of the man's hand and spring from the win-dow, taking his chance of getting away, out now he had Celia to think of and the case was different. Not for a universe of governments could he leave a woman in such desperate straits. She

woman in such desperate straits. She must be considered first even ahead of the message. This was life and death. He wondered at his own coolness as he sat back in the carriage and quietly lifted the glaee frame back into place. Then he laid a steady hand on Celia's again and stooping close whispered into her ear:

"I am afraid there's something wrong with our driver. Can you be a little brave,—dear?" He did not know he had used the last word this time, but it thrilled into the girl's heart with a

sudden accession of trust.
"Oh, yes," she breathed close to his face. "You don't think he has been

face. "You don't think he has been drinking, do you?"
"Well, perhaps," said Gordon relieved at the explanation. "But keep calm. I think we can get out of this all right. Suppose you change seats with me and let me try if that door will open easily. We might want to get out in a hurry in case he slows up somewhere pretty soon."

He had worked carefully, else the sudden giving of the latch would have thrown him out of the carriage and given instant alarm to his driver. He was so thoroughly convinced by this time that he was being kidnaped, perhaps to be murdered, that every sense was on the alert. It was his charac-teristic to be exceedingly cool during a crisis. It was the quality that the keen eyed chief had valued most in him and the final reason why he had been selected for this difficult task in place of an older and more experienced man who at times lost his head.

who at times lost his head.

The door to the outside world being open Gordon cautiously took a survey of the enemy from that side. There was no gleaming weapon here. The man set grimly enough, laying on the whip and muttering curses to his bony horse, who galloped recklessiy on as if partaking of the desperate desires of his master. In the distance Gordon could hear the rumbling of an on coming train. The street was still dark could hear the rumbling of an on coming train. The street was still dark and scarcely a vehicle or person to be seen. There seemed no help at hand, and no opportunity to get out, for they were still rushing at a tremendous pace. An attempt to jump now would very likely result in broken limbs which would only leave them in a worse plight than they were. He slipped back to his own seat and put Celia next to the free door again. She must be where she could get out first if the opportunity presented itself. Also, he must manage to throw out the suit cases if manage to throw out the suit cases if possible on account of the letters and

valuables they contained.
Instinctively his hand sought Celia's in the darkness again, and hers nestled

in the darkness again, and hers nestled into it in a frightened way as if his strength gave her comfort.

Then, before they could speak or realize, there came the rushing sound of a train almost upon them and the cab came to a halt with a jerk, the driver pulling the horse back on his haunches to stop him. The shock almost threw Celia to the floor, but Gordon's arm about her steadied her, and instantly he was on the alert.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Glancing through the window he saw that they were in front of a railroad track upon which a long freight train was rushing madly along at a giddy pace for a mere freight. The driver had evidently hoped to pass this point before the train got there, but had failed. The train had an exultant sounders if

evidently hoped to pass this point before the train got there, but had failed. The train had an exultant sound as if it knew it had outwitted the driver.

On one side of the street were high buildings and on the other a great lumber yard, between which and their carriage there stood a team of horses hitched to a covered wagon, from the back of which some boards protruded, and this on the side next to Celia where the door would open! Gordon's heart leaped up with hope and wonder over the miracle of their opportunity. The best thing about their situation was that their driver had stopped just a little back of the covered wagon, so that their door would open to the street directly behind the covered wagon. It made it possible for the carriage door to swing wide and for them to slip across behind the wagon without getting too near the driver. Nothing could have been better arranged for their escape and the clatter of the empty freight cars drowned all sounds.

Without delay Gordon softly unlatched the door and swung it open, whispering to Celia:

"Go! Quick! Over there by the fence in the shadow. Don't look around nor speak! Quick! I'll come!"

Trembling in every limb, yet with brave, starry eyes, Celia slipped like a wraith from the carriage, stole behind the boards and melted into the shadow of the great fence of the lumber yard, her purple plumes mere depths of shad-ows against the smoky planks. Gordon, grasping the suit cases, moved instantly after her, deftly and silently closing the carriage door and dropping into the shadows behind the big wagon, carcely able to believe as yet that they

had really escaped.

Ten feet back along the sidewalk was gateway, the posts being tall and ick. The gate itself was closed, but it hung a few inches inside the line of the fence, and into this depression the the fence, and into this depression the two stepped softly and stood, flattening themselves back against the gate as closely as possible, scarcely daring to breathe, while the long freight clattered and rambled its way by like a lot of jolly washerwomen running and laughing in a line and spatting their tired, noisy feet as they went; then the vehicles impatiently took up their onward course. Gordon saw the driver look down at the window below him and glance back hastily over his shoulder, and the man on the other side of the box looked down on his side. The glitter of something in his hand shone for an instant in the glare of the signal light over the track. Then the horse lurched forward and the cab began its crazy gait over the track and up the cobbled street. over the track and up the cobbled street. They had started onward with-out getting down to look in the carriage and see if all were safe with their prisoners, and they had not even looked back to see if they had escaped: They evidently trusted in the means they had used to lock the carriage doors, and had heard no sounds of their escaping. It was incredible, but it was true. Gordon drew a long breath of relief and relaxed from his breath of relief and relaxed from his strained position. The next thing was to get out of that neighborhood as swiftly as possible before those men had time to discover that their birds had flown. They would of course know at once where their departure had taken place and come back swiftly to search for them, with perhaps more men to help; and a second time escape would be impossible.

Gordon snatched up the suit cases with one hand, and with the

with one hand, and with the other drew Celia's arm within his.

"Now, we must hurry with all our might," he said softly. "Are you all right?"

"Yes." Her breath was coming in a

Yes." Her breath was coming in a "Poor child!" his voice was very ten-der. "Were you much frightened?"

"A little," she answered more brave-

ly now.
"I shall have hard work to forgive

springing strides, and together they fairly skimmed the pavements, turning first this corner, then that, in the general direction from which Gordon thought they had come, until at last, three blocks away they caught the welcome whirr of a trolley, and breathless, flew onward, just catching a car. They cared not where it went so that they were safe in a bright light with other people. No diamonds on any gentleman's neck scarf ever shone to Celia's eyes with so friendly a welcome gentleman's neck scarf ever shone to Celia's eyes with so friendly a welcome as the dull brass buttons on that trolley conductor's coat as he rang up their fares and answered Gordon's questions about how to get to East Liberty station; and their pleasant homely gleam almost were her undoing, for now that they were safe at last the tears would come to her eyes last the tears would come to her eyes

last the tears would come to her eyes.
Gordon watched her lovingly, tenderly, glad that she did not know how terrible had been her danger. His heart was still beating wildly with the heart was still beating wildly with the thought of their marvelous escape, and his own present responsibility. He must run no further risks. They would keep to crowded trolleys, and trust to hiding in the open. The main thing was to get out of the city on the first train they could manage to board.

When they reached East Liberty station a long train was just coming in

tion a long train was just coming in, all sleepers, and they could hear the echo of a stentorian voice:

"Special for Harrisburg, Baltimore and Washington! All aboard!" and up at the further end of the platform Gordon saw the lank form of the detective whom he had tried to avoid an hour

Without taking time for thought he hurried Celia forward and they sprang breathlessly aboard. Not until they were fairly in the cars and the wheels were fairly in the cars and the wheels moving under them did it occur to him that his companion had nothing to eat since about 12 o'clock. She must be famished, and in a fair way to be ill again. What a fool he was not to have thought! They could have stopped in some obscure restaurant along the way as well as not and taken a later train as well as not and taken a later train, and yet it was safer to get away at once. Without doubt there were watchers at East Liberty, too, and he was lucky to have got on the train without a challenge. He was sure that detective's face lighted strangely as he looked his way. Perhaps there was a buffet attached to the train. At least, he would investigate. If there wasn't, they must get off at the next stop—there must be another stop surely somewhere near the city—he could not remember, but there surely must be.

They had to wait some time to get as well as not and taken a later train,

They had to wait some time to get the attention of the conductor. He was having much trouble with some disgruntled passengers who each claimed to have the same berth. Gordon finally got his ear, and showing his stateroom tickets inquired if they could be used on this train.

could be used on this train.

"No." growled the worried conductor. "You're on the wrong train. This is a special, and every berth in the train is taken now but one upper."

"Then, we'll have to get off at the next stop, I suppose, and take the other train," said Gordon dismally.

"There isn't any other stop till somewhere in the middle of the night. I tell you this is a special, and we're scheduled to go straight through. East Liberty's the last stop."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Gordon inanely.

"Then what successful the Gordon inanely.
"I'm sure I don't know," snapped the conductor. "I have enough other "I'm sure I don't know," snapped the conductor. "I have enough to do without mending other people's mistakes. Stay aboard, I suppose, unless you want to jump off and commit suicide."

"But I have a lady with me who isn't at all well," said Gordon, with dignity. "So much the worse for the lady," replied the conductor inhumanly. There's one upper berth, I told you.

"An upper berth wouldn't do for her," said Gordon decidedly. "She isn't well,

said Gordon decidedly. "She isn't well

"Suit yourself," snapped the harassed official. "I reckon it's better than nothing. You may not have it long. I'm likely to be asked for it the next half minute."

"Is that so? And is there absolutely nothing else?"

wishing he could go back and undo the last half-hour. How in the world was he to go and tell Celia that he could provide her nothing better than an upper her her h?

She was sitting with her back to him, her face resting wearily on her hand against the window. Two men with largely checked suits, big seal rings, and diamond scarf pins sat in the op-posite seat. He knew it was most unpleasant for her. A nondescript woman with a very large hat and thick powder on her face shared Celia's seat. He reflected that "specials" did not always bear a select company.

"Is there nothing you can do?" he pleaded with the conductor, as he took the bit of pasteboard entitling him to the last vacant berth. "Don't you sup and give her a lower berth? It'll be hard for her. She isn't used to

His eyes rested wistfully on the bowed head. Celia had taken off her plumed hat, and the fitful light of the car played with the gold of her hair. The conductor's grim eye softened as

"That the lady? I'll see what I can do," he said briefly, and stumped off to the next car. The miracle of her presnce had worked its change upon him. Gordon went over to Celia and told hr in a low tone that he hoped to have arrangements made for her soon, so that she could be comfortable. She must be fearfully tired with the excitement and fright and hurry. He added that he had made a great blunder in getting on this train, and now there was no chance to get off for several hours, perhaps, and probably no supper

'Oh, it doesn't matter in the least,' said Celia wearily. "I'm not at all hungry." She almost smiled when she said it. He knew that what she wanted was to have her mind relieved about the letters. But she really saw that

the letters. But she really saw that there was no opportunity now.

She even seemed sorry at his troubled look, and tried to smile again through the settled sadness in her eyes. He could see she was very weary, and he felt like a great brute in care of a child, and mentally berated himself for his own thoughtlessness.

Gordon started off to search for something to eat for her and was more successive.

Gordon started off to search for something to eat for her, and was more successful than he had dared hope. The newsboy had two chicken sandwiches left, and these, with the addition of a fine orange, a box of chocolates, and a glass of ice water, he presently brought to her, and was rewarded by a smile this time, almost as warm and intimate as those she had given him during their beautiful day.

But he could not sit beside her, for the places were all taken, and he could

the places were all taken, and he could not stand in the aisle and talk, for the porter was constantly running back and forth making up the berths. There and forth making up the berths. There seemed to be a congested state of things in the whole train, every seat being full and men standing in the aisles. He noticed now that they all wore badges Celia quietly and swiftly slipped into Gordon's seat and he applied himself with all his strength and ingeunity genty manipulating the latch and pressing his shoulder against the door, until at last to his joy it gave way reluctantly and he found that it would swing open.

Iy now.

"I shall have hard work to forgive myself for all this," he said tenderly. But we mustn't taik. We have to get out of this quickly or they may come to some great convention, upon which they had intruded. They were a good-natured, noisy, happy crowd, but not anywhere among them was to be found a quiet spot where he regular dog tax.

Iy now.

"I shall have hard work to forgive myself for all this," he said tenderly. "Go some fraternal order. It was doubt-not some great convention, upon which they had intruded. They were a good-natured, noisy, happy crowd, but not anywhere smong them was to be found a quiet spot where he

and Cella could go on with their suddenly interrupted conversation. Presently the conductor came to him and
said he had found a gentleman who
would give the lady his lower berth and
take her upper one. It was already
made up, and the lady might take possession at once.

Gordon made the exchange of tickets,
and immediately escorted Cella to it.

and immediately escorted Cella to it. He found her most glad to go for she was now unutterably weary, and was longing to get away from the light and

noise about her.

He led the way with the suit cases, hoping that in the other car there would be some spot where they could talk for a few minutes. But he was disappointe. It was even fuller than in the first car. He arranged everything for her comfort as far as possible, disposed of her hat and fixed her suitcase so that she could open it but even while that she could open it, but even while he was doing it there were people crowding by, and no private conversa-tion could be had. He stepped back when all was arranged and held the curtain aside that she might sit on the dge of her berth. Then stooping over he whispered:

"Try to trust me until morning. I'll explain it all to you then, so that you will understand how I have had nothing to do with these letters. Forget it, and try to rest. Will

His tone was wistful. He had never wanted to do anything so much in all his life as to stoop and kiss those sweet lips, and the lovely eyes that looked up at him out of the dusky shadows of the berth, filled with fear and longing. They looked more than ever like the blue tired flowers that drooped from her gown wearily. But he held himself with a firm hand. She was not his to kiss. When she knew how he had deceived her, she would probably never give him the right to kiss her. "I will try," she murmured in answer to his question, and then added: But where will you be? Is your berth

"Not far away-that is, I had to take

"Not far away—that is, I had to take a place in another car, they are so crowded."

"Oh!" she said a little anxiously. "Are you sure you have a good comfortable place?"

"Oh, yes, I shall be all right," he answered joyously. It was so wonderful to have her care whether he was comfortable or not.

comfortable or not.

The porter was making up the op-posite berth, and there was no room to stand longer, so he bade her good night, she putting out her hand for a farewell. For an instant he held it close with gentle pressure, as if to reassure her, then he went away to the day-coach, and settled down into a hard corner at the very back of the car, drawing his travelling cap over his eyes, and letting his heart beat out wild joy over that little touch of her dear hand. Wave after wave of sweetness went over him, thrilling his very soul with a joy he had never known before. before.

And this was love! And what kind

of a wretch was he, presuming to love like this a woman who was the promised bride of another man! Ah, but such a man! A villain! A brute, who had used his power over her to make her suffer tortures! Had a man like that a right to claim her? His whole

being answered "no."

Then the memory of the look in her eyes, the turn of her head, the soft touch of her fingers as they lay for that instant in his, the inflection of that instant in his, the inflection of her voice, would send that wave of sweetness over his senses, his heart would thrill anew, and he would forget the wretch who stood between him and this lovely girl whom he knew now he loved as he had never dreamed a man could love.

Gradually his mind steadled itself under the sweet intoxication, and he began to wonder just what he should say to her in the morning. It was a good thing he had not had further opportunity to talk with her that night,

good thing he had not had further op-portunity to talk with her that night, for he could not have told her every-thing; and now if all went well they would be in Washington in the morn-ing, and he might make some excuse till after he had delivered his message. Then he would be free to tell the whole story and lay his case before her for "Young man, I can't waste words on you. I haven't time. Take it or let it alone. It's all one to me. There's some standing room left in the day coach, perhaps."

"I'll take it," said Gordon meekly, wishing he could go back and undo the stand. But he told himself at the same time that that could never be. It was very likely that there was someone else in New York to whom her heart would turn if she were free from the scoundrel who had threatened her into a compulsory marriage. He would promise to help her, protect her, defend her from the man who was evidently us-ing blackmail to get her into his power for some purpose; most likely for the sake of having control of her property. At least it would be some comfort to be able to help her out of her trouble. And yet, would she ever trust a man who had even unwittingly allowed her to be bound by the sacred tie of marriage to an utter stranger?

riage to an utter stranger?
And thus, amid hope and fear, the
night whirled itself away. Forward in
the sleeper the girl lay wide awake for
a long time. In the middle of the night a thought suddenly evolved itself out of the blackness of her curtained couch. She sat upright alertly and stared into the darkness, as if it were a thing that she could catch and handle and examine. The thought was born out of dreamy vision of the crisp brown waves, almost curls if they had not been so short and thick, that cov-ered the head of the man who had lain sleeping outside her curtains in the early morning. It came to her with sudden force that not so had been the hair of the boy George Hayne, who used to trouble her girlish days. His was thin and black and oily, collecting naturally into little isolated strings with the least warmth, and giving him the appearance of a kitten who had been out in the rain. One lock, how well she remembered that lock!—one lock on the very crown of his head had always refused to lie down, no matter always refused to lie down, no matter how much persuasion was brought to bear upon it. It had been the one point on which the self satisfied George had been pregnable, his hair, that scalp lock that would always arise stiffly, ollily, from the top of his head. The hair she had looked at admiringly that morning in the dawning crimson of the rising sun had not been that of the rising sun had not been that way. It had curved clingingly to the shape of the fine head as if it loved to go that way. It was beautiful and fine and burnished with a sense of life and vigor in its every wave Could hair change in 10 years? Could it grow brown where it had been black? Could it become glossy instead of dull and oily? Could it take on the signs of natural wave where it had been as straight as a die? Could it grow like fur where it had been so thin?

### (Continued next week.)

Rubber cups, which any person can attach to the heels of his spoes to aid in walking, have been patented by a Philadelphia woman.

### HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY EDWARD J. SPERLING.

The busy streets, the happy faces of the passers by, the crowded stores with their beaufiful displays of Christmas goods did not affect Ivanchuk Kovalevsky. Not because he was irreligious, he longed for a good rest, rather than but simply because everything was strange and unknown to him. In his native village in Russia, Christmas was native village in Russia, Christmas was celebrated entirely different than in this country. There the eve of Christwas was spent in church, among hundreds of other peasants, clad in new "polushubki," (sheepskin coats), and high boots, freshly oiled. Being illiterate he knew very little about the real significance of this holiday, but judging from the beautifully illuminated church and the solemn hymns of the choir he instinctively felt that it was a great feast.

Under the sweet chime of the bells, the peasants left the church late at the peasants left the church late at night, for home, where there awaited them a good supper with plenty of pork, cakes and particularly "vodka." For whisky was the main feature of this holiday. For months the peasants have saved their "groshi," (¼ of a cent), and having bought a good supply of vodka, they drank it until unconsciousness came. The morning usually found them asleep under the tables and long benches, but the "popoiki," (drinking parties), were held throughout the day until late at night. In some places choruses were

Christmas supper. After a day's hard labor in the cooling plant at Armours, he longed for a good rest, rather than for a supper. But having promised to come, he slowly changed his clothes and then went to Stepan, who lived in the same "row."

and then went to Stepan, who lived in the same "row."

There he found a score of people crowded around a big table. The house was unusually clean, tht host and the hostess surrounded by their children, who spoke a language uncomprehensible to Ivanchuk, were treating the guests with fruit and candies. But what was more surprising to Ivanchuk was that there was no whisky at the table. At first Ivanchuk thought that the whisky was about to come later, but when Marusia began to serve supper, and the vodka was still missing, he thought that probably the host was too poor to buy it. He, therefore, took out a \$5 bill and handing it to Stepan, he said: "Here, brother, get some whisky." But Stepan pushed aside the money and said: "A holiday is given by God, not for the sake of getting drunk, but for the joy and happiness of the peopie. In this country we celebrate it different from that in Russia."

And, for the first time in his life

sia."
And, for the first time in his life Ivanchuk celebrated Christmas without getting drunk. The children sang Christmas songs, in English, the grown up people—old Russian folksongs. The host spoke about the significance of Christmas, to which Ivanchuk listened with deep interest. Somewhere the hells rang merrily and held throughout the day until late at night. In some places choruses were formed, every one singing at his pleasure. Some sang religious songs, others odd and coarse, until all the voices were molten into a hoarse and drunken howl. Sometimes petty quarrels, aroused between drunken neighbors, which caused, very often, bloody fights. Vanchuk Kovalevsky remembered all this very well, (he had been in this country only a few months) and there-

## "Holy Night"-An Immortal Hymn

(Adapted from the German by Mrs. L. F. Miskovsky in the Advance.) was Christmas of the year 1818. On "Christ, der Retter, ist da!" It was Christmas of the year 1818. On the afternoon before Christmas eve, the vicar of Oberndorf, Joseph Mohr, came to the teacher of Arnsdorf, Franz Gruber, bringing a sheet of paper with him, saying, "Friend, could you set to music this little poem which I have written? You understand that sort of thing, and tonight we can have it sung at the Christmas mass. It is real simple and childlike, but it is well meant." Gruber, whose duty it was to provide church music in Oberndorf on holidays, did not need much persua-sion, and taking the sheet of paper with the little poem on it, sat down to the piano and in an incredibly short time had

struck off the tune.
On Christmas eve the church at Oberndorf shone in the brilliant light of many candles, and was crowded with worship-ers. The priest stood at the altar, clouds of incense ascended, and the soft tones of the organ resounded. But hark! Suddenly a hymn arises, such as only the angels in heaven might sing to the little Christ-All hold their breath. No one wishes to miss a single note of the won-derful melody. From the choir loft de-scend its majestic tones:—

Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright. Round you virgin mother and child, Holy Infant tender and mild Sleep in heavenly peace!

Silent night! Holy night! Shepherds wake, touched with fright, Giorles stream from heaven afar; Heavenly hosts sing Hallelujah, Christ the Savior is born, Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God! Light of light!
O how love beams from His face
With the dawn of heavenly grace,
At Immanuel's birth!

Stille Nacht, hellige Nacht! Alles schlaft, einsam wacht nur das traute hochhellige Paar. Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,

Stille Nacht, hellige Nacht! Gottes Sohn, o, wie lacht Lieb' aus deinem gottlichen Mund da uns schlagt die rettende Stund'. Christ, in deiner Geburt!

The mass was over. The faithful were returning home with divine joy in their hearts; but their lips kept repeating the words, "Silent night; holy might!"

Rapidly the hymn spread not only over the Salzburg country, but also through-out neighboring Bavaria and Austria. The organ builder Mauracher, who himself heard it sung by Mohr, brought it to the Tyrol. In the year 1833 the Zillerthal singers came to Leipsic, and there sang the hymn at the Christmas mass. In Leipsic it was finally published, and thus became known throughout the world. At the present day it is a popular folk song, and is gladly sung by all Christians of the German tongue who celebrate the advent of the heavenly Child. Even beyond the seas in the new world, it is heard, and there exerts a powerful influence over German sentiment. For a long time nothing was known of the origin of the hymn. Both writer and composer were far too modest to publish broadcast the authorship of the hymn and had informed only a small circle of it. Many, therefore, supposed that Mozart or Hayda had composed the magnificent hymn. Only in recent times have its true originators be-come widely known, and they deserve that their names should not be forgotten.

Joseph Mohr was the child of poor par-ents, and was born in Salzburg in 1792. Having a beautiful voice, he became one of the singers in the cathedral choir. Later on he took orders in the Catholic church, and died as vicar of Wagrein, 1843. Franz Gruber was born in upper Austria, 1787, as son of a poor weaver. In Burg-hausen he received his musical education. In 1806 he came to Arnsdorf, and died as choir leader of the parish church of Hallein in 1863.

Both men have long lain at rest. Yet unceasingly does this immortal hymn swell in countless human hearts:— Sleep in heavenly peace!

Christmas Ceremony In Rome.

Dr. William B. Harlow in the Christian Register.
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The word "Bambino" is the Italian for "baby," and this particular baby is a wooden image which was carved by a plous monk in the city of Jerusalem about the time that Columbus discovered America. The little figure was finally sent to Rome and became such an object of love and reverence that people have for hundreds of years been giving it presents of precious stones. On its head is a little crown ablaze with rubles, diamonds and sapphires. It has a robe of royal purple, also respiendent with gems.

This little sacred image is usually carefully concealed, but on Christmas week it is brought out and put into the arms of the Virgin Mary in one of the chapels of this church of Aracoeh.

A wooden platform at that time is built before it, and the little children of Rome come up and speak their pleces, telling of what the good Christ-child has done for what the good Christ-child has done for them through the year. The father and mothers are gathered around on the stones floor below and listen with quier reverence.

To me this is a very beautiful ceremony, 1 think of the sacrifice it has cost many poor people to give these rare presents, and I have no doubt that they have been made better for such gifts of love. The children, too, have done their share in poperating their lines, which are their own little attempts to show five and devotion.

During Christmas week a stately procession passes through the streets of old from, and in the midst is borne, on a raised platform, among white robed priests a beautiful figure of the Virgin Mother Mary sitting with this same bambino in her arms.

The sidewalks are all lined with people bowing low, and many of them kneeling.

The christmasse Children.

her arms.

The sidewalks are all lined with people bowing low, and many of them kneeling upon the stones.

It is all a beautiful and impressive sight, at is all a beautiful and impressive sight, and, though we have not been brought up to worship in this way, we can not help feeling that the true spirit of religion, wherever we see it, is really a beautiful thing that in one way or another should come into the lives of us all.

Swiss Xmas Superstitions.

Swiss Xmas Superstitions.

From the Springfield Republican.

Many ancient and quaint customs are still prevalent in Switzerland during this period of the year. If you want, for instance, to find out how the weather will be during the next year, just cut an onlon into half, peel off 12 layers, one for each month, and fill the same with salt. Those peelings which contain damp salt the next morning predict rainy weather for the respective month. To the unmarried folk Christmas holds that magic key to the unknown future. On Christmas eve, when the bells are calling to worship in the village church, you must drink three times from nine different fountains, and you will then behold your husband or wife-to-be standing at the church door.

Miraculous powers are also attributed to Christmas. Children born on that day can see ghosts, and are able to tell fortunes. Water can be changed into wine, and if you are some sort of an adept in the mysterious art of magic you are at that time able to safeguard yourself against all bodily injuries. Farmers in certain parts of the country believe that if they fertilize their fruit trees during Christmas week the same will bear especial quantities of fruit for the next sea-

A Perfect Lady-As Others See Her. From the New York Evening Post.

A philanthropic New York woman was entertaining, in the spacious grounds of entertaining, in the spacious grounds of her suburban residence, a large number of East Side children. On her rounds of hospitality she was impressed with one strikingly beautiful little girl. She could not have been more than 9 years old, but her coal black eyes flashed with intelligence. The hostess introduced herself and began a conversation.

"Does what you see here today please you?" she asked.

The Christmasse Children.

Ye tin horn bloweth loud and long Adoun ye noisy street;
For Christmasse cometh, and a song
For Christmasse time is meet,
And ye shall do the Christ no wrong
To love the children sweet.

The joys that shineth in the eyes
Of children charmeth still;
There is no man so great and wise
But there shall drink his fill
Of all the light of Paradise,
Shining of Christ His will.

And be it trump or tinsel horn
That pleaseth them to play,
They, maken merrie, shall adorn
The Christ's own holiday.
For Christ Himself a child was born
And loveth them alway.

They bloom, the roses of the earth, By all its sunshine blest; And that lone cot of love hath dearth Wherein no children nest. And he hath more than jewel's worth Who loveth children best.

Wherefore let children merrie make
While bells of Christmasse chime.
And to thine heart the darling take
And sing them in thy rhyme.
Thou shalt do this for Christ His sake.
At His own Christmasse time.
—Frank L. Stanton.

French hospital attendants have succeeded in impregnating rubber gloves with the salts of certain metals and making them impervious to X-rays for the protection of persons using the