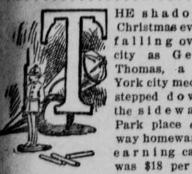


Tommy O'Dowd's Christmas.



Christmas eve were falling over the is your name?" he continued. city as George Thomas, a New York city mechanic, stepped down on the sidewalk in Park place on his way homeward. His earning capacity was \$18 per week, because of the prevailing hard

his income had been reto \$12. This sum, with little change, comprised his ash capital. As he buttoned his coat shout his neck he reflected ruefully that this was a very small sum with which to meet his expenses and to buy ristmas presents. The wind blew wiskly down Park place as he walked ard Broadway, thinking of the comg rent day, the empty coal bin, and new dress he had promised his ife. His thoughts were saddened as remembered that his little boy ld have been nearly five years old d he lived until Christmas. There a sense of constriction in his oat as he thought of last year's ristmas tree, bright with spangles, diated with light and whitened with orn balls. Then against the walls memory stood out clear and distinct figure of his little boy standing in white nightgown in the gay dawn Christmas day, with flushed cheeks d eyes dancing with delight, looking the marvelous Christmas tree. On Park row, near the corner of

hambers street, there was a toy store most wonderful variety. As Thomcame down the street, his mind innt on his own misery, his gaze fell on one of the most pathetic figures had ever seen. Before the window the toy store stood a little boy, iose nose was flattened against the ne. His body shivered with the cold, it his soul was aflame with desire, ich was expressed in his hungry s, Thomas estimated his age at 5 He wore an old coat, which had dently been made for a boy twice age. Pins usurped the place of tons on the garment. His feet were rust into a pair of yellow gaiters, asous wear affording excellent but ventilation. His trousers, held pieces of string, were frayed and wed in a manner suggestive of act that the boy had been dandled



BAY, MISTER, LIF' ME UP." poverty's knee. Thomas took in these details as he stopped beside boy and watched him. The inated expression in the little face, pinched nostrils, the blue circles r the eyes, and the wolfish look he wan features faded away as the d turned to Thomas and said: y, mister, lif' me up so I kin see

ndy cigarettes!"

omas lifted the boy in his strong so that his range of vision inall the Tantalus delights of the

wisht me mudder was goin' t' hav' en gets \$4 a week. Say, dat's the labyrinthine staircase. There was all to pieces.

a lot o' money, ain't it? Hully gee! Look at de dinky little tin sojer! Ain't

he a corker! Mister, is your little boy

goin' to hav' a Krismus tree?" "I'm afraid not this year sonny," Thomas replied. "My little boy is in

"Where's dat? Across de river?" "Yes, it is across the river," replied Thomas, gravely, putting the little fellow down upon the sidewalk. "What

"Tommy O'Dowd," replied the boy, "and I live in Middle alley." "Well, Tommy," said Thomas, "you

go with me to the telegraph office and then I'll go home with you." And so, hand in hand, the strangely assorted pair went to the telegraph of-

his wife in Harlem: "Dear Mollie: Detained down town by important business. Will be home

fice and Thomas sent this dispatch to

at 11 o'clock." "Do you know the way home?" asked Thomas as they came out of the telegraph office on Park Row again.

"Yes," said Tommy, scornfully. "I know all de streets. Ye goes down New Chambers street till ye comes to plied. Roosevelt, den ye goes down Roose-



"THE LITTLE FELLOW SAT UP-RIGHT."

velt till ye gets to Cherry en den y' are in Middle alley." They followed this itinerary, Tommy

running ahead to point out the way. They entered the alley between two enormous brick tenements, through a | the fourteenth century. He was exbig iron gate, and after a wearisome climb up crooked stairways arrived at the O'Dowd residence. Tommy went into the room, and as Thomas lingered | ing to curl. His eyebrows were dark on the threshold he heard a strident voice say:

"So that's you, you little scut! Sure you had the heart o' me ar bruk I was his shoulders, for it had never been that freckened! Ah, good evenin' to ye, sir," as Thomas stepped inside. ly, at the shoulders, ner h walking "Come in, sir. It's little we have, but | wholly erect. His complexion was of ye're welkim as if 'twace a palace, sir. | the color of ripe wheat, golden hue,and Tommy, ye amodhoun, you, get the gintleman a chair."

"I hope you will excuse me, Mrs. O'Dowd," said Thomas, "but I saw your little boy looking in a toy store win- by the intelligence, the gentleness, the dow and thinking he might be lost I freedom from all passions therein excame home with him."

"Now, ain't that kind o' you, sir," exclaimed Mrs. O'Dowd. "Sure it's not many would do the same, so there."

"But ye needn't be freckened about that little blaggard. Faith, he'd find his way from Harlem to the Batthery, so he would."

In such genial converse the time passed, while Tommy and his mother supped on mackerel and potatoes, And when Tommy had been tucked away for the night in his mother's bed under the mantel, on which stood a plaster cast of the Virgin, with hands outspread in benediction. Thomas had a whispered talk with Mrs. O'Dowd, interrupted at frequent intervals by such exclamations as, "Oh, dear, may your shadow never grow less!" "May your wife never attend your funeral," etc.

At 9 o'clock Thomas was walking up Roosevelt street with eager footsteps. He stopped at a grocery store and made a purchase, then hurried up into Park Row again. The toy store man was putting up his shutters, but Thomas prevailed on him to go inside, and at 16 o'clock he was back in Middle alley ius tree, but she says she can't again. Tears of delight filled Mrs. sone dis year, 'cause she ain't O'Dowd's eyes as she met him at the dust. She scrubs in de Morse entrance to the alley and led him up next door, and he can take his watch

more mysterious whispering. Then Mrs. O'Dowd flew downstairs again to get a bundle of kindling wood. It was well that Tommy was a sound sleeper, as the fleeting forms of shadowy figures and the rustle of papers would have disturbed him.

It was 11:30 when Thomas arrived at home and greeted his anxious wife.

When they retired Thomas said: "Molly, set the alarm for 4 o'clock tomorrow, and get your wraps ready, for I intend to take you along to help play a joke on Tommy O'Dowd."

She plied him with questions, he gave her evasive replies. At 5 o'clock Thomas and his wife arrived at Middle alley.

"Is he awake?" he asked anxiously of Mrs. O'Dowd, who met them at the

"No; the saints be praised, he's sleepin' like the dead. Come here at the dure and watch."

The door had been thrown wide open, but Mrs. O'Dowd had hung her Sunday shawl over the opening. Behind the folds of this garment the three persons watched and waited. The blinds had been carefully closed, so that not a ray of sunlight came into the room. Three kerosene lamps were blazing with light to their utmost capacity. It was painfully still in the room, and by listening intently Thomas thought he could hear the gentle breathing of the little boy. As the minutes ticked slowly away the suspense was almost unbearable. A movement in the bed caught the ears of the listeners. Then the bed clothes were thrown aside and the little fellow sat upright, apparently paralyzed with

amazement. Upon a little table between the windows stood a Christmas tree two feet tall stuck into the middle of a bundle of wood. The light was reflected from a hundred pieces of red paper tied to the scrawny boughs, a dozen red and white popcorn balls bung like apples on the limbs. Little candles twinkled through the scant foliage, while barber-pole candy, a tin soldier and a jumping jack were prominently displayed. It was an Aladdinlike scene. And before this radiant vision, like a saint before a shrine, with hands clasped in adoring admiration, stood little Tommy, while his mother was weeping tears of joy with her face hidden in the shawl.

Thomas and his wife stole quietly out and left them.

"George, stop," said Mrs. Thomas when they reached the corner of Roosevelt and Cherry streets. Uplifting her face, which was convulsively working with tender emotion, she said: "What did it cost to play that little

joke on Tommy?" "Just 71 cents, sweetheart," he re-

They walked on for another block. But Mrs. Thomas was bubbling over with excitement, and she stopped her husband again and exclaimed:

"But you haven't any Christmas present yourself."

"Nonsense, Molly, haven't---" He was interrupted by two soft arms around his neck and a kiss. Then Molly began to ery. But George quickly soothed her, and as they sat in the elevated car flying toward Herlem he said:

"Molly, I thought I was a very much bused man last night, but I've changed my mind. I think I could walk from the Battery to Harlem on soap bubbles and never burst a bubble today."

His Personal Appearance.

We are left entirely to conjecture as to the personal appearance of Jesus the boy, and we have no means of knowing how He looked as He wandered over plain and by seashore, overturning the world by His words. There is, however, a story descriptive of Him as a man which comes from ceedingly fair to behold. His stature was full seven spans. His hair was light and not very thick, slightly tendand arched. His eyes were bright, with a dash of yellow. His beard was blond and not long. He wore His hair down cut. He stooped slightly, very slight-His face was not round nor yet long. but oval like His mother's, and it had | ple." just a tinge of ruddiness. As one looked at him he was strangely impressed pressed.



Freddie-I want a watch for Christ-

mas. Colewigger-You are rather young to have a watch.

Froddie-I'm as old as the little boy

In Bermuda the soil often produces four crops of vegetables in a year. Consul Greene notes the case of one farmer there who last year planted an a friend in a public restaurant in Al- when he proposed to rewrite the Bible acre of tomatoes, and derived therefrom a revenue of \$1,500; while another crats from different parts of the state tastes than the English of the King acre, devoted to the culture of lilies, entered, and, seeing the ex-senator, James version. But this was only one yielded \$1,800.

General Andrew T. McReynolds, who died recently at Grand Rapids, Mich., was the oldest Knight Templar in the world, and assisted in suppressing the nullification rebellion in South Carolina in 1832, afterward serving through both the Mexican and civil wars.

THE HOPE OF THE CONTINENT. Western Canada the "Bread Basket of

the Empire." The attention directed to the wheat fields of western Canada during the past year has caused thousands of settlers from different parts of the United States to make their homes there during the past few months. They report that their experience corroborates what had been told them of that wonback to their friends most favorable reports. During the past summer a number of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota editors visited western Canada, and the following extracts are from a very flattering letter written for the Germania of Milwaukee by its able contributor, Prof. Sheridan:

"The numerous elevators along the line, towering so far above the surrounding country that they may be seen for many miles distant, sufficiently indicate that the chief industry is the growing of wheat. At the village of Indian Head more than a million bushels of wheat were marketed last year. This was but a fraction of the amount of the same product marketed at the larger cities of Brandon and Regina. At Indian Head the representative of the Germania was told by a farmer that he was about to harvest his third crop of wheat from the farm upon one ploughing given it the fall of 1895, the crops of the current year and of last year having been sown upon the stubble of the preceding crop. This farmer expected a yield of not less than forty bushels to the acre. The farms are very large. The absence of bills and rocks contributes to making farming on a large scale an easy matter. There was an abundance of evidence that the country surrounding the cities named above is an extensive region of fertile lands, furnishing as great an opportunity for cattle-raising and dairying as for the growing of wheat.'

'We were surprised to find here a rich growth of nearly every species of cultivable plant known in Wisconsin. Various species of trees were growing, showing that its soil and its climate are favorable to the growth of forests. The writer had never seen a more promising growth of wheat, oats, and garden vegetables than was observed here. The experimental farm of Wisconsin, located at Madison, produces

nothing better." "The people along the line of the railroad, however, assured us that we were still far distant from the northern limit of the wheat-growing belt, and that five hundred miles farther products were cultivated with success. The inhabitants do not depend solely upon the growing of wheat, but utilize vast acres in raising cattle. The growing grain and vegetables showed that a plentiful supply of rain had fallen during the current year."

"From this city (Calgary) our party was taken north 200 miles to Edmonton, a town of 5,000 people situated on the north Saskatchewan river. The country at this point is beautiful, presenting very much the appearance of many sections in central and southern Wisconsin. The people are engaged in mining for gold, and in raising wheat, potatoes and cattle; dairying is also followed. This valley seems to be favored with sufficient rainfall to produce a luxuriant growth of grain and vegetables. The soil is very fertile and timber is abundant. Fields of wheat were observed that promise a yield of forty bushels per acre. The many good farmhouses seen from the railway are evidence of the prosperity of the settlers. Edmonton is the terminus of the road and the place where the overland expeditions start from for the Yukon, it being about 800 miles from Dawson City."

"The members of the association made the acquaintance of the Canadians of the Northwest and learned something of the vast extent of their territory and of its great resources, which are destined to make it our most formidable commercial competitor in the world's markets for the sale of agricultural products. We learned that the Northwest Territory of Canada, instead of being a barren waste, as taught by our geographies of a quarter of a century ago, is capable of sustaining an emp're of fifty millions of peo-

For further information apply to Canadian Government Agent, Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, to W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb.

"Joyfully dear is the homeward track, If we are but sure of a welcome back.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1863.—J. R. Madison, 2400 42d Ave , Chicago, Ili.

Why isn't the doctor who is always taking somebody off a funny fellow?

A catalogue of 300 prizes, suitable to every taste and condition, mailed on inquiry. Prizes given for saving Dia-mond "C" Soap wrappers. Address Cudahy Soap Works, South Omaha,

way isn't the delirium tremens a

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Luxative Brome Quinine Tableta All drugglets refend the money If it falls to cure. We The genuine has L. R. Q. on each tablet.

Force-The pressure of bodies at For an example, see the police

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says that a few quoted as saying that Dranklin's "tridays ago ex-Senator Hill dined with umphant common sense" failed him bany. During the meal seven demo- in a style walked up to him and shook hands. In of the philosopher's pleasantries. each instance Hill asked :"What was the matter with the democratic vote plainly in the December installment in your county?" and each time the of Mr. Paul L. Ford's Century papers reply came: "Too much Crokerism."

Mrs. Frederick Douglass, widow of the colored orator, is to be on the lecture platform to deal with the history

of his race in this country. Tarring and feathering was once

to be found in the statutes of both The World's Supply of Wheat.

legal punishment for theft. It is said

An English expert claims that the wheat producing soil of the world is unequal to the strain that will be put upon it. Even now when the food supply is ample, thousands die because their disordered stomachs fail to digest the food they take. Hostetter's Stomderful country, and they are sending ach Bitters strengthen and tone up the stomach and digestive organs.

> The yearly output of cigars from the Philippines is about 440,000,000.

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\$15.00 PER WEEK.

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Diamond "C" Soap does not shrink flannels and it leaves all fabrics in the most desirable condition.

If sin is ugly, it at least understands the art of beauty culture.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer an excellent remedy for children. Mrs. Wm. M. rogue, Columbus, Kan. 25c. a bettle.

wouldn't be such flirts.

If men were not such fools girls

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on the front of every package, and our trade-mark,"La Belle

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better suited to modern Franklin the humorist stands out very on his "many-sidedness"-not least in the drinking song reproduced in fac-

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poisoning.
From what poisons?
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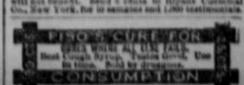
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