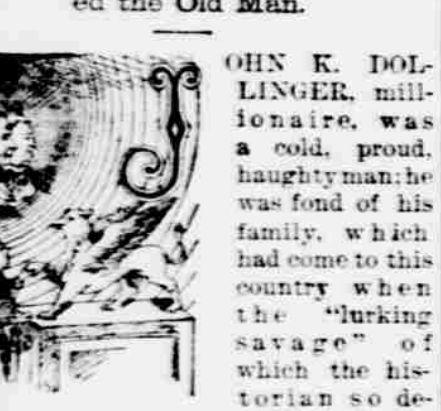


WHAT THE BELLS SAY.

ARK—hear the bells, Whose music tells Of Christmas joy as sinks and awells...

TWO CHRISTMASSES.

How Amelia's Lover Circumvented the Old Man.



JOHN K. DOLLINGER, millionaire, was a cold, proud, haughty man...

found that he owed the man he borrowed the money from to do it about eight hundred dollars.

It was Christmas Eve. As the weary landlอร์ด pounded at Arthur's door that poor but undoubted genius went down the fire-escape.

Arthur was going to ask old Dollinger for Amelia. When he reached the house he touched the electric button.

Arthur Graves was a young, poor and struggling artist, and he knew it would be years before he could paint a lot of big war pictures.



GO BOTH OF YOU.

and they went out past the griffins and down the stone steps, while the great white snowflakes settled down upon them with a soft, pitying touch.

Five minutes later they mounted the steps of the Twenty-eighth-street station of the Sixth avenue elevated.

Old Dollinger had a wife—Mrs. Dollinger. She was also cold, proud and haughty.

There was another member of the Dollinger family—a daughter—an only child.

with a box on the end of the rope. Dollinger and his mining friend got in the box and the hired man led them down.

Dollinger soon found that El Dorado-Goconda was somewhat expensive. He sent a big draft to Harvey for machinery, labor, etc.

It was the same Christmas Eve, and the unprejudiced observer might have seen a pedestrian moving rapidly up Broadway.

Arthur Graves had reached Twenty-third street when he paused to buy a flower from a pale young woman who sold chrysanthemums and roses behind a little outdoor stand.

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ing when a young man and laid up more. However, I cleaned you out and I don't know what more I could do.

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THE YANKEE GIRL.

How Its Discovery Gave Birth to a Quartette of Romances.

John Robinson's Lucky Find—Andrew Meldrum, the Wealthy Blacksmith, and Pretty Polly Bond—Polly's Infatuation for Mitchell, the Pugilist.

[Special Correspondence.] LEADVILLE, COL.

THE EPILOGUES of pioneer days are so society in Colorado what the tradition and Knickerbocker and Puritan times are to the East.

John Robinson was a prospector, one of those useful pioneers who wandered, too often in hunger and want, over the western cliffs and barren, snow-capped peaks.

It was in '81 that he went to Telluride and struck a job in the Pandora mill.

The Germans grew wild; they begged John to lead them to the Eldorado he described, and, throwing down their implements of labor, declared themselves ready to start at an hour's notice.

They were ready to start at an hour's notice. But there came the rub; they had no means, and Robinson, why, like every other old prospector, he was always dead broke.

So let the feast and the gifts recall the day of joy when the angels and the stars sang the gladdest day of all earth's history.

After all, it is not gifts of gold and pearls and diamonds, of furs and lace and costly pictures, of checks and purses that maintain the Christmas spirit.

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Crawford, an agent for a Pittsburgh concern, paid the four lucky owners of the new find a five-thousand-dollar bonus.

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