

WHAT I'D LIKE TO SEE.



Uncle Seth (looking at the tree).
GOOD old-fashioned Christmas, with the logs upon the hearth, a good old-fashioned Christmas like we had so long ago!

Now that's the thing I'd like to see again afore I die. But Christmas in the city here—it's different, eh?

With the crowded hustle-bustle of the stushy, noisy street.

An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there's *lavin'*, plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous toys.

An' it takes a *gint* of money to please modern girls and boys.

Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toy-lump for me.

Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' clobber full of Christmas glee.

An' there's *feestins'*. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-up city folk!

Why, ye have to speak in *whispers*, an' *ge dar's* a *st* cracked a *joke*.

Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin.

When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I'm so old-fashioned-like I don't care much for style.

An' to eat your Christmas banquets here I wouldn't go a mile.

I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yard diameter seat.

With real old friends than turkie soup with all the nobs you'd get.

There's my next-door neighbor Gurley—fancy how his brows 'ud lift!

If I'd bother: "Merry Christmas! Caught, old fellow, Christmas gift!"

Lordy-Lord, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd nearly have a fit.

Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get used to it.

Then your heart it kept a-swellin' till it nearly burst your side.

An' by night your jaws were achin' with your smile four inches wide.

An' your enemy, the wot's one, you'd just grab his hand, an' say:

"Mebbe, both o' us was wrong, John. Come, let's shake. It's Christmas day."

Mighty little Christmas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls.

Where each snowflake brings a soot-fake for a brother as it falls.

Mighty little Christmas spirit! An' I'm pisin', don't you know.

For a good old-fashioned Christmas like we had so long ago.

—Alice Williams' Brotherhood, in the Century.

Capt. Lanston had been a soldier, and though, no doubt, a good one, he was a rough, hardy man, more suited to shine in the camp than in the parlor, and his otherwise excellent wife was much the same sort of a character.

Frank Hobart was ten years older than Ella; not a great disparity, to be sure, but sufficient, in his modest opinion, to preclude his thinking of the "sage-brush belle," or "sage-brush nightingale," as some of her more romantic admirers called her, in any other way than as a charming child, in the formation of whose character he might have an influence for good. He boarded at the Grand Occidental hotel, his position being that of mine superintendent for the company working the property he had discovered, and this gave him an excellent opportunity to see much of the child, and to direct her studies in his spare hours.

These relations between Frank Hobart and Ella continued for two years, she proving herself to be a bright and grateful pupil, and he manfully hiding from her and the world the new and powerful feeling that such association had developed in his big, generous heart. By the time she was seventeen, Ella Lanston had become the toast of

this Christmas eve, and although the ball and banquet in Ella's honor might be lacking in some of the refinements essential in the fashionable world, they were distinguished for a heartiness and a freshness of enjoyment that put everyone at ease.

"Why don't you go up and dance with Ella?" said Sam Britton to the young superintendent, after the dance had been going on for some time. "That little dude has kept her all to himself ever since the frolic began."

"I haven't danced since I was a boy," said Frank, who, from his position at the farther end of the room, had been following with his brave brown eyes every movement of Ella.

"Waal, I think yer as good a dancer as most of the boys bar, and ef you don't ax Ella blamed ef I don't git her to ax you." And before Frank could think of protesting Sam Britton had darted off.

The mining boss had plenty of assurance, and he firmly believed that if the young superintendent had more of this quality his character would be simply perfect. Already Sam Britton had welcomed Ella and bade her "a merry Christmas" eight hours in advance of the day; but this did not deter



"MAKE READY TO LOWER ME DOWN!"

every mining camp for fifty miles about, and more than one rich gallant had laid his heart and his fortune at her feet.

Mrs. Lanston, who had been a wife since her sixteenth year, would have insisted on her daughter's marriage at this time, had not Frank Hobart induced the parents to send her for two years to the best young ladies' seminary at Denver.

"Frank Hobart mout a-married that gal, ef he'd jest had the cheek to tell her that he loved her, as he most sartly does; but, like a blamed cojot, he gets the Cap'n and Mrs. Lanston ter send Ella off ter school at the other side of the world. When she comes back in two year, she won't know Frank or no one else in the Glen, and the chances is a thousand ter one that she'll be engaged to some dandy dude or eastern tenderfoot."

This is what Sam Britton, the mining boss, said to his friends after Ella had gone with her father and Frank to Denver, and that is what all the miners believed.

Time flies fast with the aged and the busy. It was Christmas eve, 1886, and Lanston's Glen was in a state of great excitement. The "sagebrush belle" was coming over on the stage that evening from Salt Lake City, and one and all agreed to have a ball at the Grand Occidental hotel in honor of her arrival.

During Ella's absence Frank Hobart had visited Denver once, but the camp gossips were quite sure that he and the young lady corresponded. "But I'll bet," Sam Britton would say, "that Frank ain't never had the spunk to set down in black and white the four words: 'Ella, I love you.'" And Sam was quite right.

Capt. Lanston went to Denver to bring his daughter home, and it was understood before he left that Howard Ford, the son of the president of the mine, who lived in Colorado City and at whose home Ella had been a visitor, would come back with them. Frank Hobart brought, at his own expense, a band from Salt Lake, to play at the ball; and the day before Christmas eve he drove into the mountains with his Chinese servant and cut evergreens to decorate the dining and ball rooms.

When the stage drove up with Ella, her father and young Howard Ford, it was greeted with a grand salute from every gun and pistol in the Glen. All the miners were dressed in their best, though this did not prevent a preponderance of red shirts; and, following Sam Britton's lead, they gave three cheers and a tiger for the "sagebrush belle!"

Ella had grown taller and more comely, if that were possible. Two years of careful culture and intellectual association had destroyed the somewhat hoydenish expression of her face, and so rather repelled her old admirers, with whom heartiness and a boisterous recognition went hand in hand.

"I wouldn't give shucks for Frank Hobart as a lover," growled Sam Britton, after Frank had lifted Ella from the stage. "Why, he didn't even kiss her, after these years and all he's done; and now she comes back this blessed Christmas eve with a dude, just as I said she would, two year ago."

As compared with the rough miners in and about the hotel at the Glen Mr. Howard Ford was a fashionable exquisite. Although under medium height, and five years Frank Hobart's junior, he was not bad looking, and, being the mine president's son, he was at this moment the most important man at Lanston's Glen.

There were tall, wholesome, bright-eyed girls by the score from the Glen and the surrounding mountain settlements at the Grand Occidental hotel

him from going over to where she sat beside Howard Ford, and shaking hands again, while he said:

"Miss Ella, me and the rest of yer friends has been a-noticin' that you and Frank Hobart's kinder geein' off from aich other, and that you ain't danced together to-night. Now the supper'll be ready in half an hour, and before that time, if you'd go up and ax Frank to be yer pard for one round, it'd please us very much."

Howard Ford looked shocked at this proposition, and an expression of doubt, then of pleasure, came into the fine gray eyes of the "sage brush belle." Bowing, by way of apology, to the young man who had monopolized her that evening, she took Sam Britton's strong arm, and he led her to where Frank stood.

"Mr. Hobart," she said, and her lovely face flushed and her eyes were downcast, "if you will not ask me to dance with you, our friends think I should ask you to dance with me."

"So we do," said Sam Britton, before Frank could recover his confusion. "Now hant him out to the head of the kottillion, and everyone'll allow you two's the handsomest kipple at the ball."

Like one in a dream, Frank Hobart felt the thrilling touch of Ella's hand on his arm, and quite sure that he was about to disgrace himself in her eyes, he took his place beside her at the head of the set, while other couples came laughing to the floor.

The band leader tapped his bow on his violin as a signal to the musicians and the dancers. The salute was given, and the quick first bars of "Haste to the Wedding" swelled out; but suddenly the music ceased, and the dancers stood spellbound, with ashy faces.

"The mine's on fire!" came the hoarse shout of men.

"There are eleven men still down!" shrieked a woman.

There was no indecision about Frank Hobart now. Without a word he sprang from Ella's side, shouting as he flew to the door: "Follow me to the mine, boys!"

Like a mountain lion he leaped ahead and dashed down the winding steps cut in the precipitous side of the canyon, at the bottom of which was the opening of the mine shaft, from which a fountain of smoke was shooting up.

Men followed with lanterns and torches. The festivities for that Christmas eve were over till it was known that the men in the mine were safe. The women, Ella at their head, ran down to the canyon, their faces looking aged and white in the light of the torches.

"Make ready to lower me down!" shouted Frank Hobart as he leaped into the bucket, "and stand by to haul up and answer signals!"

"I'll go with you!" cried Sam Britton.

"No; let some man come who has no wife or mother or loved one dependent on a fall."

A tall young man in a very red shirt sprang to Frank's side. The engine was started, and the bucket sank into the shaft, now vomiting forth hot smoke like a volcano.

"Let me take you home, Miss Ella; This is no place for you," said Howard Ford.

Shaking his hand from her arm with an impatient gesture, she answered: "Near him is my place, in life or in death!"

Minutes of awful anxiety, then the signal: "Haul away!" The chain flew about the drum, the bucket flew up through the shaft, and six men, all the bucket could hold—six burned and blackened men, but still living, thank God!—were lifted out.

"Lower away—quick!" gasped one of the rescued.

Down through the shaft the bucket rattled again. A few minutes, that seemed like hours of awful anxiety, and once more the signal came up: "Haul away!"

Up, up six men, blacker and more burned, were lifted out.

"Where is Frank Hobart?" shouted Ella.

"The one would only hold six. He—he made us get in," said the man who had gone down with the young superintendent.

A group of horror rang through the crowd and Ella tottered towards the bucket, as if to get in.

"God helping me, I'll bring him up Lower away, boys!" Sam Britton, with his wife's shawl about his head and face, and her eye ringing in his ears, leaped into the bucket and it vanished into the furnace as if by force of gravity.

More minutes, that seemed like hours, and the signal, a faint one this time, for the fire was gaining, was given: "Haul away!"

When the basket came up Sam Britton tottered out and, with parched lips whispered:

"Beer for Frank."

They lifted the blackened form out, amid the shrieks of the women and the groans of the men. The eyes appeared to be gone, and the smoking rags dropped from his limbs as they laid him on a stretcher and hurried him up to his room in the hotel.

Fortunately, there were two doctors present from neighboring mining towns, and they at once set about examining the injuries and easing the awful pain of the young man, who was now quite conscious, though he could only speak in whispers.

From the instant of his rescue Ella had not left his side; and now, when the doctors had bathed him in lotions and covered his poor blistered face with a moistened cloth, she asked:

"Is there hope?"

"I think he will pull through," said one of the doctors, "but I fear he can never use these again; and he pointed to his eyes."

"O Frank!" she cried, as she kissed the bandaged hands. "You brought me light when I was in darkness, and gave me love when my heart hungered; and now, if it be God's will, my eyes shall be your eyes, and my hands your hands, and my life your life!"

And the striking of a bell on the mantle, told that Christmas eve had gone and Christmas day had come.

Exactly one year afterward there were again grand preparations for a fete at Lanston's Glen. Frank Hobart and the girl who had married him when his future seemed so black were returning from the east. They had been there for ten months, where the foremost oculists had charge of the case.

News came that Frank's sight was restored, and that, except for the cruel scars, that enhanced his beauty to his wife, he was, as Sam Britton put it: "Better than new."

There never had been such a ball and banquet in those mountains, and never will be again. Frank and his beautiful wife led the dance, and when midnight came the miners and their wives and daughters placed them in the center of a joyous, whirling circle, and shouted from the heart's depths:

"A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to the 'sage-brush belle' and Frank, and to all who love brave, honest folk!"—Alfred R. Calhoun, in Demorest's Magazine.



MAMIE'S CHRISTMAS.
 Mamie—Let's play it's Christmas, and I'll be Santa Claus.
 Minnie—All right. Then you'll come and give me a whole lot of beautiful presents.
 Mamie—Will I? Oh, no, Minnie; I'll let you be Santa Claus, as you are my guest.—Golden Days.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.
 Don't ask your child what he wants unless you intend giving it to him.
 Though money makes the mare go, it makes Santa Claus come.
 Don't buy your best girl a present on the installment plan, as she might jilt you before you had made all the payments.
 Rub the price mark off the present unless it is an expensive one.
 If you wish to surprise your girl never ask her what she would like for Christmas.
 At Christmas time it is well enough to ape the English as far as the plum pudding is concerned.
 Some persons never wish you a merry Christmas unless they think they will get something for doing so.
 The bachelor who puts his thumb into the boarding-house Christmas pie is apt to pull out a collar button.—Judge.

HER PRESENT.
 "I know what I'm going to give pa this Christmas," said Arabella.
 "What, my dear?" asked her mother.
 "A nice woolen comforter. It will be lovely to wear when Ned comes to take me tobogganing."

THE MODERN CUSTOM.
 Jones—Did you hang up your stocking this Christmas?
 Brown (who has many friends, etc., to provide for)—No; I hung up my watch.—Yale Record.

Mutual Concessions.
 Manning—Were your differences honorably and amicably settled?
 Banning—Yes.
 Manning—Who conducted the negotiations?
 Banning—I did.
 Manning—And what was the settlement?
 Banning—I agreed to retract my remarks and he agreed not to horse-whip me.—Puck.

Proof of Affection.
 Rich Merchant (to his daughter)—I say, Emma, I think that young man who calls on you so much really means business.
 Emma—What makes you think so?
 Merchant—Nothing, except he called at the commercial agency last week to find out how much I was really worth.—Texas Siftings.



BABY'S GRIP.
 Irate Passenger—Madam, what do you mean by letting that brat snatch off my wig?
 Mother (with sigh of relief)—Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afeared for a minute that he'd scalp't yo alive.—Life.

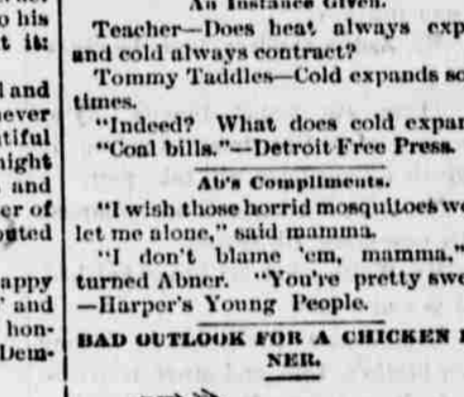
Too Good an Ear.
 Visitor (admiring the new piano)—Yes, it's very pretty, dear. And you play it already, do you? Can you play by note?
 Little Girl—O, dear, no! But papa can, I s'pect. I heard him tell ma he was going to pay for it by note.—Chicago Tribune.

Liked Church-Going.
 Little Boy—I'm glad I'm goin' to church to-morrow.
 Good Minister—I am delighted to hear that. You love to go to church, don't you?
 Little Boy—Yes, indeed. I always get so hungry that dinner tastes twice as good.—Good News.

Good Cause for Pride.
 Butler—Say, John, what makes you look so jolly to-day? Have you won the big prize in the lottery?
 Cab Driver (whose steed is very ancient)—No, but I was fined five dollars this morning for driving too fast.—European Exchange.

An Instance Given.
 Teacher—Does heat always expand and cold always contract?
 Tommy Taddles—Cold expands sometimes.
 "Indeed? What does cold expand?"
 "Coal bills."—Detroit Free Press.

Ab's Compliments.
 "I wish those horrid mosquitoes would let me alone," said mamma.
 "I don't blame 'em, mamma," returned Abner. "You're pretty sweet."
 —Harper's Young People.



BAD OUTLOOK FOR A CHICKEN DINNER.
 Deacon Watson—Doan' yo' tink it crule ter keep dat dog chained up all de time?
 Farmer Smithers—Oh, I let him loose at night!—Puck.

Not Quite Free.
 New Arrival—Ol was towld this was a free country.
 Friend—Well, isn't it?
 New Arrival—Indade it is not. Ol had to sthny at Sandy Hook folve days an' then be fumygated befor Ol cud get on the pollee foorce.—N. Y. Weekly.

School Ventilation.
 Mamma—Is your new school well ventilated?
 Little Girl—Our room isn't, but the room next to ours is.
 "How do you know?"
 "The children in that room all has colds in their heads."—Good News.

The Unreliable Sex.
 Gus De Smith—The young ladies of the present day are no good. They can't be rolled on.
 Kosciusko Jones—What makes you think so?
 Gus—I am engaged to three young ladies, and they all flirt with other men.—Texas Siftings.

A Lucky Boy.
 Little Dick—I think it's too mean for anything. I had to stay in school all day long, and Johnny Jimson got off at seven o'clock.
 Mother—That's strange. Why was he allowed to go so early?
 Little Dick—Some o' his folks is dyin'.—Good News.

To Be Left Alone.
 Doctor (ear at patient's chest)—This swelling here must be reduced at once.
 Patient—Go slow, doc, that swelling happens to be my pocketbook!—Truth.

Love and Millinery.
 She took a single sheet and wrote How much she loved him on it. And then she added half a room about that autumn bonnet.—N. Y. Herald.

A Nice Way of Putting It.
 Lawyer—Now, sir, you say the burglar, after creeping in through the front window, began to walk slowly up the stairs; and yet you did not see him, although you were standing at the head of the stairs at the time. May I venture to inquire why you did not see him?
 Principal Witness—Certainly, sir. The fact is, my wife was in the way.—Puck.

The Unexpected.
 Juddins—I saw Sommers drunk last night. What's the matter? He's going to the dogs.
 Muddins—He proposed to two women this season.
 Juddins—Ah, yes. Got rejected, of course?
 Muddins—No; accepted by both.—Judge.

Making Him Thin.
 Great Physician (cheerfully)—Yes, sir, I can reduce you at the rate of five pounds a week.
 Fatman—How often shall I come around to see you, doctor?
 Great Physician—You needn't come at all. I'll just send you a bill at the end of each week.—N. Y. Herald.

Decidedly Handicapped.
 Aunt Nancy—Think of studying to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it.
 Young Man—Why not, aunty?
 Aunt Nancy—You can't git no practice till ye git married, an' ye can't git married till ye git practice, that's why.—N. Y. Weekly.

Selfishness.
 She (of Chicago)—I don't think I could ever marry an eastern man!
 He (also of Chicago)—I dare say not. But why?
 She—They nearly always refuse to supply their wives with grounds for a divorce!—Truth.

Hard Luck.
 "I had awful hard luck," said the forger to his companion in Sing Sing. "I spent a month getting the signature of a reputed millionaire down fine, and just when I got his check ready the darn fool went into bankruptcy."—Jury.

A Satisfactory Aggregate.
 "Madam," said the lawyer to his client, "the jury gives you \$500."
 "Good!" was the reply. "That, with the \$10,000 we are suing the railroad company for, will make quite a nice sum."—N. Y. Sun.

The Difference.
 "We doctors have the advantage of you clergymen; we practice while you only preach."
 "Very true; we can only tell people to go to Heaven, but you send them there."—Life.

Polite, Anyway.
 Marie—Do you say "farewell," "adieu" or "auf wiedersehen" when gentlemen friends are leaving you?
 Jeannette—Neither. I say: "Oh, stay a little longer."—Chicago News Record.

The Reason Why.
 "Well," said the baseball captain, "our cake is dough."
 "How do you account for it?"
 "We haven't a good batter."—Demorest's Magazine.

Offered in Evidence.
 Judge (to plaintiff in divorce)—You say this woman induced you to marry her while you were intoxicated, do you?
 Plaintiff—Look at her, your honor, and judge for yourself.—Brooklyn Life.

Philosophical.
 Closest—I saw in the paper that your son had accepted a situation.
 Hanks—He did—accepted it philosophically; he was fired.—Truth.

VARIETY THE SPICE OF LIFE.
 Wife—Now, John Smith, what on earth did you buy that chattering parrot for?
 Husband (absently)—Oh! For a change, I suppose.—Jury.

Only a Matter of Endurance.
 "You are standing on my foot, ma'am," said a big, good-natured man in the crowd at the corner of State and Madison, to a lady in front of him.
 "Sir!" she replied, haughtily, turning her head. "I haven't moved in my tracks for half an hour!"
 "I know it, ma'am," he rejoined. "But the foot you've been standing on all that time has begun to get tired. Would you mind occupying the other one awhile?"—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Was Late.
 "Why are you so late, Jack?" asked the boy's mother on his return from school.
 "I was kept in," replied Jack.
 "Whispering again?"
 "No, 'm. I was kept in for not talking."
 "How was that?"
 "The jography teacher asked me a question, and I never said a word."—Harper's Young People.

Provided Stamp Accompanied It.
 "I tell you," he said, disconsolately, "women are altogether too business-like nowadays."
 "What's the matter?"
 "I proposed to the heiress yesterday."
 "Did she accept you?"
 "No. She took out her notebook wrote my name and address in it and said she would consider my application."—Boston Globe.

A SAGE-BRUSH BELLE



LANSTON'S GLEN—an unusually euphonious name for a far western mining camp—is in the Wah-satch mountains about thirty miles, as the crow flies, or is supposed to fly, from Salt Lake City, the famous capital of the Mormons.

Six years ago the residents of Lanston's Glen were, without exception, "Gentiles," as the non-members of the "Church of Latter-Day Saints" are called, and they retain their skepticism as to things Mormon up to the present day. "The Glen," as the residents call it among themselves, is a small mining town on the edge of a canyon, far beneath the depths of which a rich silver lode was discovered in 1881 by a young mining engineer named Frank Hobart, who had been educated at the University of Pennsylvania, in his native city of Philadelphia, and who came west to seek his fortune.

Lanston's Glen was by no means an inviting place. Huts of stone and adobe, in comparison with which the irregularly set and ragged army tents were palatial, constituted the principal abodes of the inhabitants. "The Grand Occidental hotel," owned and "run" by Capt. Lanston, was the most pretentious building in the place. That it had grown, rather than been built from any original design, was evident in the many little additions and wings of stone and adobe, and even of canvas, that had been added to it from time to time.

A plain covered with dazzling expanses of snow-white alkali, interspersed here and there with patches of arid creosote, and brittle, olive-colored sage-brush, stretched away for six miles on either hand to the mighty mountain wall that appeared to shut the strange place in from the outer world.

Although Frank Hobart, who was a tall, handsome, modest fellow, had discovered the mine that gave the place an excuse for being, yet he declined to have it named after him, preferring the name which was finally adopted because Capt. Lanston's wife was the first white woman who had ever set foot there; though, encouraged by her boldness, many of the miners subsequently brought their wives from the states.

Ella Lanston was fifteen when she accompanied her father and mother to the Glen, and from the very first her fresh beauty and graceful ways, not to mention a voice of phenomenal sweetness, won to her side even the roughest of the miners, and all the Chinamen, who had been brought in as serv-