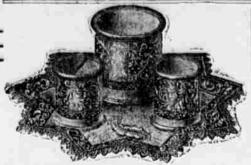
OMAHA'S SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS.

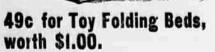
Our Holiday Boom is on. Thousands have given substantial approval of our magnificent stock of Holiday Goods and thousands more will avail themselves of the opportunity from now till Christmas.

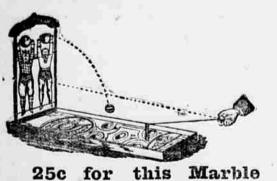
THE 99C STOR

Albums of Every Description-The Largest Selection in the City at Wholesale Prices.



Smoking Sets, a fine assortment from 25c to \$4.95.

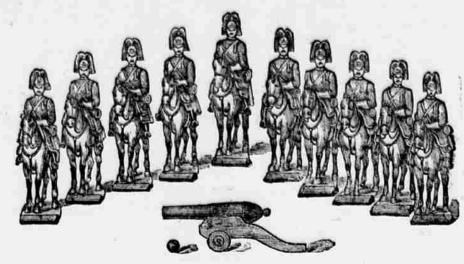




Game, usual price 50c.



49C FOR THE WEEDEH UPRIGHT ENGINE.



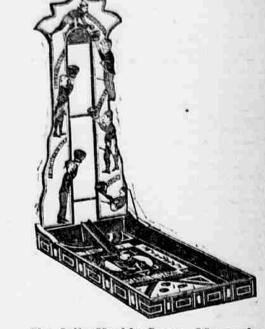
75 cents for the Light Brigade, 10 Finely Lithographed Soldiers on Horseback, including Cannon and Three Balls.

WATCH for SANTA CLAUS On His Way to Our Store.





25c for the above Ark filled with A B C Blocks. A pleasing toy for the Baby.



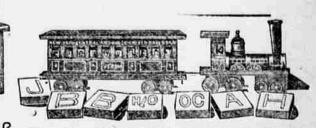
Toilet Cases-Special Sale to Clear out our overstock--See Our Cases at 49c, 99c, up to \$4.95.

They're worth double.

The Jolly Marble Game, 85c each, A Great Toy for the Boys.



Toy Bureau, Like Cut, 49c; Others up to \$4.95.



25c for Finely Lithographed R. R. Train Filled with A B C Blocks.

HARDY & CO., The 99c Store, 1319 Farnam St

Boys' Coaster Sleds at 45c each.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE ROCKIES.

49c for Plush Collar

and Cuff Boxes, worth

\$1.00.

Patience Stapleton in Romance Up in the Rocky mountains, in Colorado, 9,000 feet above sea level, I struck a vein of good mineral and surveyed a claim. I built me a log cabin, and there, miles away from any human habitation, I lived alone. Far below me, like a thread, was Otto Mears's toll-road from Silverton to Ouray-a road that cost \$40,000 a mile. In clear weather, I could see the stages whirl along this, or, like a line of flies, a mule-train pass on in single file, and sometimes, like small ants, a heavy loaded burro-train. Them reminds me of a green feller I see, reading about a burro as was knocked off a road by a landslide. "Serves 'em right," said he, "for taking that heavy furnitoor way up there." wasn't much on spelling, and didn't know burro was the Colorado name for a donkey The burro is the salvation of the mountain miner, for the little creatures kin walk on the picket-edge of nothing and never miss foot and carry a load that weighs more than they do. Far below the toll road the Un-capaghre, brown an' dark in the shadders and silver in the sunlight, meanders through the valley. How far down! Wall, one place on that road is a cut torn from a solid mountain wall and a look down of 900 feet. It is a ticklish place, but we gets used to

them things after a time.

For six months in winter I was snowed in in my lonely cabin. I could hear the roar of the icy gales through the crashing timber and once in a while another sound that you never forget. A fearful roar like a monstrous wave breaking over lagged rocks and carrying with it a grand big ship; there's a jar of the airth, a snap of trees, a crunching and rumbling, and a thunder of rolling rocks, with a queer sense of movingnot where you may be, but fur off. Inat's a snowslide. It begins on a mountain peak, creeping slow, a white mass, gathering more at every inch, getting tighter for a clinch, then faster, taking everything in its path, cutting a clean swath, like a scythe, then whiching a parties as wellowing up as him then whirling, roaring, swallowing up a cabin with shricking men, or a b'ar, hid and sleep-ing for the winter. Then you understand what I mean by moving, for the air is full of it, and it lasts till, with a muffled thunderclap, the whole mass drops down into the

alley miles away. Then the summer storms, when the lightning don't seem no further off than a stone's throw, and glares and blinds and goes streak throw, and glares and blinds and goes streaming ribbons of fire over the pines, while you're dazed and deafened by the thunder. Don't that thunder boom!—a-playing catch across the crags—the last one sending it back and all of it kinder condensed and held in canyons, and each new rour and each past one mingling together until there's a very fury of sound, like nething else on

gray cloud kinder hovering, low, it's soft and full of crinkles and rolls like cotton batting all flung in a heap; by meby there's a chill i the air, and the gray cloud, now don't shine on it, gets black as ink. closer and lower, and all of a sudden turn into a sheet of dazzling silver. Now under it is a big river coming with a rush and roar faster than an avalanche and churning up rocks, earth, trees, animals and men in its It swells the water in every stream in the valley and the river beyond, where the streams empty, goes mad and rushes on over home and farm, carrying havoc and misery

home and farm, carrying havoc and inisery all along its course.

The silence up-mountain is awful. Pre gone out and yelled jest for the company of an echo. Then worse than the quiet is the sound of something walking after night. Sometimes there's a slinking four-footed creature like a mountain a valent cat with the siyest gail. a monstrous yeleer cat, with the slyest gait of any animal devil—that's a mountain lion. Often there's a heavier tread and a clumsy creature goes sniffling by—a grizzly; he can't be tamed, nor the little black imp of his be tamed, nor the little black imp of his family connection. Then again there's the sound, but when you look, there ain't noth ing to make it. That's the worst or all That's shocks.

ing to make it. That's the worst or all. That's ghosts.

My mine is a tunnel 100 feet into a mountainside, and often toward night when I'm working I hears tap, tap, tap, soft and low, but clear as preaching. I gits out then, for them's the mine apeerits and I don't wanter git 'em. It's fumny, ain't and I don't wanter git 'em. It's fumny, ain't have you make uneventain alone and see But you just up-mountain alone and see w you feel after a while. Twice a week a burro train came twenty

miles from Ouray for my ore, coming up a trail I made to my mine, not three foot wide and just cut out of the rock and ground. Them, and the man with 'em, was mighty cheerful to see after days of silence. Letters? No, 4 never had a soul to write to me, but newspapers—a week or a month old it didn't matter. They was comfort, and me, attieve me in that the little rings of hair curling 'round his forehead. I chewed my eigar awhile to git taste.

Resteld? Lacks setting up in that cabin, forgot by all human creatures, could through them papers feel the beating heart of the great world.

Last September I got the blues so bad that quit work one day and went down to the oll road, timing my trip so as to see the stage pass and to git from some passenge stage pass and to git from some passenger something to read. A feller give me a book called "Dombey and Son" one day. Gosh! them old seafaring fellers was the gamest crowd I ever see. Cuttle's my choice. I know the book by heart, and Florence and Walter and that shop and Soll Gills is jest as nateral as if I hed knowed em. Why, I set and read that over so much seemed like could jest see 'em come inter life, an' be eal folks in the firelight. Like to know Dickens, the feller that wrote em. Dead, is he? Wal, wal, he'll never know what a comfort he was to me, When I git the charace I am going to lay a wreath of posies where he is planted and tell him them books he's writ has been more in green the second more'n a gospel to us miners in the moun-ta'ns, and I'll say I come clear from one o' the newest states in the new world to give

him my humble thanks.

Where was I! Oh, on the toll-road. I set there and smoked my pipe, looking down the gulch on the Uncapaghre sparling like a sil was a sound. The road is so sun-dried and heard a sound. The road is so sun-dried and hard it echoes. This was a sorter pattering, and wa'n't no shod creature either. It can't be a mount in lion, I says to myself, he wouldn't dare be here. I feit for my gun—revolver, you know—and then I see this was a dorg. A Gordon setter, and a thoroughbred. White and black, with the thoroughbred. White and black, with the humanest eyes I ever see in a animal. I called him, and after a survey he come and seemed friendly enough. He was footsore and lean, and looked like he'd come a long way. I picked a cactus thorn out of his paw, and wa'n't he grateful! I kept a watch 'round a turn of the ground for his owner, and pretty soon I see four burros, heavy loaded, and walking behind them a youngish feller. He was tall and broad shouldered.

feller. He was tail and broad shouldered, dressed like the most of us in rough clothes, woolen shirt, sombrero and long boots. He was bronzed some, had curly hair, pleasant blue eyes and a straggling mustache trying hard to and a stragging mustache trying hard to cover a mouth pretty as a woman's. "Good day," he says, halting the pack of animals. "Thanks for helping the dog. It was careless in me not to look when he

"Howdy." I says, looking him over. "Stranger in these parts"
"England," he answers, setting down on a rock and mopping his forchead.

"Going to be. By the way, am I anywhere near the claim of a man named Day? "You be." I says cautious. "near Bige Day's tunnel. It's up that trail." You must know him?

Sum'at. Do you?" "No, the claim I have purchased of General Raymond of Denver, is a haif-mile further up the mountain than his."

"Poker Sam." I gasps, and mebbe I swor "Poker Sam." I gasps, and mebbe I swore some, for the young feller looked sorter s'prised. 'That's his old gag, sends 'em here, mentions my name and gits me inter his schemes. Stranger, last month there was seven men I'd never set eyes on afore traveling up that trail on the lookout for Bige Day's claim. They came different ways and times, and swore in different langwidges, but all was directed by General Raymond—where he got the general he don't know hisself—and had all bought claims of him. I answered 'em civil at first, but my dander got up and I 'em civil at first, but my dander got up and I took the last one—a slim fellow from New York—and I says: 'See that speck up there, that p'int a half-mile up mount'in—wal, that's it. If you don't keer for yer life an has good legs you might reach it alive. It you've breath left then you kin diskiver a tunnel six foot inter the mount'in, and rock all the rock you want, but there never was nor never will be, any streaks of pay-dirt there, and no way of gitting it down if there was. Some of her secrets this old mount'in won't give up, and where a human gits over-bold in climbing up and trying to find out, why she jest shets down on him at the start.' "Poker Sam played you

Busted?" I asks. 'In the vernacular of the country, just he laughs. Rich folks, mebbe?"

"Haven't a soul to care whether I live or die." He looked kinder far away then, and I would bet agin heavy odds that there was a gal concerned in it. I took a big shine to the feller, and after a while I offered him a job up to my mine, to work on shares, him to throw in th grub-stake he had with him. He was will ing enough, so after that day Ed—that's name enough, for a story—and me was pards Folks used to call me "Groundhog Bige," and they nicknamed him "English Ed," but I usually called him "Pard." Get along You bet I was a ignorant, old creature and he was college larned, but that wasn't no diff'rence; he wa friendly to me as to a chum of his own class nebbe more so, for when I got rheumatics h was off to Ouray-and cold, too-to git lin nerment, and played the nurse complete. was lots of company, and so was the dorggot more books; one about the gamest old feller, Pickwick, and the eating and drink-ing in that volume would make your mouth water. We read him whilst we eat pork and biscuit and drunk coffee 'thout no milk nor sugar. We was doing well in the mine. but when you think of the ways vittles has to be brought on the backs of them burros you ain't setting up for entrys—as Ed used to say. He was a cheerful feller, but given fits of gloom—never said a word about his

folks though. 'Bout Chris'mus time, and we wan't snowed in by then but that you could git along on snowshoes, we was reading Pick-wick over agin. He read aloud in diff rent voices, making it jest as real as live folks a-talking, when I says sudden: "I'll do it

by gosh!"
"What!" He kinder jumped, and the pup "What: He kinder jumped, and the pup riz up and licked my hand.
"Why." says I, "I'll hoof it to Ouray and lay in a chicken—a turkey if I can git it, pertaters, and a squash, and cranberries and the truck to make a plum pudding. I'll cele-brate. I can't hear of them Dickens fellers eating no more and try to fill myself up on salt horse and slops. I'll git one good feed if it takes a leg or costs a life." he says, "It will be the latter," he says,

sober enough; "you couldn't makes walk-ing market of yourself over three feet of snow on the edge of a precipice." "I'm light and easy on snow shoes." "But," he interrupts, "what's the matter

with my going?"
"You ain't," I answers, bringing to mine "You ain't," I answers, oringing to mine, his attempts to walk on snowshoes and his wabblings, "you ain't no bird on 'em, Pard." He laughed then like a boy.

"It's a deal," I says, "and termorrer, the 24th. I'll set off early and git back by night and we'll set up and eat till morning. I'll git brandy for the pudding sass, but pard," I dealess mysters "them is addings. finishes unxious, "how is them puddings

Why, flour, raisins, lard or butter-some thing that's rich—"
"Butter," I puts in," "is eighty cents a
pound at Ouray, and I guess that's rich

Butter, currants, molasses to make i brown, and spice mixed and cooked."
"I cal'late I'll get it mixed to the store," says, "and my traveling will beat it up."
"Then you sew it up in a bag which you boil, and make a sauce of brandy that you pour over and set affre, and it burns blue flame. This is the way we used to have it at home." His face grew sad, and I knew he was going inter them glooms agin.

"Waste of good liquor." I says under my breath, but he didn't note me. I set out early next morning, leaving him and the pup at home. It wasn't bad going and the air was fresh and full of sunshine. They was a prised to see me at Ouray, and laughed a deal at the truck I bought and paid for with the gold dust. I found the podding stuff so heavy that I really had it mixed in a pail. I went over to a saloon for awhile, and it was about 3 in the afternoon while, and it was about a in the atternoon
when I come back for my things. I had
asked the storekeeper, who was also postmaster, if there were any letters for Pard, but
there wa'n't. I tied the eight-pound turkey 'round my neck with the pud-

ding pail, the vegetables and a squash-that seemed to weigh a ton before I was four miles on my way. I filled my pockets with papers and books, and a bottle of brandy and tobacco. As I fixed my snowshovs, the store-

keeper came out.
"Queer thing, Bigo," he says: "'bout an if I knowed your pard, Ed. I told him where he was and off he goes. Impatient and stuck up enough, wouldn't listen to no caution. Thought mebbe our mount'in trail was a polerward where he could find hoss-keer and them two-wheeled cabs with a jay up be hind. Off he jumps like a flash. I says, 'Try it, young feller, you'll be back in an hour or two.' I clean forgot all about you

was going that way." "I'll meet him." I says and starts. The rin meet him," I says and starts. The crowd give three cheers for me, and wished me a "Merry Chris'mus!" "Keep some of that pudding for me till spring, it will be hard enough," yells the storekeeper, "for you wouldn't take no soda in it." Pard hadn't nentioned soda and I wouldn't put it in mentioned soda and I wouldn't put it in, though it was argued it oughter be done. "S'long!" I calls and goes on. For three or four miles I could see tracks quite plain in the snow and I kept a look-out for Ingalls, but my progress was awful slow. I was so beat out that I swore at the vittles. Pard and Chris'mus straight along The turkey growed heavier and heavier, and once I lost it and had to go back a half-mile I wa'n't a likely pictur' as I flourdered along and was ugly enough to fight my best friend Curious enough, I put all my mad on that seller ahead. "The idee," I'd say, "of him

daring to climb this mount'in alone in snow

'Bout ten miles on my way, just as I was straight'ning up my back after making an other hitch on the turkey, I felt something sharp strike my face. I knowed I was in for it. for snow at Chris'mus time in these mount ins means draknes, drifts, and death But that didn't stump me. Every inch of tha road was plain as a map in my mind, and blunted by cold, stunned by the snow and darkness, I forgot Ingails entirely and mnst have passed close by him. I had mast have passed close by him. I had enough to do to fight for my own life. On I goes, and game enough to hang to the truck: I wa'n't going to be beat outer that dinner for all the snow in Colorado. Every now and then when I got kinder sleepy and a sly idee kep coming, how slick it would be to lie down and take a nap—that means never git up, but free to death—the old turke would sling around and fetch me a smar would sling around and fetch me a smar slap in the face. I kinder growed to thin the old bird wanted to be roasted and git un to the cabin to give his remains for the cele

bration. I got along all right till I got to ought to turn off to the trail, and there I dassent leave the road. I wasn't sure where it lay. I listened and I heard the muffled sound of a gun, and this i followed, wondering where Pard got his sense. I stumbled up the mountain side, a hollering, and soon I are a new terms of the sense o got a answer and the happiest sight of my life—I see a big yaller glare. It was Pard

a-burning kerosene.

"Glad it's cheap," I say ironical, for it ain't. He laughs and takes all the truck and flounders on ahead a distance, where, by the howling, I knowed Doc was tied, and then the house was all lit up.

"Made three stations down the path,"
he explains: "house first, dog next
myself with the gun and bonfire

"You'll do," I says. He flew around looking at the stuff I'd brought, found some cloth and made a bag into which he put the pudding mixture, tied it, and slung the same into a kittle of boiling water which he hung over the fire. "The water'll git in it." I says, "them

stitches is too loose."
"It cooks out," he answers, beginning to cut up the squash, "now sit down, Bigg, and get straightened out," he goes on, bringing me a glass of brandy.

"I asked for a letter for ye, but there wa'n't none," I says, beginning to draw off

my boots. You were very kind, but there is no one Land of the living!" I yells, jumping up "them tracks ahead—that feller." It come to me all of a sudden, where was he? "What did you say?" asks Pard, keerless

Ingalis," I gasps. "Ingalis," he repeats, gitting white. "for pity's sake who—what do you know of I told him. He listened quite a minit. "Where are you going?" I says.
"To look for him?"
"Why? What's he to you?"

ago, what will it be for you? and the storm is worse. The feller's dead now, anyhow. Mebbe he went back—sure he did, and you

don't budge a step."
"You are sure he did not go back," he say: juietly, lighting the lantern. "Let go, Day mean to start. "You're so smart on snowshoes, you'll gi about a mile and then tumble over a preci pice,"
"I think not," he says soberly; "If I do, it

don't matter."
"Well, I'm not going." "I wouldn't let you," says he,
"Oh, you wouldn't," I growls, "you
wouldn't, hey. You young whipper-snapper,
you cub, you. Let me go, I'll jest let you
know you don't stir a foot out till I git fixed.

Here you are starting off with a lantern and a dorg, no brandy, no rope, nothing."
"The dorg will scent him."

"The dorg will be snowed in forty rods from the house, and a dead dorg in forty minits if we don't kerry him." minits if we don't kerry him."

He hung his head. "I don't want you to risk your life." he stammers.

"Ed." I says. "you are all the thing I have in this world to keer for. If I'd a son I couldn't love him more'n you. Come."

We left the dorg in the cabin, with food where he might git at it if we didn't come back, and I was pretty sure he'd break the winder and git out if we were long away. Park fixed a candle in the winder and put logs on the fire and then we set out. I had the lantern tied on my back and had made a rope fast to

The night was jest like a curtain of black velvet and absolutely still. The air was thick and wet and stupefying. So we goes on. The snow being damp and packed some, and that kep' us in the trail, but it was hard worke and I was already wore out. At last "He never got as fur as this." I says, "and I'd better go on alone. You stay here and I'll shoot when I find him." For answer

Pard ketches my lantern.

"If it's death to one of us, it shall come to me," he says.

"You stay here, I'll go." e," he says. "You stay here, I'll go." He'd cut the rope that bound us and was off inter the dark. I knowed one of us must have sense, and if we lost that little trail up mountain, we was done fur, so I waited, yelled to him to try and keep inside from th edge of the road; but I doubt if he heard the air was so deadened. The time I waited seemed years. I made fast the rope to a tree near the trail, and kept one end of it and made trips down as fur as I could where h went, but dassent let go. Bymeby I was so sleepy and numbed I thought I dreamt it, when I see a faint, ghostly light acoming aw fa slow and something big behind the light. "I've got him," says Ed. panting. "I fell across him in the snow about four miles

I think he is dead.' He had him on his back and luckily the stranger was a small, light chap, but as it was, it was awful. We took him between us—there was no time to try to bring him to life, for the storm was thicker every minute —but we tackled the brandy ourselves and then started. I never see sich strength a that pard of mine had. He held most of the ller and didn't seem to touch airth atail— fact, the last of the way he dragged in in fact, the last of the way he dragged me We were pretty near beat out when we heard Doc's howl, that put new life in us, and soon the ligh from the little cabin showed faint but stiddy The candle we found nearly flickering out but the fire on the hearth was buring bright

The pup went crazy over the stranger.

"Knew him in England," says Ed, working away at the chap's boots. We got him unaway at the chap's boots. We got him undressed and rubbed him with snow and poured brandy into his clenched teeth. After an hour or so of this we could see him breathe, and this encouraged us for new efforts. Tired? We were nearly dead, and if the stranger had any skin and if the stranger had any skin left on him, he was in luck. Bymeby he opens his eyes. "What did you wake me up for?" he says crossly, and drifts off inter a

"That's him," says Ed bitterly, "he's a natural kicker."
"Who is he!" I asks after we had made ourselves comfortable - Pard was fixing the "The pudding ain't spoiled." he mutters

"though the water nearly boiled out of the

us when we were youngsters, but when we were grown, I fell in love with her and so did Larry, who always did as I did. We had bitter quarrel he and I and I told him Lady Maud loved me and he, the cur, went and explained everything to her father. I was ordered out of the house and came here hat's all. I don't know what Ingalls want of me. I suppose he came to tell me he had married Lady Maud."

Bout noon the next day I got up and fixed

the turkey to roast and the vegetabbles, and set the pudding back over the fire. Some-how, though it had a shape and was hard, I didn't feel much confidence in it. Ed was lying in a corner jest wore ont. While I was a-fussing round, I see the new feller looking at me.
"Where am 1?" he asks. I told him, and
said who saved his life at the risk of his
own, and hinted that I didn't think the life of a mean feller was worth saving, and such had better go back where they come from. "But you don't know all," he says wistful his eyes full of tears. "Ed and I did quarrel but I did not tell Sir John." t I did not tell Sir John."
"Oh, you didn't," I sneers, "likely story."
"Lady Maud-did, she told her father that

she loved Ed and she wanted to marry him

she is that kind of a girl. She never had a secret from him, Of course he was angry and turned Ed out. I was mean enough to be glad at first, for I knew her father would give Maud to me, but she grew so thin and unhappy, and took such a dislike to me, that I was sorry enough for the whole affair. I tried then to find Ed, I give you my word I did, and then an uncle came from Australia that Ed used to brag about when he was that Ed used to brag about when he was a child and say he would bring back a trunk full of gold. Well, he really did come back with lots of money, and he and Sir John are great friends now. He is a sick man, or he would have come to America with me. I came for Lady Maud's sake. She said, if I would find Ed she would give me the old sisterly affection. I told her I would be a knight of the round table and find the holy grail—a cup, you know."

cup, you know."
"Oh." I says, "sorter prize winner, eh?"
"Though that is a comical comparison for Ed, who looks like a rough. I have been watching him, but women generally like big stupid bears." Thank you," says Ed, gitting up, didn't save your miserable life to be abused. Lucky for you you were a little fellow, or you wouldn't be here."
"Game, though," I puts in, "the grit of him, starting alone up these mount ins Ed and him looked at each other like two animals 'bout to fight, then I seen 'em

lock hands and I knowed their eyes was brought you her photograph. sent it," says: Ingalls, hunting around, "but but I must have lost it."
"Here 'tis," I says, "it dropped outer your coat last night and I set it by the fire to dry." The heat and wet had mussed it so ou couldn't tell what the picter was "Too bad," sighs Ingalls. "I meant to give it to you. I brought it all the way." I carry her face in my heart," laughs Ed

"I carry her face in my heart," laughs Ed, and then he fell to singing:
"Come into the garden. Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;"
While Pard was setting the table, Ingalls, who had all our bedding piled on him, crawled out and got on his clothes.
"You like high for minors"; he says.

You live high for miners," he says "This is Christmas day," says Ed, ar then they shook hands again. "The dear o day, Larsy, and we'll spend next Christmas at home, and Lady Maud, my wife, Larry—don't that make you hate me!—will wel come you under the mistletoe. Perhaps I'l let you kiss her then."

come you inder the inistietoe. Perhaps I is let you kiss her then."

"She is my sister," answers the other, not a bit of meanness left in him, and the world is full of fair women. Is it not so, Mr. Day! "They don't trouble me none," I says "but, Pard, look at this pudding." H

crossed the room still a singing:

"My heart would hear her and heat
Were It earth in an earthy bed."

"He never could carry a tune," grin

kettle. We'll have the dinner, after all. He? Oh, he's Larry Ingalis. He and I were orphans distantly related to Sir John Webster of—well somewhere. Sir John brought us up. Larry was a rich orphan. I was a poor one, and Sir John had a daughter—" was a poor one, and sir John had a daughter—" was a poor one, and sir John had a daughter—" was a turkey, ronsted in an oven sider the was good and the vegetables splendid, and the young fellers was the best company f ever see, and you kin bet the dorg didn't go hungry. He was Lady Maud's pup, and Ed hungry. He was Lady Maud's pup, a had brought him clear from England. was the jolliest meal I ever eat, and it

as good as sunshine to see them two, friends now and forever. Where am I going now? Oh, slown to something hall, where Pard lives with his uncle and Lady Maud. Of course Ed married her. Sir John and Ingalls who, Pard wrote, has got a gal of his own, is going to be there. I've sold the mine for a good sum and I'm carrying Ed his share; queer, though, Ingalls would have never found Ed but for Poker Sam, so the old villain did a good turn once, not knowing it. Yes, I'm pretty well fixed, rich enough to drink champagne out of a pall—which Western—and I'm going to sp the Christmas holidays with Pard. brought the dorg 'way across the ocean with me to show to Lady Maud. I forgot to tell you that, when the young fellers went away, the pup wouldn't quit me and is mine now. We'll probably have a good dinner Christmas day, but the vittles won't taste no better, nor the crowd be no merrier than it was last year in Colorado, in the Rockies, 9,000 feet above

the sea. About the plum pudding, wal—I have nothing to say. That subject's a tender one 'twixt Pard and me. EDUCATIONAL.

The Woman's college of Baltimore has 600 students this year. The University of Michigan has more than 500 women in its different departments.

The Minneapolis Board of Education decided to introduce corporal punishment in the public schools. At present the highest punishment inflicted in any of the schools is expulsion.

Yale college received more than \$2,000,000 last year. This, with what she lifted from the misguided youths from Harvard and Princeton on rowing, base ball and foot ball, enabled the Yale fellows to have pin money for dinner every day in the year.

A pamphlet devoted to gossip about and contributions from the class of 1881, medical department of the University of Michigan has been issued by Drs. Greene, Graves and Chappel. The frontispiece shows a is the foreground with a graveyard at one

good luck. Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, widow of "Diamond Joe" Reynolds, has presented the institution with \$250,000, while the Institution will also benefit to the amount of \$500, 000 from the will of the late William B Ogden.

An unique development in an educational way is the night school for jockeys started by the chief men of the race course at Gut-tenburg. N. J. The pupils, numbering over 200, range from 6 to 20 years of age and more than half of these are colored. A fine split-second watch is among the prizes for high scholarship.

scholarship.
Six hundred pupils attend the sessions of

Six hundred pupils attend the sessions of the New York trade schools. Sessions are now held four evenings of each week. After the 1st of January day sessions will be held. The trades taught are bricklaying, plaster-ing, carpentering, house painting, fresco-painting, blacksmith work and plumbing, the latter being the most popular.

Bishop Nicholson of Milwaukee has received a check from a New York millionaire

who requests that his name be kept from the public. The money is for Nashotah sem-inary. The donor is believed to be the same man who gave \$500,000 to Bishop Potter for the proposed New York cathedral a few days ago. Here evidently is a man who "does good by stealth" and would "blush to find it fame."

The latest phase of development in the club life is the Educational Club of Philadelphia, which has recently been formed by the men teachers of the city public schools. The purpose of the new organization is to advance the standard of the profession of teaching the standard of the standard of the profession of teaching the standard of the sta through the discussion of educational topics at monthly meetings, by special lectures by prominent instructors from other sections of the country, and by the publication of in-Ed turned the water outer the kittle and portant papers.