THE GRACIOUS HOLIDAY IN STORY AND SONG

By Etla Higginson, Author of "Takin' in the Old Mis"

gon Christmas. It had rained mistily at dawn, but at 10 o'clock the clouds had parted and moved away reluctantly. There was a "No, I don't; an' I don't want to neither."

"No, I don't; an' I don't want to neither." blue and dazzling sky overhead. The rain-drops still sparkled on the windows and on the green grass, and the last roses and makes till I have to." She sat down and re-takers till I have to." She sat down and re-takers till I have to." She sat down and rechrysanthemums hung their beautiful heads to that age when I don't care much where heavily beneath them; but there was to be undertakers go to so long 's they let me alone.

dress aside with one hand.

There was a wistful and careworn look on older "Beautiful!" said Emarine, vivaciously.

"Goin' down town, Orville?"
"Yes. Want anything?"

Then I want—here, you'd best set it down." She took a pencil and a slip of paper from a shelf over the table and gave them to him.
"Now, let me see." She commenced stirring again, with two little wrinkles between he brows. "A ha'f a pound o' citron; a ha'f a pound o' candied peel; two pounds o' cur'nts; two pounds o' raisins-git 'em stunned, Orville; a pound o' sooet—make 'em give you some that ain't all strings! A box o' Norther' some that ain't all strings! A box o' Norther' Spy apples; a ha'f a dozen lemons; four-bits' worth o' walnuts or a'monds, whichever's freshest; a pint o' Puget Sound oysters fer the dressin', an' a bunch o' cel'ry. You stop by an' see about the turkey, Orville; an' I will be an or a word with a narrow strip of muslin, which she wound around her finger.

"Well I never see! You never will learn "Well I never see! You never will learn the same was a strict and the same was the same was strictly and presently returned with a narrow strip of muslin, which she wound around her finger. wish you'd run in 's you go by mother's, an tell her to come up as soon as she can. She'd ought to be here now."

Her husband smiled as he finished the list. "You're a wonderful housekeeper, Emarine,"

Then his face grew grave. "Got a present for your mother yet, Emarine?" "Oh, yes, long ago. I got 'er a black shawl down t' Charman's. She's b'en wantin' one." He shuffled his feet about a little "Unh-unh. Yuh-that is-J reckon yuh ain't

picked out any present fer-fer my mother, have yub, Emarine?" " she replied, with cold distinctness,

There was a silence. Emarine stirred briskly. The lines grew deeper between her brows. Two red spots came into her cheeks. "I hope the rdin ain't spoilt the chrysanthe-mums," she said then, with an air of ridding herself of a disagreeable subject.
Orville made no answer. He moved his feet again uneasily. Presently he said: "I

Seemed to me her'n looked kind o' rusty at swelled up." church Sunday. Notice it, Emarine?" "No," said Emarine.

mas dinner I ever eat without my mother."

She drew back and looked at him. He knew the look that flashed into her eyes, and shrank from it.

'You don't have to eat this 'n' without 'er. Orville Parmer! You go an' eat your dinner with your mother 'f you want! I can get along alone. Are you goin' to order them things? If you ain't, just say so, an' I'll go

An' do 't myself!"

He put on his hat and went without a word.

Mrs. Palmer took the saucepan from the stove and set it on the hearth. Then she sat down and leaned her cheek in the paim of her hand, and looked steadily out the window. Her eyelids trembled closer together. Her eyes held a far-sighted look. She saw a picture; but it was not the picture of the blue reaches of sky, and the green valley cleft by its giver-blue river. She saw a kitchen, shabby compared to her own, scantily furnished, and in it an old white-haired woman sitting down to eat her Christmas dinner.

Was thankful, though, she had a son's to go to. She said she pitied all poor wretches that had to set out their Christmas alone. Poor old lady! she ain't got much spunk left. She's all broke down. But I cheered her up some. Sech a wishful look took holt o' her when I pictchered her dinner over her at Emarine's. I can't seem to forget it. Goodness! I must go. I'm on my way to S'donie's, an' she'll be comin' after me if I ain't on time."

When Mrs. Eliot had gone limping down the path, Mrs. Endey said: "You got your front room red up, Emarine?"

"No: I ain't had time to red up anything." sitting down to eat her Christmas dinner

to do 't ag in. She might lust as well get de-to 't first as last. I wish she hadn't got to lookin' so old an' pitiful, though, a-settin' there in front o' us in church Sunday after Sunday. The cords stand out in her neck like well rope, an' her chin keeps a-quiv'rin' so! I can see Orville a-watchin' her—"

The door opened suddenly and her mother entered. She was bristling with curiosity. "Say, Emsrine!" She lowered her voice, al-

though there was no one to hear. 'Where d' you s'pose the undertaker's a-goin' up by here? Have you heard of anybody—'
"No," said Emarine. 'Did Orville stop by an' tell you to hurry up?"

"Yes. What's the matter of him? Is he

"Not as I know of. Why?"
"He looks so. Oh, I wonder if it's one
o' the Peterson children where the undertaker's a-goin'! They've all got the quinsy sore throat."
"How does he look? I don't see 's he looks

so turrable. "Why, Emarine Parmer! Ev'rybody in town says he looks so! I only hope they don't know what alls him!" "What does all him?" cried out Emarine.

flercely. "What are you hintin' at?"
"Well, if you don't know what ails him, you'd ort to; so I'll tell you. He's dyin' by inches ever sence you turned his mother out."

Emarine turned white. Sheet lightning

played in her eyes.
"Oh, you'd cught to talk about my turnin'
her out!" she burst out, furlously. "After her out!" she burst out, furiously. "After you a-settin' here a-quar'l'n with her in this very kitchen, an' eggin' me on! Wa'n't she goin' to turn you cut o' your own daughter's

It was the day before Christmas-an Ore- | said, cheerfully, "because you're limpin' so

no more rain. Oregon City's mignty baronne for the was declaring to her people by her softened roar that ing to her people by her softened roar that gentlest tone. Her mother had never said "dear" to her, and the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this old "dear" to her the sound of it on this ol

Mrs. Orville Palmer was in the large kitchen making preparations for the Christmas dinner, She was a picture of dainty loveliness in a lavender gingham dress, made with a full skirt and shirted waist and big leg-o'-mutton sleeves. A white apron was tied around her waist.

Her husband came in, and paused to put his arm around her and kiss her. She was leg-oby, you don't know what a comblex of the can't do enough fer me. My, Mrs. Endey, you don't know what a comblex of the can't do enough fer me. My, Mrs. Endey, you don't know what a comblex of the can't do enough fer me. My, Mrs. Endey, you don't know what a comblex of the can't do enough fer me. My, Mrs. Endey, you don't know what a comblex of the care much about Christmas, though' with a full skirt and shirted waist and one leg-o'-mutton sleeves. A white apron was titled around her waist.

Her husband came in, and paused to put his arm around her and kiss her. She was stirring something on the stove, holding her leading to the stove hard.

ess aside with one hand.
"It's goin' to be a fine Christmas, Emsne," he said, and sighed unconsciously, the table and stood with her back to the older women; but her mother's charp eyes observed that her ears grew scarlet. "An' I never will," said Mrs. Endey.

You've got a son-in-law, though, who's "Why, the cranberries sin't come yet. I'm
so uneasy about 'em. They'd ought to 'a'
b'en stood long ago. I like 'em cooked
down an' strained to a jell. I don't see what
ails them groc'rymen! Sh'u'd think they
low. That's jest the way Sidonie does with
o' his sight. He humored her high an'
low. That's jest the way Sidonie does with
me. I'm gettin' cranky's I get older, an' low. That's jest the way Sidonie does with me. I'm gettin' cranky's I get older, an' sometimes I'm reel cross an' sassy to her; but she jest laffs at me, an' then comes an' kisses me, an' I'm all right ag'in. It's a blessin' right from God to have a daughter-

in-law like that." The knife in Emarine's hand slipped, and she uttered a little cry. "Hurt you?" damanded her mother,

Emarine was ellent, and did not turn.

"Well, I never see! You never will learn any gumption! Why don't you look what you're about? Now, go around Christmas with your finger all tied up!"

with your finger all tied up!"

"Oh, that'll be all right by tomorrow," said Mrs. Ellot, cheerfully. "Won't it, Emarine? Never cry over spilt milk, Mrs. Endey; it makes a body get wrinkles too fast. O' course Orville's mother's comin' to take dinner with you, Emarine."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Emarine, in a sudden flutter. "I don't see why them cranberries don't come! I told Orville to hurry'em up. I'd best make the floatin' island

'em up. I'd best make the floatin' island while I wait." "I stopped at Orville's mother's as I come along, Emarine."
"How?" Emarine turned in a startled way from the table.

"I say I stopped at Orville's mother's as come along." "Oh!"

"She will?" asked Mrs. Endey.
"No, she ain't; shakin' like she had the
Saint Vitus dance. She's failed harrable She'd b'en cryin'; her eyes was all

There was quite a silence. Then Mrs. Endey said, "What she b'en cryin' about?" "Why, when I asked her she jest laffed offul old. Emarine"—his voice broke; he kind o' pitiful, an' said; 'Oh, only my tom-came a step nearer—"it'll be the first Christ- foolishness, o' course.' Said she always got to thinkin' about other Christmasses. But I cheered her up. I told her what a good time I always had at my son's, an' how Sidonie jest couldn't do enough fer me. An' I told her to think what a nice time she'd have here 't Emarine's tomorrow.

> "She didn't say much. I could see she was thankful, though, she had a son'r to go

thing."
"Well, I'll do it. Where's your duster

After a while she arose with an impatient sigh. "Well, I can't help it?" she exclaimed. "If I knuckle down to her this time, I'd have to do 't ag'in. She might just as well get ust to 't first as last. I wish she hadn't got to 't first as last. I wish she hadn't got to lookin' so old an' pitiful, though, a-settin' lookin's so old an' pitiful, a lookin's so old an' pitiful, though, a-settin' lookin's so old an' pitiful, a lookin's so old an' pitifu

Mrs. Endey went into the "front room" and began to dust the organ. She was something of a diplomat, and she wished to be alone for a few minutes. "You have to manage Emarine by contraries," she reflected. It did not occur to her that this was a family trait. "I'm offul sorry I ever egged her on to turnin' Orville's mother out o' doors, but who'd 'a' thought it 'u'd break her down so? She ain't told a soul either. her down so? She ain't told a soul either. I reckoned she'd talk somethin' offul about us, but she ain't told a soul. She's kep, a stiff upper lip an' told folks she el'ays expected to live alone when Orville got married. Emarine's all worked up. I believe the Lord bisself must a's sent gran'ms Elliot the Lord hisself must a'a sent gran'ma Ellot here to talk like an angel unawares. she'd go an' ask Mis' Parmer over ! she'd go an ask Mis Parmer over here to dinner if she wan't afraid I'd laff at her fer knucklin' down. I'll have to aggravate her." She finished dusting, and returned to the kitchen. "I wonder what gran'ma Eliot 'u'd say if she knew you'd turned Orville's mother out, Emarine?"
There was no reply. Emarine was at the There was no reply. Emarine was at the

table making tarts. Her back was to her mother.
"I didn't mean what I said about bein sorry I egged you on, Emarine. I'm glad you turned her out. She'd ort to be turned

Emarine dropped a quivering ruby of jelly into a golden ring of pastry and laid it carefully on a plate.
"Gran'ma Eliot can go talkin' about her

daughter-'n-law Sidonie all she wants, Ema-rine. You keep a stiff upper lip."
"I can 'tend to my own affairs," said Emarine, fiercely.

"Well, don't flare up so. Here comes Orville. Land, but he does look peakid!"

After supper, when her mother had gone

was one of the few people she loved. She was large and motherly. She wore a black seep and shawl and a funny bonnet, with a frill of white lace around her brow.

Emarine's face softened when she kissed with him, and his few smiles were joyless

Point of Knucklin' Down.

By Eila Higginson, Author of "Takin' in the Old Mis'

Lane," and other Stories.

Feeling arises between two relatives by marriage, it is the one who stands between them—the one who is bound by the tender-est ties to both—who has the real suffering to bear, who is torn and tortured until life holds nothing worth the having.
Orville Palmer was the one who stood between. He had built his own cross, and he took it up and bore it without a word.

Emarine hurried through the early winter dark until she came to the small and poor

house where her husband's mother lived. It was off the main-traveled street. It was off the main-traveled street.

There was a dim light in the kitchen; the curtain had not been drawn. Emarine paused and looked in. The sash was lifted six inches, for the night was warm, and the sound of voices came to her at once. Mrs. Palmer had company.

"It's Miss Presiy," said Emarine, resentfully, under her breath. "Old goosely."

fully, under her breath. "Old gossip goin' to have a fine dinner, I hear,"
Presly was saying. "Turkey with oyster dressin', an' cranberries, an' mince an' pun'kin pie, an' reel plum puddin' with brandy poured over 't an' set afire, an' wine

don't care much about Christmas, though chin was trembling, but she lifted it to build so much on Christmas."

Emarine opened the door and walked in

Mrs. Palmer arose slowly, grasping the back of her chair. "Orville's dead?" she said of her chair. Emarine laughed, but there was the ten

derness of near tears in her voice. "Oh, my, no!" she said, sitting down. "I run over to ask you to come to Christmas dinner. I was too busy all day to come sooner. I'm going to have a great dinner, an' I've cooked ev'ry single thing of it myself! I want to show you what a fine Christmas dinner your daughter-'n-law can get up. Unner's at 2, an' I want you to come at 11.

Mrs. Palmer had sat down weakly. Trembling was not the word to describe the Trembling was not the word to describe the feeling that had taken possession of her. She was shivering. She wanted to fall down on her knees and put her arms around her son's wife, and sob out all her loneliness and heartache. But life is a stage; and Miss Presly was an audience not to be ignored. So Mrs. Palmer said: "Well, I'll be reel glad to come, Emarine. It's offul kind o' yuh to think of 't. It 'u'd 'a' be'n lone-some eatin' here all by myself, I expect."

Emarine stood up. Her heart was like a thistle-down. Her eyes were shining. "All right," she said; "an' I want that you sh'u'd come just at 11. I must run right back now. come just at 11. I must run right back now. Good night.'

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Presly, girl gits prettier ev'ry day o' her life. Why, she just looked full o' glame tonight!" Orville was not at home when his mother

arrived in her rusty best dress and shawl. Mrs. Endey saw her coming. She gasped out, "Why, good grieve! Here's Mis' Parmer, "Yes, I know," said Emarine, calmly. "I She opened the door, and shook hands with

her mother-in-law, giving her mother a look of defiance that almost upset that lady's "You set right down, Mother Parmer, an' let me take your things. Orville don't know you're comin' an' I just want to see his facwhen he comes in. Here's a new black shaw! fer your Christmas. I got mother one just like it. See what nice long fringe it's got.

Oh, my! don't go to cryin'! Here comes Orville. She stepped aside quickly. When her husband entered his eyes fell instantly on his mother weeping childishly over the new shawl. She was in the old splint rocking chair with the high back. "Mother!" he chair with the high back. "Mother!" he cried; then he gave a frightened, tortured glance at his wife. Emarine smiled at him but it was through tears.
"Emarine ast me, Orville—she ast me to

dinner o' herself! An' she give me this shawl. I'm-cryin'-fer-joy-"
"I ast her to dinner." said Emarine, "bu' she ain't ever goin' back again. She's goin to stay. I expect we've both had enough of

lessen to do us."
Orville did not speak. He fell on his kness and laid his head, like a boy, in his mother's lap, and reached one strong but trembling arm up to his wife's waist, drawing her down

Mrs. Edney got up and went to rattling things around on the table vigorously. "Well. I never see sech a pack o' loonatics!" she exclaimed. "Go an' burn all your Christmas dinner up, if I don't look after it! Turncoats! I expect they'll both be fallin' over their-zelves to knuckle down to each other from now on! I never see!" But there was something in her eyes, too, that made them beautiful.

A CHRISTMAS MENU.

Household News offers the following Household News
Christmas menu:
Blue Points on Half Shell.
"Why, then the world's mine oyster, which
I with my sword will open."
—(Merry Wives.

Consomme.

"Served up death in soups as these."
Boiled Cod, Lobster Sauce.
Plain Potatoes. Cucumbers.

"Master, I marvel how the fish live in the sea?"

"Why, as men do aland;
The great ones eat up the little ones."

Roasted Turkey, Giblet Sauce.
Cranberry Sauce.
Sweet Potato Crdyuettes.

"I will show myself highly fed."—(All's Well.

Well.

Roman Punch.

"O, keen appetite, desert me not."
Canvasback Duck, Orange Salad.
"I smell it—upon my life, it will do well."
Flum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.
"Still ending and beginning still."
Ice. Cakes.

"I make an end to my dinner."
"Why, here's a change!"
Cheese. Water Crackers. Coffee.
"Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his halfshut eyes."
Bonbons. Fruits. Nuis.
"Who rises from the feast with that keen
appetite that he sits down?"

IMPIETIES.

A well-known Washington minister tells this story: "In a country circuit in Virginia it was the custom to wear week-day shoes and stockings to church because the soin' to turn you cut o' your own daughter's home? Wa'n't hat what I turned her out telf Orville this house wa'n't big enough fer his mother an' me, an' that neither o' us 'u'd knuckle down, so he'd best take his choice. You'd ought to talk!"

"Well, if I egged you on, I'm sorry fer 't, said Mrs. Endey, solemnly, "Ever sence that if to sickness I had a month ago, I've feel kind o' old an' no account myself, as it I'd like to let all holts go, an' jest rest. I don't spunk up like I ust to. No, he didn't go to Peterson's—he's gawn right on. Why, Emarine, it's dark. Don't chow and I shawl.

A small glimmered palely across Emarine's face and was gont. "Maybe if you'd go up in the half of you'd go up in the sante you could see better," she saig gested, dryly.

"Oh, Emarine, here comes old Gran'ma Eliot herself! Run an' open the door fer 'er. She's limpin' worse 'n usual."

Emarine, fiercely.

"Well, don't flare up so. Here comes Orwall turn her out it light to be tall but a point of the best look peakid!"

"Well, don't flare up so. Here comes Orwall turn her of us whith the does look peakid!"

"Well, don't flare up so. Here comes Orwall turn her of us whith the does look peakid!"

After supper, when her mother had gone home for the night, Emarine put on her hat one shad shawl.

Her husband was stiting by the fireplace, and shaw!

Her husband was stiting by the fireplace, and shaw!

Well, Emarine ent on her hat one of the leading charter up in the church, and being some distance to walk from what is hu'd go along?"

Why, Emarine, it's gawn right on. Why, Emarine, better the whit was the had a bad spell—no, he didn't turn that corner. I can't think where he's goin' to!"

No; you keep the fire up."

Ton't stay long," he said, in a tone of habitual tenderness. He loved her passible tenderness. He loved her passible tenderness. He loved her passible tenderness. It was the palry the discovered that it was the last; time he mother all was an hurt that had sunk deeper conformed to that particular custom the was being entert dust would get them soiled. Sunday foot-

tion. "It's the drink," he told his congriga-tion. "that makes you beat your wives; it's the drink that makes you neglect your children; it's the drink that makes you shoot at your landlords—and miss 'em."

CHRISTMAS AT SNAGTOWN. 潑

J. T. Altemus in the New York Herald.

tablished but a short while and the minera had had a hard time to keep their foothold against the onslaught of the Indians, who took a flendish delight in creeping down on them in the night and destroying their huts and killing them whenever they got a chance. But when the first Christmas came around Snagtown was considered to be on a solid foundation, and the Snagtownites proposed to have a roaring good time. It was decided that a tremendous big feast should be given at the Snagtown Arms, in which all should take a part, on Christmas afternoon, and Jack Billings, the only boniface in the place, had been instructed that unless he did his very best the boys would raise particular Cain with him. A week before the event was to take place a meeting was held and a committee on arrangements was appointed. with orders to spare no expense. "Git loads o' grub an' plenty o' lush," the chairman of the meeting said, as he mentioned the names of those who were to be responsible that the landlord of the Snagtown Arms did his work properly. The committee immediately got together to decide what they should have at the feast. Jack Billings and his colored cook were called in for consultation. "I've got loads of booze that was brought out on the last coach from Dawson's," Billings replied in answer to a question of one of the com-mittee in regard to what he had on hand; and, seeing how the storm was raging, ex-"but about the grub, I hardly know what you want."

"Dere's loads o' ven'son, Marse Jack,"
Pete, the cook, exclaimed, "an' ducks an'
rabbits, an' den dere's dat 'coon dat Marse
Field shot this mornin'." "That's only ordinary grub," one of the committee rejoined. "We've got to have something better than that. What's a Christmas dinner without turkey and cranberry sauce?

"That's true enough, pard," another member rejoined, There are no turkeys around this region and no cranberries. I doubt even if you could find one over at Fort Wales and that's 300 miles from here. We had better put up with what Billings has."

"We'll have to," said another, During this conversation there was a memper of the committee who had remained quiet in a corner of the room sitting on a harrel, with his legs crossed, smoking his pipe and looking as if he were deeply en-giged in thought. He was a tall, breadshouldered fellow, not over 30 years of age, with a heavy black beard, and long black hair, and a face that indicated intelligence and honesty. He wore a blue flannel shirt corduroy trousers, belted in around the waist and the legs tucked into high boots. A light sombrero was set on the back of his head. This was Mike Field, whom Pete had mentioned as having killed the 'coon. He was a general favorite among the miners, and his opinion was much sought after in the decision of difficult questions in which the bowie knife and pistols did not enter, and for this reason he was given the name of judge, and whenever a court was held he taciturn man and never spoke of his former in her hands.

"Look here, boys," Field said, as he came up to the group clustered around the stove, "I've just been thinking about this matter, and I'm of the same opinion as Cummings, and that is that we must have a turkey.' All of them looked at Field, anxious to

hear what he had to propose.
"It only lacks five days before it will be Christmas, pard," one of the committee remarked, as he blew a whilf of smoke from this pipe, and a smile crossed his face, as he thought that for once in his life Field would

"Boys, here's the turkey berries, too," Mike Field e difference," Field rejoined. "I wouldn't care walked across the room and if it only was the day before Christmas. If this committee decided upon having turkey.

As the miners crowded to the second of the table. for dinner it would have to be secured at any expense.

"It is well enough to talk that way. Mike, but none of us are magicians and I can't see how we are going to get turkey when none "Well, I'll tell you, boys, we are going to

have turkey and I'm going to get it," Field exclaimed, with a look of decision on his "Nate, will you let me have your mus-"Why, cert', jedge. I'll let yer have any thing that yer want," Nate Cummings

answered. "All right. I'll start tonight. You boys can go on with the arrangements and have the other good things made ready and I'll start for the turkey." "Do you really mean it, jedge?" the com

mittee asked in charus.
"I was never more serious in all my life." Mike Field, when once his mind was made up to do a certain thing, always proceeded to accomplish it. As soon as he had decided to start out in search of a turkey he made Nate Cummings go and bring up his mustang and he mounted.

He did not tell the others where he was going or how he proposed to get the turkey. and rode off. After he was gone the men returned to their places around the stove. It was a cold night out, the snow was deep on the hills and in the valleys, and none of them cared to spend much time in the open "I think that Mike's going to play some

joke," one of the men remarked after they had seated themselves in their places and ordered Billings to fill up the glasses with "He may, but I doubt it. He's got some

plan in his noddle, you can gamble on it,' another rejoined. another rejoined.
"I'll bet any un then, Mike fetches th' game." Nate Cummings spoke up as he threw a log of wood into the fire. "It's a go, Nate. I'll take you up, bet yer forty ounces that he don't." "Here it air. Now ye put up an' Billings will hold the dust."

Jack Billings was on hand and took the dust from the men, weighing it on a scale to see if it were just weight, and then he put it away until the time came when the bit should be won.

Three days passed by, Mike Field had not yet

returned and it only lacked one more day before it was Christmas. The committee had completed their work, the dinn'r was all arranged for and the meats and game were being prepared by Peta, who flew about the camp with an air of great importance. Christmas eve came, the Snagtownites were Christmas eve came, the Snagtownites were assembled at the Arms and still there was no sign of Mike Field. The members of the committee, as well as the others who had been informed of the judge's expedition, began to grow anxious and to fear that some accident had overtaken the man. Some suggested that a search party be organized, but this was squelched by the committee, who knew that if any such thing were undertaken all of their work would be mittee, who knew that if any such thing were undertaken all of their work would be thrown away. During the night the clouds darkened, the

moon was obscured and when daylight dawned a terrific snow storm was raging. One by one the Snagtownites awoke, peered was large and motherly. She were a black was large and motherly. She were a black sheep and shawl and a funny bonnet, with a frill of white lace around her brow.

Emarine's face softened when she kissed her. "I'm so glad to see you," she said, and her voice was tender.

Even Mrs. Endey's face underwent a black her, that if there were any should be the one to do it. He had make you shoot the savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word from the kitchen to the room at free the savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter savery aroma of the cooking, and Peter her word for cuts brown and the fill whith the savery aroma of the cooking, and peter

She had come to the place with her tlement in the Black Hills. It had been es- father and was the only woman in the camp. The boys treated her like a queen, but the only one she locked upon with any favoritism was Mike Field.

"It does look, pards, es ef th' jedge war not goin' ter keep his promise about thet thar turkey," Nate Cummings exclaimed as he surveyed the decorated table and smacked his lips at the hot spiced rum he was sipping.

"Wot think yer, Hat?"

"What do you ask me for?" the girl asked with a toss of her head as she flounced out of the room. And then coming in again she said, "If any of you had had a spark of sense you wouldn't have let him go." "Wot has we uns ter do with it?" Nate asked with an offended air.
"You had enough. How do you know but

what the Indians may have waylaid him?" "Wal, Hat, ef yer goin' ter lay th' blame on us, an' ef yer say so we'll start off now an' look arter 'im. "This is a high time to make such proposition. Pete stood in the doorway during this spat

between Nate and Hattle, and a broad grin

spread over his face. 'Nebber mind, Marse Nate!" the darky exclaimed. 'We's got de 'coon, and dat's jest es good es turkey any day in de week.'' Pete was driven back into the kitchen by Hattie and the miners were left alone to discuss the probability of Mike Field having met with some accident. They had never known the judge to fall yet in anything that he had undertaken, and even up to 1 o'clock they still had hopes that Field would turn up. Nate looked out of the window

"That's no chance for the jedge now."
"What's that, Nate?" Hattle asked, as she came into the room with a large bunch of evergreens which had been gathered and which she hung up in the center of the

room. "I sed that the jedge won't come ter time," Nate answered. "What do you want to bet?" the girl said, looking down from the box on which she

was standing. 'I'll bet yer twenty ounces o' gold agin a kiss thet he don't an' we make our Christmas dinner off 'coon instead o' turkey."
"I'll go you," Hattle exclaimed, as she jumped down off the box.

The girl was in exuberant spirits, and when the other miners offered to make the same bet with her she accepted every one of them and made them put up the dust then and there in the hands of her father, who took particular pains to see that the weight was correct. All of the Snagtownites con eidered it a huge joke, and that Hattie was to pay the forfelt after the dinner.

Two o'clock was the hour set at which the feast was to commence. When that time arrived the miners were as hungry as bears and were anxious for the signal to be given for them to take their places. As the hands of the clock pointed to the hour Hattie stepped out of the kitchen and exclaimed: "Boys, stand up and make two lines, with an alley in the center." The miners obeyed with alacrity, wonder-

ing what Hattle could be up to and imagin-ing that she had found some luck. "Stand there now," she said as she re-viewed the line and then darted back into was called upon to preside. Field was a the kitchen, soon appearing with a big fowl "Forward, march!"

taciturn man and never spoke of his talking that he was a fellow who had had talking that he was a fellow who had had talking that he was a fellow who had had she was followed by Pete, who carried a she was followed by the was followed by the was followed by the she was followed by the steaming hot 'coon on a large dish; then came Billings with a roasted haunch of venison, and then a sight presented itself to the Snagtownites that made them stare with open mouthed amazement. There, in the doorway, stood Mike Field holding up a dish on which was one of the largest turkeys they thought they had ever seen. When did he come? How did he get there? Where did he get the bird? It was decorated, too, with cranberries. Were they dreaming or

> "Boys, here's the turkey and the cranberries, too," Mike Field exclaimed as he walked across the room and placed the tur-As the miners crowded to their places they did not notice that a man dressed in broadcloth had followed the judge into the room and they were still more astonished when

Field gave him a seat by his side and said:
"A friend of mine, boys."
The man bowed and took the seat. The turkey was carved and every one's dish was heaped up with the good things. Never had the boys had such a feast before, and they enjoyed it, caring little how hard the storm raged without. Frequently during the meal Field was asked the question how he came to get the turkey, but he refused to answer until the meal was concluded. After every one was satisfied and Pete had cleared th dishes away, and when a steaming glass of punch was placed before each guest, Mike

Field arose, and looking at Hattle, said:
"I guess it's about time, Hat."
Hattle arose from the table, brushed out the wrinkles from her dress and went under the evergreen boughs. Field followed and stood by her side. The stranger stood in front of them with a book in his hand. "Hello, Jedge, wat does this hyar mean?" Nate exclaimed as he jumped up from his cha'r and was followed by the others. cha'r and was followed by the others.

Before any one could reply to Nate the stranger said in a solemn tone of voice: "Hattie Billings, do you take Michael Field to be your husband?" "I do," Hattle answered in a firm voice, her face wreathed with smiles.
Other questions were asked of Field and then the minister pronounced Hattle and the judge man and wife. When the ceremony

judge man and wife. When the caremony was concluded Nate Cummings gave a rousing shout and, catching the bride in his arms, he kissed her, tuying:

"Well, Hat, we uns hev lost our bets, but we air goin' ter git th' kisses!"

Hattie struggled, but it was no use, for every one present was bound to get a kiss from the bride. Field looked on and smiled. When they were quited down Mike Field.

When they were quieted down Mike Field got up and said: got up and said:

"Boys, I played you a kind of ccurvy trick, but I think you have enjoyed it. Hat and I have been engaged some time, and we decided to be married on Christmas. I sent for the preacher, and he has been here three days. The turkey and the cranberries came up on the last stage. It was sent out by my brother in the east. When I rode by my brother in the east.

came up on the last stage. It was sent out by my brother in the east. When I rode away the other night I only went a short distance and then came back. Hat kept me upstairs all the time until this morning."

There was a general shout and much merry-making after this. Hattle got all of her bets and more presents in gold. Field prospered, and after a time he came back to New York, with his wife, a very rich man. The camp was deserted in a few years, went to decay and the residents were scattered. But as each year comes around Hattle and Mike celebrate the anniversary of their wed-Mike celebrate the anniversary of the'r wedding, and they will never forget the first Christmas at Snagtown.

MISTLETOE.

Felix Carmen in New York Sun.

For Marjory, with cheeks aglow And lips, each one a berry, Was smiling at the mistletoe A smile peculiar, very.

CHRISTMAS TIMES.

F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. Trim the house up, Molly, an' hang the Trim the house up, Molly, an' hang the holly high.

Beat the eggnog till it foams, and dash it with the rye;
An' make the table longer, an' all the glasses fill,
Fer these here times is Christmas times, an' we're a-livin, still!

hum once more;
An' hang them things—'God Bless Our
Home," and "Welcome," nigh the door:
An' we'll fire off Roman candles an' we'll
holler with a will;
Fer these here times is Christmas times,
an' we're a-livin' still!

Trim the house up, Molly-jest set out all the best!

Yer tater-pies, an' mincemeat—yer turkeys, an' the rest;
An' make the eggnog stronger, fer the weather's kinder chill.

Fer these here times is Christmas times, an' we're a-livin' still!

Smile up the troubled pligrams Whom you pass and meet;
Frowns are thorns and smiles are blossoms Oft for weary feet.
Do not make the way seem harder lay a sullen face;
Smile a little, smile a little,
Brighten up the place.

Trim the house up, Molly * * * Hi! thar's a horn an' drum!

A fiddle an' a jewsharp! Gal! yer uncle's folks is come!

An' thar's yer Aunt Maria, an' the boys, from Dick to Bill,

For these here times is Christmas times, an' we're a-livin' still!

Smile upon your undone labor;

Not for one who grieves
O'er his task, waits wealth or glory!
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow In the passing years
Smile a little, smile a little, Even through your tears.

THE MAGIC OF A SMILE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.

Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her,
Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
All along the road;
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkr
With your grief to sup?
As you drink Fate's bitter tonic
Smile across the cup. sit down in gloom and darkress,

Smile up the troubled pilgrims

Out Of Sorts.

That is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Ripans Tabules, the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

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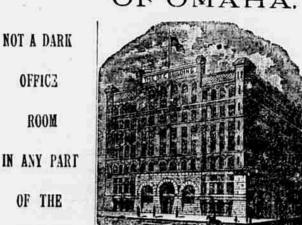
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F.R. Rice Mercantile Cigar Co., St. Louis.

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