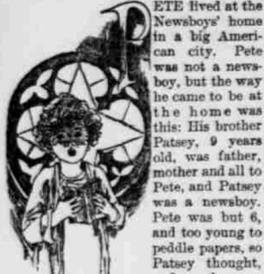


Wichita Daily Eagle

PETER'S CHRISTMAS.

A HOLIDAY STORY OF LIFE AMONG THE BOOTS.

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ETTE lived at the Newboys' home in a big American city. Peter was not a newsboy, but the way he came to be at the home was this: His brother Patsy, 9 years old, was father, mother and all to Peter, and Patsy was a newsboy, and as he was quite a successful newsboy himself, he could afford to "have his family with him," as he said. Peter was his family. There were only those two, and neither could remember when there had been any one else in the family circle. It did not cost very much to live at the home, for the charge each day was five cents for supper, six for lodging and six for breakfast, which for both boys would amount to not quite two dollars and a half a week, and "find yer own lunch."

But first it must be explained that the home is a place where newsboys who have no other place to live can sleep comfortably and get their breakfasts and comforts besides, if they wish, for the small sums mentioned above. Its object is not only to give them good places to sleep, but to help them in other ways. It furnishes its inmates with schooling, books to read and baths, free. It gives them a chance to save their pennies by affording each a place in the bank—a great table whose top is full of numbered slots—and offering a reward for the boy who has saved the largest amount when the bank is opened at the end of each month. It also makes them keep good hours by refusing admittance to all who come very late at night. A "home" isn't the worst place in the world for a boy who has no parents. In fact, it is a pretty good place.

But to come back to Peter. He staid at the lodging house most of the time, because Patsy was afraid to have "such a little chap" on the streets, and the matron, Mrs. Brown, was very good. She allowed him to remain with her during the day, and gave him his dinner when she took hers, because she said he was a "real help to her, so he was," in her work. He was a quiet little fellow and very sweet tempered. The newsboys all loved him, and many a lad remembered to bring Peter a flower or a bit of fruit at night. Newsboys are rough in speech and action, but many a one has a kinder heart than beats under a fine jacket.

Patsy, as I have said, supported himself and Peter; but you must not think it was an easy task. In order to do this and put pennies away in the bank he had to work early and late. He sold late papers because there were not so many newsboys on the streets then and not so much competition. Sometimes he did not come in until little Peter, who went to bed directly after he had his supper, had been asleep for hours in his little bunk, with its neat white pillow and blue coverlet. The great dormitory had rows and rows of beds, built one over another, like berths in ships, and when the word "Bed" was spoken on the stroke of 9 in the room where many of the boys spent their evenings reading, all had to go, and those out much later were fined. Indeed, no boy was allowed to come in after 11, and Patsy was a real hero to stay out after that time so that all his papers might be sold, and then sleep anywhere he could find a place. Mrs. Brown knew why he staid, and was sure he did not hang around the streets until 11 just for a lark, as the boys sometimes did; but the rule was strict, and she could not set it aside for one boy. However, Patsy was bright and good natured, and quite a favorite with a certain set of people who used to buy his papers pretty regularly, and he was not often left with any on his hands as late as 11.

It was nearing Christmas time, and great were the calculations which Patsy was making about a "Christmas treat for little Pete." He talked it over with the matron one night, just after the announcement had been made that the books in the big table would be opened on the 23d of December, instead of compelling the boys to wait until the first of the month, as was the rule. "Ain't it jolly, Mrs. Brown?" said Patsy. "I believe there'll be a couple of dollars in my bank, and I'll spend every cent of it for Pete. It's kinder tough on a little chap like him not to have any folks when Christmas comes 'n' give 'em presents an' turkey an' all the things that everybody has. But I'll make it up to 'em as well as I kin, you bet. He's a-goin' ter hang up his stockin', an' I'm a-goin' ter take him out for tuptop grub ter one of them eatin' houses—resturants, as the swell folks calls 'em, an' we're a-goin' ter have turkey an' mince pie, Mrs. Brown. What'd ye say to that?" And Patsy stopped from sheer want of breath.

"I don't think Pete need mind wanting friends, Patsy McCall. Isn't it yourself that is a good enough friend to him ter make up for all the rest? What more does he want than what you have planned? Nothing but a tree, and maybe we can fix him up with one; who knows?"

"I could get a tree, but there'd be nothin' to put on it," said Patsy. "Never mind, Patsy," replied Mrs. Brown mysteriously; "you find the tree, and I will see what we can find to put on it."

She was thinking of a pair of bright red mittens she was herself knitting for the express purpose of keeping Peter's hands warm when he went out. And visions of scalloped cakes she meant to have baked for the little chap and the boys of the home.

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A boy had passed before her, only now seemed to see them on a tree instead of being laid under his pillow, as she had intended. "Hoaray for ye, Mrs. Brown," shouted Patsy. "Ye'r a brick, an' no mean rough one either, but a nice, smooth Philadelpy brick, what they use to build fine houses with, that's what ye are! I'll find a tree; trust me for that." And the delighted boy when to his bed, di-



rectly over the one occupied by little Pete, to dream of all sorts of Christmas delights. And Mrs. Brown good naturedly forgave Patsy's somewhat unconventional enthusiasm. The treat for the newsboys this particular year was an entertainment

FLOUR DEPOT, F. Eisenmayer, Sr. Milling and Elevator Co., of Halesburg, Kan., carry a full line of best and best wheat flour at their agency in this city. Send for prices and samples. G. T. WEISS, Agent, 223 N. Main, Wichita.

SWAB & GLOSSER, TAILORS. And Jobbers of Woollens and Tailors' Trimmings. 145 N. Main Street, - Wichita.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS, G. T. ZIMMERMAN, Prop. Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne, Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lemp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

FOREST CITY COAL CO. Wholesale and Retail. Telephone No. 15. 10 North Water Street.

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HETTINGER BROS. Physicians Supplies and Surgical Instruments. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. 216 E. DOUGLAS AVE.

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WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO., Wholesale and Retail. 125 East Douglas Ave.

SHAPPER & MAHANEY. Wholesale and Retail. Building Materials. Telephone 184. 30th St. and 4th Ave., Wichita, Kan.

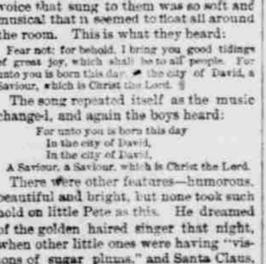
WICHITA TRUNK FACTORY. H. ROSSFIELD, Proprietor. Manufacturer of Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Shawl and Trunk Straps, Pocket Books, Willow Ware, Etc. 125 W Douglas.

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matron's secret, for not even Patsy knew that she had told the newsboys about his plans for his brother's Christmas. One ragged chap gave a bright new five cent piece, which Mrs. Brown had some trouble in fastening on the tree. Another brought an Easter egg, which had long



tens hung gayly from one branch and a squeaking bird from another. A brass watch and chain, bought on the street, swung from the ripend of a third branch, and altogether the small tree was a startling sight, or would be to some children used to the graceful wax candle trimmed ones of grand parties. When the little fellow woke early Christmas morning he made a dive for the knobby stocking which hung by his bed. Then there up in a true orthodox fashion he held it up in a cry of delight as he beheld it was a true orthodox fashion by the toe, and the peanuts tumbled out over the oranges and the candy over the peanuts. "Oh! oh! Patsy, is they all fur me?" he called out. This waked some of the other boys, and they, with Patsy, rolled out of bed and began to dress, because papers must be sold Christmas morning as well as any other time. "Course they is, Pete," answered Patsy. "Ain't that yer stockin', an' didn't ye hang it up to see what ud be in it in the mornin'? Go long will ye now; I don't want none of yer goodies," as Pete held out a handful. Then the delighted little fellow began to offer the other boys some, and this so touched them that they vented their feelings by various characteristic remarks: "Pitch inter 'em yerself, Pete." "Ye're a goose to give away what was give to you." "I don't eat candy before breakfast, 'cause it don't agree with me constitution." "Ye're a jolly chap, Pete, that's what

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Three cheers for Pete an' his stockin', said some one. They were given with a will, though it was against the rules to make a noise in the dormitory, but every one cheered such demonstrations at Christmas, and so did Mrs. Brown. When all the boys had gone she took charge of Pete, but kept him out of her sitting room, much to his surprise, bidding him wait till Patsy should come home; so he played around contentedly for a while. "Does you know where the City of David is?" he asked suddenly. "I heard about it las' night," he said. "I think it was an angel that sung it."

Mrs. Brown was busy just then, and she gave little heed to the child's prattle and he said no more, but in his mind was a vague idea that he should like to find the place because that beautiful little girl had sung about it, and so it must be very nice. When Patsy came back he looked inquiringly at Mrs. Brown, and she said at once, "Come into my sitting room, boys. I have something to show you."

Patsy's astonishment was nearly as great as Pete's, for he thought the small tree would not have much on it. There it was, well filled, and as Mrs. Brown gave Pete the things she told who each donor was. Both boys were wild with delight, but as it was nearly noon when the tree was bare, they begged a place to put the treasures in, and started out. Pete with his red mittens on proud hands, to the "restyran't."

"Patsy, do you know where the city of David is?" asked Pete, as they walked gayly along. "Now, Pete, what makes yer talk so silly? No, I don't, an', what's more, I don't want ter," said Patsy decidedly. "This city suits the well enough." "Didn't ye hear 'bout it las' night, Patsy, when the angel were singin'?" "That were a girl, Pete; but she did look like an angel, sure 'nough. I don't remember the city of David, though."

Pete trudged on with a sigh. He was used to having his questions remain unanswered. After a good dinner the boys started back to the home, but as they neared the place a group of Patsy's chums came up and asked him to join them in some fun they had planned. The home was a block or so away, and Pete said he could go the rest of the way alone, so Patsy left him and went with the boys. The little fellow trotted on, looking so happy in spite of his worn clothes and cheap, clumsy shoes that many whom he met smiled at him.

A fragment of that beautiful song again sounded in his ears. The city of David! He would find it himself, Pete thought, and though it was but a step further to the home he turned and went up another street, resolved to ask a policeman. None appeared, and he walked on and on, thinking that perhaps the city he sought was next to his own city, and if he could only get outside of that great place he could find what he sought. More and more tired grew the little feet, and at last, frightened and chilled, he stumbled on a crossing, just as a dashing team driven by one of four young men in the carriage behind came around the corner. It struck the child and threw him to one side, the carriage never stopping.

There was a rush of bystanders for the little figure, and when picked up Pete was very limp and weak, but conscious, and he begged them to take him to the home. Of course this could not be done, and Pete was carried in an ambulance to the nearest hospital, after which word was sent to Mrs. Brown. It did not take her and Patsy long to find their way to the place where Pete lay, and she mourned and chided, he said "Better" when asked how he felt. He complained of the pain, but simply wished to lie quiet. The newsboys sent all sorts of nice things to him, and these attentions were consoling to Patsy as well as to the sick boy.

For days he lay in bed, growing more and more feeble, but often talking to Patsy about how much he wished to find the city of his search. "Good-by, Patsy dear," he said one day, his arms around his brother's neck. "I'm a-goin' ter sleep as soon as it's dark, so I kin get up early in the mornin' an' find the city. I'll ask every one I meet, an' sure some one 'll know."

The brothers kissed each other. Then Patsy went slowly away to sell his evening papers. At dusk the little Pete fell tranquilly asleep. Some time in the night his search for all things earthly was ended, and when morning dawned there was only his body left, still and white, but with the old sweet smile on the face. ANSIE HAZEL WILLIS.

Reasonable Doubt. Blenkinsop—Don't fret, my boy; Santa Claus won't forget you. Tommy Blenkinsop—That's all right, dad. I ain't afraid he'll forget the ten whistle I asked for, but I can't help being a trifle nervous about his recollecting the bicycle and the watch and chain. —Pack.



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For a Disordered Liver Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

HER MERRY CHRISTMAS.

She wandered down Rivington street crying softly. She was hungry, and it seemed more pitiful for her to be hungry on Christmas eve than it was for the dozens of other children on Rivington street to be hungry. The year before she had not only not been hungry, but she had had a Christmas tree. The other children had always been more or less hungry and they had never had a Christmas tree. She shuffled her partly bare feet along on the icy sidewalk. Snow had frozen on what was left of the uppers of her shoes. Her feet were very cold, but she did not mind the cold so much as she did the hunger, nor the hunger so much as the loneliness—the absence of the Christmas tree and the daddy and mam to jump her up and down and watch the sparkle in her eyes as she saw their poor little presents. They had not been a very interesting daddy and mam to other people—daddy had been a hod carrier and mam used to take in washing. But they had been all she had—everything! A comfortably dressed stout woman stopped her. The woman was probably a shopkeeper's wife, and had a heart more or less kind. She had intended to give the girl something to eat and perhaps some money; but she asked her if she was a good girl and gave her some advice first of all. This made the girl angry, and she answered her saucily. The comfortable woman turned away with a comfortable expression of horror on her face, and turned back into her comfortable doorway. The girl passed on, lonely, hungrier, colder than before.

Midnight came. She had lost consciousness of details—her loneliness, her hunger, her shivering had ceased to oppress her. She knew only that she was miserable. But still she walked. At 2 o'clock on Christmas morning she had to stop walking, however. She was on a deserted East river dock, and she laid down where an eddy of wind had left a soft bed of snow—left it for her perhaps; and the wind gave it a gift without giving any advice first. Her eyes closed. Her shivers ceased. She lay very still. She was asleep. She did not move again until a red ray from the crisp winter sunrise touched her face.

Then she sat up and gazed solemnly at the sunrise for a moment. Slowly her expression became a happy one. She really looked almost like a pretty child. She raised her arms and held them out toward the glow. Her lips moved. "Daddy! mam!" she said. Then she dropped back into the bed given by the wind. The girl had a merry Christmas after all. EDWARD MARSHALL.

A Big Pan of Gold. Judge J. P. Leonard, of Oroville, has given the following account of the largest pan of gold ever taken out of the old Cape claims in the first part of the month of October, 1887, H. B. Lathrop, now dead, and myself took out of this very same Cape claim a pan of gold containing 104 ounces and 4 pennyweights of pure, clean metal that sold for over \$2,000. We found the shining stuff in the middle of the river under a large boulder. It was some distance above bedrock, and we did very little stripping of the surface dirt before finding it. The gold was in small pieces, the largest of which was not worth more than twenty-five cents; it was all fine scale gold. When we found it I had settled in a crevice of the rock where it had washed from natural side—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

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PILES. PITCHING PILES. Address: 203 N. Water St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO WEAK MEN. Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, nervous weakness, etc., you will find a valuable tonic in Serravallo's Tonic. It is a powerful tonic for the blood, and is sold by every druggist who is serious and distinguished. Address: Prof. F. C. POWELL, Hoods, Conn.

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