THE OTHER EXTREME.

"Dear me!" said Santa Claus as he
Came down the chimney feet,
"I've heard of coals heaped on the head,
But these are on my feet."

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, lonelier, hungrier, colder than before.

Midnight came. She had lost consciousness of details—her loneliness, her hunger, her shivering had ceased to impress 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 its 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.

The Next Thing in Order.

Husband (displaying handsome check, a pair of solitaire earrings and a sealskin robe)—Here are a few trinkets for your Christmas, dear.

Wife—Oh, you darling old thing! I could just—um, um—love you to death. But say, dear, please answer me one question.

Husband—Certainly, darling.

Wife—Do tell me what you are going to give me next year?

A Question of Weight.

Young Housewife—How much is this turkey?

Marketman—Twenty-one cents a pound.

Young Housewife—And this?

Marketman—Eighteen.

Young Housewife—What a difference. I suppose it is because one is so much smaller than the other.

Waiting.

"I thought you said your wife was dressed an hour ago?"

"She was, but I think she must have stopped to put on her hat."—New York Sun.

Sociology.

Farmer (who takes summer boarders)—Whar've yer been?

City Boarder—Oh, I've been studying human nature.

Farmer (curiously)—Human natur?

City Boarder—Yes, I've been down watching the hogs feed.—Lowell Citizen.

THE DAY OUT ON A RANCH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT TELLS OF AN EXPERIENCE IN THE WEST.

Having an Empty Larder the Ranchmen Set Out to Hunt Deer—They Strike Trail, Secure the Game and Get a Cold Ducking.

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagon load of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few cans of tinned goods to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence, in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drouth, frost and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow.

The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses; it had already frozen once and then again thawed. Beneath the light covering of powdery snow we could feel the rough ground like wrinkled iron under the horses' hoofs. There was no moon, but the stars shone brilliantly down through the cold, clear air, and our willing horses galloped swiftly across the long bottom on which the ranch house stood, threading their way deftly among the clumps of sprawling sage brush. A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharply for sight of feeding deer. Hitherto we had seen no deer tracks save inside the bulberry bushes by the river, and we knew that the deer which lived in that impenetrable jungle were cunning white tails, and in such a place could only be hunted by the aid of a hound. But just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us. They were walking leisurely, and from the lay of the land we believed we would find them over the ridge, where there was a brush coulie. Riding to one side of the trail we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up a burning ball of crimson beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch to our left the erect, startled head of a young black tail doe as she turned to look at us, her great, mule like ears thrown forward.

The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault down the hill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions. We both laughed and called out "Dinner!" as we sprang down toward her, and in a few minutes she was dressed and hung up by the hind legs on a small ash tree.

No sooner was the sun up than a warm west wind began to blow in our faces. The weather had suddenly changed, and before an hour the snow was beginning to thaw and to leave patches of bare ground on the hillsides. We left our coats with our horses, and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw anything more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison.

Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon, of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wind beaten cedars. As we peered over the edge my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot slanting down between his shoulders, and, though he struggled to his feet, he did not go fifty yards after receiving the bullet.

This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back by the doe, which I put behind mine. But we were not destined to reach home without a slight adventure. When we got to the river we rode boldly on the ice, heedless of the thaw, and about midway there was a sudden, tremendous crash, and men, horses and deer were scrambling together in the water, amid slabs of floating ice. However, it was shallow, and no worse results followed than some hard work and a chilly bath. But what cared we? We were returning triumphant with our Christmas dinner.—Philadelphia Times.

Christmas Land.

When Christmas white comes in the night
And lines the lawn, the glebe and glade,
Then dozing lads and lassies haste
To reach, in dreams, the land of taste
Along the fields of jujube paste,
Across the streams of lemonade.

A moment seems a day in dreams,
A minute for a month avails,
Until they reach that honeyed land
Where sugar takes the place of sand,
And gumdrop trees on every hand
Are plundered by vanilla gales.

The hills are made of marmalade,
And jellied into dales and dells;
The peaks in taffy ridges rise
Where soda fountains fizz to skies,
Where bushes bend with custard pies,
And trees hang low with caramels.

The streams that leap a-down the steep
Are melting creams of frozen ice;
And these in rivulets begun
With "mallows" softened by the run
Into the sponge cake valley's sun,
With everything that's sweet and nice.

Then o'er the mead with eager greed
The youngsters flit like sunny gleams;
But ere a single sip they take
The jelly mountain starts to quake
It topples—tumbles; they awake,
And—that's the way it is with dreams.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Her Charms.

To the valleys of New Hampshire
To spend Christmas I shall go,
Where the frost king reigns supremely,
And the world is white with snow.

Not because I love the country,
But the sweet maid of the mill,
Whom I played with in my childhood,
Lives in the old homestead still.

Why I love her you will wonder,
For she's neither rich nor wise,
Yet she has one trait that charms me,
She knows how to make mince pies.
—Floating.

Congratulations Were in Order.

"I wish to see Miss Elder," said Mrs. Fangle, handing a card to the door maid.

"She's engaged, ma'am," replied the girl.

"Well, now, I've been expecting that for some time. I must go in right away and congratulate her."—Harper's Bazar.

Persiflage in the Bowery.

"Hurry up with them chops!" ordered a young fellow in a Bowery restaurant.

"Look here, young feller," said the waiter, "yo'll git yer food, but don't chase me."—New York Sun.

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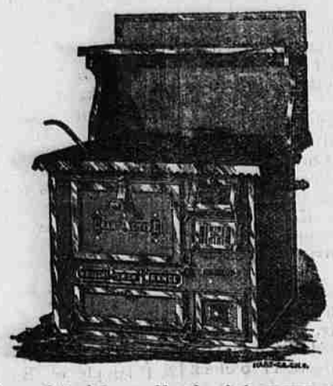

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