# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1887 NO.8



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## BROWN'S NEW YEAR'S VOW.

LD Mr. Brown, in grand array,
Set out to call on New Year's Day.

"God-bye!" exclaimed his help-mate, "now,
Remember, dear, your New Year's vow."

"This time I'll keep it, sure as life,"
He smiled, and kissed his happy wife.

Each time he passed a liquor shop
He looked away, and wouldn't stop.

He met three cronies on the street:
"Come in," they urged, "we want to treat."

"No! I've sworn off," Brown nobly said,
"My nose shall not be painted red."

"Hurrah!" they cried, "we'll swear off, too."
(This shows what good examples do.)

"There's nothing now can make me fall,"
Brown thought, as he went in to "call."

"A happy New Year's, ladies!" cried
Our hero, bowing, when ins de.

"The same to you, and many more,"
The ladies answered, as of yore.

For just five minutes altogether
The angels talked about the weather,

Then led Brown to the table, where
They heaped his plate with New Year's fare

Poor Brown! He balanced on his knees
That plate, and tried to hold a sneeze,

Which, bursting like a thunder clap,
Shot plate and all from off his lap.

"O! Mr. Brown, you've taken cold,"
Cried out the ladies, young and old.

Alas! upon that table stood
Decanters filled with no one's good.

And dainty hands commenced to fill
The glasses, to allay Brown's chill.

"Ahem!" Brown blushed, and gave a cough
"Excuse me, ladies! I've sworn off."

"O, New Year's day don't count," they smiled,
As, Eve-like, they poor Brown beguiled.

And, Adam-like, Brown fell anew,
Because the ladies asked him to.

A soft white hand presented brandy;
Brown drank—then felt quite like a dandy.

Another offered him some sherry;
He drank it, and grew very merry.

A wife and mother gave him whisky;
Another port; Brown now was frisky.

"(Hic). Happy New Year! (hic) I shay—
Lots of 'em, ladies! (hic) Hoo-ray!!"

And then—the truth shall here be told,
He kissed each female, young and old.

"Help! Murder! Thieves! Police!" they shrieked,
While husbands mad, rushed in and wreaked

On Brown their vengeance, till, most dead,
With shattered vows and broken head,

He, in an ambulance was sent
To face his wife, and there repent.

MORAL.

Now, ladies near, and ladies far,
Don't keep on New Year's Day a bar,

For many a man slips off the brink
When women tempt him thus to drink.

Another's husband, son—perhaps
Your own—may from these New Year traps

His ruin find. O, ladies, all,
Care for the Browns, who'll on you call.

H. C. DODGE.

## A PAIR OF SKATES.

### A True Christmas Story for Boys and Girls.

DON'T care! There! I do think Santa-Claus was real mean and stingy not to give me a pair of skates," exclaimed little Pearl Templeton, as she threw a pair of bracelets on the floor in a pet and gave them a contemptuous kick.

"Why, sister, dear; it is very wrong for you to complain," said her brother Frank, as he gazed on the array of presents that covered the table-top and half hid the sofa on which she was sitting. "You have four times as many gifts as I have, and, I tell you, I'm quite well satisfied to get what I did."

"Well, you have just what you asked for, and I haven't. You wanted a watch, a ring, a knife, a fur-cap and a double-runner; and you've got every one of them. I asked for a pair of skates only, and I have every thing I did not want and no skates. I don't care; I think it's real mean," and she buried her face in the sofa and began to sob.

Her brother watched her for a few minutes with an expression of sympathy on his open countenance; then he took out his pocket-book and counted its contents.

"Here, sister, take this, dear. It is only five dollars; but it's all I have. It is just the price of the pair of skates you saw in Cheapman's window last week. I wanted to buy them for you, and was afraid mother would feel displeased; but you may buy them yourself, and she will not scold me then."

"O, Frank, what a dear, good brother you are!" exclaimed Pearl, looking at him through her tears. "I would rather have the skates than all the rest of my presents. I wish I had them now. Won't you put on your coat and come with me while I buy them. It won't take long and I'd rather not go alone," she said, coaxingly, as she placed her smooth velvety cheek against his.

"Yes, if you will hurry. I wish to be here when Uncle Eph comes; I wouldn't miss seeing him for any thing."

Pearl disappeared from the room and soon returned wreathed in smiles at the prospect of having her long longed-for skates soon in her possession.

"Ready in a minute," she said, as she quickly tied on her hood and felt in her pocket for her mittens.

Frank put on his overcoat and hat and took his sister's hand as they stepped outside the door; and their mother, who heard the door shut, watched them from the window above, and she felt thankful that God had blessed her with the possession of two rare jewels.

Mrs. Templeton was a widow who enjoyed a good income and lived in comfortable surroundings. Her husband died when Pearl was less than a year old, and, as the baby of the family, Pearl had been petted and made-of until she was a spoiled child. Frank was a manly little fellow of ten years, who thought his little eight-year-old sister was a marvel of sweetness and perfection, although she often vexed him sorely.

He had an indistinct idea that he had not done quite right in giving to his sister the money with which to buy the skates; but he had been unable to withstand her grief and disappointment.

As they merrily pursued their way, taking a short slide wherever the frozen sleet afforded an opportunity, their faces became aglow with the healthful exercise and many pedestrians stopped to watch the handsome pair indulging their glee.

Suddenly, Pearl discovered a long, smooth slide, and with a cheery shout, she made a short run and slid to the corner of the sidewalk, just in time to collide with a man who was about to turn up the street.

"Aha! Merry Christmas, my little dears!" said he, as he took Pearl on his arm and kissed her, while he balanced himself with his cane to meet the shock of another collision with Frank, who had followed close behind Pearl.

"Wish you the same, Uncle Eph," replied the lad, as he stopped short and grasped his uncle's hand.

"Well, where are you two rogues bound so early?" asked their uncle, pinching Pearl's rosy cheeks and Frank's ruddy chin.

"Down to he hardware store to buy a pair of skates, sir," replied Frank.

"A pair of skates!" repeated their uncle, with an air of sadness. "Nonsense! You don't need a pair of skates. Why, you'll only skin your nose, crack your elbow and bump yourself black and blue if you had a pair."

"They are not for me, sir. They are for Pearl, and she wants them so much," pleaded the boy.

"Yes; Frank gave me Christmas money to buy them with. I had ever so many presents, and all I wanted was a pair of skates."

"My dear little girl, I want you to come home with me. You see, I am lame, and I

"AHA! MERRY CHRISTMAS, MY LITTLE DEARS."

can't walk on the ice with my wooden leg, unless I have my little dears to keep me from falling. You saw how nearly I came to falling this minute, you rogue, if you had not helped me."

"Oh, but uncle——"

"Never mind the skates to-day, Pearl; I do not think your mother would like to have you buy them on Christmas Day, and you do not wish to do any thing that would pain her, do you?"

"No, indeed," she replied, quickly. But the tears came to her eyes in spite of her attempt to appear as though she was not disappointed. "O, dear, I did want them so badly," and she broke down with a sob and smothered her face in his sleeve.

"You shall have them, puss, if you want them, after you have been home and listened to a story I will tell you. You don't know what I have in my pocket for you."

"Paint skates, is it?" said Pearl, brightening up.

"Give another guess."

"I don't want it if it isn't skates," she replied, with a pout.

"I guess I'll have to give it to that little girl who is walking ahead of us," said Uncle Eph, as he opened a morrocco case and held it away from Pearl.

"What is it?" she asked, as she saw a glitter on the crimson satin, with which it was lined.

"O, but you don't want it, so you must not know what it is," he said, in a tantalizing way, still holding it afar

"Yes, I do," and she hugged his arm that she might stand on tiptoe to get a better peep.

"Well, you shall have it, and we will go home to wish mother a merry Christmas. And he fastened a pretty locket and chain about her throat and placed its case back in his pocket.

"O, and I was so naughty; but I'll be r-e-a-l good now," and she took his hand and tried to keep step with him as he stumped along on his wooden leg.

It was evening, after they had gathered around the open grate, when Uncle Eph commenced his story. Pearl sat on a low footstool on one side, using his cane to push stray dead coals back beneath the grate, and Frank sat on the other side, trying his new knife on his uncle's timber toe.

"I suppose you young lunkins are sitting up past your bed-time to hear a little story, are you not?" said Uncle Eph, as he passed the corn-popper to Mrs. Templeton for her to empty.

"Yes, sir, if you please," replied Pearl.

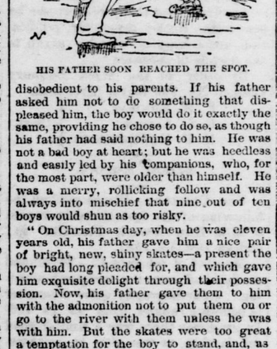
"Well, I suppose I must keep my promise. But you must not ask me any questions until I have finished the story."

"I'll try not to do so," spoke Frank.

"So will I," said his sister.

"Very good. Now, master Frank, if you will try your new knife on this corn-cob instead of my stump, I think you can make more nicks in it."

"When I was ten years old," began Uncle Eph, "I was acquainted with a boy who had a very wilful disposition. He wanted every thing his own way, and was obstinate and



HIS FATHER SOON REACHED THE SPOT.

disobedient to his parents. If his father asked him not to do something that displeased him, the boy would do it exactly the same, providing he chose to do so, as though his father had said nothing to him. He was not a bad boy at heart; but he was heedless and easily led by his companions, who, for the most part, were older than himself. He was a merry, rollicking fellow and was always into mischief that nine out of ten boys would shun as too risky.

"On Christmas day, when he was eleven years old, his father gave him a nice pair of bright, new, shiny skates—a present the boy had long pleaded for, and which gave him exquisite delight through their possession. Now, his father gave them to him with the admonition not to put them on or go to the river with them unless he was with him. But the skates were too great a temptation for the boy to stand, and, as he watched his companions go by his house with their skates and thought of the fun he was missing, he was tempted to disobey his father's commands and slip away himself. So, when he was asked by an older boy why he did not go with the rest of them, he said his father had requested him not to go unless he was with him. His companion tempted him and said his father would not find it out. And so the boy slipped into the house and got his skates and went away to try them without his father's knowledge. But God tormented the boy while he was skating, and made him feel that he was doing very wrong in disobeying his parent, and that it was a poor way to show his appreciation of the Christmas gift.

"He did not enjoy himself; he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. When night came he did not dare to go home, and he remained out so late that his father started to hunt for him. The afternoon had been warm and the ice near the channel had broken into small cakes that floated down the stream with the tide. At the time the boy's father was hunting for him, he was following the lead of some reckless companions in jumping from one floe to another. He heard his father's voice calling him from the shore and started to meet him. In his excitement he missed his footing and disappeared beneath the ice. His father soon reached the spot and rescued his son; but, as he put his boy on an ice-cake, another heavy sheet of ice cut the boy in the knee and caused his father to lose his hold on the ice and sink back in the water."

A half-stifled sob from Mrs. Templeton interrupted Uncle Eph's story and her children saw that she was weeping.

"He never rose again," continued Uncle Eph, in tremulous tones after a short pause.

"Did—did that boy have—have his leg cut off?" asked Frank, in a hesitating manner, as he quietly placed his hand on his uncle's knee above the wooden stump.

"Yes," replied his uncle, in a husky voice.

"Don't tell any more, Uncle. I know now why mamma did not want me to have the skates," said Pearl, and she wound her little arms around his neck while he gave vent to the tears he had choked down until he had finished.

"Don't cry, uncle, I am going to buy you a new cane with the money. I do not want the skates now."

So Pearl went without her skates and Uncle Eph had a cane that the wealth of the Indies could not purchase from him; for it is the silent testimonial of little Pearl's sympathy toward his lonely heart and her self-denial in giving up her Christmas skates.

BURT ARNOLD.

—A citizen of Dallas, Tex., has invented an electric fishing line which kills a fish the instant it seizes the hook and at the same time rings a bell on shore to warn the slumbering fisherman.

## DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Oh! the dear Old Year is dying!
His children, the months, dropped one by one,
And the last week died as the first had done,
And the days all went with the setting sun;
And the Old, Old Year,
Grand, hoary and drear,
On his deathbed lone is lying

Oh! the dear Old Year is dying!
His brow is cold with the chill of the tomb,
And his eyes are dark with a deadly gloom,
And the hours are weaving on ghostly loom
His burial shroud,
Where silent and proud,
On his deathbed lone he is lying.

Oh! save the Year that is dying!
Oh! stay the sands so cruelly flowing!
Oh! lay the minutes so stealthily going!
Oh! quicken the pulses so tremulous growing,
Ere it be too late!
Even while we wait,
The Year on his deathbed is lying!

Oh! the Year, the Year is dying!
And the shifting scene of sunshine and rain,
The dear delight, and the drear pain,
The hope that fell, but to blossom again,
The dreams and the fears,
The smiles and the tears,
All, all on the deathbed are lying!

Oh! help is none for the dying!
The hours have woven a winding sheet
Of the pale, white mist, and the falling sleet,
And the midnight comes on its errand fleet,
One word of command,
One touch of its hand—
And the year in the grave is lying!

Oh! weep for the Year that is fled!
The dear, Old year that is ours no more,
That stands aloof on the phantom shore
With the ghost of the years that have gone before.
Yet we weep in vain,
For never again,
Shall live the old year that is dead.
—*Grace D. Litchfield, in N. Y. Independent.*

## "INTERVENTIONS,"

### And the Happiness Which Followed Their Removal.

The little dinner in the little dining-room was over at last. The maid-of-all-work, who had burned the gravy, and taken up the boiled pudding too soon, had now, with some clatter and stumbling, cleared the room, and arranged it for the evening. The children, who had not minded her failures, and were merry and talkative because there was a guest who smiled upon them, had been coaxed and commanded away to bed.

At last little Mrs. Worden was free to sit down by her friend for a confidential talk, and her husband was free to withdraw from his newspaper, not to the library, but to the other side of the table. Mrs. Worden had her work-basket in her hand, but she put it aside as she looked into her friend's face—the heart was in her eyes.

"Oh, Margaret, I am so glad to see you!" she said. "It was so selfish of me to ask you to come now, but I never wanted you so before."

"And I never was so glad to come."

"Do you mean it? I used to take such pleasure in making your vacations pleasant, but every thing is so different now. Every thing is gone that you used to enjoy; the nice large room I kept for you, and the library, and the pictures, and the carriage, and even the piano."

"But, dear Helen, I didn't come to visit you for those."

"No; but I loved to think you enjoyed them. Now I have brought you to this little, stuffy house, with the children all over it. You can hear their noise from morning till night. There is no Elise to keep them in the nursery, or take them off for an airing. They'll torment the life out of you."

"No," said Margaret, "My life never will go that way."

"But every thing is so different. You saw Bridget. It's so different keeping house with her from what it used to be with the three nice maids I had. Indeed, I do my best, Margaret, but you saw how it was at dinner. We gave up all our real silver. John would, you know; and we kept only a partly broken set of china. The table doesn't look as it used to."

"Never mind, dear. Indeed, I don't think of that."

"No," said Mrs. Worden, mournfully. "But I can't even give you much of myself this time. I have to be busy every minute till the children are in bed. I ought to be sewing now. We can't have any more nice talks over books and questions, you know. I hardly know such things exist. My mind is full of nothing but housework and children. I've given up the Literary Club and the Charity Union, and I can not make calls. Those nice people you used to like to meet I seldom see now. I've just dropped out of their way. I can't give any such nice little reception for you as we had last year."

"I don't want it; you know I don't."

"When I sent for you last week I was feeling as if I could not face New Year's without you. When I think of the change one little year has brought it seems like a nightmare. Every thing pleasant went at once. It was hardest to lose our country house. We both loved it; it was so sweet and airy out there, and we had such lovely neighbors. When I looked forward to spending the whole summer in the city with the children it seemed awful."

"And has it proved as bad as you feared?"

"Well, no; I've really been so busy I hardly knew how the days passed. And we have been remarkably well, and John has been so thoughtful for me and the children. Poor John! think what a year this has been for him! He was so used to the sense of having a fortune to fall back upon. And now I know it fairly frightens him some times to think there is only his slender salary between us and want."

"There is more than that," said Margaret. "There's God's large, kind providence."

"Yes," said Helen, humbly. "I know, but I forget some times."

"I want to tell you some thing," said Margaret. "I mourned over your losses, dear Helen, but since I've been here I haven't been realizing them as you might think, I've been so happy over the gains."

"What gains?"

"Oh, my dear, you have got rid of the interventions!"

"What do you mean by interventions?"

"Let me try to tell you. Helen, I was a hypocrite often in the days when you were rich, and I visited you. I pretended to be happy, and I did enjoy a great deal that I knew you wanted me to enjoy. But all the while there was such uneasy fears in my heart! Sometimes I thought I would tell you of them; then I blamed myself for worrying, silly old maid, and was ashamed of them."

"But what was it all about, Margaret?"

"About the interventions; the interventions between you and your children, first of all. The big house with the big rooms seemed one of them. The nursery was so far from your sitting-room. How could you know the children as you do now they are thrown right about you here? And Elise was another. She marshaled them to airings and meals and bed so irreproachably there seemed hardly a chance for them to get at you. And she was jealous when the baby cried for her 'dear lill, mamma,' don't you remember? Mabel fidgeted under her rule, and wanted to play in the veranda near you instead of walking out with the baby-carriage. And when Maurice had those dreadful outbreaks of temper, and none of you knew what to do with him—forgive me, Helen—it seemed to me sometimes just a protest of his nature against uncongenial companionship. Would not you or I be cross, perhaps, if we had to spend six or eight solid hours of the day with people who did not satisfy our hearts and minds at all? And your children have natures like your own, sensitive to society, and minds like yours, bright and demanding."

"Oh, Margaret! why did you not speak of this?"

"I could not. It seemed meddlesome. I was not even sure I was right. But all that is gone now, and I am so glad."

"Maurice," said Mrs. Worden, thoughtfully, "has been the sweetest, best boy this last six months that a mother could ask for."

"And the Literary Club," Margaret resumed, "and the Charity Union, and the calls, and the shopping—yes, and the new books, and the 'questions'—I was half jealous of them all the time, though they were so good and pleasant. They did intervene. They kept you hours and hours away from home, or took up so much time when you were there. All that time the children were among servants—young children, that have such active minds. My dear, I know I'm only a foreboding, anxious old maid; but when I read in the paper the stories that shock us so, about girls who have been reared in wealth and position, and elope with their father's servants, I bethink me that there is a simple reason back of every wonder. If a girl through many hours of her early life has found her best comfort and entertainment from some good-natured cook, or coachman, or gardener, why should we think like associations would prove repulsive to her afterward? Don't you remember what a fascination for your Jessie that slim, handsome mulatto, Jim, had?"

"Margaret, oh, Margaret!"

"I know; but I shivered to see her hovering about the butler's pantry whenever she could escape Elise. He had some monkey tricks and little songs and stories that appealed to her imagination and delighted her. You yourself told me, laughing, how when John was to be away one evening, and Jessie heard you say you would be lonely, she replied: 'Send for Jim, mamma; he's real good company. I love him.'

"But she was only six years old; a little child!"

"Yes, but it seems to me even a child of six who had always been her mother's companion would have felt relationships better than that."

"Why did not you speak, Margaret?"

"I could not then. I can now. The danger is over now. Helen, be thankful with me that your work is right here at home, where your little girls are, where they may learn to help you in it and be close to you."

Helen drew a long breath, but she did not speak.

"And there are some other suspected interventions that I miss," continued Margaret. "Those two pretty house-maids, with the white caps and the pink cheeks and bright eyes, who swept and dusted and waited so beautifully; and the coachman, with the shining carriage and horses, that came so punctually to your door every morning—they stood between you and your health. I felt almost sure of it. Don't you remember the headache and languor you used to suffer from? And the 'rubbists' that used to visit you, and the doctor's electrical treatments?"

"I couldn't afford them now," said Mrs. Worden. "Such bills would ruin us."

"And now you do not need them. You look so firm and active, and you have such color in your cheeks. Forgive me, dear, but I noticed the mouthfuls you took between spreading the baby's bread and cutting Mabel's meat and helping me, and I saw that you were hungry."

"I hardly have time to know it, but I *am* really hungry at meal-times. And I have wondered to find how many hours at a time I could be on my feet. Indeed, I *am* thankful for better health. What should I have done without it?"

"And, my dear, where is John's cigar?"

"Oh, he gave it up. Wasn't it good of him? Right in the midst of the trouble, too. I was frightened to have him do it, and yet I was glad. When I married him I thought I liked the odor of a good cigar; but it was getting to be always in his mouth. I was jealous of it. It seemed to make him indifferent even to me. Yes, I will own that was an intervention between us, Margaret. And oh! how good and kind he is! If you were not here he would be reading his paper to me, and talking about it, too."

"Then I am an intervention now?"

"No, no; it's far better to talk with you than to hear any newspaper. But, indeed, our trouble has brought us nearer to one another. He has been my great, great comfort."

"And you have been his. Dear Helen, I think you have taken it all so nobly!"

The tears came to Helen's eyes, and she wept a little with her head upon her friend's shoulder. Presently she said:

"We have learned to say, 'Give us this day our daily bread' with some real asking in the prayer."

"There were interventions between you and God swept away in that loss?"

"Yes; we had to come *near* to Him, asking for common things—shelter and work, and strength and sense to know how to live this new life."

"Then, if God has put you in better possession of your health, and your children, and your husband, and Himself this year, don't you think we ought to have a growing, happy year?"

"Does he always leave the best?" said Helen.

"Always; He only takes what intervenes between us and that."

And there *was* a very happy New Year's next day, when Mr. and Mrs. Worden, with Maurice, went peacefully to church, and Margaret took Jessie into the kitchen with her and allowed her to help dress the turkey, and make the cranberry sauce, and "snow" the potatoes—yes, and even let her make a lemon pudding with her own hands. Over that pudding was more pride and rejoicing than over the finest 'royal diploma ique' that ever a French cook manufactured. It is true there were only two courses at that dinner, instead of seven as at last year's, and there was no company except Margaret. But there were some flowers, which she had secretly sent Bridget and Mabel and the baby to buy; and there were four good children, who did not come and go with the dessert, but sat all through the dinner like little gentlemen and ladies, and were unspeakably happy playing games afterward.

And when they were in bed their father said, thoughtfully:

"Helen, I believe there are some ways in which this home is a better one for our children than the old one."

"Please God, we will make it so," said Helen, humbly.—*Elizabeth Glover, in Christian Union.*

## UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

### A Search for a Fairy That Proved Fruitless.

GRACE ELLERTON sat with busy fingers and aching head and heart in Madam Moore's dress-making establishment; her fingers were busy with the finishing of an exquisite, fancy costume for Miss Constance Bolton, the belle of the season. Her head and heart were filled with memories of other Christmas Eves, when she, too, had been a belle, and queened it royally in her set. Her father had been wealthy, and the close of her first season in society was marked by her engagment to Walter Harcourt, "a splendid match," the wise ones said. Soon after the betrothal, Mr. Harcourt was obliged to go to Europe. He was detained longer than he expected, but letters were frequent, and Grace was happy in anticipating his return.

The great fire of 1871 swept over her native city, and not only left her family home-

"OH, MISS ELLERTON!"

less, but well-nigh penniless. Mr. Ellerton made almost superhuman efforts to rescue his dear ones from the devouring flames, and, though he succeeded, it was at the expense of his own life. Kind friends sheltered the homeless ones for the time, and Grace wrote to her lover, telling him of their great loss, and anxiously awaited his reply and speedy return.

But no letter came, her heart grew sick with hope deferred, and then her pride rose; she was no longer the petted daughter of a millionaire, but a poor girl and if she had been mistaken in her lover's fidelity, she would not be the object of his pity. So she determined to be independent of all friends, and after securing the pittance which was all that these helpless women could claim, she took her mother and hid away from her fashionable friends, and tried to earn their living. How many times she longed for the quick business mind which could have evolved system from this chaos, and have rescued a competence from the unscrupulous partners who assured her there was nothing more for them in the wreck of the great business which her father had built up. What could she do? She had always been distinguished for her taste in dress, and her exquisite toilettes were the envy of many of her friends. This seemed to be her most available talent and she sought and obtained a situation in Madam Moore's fashionable establishment, and was soon intrusted with the designing of the most elaborate and particular parts of the elegant costumes sent out from those rooms.

And thus it was that Grace Ellerton was busy making the garment that her former friend Constance Bolton expected to wear at the grand fancy ball she was to give on Christmas eve, five years after her own disappearance from society. She never was seen by madame's patrons; her work was to elaborate and complete the garniture of the costumes ordered. In this case it was likewise a labor of love, for pretty Constance had been very dear to her in former days, and only her own pride had prevented a continuance of their friendship, for she had so effectually concealed herself from all her friends, that even Constance had no idea of her position.

The costume was for a fairy and Grace had allowed her fancy and taste full play in the design and execution of the dainty fabric. It would suit her sweet face, and petite form well, dear little Constance; she thought of the many times her own stately beauty had been seen in contrast with her friends, and the sharp contrast now brought a sigh to the proud lips which seldom murmured.

But the costume was complete and must be delivered at once, for it was almost time for the dainty hostess to begin her toilette.

Hastily ringing a bell for a messenger, she waited impatiently. Madam Moore herself entered, in dismay.

"Oh, Miss Ellerton, the messengers have all gone home, and Miss Bolton's costume not yet delivered; what shall I do? and she wrung her hands in despair. "That idle Jane, I bade her await my orders and I find her not here; the robe must go, it will cost me Miss Bolton's patronage if it is not delivered in season."

"Do not distress yourself, Madam I myself will deliver the garment at Miss Bolton's residence."

"Oh, thank you, but it is a long distance, do you know where it is?"

"I know," she replied, bitterly thinking of the many times she had gone as a guest where she now proposed to go as a servant, but she would leave the box at the door, and not see any of the family.

She stopped at her own humble home to tell her mother where she was going, and then started on her errand.

The house she sought was miles away, on the west side of the great city, and when she left the street-cars she was still some distance away, and to her dismay she found the hour much later than she thought, and a driving snow-storm blowing from the boundless prairies, joined to many changes in the city, completely bewildered her.

Meantime the maid had finished the arrangement of Miss Bolton's hair, and only awaited the arrival of the robe to complete the picture of as beautiful a sprite as ever left fairy land.

"It grows late, Miss Constance—what shall I do?"

"I can't understand it. Madam Moore said she would submit my idea to the designer, and she promised a complete success—something unique. She never disap-

"EXCUSE ME," SAID THE POLICEMAN.

pointed me before; but there, it will never do for me to sit here all evening." Resting her dimpled chin on her hand she considered a moment, then brightly said:

"I have an idea, Finette, get me up as a sister of charity, we can easily manage it, and it will be a surprise to every one," and she laughed merrily as she thought of one who had expected to meet her as queen of the fairies.

A few hours later a dem