



WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAYO BUNKER



HERE was once, in a far-away country, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the top.

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clear and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir, the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. But for many long years they had never been heard. It was said that people had been growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the chimes.

Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes falling in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stopped to look at it.

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment he stood up and said:

"It's no use, Little Brother. You will have to go on alone."

"Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And you not see the Christmas festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the

glance and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow. The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the walls shook with the sound, and Little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be



laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer brought his book, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly, but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed—so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

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CHRISTMAS WEEK!

Candy

We buy candy from the manufacturer and sell cheaper than anybody, quality considered.

10c A. B. Bon Bons...4c
20c Cream Bon Bons...12c
20c broken Taffy...12c
15c hard mixed candy...10c
25c Chocolates...12c
Good mixed candy...8c
20c Coconut Squares...12c

Oranges

Fancy sweet naval oranges, extra large, 3 for...10c
Nice size oranges, doz...20c

Ladies' Skirts and Petticoats

A large line at prices you cannot duplicate elsewhere.

Men's and Ladies' Mittens and Gloves

A suitable gift at moderate prices, large assortment.

is almost gone. Don't wait till the last minute. Take advantage of the

Big Public Sale

and do your shopping.

We keep open even.

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THURSDAY,
FRIDAY and
SATURDAY
NIGHTS

BOSTON STORE

THE BIG BLUE SIGNS will guide you to the best place to get useful presents.

Don't forget that our big store is full of useful presents for Santa and the Public Sale ends Saturday night.

Overcoats

The biggest bargains you ever saw in gray, brown and black, plain and stripes.

\$10.00 value\$5.89
\$12.50 value 6.48
\$15.00 value 7.48
\$20.00 value 9.48

Rugs

Make elegant Christmas presents. We have bargains at \$1.48, \$1.98 and \$2.98.

Ribbons

Fancy ribbons, wide and pretty, 25c value, yard .17c

Trunks, Suit Cases and Hand Bags

at Public Sale prices, all good Christmas gifts.

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This Week's Poetry

Wilbur D. Nesbit

HERE'LL be a lot of jingling verse concerning mother's pies, And then some rhyme a little worse about the "sombre skies"; We'll get the "sighing of the breeze," the "dying leaves," and, oh, For fear that these should fail to please, we'll get the b. b. snow; For all about and all around the poets seize the pen, Likewise the rhymes they last year found, and write them once again.

BILLION poems, more or less, in cadence sad or gay, Have added to the world's distress since first we had the day—The joyous day of giving thanks, and wondering for why, Except to thin the turkey's ranks and gormandise on pie. In every town from Higginsville to Boston-on-the-Bay, Old Pegasus they nearly kill about Thanksgiving day.

BUT, what's the odds? They've got to be, along with all the rest, We have to have the poetry, to know how much we're blest. The poems may not be so grand, but all our woes will cease, When we're filled with turkey and our souls are full of peace. When we assimilate the pies, and other things—well, say we'll bless the rhyming thoughts that rise about Thanksgiving day.

Too Much. "Slave," said Abdul Hamid to his grand vizier, "have the American comic papers arrived?" "They have. O incandescent light of the world, brother of the moon and first cousin to the comets," answered that official.

"Bring them hither." It was done, and after one glance at them the Sultan kicked his best hookah out of the window, ordered his favorite dancing girl bowstrung, and threw the papers at the head of the grand vizier.

"Is it not enough," he roared, "to have the foreigners coming here and collecting money through thy carelessness, without having my majestic self and my enlightened realm mixed up in the annual Thanksgiving jokes again?"

C. O. D. The dyspeptic guest gazed longingly at the crisp, brown turkey, the mashed potatoes, celery, cranberries, etc., and sighed, with a mournful intonation: "I'll have to pay for this tomorrow, I know." The host took a thoughtful expression and remarked: "I wish I'd known that. They made me pay for it yesterday."

Growing Reminiscent Now. Teacher dear, in defining the word "reminiscent" told the class: "Reminiscent" means something that calls up memories of things and incidents that have gone before—something that brings a previous fact before us." Yesterday she asked the class to define "reminiscent," when the little wise boy answered: "Turkey."

The Thanksgiving Turk. At midnight, in his guarded coop, The turk sat, dreaming of the hour, When loud the dinner bell should ring With all its most insistent power. The boarders also dreamed of him, And how, for something like two weeks, They'd be reminded of the turk In hash, which sometimes almost speaks.

Two Losers. "I lose money on every meal," complained the Landlady. "So do I," asserted the Captious Boarder. Whereupon they glared at each other for some moments.

Meeting of the Waters. From Oct. 31 to Nov. 4, 1840. In France the Saone poured its waters into the Rhone, broke its banks, covered 60,000 acres and immersed a number of cities and villages. Six hundred and eighteen houses were carried away and many lives sacrificed. It was the first time in 238 years that the Saone had risen so high.

Something Good. "Dear," said a young wife to her husband as he was leaving for the office, "won't you bring home something good for dinner this evening?" "Something good?" repeated the bewildered young husband, to whom marketing was a closed book. "Yes," repeated the wife, "something really good, you know." "Oh, yes!" he replied as a light seemed to break upon him. And he brought home the minister—Ladies' Home Journal.

The First Music. The father of song, music and dancing, all three, was the savage who first clapped hands and shouted in time at some rude festival of his tribe. From that clapping and shouting has been evolved the whole art of instrumental music, including even the entrancing complexities of the modern symphony. From that shout or rudimentary emotional utterance has proceeded by a kindred evolution the whole art of vocal music down to the modern opera or oratorio. From the savage leap has come every variety of dancing, from the country break-down to the beautiful waltzes of the city ballroom.—New York American.

THREE GREAT VIRTUES. There are three great virtues to which every one should be dedicated—the virtue of civilization, which is politeness; the virtue of morality, which is conscientiousness, and the virtue of religion, which is humility.

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500 acres, good, level land, deep soil, well improved, 1 1/2 miles from live town and shipping point at \$50.00 per acre.
120 acres, well improved, 1 1/2 miles from town and shipping point at \$50.00 per acre.
160 acres, well improved, 1 1/2 miles from one of the best towns in the county and shipping points at \$60.00 per acre.
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City lots a plenty. Small lots, large lots, acre property, cheap homes, moderate priced homes, elegant homes, store buildings, stocks of merchandise, all sizes, all prices. TERMS TO SUIT ON ANYTHING YOU BUY.
FARMS AND RANCHES. Any size from 40 acre truck farm to 25000 grazing proposition in Missouri, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma at prices from \$15.00 up.

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA