People who did not know the Bertrams wondered how it were possible for so many children to live in so small a house. When Dr. Bertram built the house it was considered of very good size, but that was many years ago, and since then five bright, happy children had come to crowd the little brown house. On one side of them lived a little boy who was an only child and the idol of his father and mother. He had the enviable reputation of having everything he wanted. When some of the little Bertrams wished they were as fortunate as Lawrence Cole, their sister Helen, who was 14, would say:

"Oh, it wouldn't be nice to have all the things we want—there wouldn't be anything to wish for, and wishing is such fun!"

Of their neighbor on the other side the children stood in great awe. He was a bachelor named Samuel Jorden, who lived all alone, and who detested children; and how in the world he happened to build a house right next to the little brown house full of them is not known.

But, in spite of all the wealth on either side of them, the Bertrams were the happiest, most contented of families. There was always such fun there, with never a dull day, so that every child in the neighborhood loved to go there, but after dinner at night was the jolliest time, when Dr. Bertram was at home. They would all gather around the open fire in the library and everyone had to tell what he and she had been doing all day. Then they would have a little music from Helen and her mother, and the girl would transfer them all to an ideal world with the music from her violin. Then came the procession to bed, where Marjorie would be carried, half asleep. The queer thing about the Bertram family was that everyone was utterly different in look and character, so that one never knew just which one they loved best.

It was only the third day before Christmas, when Dorothy, who was just "half past six," went up stairs to find her mother. She had a wistful look on her little face that one could never resist.

"Mother, dear, have I got something for everybody now?"

"Yes, Dorothy, I think you have, and you have helped me very much, besides," answered her mother.

"Well, then, would you please give me just fifteen cents more and let me go out all alone and spend it?"

"Why, yes, my child, you may have that. I suppose it is some great mystery, isn't it, and I mustn't ask?" said Mrs. Bertram.

"No, please don't ask—ever!" said the child earnestly.

"Ever!" thought her mother, as the child went out, "what can she be going to do with it?

It was almost dark when Dorothy opened the door of a florist's little shop, two blocks down the street. Never was a child who loved flowers more than this little maid, and she would talk to them as she would to her dolls. She was a frequent visitor at this shop, and when the other children hurried off to a candy store with an occasional five cents, she usually spent

"I WANT ALL YOU CAN GIVE ME."

hers for a few pretty flowers. So as she stood there hesitatingly, the man smiled and asked her what she wished.

"I want all you can give me of some kind that smells sweet, for fifteen cents. I suppose the flowers are all very dear, aren't they?" she added dubiously, but the man had disappeared inside the glass closet, and when he brought out a lovely bunch of Dorothy's favorite cinnamon pinks, she fairly danced. He was very generous with his little customer and gave her eight blossoms, sweet and fresh.

It was quite dark when Dorothy arrived home, but she went straight on past her door, and, wonder of wonders! she turned in at the gate of Mr. Jorden's house!

"Please might I see Mr. Jorden for a minute?" she asked the astonished maid who opened the door just wide enough to look out.

"Well, I never! you don't know how he hates children, I guess," she said, opening the door wider.

A big lump, which she tried to swallow, came up in Dorothy's throat.

"Yes, I do, but may I just see him a minute? I won't bother him."

"Well, I don't know what he'll say, I'm sure," said the girl, as she led the way through the beautiful hall to a door at which she knocked.

"Here, sir, is one of them children that lives next door. She's got some message, I guess."

And in one second Dorothy found the door shut behind her, and there, in the chair before the fire, sat Mr. Jorden.

"Well, what is it you want, little girl?" said he as he turned toward her. "Be quick, for I am very busy."

"Oh, are you busy?" asked Dorothy, surprised, because he was not doing anything but looking at the fire. "I—I only wanted to give you these, sir, and I'll go right away.

The man stared hard at the white paper parcel she held out to him.

"Flowers?" said he.

"Yes."

"For what, may I ask?"

"Just for Christmas, because you live all alone. Good-bye," and she was gone.

The pretty flowers had begun to fade by the warm fire before Mr. Jorden came out of the brown study into which he had fallen.

"God bless her brave little heart," said he, as he held Dorothy's flowers.

* * * * *

The first joy of the Christmas tree was over, the presents were all distributed, and every one of the little Bertrams were sitting around admir-

"FLOWERS!" HE SAID.

ing the candles and the clever trimming of the tree.

"There goes the door bell again," said someone.

"Do you think Santa Claus has come back!" asked Marjorie.

It was a great disappointment to her when she saw her mother shaking hands with Mr. Jorden. He looked rather sad, though he smiled at them all. There was a bright carnation in his buttonhole, the sight of which made Dorothy want to get behind someone.

"How happy you look," said the visitor, sitting down. "I could see you through my side windows—I have often looked in upon you, and tonight I took the liberty of joining you for half an hour. Shall I intrude?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Bertram. "You are very welcome."

Mr. Jorden drew Dorothy toward him and kissed her.

"Do you know," he said, turning to look at them all, "that a man may grow to be fifty years old and learn for the first time what he should always have known. It is this little girl who has taught me how sweet and comforting a child may be, and I used to think they were put into the world only to annoy people."

This was Mr. Jorden's conversion, and though all the children grew to love him, it was Dorothy who became his daily companion and friend.

Christmas Waits.

In England the "waits" are musicians who play throughout the towns and cities at night, for two or three weeks preceding Christmas. They call on the inhabitants for donations. At one time it was the custom to let out this privilege to one man, who was privileged to hire as many waits as he chose and to take a goodly percentage of the profits, none others but his players being allowed to engage in this occupation.

She Knew.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the first class in grammar.

"Things that grows on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

Cast Care to the Winds.

Holly berries red and bright,
Wealth of candles flick'ring light,
Christmas in the air!
Childish faces all aglow,
Outside sleigh bells in the snow—
Banished is dull care.

Older wiseheads for the time
Join in sport and song and rhyme—
Happy Christmastide!
Mem'ry brings back golden youth,
Eyes then seeing only youth,
Ever at its side.

Joy tonight is crowned the queen
Of the festive Christmas scene.
May her rule be long!
None can claim a rebel heart
With her foll'wers forms a part—
Theirs a gladsome song!

A Bit of Deception.

She stood beneath no chandelier
Entwined with mistletoe;
I glanced the hall-length far and near,
I looked both high and low;
No license for a kiss was hung,
'Twas near a failure flat,
When lo, I spied a sprig among
The feathers on her hat.

Roy Farrell Greene.

Old Santy is no phantom prim—
The cheer he brings cures many ills;
Thro' dreamland's door we follow him,
And lose the thought of New Year's bills.

Old English Customs.

It was customary in former days, in Cornwall, England, for the people to meet on Christmas eve at the bottom of the deepest mines and have a midnight mass.

In some parts of Derbyshire the village choir assemble in the church on Christmas eve and there wait until midnight, when they proceed from house to house, invariably accompanied by a keg of ale, singing "Christians, Awake!" During the week they again visit the principal houses in the place, and having played and sang for the evening, and partaken of the Christmas cheer, are presented with a sum of money.

In Chester and its neighborhood numerous singers parade the streets, and are hospitably entertained with meat and drink at the various houses where they call.

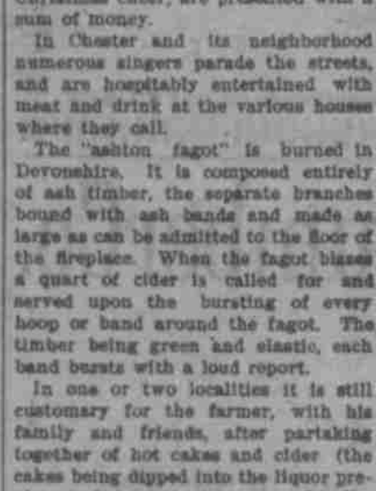
The "ashton fagot" is burned in Devonshire. It is composed entirely of ash timber, the separate branches bound with ash bands and made as large as can be admitted to the floor of the fireplace. When the fagot blazes a quart of cider is called for and served upon the bursting of every hoop or band around the fagot. The timber being green and elastic, each band bursts with a loud report.

In one or two localities it is still customary for the farmer, with his family and friends, after partaking together of hot cakes and cider (the cakes being dipped into the liquor previous to being eaten) to proceed to the orchard, one or the party bearing hot cake and cider as an offering to the principal apple tree. The cake is formally deposited on the fork of the tree and the cider thrown upon the cake and tree.

A superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire that at 12 o'clock at night on Christmas eve the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees as in an attitude of devotion.

One John Martyn, by will, on Nov. 28, 1729, gave to the church wardens and overseers of the poor of the parish, St. Mary Major, Exeter, £30, to be put out at interest, and the profits thereof to be laid out every Christmas eve in twenty pieces of beef, to be distributed to twenty of the poorest people in the parish, said charity to be continued forever.

Santa Will Stay.



There are a lot of people
Who love to wag their jaws
And tell the children plainly
There is no Santa Claus.

No Santa Claus—what nonsense
Down childish throats to ram,
You might as well inform them
There is no Uncle Sam!

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE CORN SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her lavish horn.

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift,
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift,
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair;
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come.
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meed of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of soup and milk,
By homes pure beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn,
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly!

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our father's trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

—J. G. Whittier.

A Narrow Escape

"Don't speak so loudly," said the younger of the two men.

The man with the gray hair and gray face looked round anxiously. "I wasn't, was I?"

"Consider where we are. Don't whisper, either. And if I might give a word of advice, I shouldn't let myself get excited if I were you; it's not good for you. You're trembling all over now. Take a pull at your glass, and you'll be all right. Now then."

The old man drank, and wiped his mouth carefully with a colored handkerchief. "It isn't even as if it had been my fault," he said almost whimpering. "I was coming down the steps as he was coming up. He suddenly lurched off, avoiding somebody else, and ran into me. Then he said it. 'Why the deuce don't you look where you're going?' he said. 'Go to the devil, you clumsy lout!' he said. That's twenty years' service. Twenty years I've been their trusted servant, and then to be spoken to like a dog. Oh, I shall never get over it!"

"And that was when it first occurred to you?"

"The first and only time. I'd got £2,703, gold and notes, in my bag at the moment. Yes, I could have made him pay dear for that insult. Suppose I hadn't gone to Lombard street with the cash at all. Suppose I had just gone off somewhere——"

"Bash!"

The old man lowered his voice again. "What I mean to say is that there was plenty in that bag to keep me in comfort the few years I've got left. Though I may last a good bit yet in spite of the doctors."

"What's the good of talking about it? You didn't do it. You went your usual round, paid the money in same as usual, and put up with your treatment. You haven't got the courage of your opinions. You'll always put up with anything."

"Oh, no, I won't! Perhaps I've got as much courage as some younger men. Once I can reconcile a thing to my judgment and conscience, you'd find I take a bit of stopping. If I didn't like that what I've been speaking of, I may find something else that I do. I've been used to civil treatment all my life, and I'm not going to tolerate insults now that I am old."

"If you'd done what you first intended, I don't deny that you'd have hit him a nasty one. But there's nothing else you can do. Suppose you started to give him a bit of cheek; you'd be thrown out of his office before you were half way through, and bang would go your pension. Suppose you went to him and said you wanted to leave owing to the way you've been treated. There again he saves the pension. It may be difficult, as you say, to find a man whom you can trust with large sums, but it's not impossible. You'd have pleased him a good deal more than you would have punished him. No, there's only one way to give him a good slap in the face, and you lighted on that first time."

"I never took so much as a pin from anybody in my life."

"Of course you didn't. Do you think I don't know you well enough not to talk about stealing to you? There's no question of that. Twenty years you've been with them, and underpaid the whole time, as you've often told me. That must be put right. Then you should sacrifice that. What you've a just claim to you'd take, and no more."

"They wouldn't understand it that way."

"You could write them a letter explaining. If I were treated like a dog I'd show them I could bite like one, too. But here, you're not drinking. Same again, miss, please." * * *

"You couldn't have anything much simpler," said the young man a little later. "It will be June 19, won't it?"

"If I do it."

"There's next to nothing for you to do, Tarrant. I shall be waiting for you in the cab at the corner. You've only got to step in, and after that all the arrangements will be in my hands. I'll have you on the other side of the channel before Lampson and Bird know that their money's gone."

"And you agree to return to them anything which may be left over after I've taken what I am really entitled to?"

The young man suppressed a smile. "Certainly," he said. "You can do all that when you write to them to explain. After all, you're only giving them a punishment that they deserve. People who use beastly and insulting language to a man who has been their trusted servant for twenty years want a lesson. You are going to show them that you can hit back."

"But if the police——"

"We don't leave an address behind us. The police would do great things if they could find us, but they won't be able to find us."

"I'll do it," said old Tarrant. "On the 19th. You be waiting in the cab at 12 o'clock. I shall be there within a few minutes of that time."

But when the 19th came the young man waited in a cab for an hour but saw nothing of Tarrant. He went home then, cursing him for his cowardice and defection. * * *

There is a tombstone in the cemetery at Kensal Green to the memory of Alfred William Tarrant, who died somewhat suddenly on June 18th. It states that he merited and enjoyed the affection of his friends, the confidence of his employers and the respect of all who knew him.—Times-Herald.

Bulldog as a Swimmer.

A few persons who happened to be on the landing at Canarsie, Jamaica Bay, early one morning, witnessed an ill-matched swimming race. The contestants were two dogs, a Newfoundland and a bulldog. The result was unexpected. The bull, by the strength and pluck characteristic of his race, won from the Newfoundland by nearly one hundred yards, in spite of his rival's natural swimming advantages.

Mr. Kennedy, the owner of Badger, the victor, and a neighbor of his who owns the big Newfoundland had arranged some time ago to have this race come off. Last Tuesday morning they went out in a rowboat, taking both dogs with them. After they had rowed some distance across the "Flats," the Newfoundland, at a signal from his master, jumped into the water, but the bull had to be thrown overboard. Mr. Kennedy, who was at the oars, pulled away for shore as fast as he could, the Newfoundland immediately following the boat with the long, sweeping, powerful stroke usual to these natural swimmers. But Badger lost time by turning round and round a couple of times when he reached the surface after his unexpected plunge. As soon as he espied the boat, however, and heard his master calling him, he literally walked through the water to the boat.

Badger swam with quick, strong strokes of his powerful forelegs, a sort of "overhand," which looked as if he were trying to pull himself out of the water. He, of course, wasted much of his strength in this attempt to lift himself out, while his more skillful opponent went ahead quickly and easily through the water. It was interesting to note that the Newfoundland swam with only the top of his head showing above the surface of the water, while the bulldog kept his entire head and the greater part of his neck above the surface. Though less skillful the latter's smaller body and greater strength soon told. He quickly overhauled his antagonist and soon passed him, constantly increasing the lead to the finish, when it was nearly one hundred yards.

Both dogs were pretty well winded when pulled out, Badger less than the other, and he recovered sooner than the Newfoundland. They are both fine, well-grown specimens of their breeds. The Newfoundland won a second prize at the dog show a few years ago.

The race was the result of an argument between the masters of the two dogs, in which Mr. Kennedy maintained that the strength and endurance of the bull would overcome the skill of the other dog, and facts showed that Mr. Kennedy was correct in his view. He based it upon an event which happened within the personal knowledge of one of his ancestors. Mr. Kennedy's grandfather was an Englishman and served as first mate on a merchantman plying between London and Halifax. This vessel was wrecked a couple of miles off shore in a dense fog. On board were three prize dogs of the Newfoundland variety, which were being exported to a sporting club in London. The captain tried to send a line ashore by means of these dogs and thus open communication with land. One of the dogs was put overboard with a strong, thin line fastened to his collar. He was killed almost instantly by a wave driving a broken spar against him. More care was taken with the other two dogs, but each was overcome by the terrific sea running, and was drowned before half the distance had been covered.

As a last resort Mr. Kennedy's grandfather suggested making a trial with the captain's brindled bulldog, and his suggestion was acted upon. After almost five hours of terrific struggling with the raging sea the brave dog was tenderly lifted out of the water, barely alive, and saved from the rocks upon which he would have been dashed to death. That bulldog saved the lives of all the men on board that ship by his pluck and endurance. It is quite natural for Mr. Kennedy to set store by bulldogs and Badger in particular, for he is a descendant of the brindled bull that did for his grandfather what three prize Newfoundlands could not do.

MEANING OF MONEY.

Some Thoughtful Suggestions as to Its Use.

What, after all, does money mean? Merely golden sovereigns. Do we, if we have it, sit all the time in our cellar running our skinny hands through the glittering pile? No, that is not what money means. It does not, to be sure, mean, either, the biggest things in life, for only inward grace can give those; but it can supplement the biggest, in that it may give us the means of using them to the best advantage.

Money cannot give the gift of making the friends worth having, or of deserving those friends; but it means greater and more agreeable possibilities of frequenting them. It cannot give the power of understanding books, but to those who can understand, it gives the power of buying books to read, without stint. It cannot give the heaven-sent rapture in pictorial or musical art, but it gives the possibility of enjoying it more often. It cannot give us good and gifted children, but it may help us to train them to advantage.

The best is not to be bought with money, but the setting of the best is. For this reason is the possession of it a crucial test, especially when newly acquired; and for those who have no gentle tastes to gratify, a dazzling light suddenly shed on their barren existence, revealing with unsparing conspicuousness the vulgar channels in which alone it occurs to them that wealth should run.

It is no doubt good that wealth should be spent and not hoarded; the purpose of any currency is that it should ultimately be exchanged for something that it will buy. That the something should be worth having is of course essential. But what people spend their money on generally does, at the moment, appear to themselves to be worth buying. It is other people who feel it is not. What money brings us should add to the adornment, the beauty, the seemliness of life, whether we buy with it things or ideas. That is the thing to grasp. Let us recognize as sanely and wisely as we can that the defects incidental to the possession of wealth need not be inevitable, if we are on our guard against them.—Nineteenth Century.

USING JACK FROST.

Turning to Account the Expansion of Freezing Water.

It is related that when the great Egyptian obelisk, which stands before St. Peter's in Rome, was set up, the tackle got the big stone into nearly the proper position and then was incapable of completing its work. The engineers who were directing the operation were paralyzed with dismay, but suddenly a sailor in the crowd shouted, "Wet the ropes!" This advice was acted upon, the ropes shrank in consequence, and the obelisk was raised into place. A somewhat similar, though much less thrilling story is related by a steamship engineer in the American Machinist. A steamship from the Argentine Republic for Antwerp had called at Dunkirk, France, in the wintering season, to leave some freight, and on starting to sea again struck her propeller against a stone wall and broke off one blade close to the boss or central knob and lost part of another blade. On reaching Antwerp the vessel was put into dry dock, so as to substitute a new propeller for the broken one. All four blades were cast with the boss, and, therefore, it was necessary to remove the whole thing from the shaft before the new propeller could be put on. But the boss stuck to the shaft so snugly that it could not be started. After two days' delay the first assistant engineer, who was a Yankee, adopted the following plan: He undertook to split the boss in two. First, he made his men chisel out a gutter on the under side, reaching fore and aft, so as to favor cracking along that line. Then he had them make a similar one on top. In the meantime a hole was drilled in from the outside to the center. The boss was not solid all the way down, but was hollow, and fitted the shaft only at front and rear. The chamber thus left was now filled with water, and the hole closed by a screw plug. Ropes were attached to the right and left hand sides of the propeller to hold them in case they should fall, and the job was left for the night. Next morning the halves were separate, the boss having split along the two lines cut in its outer surface. The expansion of the confined water, freezing, did the business; and the assistant engineer got a good deal of glory.

Recreation at a Post Office.

The St. Louis post office is to be equipped with a bowling alley. A sectional double alley is to be laid in the gymnasium for the accommodation of the clerks and carriers, the present intention being to partition off a section of the basement reading room, although this may be changed. The carriers' and clerks' lounging place is at the Eighth and Olive street corner. The carriers' association and the brass band use the room for meeting and rehearsal purposes, the local and railway mail clerks between runs and watches while away their time there, and the extra carriers also for rest repair to the basement rendezvous. Correspondence tables, reading tables, and an athletic equipment, including trapeze, horizontal bars, bucks, poles, rings, dumbbells, footballs and exercisers are installed there.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The most sensible woman in the world will talk baby talk to her husband and say "Bess his ole heart?" long after he has got baldheaded.