

IN THE MIDST OF ALARMS

ROBT. BARR, IN "LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE."

CHAPTER XIII.

Yates walked merrily down the road, whistling "Gayly the Troubadour." Perhaps there is no moment in a man's life that he feels the joy of being alive more keenly than when he goes to propose to a girl of whose favorable answer he is reasonably sure, unless he has the moment he walks away an accepted lover. There is a magic about a June night, with its soft velvety darkness and its sweet mild air laden with the perfumes of wood and field. The enchantment of the hour threw its spell over the young man, and he resolved to live a better life and be worthy of the girl he had chosen, or, rather, that Fate had chosen for him. He paused a moment leaning over the fence near to the Howard homestead for he had not yet settled in his own mind the details of the meeting. He would not go in, for in that case he knew he would have to talk, perhaps for hours, with every one but the person he wished to see. If he announced himself and asked to see Margaret alone, his very beginning: Yates was naturally too much of a diplomat to commence awkwardly. As he stood there, wishing chance would bring her out of the house, there appeared a light in the doorway of the room where he knew the convalescent boy lay. Margaret's shadow formed a silhouette on the blind. Yates caught up a handful of sand and flung it lightly against the pane. Its soft patter evidently attracted the attention of the girl, for after a moment's pause the window opened carefully, and Margaret stepped quickly out and closed it, quietly standing there.

"Margaret," whispered Yates, hardly above his breath.

The girl advanced towards the fence.

"Is that you?" she whispered in return, with an accent on the last word that thrilled her listener. The accent told as plainly as speech that the word represented the one man on earth to her.

"Yes," answered Yates, springing over the fence and approaching her.

"Oh!" cried Margaret, starting back, then checking herself with a catch in her voice. "You—you startled me—Mr. Yates."

"Not Mr. Yates any more, Margaret, but Dick. Margaret, I wanted to see you alone. You know why I have come. He tried to grasp both her hands, but she put them resolutely behind her, seemingly wishing to retreat, yet standing her ground.

"Margaret, you must have seen long ago how it is with me. I love you, Margaret, loyally and truly. It seems as if I had loved you all my life. I certainly have since the first day I saw you."

"Oh, Mr. Yates, you must not talk to me like this."

"My darling, how else can I talk to you? It cannot be a surprise to you, Margaret. You must have known it long ago."

"I did not. Indeed I did not, if you really mean it."

"Mean it? I never meant anything as I mean this. It is everything to me, and nothing else is anything. I have knocked about the world a good deal, I admit, but I never was in love before, never knew what love was until I met you. I tell you that."

"Please, please, Mr. Yates, do not say anything more. If it is really true, I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I hope nothing I have said or done has made you believe that—that—oh, I do not know what to say. I never thought you could be in earnest about anything."

"You surely cannot have so misjudged me, Margaret. Others have, but I did not expect of you. You are far away better than I am. No one knows that better than I. I do not pretend to be worthy of you. But I will be a good husband to you. Any man who gets the love of a good woman," continued Yates, earnestly, plagiarizing Renmark, "gets more than he deserves; but surely such love as mine is not given merely to be scornfully trampled under foot."

"I do not treat you—your scornfully. I am only sorry if what you say is true."

"Why do you say it is true? Don't you know it is true?"

"Then I am very sorry,—very, very sorry, and I hope it is through no fault of mine. But you will soon forget me. When you return to New York—"

"Margaret," said the young man, bitterly. "I shall never forget you. Think what you are doing, before it is too late. Think how much this means to me. If you finally refuse me, you that of you, ruin the life of the man who loves you."

"I'm not a missionary," cried Margaret, with sudden anger. "If your life is to be wrecked it will be through your own foolishness, and not from any act of mine. I think it cowardly of you to say that I am to influence your future one way or another."

"Not for good, Margaret?" asked Yates, with tender reproach.

"No. A man whose good or bad conduct depends on any one else but himself is not my ideal of a man."

"Tell me what your ideal is, so that I may try to attain it."

Margaret was silent.

"You think it will be useless for me to try?"

"As far as I am concerned, yes."

"Margaret, I want to ask you one more question. I have no right to, but I beg you to answer me. Are you in love with any one else?"

"No," cried Margaret hotly. "How dare you ask me such a question?"

"Oh, it is not a crime,—that is, being in love with one's self is not. I'll tell you why I dare ask. I swear by all the gods that I shall win you, if not this year, then next, and if not next, then the year after. I was a coward to talk as I did; but I love you more now than I did even then. All I want to know is that you are not in love with another man."

"I think you are very cruel in persisting as you do, when you have had your answer. I say no. Never! never! never!—this year nor any other year. Is not that enough?"

"Not for me. A woman's 'no' may ultimately mean 'yes.'"

"That is true, Mr. Yates," replied Mar-

garet, drawing herself up as one who makes a final plunge. "You remember the question you asked me just now?—whether I cared for any one else? I said 'no.' That 'no' meant 'yes.'"

He was standing between her and the window, so she could not escape by the way she came. He saw she meditated flight, and made as though he would intercept her, but she was too quick for him. She ran around the house, and he heard a door open and shut.

He knew he was defeated. Dejectedly he turned to the fence, climbing slowly over where he had leaped so lightly a few minutes before, and walked down the road, cursing his fate. Although he admitted he was a coward in talking to her as he did about his wrecked life, yet he knew now that every word he had spoken was true. What did the future hold out to him? Not even the incentive to live. He found himself walking towards the tent, but not wishing to meet Renmark in his present frame of mind, he turned and came out on the Ridge Road. He was tired and broken, and resolved to stay in camp until they arrested him. Then perhaps she might have some pity on him. Who was the other man she loved? or had she merely said that to give finality to her refusal? In his present mood he pictured the worst, and imagined her the wife of some neighboring farmer,—perhaps even of Stoliker. These country-girls, he said to himself, never believed a man was worth looking at unless he owned a farm. He would save his money and buy up the whole neighborhood; then she would realize what she had missed. He climbed up on a fence beside the road, and sat on the top rail, with his heels resting on a lower one, so that he might enjoy his misery without the fatigue of walking. His vivid imagination pictured himself as in a few years' time the owner of a large section of that part of the country, with mortgages on a good deal of the remainder, including the farm owned by Margaret's husband. He saw her now a farmer's faded wife coming to him and begging for further time in which to pay the seven per cent. due. He knew he would act magnanimously on such an occasion and grandly give her husband all the time he required. Perhaps then she would realize the mistake she had made. Or perhaps fame rather than riches would be his line. His name would ring throughout the land. He might become a great politician and bankrupt Canada with a rigid tariff law. The unfairness of making the whole innocent people suffer for the inconsiderate act of one of them did not occur to him at the moment, for he was humiliated and hurt. There is no bitterness like that which assails the man who has been rejected by the girl he adores,—while it lasts. His eye wandered towards the black mass of the Howard house. It was as dark as his thoughts. He turned his head slowly around, and like a bright star of hope there glimmered up the road a flickering light from the Bartletts' parlor window. Although time was stopped as far as he was concerned, he was convinced it could not be very late, or the Bartletts would have gone to bed. It is always difficult to realize that the greatest of catastrophes are generally over in a few minutes. It seemed an age since he walked so hopefully away from the tent. As he looked at the light the thought struck him that perhaps Kitty was alone in the parlor. She at least would not have treated him so badly as the other girl; and—she was pretty, too, come to think of it. He always did like a blonde better than a brunette.

A fence-rail is not a comfortable seat. It is used in some parts of the country in such a manner as to impress the sitter with the fact of its extreme discomfort, and as a gentle hint that his presence is not wanted in that immediate neighborhood. Yates recoiled this with a smile as he slid off and stumbled into the ditch by the side of the road. His mind had been so preoccupied that he had forgotten about the ditch. As that guided him, he remembered he had recklessly offered Miss Kitty to the callous professor. After all, no one knew about the episode of a short time before except himself and Margaret, and he felt convinced she was not a girl to boast of her conquests. Anyhow, it didn't matter. A man is surely master of himself.

As he neared the window he looked in. People are not particular about lowering the blind in the country. He was rather disappointed to see Mrs. Bartlett sitting there knitting, like the industrious woman she was. Still, it was consoling to note that none of the men-folks were present, and that Kitty, with her fluffly hair half concealing her face, sat reading a book he had lent to her. He rapped at the door, and it was opened by Mrs. Bartlett with some surprise.

"For the land's sake, is that you, Mr. Yates?"

"Come right in. Why, what's the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend. Ah, I see how it is,"—Yates started—"you have run out of provisions, and are very likely as hungry as a bear."

"You've hit it first time, Mrs. Bartlett. I dropped around to see if I could borrow a loaf of bread. We don't bake till to-morrow."

Mrs. Bartlett laughed.

"Nice baking you would do if you tried it. I'll get you a loaf in a minute. Are you sure one is enough?"

"Quite enough, thank you."

The good woman bustled out to the other room for the loaf, and Yates made good use of her temporary absence.

"Kitty," he whispered, "I want to see you alone for a few minutes. I'll wait for you at the gate. Can you slip out?"

Kitty blushed very red and nodded.

"They have a warrant out for my arrest, and I'm off to-morrow before they can serve it. But I couldn't go without seeing you. You'll come, sure?"

Again Kitty nodded, after looking up at him in alarm when he spoke of the warrant. Before anything further could be said, Mrs. Bartlett came in, and Kitty was absorbed in her book.

"Won't you have something to eat now before you go back?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Bartlett. You see, the professor is waiting for me."

"Let him wait, if he didn't have sense enough to come."

"He didn't. I offered him the chance."

"It won't take us a moment to set the table. It is not the least trouble."

"Really, Mrs. Bartlett, you are very kind. I am not in the slightest degree hungry now. I am merely taking some thought of the morrow. No; I must be going, and thank you very much."

"Well," said Mrs. Bartlett, seeing him to the door, "if there's anything you want, come to me, and I will let you have it if it's in the house."

"You are too good to me," said the young man, with genuine feeling, "and I don't deserve it; but I may remind you of your promise—to-morrow."

"See that you do," she answered. "Good-night."

Yates waited at the gate, placing the loaf on the post, where he forgot it, much to the astonishment of the donor in the morning. He did not have to wait long, for Kitty came around the house somewhat shrilly, as one who was doing the most wicked thing that had been done since the world began. Yates hastened to meet her, clasping one of her unresisting hands in his.

"I must be off to-morrow," he began.

"I am very sorry," answered Kitty, in a whisper.

"Ah, Kitty, you are not half so sorry as I am. But I intend to come back, if you will let me. Kitty, remember that talk we had in the kitchen when we—when there was an interruption, and when I had to go away with our friend Stoliker?"

Kitty indicated that she remembered it.

"Well, of course you know what I want to say to you. Of course you know what I want to say to you."

It seemed, however, that in this he was mistaken, for Kitty had not the slightest idea, and wanted to go into the house, for it was late, and her mother would miss her.

"Kitty, you darling little hump, you know that I love you. You must know that I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you, when you laughed at me. Kitty, I want you to marry me and make something of me, if that is possible. I am a worthless fellow, not half good enough for only say yes, I will try, and try hard, to be a better man than I have ever been before."

Kitty did not say "yes," but she placed her disengaged hand warm and soft upon his, and Yates was not the man to have any hesitation about what to do next. To practical people it may seem an astonishing thing that the object of the interview being happily accomplished there should be any need of prolonging it, yet the two lingered there, and he told her much of his past life, and of how lonely and sordid it had been because he had no one to care for him,—at which her pretty eyes filled with tears. She felt proud and happy to think she had won the first great love of a talented man's life, and hoped she would make him happy and in a measure atone for the emptiness of the life that had gone before. She prayed that he might always be as fond of her as he was then, and resolved to be worthy of him if she could. Strange to say, her wishes were as promptly fulfilled, and few wives are as happy or as proud of their husbands as Kitty Bartlett that was. The one woman who might have put the drop of bitterness in her cup of life merely kissed her tenderly when Kitty told her of the great joy that had come to her, and said she was sure she would be happy; and thus for the second time Margaret told the thing that was not, but for once Margaret was wrong in her fears.

Yates walked to the tent a glorified man, leaving his loaf on the gate-post behind him. Few realize that it is quite as pleasant to be loved as to love. The verb "to love" has many conjugations. The earth he trod was like no other ground he had ever walked upon. The magic of the June night was never so enchanting before. He walked with his head and his thoughts in the clouds, and the Providence that cares for the intoxicated looked after him and saw that the accepted lover came to no harm. He leaped the fence without even putting his hand to it, and then was brought to earth again by the picture of a man sitting with his head in his hands beside a dying fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Great Results Looked For From the Work at Niagara Falls.

The time is near at hand when the much-talked-of possibilities of Niagara Falls as a power-producer will begin to manifest themselves. February 1 is set down as the date when the water will be turned on the turbine that in turn will cause a dynamo to revolve and give forth five thousand horse power for distribution along the electric wire. By far the largest dynamo that has yet been operated is the one that generates power for the Intramural Railway Company at the world's fair. This generator developed 2,100 horse power and was looked upon as a marvel by those who saw it. But compared with this machine the dynamo that will begin to turn on February 1 next is a monster. It will develop about two and a half times as much power. We have spoken of but one electrical monster. The company that has this matter in hand will install ten of them, one after the other, just as soon as they are needed. They have the tunnel and other necessary works completed for developing 100,000 horse power. The day that the first instalment of this great force will become available for mechanical purposes will be an eventful one in the world's history. Especially eventful will it be to the cities within a two or three hundred mile limit of the falls. For it is the expectation of the company to distribute its power over this or even a larger territory.

Not Worth a Straw.

When one says of anything that it is "not worth a straw," one means to imply that it is worthless, for what can be the value of a straw? The older saying was "not worth a rush," and this brings out the origin of the phrase better. In the days before carpets it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. When guests of rank were entertained, rushes, green, fresh and sweet, were spread for them, but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had to do without any, not even being "worth a rush."—[Exchange.]

WORLD OVER.

News Items From Many Sources.

A thimble will hold over 100,000 of the smallest screws made.

The socialist associations of Sicily count 300,000 members.

The tides of the North American Pacific coast are reflex rather than direct.

Eudora, Kan., with a population of 710 persons, has seven secret societies.

Gold is washed in Africa by the same means employed by the California '49-ers.

Each pupil in the public schools of the United States costs on an average \$17.22 a year.

The Bermuda islands were named for Bermud, a Spaniard, who sighted them in 1570.

Two thousand new books will be put on the market by London publishers alone this winter.

There are entire apartment houses in New York monopolized by self-supporting bachelor girls.

Human blood is composed of 77.8 parts of water, 6.2 of albumen, 14.1 of coloring matter and 1.9 of saline.

Alaska, with its islands, is said to have a coast line of 25,000 miles, equal in extent to the circumference of the globe.

Five hundred and two of the 662 students at Wellesley College have put themselves on record as favoring woman's suffrage.

The meanest man yet was an Ohio youth who got married and left an envelope containing a 2-cent ferry ticket in the parson's hand.

There is now being built at Yarrow, England, a torpedo boat for the French navy made out of aluminum, which will be hoisted in and out with great ease.

A Boston theater's published announcement for a recent week was "The Black Crook" every evening except Sunday when Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., delivered a sermon on "The Future of Religion."

A break in the main water pipe in a street in Tombstone, Arizona, last week was found to have been caused by the roots of a tree, which had grown around the pipe and crushed it so that it burst.

A Baltimore man has given the name Hayseed gas burner to a recent invention of his. He claims, first, that it can't be blown out and, secondly, that if it is blown out it immediately relights itself automatically.

The normal temperature of man is about 98.5 degrees; of the snail, 7.0 degrees; oyster, 82 degrees; porpoise, 100 degrees; rat, cat or ox, 102 degrees; sheep, 104 degrees; hog, 100 degrees; chicken, 111 degrees.

A Buffalo lawyer mourns for his dog, his faithful friend and companion for thirteen happy years. He has buried him in a secluded spot, and has placed above his grave a marble slab, inscribed, "Where is My Dog Rover?"

A beer war is raging in Oakland, Cal., and a week ago beer was selling there at 10 cents a gallon, with prospects of its becoming much cheaper. An English syndicate, which controls all the breweries there but two, is trying to crush out the opposition.

A woman of Spokane, Wash., was fined \$20 a few days ago for practical joking. She perpetrated the exceedingly humorous though not exactly new joke of mixing the sugar and salt on the table of a public dining-room. The court called it disorderly conduct.

A Yale professor is quoted as of opinion that football makes the students sluggish in their studies. The London *Lancet* records 100 cases in which participants in football games played in 1892 in Great Britain received injuries so serious as to require hospital treatment.

The only money current in the large sultanate of Adamawa, in central Soudan, is cowrie shells. The agents of France, who have been trying, with indifferent success, to get a foothold there, say there is a dearth of the circulating medium, and commerce is greatly embarrassed by the scarcity of currency.

The "last will and testament" of Lord Byron was sold at auction in London a few days ago for \$15. At the same sale a characteristic letter of Carlyle to Mrs. Austin brought \$20, and a letter of Byron to Coleridge, \$35. A letter of George Eliot, complaining of the literary criticism of certain persons, was sold for \$25; a letter from Nelson to Sir William Hamilton for \$40, and a number of letters written by American presidents and statesmen for \$125.

"Power willows" is the name in northern Delaware for those pollard swamp willows commonly seen in meadows. The powder-making Duponts established a market for this wood in Delaware a century ago, and every stream for a dozen miles above Wilmington is lined with these trees. Some have grown to enormous size, and all the older ones are picturesque with great fluffy green balls of foliage in the spring, and dense spheres of misty gray twigs in winter.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

Awful End of a St. Catharines Young Woman Who Went to Buffalo.

A Buffalo special says:—Two years ago Theresa Butler left her husband and her children in St. Catharines, Ont., and took service as a domestic servant in this city, but that life palled upon her, and she took her beauty, which was greater than her ordinary skill, to the circles of the painted service as "dances" in O'Neil's place, and sang joyous songs and danced the dance of death until the end. Several days ago she sent word from her room, at 168 Seneca street, that she was ill and could not perform, and this morning she was found dead in bed. A box on a stand near by told the story of the cause of death, for within it were a number of heavy calibre morphine pills. Theresa's relatives will be notified.

Salesman—"This is beautiful stuff for a dress, miss. I can assure you that several young ladies who have bought this material have become engaged by means of it." Customer (smiling)—"But I am already married!" Salesman—"Oh, that doesn't make the least difference, provided you wear a dress of this material!"

CANADA AND JAMAICA.

Intercolonial Trade Steadily Increasing—A New Cable Wanted.

The Jamaica Gleaner of a recent date has the following:—Canada has long foreseen the value of a direct cable to the West Indies, while the West Indies themselves have settled that sooner or later such a line must be established. We have never ceased to point out the seemingly irremediable defects in the present service and to urge upon the legislatures of the various colonies and the Imperial authorities, the necessity of supporting the project to extend the cable from Bermuda to Turks island and thence to Jamaica. The Halifax and Bermuda company have been promised the cordial co-operation of the British colonies, in all of which the extension is regarded as an undertaking of the greatest importance. The Imperial Government, however, have treated the matter in the same supine spirit which has lost them the complete control of the Pacific Cable, and we now see it stated that the Company are disgusted with their dilatoriness and indifference that they are negotiating with the French West India Company to run the line from Bermuda to San Domingo—a proposal which, it is certain, will be eagerly accepted, not only as one likely to further the commercial interests of that island but also as frustrating the scheme for a British cable touching only on British soil. We are not aware whether this report be true or not but there is sufficient significance in the mere suggestion to awaken the Imperial Government to a sense of the risk it is running in refusing to render that legitimate assistance to the Company which, in the circumstances, is necessary and which would result in reciprocal benefits of the most important character.

Apart from what may be termed Imperial purposes such a cable would be of great value in developing the commercial interests of the colonies. "There can be little doubt," says the Times "that the development of communications does stimulate as well as follow trade." We have only to look to the progress made in our trade with the Dominion to find an illustration of the statement. In spite of the great and successful rival trade route to the United States; in spite of the fact that telegraphic communication is kept up at high rates with New York and London and New York and London prices are alone despatched, the goods of Canada are steadily gaining ground in the West India markets owing to increased steamship facilities and they would be pushed to a much greater extent were the two countries in closer telegraphic connection. This is the patriotic view which is happily not incompatible with the existence of mutually advantageous commercial relations. And equally with the Imperial authorities it is our duty to look to the future and provide as far as possible against the day of international hostilities when existing friendly areas of supply and consumption may be closed. Such a contingency may never arise, and all will wish that it may long be averted, but the possibility exists and should not be altogether ignored. Markets within the Empire should be opened up and where they already exist should be fostered as much as possible. Contentious with the United States lies an immense extent of country peopled with our own kind and kin debarré—unlike its neighbor—from growing the products of the tropics. It is a potential market for all we can grow, and our trade with it should be made to grow with its growth. The prime essential to facilitate that end is a direct cable, and it would be a most unwelcome and humiliating experience if the Colonial and Imperial Governments delayed too long and the Bermuda line, like the line on the other side of the continent, passed into the hands of the French.

PLEASED WITH OUR BANKS.

A German Visitor Points out one Superiority of Canadian Banks Over German.

"I am very much impressed with the Canadian banking system," said Mr. T. Engel, Hamburg, Germany, who was a guest at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, on the other day. He is one of the best known financial men of Europe, and is largely interested, both in Canada and the United States, in mining and railroad enterprises.

"I had a draft on a German bank to cash," he said in conversation with a Toronto reporter, "and went into one of your city banks to get the money. The young man at the teller's box referred me to the cashier, who looked at the draft and asked me to endorse it. He then took it and in about half a minute wrote some figures upon it and told me that I would get the money from the paying teller. I walked over to the young man and immediately he counted me out the exact amount of the draft after deducting the current rate of exchange. I was on the street again within five minutes after I had entered the bank. The same transaction would have occupied at least half an hour in Germany. Signatures would have had to have been verified, a book of exchange tables would have been consulted to secure the proper amount of exchange to charge, and then I should have had to go and get some well known citizen to identify me. The rapidity of the transaction so impressed me that I went back and asked the manager how it was done. He told me that he had mastered completely all tables of exchange. He had simply to find out what the current rate was, and by a mental calculation he at once was enabled to write down on the back of the draft how much Canadian money the teller should pay over. He admitted that he had run some risk in case the draft had been forged, but for this he had depended upon my appearance. He said that if I had not suited his idea of a man who should be possessed of such a draft he would have required me to secure identification. I am of opinion that it would pay our banks in Germany to secure the services of a number of bright, sharp Canadian bankers who would handle this class of business, which is enormous with us."

"You're simply perfect, Belle," he cried. "Your hair, your eyes, your dimple."

"And you," the winsome maid replied. "Well, you're a perfect simple."

Papa—"If you are not guilty of taking those apples, Jonas, why can you not look straight into my eyes and deny the charge? See how fearlessly Priscilla can do it!"

Jonas—"That's all right. She didn't do anything."

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