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Thousand Dollars.

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Contract Colo and Michael and Call of Contraction

### YOUNG FOLKS.

HUGH MASTERS' CHRISTMAS EV

MACD MEREDITH.

I'd go, f'I was you, any how, Glad I a'int given up his holiday in a manly waygot no old granther, with a lot of money to caugt up a slender stick of wood, and dashs to have to stay't home for; 'n anyhow I ed the the house and into bu grandfather's wouldn't if I had."

I can't. Father said stay, an' I s'pose it is was masked with a torn bandanna bandker. stay. What are ye goin' to have, anyway?' chief, was bending above his grandfather, Will thrust his hands, into his pockets, demanding the whereabouts of the money. threw back his head, and gazed vacantly A long, keen dirk glittered in one upraised at the undulating line of purple hills sharply | hand, while with the other he tightened his outlined against the red gold of the evening grasp on the old man's throat.

'll be called out'n you not there to get it-an' 'n there's to be supper, too, after the tree, so Tom jest told me. Jat think ! piles o' cakes 'n goodies. Oh, I'd jest go 'f'I was you. I wouldn't stay to home for no old granther. Besides, nobody ever touches any body hereabouts. He'll be jest exactly as safe without ye. Say, Hugh, come along, do now."

Hugh Masters dug the toe of his heavy cow-hide shoe into the crisp snow, and shook his head slowly.

"I guess I must'nt," he said, but I want'er awful bad." "Oh, you just wait till granther goes to bed, an' then let yourself down off the shed, 'n come along. I'll go'n get supper.'n then wait for ye down by the big hemlock round by the Dark Turn. Now be sure an' come,

for I ll wait for ye." Before Hugh could answer W outau darted away down the road, and was

Hugh took up his pails and entered the stable to attend to his evening chores. His father, mother, and voungersisterhad gone, early in the day, to the home of an uncle who lived in one of the larger villages some ten miles away, leaving Hugh, a strong fourteen year old boy, to attend to the chores and take care of his grandfather. "Grandfather Masters" was a cheery old man, who divided his time between a big flock of poultry and the newspaper, and who was reputed as having a " whole bag of money" stowed away in a little tin trunk under his bed; and because of this report Hugh's father had told him not to leave the house until the family, returned on the following day.

The Christmas merry making at the little village of Fairfield, a mile away, had been greatly exaggerated by his friend Will There was to be a Christmas tree at the church for all the Sabbath school scholars, to be sure; and a company of young men and ladies had planned for a small skating party; besides, it was understood that Miss Latimer, the belle of Fairfield, was to give a party, and had hired the "Fairfield String Band" (one violin and one bass viol,) for the occasion. But how was the lonesome boy to know this, as he strained the milk by the dim light of a flaring candle, and rinsed the pails out by the ice covered spout? So discontent crept in and took possession of his mind, and he muttered to himself; "Will's right ! I think it meaner'n pusley, too."

Grandfather Masters nodded over his paper, and at last drew off his spectacles and declared it was time to "lay his old bones down for a little rest." Looking up at Hugh, who had risen to bring his grandfather's candle, the old gentieman said, with a side glance towards the door; "Bet ter sort o' lock up tight to-night, my boy. We live among honest men, but still we'd better keep the latch string out o' sight, I guess, seeing as we are alone."

"All right," Hugh answered, and as his grandfather stood waiting for him, he hurred about, secured all the doors and windows, and, taking his candle, went up to his own room.
The little window moved easily in its worn

casing, and for once, it seemed to Hugh was not frozen down. So he pushed it up, put the stick under it, and leaned far out ver the sill. Ah, what a glorious night it was : Clear, crisp and sparkling ; no moon, but starlight that fairly danced on the snow.

"By jolly ! but I wish't I could take a run down to the village for an hour or so," Hugh muttered aloud. "I wonder, now, what earthly harm it could do. Grandfather's well, an' sleeps sound, and nobody ever comes anigh. Oh, dear ! I want to go, but I s'pose I musn't. 'Ought to run down and tell Will not to wait. It won't take but a moment, so guess I'll do that, 'n then I can come back-s'pose I've got to."

Hugh crept out onto the low shed 'roof, and dropped down into the soft snow at the back. A quick, vigorous run, and then Will's shrill whistle and Will's voice calling out, "good for you, Masters ! I knew you wouldn't stay cooped up in the house ika an old wom in or a settin' hen. 'Here's ten cents to buy candy or peanuts, and we'll have no end of fun. Say, what are ye hangin' back for?" A leave with all impost

"Well I-er-I-say, Will, I jest came down to tell you I didn't want ter go, an' you' needn't wait." . ayu. will a broom man

"Didn't want ter ! ho ! ho! That's a great one, if you hadn't a come back to stay with note. I know better'n that. I'll bet you're afraid to go. Think you'll get strapped if you do."

Now if there was anything on earth that Hugh hated, it was to be accused of cowardice, and directly at Will's taunt his pride was stung, and added only another incentive to his desire to go. "I ain't atraid of nothin', a vision of his grandfather came before his quiet this evening." eyes, he hesitated, looked up at the stars overamong the trees that meant the heavily shadowed road that he must take if he went home; looked down past the Dark Turn, towards the village, and decided that he would run down with Will for a little while; not to stay for the cakes and goodies, of course, but just to see the lights and hear the music for a minute. Restricted substitute 19312. 1

Well, Will, I've made up my mindnot to go."

These were the words he heard himself say slacken his speed until he had reached his. Traveller.

Suspending that Markety and a. theory of

own yard. Then he stopped suddenly, and stared in blank amazement. Did his eyes deceive him? He rubbed them to see if he could be dreaming. No, his were wide open, and there was the kitchen door that he had locked securely, wide open also. Andcould it be ? Yes, he was sure he heard the sound of voices within. One thought of his grandfather, and the brave boy-for Hugh "Well, now I say that's meaner'n pusley ! was a brave boy, even though he had not room One glance showel him the whole I want to go jes' awful, Will, but I guess situation. A short, stalky man, whose face

With a howl that might have done honor "O.h-everything; jest e v.e.r.y.thing. to a Comache, Hugh sprang upon him, and Goin-'ter skate on the pond with awful hand- | dealt the man a stunning blow. The man some Japalanterns; 'n some'll slide down reeled backward, but caught himself, and Bilker's hill, lot's on 'em boys 'n girls; an' darted out through the open door, Hugh surprise, became conscious that he had been attacked by a single boy, and had turned upon him and fired. But the ball struck the swinging door and glanced off harmlessly. Hugh bolted the door with shaking fingers, but when he ventured to take a peep out of the window, he had the satisfaction of seeing the man sneaking away down the

shadowy road. Going back to his grandfather, he found that he was unharmed, save for the fright and pretty severe choking that he had re-

"Well, Hugh, my boy, I thought you were never coming," said the old man, herself ungrateful to former benefactors, refumbling around his neck with trembling hands. "You see, the rascal woke me up by hittin' that seed box agin' that very tin box that's got the money in it. Then he came at me, an' I kep' hollerin' to you, and I thought you just never would hear. Why, don't you know, lad, that that trunk has got all the money to pay for my graveatonean' yourschoolin." There's considerable upwards of a thousand dollars there, money that I've made raisin' poultry since I give up the farm, and if you had'nt a woke up just in the nick of time, it would every cent of it a been gone."

Hugh hung his head and said nothing. "And he might a choked me to death into the bargain, just as like as not," the old man went on ... "Powerful blow, that you gave him. I'll tell you, my boy, I'm when we were children. Fortune has going to give you the money to buy that shot-gun' that you're hankerin' arter so, old playmate, whom I find here under such and I'll get it out for ye as soon as ever to-morrow's sun comes up, so as that tramp won't be a watchin out for us. I tell you what, a boy of fourteen that can down a .... To Our Readers. tramp like that, orter hev suthin to remember the night by. 'An', anyhow, there's a plenty there. I laid out to buy you a good suit o' clothes, an' send you to school at the village a spell, an' then send you to the agricultural college. I don't allow as boys get any too much learnin'. I know I never had enough. But why, for the gracious sake, hev ye got yer boots on,

... Hugh straightened up his head and look ed his grandfather square in the face. He had made up his mind to " make a clean breast of it." His grandfather would not give him the gun, of course, when he knew all about it-and he did want that shot-gun very much-beside, he would not, probably, ever give him any of the money, now, to pay for the schooling, but he had determined to tell the truth, come what would. But his grandfather was old, and very badly shaken with fright, and so he said, "Grand father, I'll tell you all about it when the sun comes up, cause I think you had better sleep now, an' I'll put more wood in the kitchen fire, an' jest set up an' , keep an eye out for that burglar of our'n."

Grandfather Masters slept late in his room the next morning, and Hugh slept soundly out on the kitcken lounge, until the sun came in and danced over his nose and peeped down into his closed eyes. Then he awoke with a start. There was the fire to build, the cattle to care for, the coffee to make for breakfast. It was noon; and the familiar jingle of bells, as old Fan, the family horse, jogged up to the door, before Hugh had found time to explain last night's proceedings to his grandfather.

There was a perfect buzz of voices, now exclamations of horror, oh's and ah's of sympathy and words of praise for Hugh, but when the noise had lulled a little, he walked up to his grandfather's chair and told the whole story. An' you needn't give me the gun, an' I don't deserve no schoolin' neither," he added, with a little quiver about the lips.

"I sorter s'picioned as how you's out, Grandfather Masters said, taking the boy's hand in his own. "I've been a boy my self, and I know just how tough it comes to have to stay at home. An' seein' as you have owned it up all fair an' open, I'll give you one of them there new-fashioned Waterbury watches, so you can have the time when you begin school. An you need'nt thank me, neither." he added, as Hugh tried to stammer out a few words of thanks. " shouldn't have a cent on it to give to any your old grandther, instead o' goin' along with the rest o' them to the Christmas tree.

### KEW YEAR TOUR Profited by the Example.

Augustus and Marie had been maintain ing an awkard, silence for, some minutes. you know that s'well as I do, but-" then, as At last she remarked : " You are very

"Yes, I am," he admitted frankly. "I head, looked back at the black little opening | don't suppose many of the young men who visit you are as dull in conversation as I

"Some of them talk more than you do. There's Jack Swingerly, he always has ever so much to say." hetery the part sage t.

"What does Jack talk about?" "Why," she responded, carefully watch ing his face, "his favorite topic is love." "That's a subject that I carefully avoid," said Augustus, who was not as much of a

ing, and quick as a flash the thought came is Por what reason. I'm sure it is not so Mrs. de Hobson. Mrs. de Hobson. Mrs. de Hobson. Mrs. de Hobson. Ah, yes, I am afraid he had better brave it out and with a .... I don't know about that. I lost a dear she is rather too much so. This morning fool as he looked. Gainsbough and Directoire hats of dark good bye," he whirled and darted away friend once because he fooled with a pistol she dusted everything out of the little urn

### What Are You Farming for?

How many of our readers can give a satisfactory answer to this question ? Come to think it over, what are you farming for? Why are you not in some other business? Do you love farming and find as much profit in it as your friends and relations find in other occupations, or are you just farming because you can't do anything else? Now we believe that these things are worth thinking about. Here we have a great proportion of the people in this country living on the farm. D, you think why they are there? Are they just living along without knowing just why they live as they do ? . . We were led to think of this matter by hearing a man say, with a sneer, that farmers lived in the country because they couldn's do anything but farm. He is wrong, we know, but his words started a new train of thought. "What are you farming for?" It is a plain, fair question. Lat the farmers

of America answer that question fairly and honestly, and we believe the answer would make one of the grandest and most complete arguments for farm life that can there's the Christmas tree in the church, n' following closely. At the door the boy hesi- ever be written. We propose to investipresents fer e-v-e-r-y-one on us-you'll have tated. He could not capture this man gate the matter. We invite our friends suthin or nuther on that tree, 'n your name- | single handed, and he might turn on him | when renewing subscriptions for next year, and shoot, for of course he was well armed. to state in a few words or lines why they music, 'n fur'l I know, dancin' s'like 's not; All this took but an instant to comprehend, are farmers. Let us have the facts. Do we and Hugh awung the heavy door together live on the farm because we have to? We with a bang. He was none too quick, how- will keep a record of the answere. We ever, for the thief, recovering from his first believe the story will astonish a good many of the croakers.

### A Story About Nilsson.

When Christine Nilsson first appeared in public, twenty or more years ago, she was bony and freckled Scandinavian lass like scores one sees in Western towns. Now she is a magnificent woman, commanding in carriage and countenance. O casionally her temper gets the better of her on the stage, and once, in Chicago, she knocked over the piano stool and stamped angrily because ou something had gone wrong. If she proved tribution came quickly in the treatment which she met at the hands of her first husband's relations, upon whom she had lavish-

ed princely donations. She is a women of noble impulse, which was once illustrated at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire near New York. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining room she dropped her host's arm, hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, and seizing him effusively by the hand, engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group, when they were seated, " is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day labourer smiled on me, while it has frowned on my changed circumstances." and Allend and Profesional and the second

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of suscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first classsuch, for instance, as "The Independent," of New York. → Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly "The Independent." It is a newspaper, . magazine and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, nomatter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be "The Independent" will prove a help, an instructor, an educator, Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is \$3 00, or two years for \$5.30.

Address, "The Independent," 251 Broadway, New York City.

### Dressmaking an Art.

Dressmaking is no longer simply a business. It is an art. It a lady have occasion to furnish herself with a new costume for a certain fete, reception or what else it may be, it is not sufficient now that she buy a fashionable material and have it made in a fashionable manner. Women do not, must not now, all dress alike. She must study herself with an artist's eye. If she cannot do this let her employ a modiste who can, and let color, form, treatment, garniture of the attempted costume all be the result of the careful study and end in the climax of perfect adaption to the wearer. But let her also study the time and place, and occasion for which the dress is to be made, her own condition and ciscumstances, and all the surroundings of the apartments in which the costume is to be worn, as far as possible: All these things and many other points which will occur anon to a sensible and artistic conception and jucgment, will conduce to furnish elements that will bear more or less on the costume and should be by no means lost sight of the tan 210 - thurst a

### Evidence of Insanity.

"Mr. Yoder, your daughter Irene has given me her permission to ask of you her hand in marriage; but before I ask for your formal consent you will pardon me if I make the enquiry, as it is a matter of lifelong consequence to me, whether or not there have ever been any indications of insanity, so far as you know, in your family ?" "You say Irone has accepted you, Mr. Hankinson!".

"I am happy to say she has." "Then, sir," said the old man, shaking his head dejectedly, "it is my duty, as her father, to tell you that I think Irene is showing decided indications of insanity."

### A Suggested Motto. Snoberly-Mith Bondclipper, I am going to

adwopt a motto for my new cweat of arms. What would you thuggest? Miss Bondclipper-How does "There is Room at the Top "strike you, Mr. Snober-

### Ouite Too Tidy.

Visitor (to widow de Hobson) - Your new girl seems to be a very neat and tidy person, all that remained of poor John.

constitution of the controlled was the service of the