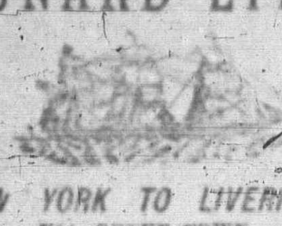
NAVIGATION.

CUNARD LINE



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GALLIA	Jan. 21, 7:30 a.m.
AURANIA	Jan. 28, 2 p.m.
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Tickets at Single Fare and one-third on Dec 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th, good to return until January 3rd, 1893.

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Tickets at Single Fare December 31st, January 1st and 2nd, good to return until January 3rd, 1893. Tickets at Fare and One-Third December 30th, and good to return until January 3rd, 1893.

Christmas School Vacations.

Pupils and Teachers will be issued Tickets at a Fare and One-Third from December 9th to 31st good to return until January 31st, 1893, on surrender of certificates of standard form, signed by the Principal of School or College. Certificates furnished on application.

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EAST.		WEST.	
No. 2	2:10 a.m	No. 1	3:40 p.m
" 4	1:30 p.m	" 3	1:00 a.m
" 6	12:30 p.m	" 5	2:45 a.m
" 14, mixed	6:00 a.m	" 13, mixed	6.45 a.m
" 16, mixed	8:15 p.m	" 15, mixed	1:00 p.m

Express Trains Nos. 2, 3 and 5 run Sundays included. No 5 does not run Mondays. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

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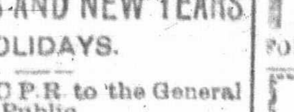

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS HOLIDAYS.

K & P. and C.P.R. to the General Public

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This making direct connection with C.P.R. leave Kingston at 11:10 and 12:45 p.m.

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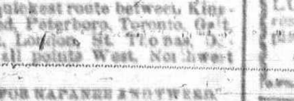

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MEDICAL.

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THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

NEURALGIA.

Every one of the [illegible] nerves has a latent power [illegible] excruciating pain, the limit of which [illegible] the limit of human endurance. Neuralgia is a pain in these [illegible] all yielding at once, from which St. Jacobs Oil [illegible]

EVERY APPLICATION GIVES RELIEF.

Characteristics. Nothing is so subtle in its approach, nothing so acute and distressing, and certainly nothing yet discovered so completely [illegible] its ravages and so permanently conquers its pangs as St. Jacobs Oil, for

EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS A CURE.

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PROMPTLY, PERFECTLY, PERMANENTLY.

How To Use It. Apply St. Jacobs Oil frequently, gently rubbing the afflicted parts; apply to the whole extent of the nerve soreness; keep up a gentle friction until a burning sensation is produced. Once cured, always cured, for

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NOTHING LIKE THEM ON EARTH.

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Price 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

For sale by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing

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If so, USE DR. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing

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NERVE BEANS — NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in

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THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS SPY.

Our Madge, is growing tall and wise,
Has reached that most befogged of tracts,
The Land of Half-Belief, that lies
Between the Fairies and the Facts.

Her little heart's a crowded nest
Of faith and fancy, dear and shy;
The dearer, since she somehow guessed
They'd flutter from her by and by.

Her doubts are pains, yet pleasures, too,
With which her timid thoughts will play,
How sad the chill, "It may n't be true"—
How sweet the thrill, "But, then, it may!"

On Christmas Eve she long had lain
With sleepless eyes, like owlet's bright;
She rose, and rubbed the frosted pane,
And stared into the starry night.

She saw the moon laugh round and clear
From smoky wreaths of cloud, and throw,
In shapes like branching horns of deer,
The sharp tree-shadows on the snow.

Oh, would he come, the jolly Saint
Whom everybody talked about?
"It may be so—and yet, it may n't;
If I should watch, I might find out?"

She turned; her pulses wildly beat:
She 'd like to spy—but should she dare?
Yes! Pat, pat, pat, with stealthy feet
She passed adown the winding stair.

The great hearth glowed; the grave old cat,
With fixed, expanded, emerald eyes,
Erect, before the chimney sat:
He seemed to wear a waiting guise.

The andirons shone; the clock ticked on;
Each moment made her more afraid.
"Oh, if he comes, I'll wish I'd gone—
But if I go, I'll wish I'd staid!"

"Perhaps he is n't real at all—
But—if he is—perhaps he'll mind!"
A sudden soot-flake chanced to fall—
She fled, and never looked behind!

She throbbed with fright, she flushed with shame,
Her pillowed head she closely hid;
She said, "I don't believe he came!"
She sighed, "Oh, dear—suppose he did!"

HELEN GRAY CONE.

FAN'S MAMMY.

They were taking some one to jail again, half the men and boys of the village, as usual, attending the sheriff. Tobe Wayne let the legs of his chair down and called his wife.

"Aw, Nancy!"

She came to the door of the unpainted two-storied house where they lived, and stood leaning on her broom under a bower of cucumber-vines, a heavy towel bound over her brows.

"What's wantin'?" she asked.

She was a thin woman, past thirty, with a Jewish cast of features, the nostrils long and oblique, an over-brilliant color in the hollow cheeks.

"Look a-yender," gestured Tobe, pointing to the village, which lay below them in a hollow of the hill side. "Jedgin' by whoopin' and hollerin', I wouldn't wonder ef they was runnin' in some of the Gilliland tribe. Somerset's too hot to hold any of the gang since they lynched them two fellers last week; may hev fetched 'em here fer safety."

Mrs. Wayne fortified her eyes from the sun as she stared down toward the jail, a little one-roomed structure built of two-inch planks laid surface to surface, its door spanned with bolts that were like drawn swords, its roof so low that the tassels of the September corn field beside it dabbled its shingles with gold.

"Jest makes a person sick," she said, fretfully, "the way things go yere. I'd jest natchelly die in my tracks ef my sister Milly was to come visitin' me when they was shootin' and scrappin' 'bout them

THE SHERIFF.

Gillilands. She'd jest bundle me right back to Missoura with her, so she would."

Suddenly she exclaimed: "It's a woman, Tobe! They're puttin' her in the calaboose right now! Can't you see her ha'r streamin' over her face, black ez a crow? Quit thet shufflin' your feet. I 'low I heerd her holler."

Her husband had started down the path, and she called after him, "Hurry on back, and tell me what's the matter."

As Wayne came upon the heels of the crowd, a little winded with his down-hill run, the sheriff was just withdrawing his key from the heavy padlock which hung against the rough door, red with rust, pulsing a little, like a heart newly torn from some living thing.

"What's goin' on?" panted Wayne, mopping his kindly, middle aged face with a blue shirt sleeve.

The man addressed wadded together several long crinkled hairs of fine-cut.

"Got a lady in yender," he answered, adjusting his jaws. "Drunk 'n' disorde'ly. Young-lookin' thing, but mean ez they make 'em, I reckon. Ben wand'rin' around kentry fer a week er so. Well, I got to git back to the mill; we're loadin' a car, and jest left everything. Kinduh pity fer the child, ain't it?"

"What child?" said Wayne, blankly.

"Hern. Little girl 'bout two year old. Cute as a young pa'tridge. Head o' ha'r like a passel o' pine shavings. 'Y George! hyear thet woman scritch!"

The lady in the calaboose did not seem to be resigning herself to the situation with anything like passivity. There was a noise as of weak hands beating on the heavy walls, and through the small grated window under the eaves came the sharp sound of a woman's cries.

"My baby!" she wept. "Curse you! I don't ask you to leave me out. I hain't no place to go to ef you did. But my baby! —she can't git her breath in yere. She ain't well, I tell yeh! Her throat's sore. Take her out of this wet hole. Oh God, make 'em take her out—the brutes!"

"Pooty rough," said the man at Wayne's elbow, his tone cheerfully commiserating. "Huh, Wayne?"

Wayne's face had flushed. "Why don't some o' you listen?" he demanded. "Thet place ain't fit fer a dog, much less a baby. Hyere you Beasley!" He caught the sheriff's arm as that official was strutting by, swinging his keys, his lips pursed in an important whistle. "Unlock that calaboose and give me the kid. I'll keep it till the woman's free. Thirty days? All right. I'll take the kid home."

Beasley clapped him argumentatively on the shoulder. "See hyere," he said, "you're doing the talkin', Tobe, but your wife won't like no such——"

Wayne frowned. "'Taint the youngster's fault."

"All right," conceded Beasley, with a lofty brow. "Mis' Wayne ain't haf a woman if she don't come down on you like a [illegible] of brick." He opened the door a little.

"Hyere you!—quit your foolishness! Hyere's Toby Wayne'll keep the young un fer yau." The sobs ceased on a sudden.

"Who?" said a subdued, half-challenging voice within.

"Tobe Wayne—man keeps the livery stable." There was a pause.

"Ax him to come in yere a minute. She's asleep. I'll give to her him myself ef he'll come yere."

"Step in, Wayne," said the sheriff, yielding to this. He cast the door wider, and the nearer throng caught a glimpse of a dark interior, a mattress in a corner of the floor, a crouching figure, and a lifted face, handsome and haggard, with sunken, reckless eyes. Wayne stepped forward, hesitating.

"Wait a second," breathed the woman, clutching at the little form on her breast. "It's awful hard to give her up. Fan! Fan!"

"Quit yer gapin'," commanded Beasley to the men and boys who were encroaching on the threshold. He slammed the door with an instinct which was half pity for the miserable scene inside, and half pride in his legal prerogative. "Look like y'all aint nothin' better to do than—Say, look a-here, Robbins! Ef you got anything to say, you say it out loud, and quit yer mutterin'. You're a bigger man than me, but ef you was big ez that knob yender I wouldn't take nothin' off yeh. That's all right, Jones! I ain't a pickin' no quarrel. If you're his friend, you want to take him away. He's got too much aboard. Ef it wasn't fer his family I'd run him in—" He drew up with a sudden remembrance of his prisoner. She was taking more time than needful to her farewell, and Beasley turned his attention rather abruptly to the door.

Wayne was just coming out. His face had a strange look. He was carrying a ragged little girl against his shoulder, and though she struggled and screamed, he appeared unaware of it, but kept glancing back across the downy gold of the baby head.

The woman had fallen face downward upon the striped mattress.

"Remember!" she muttered, turning a little with a compelling gesture; "remember what you promised."

Mrs. Wayne had finished sweeping, and was going around in a listless way, whacking dust from the sitting-room furniture with a turkey wing.

"GOD 'A' MERCY!"

"God 'a' mercy!" she exclaimed, as her husband toiled up the garden path, carrying a bundle which at once disclosed its nature by the bush of bright hair nestled on his neck and the torn little shoes hanging over his arm.

Wayne stopped on the doorstep, his face working.

"Nancy," he said, "thet poor woman down yender, she ga' me this baby—to—to keep. We 'ain't never hed nare one of our own, Nance—" He broke off, appalled at his wife's face. "I felt sorry fer her," he burst out, apologetically. "It was this way." He went over the tale, stammering. "I unly aimed to keep the baby tell her mammy got loose, but she—she told me to keep her, Nancy—she—"

"Let her down," said his wife, indicating the child. The little one rubbed her eyes, and stumbling forward, caught at Mrs. Wayne's skirts.

"Mammy!" she fretted, burying her small flushed face.

"I ain't your mammy," said Mrs. Wayne, stepping back. "You'd better take her in the house, Tobe—neighbors all spyin' around. I never looked to hev no beggar's young un loaded off on me like this. I don't know what I'll say when Milly comes. Ef I had ary child o' my own, dead er livin', I'd shet the door on this stray you've fetched in! I wouldn't take no such slight off yeh, Tobe Wayne!" She began to sway a little, lifting her face and tugging at the neck-band of her gown. "But the Lord's hand is slack to me, and I can't say a word ef you'ns want's to keep this foundlin'! I'll do my best by her, but I'll hate the sight of her! I will!" She leaned, gasping, against the door.

"Unly, when my sister comes, I won't promise what she'll say. She'll never let her two babies mix with such ez this! You can't blame her; she feels awful near to me—an unly sister."

Wayne looked a little indignant. "She don't go out of her way to show it, never writin'—"

His wife cut in angrily, her face aflame. "She wasn't never no hand to write! I

"LITTLE FELLER'S THRIVIN'."

got a letter from her a little better than a year ago, didn't I? She's got her house and her babies to tend to. And to think I never even saw her man! She married out in Missoura, and done well, but I hain't ever got resignated to it. She named it in her letter that she laid out to visit me right soon. Seems like I'll die onless I git to see her."

"When she comes," said Wayne, "I'll undertake to explain—"

"You'll hev it to do!" cried his wife.

She made no scruple at letting the community see her dissatisfaction in the child thus quartered upon her. Fan was a living reproach to her, and Wayne's growing fondness for the baby was a scourge in her side.

One day in October Fan was playing in the weedy garden, tramping the fallen beech leaves to dust, her hair flying over a knit blue scarf.

"Little feller's thrivin', ain't she?" called a neighbor woman, passing in the road. "She's picked up wonderful since you got her in hands, Mis' Wayne."

Mrs. Wayne glanced rigidly at the child, sternly suppressing a sense of pride in her prettiness.

"I do my best," she submitted, in a sacrificial tone.

"Laws, we all feel fer yeh!" grunted the other woman, who was old, a limp black cotton gown hollowing to her leanness, her face so wrinkled it seemed as if overlaid with a corded brown mask. "Laws, yes, 'm! Gre't mercy, Fan's mammy got out o' jail and left the kentry! She'd 'a' made you trouble, Mis' Wayne! Folks tell as money opened thet calaboose door. Well, men is the mischief! ye can't ever place 'em."

Mrs. Wayne looked a little whiter.

"Nom'm, you cannot," she agreed. "Ef I'd a daughter, she'd never marry the best man goin'. I'd never of let my sister Milly marry, unly she went visitin' our kin out West and married without sayin' by y'r leave. She's happy as they make 'em; her man's right trusty, and makes her a good livin'."

Mrs. Wing gave ear with the respectful tolerance of one who submits to the present under hope of future benefits. As the other paused, she dragged her sunbonnet over her wasted face.

"Reckon I better be trav'lin'," she announced, and then, with an air of remembrance, she wheeled about. "Oh, say! I like to forgot to ast you fer a little mite of snuff, to do me till night."

Mrs. Wayne took her melancholy eyes off the little Kentucky hamlet in the hollow below her, its piles of lumber looking like blocks of silver in the pale sun.

"I don't dip," she said. "Tobe he've a notion agin it, so I never took it up."

The old woman gave a mutter of disappointment, and then smiled maliciously, with the over-expressiveness of toothless lips.

"I wouldn't give up my comfort fer no male man livin'. You're too easy with Tobe. He 'ain't treated you white about thet child thar. He knows more about it than he lets on. Beasley 'lowed to my son-in-law ez thet woman in the calaboose hollered after Tobe somethin' about remembrin' her, and a promise he'd give her, and I don't know what all. I jest said ef 'twas my man I'd want to know it. Tobe Wayne needn't to set hisse'f—"

"Don't yeh pass a word agin him!" said Mrs. Wayne, speaking thickly. The crimson in her cheeks had faded, as if a new anguish at her heart had drunk it like wine.

"Ef I can bear with him—" She broke off suddenly and turned into the house. But the other's hint rankled in her like a poisoned thorn which corrupts the blood and taints the healthy tissues. Fan's beauty hurt her. Fan's sweet shrill voice stung her.

"I don't know what to do," she groaned. "I can't ask no one. I'll hev to wait till Milly comes." She began more than all to fear a lurking tenderness for Fan, which, nourished on suspicion, yet threatened to bloom in her breast like a bright consummate flower that drinks beauty from a briery stalk.

One morning as she came in from milking, her hands stiffened with the December chill, Fan ran before her, causing a little frothy milk to spill from the bucket. With a quick impulse of anger, Mrs. Wayne smote the little thing smartly across the cheek.

"Take thet!" She lifted her hand for a

"YOU BETTER TELL HER TO TAKE THE CHILD, SHE SAID."

second blow, but something stayed her. Fan reeled back, her fingers grasping the air, and the fear in her blue eyes pierced the woman's soul.

"Fan!" she cried, snatching her up. "I didn't go to do it! Don't drop up thet way, honey! I ain't aimin' to smack you—pore little soul." Fan gave a smothered sound, as much a sob as a scared laugh.

"Mammy," she stammered, with a half-stifled remembrance. Mrs. Wayne held her close; and her childless heart lost its pain against the little soft form.

"I'll be your mammy, Fan," she was about to say. Her husband's step sounded outside, and she put the child down gently, but with the old feeling.

Wayne had a vaguely troubled air as he came in. He stood in the door, and glanced down in the valley, where the small green and yellow houses sat beneath the forked tops of the barren trees.

The river was very high. It looked like a stream of seething coffee, and he knew from the swirling edges of the current and its convex middle, that it was still rising. A boy was driving a white cow along the lower road, whistling as he went, and now and then blowing warmth into his red fists.

Dark clouds leaned over the cliffs beyond the Cumberland. It was well on toward nightfall, and to his right he saw the station agent running down the tracks with the red switch-light.

"It's time for the local freight," he muttered. "Oh, Lord, I hope she'll do as she promised! I hope she'll go up the road on it!"

He came in and looked at Fan, who sat at supper in a high chair of old fashion, its narrow back spotted with gilt frames. She was eating a boiled egg with both hands; and her dimpled cheeks were streaked with yellow, but she looked very sweet to Wayne, in her checked gingham apron.

"You keep her mighty tidy," he said to his wife.

A gleam of motherly satisfaction leaped to Mrs. Wayne's eyes, and was blotted out in coldly drooping lids.

"I do my best," she sighed. "I ain't goin' to hev her feel thet she's differ'nt from other children. I mean she shall hev es good a Christmas ez the next, so I do. I'm dressin' her doll-baby right now. Its clothes all come off. I'm hevin' awful keepin' it hid. She's all over the place, Fan is."

Wayne's face expressed content and a new enthusiasm.

"How'd it do to git up a Christmas tree?" he suggested. "Too much trouble?"

Mrs. Wayne brushed the fluttering curls out of Fan's eyes.

"I could fix one up right pretty with pop-corn and red peppers," she said. "Hev Jones got in them Noah's arks he laid off to git?"

Wayne seemed to remember something unpleasant.

"I never stopped in the store to-day," he said. "Look like I ben too fretted to think." He leaned forward. "Y' see—Fan's mammy——"

His wife started, and her big eyes questioned him.

"She's hangin' round again, and—"

"You ben talkin' with her, Tobe?"

"Well, I—it's this way. She came beggin' to see Fan, and I—"

His wife was on her feet.

"You better tell her to take the child," she said, in a smothered sort of a voice.

Wayne looked at her trembling lips, and appeared to nerve himself.

"Nancy," he faltered, "mebby—ef I could make out to—tell yeh—"

But the woman held out her hands with a piteous sort of appeal.

"No!" she panted, "no, Wayne, don't you tell me nothin'. Thar's things I couldn't—bear." She buried her cold fingers in Fan's curls. "Sometimes I almost hate her as it is."

The next day had the damp chilliness common to midwinter in Southern Kentucky. The valley road was so deep in wine colored mud that the feet of wayfarers were "red wat shod," as if they had crossed a fresh battle ground. Fan was running back and forth on the covered

WATCHING.

porch, and the sound of her little feet conveyed an intimate sense of cheer to Mrs. Wayne.

"Keep thet hood tied on you, Fan!" she called, as she sewed pink netting bags for Fan's Christmas tree. There was only a little bitterness in her pleasure as she wrought.

"I ain't goin' to take it out of her," she considered. "I won't hev them Wilkins young ones crowing over Fan with their fine contraptions and bought candy." She sewed on, banishing from her mind the dark vision of Fan's parentage. Suddenly it came over her that for some time she had not heard Fan's steps on the rattling floor. Perhaps she was sitting down on the damp steps, taking cold. Mrs. Wayne got up and looked abroad, suddenly growing aghast with a fear.

Fan was gone. There was no one in sight on the barren hill side. A freight train was rounding the curve moving so slowly that its brown cars seemed merely a portion of the clay bank, slinking listlessly along behind the engine. It grew lucidly plain to Mrs. Wayne that it would be useless to call. Fan was gone. The miserable mother had stolen her. She had claimed her own and borne it off to a heritage of shame and want. All the bitterness and remorse in Mrs. Wayne's soul strove together and shaped themselves into an obscure prayer.

"You never ga' me no child," she said, setting her face hard against the sky. "I'd of liked to feel a little head agin my breast. I'd of worked and starved and prayed to raise it right. But you gave Fan to thet mean woman instead o' me. Oh, Fan! ef I had you back I'd own up es I love yeh, no differ whose you are."

The whole world seemed to evade her as she gazed at its familiar details. The mill stacks were black fingers pointing derisively up at the swollen clouds. Everything was changed and darkened. The earth was a bleak wild in which people loved only to lose, and men deceived and wretched women wandered on and on in the gloom, blinded with hanging hair, dragging after them little children who sobbed for cold and hunger.

"She ain't used to it," said Mrs. Wayne that night, as she leaned on her husband's shoulder and stared out into the darkness. "Oh, Tobe! there's her little bed, with the quilt I pieced for Milly's babies, and the little night-gownd hangin' on the post." Wayne's voice was rather husky. "Don't take on so," he advised, with gruff tenderness. "I got men scourin' the kentry. You—you—got to think a heap of Fan, didn't yeh?" He felt her tremble, and then draw away.

"Yes, Tobe—unly—"

The Christmas tree Wayne had cut lay in a corner of the cow-shed, distilling its balsamic smells above the fragrance of the hay which hung down from the loft in webs of greenish silver. Mrs. Wayne went out and looked at it.

"To-morrow's Christmas," she pondered, weeping. "And thar's her doll and

"WE'VE GOT HER."

the rest; but she ain't hyere no more. She's starved and froze. Oh, Fan! I can't hev it so—I can't!"

The stars stole out that night with glad faces, as if they knew it was the time of joy on earth, as if they remembered what festival men were about to keep.

The men who had been "scourin' the bresh" for Fan came back empty handed, and Mrs. Wayne shut her doors and gave over the last hope. But toward midnight, as she lay in her bed, there came a great knocking at the door. Wayne started up, fumbling for his clothes.

"Go on to the door," stammered his wife; "mebbe they—— Oh, Tobe, quit a-foolin' with them clothes! Strike a light, can't yeh? I'll open to 'em myself—"

"We've got her," called out one of the men outside. "That a woman [illegible] got knocked off the tresle by number eight. She never knowed what struck her, I reckon—dead as a nail. The baby ain't got a scratch. Hand her in, Jones." He laughed as Mrs. Wayne snatched Fan.

Wayne went out with the men.

Mrs. Wayne, wrapping Fan in a blanket, heard their voices as they slammed the gate.

"Pore thing!" said one, "she must 'a' flung the baby over before the train caught her."

Mrs. Wayne breathed hard. They were going down to see her—Fan's mammy, the unknown woman who had shadowed her life. She put Fan in bed and watched the heavy eyes close restfully as the little limbs yielded to the warmth. Then she clad herself hastily and threw a cloak over her head, shutting the door.

It was very dark. The river, far below, steamed with mist which trailed upward in white shapes, like spirits of the dead. The wind clopped round upon her with a shriek, and on down the hill she [illegible] through the haze, moving pinkish blurs, the lanterns of the men. Stumbling through the night she made her way behind them. The lights became motionless. The men were stopping below the trestle, and as she drew nearer she caught their voices.

"Must a ben hidin' up in the boom-house," said one. "I 'low she was tryin' to git to Somerset when the train got her. Well, take a hold here, Summers."

Mrs. Wayne pushed the men aside and came closer.

Wayne, standing on the tracks above, made a sharp exclamation: "Nancy! Keep her back, some of you!"

It was too late. The lanterns cast a bright glow on the dead face against the clay bank, striking a purple bloom from a loose lock across the white cheek.

Mrs. Wayne stood staring. And then, very slowly, as if her strength had failed, she fell on her knees beside the silent figure, and stretched both hands over the poor face, as if to hide it from the world.

"Milly!" she whispered—"Milly!"

The men hung back, full of sheepish conjecture.

Wayne lifted his wife. "I hoped you'd never know," he said. "She made me promise not to tell. She left her man a year back. The oldes' child is with his folks. She got reckless, and—" he broke off delicately.

"She was bringin' Fan to you when they put her in jail. But she couldn't bear to hev you know. She gave her to me, but the mother in her couldn't rest, and so she stole her back."

He drew his wife away. "Come, Nancy."

The woman hung on him, tearless. "My heart aches," she breathed. "My Milly! Tobe, I never rightly knowed you till now. How good you are!"

The woman whose erring pilgrimage was run lay under her shawl. The lanterns painted the tracks as with red arrows plunged into the bosom of the night.

The trestle standing to the left was like the lean ribs of a starved animal, and the men's faces were grotesquely picked out in black and scarlet.

But, as in the days of Herod the King, a white star shook overhead in the quiet sky, and despite the pain and sin of the great worn earth, its pure ray foretold another Christmas morning.—Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Harper's Monthly for December.

The Children's Day.

Christmas is the children's day. The household that is so unhappy as to contain no children loses half the beauty of the festival. It seems especially fitting that the birthday of the Holy Child should be dedicated to the pleasure and delight of the little ones. Perhaps our first thought on the threshold of Christmas, when we are all planning how to make the children happy, should be this: Do we keep the Christ Child sufficiently before their minds? Not as a shadow of gloom and repression, but as the first, best gift, giving meaning to all the others, which are only types. Do we not in the hurry of preparation and in the bustle of the celebration, lose sight of the original meaning of the feast, and forget that it is in honor of

"The Lord of Glory
Who once a babe became?"

Children never forget their early Christmas days. It is worth any sacrifice to make them so full of joy that in after life the memory shall be a precious possession, gilding all their childhood. The festival should be made different from every other holiday, with its own peculiar observances, sacred to it alone. Music appropriate to the festal season, hymn and song and story that tell its glad tidings, games played at no other time, dainty dishes which only Christmas brings to the larder, decorations that charm the eye, and, if they are of fragrant evergreen, with its spicy odor, press the sense of smell into service, all lend their aid to weave the subtle web of association which in years to come will revive for many men and women the happy past.

Christmas Precepts.

Never blame your child for climbing the Christmas tree if you have put all the best things up out of reach.

Never allow yourself to fall in love with any particular thing on the Christmas tree, because some other fellow is sure to draw it.

Generous Man.

Gargoyle—What are you going to give your wife for a Christmas present?

Glanders—I thought I would give her permission to go home and spend the holidays with her mother.

The Proper Greeting.

Marguerite—I hear you are to be married on the twenty fifth of December?

Caroly (with a blush)—Yes.

Marguerite—Then let me wish you a marry Christmas.

The Old, Old Feud.

Penelope (of Boston)—I found a stick of peppermint of candy in my stocking Christmas morning.

Marian (of New York)—It must have been a tight fit.

Our Christmas Wishes.

Joyous mem'ries, hopes the brightest,
Purses heavy, bills the lightest.

Friends all kindness, hearts all gladness
Lack of nothing save of sadness.

Love to light up all your meetings—
These to you our Christmas greetings.

An Old Proverb Read.

A green Christmas makes a cross coal man.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

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Redden & Co. wish all their friends a very bright and happy holiday season.

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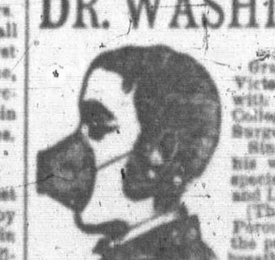

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