

NEWS OF THE WEEK

From all Parts of the New and Old World.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING ITEMS

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Current Week.

An effort is on foot to reduce the production of cotton.

Gold has been discovered at Skagway which goes \$4 to the pan.

Mormons have secured 3,000,000 acres of land in Mexico for a colony.

John Cross, of Cove, Or., was arrested for having counterfeit money in his possession.

Bates Soper, who murdered his wife and two children at Ashe, Mo., in 1891, and who was recently arrested in Oregon, where he married again, was sentenced in Harrisonville, Mo., to be hanged on February 4.

The Spanish government, it is again announced, is negotiating with the Armstrongs, this time for a cruiser of 4,800 tons, said to be worth \$300,000, built for Japan, but which Japan does not want. The vessel is said to be practically ready for sea.

About 100 wholesale druggists from the cities of the Central West held a conference in Chicago for the purpose of considering the cut rates at which drugs and patent medicines are being sold by the retail druggists, and to take steps to stop the practice if possible.

The Dingley tariff law will not be changed in any of its custom features at the present session of congress. A general understanding to this effect has been reached among the Republican members of the ways and means committee, who feel that it is most desirable to avoid what is generally known as tariff tinkering.

The subcommittee of the senate committee on Indian affairs, appointed to consider the problems, presented in Indian territory have practically decided to recommend amendments to the present law, providing for the apportionment of all the lands held by the five civilized tribes among the members of these tribes, and also an amendment providing that all valid leases shall be recognized by the government of the United States, and the money paid on account of them covered into the treasury of the United States for the benefit of the various tribes as such.

Wheat fell over 7 cents per bushel in Chicago Monday.

Senator White of California has introduced a bill in congress to strengthen the eight-hour law as applicable to government work.

The controller of the currency has declared a dividend of 10 per cent in favor of depositors of the Moscow National bank, Moscow, Idaho.

Judge Sanborn in the court of appeals at St. Louis has granted a postponement of the proposed sale of the Kansas Pacific for 60 days.

One of the interesting items in the agricultural appropriation bill is provision for \$10,000 for an agricultural experiment station in Alaska.

Brigadier-General Otis, stationed at Denver, has received a telegram from Fort Duchesne stating that all the Ute Indians have returned to their reservation.

A dispatch from Havana states that Gomez is being hard pushed by a Spanish column under command of General Pando, in the province of Puerto Principe.

George C. Green, a carpenter of Modesto, Cal., fatally shot his wife and wounded his daughter, Mrs. W. E. Liedman with a revolver. He then turned the revolver upon himself, but only inflicted a scalp wound.

The agricultural department issues the following: A special wheat investigation instituted by the department of agriculture indicates a crop of 530,000,000 bushels. These figures are subject to slight modification in the final report.

The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, as reported to the house by the committee on appropriations, carries a total of \$21,562,425, being \$780,861 less than the former bill. The number of salaries provided for is 10,000, being 198 less than the number provided for in the current law.

Hans Frohman "curled" a pair of eight-pound dumb-bells 14,000 times in an hour and 45 minutes in a New York gymnasium. When he had finished his 12,000 curl in one hour and 20 minutes, it was proposed that Frohman stop, but he insisted on continuing, and executed the 14,000th curl in the time stated.

The United States supreme court has rendered a decision in the case of Thomas Bram, under sentence of death in Massachusetts for murder committed at sea. He was accused of murdering the captain, mate and captain's wife of a vessel bound for South America. The opinion reversed the decision of the court below on the ground that Bram's testimony should not have been admitted.

A Birmingham, Ala., dispatch says: The Tennessee Coal & Iron Railroad Company and the Sloss Iron & Steel Company have shipped 5,000 tons of Alabama pig iron to Pensacola, Fla., from whence it will be forwarded to Kobe and Yokohama, Japan. A trial shipment of Alabama iron made to Japan several months ago gave such satisfaction that extensive orders are resulting, this shipment being the first of a series. Japan heretofore was supplied by European furnaces, but Alabama has superseded these.

NO MORE SEALSKINS.

Important Clause in the Bill That Has Just Passed Congress.

Washington, Dec. 21.—It has been developed that the bill relating to pelagic sealing which has just passed both branches of congress, and is before the president, contains a provision of far-reaching character which has thus far escaped attention. This is an absolute prohibition of the bringing of sealskins into the United States. As the United States is the largest market in the world for sealskins this complete stoppage of the trade in this country will be a severe measure against the British and Canadian industries which take and cure the skins and then dispose of them largely in the United States.

When the bill was proposed it was generally supposed that its only purpose was to prohibit American citizens from carrying on pelagic sealing. This feature was the only one to attract attention during the discussions. At the adoption of the bill, however, a section was discovered which was not restricted to Americans, but applies to sealskins in general, "taken in the waters mentioned in this act," which includes the whole Pacific ocean. The provisions is as follows:

Section 9. That the importation into the United States by any person whatsoever of fur sealskins, taken in waters mentioned in this act, whether raw, dressed, dyed or manufactured, is hereby prohibited, and all such articles imported after this act shall take effect shall not be permitted to be exported, but shall be seized and destroyed by the proper officers of the United States.

Those who are thoroughly familiar with the bill say this provision is of far more importance in its effect than the prohibition against pelagic sealing by Americans.

RELIEF BILL SIGNED.

Two Hundred Thousand Dollars to Aid Starving Yukoners.

Washington, Dec. 21.—Both houses of congress today passed the joint resolution for the relief of miners in the Yukon valley, Alaska, and in a short time it had received the signature of the president.

The bill appropriates \$200,000, to be expended under direction of the secretary of war in the purchase of supplies for the relief of the people in the Yukon country or other mining regions of Alaska, and for the transportation and distribution of such supplies, provided that, if the consent of the Canadian government be obtained, the secretary of war may extend the relief into Canadian territory. The resolution further provides that the supplies may be sold in that region at such prices as may be fixed by the secretary of war, or donated to those unable to pay for them. The secretary of war is authorized to use the United States army in carrying into effect the provisions of the act, to import reindeer and drivers for the transportation of supplies, and to adopt such other provisions as are practicable. The secretary is directed, when the work shall have been completed, to sell the reindeer or turn them over to the secretary of the interior, in his discretion, and to make a detailed report to congress at the beginning of the next session of such disbursements made and results accomplished under the act.

A North-western Wreck.

Vail, Ia., Dec. 21.—The overland limited on the Chicago & North-western, which left Chicago last night, ran into an open switch near here at 6 o'clock this morning. The mail-coach, it seems, flew out of the engine. The train was next to the mail coach, which was next to the switch lever, broke it off and opened the switch. The train was going at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The engine and mail car remained on the track, but the buffet car, two sleepers and two coaches were completely overturned on the prairie. Everybody on board was knocked about considerably, and many were scratched and bruised, but no person was killed or apparently seriously injured. A wrecking train was sent to the wreck, and within a short time the passengers were on their way to Omaha.

Report Blames Indians.

Denver, Dec. 21.—D. C. Bosman, Josiah Walbridge and Charles E. Noble, the commission appointed by Governor Adams to investigate the recent Indian troubles in the vicinity of Lily Park, filed their report with the governor this afternoon. The report is an almost complete vindication of the game wardens, and shows that the Indians were alone responsible for the bloody conflict in Routt county last month, in which several of their number were killed.

A Boston Rumor.

Boston, Dec. 21.—A prominent German-American merchant of this city has received a private cipher cable from German capitalists advising him to sell out all his holdings in Boston immediately. It is rumored that the cable disclosed a startling secret by Germany, and exposed the secret destination of the mysterious German fleet. According to the dispatch, the fleet is really being sent to threaten the United States, and secure absolute supremacy of the Pacific by seizure of Hawaii and Samoa.

Earthquake in Italy.

Rome, Dec. 21.—Strong earthquake shocks lasting twelve seconds were felt this morning. In central Italy the walls of houses split, many chimneys fell, bells rang and a panic prevailed among the inhabitants.

New York, Dec. 21.—While Mrs. Margaret Spencer was cooking on an oil stove tonight, her pet dog upset the stove. An explosion followed, and the woman was so badly burned that she died.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

In a ghostly light 'tis sitting, in a room of long dead December, While the fire-dial shapes are fitting in and out among the eunuchs. On my hearthstone in sad faces, and I marvel, for in seeming I can dimly see the faces and the accents of which I'm dreaming.

O golden Christmas days of yore! I lived their joys for years ago before Their glorious re-creation!

And on the darkening Of Christmas morn My childish heart was knocking A wild tattoo, As 'twould break through, As I unhang my stocking.

Each simple gift that came to hand, How marvelous I thought it! A treasure straight from Wonderland For Santa Claus had brought it.

And at my cry Of glad surprise The others all came looking To share my glee And view with me The contents of the stocking.

Years ago—I left each well-loved scene In Northern wilds to roam, And there, 'mid tossing pine trees green, I made myself a home.

We numbered three And little were we, At advent fortune knocking, And Christmas-time By our fire-side Found hung the baby's stocking.

Alas! within our home to-night No sweet young voice is ringing, And through its silent rooms no light, Free, childish step is springing. The wild winds rave 'O'er baby's grave, Where plump plums are roasting, And crossed at rest On marble breast.

The hands that filled my stocking, With misty eyes but steady hand I raise my Christmas chalice: Here's to the children of the land In cabin or in palace, May each one hold The key of gold.

The gates of gold are closing, And hands be found The whole world round To fill the Christmas stocking. —Ladies' Home Journal.

UNCLE JERRY'S CHRISTMAS.

UNCLE JERRY Poster was too stingy to live, and everybody knew it. But everybody did not know how poor Aunt Betsey, his wife, had to manage and contrive and skimp to get along.

She never had the handling of a penny. Even the butter and egg money, that most every farmer's wife has for her own use, all went into Uncle Jerry's pockets; and if she wanted a new gown or a bonnet or a pair of shoes—I hadn't the order say if she wanted 'em, but if she must have 'em, and there wa'n't no possible airly way for him to skin out o' gettin' 'em—then Uncle Jerry would go to the store with her and buy 'em and pay for 'em, just as if she was a child or an idiot, and incapable o' deavin' his business on her own hook.

If Aunt Betsey hadn't had the best disposition in the world, she wouldn't stand it all them years. As it was, it wore on her, and told on her fearful. Though Uncle Jerry was one o' the richest men in town, she might 'a' been the wife o' the poorest and miser'blest, so fur 's any outward indication was concerned—or inward indications, either—for she was always half starved, and wa'n't nothin' but skin and bones, as you might say.

Uncle Jerry gets up 'n' wuss, and come along towards Christmas he got a brand-new crocheted fer savvy in his head. It was at family devotion one mornin', just before the readin', that he divulged it to his wife. He finds the place in November—he always reads the long chapters in fall and winter—and puts his thumb in to keep it, then, drawin' on a long face, he looks at Aunt Betsey over his spectacles, and says he:

"Wife, I've got a notion that this 'ere Christmas business is all foolshness! Seems if it must be a sin in the sight o' the Lord to eat so much one day in the year. I don't believe it's necessary to make pigs 'n' gluttons of ourselves in order to have thankful hearts; and if we go to meetin', and so on, why ain't that enough? I reckon we'll sell the turkey this year and have our usual dinner, 'long's there ain't no children comin' home, nor nothin'."

Aunt Betsey set there with her hands in her lap, not exactly thinkin', but kinder worderin' and grievin'. And when they knelted down to pray she kept on wonderin' more'n ever. She wondered what she had to be thankful for, anyway.

"Now, if Ellen could come home!" she thought, and all the child they had was their daughter, and she lived so far away that she couldn't afford to come home and bring the children—bein' she was a widder and poor—but, oh, how her mother did waster see her! "What did she care about turkey and plum puddin' if Ellen and the children couldn't eat it with her? Yes, the money might as well be put in

any rate, all to once she give out and had to go ter bed. The next mornin' she couldn't get up, but Uncle Jerry didn't think much about it, 'sposed she'd be up bimeby; but when he came in to dinner, there lay his wife jest the same, as if she hadn't no thoughts o' gettin' up.

He didn't know what under the sun to do, but he knew he must do somethin', so he bet a brick and put to her feet, and was jest making a mustard plaster to put on her somewhere when Miss Hopkins happened in.

She see how it was with Aunt Betsey in a minute. She's awful cute about some things, Miss Hopkins is, and she ain't afraid o' no man livin'.

"Uncle Jerry," says she, matter of fact as you please, "your wife's a very sick woman, and she's goin' to die right off, I'm afraid, less we hyper round and do somethin', and do it quick. But fast I'd better step over 'n' fetch the doctor."

Uncle Jerry was wonderful took down. All of a sudden he realized that his wife was invaluable to him; he felt that he

could not get along without her, nohow. He was as anxious to have the doctor as Miss Hopkins was, and told her to hurry and bring him.

So she went—he lived near by—and she says to him:

"Doctor Cross, now is your chance to do a deed o' humanity, and put a spoke in Uncle Jerry Poster's wheel for all time! If he's got any heart and feelin's, you must find 'em and work on 'em for his wife's sake. It would be cruel to bring her back to life, 'less you can do somethin' to make that life endurable. Don't, I beg o' you, raise her up to live on the same old skinny miserable way! Better let her die and done with it."

They discussed and considered over the matter for a few minutes, then went together to the house.

They found Aunt Betsey layin' 'st the same only she stopped cryin'. The doctor examined her and diggeressed her case as well as he could, then he motioned Uncle Jerry out into the other room and shut the door behind him.

It seems that the doctor took him awful solemn and in dead earnest, and says he, to begin with:

"Uncle Jerry, do you set high vally on your wife's life?"

"High vally on my wife's life?" says Uncle Jerry, red in the face. "Of course I dew. What you talkin' about?"

"I was here when you fetched her home a bride. I remember her—handsome she was; plump as a pa'tridge, fresh as a daisy; and as laughin' and chipper a girl as I 'bout ever see. Changed, terribly changed, ain't she?" turnin' to Uncle Jerry and feelin' in his pocket for his handkerchief to wipe away the tears. "It does beat all how she's changed," says he.

"Changed!" says Uncle Jerry. "If of a fluster, 'of course she's changed! Why, we've been married folks on 25 year! You can't expect a woman to stay 18 all her life!"

"I know that farmers' wives grow old pretty fast as a general thing; break down young, don't they? But, Uncle Jerry," squarin' round on him suddenly and lookin' in him in the eye, "I want to ask you to compare your wife's looks with the looks of other women of her age in town, no of other women, no healthier than what she is, handsoner, no married her, and tell me if she were when you married her, and what she was; were there a difference. Now, they're different from your wife, and why? I ask you fair and candid, why shouldn't she look as happy, be as happy and make as good a 'pearance every way as them women? And why is it that she

"YOUR WIFE IS A VERY SICK WOMAN," said the doctor, and he took her by the hand; she didn't care. "So she thought on and, not hardly sensin' no prayer a mite.

She went out to her work in the kitchen feelin' all broke up. She didn't know why she should be, 'less she'd been kinder or secretly hopin' to have Ellen and the children. Christmas was cooking on an oil stove tonight, her pet dog upset the stove. An explosion followed, and the woman was so badly burned that she died.

OLD FATHER TIME RECEIVES THE NEW YEAR.



UNCLE JERRY SET PALE AS A STATUE.

When Uncle Jerry came back he went up to the bed and sat down. She was asleep, wife and looked at her. She was beside him and Miss Hopkins thought he must 'a' realized how pitiful she looked for she seen him draw his hand across his eyes two or three times on the sly.

Bimeby he got up and went out to Miss Hopkins, and says he:

"What was the doctor's orders? What can I do to help 'er?"

"He ordered nourishin' food, and wine, and so on," she says, "and I guess the fast thing you may kill a chicken, if you're inter, and git it ready fer the broth; then go over to Jim Jackson's and buy a quart or so of that oldest grape wine o' his'n. She'll be awake by the time you get back with it, I guess."

Uncle Jerry didn't so much as wink at mention o' the wine, but when she matter o' course he drawed in his breath once or twice kinder spasmodically, but he never opened his head.

When the broth was ready Uncle Jerry asked if he might take it in; so Miss Hopkins filled one of the chiny bowls that was Aunt Betsey's morn's and set it in a plate with a cracker or two, and he took 'em along.

The broth was good and strong, and when Aunt Betsey tasted on't she looked at her husband real kinder scart, and says she:

"Where did this 'ere come from?"

And he 'laughed and says: "It's made out o' one o' our best Plymouth Hocks; is it good?"

A wonderin', quiverin' smile hovered for a minute on to her poor face; she didn't know what to make on't. But when he lugged in the jug o' wine and poured out a hull half a tumbler full and handed it to her, her eyes fairly truck out of her head with astonishment.

"Drink it; it'll do you good," says he. "It's Jim Jackson's oldest grape wine you've heard tell on."

"Why—why, husband!" she whispered, "gitin' it cost an awful sight o' morn'!"

"Only \$5 a gallon," he answered, tryin' to smile, but lookin' rather ghastly. She sipped it slow, eyein' him over the top o' the tumbler as she done so; but pretty soon she set it down and spoke again, awful meachin', and "pealin' her lips tremblin' as if she was going to cry.

"I'm sorry to put you to so much expense, husband. I'm afraid—I'm afraid it ain't worth while!"

He got up and blowed his nose with all his might and main.

"I want you to get well, Betsey. I want you to get well!" he managed to say.

The strangest expression come into her face you ever see in any creature's. Then, as if struck by somethin' in his looks, she

seemed to get a dim idee that he was different, and she tried to make out how it was, but couldn't, and, bein' too tired and weak to think much, she jest shet her eyes and give it all up.

That night Uncle Jerry harnessed the old mare and went over and got Mary Buel to come 'n' stay with 'em a spell. Mary's an excellent good hand in cases o' sickness, and bein' an old maid, she's always ready to go and dew for the neighbors. She's a prime nuss and housekeeper, and she's good company, too—jest the kind o' person to cheer Aunt Betsey up, you know. Well, it come along the day

how them two kissed and clung to one 'n' other, till the children got out o' patience and wouldn't wait no longer for their turn! Then Uncle Jerry came to the resky and says, betwix laughin' and cryin':

"There, there, children! I guess that'll dew! It's my turn now," and he took her to the lounge where she could lay and rest and still be with 'em all. She pulled him down to her and kissed him and whispered:

"Oh, husband, how good you be! You've made me the happiest woman in the world!"

Uncle Jerry got away as quick as he could, and went out to the barn and set down on the hay cutter and laughed and wiped his eyes till he was some calmer. Then he fell on his knees and thanked God reverently for showin' him before he died what true happiness was, and how to get it for himself by bestowin' it on others.—New York Tribune.

Another Year is Dawning.

Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be. In working or in waiting, Another year with Thee, Another year of learning, Upon Thy loving breast O'er-deepening trustfulness, Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of service, Of faithfulness and grace; In the shining of Thy face. Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence all the days.

Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love; Another year of training, For better works above. Another year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be. On heaven, or else in heaven, Another year for Thee.

Don'ts About Gifts.

Don't allow all things ask the give whether you may exchange her gift.

Don't forget that it is the inward spirit that makes the real value of the offering.

Don't express dissatisfaction with a gift, no matter how great your disappointment.

Don't abuse all things be guilty of making a list of articles you desire. This is a species of polite blackmail.

Don't, even in your innermost self, speculate as to whether your gift will bring a return, and above all a return in monetary value.

Don't forget that the chief charm of a gift is essentially the surprise. Don't, therefore, barter with a friend as to reciprocal gifts.

Don't, if you have neglected to remember a friend, wound her pride by sending a New Year's gift in exchange for her Christmas present. The motive is too apparent.

Don't give gifts because you feel compelled to do so from a sense of social obligation. There are other ways to acknowledge indebtedness than by making the boldest of holidays a matter of trade and barter.

Don't consider the intrinsic value of a gift when you are the recipient. And when you are the giver let the gift be costly as thy purse can buy—don't be skimp!

Another Altered Will.

Little Alice—Mamma says she ain't going to give you anything for Christmas this year. Papp's Maiden Sister—Oh, she isn't, eh? Why not? Little Alice—Cause the present she give you last year was worth twice as much as what you give us.

Will Receive Calls.

"Do you expect to receive calls on New Year's day?" asked Willie Hisslar. "Yes," answered Mamie Hollerton. "I'll have to. The telephone exchange where I work wouldn't give me the day off. Isn't it mean?"—Washington Star.

A Clincher.

Mrs. Cobwigger—You ate to ask only one more question the whole evening. Freddie—Then, ma, if Santa Claus really brings the presents why am I not to look out of the window if an express wagon drives up to the door?—Judge.

A Definition of Christmas.

Sunday School Teacher—Johnny, what does Christmas mean? Johnny—By us says Christmas means swapping a lot of things you can't afford for a lot of things you don't want.—Lida.

IN TROOPED A PARCEL O' CHILDREN.

fore Christmas, and Aunt Betsey lay back in her easy chair in the cheerful sittin' room. A pitcher full of late fall flowers stood on the mantelshelf; a cracklin' fire was burnin' in the open fireplace, and the old baby cat lay before it on the rug.

The door was open into the kitchen, and she could see Mary steppin' round about her work, gettin' ready for to-morrow. She could smell the stuffin' for the turkey, and the plum puddin' bakin' in the oven, and three cranberry tart. She thought it was too many to make at once; and seemed so strange. She sighed and laid her head back, with the old look on her face. She was thinkin' of Ellen and the children.

She sat there, blamin' herself and thinkin' 'n' what a poor, weak kind of a mother she was, till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, all at once, she heard a noise outside.

The stage had stopped, and there was the sound o' voices talkin' and laughin', and of feet hurryin' up the steps. Then the door opened—no, it was burst open—and in trooped a parcel o' children, and and in trooped a behind, with her hands behind 'em, and the happy tears streamin' down her pretty face, come her daughter Ellen!

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