

THAT LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

I was a little Christmas tree, with candles all aglow. And golden stars and silver stars, a bright and shining row.

By expected that he would immediately go down the hill and request the camper to move on, but he did not do so till late that evening.

Jeremiah stayed a long time. Dark came, and dark. At last he heard Jeremiah's step—a shuffling step, as of one feeling his way.

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A CHRISTMAS LEGACY.

THE neighborhood would have been a very pleasant one, everybody said, if it had not been for the Bensons.

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The New Year's Queen



er one falls into that habit, it is not easy to break it. The little minister preached in the church at the roads, looked on himself as a brave man when he approached Jeremiah.

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she started back guiltily from the side of the baby's bed. "I was afraid I hadn't covered her enough," she snapped.

Jeremiah went meekly away, but not to sleep, and in less than an hour he caught Miss Minervy again, and this time she did not start from the little bed.

"I was afraid I'd covered her too much," she said simply. "Can't you sleep, Jeremiah?"

"Not a wink," he replied, drawing the coats together and starting a blaze.

"Neither can I. I've been thinking, Jeremiah. I'll go to work making her something new. I've got a lot of things I can fix over for her."

"That'll be great," murmured Jeremiah. "An' we ought to give her better chances than what we've had."

"An' I'm going to town as soon as I'm done," said Jeremiah. "Not 'not after that camper!" cried Miss Minervy, faltering.

"I don't think he went that way," Jeremiah said, with a strange note of appeal in her voice; "to-morrow's Christmas."

The little minister and his wife, looking out of the window that day, were amazed to see Jeremiah driving up the gate and come up the walk with the springy step of a young man.

"I been a thinkin' about that Murray family," said Jeremiah with embarrassment. "A crowd of children you said didn't you—'em babies, maybe?"

"An' you want to send 'em to their kinfolks at Springfield? Well, I've brought along a check—a little check—"

His voice had trailed off and lost itself, but the minister had him by both hands, and was saying something that made his own eyes moist—something about the fatherless and the widow.

"But why should they try to bury you?" asked Doris, her gray eyes opening wide in wonder.

"I am not very much liked in the part of the world. My father was a very bad man, and I remember that as a boy I received a thrashing for giving assistance to the wife of one of his strikers."

"But I am sure you're not fond of mankind. Why should they try to bury you?"

"The sins of the fathers, you know," quoted Rupert, as she shook hands. "Good-by, Miss Thorold. Won't you wish me luck for to-morrow?"

"I do, indeed, Mr. Ashley," replied Doris.

"Then, with luck, I shall see you in just about a hundred years behind Ben Johnson, and about a hundred and fifty behind John Strong Goodbody."

With a few words of his parting benediction, Doris turned and left Doris with the idea that her hand had been in his about two seconds longer than she would have liked.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

IT'S no good, Miss Thorold," said Rupert Ashley despairingly. "The right lies between Strong and Johnson, and I haven't an earthly chance of a look-in."

"A battle is never lost till the last shot has been fired, Mr. Ashley," said Doris Thorold gently, as she gazed with just a suspicion of kindness in her eyes at the very smart and youthful candidate whom the conservatives had set out to send down to contest the singular battle at Blackton-le-Moor.

"That crowd of Georgies who get up Walkers' Rents, and the lot at Man's-Land, the other end of the town, will turn the balance against me. I'm afraid, Miss Thorold," he continued, "I'm a bit too much of a boy for this job. When I go about canvassing the women ask me whether I've come for the vote for my father, and they won't believe me when I tell them that I am the candidate. And I've got to lick two pitlads already. They've got in a practical manner to a big of age wearing a black coat."

"I am afraid our people are a little bit afraid," said Miss Thorold, doubtfully.

"Lift your eyes from the ground, Mr. Ashley," said Doris, "whether I get in or not, I shall always thank the conservatives for sending me down to Blackton-le-Moor to canvass such friends as your father and your mother."

"We are very glad, too, Mr. Ashley," Doris Thorold replied humbly. "And how did you get that broken up face?" she asked, evidently desirous of changing the trend of the conversation.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied lightly. "Someone heaved a stone through the carriage window last night as I was driving home. Political feeling runs a little bit higher up here than it does in the home counties, you know."

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GIVE UP THEIR LIVES.

DOCTORS SOMETIMES DIE FOR THEIR PATIENTS.

Heroic Physicians Whose Devotion to Their Profession and to Humanity Lead Them to the Performance of Supreme Acts of Sacrifice.

A young girl who lived in the little village near Cork, Ireland, broke an artery in her chest and lost almost every drop of blood in her body. The doctor who was called had only been qualified a year and was not out of his board on the under side of the roof a light, easily broken wire, which is, however, sufficient to carry the required current. It is impossible to lift a board in the roof without breaking the slender wire, and, in this case, by means of suitable contrivances the breaking of the wire starts the bell to ring.

Another case somewhat similar occurred in Salem, Mass. A wealthy merchant, as a result of an accident, lost a large quantity of blood, and when the doctor arrived he was lying in bed, white and apparently dead. The unfortunate man had only just been married, and his wife prayed to the doctor to save her husband's life. The doctor felt sure that if he gave his own blood to bring back the patient's life it would take him weeks to make good the loss, and that possibly he might never make it good at all.

A country doctor died of typhus fever in the city of St. Louis. He was called to attend a young man who was infected with the disease, and he went into the room where the patient lay and carefully examined the body. At the time the doctor was in a low state of health, and he caught the dreaded fever and died within a fortnight.

A young French doctor some time ago inoculated himself with cholera germs and suffered many weeks of serious illness in order to experiment with a new medicinal discovery which was believed to cure all germ diseases. Unfortunately, the medicine refused to act, and the plucky doctor died of the fever he had given himself.

Dr. Koch's life was first discovered half a dozen German students were the first persons to have it injected into them. No one knew whether the fluid was so deadly a poison as a dose of strychnine, and the men who allowed the drug to be injected into their systems are worthy of the highest praise. The dose given to them was far too powerful, and two of the number were nearly killed.

Some of the Quaint Cases That Came to the Attention of the Medical Profession.

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IN HIS FOOTBALL RIG.

Reason She Wished Him to Assume His Gridiron Toga.

"Tom, what now?" "The lion with long mane and muscle growled his disapproval at being interrupted from his sporting sheet."

"Tom, I wish you would put on your football pants." "He looked at her." "Without another word he left the room. When he returned his limbs were incased in white pads."

"Now your chest protector, Tom." "See here—"

"It is no trouble. There it is under the table." He laid out a yellow object and attached it to his person.

"Now your shin guards." "Say—"

"They are right in that corner." He laced on these protectors while she watched him.

"Get those arm guards, Tom." "I have not the time to—"

"I'll get them in ten minutes and assist you in putting them on." She had the guards on his arms before he had time to protest.

"I guess I might just as well submit. What next?" "Here is the rubber to shield your nose."

"Is this all?" "Don't forget your ear protectors." He adjusted the last of his armor and waited further orders. She missed his hair with her hand to make him look all the more formidable.

"Tom, do you know the little woman down the court. The one that comes up to scrub every Saturday?" "Yes."

"Well, her husband is on another bender. He's up in bed now." "He ought to be at work."

"Well, the last time he went on a spree he saw sights. Not snakes, but big snakes with long hair and strange poses." "Did eh?"

"So she says. And, Tom, if he sees any more of them it will frighten him into signing the pledge." "Well, how is he going to see them?" "Look in the glass."

"What—?" "Yes, I mean you must go up in his room. One glimpse of your wild hair, rubber nose and ears and unnatural size will make him swear off for life. Soon after he sees you that awful college yell. It may cause him to jump out of the window, but it will cure him. Will you do this?"

"Well, I guess not. What would the team say if they heard their captain was scrubbing drunks?" "And he rushed out to remove his gridiron togs."—Chicago Daily News.

LAW AS INTERPRETED. Conspiracy to refuse to deal with a person which is made maliciously to injure him, and not to serve any legitimate interests of the persons who enter into it, is held in Erie vs. Public Exchange (Minn.), 48 L. R. A. 99, to be an actionable wrong.

OLD-STYLE BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

In the St. Nicholas, Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home." Miss Hodnett says:

The old castles which were the homes of the daimio princes were built of stone; but these, too, were constructed so as to offer as little resistance as possible to earthquake shocks. The walls were supported within by immense timbers, the inward slope itself being a safeguard against danger from earthquakes. Buildings erected according to the Japanese idea of what is necessary for give security against earthquakes have stood for centuries. Some wooden pagodas of great height are known to have been in existence for seven hundred years; and the old wooden museum at Nara, in which are preserved the Mikado's rare treasures of ages, is fully twelve hundred years old.

This is a large, oblong building made of logs of large (kash-bee), a reddish-brown wood, put together in the log-cabin style, and it is supported merely on wooden legs resting upon loose stones. No part of the building has been renewed except the roof, and this has been put on only three times. The present roof is made of tiles, and is about one hundred and fifty years old. This is, in all probability, the oldest wooden building in the world, and it is certainly a notable example of the almost imperishable nature of some Japanese woods.

They Suffer No Penalty. Alvord's theft of \$700,000 and Schreiber's of \$100,000, and an expert accountant, "go to show that in all business it is impossible to prevent dishonest men from stealing. No matter how thorough the auditing may be, no matter how closely the heads watch those under them, every man who handles money can steal, with a reasonable chance of escaping detection. That more such men don't steal speaks ill for human nature, but I must qualify this statement with the additional one that many do steal and are caught, but their employers, while discharging them, do not make public their names. I am, of course, talking of the firm."

Right of a warehouseman to sell the contents of a warehouse, is held in State vs. Cowdery (Minn.), 48 L. R. A. 92, notwithstanding a provision in the receipt that the property was to be mingled with other property of the same kind or transferred to other elevators or warehouses.

Failure to apply for an extension of a permit provides for an extension on application, is held in Henderson Trust Company vs. Stuart (Ky.), 48 L. R. A. 49, to constitute negligence on the part of an executor or administrator who will annex, who is in possession of the premises and of the policy.

A statute providing for the taxation of judgments is held in Hamilton vs. Wilson (Kan.), 48 L. R. A. 238, to be in violation of the constitutional rule of uniformity, where it exempts judgments on debts secured by mortgages, but does not exempt deficiency judgments upon foreclosure of mortgages of real estate, while, on the other hand, it does exempt deficiency judgments on foreclosure of other liens.

Withdrawal of the funds of a corporation from a bank that is about to fail, upon a check signed by the president of the corporation, although he was also a director of the bank and his knowledge of its condition was acquired by him as such director, is held, in O'Brien vs. East River Bridge Company (N. Y.), 48 L. R. A. 122, to be valid and not to violate the statutory prohibition of transfers by any insolvent bank or officer thereof, with intent to prefer a creditor.

Pneumatic Tubes. Pneumatic tubes for carrying messages are an old story in the largest European cities. But the largest in use there, those in London, are only three inches in diameter. It is only in the United States that the whole bulk of letter mail is handled by pneumatic tubes. In New York, the tubes reaching to Brooklyn are three and a half inches long and eight inches in diameter, allowing the passage of a pouch containing 600 letters in about seven minutes.

Her Own Depot. The fact is not generally known that the Queen has a private railway station. This is at Gosport, and is used by her Majesty when embarking for Osborne. The station consists of a long, semi-circular platform, the end of which is connected with a pontoon, against which the royal yacht is usually moored. It is a strange fact that no other member of the royal family ever uses this station.

A Chinaman's Wonderful Rise. Chin Tan Sun, of San Francisco, is said to be the wealthiest Chinaman in this country, whether he came a penniless steerage passenger. He now owns several manufacturing in which white labor is employed, runs a number of stores, a cannery establishment and a real estate office.

Dentists with an Army Corps. Several dentists were included in the medical corps which followed the German army to China.

When a woman caller begins the conversation by praising her hostess' cooking, the hostess should throw out a torpedo net; it means that she is to be asked to bake for a church social.

After a man has been married to a woman twenty years, he still thinks he is fooling her.

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