

THE WEST SHORE.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE MOUNTAINS.



HORTEST and This was their first Christmas festivity, thickest of all too. Mining had been good the past the Dorchs, was year, and Gotlieb Dorsch had prospered. Heinrich, rud- he had intended having a few presents dy faced and this year, such as little sugar cakes, but brawny, and he they were struck dumb when Henrich was scarcely fif- proposed a tree.

teen; and when "Vere you keep dot leetle tree al- you glanced at ready?" said Gotlieb, contemptuously.

his axe, and "Up on the peak, beyond Marvin's," then at his sin- said Heinrich.

ewy arms, bare to the "Yah! Yah!" laughed his father. "Mine leetle poy, dot vas fife miles away, und how vas you git him haul?"

powerful blows. "I will myself—Heinrich Dorsch," said Heinrich.

Whack, whack, whack! He was a true "Vell, you git 'im," and Gotlieb Dorsch. That was why he was cutting chuckled to himself at the thought of Heinrich carrying his tree five miles.

down the hemlock. In the old father- "You needn't laugh, father Dorsch," said Heinrich, "for I'll start early, and get back in good time."

land they had kept Christmas from time And this is the reason Heinrich was chopping away among the hemlocks that

immemorial. Such Christmases, too! raw December morning, with such a

Henrich was too young to remember much of them, but dreams of a happy bright face and in such good spirits.

home gathered round a Christmas tree, His good Dutch mother had packed him

a veritable hemlock, with toys and dolls, his lunch, and he was feeling in excel- lent condition to tramp his five miles

and cakes and blood pudding. But the back, with his tree as a trophy of the ex- pedition. But, to tell the truth, the tree

little Dorsches, that had been born since Claus came to them in the Old Country. was entirely too much for him to under-

the family came to America and settled was entirely too much for him to under-