

my revolver, but I thought it prudent to lay it down on the table. "Let us retire," he proposed at last. "I am afraid I must ask you to let me share your cot with you—some of my soldiers must sleep on the floor." Both of us stretched out on the cot, and later a dozen soldiers came in and occupied the floor.

The boy officer was soon asleep, and so innocent was his juvenile face that I felt no worry over my personal safety at least. Of course I did not sleep. The dawn was just making the trees outside visible when I arose and carefully stepped my way across the room over the sleeping soldiers.

A thrill of hope passed through me as I got down the stairs and found my horse tethered beside the house.

I was untying him when a voice from a window above arrested me.

"Good morning. Are you leaving us?" It was the insurgent officer.

"Yes," I replied boldly.

"Well, good-bye, then," and his face disappeared.

A sense of shame overcame me. Then, too, I disliked leaving my saddle bags behind.

So I tied my horse to a post again and descended the stairs.

The boy officer seemed surprised to see me. To his questioning look I replied.

"I think I shall wait till breakfast."

Then I lay down on the cot again, and, strange to say, fell asleep.

The sun was high when again I awoke. The Insurgents were up, and a native was setting the table with cooked rice, eggs and coffee.

The President, the young Lieuten-

ant and I breakfasted together. Afterwards, looking out of the window, I saw they had saddled my horse.

I determined to see if I was really a prisoner or not. Rising, I bade the Lieutenant good-bye.

"Adios," he said, reaching out his hand. I turned to go.

"One thing," I said. "Tell me, why don't you make me a prisoner?"

The officer looked at me; his eyebrows rose in astonishment.

"What, on Christmas Eve?"

That evening I was safely housed in a garrisoned town.

Alaska Christmas Candles.

Of all the babies living in the world, you will agree,

The baby in Alaska has the queerest Christmas tree,

For it's lighted up with candles that are gathered from the sea!

For when people of Alaska want to see to work at night,

Or to make their children's Christmas trees all beautiful and bright,

They have oily little fishes that will furnish them a light.

They catch them and they dry them and they draw a little wick

Through the bodies of the fishes, which are never very thick.

And they stand them like a candle in a little candle stick!

And that's why of all the babies in the world, you will agree,

The baby in Alaska has the queerest Christmas tree,

For it's lighted up with candles that are gathered from the sea.

—Eva Best in Am. Prim. Teacher.

Once upon a time, a very practical lady who had a man to marry, and who after calm and thoughtful deliberation, selected the smallest one possible, telling her friends that of all evils, she had chosen the least.