A LULLABY.

O wandering wind, I pray thee fold thy wings, The whispering trees are calling thee to rest, The sky grows dim, the polsy birds are still, And softly sleeps my h by at my breast.

O restless sea, whose waters wan and cold, Fret the brown rocks with angry moon-white crest; Hush them, I pray, to little lapping waves, For softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

O guardian stars, half hid by fleecy cloudlets, 🇥 Your watch-fires now I pray make manifest; No other light have we within the chamber, Where softly sleeps my baby at my breast.

O Lord of earth, and sea, and stars, and heaven, Come to our home to-night, and be our guest; So in the darkness, which is as Thy shadow, Shall softly sleep my baby at my breast.

-Caris Brooke.



ment.

The boy was a most determined

young fellow. He had been singularly

well conducted and a great interest

was taken in him by all of his offi-

cers, because it was known that he



It was a disagreeable surprise to us acavy artillery men when our regiment the attitude of attention; but I was detailed for prison duty during thought I detected, notwithstanding the war, not only because it was dis- the grimness of his features, a certain tasteful work, but we thought it derog- gray shadow stealing over his face atory to our branch of the service; that made me shudder, for somehow and, indeed, it is a mystery to me to this day why we were selected.

But the command having been given we were soon on the march and one sultry summer afternoon arrived at our destination.

We found that the prison consisted tinued: of a long, low shed surrounded by a palisade about hine feet high called a stockade, and this again encircled by a raised platform at such a height that sentries placed upon it could look over the top of the enclosure and observe the prisoners inside.

This was necessary because at some distance from the shed was a shallow ditch, dubbed in military parlance "a fence," although a more absurd name could hardly have been chosen, since It could be crossed by a single stride, and at night it was so indistinct that s line of lighted lanterns had to be placed near it in order to prevent the prisoners from stepping inadvertently feel as if I were the real culprit. over it.

shadow of death.

round the room.

MALHEUR ENTERPRISE.

"He will have to accept the sonsequences of disobedience," said the

judge in a hard, dry voice. The planter turned once more and looked at his son, but the boy had never lifted his eyes. The grimness faded from the old man's face, and after one long, wistful look he faced

the judge. The pride of the haughty ruler of slaves was humbled; it was a suppliant who said in a broken voice: It silvered every scattered straw, "T, too, am a soldier. let me die in his place, judge; he is so young."

"No, I forbid it!" called out the boy in a strong, stern voice. "I have broken the rules of the army and must pay the penalty."

colonel.

and recognition.

"He is right; the army in such a case accepts no substitute," said the The son stretched forth his hands

imploringly to his father, and in a Unnumbered worlds have dropped from space broken voice begged for forgiveness

And countless moons have waxed and "It is for the last time, father." waned. The planter's face became gray as

-Metropolitan.

without a word he opened his arms. The son flew into them as a swallow flies to its nest, and while that milltary crowd cleared its throat the father and son wept on each other's necks.

But the old colonel still sat immovable. Presently the father cried out in the language of David:

scarcely 21 years of age, whose lank, "Oh, my son, my son, would God sandy hair hung over the collar of I had died for thee!" his coat, and was almost the color of Then he stroked the boy's head. his complexion, was a lad I had espekissed him on the forehead and gently cially befriended, with, whom I was nushed him away, and the two fall as intimate as an officer is permitted soldiers of opposing armies stood side to be with a private in the same regiby side with bowed heads, awaiting

the sentence of the judge. "Private Livingston," began the judge-"ahem." The officers glanced at each other in astonishment, and the glance said. "Our tough old colonel has broken down."

was the son of a Southern planter, "Private Livingston," he began and that he had run away from home again, then cleared his throat for acon the breaking out of the war, and tion in a very fierce way. "You are enlisted in the Federal ranks. He stood facing the judge, very erect, his tion of your relationship to the rebel

arms straight down by his sides in prisoner." An irrepressible murmur of approwho had not so very long ago been a bly get home. private himself and was before that or another it put me in mind of the a respectable shoemaker, burst out

with an "Hooray!" The judge asked the prisoner his "Silence, sir," commanded the colname, which was only a formality, he onel. "or I'll have you arrested for knowing it quite well, being his colcontempt of court." onel. On hearing it, the judge con-

The discomfited major sat down "You are accused, Percy Livingston. of dereliction of duty last night; what ceal their smiles.

have you to say in self-defense?" "Private Livingston, you can now "Who is my accuser, sir?" asked the conduct your father back to the stockyouth, his keen, gray eyes roving ade."

As the two men passed out arm in "Captain Blank over there." replied arm a general handshaking took place the colonel, nodding in my direction. in the court room, and everybody con-The lad gave me one swift look and then turned his eyes away. There py termination of what promised to was a whole sentence of reproach in be an awful tragedy .-- Waverly' Magathat quick glance; it said: "You, my zine. friend and mentor, to whom I looked for advice in every difficulty?

Post Holes by Machine.

An interesting post hole boring outfit which will make a hole uniform in

size at top and bottom and of any the caboose and disposed himself as with evergreen leaves and bearing a "Private Livingston, if you have anything to say concerning the rea-July Popular Mechanics. It consists son why you allowed a rebel prisoner of a boring machine, mounted on a to escape punishment last night, say truck in such a way that it can be it now." worked at either side or back of the The soldier made several ineffectual truck. The holes are made by a large efforts to answer the judge, but each auger, or chisel bit, operated by a time a dry sob choked his utterance; gear working in a toothed shaft, which at length he stammered: furnishes the means of raising or low "He was my father, sir." ering it. The power is applied by

THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Behold the town of Bethlehem One midnight long ago, When not a footstep in the street Was moving to and fro. A lantern in a stable door Sent out a feeble bar. And slowly o'er the humble thatch Arose the Christmas star.

And touched the olive-boughs With brightness like the aureole That crowns an angel's brows; It lit the manger-bed where slept The Prince of Peace, new born, And poured upon His infant head

The glory of the morn. Three thousand years or more have

passed, To darkness whence they came,

In winding sheets of flame,

And countless suns have set. But over all the ancient earth That star is shining yet.

It shimmers on the tropic sea. And gilds the arctic shore:

It beams, a lamp to dying eyes; The grave is dark no more. Indimmed by either storm or cloud, Its splendor never dies, But night and day it lights the way That leads to Paradise.



Watson was in a hurry to get homin order to make his fourth annual appearance in the popular and mirthprovoking character of Santa Claus. sentenced to-acquittal-in considera- The regular passenger train passing through Ballyboggin, where he had

been detained on business, would land him at the union station in Chicago bation broke from the court of war, at precisely 7:30, which would mean and one stout and red-faced major, 8 o'clock by the time he could possi-

He confided his difficulty to the sympathetic landlord of the hotel and the landlord said: "There's a freight leaves Hardwick at 11:30 and you ought to be able to make connection

with the Egmont express slap into Chicago if it makes anywhere near again, while his fellow officers passed time. That will be three hours earlier their hands over their mouths to con- than the regular passenger, but you'll

have to get a livery rig to get over to Hardwick and that'll cost you \$3." Five minutes later he and his valise were packed into a buggy and a start

made. The roads were particularly bad, however, and about half way to Hardwick the driver announced his gratulated everybody else on the hap cheerful conviction that they would miss the freight. Watson thereupon urged him to apply whalebone to the team with the promise of an extra dollar if he made the freight. When

they arrived at Hardwick they found during the coming year. that the freight was still there. In the room is placed an "elysian Watson paid the driver, climbed into

A REAL RELIEF PARTY.

CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



Snowed In, but Willing to Be Festive-Bringing Provisions to the Passengers of a Snowbound Train.

sence, the overflowing good-will, the a ball, and the powder dusted over it in this heat-" outspoken kindliness, the unselfishness from a perforated toilet powder box. and cheeriness, need not be limited to The other end of the wire is bent over know, and really, Paul is so easy to to form a fastening, and the ball is one day in the year. There is no reason why we should not have them evready for the tree. It is effective to ery day. Why should love not rule have the balls vary in size from that at all. And I'd love to be nice to all through the circle of the year? A year of a small apple to a large orange. full of Christ is a year which carries

How to Make Plum Pudding Sauce. consented. into every day the best of Christmas. NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST.

in Japan It Is a Religious Rite and a Serious Matter. To a devout Japanese breakfast on

New Year's day is a religious rite well. Pour over them the boiling wa- weather was abominably hot." rather than a vulgar satisfaction of ter and stir over the fire until thick. the appetite. No ordinary dishes are Add any flavoring.



BELATIONS BY FRIENDSHIP.

Helena Finally Found One Woman Who "Understood."

"Paul," said Helena, so suddenly that her brother almost jumped. "Paul, I want to give some parties." "Good idea," said Paul, cordially, returning to his book.

"Yes, but, Paul, do listen. I really want to give some nice ones. People have been so good to us ever since we've been in Hillsover that I think we ought to begin to return their kindness. They can't be anything elaborate, of course, because we haven't a maid, and really, we haven't any lavish amount of money, either. Housekeeping's dreadfully expensive here. But they all understand, and something simple-" her voice dropped off into thoughtful silence.

"Oh, go ahead," said Paul, reassuringly. "They know I'm only instructor, and they won't expect nightingales' tongues, even if I do teach Latin. And you used to get up corking chafing dish suppers when I was at college. Whom are you going to have?"

"Well, your department, of course, and the Bickfords-they've been the nicest of all-and the Smiths and the Truemans and the Dean and Mrs. Sedgewick-he's a dear, and she's a whole lesson in living-and, oh, everybody!"

After her brother had gone to rec-Itation, Helena sat down to make out her list.

"I won't telephone them." she said, half-aloud. "That's a little too informal. I'll just make what Paul calls a 'personally conducted canvass' and ask them myself."

List in hand, she started out in her prettiest frock and with happy anticipation written in every curve of her smilling face.

"My dear, it's awfully good of you," said Mrs. Bickford, when Helena asked her. "But don't feel that you must have us! You haven't any maid, and

"But," began Helena, flushing a satisfy that I don't have a hard time of you, you've been so good to us!" And then Mrs. Bickford hesitatingly

A sauce without brandy is made as At most of the houses the girl met follows: One tablespoonful of corn- the same well meant, reluctant acceptstarch, one tablespoonful of butter, one ances; every one was afraid that she pint of boiling water, one egg, one-half "would overdo," and repeated in difcup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg ferent ways what she knew alreadyand sugar in a bowl and mix them that "she had no maid," and that "the

> At the dean's house she paused a moment in perplexity.

> "Is it worth while going in?" she questioned. "They mean to be kind, I know, but can't they understand that I want to do my part, too?"

> Mrs. Sedgewick met her cordially at the door. She was a large, fair woman, eminently lovable. Helena always thought of her house as a safe harbor of souls.

"Mrs. Sedgewick," she began, doubtfully, "we're giving a little plazza supper Wednesday night. Will you and he dean come? "Why, dear child, we'd love to," an swered Mrs. Sedgewick, blithely. "I've been hoping you'd ask us; and your plazza is really the prettiest in all Hillsover for a summer supper." "It will be very simple. I haven't a maid, you know," warned Helena, but her spirits were rising.

There was another and more sinister name by which the fence was known to guards and prisoners alike; it was called by them "the dead-line," because a prisoner found across it was ordered to be shot.

We had been encamped about a week when, one stormy evening, I visited a brother officer in his tent, and on leaving his quarters on my homeward fourney found the night so dark that I lost my way and did not know where I was till I brought up against the stockade. At that moment a rift in the clouds letting out a moonbeam. I saw distinctly through the palings a man in a tattered gray uniform looking up in astonishmentat a sentry who was violently gesticulating. The fellow was throwing his arms about in a way that made him resemble a scarerrow in a wheat field during a gale of wind.

I was at a loss to understand his actions till, on looking more closely at dierly looking man came striding in; the prisoner, I observed that the line his figure was slouching, his manner of black lanterns, whose light had been extinguished by the violence of the wind, was behind instead of in without feeling that he belonged to a toward the moonlight, which was at his stoop and his slouch, was accusmy back, and I therefore could see his tomed to say to other men, "Do this," features plainly, and knew by the ex- and it was done. pression of them that this grim, deermined looking man was quite un- his fage as he looked at the judge; it aware of the danger of his position. said, "What am I wanted for?" After a second or two it seemed to fawn upon him; he stepped hastily backward and was soon lost in the black shadow of the prison shed.

I heard the sentry resume his measared tread, but could see nothing further, for the moonlight was again curtained by the clouds.

Alone and unobserved I had witnessed a dereliction of duty on the part of the sentry that if I reported it would probably be fatal to him; what was I to do? If I did not report him I myself would be as guilty as he.

stood rooted to the spot in the II, black night, for the wind had eni by died away, in an ecstasy of agony. The perspiration broke out in great beads on my forehead, and my nds were clenched until the nalls the judge and said: sounded the paims.

if the moon had only not come out all would have been well; the prisoner, whatever may have been his inten- ed his arms across his breast, and ins, would never have been discov- said in a hard voice: tred by the sentry or myself, and I would have groped my way to my tent child of mine in your ranks." in blissful ignorance of what was now musing me so much misery.

While I was thinking this, or rather asked the colonel. limmediately afterwards, a thin, small voice sounded in my ear-to this day cannot tell whether it came from heaven or hell-but it said distinctly, The United States expects every offi- you to say?" cer to do his duty." And slowly I dragged myself to the tent of the offi- the line, the lantern light having been er of the watch and reported what blown out by the wind." had seen.

immediately on my report a posse you?" was detailed to arrest Number Six and replace him by another man. The from the clouds; it was he who dicentries on the platform were num- rected my attention to what I had bered according to their position, and done." herefore I knew exactly which sentry and been in fault.

In the morning a court-martial was yours, as his ordern were to shoot any held, at which, of course, I was the prisoner found across the line?" solitary witness against the prisoner. He was brought in weaponless, be sir."

could not have believed you would

act so like a traitor!" It made me

I shall never forget the hoarse murmur of horror that came from those war-seasoned, hard-featured soldiers, gathered for a matter of life and death; it was succeeded by a silence that could be felt, that seemed to hinder one's breathing. The majors and captains and lieutenants bit their mustaches and gazed furtively at their colonel to see what effect the words had on him; but he gave no sign, his visage being as immovable and expressionless as that of the Sphinx. Turning to the orderlies, he com-

manded them to search out the rebel ate it. prisoner, Livingston. A most unsolungainly, yet, for all that, no one could look at the tall stooping giant tront of him. The prisoner's face was ruling caste. This man, in spite of to him. One day, when sending his

> There was a puzzled expression "Is this your son?" asked the col onel

The Southerner had not looked at the lad since he came into the room: now he turned with a perceptible start and fixed his gaze on the boy; he evidently had failed to recognize him the night before; he gazed long and sternly on him, but the young fellow's eyes were on the ground. As they stood together in the open space in the center of the room, no one could doubt the relationship existing between the two; six feet two, every inch of it, both of them, with | ging, that I would!" square, high shoulders, long, thin neck, a figure too narrow for its height, and the same grim, thin-lipped mouth; and yet the elder turned to

"No, sir."

"He says he is your son." The old man drew himself up, fold-"He was my son, but I recognize no

"Captain Blank, is this the man that crossed the fence last night?"

"Yes, sir," I answered. "You have no doubt about it?" "No, sir."

"Prisoner Livingston, what have

"It was so dark that I could not see "But you saw the sentry waving to

"Yes, but only when moonlight came

"You are aware, of course, that this

man has forfeited his life to save "Perhaps he-he-recognized me

two friction clutches, which permit this raising or lowering of the auger without reversing its motion. The engine and gasoline tank are placed on the front part of the machine, in this way providing sufficient

weight to balance the other end, and the power is transmitted from the engine to the drive pulley by means of a belt. The machine will dig holes in any kind of soil on to which the truck can be driven, cutting readily through hardpan, shale and soft sandstone. Two men are required to oper-

A Tramp of Resource.

Much experience of thirsty tramps had caused the author of "An English Holiday," J. J. Hissey, to foreknow almost exactly what they would say motor car slowly along a shady English road, he met one of this gild,

who accosted him with the preliminary touch of his cap. Mr. Hissey anticipated him by exclaiming: "I be mortal thirsty! Have you good sir, the price of a glass of ale

about you? I've driven nearly fifty miles to-day, and since the morning not a bite of food has passed my lips." The look of astonishment that tramp gave me was a delight to observe. But this tramp was a man of ready resource, and seeing I was a hopeless case, he rose to the occasion and

promptly exclaimed, with what dignity he could command and with a comically serious expression: "If there were a policeman in sight I would give you in charge for beg-

Head On, Only. Any remark which might possibly be construed into unfavorable criticism of his old master or any of his belongings is instantly resented by Pomp, an old Southern negro. A young granddaughter from "up norf" was looking over the family portraits and commenting freely, while Pomp stood.

a sable image, at her side "I don't think much of that horse's tail," said the girl, nodding her head toward a portrait of her spirited ancestor seated on the horse which car-

ried him through the civil war. "It looks rather moth-eaten to me." "Dey wasn't nobody from de Norf eber saw dat hoss's tail in wah times."

answered Pomp, his voice charged with indignation. A Hint to the Wise.

As Jones and Brown were crawling along the highway where lately they had gone at top speed, a writer in the Pittsburg Despatch says, Jones was

car so slowly these days. "When everybody's carrying home garden tools," Brown replied, "you can't run over a man without risking a puncture."

About the only work an office-hold- things play only a secondary part in er does is to work for re-election.

comfortably as possible on the long, rice dumpling, a lobster, oranges, perslippery, cushioned bench that ran the simmons, chestnuts, dried sardines length of the car. Then he looked at and herring roe. All these dishes have his watch and found that it was five a special signification. The names of minutes past the time for the freight to start. After a while he got up and looked out of the car door.

There was nobody in sight. He stood there wondering whether it would be safe to go in search of some one, for the freight was a little distance out in the yards. After what he thought was half an hour's consid-

eration he got down and started toward the engine. He had got about ten steps when the clanging of a bell sent him back on the run. Just as he climbed aboard the cars began to jolt and bang from the head of the train down, and the freight began slowly to back. Then it came to a standstill.

Watson was thoroughly exasperated In the course of three or four more backward and forward movements he

settled into a sort of desperate resignation and it was in a tone express ive of this frame of mind that he adout?

dressed the brakeman when that worthy at last came into the car and climbed up to the cupola. "Would you mind telling me what we are waiting for now?" asked Wat-

"Walting for the passenger to go past," replied the brakeman. "Not the 2:10 from Ballyboggin?"

"Sure. That's her. I guess we will start now." It was past midnight when Watson

reached his home. Mad? You ought to have seen him.-Chicago News.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's. The custom of celebrating New Year's Day in our own country is largely due to the Dutch. Old Peter Stuyvesant made much of the day, and cheery assemblages were held at the

governor's home in New Amsterdam The Dutch method of kissing the wom en for "a happy new year" was ob

served and toll taken of all who were young and handsome. In fact, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly bekissed country in all Christendom and formed a marked contrast to the staid Puritans, who thought the ob servance of this day savored strongly of reverence for the god Janus and who made no note of their first New Year's Day in the new world save to record, "We went to work betimes."-New York Evening Post.

A New Year's Wish,

God keep thee, dear, through all the YOULTH Through all the joys, the sorrows, tears

Of life-its commonplaces, too God keep thee sweet, and brave, and true

Amid the doubts and fears that rise in every life-the mysteries.

Things that are hard to understand, The movings of a mystic hand, God keep thy reason sound and sure. Thy mind alert, thy heart still pure. God keep thee always-this I pray moved to inquire why Brown ran his For thee, upon this New Year's Day. -B. McM. Bell.

Christmas the Year Through Christmas candles burn out, decora ions must be thrown aside, exchange of gifts comes to an end. But these

Christmas. The love which is its se-

some are homonymous with words of happy omen; the others have an alle gorical meaning, The lobster's curved back and long claws typify life prolonged till the frame is bent and the beard is long; the sardines, which always swim in pairs, express conjugal bliss; the herring is symbolical of a fruitful progeny.

These dishes are not intended for consumption, although in most cases the appetite is fairly keen. The orthodox Japanese not only sees the old year out; he rises at 4 to welcome the newcomer and performs many ceremonies before he breaks his fast .-- London Chronicle.

His Roar.

McGorry (carpingly)-Thim makers av almanacs hov got us be dhe t'roats, bedad! Mrs. McGorry-How d'yez make thot

McGorry-Make ut out? Here, now We how cowld weather New Year's, phwin we don't nade ut; an' do dhey give us aven a brith av frost on dhe Fourt' av July, phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe heat? Not so's

yez cud notice ut, bedad!-Judge. Imitation Snowballs.

A Christmas tree decoration that is easily and inexpensively made at home is snowballs. A coil of fine picture wire, a box of diamond powder and a bundle of cotton batting (not sheet wadding) are the materials needed. The wire is cut in various short lieve implicitly that a really, truly

lengths, a wad of the cotton thrust Santa Claus will fill them .- Brooklyn upon it, patted into shape to look like Life.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



Posted on That. "Now, children," said the good man who was talking to the Sunday school, pretty things you find in your stock. of it?" she asked. ings on Christmas morning really come from, do you not?" "Yes, sir," they replied with one

volce. "Germany." Not a Bad Idea. Johnny-Tommy, let's put our pen- You understand, too!" nies together and buy ma a nice Christmas present. Tommy-All right "What shall it be?" "I guess we had better get her a pad

ied slipper."-Texas Siftings. In the Dark. "Well, have you bought your wife's

Christmas present yet?" "I dunno. She has all our Christmas stuff locked up in one of the close At the grave the hood of the deceased ets, where I can't get at it."

Happy Children. Blessed are the children who cau

still hang up their stockings and be-

"All the more fun," said Mrs. Sedgewick, laughing. "And you're so clever you'll manage it easily."

Helena rose to go; her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively she turned to the older woman.

"Why don't you discourage me like the others; tell me that it's too hard, "you know, of course, where all the that I haven't a maid and all the rest

"Because," said Mrs. Sedgewick, gravely, "I would almost rather have you break down than see the fine flame of your hospitality quenched." "Oh!" cried Helena, happily. "That was what my mother always said.

"And that," said Mrs. Sedgewick, kissing her good-by, "is because we're relations by friendship!" - Youth's Companion.

Christian Burials at Jerusalem.

Until about fifty years ago Christians in Jerusalem, and Franciscans as well, were buried without a coffin, the latter simply in the habit of the order. was sewed shut over the face, and thus he was bedded in the earth. The former burial place of the Catholics was in the valley of the Cedron alongside the Garden of Gethsemane, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, where the

Jews are still buried to-day. Only a century ago a new churchyard was laid out on Mount Zion, the place where King David and his successors are still buried. The exact spot is unknown, although many attempts have been made to find it. An old tradition says that about the fifth

century some workmen accidentally penetrated this vault. They looked in and saw the magnificent sarcophagi. but in trying to enter the chambers of the dead they were repulsed by flames of fire bursting forth from within. The trightened workmen closed the entrance to the vault, the exact location of which has been forgotten.

Man of Many Limbs.

The old colonel was spinning off yarns of the civil war and in the heat of reminiscent patriotism his memory became somewhat tangled.

"Ah, gentlemen," he related seriously, "I shall never forget the charge at Chickamauga. It was there that I lost my leg." Ten minutes later the old colonel was relating an incident of Gettysburg.

"And when we climbed Little Round Top the bullets were whistling on all sides. It was there I lost my leg." And thirty minutes later through a misty haze of smoke:

"Seven Pines, gentlemen, Seven Pines! Ah, that was the battle. One of my legs was shot from under me

But just then a timid little b looked up and asked shyly: "Graz pa, were were you a centipede in so days I'