ALMOST TIME TO GO.



XMAS IN KLONDIKE. the Christmas celebrators. For a half me for a coal trust or a sub-treasury of

ING A DREARY WINTER.

At 50 Degrees Below Zero, and While urbanely to the crowd.



lieve I shall ever forget Christmas. It was Dawson City's first. Dawson was three months and a half old, and had set-tled down to be a permanent town. All the miners who had made good locations had by this fime housed themselves in pine-board shanties. A few had built shanty frames about tents to secure greater warmth within. All of us who made any strikes of gold at all had dom so by October, so we were well along with so by October, so we were well along with zero when we pulled our fur caps on and impress upon me that I should adopt your our gold digging; but we could do less in strapped our heavy garments about us December than in any month in the year. late that arctic night and went trudging From the latter part of November to early in January there is only four hours of practical daylight in any day. Many

days, when the wind blew hardest-in fact, it blows a gale there all the winter

hour after arriving at Mac's we were busy the United States?" Glaring more fiercestamping snow from our rubber boots and |y as account after account was examinwalrus hide shoes, peeling off extra cover- ed, he broke out again: "I'm not a profane ONE DAY OF GOOD CHEER DUR- ings and in general hand-shakings and man, Mrs. Grumpy, but ripity rip my butmore 'Merry Christmasings.'

"'Now, boys, fall right in and tickle your gizzards over there,' should Mac am, and she's not a two-headed freak! And eleven dresses!

At 50 Degrees Below Zero, and white the Bitter Winds Were Roaring, Dawson City Celebrated in a Crude but Joyous Manner. HE December days and nights, accord-HE becember days

and nights, accorded in the states were doing, wanted from that we are going to camp out this winter? that we are going to camp out this winter? The miners who came there (five months before), wondered who Now, I do throw up the sponge! Nine there gross.

miners who came back from the Yu-kon diggings with plenty of gold, are the most trying of the year in the Klon-dike region, especial-ly at Christmas time. "If I live to the age of Methusaleh," he says, "I don't be-program and the entertainment proceeded. "If I live to the age of Methusalch," he says, "I don't be-lieve I shall ever forget Christmas. It A dozen men made speeches—a few of

business methods. You declared that you were going to make the money fly provid-ed the election went your war, and I made all these orders subject to the same condi-tion."

"Oh, I comprehend. Your extravagant cheme includes a plot to place the entire

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The arrest of a street car passenger y a policeman called by the conductor held, in Little Rock Traction and E. Company vs. Walker (Ark.), 40 L. R. A. 73, to give no right of action against the street car company if the conduc tor's authority extended only to putting the passenger off the car.

An apartment house constructed for residence purposes only is held in Mc Murtry vs. Phillips Investment Company (Ky.), 40 L. R. A. 489, to be a permissible structure under a deed limiting the use of the property to "residence purposes."

An assignment of wages for the period of one year by one working under a contract, whether by the day, the week or otherwise, is held valid, in Dolan vs. Hughes (R. I.), 40 L. R. A. 735, under a statute allowing the assignment of future earnings.

An awning which makes a permanent days were those on which he hoed and encroachment on a street is held, in weeded. With William it was differ-Hibbard, S. B. & Co. vs. Chicago (III.), ent. He was like unto neither his 40 L. R. A. 621, to constitute a purpres- mother nor his father. He was just ing told him, "there will be a train ture; and an order of the City Council William. He read, long into the night, along for the west in thirty minutes." permitting it is held to be only a li- by the kerosene lamp in the sittingcense, which can be revoked at any room, stories of adventure and of

Mere promises to pay a forged note search of fortune and of fame. He his way. are held, in Barry vs. Kirkland (Ariz.), longed for a wider field. He dreamed 40 L. R. A. 471, insufficient to create a of conquests, of piles of gold, of exliability, in the absence of circum- plorations into unknown countries, stances to create an estoppel, when the and of experiences in life such as never promises were made after maturity, entered the mind of plodding John. without consideration and without full knowledge of the material facts.

time.

vices.

Prosecution under a municipal ordinance is held, in ex parte Fagg (Texas), 40 L. R. A. 212, to be only quasi-crimcannot make it an offense against the city to do what is already an offense against the State under a statute, and triable only in a court of record, where the constitution requires all prosecutions to be in the name of the State and by the authority of the State.

Allegations that a child less than 2 ents by doing errands and performing taking care of themselves in a little passed. servies about the house, such as bringing fuel and caring for a younger child, are held, in Southern Railroad Company vs. Covenia (Ga.) 40 L. R. A. 253, to be insufficient to state a cause of action for the loss of the child's services, as the court will take judicial cognizance of the fact that such a child is incapable of rendering valuable ser-

The World's Great Apple Problem. chair beside the bed, his forty-two dol-Probably our great ancestor, Adam, lars spread out on the quilt before him. the farmers around the little depot did little thought of the trouble he would "I will do it!" he exclaimed to himcause posterity by eating an apple. But self in the dim darkness. "I will do from the train that morning the Willnow the question as to how many ap- it-" ples he really did eat is a new diffiby the cry of a woman down below, culty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve at the foot of the stairs. ent? Was it one, or was it millions? "William! William! it's time to go for When the subject was first mooted the the milk." editor very naturally replied, "Why, "Ah, me," murmured the boy to him-

0.1

one, of course." "No." said the assistant editor; "Eve ate one, and Adam ato one, too, that's Then the sub-editor passed along a slip of paper, on which was written, "Eve 81 and



The Return of the Prodigal.

T came to pass that there were born | the sky, the rays of the moon bathing unto Ezra and Lucy Whittlesy, two him in a flood of silver light. boys, William and John, who grew "Good-by! Good-by!"

to youth's estate on the old farm in Oakland County. John was a home boy. His happiest

tude, he determined to run away.

company of their own. There were

forty-two of them in the stone jar on

.

William's departure. There, by the

the shelf at the head of his bed.

and were borne to the night birds that made reply with shriller chirpings. Then William turned and went back

The words were spoken to the breezes

down the country road. "Yes," the station agent at the cross-William Whittlesy had dreamed of Colorado, and 'twas there he meant to youths going forth into the world in go. An hour later he was rolling on

.

And the years came and went. Not a word was ever received by the Whittlesys from William. And after

many months they came to regard him The days, the weeks, the months, as dead, and no longer hoped that one rolled on around the spool of time, and, day his form might again darken the with each bright breaking sun, more kitchen door.

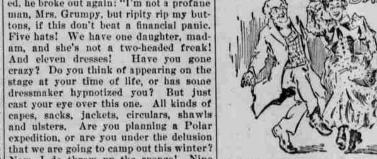
With William all went well. He stavand more discontented and dissatisfied did become the restless William. His ed in Chicago just long enough to learn days were centuries long. There was that there was nothing for him there. dure, and it is held that an ordinance always shining before his eyes the star He pushed his way further west. He of ambition which he was of a mind succeeded in his first venture, and five to follow more than once. He detested years had not elapsed before his name the sorry life of the farm, with the had come to be known throughout the homely environment, the old, old rou- mining country. Often he thought of tine, day in, day out, and finally, after that home back in Michigan, and freseveral years of uncomplaining servi- quently he said to himself, "I will write;" then something would interfere with the carrying out of his inten-He was 18 then, or two years he had tion, and no word would be sent back. saved every penny, every nickel, every years old was capable of rendering and dime, that had fallen in his way, and Thus the days and weeks and years did render valuable services to the par- ere long noted that the dollars were sped on until a fifth of a century had

> William Whittlesy had accumulated one hundred thousand dollars in the twenty years he had lived and toiled in Colorado, and one day the desire came to him stronger than ever to go back The sun was sinking behind the to the old home and gaze once again western horizon on the fateful night of into the old eyes of father and mother. So he returned.

> little window in the store room where The station at the crossroads was the he slept with the peaceful, sweet-consame, it seemed to him. It had not tented John, he sat on a cane-seated even been painted in all those twenty years. The agent was a stranger, and not recognize in the man who alighted iam Whittlesy who had so mysteri-

His thoughts were broken in upon ously disappeared years before. Alone and unknown, the man wended his way along the country road to the old house on the hill. He had crossed

self, "another night has come, but it shall be the last. For many years has It been my duty to go down the dusty milk. I cannot see why father does not maintain a dairy, or at least one cow, of his own, But, no, 1 must trudge,



Betsey growed a right smart paler

Now the gait they went gyratin'



long, and snow and pellets of ice were blown along-candles were kept lighted all day long. In winter, candles and lamps were always lighted between 1 and 2 in the afternoon. The mercury ranged from 26 degrees below zero to 65 degrees below. So we could not make satisfactory headway even in the richest of the dig gings. All through December about half the miners used to spend days in loafing about McCarthy's saloon at Dawson. The other half puttered about their cabins, dug a little now and then, mended their fur suits and made shoes from walrus hide

"At McCarthy's sometimes 150 or more men would gather around the roaring fir and a strange scene it was. Imagine an assemblage of men in a rough, barn-like structure, furnished with board benches, and illuminated by a dozen flickering can dles. Some men are dressed in baggy garments of fur, others in several coarse, heavy overcoats over heavy woolen clothes. All have caps of half-cured, shag gy, rancid-smelling fur, so that only the face appears. Every man has a prodiglous growth of whiskers, sometimes a foot long, and hair that reaches below the rim of the caps and lies across the shoulders. "There were but a dozen calendars in

all that region and very few men had any idea of dates. Some did not even know what month it was. One day, as we sat at McCarthy's, some one suggested that

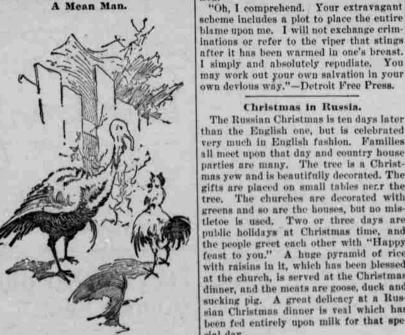
Christmas was approaching and we thought of observing the occasion. A week before Christmas we all agreed upon a celebration, and, crude though it was, we had a day that none of us will ever forget. It was more remarkable from the fact that there were in and about the lit-

tle hamlet of Dawson City over 1,100 men. No one earned less than \$16 a day, and the larger part had each risen from poverty to possessions worth several thou-sand dollars in a period of three months. I suppose the combined wealth in actual gold in the district then was nearly \$1,-000,000, and a clear prospect of increasing it to twice or thrice that sum in another five months. I don't believe that a com munity richer per capita has existed in this world than that was at Dawson City. Yet we had a mockery of civilization and hardly any of the comforts of life of a lot of paupers.

"Every one was informed on Dec. 24 of the fact that next day would be Christmas. Some 300 of us went down to Me-Carthy's to celebrate the holiday. Darkness set in at that period at about 1:30 p. m., but we had become accustomed to the 20-hour nights. When it got along to about 11:50 p. m. we got our watches out and waited. At exactly 12 the signal was given. The whistle at Joe Ladue's saw-mill screeched for a half hour, and over 300 shotguns, rifles and pistols were discharged, in volleys, singly, in quartets and in trios, for hours. Every one shook hands, Some danced about the room, and big, burly miners bugged one another, while 'Merry Christmus' was shouted again and again. It was the first time in the whole experience of the Klondike that we felt in sympathy with the outside world.

30

"On Christmas morning we brushed up a bit, and putting on our best rubber boots went and called on our best friends in the mining cabins and settlements, and received our friends from the mining cabin scattered up and down the frozen creeks "At 2 p. m., when the darkness was settling down in the valleys, several hundred miners met by agreement at McCarthy's. It was the only building in Dawson that could comfortably hold a large assemblage of people. Mac had prepared a program of events for the day and we had each chipped in an ounce of dust toward de fraying the expenses. The sawdust had been removed from the floor and a score of caudles and lamps were arranged aboutthe room. McCarthy himself wore a boiled shirt in honor of the occasion. On a broad board table along one wall of the room a funcheon had been arranged for



Rooster-Did you ever say anything rude to the cook? Turkey-No. Why?

Rooster-He says he's going to cut you dead when he sees you Christmas Eve. **` A BUSINESS STROKE**

Mrs. Grumpy in Her Christmas Buy-

ing Adopts Grumpy's Methods. Grumpy always has a financial spasm

when the Christmas returns come in, and this year his spell was an unusually bad this year, Hoply?"



blame upon me. I will not exchange criminations or refer to the viper that stings after it has been warmed in one's breast. I simply and absolutely repudiate. You may work out your own salvation in your

Christmas in Russia.

The Russian Christmas is ten days later than the English one, but is celebrated very much in English fashion. Families all meet upon that day and country house parties are many. The tree is a Christmas yew and is beautifully decorated. The gifts are placed on small tables near the tree. The churches are decorated with greens and so are the houses, but no mistletoe is used. Two or three days are public holidays at Christmas time, and the people greet each other with "Happy E. feast to you." A huge pyramid of rice with raisins in it, which has been blessed at the church, is served at the Christmas dinner, and the meats are goose, duck and sucking pig. A great delicacy at a Russian Christmas dinner is veal which has

cial day. The Bachelor's Stocking. Hang up the bachelor's stocking, Ye imps that fly by night; And dance around it mocking Its lean and empty plight. For him no gladness bring ye-The single, selfsh soul; It is accounted flor ye.

a it no presents fling ye, They'd all drop through the hole.

The New Arrangement. "I suppose you're going to have another old-fashioued Christmas at your house

"Can't possibly arrange it. Hired girl "Thunder and lightning, woman!" he began; "look at these bills. Do you take in the evening and a dance later on."



An'I'll hide behind it?

Bowed an' scraped an' skipped aroun'. Now you've heerd the tale o' horror, How from off the hights o' grace fer the depths o' sin an' sorrer, Harner yanked of Deacon Chase. own devious way."-Detroit Free Press.

BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS.

An' all night that of backslide

It Will Give Blessings Heaped Up to Pay You for Your Faith.

WORLD once "Eve 8142 see how it tasted, contained a fath- and Adam 8142 keep her er and mother who did not believe in Santa Claus. They were afraid, too, to let , hates barbers, came up to the their children be- scratch again with, "Eve 8142 lieve in the bless- see how it tasted, and Adam ALE CO ing that the fan- Then the humorist, who cy would make them credulous, or that it would have the effect of |"Eve 8142 see how it tasted, teaching them de-ceit, Facts which husband was he to see her

and verified these excellent people insisted upon, and when town and country were rejoicing, Christmas bells ringing, Christmas tapers twinkling and Christmas car- Saturday Evening Post. ols thrilling, their home was robbed of

half its rightful cheer in their streauous determination not to be imposed upon by Santa Claus or any of his train. But to turn to our original thought, Did

the parents who would have none of Santa Claus gain anything by their resolution to be rigidly true to a tangible and material order, or, clinging to the husk, did they for the healing of the nations? Many out," as it is sometimes called. things not susceptible of proof by the evidence of the physical senses are really true in that higher realm where the imagination rules. One of these never dying, never-failing things is Santa Claus, and year by year the weeks over which his scepter is extended are weeks of rare heauty and a time when good-will everywhere shines in men's countenances and The mother waited for a time, and the | His mind was set, determined. He see and feel this wonderful festival of to see what had become of him. into it fully, and so those who were wiser than we, in good old days fragrant in

memory, christened the Christmas season, when the yule-log burns, and the holly gleams, and the world is glad, as the spein him all you can and he will give you tic and "contrary" look. pay you for your faith .- Harper's Bazar. "how do you like it?"

A R minder.

"Why, Mr. Goslin, how good it is of you to call on Christmas day," said Miss Gaskett, extending her hand to the newcomer. roung man.

scarcely ever see a Christmas tree withut thinking of you?" "How kind of you to associate me with -aw-something so hwight and intewest-

ing. Is that-aw-why you think of me at such a time, aw?" "Well, I don't think that is it, exactly, Mr. Goslin, I suppose I think of you when

I see a Christmas tree because it is an evergreen.' A Remarkable Note.

"Do you see this five-dollar note, Ten-

"I do, Pipp, but what of it?" "I regard that as the most wonderful five-dollar note extant."

"What is there wonderful about it?" "I had it left after buying all the Christmas presents I had to get."

The man who feels like a king Christmas Eve is apt to feel like the dence next orulug.

Adam 81, making But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812. Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 8142 see how it 8.954." tasted, and Adam 812, equals. But his assistant beat the publisher, asserting that,

company 16,284. The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he ed old myth, fear- \$1,242 keep her company 89,384." had been listening quietly, handed in his contribution,

There the mater rests for the present, and we are very thankful it does rest .--

Cure Effected.

When people "get out of the wrong unrolled themselves before his mind's side of the bed" in the morning-that is eyes. He remembered the old swimto say, begin the day in a cross fash- ming hole, the eager hunts for birds' ion-the difficulty can generally be nests in the days agone, the "stone remedied by self-applied moral means. bruise" he carried to school with him A story is told which suggests a cure all one spring, and the beech whistles lose the fruit which was growing within for this tendency to get up "wrong side he used to make at recess. And the

it on again, and then come down-stairs. milk. This is my last walk."

is the mainspring of their lives. Children boy not having appeared, she went up stumbled along the rocky path to the love on the earth, but they cannot enter She found him standing before the by, silently, while the hired man filled

cial gala-time of Santa Claus. Believe The boy presented a decidedly fantas- cast shimmering shadows on the stone

blessings heaped up and running over to | "Well, my boy," said his mother,

"O mother," he gasped, "it's horrible! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," she said, "If you'll put your temper right side out, too, and promise the Whittlesy farm. "I wish you the compliments of-aw- to wear it that way. But, remember, if | Suddenly the boy stopped-so suddenthe season, Miss Gaskett," replied the you forget and put your temper on

wrong side out, you will have to put "Do you know, Mr. Gosiln, that I can your clothes on the same way." The boy quickly restored his clothes to their normal arrangement, and came down-stairs in good temper. He had learned the lesson.

Easy Enough.

ble fix.

Fred-What's up? Harry-I've gone and got engaged to

two girls. How the dickens am I going to get out of it? Fred-Oh, that's easy enough. Just contrive to get them together so that

they can compare notes. It is the little that a man wants here

below that's always the hardest to get After a woman passes her 70th birth-

day she delights in telling her age.

162."trudge on through snow, through sunshine and through rain to that old farmhouse nearly two miles down the turn-893." pike for milk. But this shall be my last walk---"

"William! William! ain't yew ever go in' fur that milk?"

Again the feminine voice from the foot of the stairway. "Yes, mother, I'm comin' now,"

The boy dropped all the forty-two dollars into his trousers pockets, and, after placing the stone jar back on its shelf at the head of the bed, slowly sham-

bled down the stairs. "There's th' pail, William," said his mother, pointing toward the table drawn up by the kitchen window. William took it and passed out into

the deepening darkness. He was alone on the road. The stone walls on either side showed indistinctly yellow gray in the fast gathering

and murmured something under his holes eaten by time and rust, and conbreath each time. As he walked down tinued on up the road. that road the whole eighteen years of his monotonous existence, called Life,

squirrel hunts and the games of youth, A small boy who was in the habit of all the different scenes of his life were occasionally revealing the "cross" side enacted again for him in the playhouse of his disposition in the morning, was of his memory. And at the end he said sent back to his room by his mother, to himself, "Well, it is over now, for with orders to take off every article of to-night I shall go away. Never again his clothing, turn it wrong side out, put will William take home the night's

milk-house on Green's farm, and stood looking-glass, a picture of despair. His his pail, then he trudged back over that clothes were on wrong side out, and country road. The moon was rising. there were seams and ravellings, raw Already a soft, silvery light flecked the edges and threads and rough spots, foliage of the woods on the left, and walls

And William dreamed of the wealth of the Indies that would one day be his, of the fame, the glory and the great,

good name that awaited him, out in the world, beyond the ken of life on ly, indeed, that the frothing milk slopped over the top of the pall and fell in

two spinshes, one on the road, the other on his trousers. "I shall not go home. I shall leave

now!" he cried. He walked to the edge of the road him back. "I understand," she went and peered into the white, lighted on. "Arter you went away your mother

Harry-Say, old man, I'm in a horri- said, "but where?" For a moment he stood in the shadow, | ried George there, an' we've been livin'

thinking. pall there."

He walked a few rods further up the road and then sheered off into the woods. By and by he came out into bing, with his head bowed upon his the moonlight again. He had carried out the plan that had sugested itself to his mind. The milk pall had been

placed in the old tree trunk. For a moment he hesitated. He took



THERE'S TH' PAIL, WILLIAM," SAID HIS MOTHER.

the lane below the woods when he recollected that pail of milk that he had hidden in the hollow log twenty years before.

"I wonder if the pall can be there yet," he said to himself, and smilled at the thought. "I'll see."

He remembered the spot as distinctly as though he had but left the day bedarkness. Now and then William fore. He went to the blasted trunk, would stoop and pick up a stone and kicked away the stones and moss and fling it idly toward a bush whence twigs and looked down. Yes, it was came the note of a nightbird crying to there; but in it nothing. He lifted out its mate. He stumbled once or twice the old tin pail, its sides all full of

"I shall knock at the kitchen door," he said to himself; "and when mother answers I shall say: 'Here is the milk.' " And William Whittlesy laughed aloud. The house appeared unchanged. To be sure there were honeysuckles growing up the back porch that had not been there went he went away, but twenty years is sufficient time for honeysuckles to live and die.

William Whittlesy ascended the steps quietly and knocked at the door. It was opened by a kind-eyed old lady. William throat forward the rusty, battered pall and sald, "Mother, here's the milk." The woman looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "Won't-won't-

you come in?" she said. William entered the room. It was the same old kitchen he had known when but a boy. And there by the fireplace sat a man, feeble, and wrinkled and gray, "Father, I have come back," cried William Whittlesy. The old man turned in his chair and gazed at the stranger, unknowing.

"Don't you see who I am?" cried the long-lost, "I am William, I have come back. I went away twenty years ago-

A peculiar light came into the eyes of the woman, who, during the stranger's appeal to the old man by the fireplace, had stood still, at the end of the table with one hand on her hip.

"I-I-I-understand now," she said. William looked his thanks in his eyes. He was about to close his arms about the old lady's face when she waved woods. "I must hide the pail," he died, and in 'beout a year your pa married me. Then when he died I maron th' ol' place ever sence. So yew "I remember!" he exclaimed. "The see we ain't your folks arter all, though old blasted tree trunk. I will put the likely ez not yew may have some legal connection with us-

William put his hand to his brow and reeled. He staggered to the door-sobbreast, he walked slowly down the old country road. And that night he went back to the West .- Detroit Free Press.

Even a dumb clock can make liself off his cap and stood bareheaded under understood with its hands.