



WHEN Pierre Nadeau brought his blooming bride to the River LaChapelle, he was young and strong, fresh from the lumber camps of Lake St. John. He had been appointed wharf foreman in his new home, and had grown old and gray as time went on, until a small farm and dwelling, bought with the fruits of his toil, provided a shelter for his declining years.

Two sons had been born to the Nadeaus, who, as they grew to manhood, went naturally to the lumber camps. After a time, however, attracted by promises of higher wages and cash payment, in lieu of store trade, they sought the growing West. When they left their home they were clad in provincial fashion; when they returned, on a visit only, they were clad in store clothes and radiant neckwear, and they used strange English, such as made the Pere Nadeau sick at heart. Finally, after unbridled depreciation of the surroundings in which they were born and bred, they departed by schooner and melting finally into the Orient were seen no more.

But their daughter Angeline remained to them, brown of hair and eyes, the trimness of her supple form manifest despite the fashion of dress considered at that early period becoming to the daughters of old France. The long, loose blouse, and short, homespun flannel kirtle, relics of a Norman peasantry, which on other women made them to appear squat, failed to hide her well rounded proportions and maidenly grace.

She had a sharp tongue, and when she was merry her laughter rang out like sleigh bells in winter's frost. Sunday afternoon, when visitors were over, was the time when she would exercise her sharp wit; when, with the other maids of the hamlet she sought the lumber wharf to swap words of badinage with the lightermen, deal handlers and trimmers gathered there.

There were no frivolities on week days, however, when Angeline milked the cows, and made tasty butter for the Nadeau table. This done she would seat herself at the loom, which would ring out its rapid click-clack to the push of her vigorous foot, as it turned out its webs of linen, flannel or catelonne, for village consumption. She was as quick with her little hands and feet as with that biting, scornful tongue of hers.

Every year, as the big ship Margaret Pollock anchored off the shore for cargo, Captain Locke would pay her a visit the moment he set foot on land. Clean shaven, but for a fringe of fierce red whiskers, his face was vast and lurid as the setting sun. He wore broadcloth on such occasions, with a beaver hat as high as an ordinary chimney; his shirt-front rivaling in expanse his main t'gallant sail.

He always brought her a present, some trifle picked up in a foreign port, which he would donate in an offhand manner. Sometimes the girl would kiss his grained cheek, and he would clap her on the shoulder softly with a hand which, clenched, could fell an ox.

One day the schooner Notre Dame des Anges came in, to load farmers' stuff, having been chartered for this purpose by a black-browed man of thirty-five about, who gave his name as Boisvert. He swaggered to a certain extent, and was clad in garments supposed to be of fashionable cut and texture. The woman thought him handsome, but his eyes were set rather close together for beauty, and his nose, bent, and with a scar in the concave section, gave to his face a sinister expression. During the intervals of loading he sat much in the house of le pere Nadeau, depreciating their surroundings.

His constant disparagements at length took root in the girl's mind, and her environment grew narrow and bald the more he talked. He assailed the feminine fashions of the port, too; so that when a modiste drifted to the village from St. Michel, with steel engraved fashion plates not three years of age, Angeline became her first customer. One Sunday she went to church in a new gown, of bright color, with a belt decked with red paper flowers, and a ribbon at her neck of poppy hue. M. Boisvert was filled with admiration.

"How the boys would cast soft eyes at you in St. Roch," he assured her with a melting look.

"Go away, M. Boisvert," was her retort, but it was accompanied with an affected toss of her pretty head, which the old Nadeau and his wife disliked, though they could not just say why. So did Clapha Ouellet. He had been a log boomer, and having been successful in his contracts, he had invested his capital in a snug farm in St. Ange, where his old mother kept his house clean until such time as Angeline would consent to become the mistress. Alas for his hopes; the girl had of late become contemptuous of the prospect.

"It's had enough here by the sea, but St. Ange, with nothing but the big woods to see—bah!"

"It's all that Boisvert," said Clapha angrily. "Octave Lavoie, the navigator, says he has a wife and five children in Lorette."

"It's false," snapped Angeline with flashing eyes.

The Notre Dame sailed at length for Quebec; but the supreme content of Clapha and the old Nadeaus was but short-lived. But a few weeks had passed when she returned to her old moorings, laden with wind-blown apples for sale or exchange, with Boisvert, debonaire and cynical as before, at his former post. Captain Locke was in port at the time, and took an instant and un concealed dislike to him.

One dark fall night, while the hum of a coming easterly wind was heard in the trees which overhung the river, the Notre

Dame des Anges swung round to the current, and slipped out seaward, with Angeline seated, scared, and already repentant, on a cabin locker.

There was consternation in the Nadeau dwelling when the morning light revealed an empty nest in the old familiar attic, from which she had never been absent for a night since her eradic had been consigned to the barn loft. She had discarded her despised house dress, of blouse and flannel kirtle, woven by her own hands, of striped purple and yellow. The sabot-shaped shoes had been tossed into a corner; all her newer belongings she had taken with her; and the mother Nadeau collected the despised trunk and folding them up, laid them carefully away. In the sombre, inarticulate manner of the peasant, they accepted their sorrow.

These were the early, undeveloped days of the East, when the railroad and telegraph were unknown east of Quebec, and

fury, and he stormed so terribly on the wharf that the hands, in their terror, hid behind the deal piles, peeping round the corners with scared faces. From Octave, the navigator, he extracted the news of her present circumstances, and became somewhat more calm, though still awful in his frown.

For the second time since the flight of Angeline, Christmas eve came round.

"We will go to church this year, my wife."

"Yes, we will go,"

Having prepared a store of kindling wood against their return, they extinguished their lamps, and locking the door, deposited the key in a secret niche of the porch, known to no outsider. As they turned into the Kempt road, which like a three-mile tunnel, by reason of the spruce boughs which met and interlaced overhead, led to the church, a faint, long drawn wail from the opposite bank of the river came to their ears.

"It is the horn of the mail driver," said Pere Nadeau.

The church was aglow with the light of many candles, set in temporary sconces, on either side, and from the altar and the deep box stoves were like great rubies, so hearty were the fires of seasoned wood which crackled within. In the choir loft, fiddles were being tuned, and as the service proceeded they rolled forth to their accompaniment from the vigorous throats of the young farmer choristers, the well known carols of the season. Then the priest from the rail of the altar spoke in fatherly tones, and the duty of forgiveness, even as we expect to be forgiven, was his theme. Pere Nadeau touched gently his wife's hand, as the words of the preacher touched them both on a hidden, quivering chord, and their old lips moved in unison as they prayed.

happy hush, half smothered by her shawl, and fastidiously.

"Dry on fast, my husband; one person only knows the place in which we hide the key."

The windows were all aflutter when they reached the porch, and from the pipes which arched as chimneys, clouds of long, feathery cinders from the fire of dry deal ends the hissing into the whirling drift. Then he saw sleigh tracks, which came to an untimely end from the door, and understood.

"The mail driver must have brought— whom?"

He brushed the snow from a window pane, and looking in, saw Angeline dressed in her once discarded blouse and girdle of purple and yellow—even the moccasins, had come, bringing such happiness as he had never dreamed could be his again.

"For this my child was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found!"—Montreal Star.

PRESENTS FOR A BOY.

They Should Be Such as Will Brighten His Youthful Heart.

What shall be said of that blundering kindness of home folks that considers giving the boy only presents of such things as he actually needs? It is an outrage

FATHER TIME FINISHES ANOTHER R.UND.



but a bi-weekly mail, by horse and coach or sled, carried tidings of the outside world. Once navigation closed, the door was shut upon the dwellers in the eastern hamlets bordering on the gulf. So the snow fell in deep drifts, and the lights were packed-screwed high above the ice, which rose and fell with the tides, their masts looking ghostlike in the dark winter nights. The once joyous fetes passed un-noticed by Pere Nadeau and his wife—Christmas, New Year's Day—and they sat alone and silent, or went about their daily tasks as best they might. Sometimes the neighbors called, but while they spoke of what was passing; of the cut of logs, of the prospect of a good year's shipping to come, of Angeline they spoke no word.

When the summer tides flowed blue and sparkling once more, Clapha Ouellet, embarking his winter's cut of cordwood on the schooner of the navigator, Octave Lavoie, sailed for Quebec, returning after an absence of a couple of weeks. He stepped into the Nadeau dwelling casually on his return.

"Well, Clapha," said the old man in greeting, "your health is good?"

"Yes, thanks."

"The cordwood sell well?"

"Not bad. Twenty-five shillings."

"See anything of my girl?"

"Yes."

"Is she well?"

"Yes. Works in a hotel."

"Hotel? Not with him, then?"

"No. She left him quick. He had his own wife and family, same as Octave said."

"The accursed. Didn't speak of coming back?"

"No. Well, I must go; the old mother will be anxious by now for me. If she comes, you will send me word, eh?"

"Yes, we will send you word, Clapha."

When the Margaret Pollock anchored for cargo that fall, and the news of Angeline's abduction was conveyed to Captain Locke, his face grew purple with

the wind had arisen to a gale, as they returned to their home, a fine, cutting drift obscuring the night; but as they drew near, in a momentary lull in the storm, a spark of light twinkled forth for an instant upon the snow. The Pere Na-

deau upon the spirit of Christmas to present

him with new shoes, ties, handkerchiefs—something that he knows he will get anyway—when his sleeping and waking dreams for weeks before have been filled with visions of tape, balls, guns and magic lanterns. The most beautiful knitted muller woman's fingers ever constructed cannot compare with a jackknife with four blades and a cork-screw attachment, when exhibited over the back fence to a neighbor boy on Christmas morning. Very soon after the days of kits a boy reaches the age when he yearns with his whole soul after any toy or contrivance that will test his muscular skill or endurance. At this age an appropriate present would be a rawhide or rope lariat, such as is used by the Buffalo Bill riders. A pair of hand or arm stiffs will be received with equal favor, and in the same category comes a new fishing rod, snow shoes, tennis racket, golf clubs, a good bell lamp or cyclometer for his wheel, or even a live pet, a new dog, a pair of rabbits or guinea pigs—something that he can pet and train for all his own.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Best Christmas Present.

The best of all gifts at the present time is yourself. Make yourself in some way more pleasant and helpful to others. You may have been neglectful of them; be mindful henceforth. You may be quick in temper and have spoken hastily; put on restraint and speak kindly now. Restrain all evil habits and make yourself a joy and a help to others. They will bless you.—United Presbyterian.

She Knew.

Sunday School Teacher (illustrating the workings of conscience)—What is it, children, that makes you feel uncomfortable when you have eaten all your Christmas candy and not given any of it to your little friends who had none of their own? Little Ethel Heathcote—Tumach-ache, ma'am.—Judge.

deau reined up, and crossed himself with a trembling hand.

"What is wrong, my husband?" asked his wife.

"A light in our window," he said, in a scared whisper. Then he heard a soft



Mr. Billings settled himself comfortably in his favorite chair beside the stove in the grocery store, and returned the neighborly greetings of the other regular attendants.

"Yes," he said, meditatively, "this is the last night of the old year. Something kind of solemn 'bout it, too, when ye stop to think of it. A year past an' gone, an' a new one—maybe the last some of us'll ever see—just beginnin'." It makes a man feel serious. People laugh 'bout New Year's resolutions, but I maintain it's a good thing for a man to pull up now an' then an' start fresh; an' the first of the year seems the most natural an' fittin' time to do it."

"Makin' any resolutions yourself, 'Lisha?" asked Nathan Hobbs, good-naturedly.

"Yes, sir, I am!" replied Elisha, defiantly. "I'm makin' one, anyway, an' I don't care who knows it. I'm resolin' to keep a better hold on my temper this year. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," the Book says. I've had my failin's that way, as some of ye know; but now we're beginnin' a new year an' a new century, too, I'm goin' to turn over a new leaf."

"What was that you said 'bout a new century?" asked old Eben Cook, from his seat in the corner.

"I said now that we was beginnin' a new century I was goin'—"

"What you talkin' 'bout, 'Lisha? The twentieth century began a year ago. Tomorrow'll be nineteen hundred an' one, won't it?"

"Course 'twill; but ain't 'one' the first number there is? An' don't that make tomorrow the first day of the new century?"

"Not by a long shot, less I've forgotten how to count. It don't take a hundred an' one years to make a century, does it?"

"No, but it takes more'n ninety-nine. S'pose I was to begin with one, an' count—"

"Hold on a minute," interposed Judson, the storekeeper. "Let's say that Bill, here, owed me a hundred dollars an' started to pay me in dollar bills, callin' out 'one, two, three'—"

"Well, s'pose he did."

"No, Jud," suggested Seth Gibson. "Here's the way I heard that feller up to the academy put it: How old is a man on his one-hundredth birthday?"

"Good land and seas!" shouted Mr. Billings, as he rose excitedly to his feet. "If he didn't know any more'n this 'lection of hand-picked lunkheads he wouldn't pass for more'n six or seven, at most. It's a waste of breath talkin' to ye. My ol' sorrel mare's got more sense than the whole posse of ye!" and he started for the door.

"What was it 'Lisha was sayin' 'bout New Year's resolutions?" Mr. Johnson asked the storekeeper, as the door shut with a bang. But Judson was too intent on his argument with Gibson to reply.—Youth's Companion.

The Week Before.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the place

Each woman goes shopping, with worn

And held in her hand is a long, fearsome

list

Of names that could simply by no means

be missed.

So shopping, and shopping, and shopping

they go

Bumped, shoved, pushed, and tangled in

squad and in row.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and father

is sad; the mother and sisters are all of them

glad.

Poor father, reflects on the state of his

wealth—

And broods on expenses that tell on his

health—

But once in the year come the glad Christ-

mas days.

The rest of the year's for poor father to

pay.

'Tis the week before Christmas—and now

the eye's

Put on her glad garments, adjust her

cute curl

And sends for the lover with whom she has

fused.

To tell him she knows he's the one she

should trust.

And he—he forgives her. The gas is turned

low—

And—'tis the week before Christmas,

you know.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all

through the home

The children are watched as they aimless-

ly roam,

And when they approach any wardrobe

or chest

They are told they must stop—and ole

the behest!

And O, the sweet children! So faith-

ful are they

At Sunday school—Santa will come Christ-

mas Day.

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all

through the land

Each poet is toiling with pen in his hand

At work on the parody based on the

rhyme

That somebody flung out once on a time—

But where is the prophet who wishes to

sing

The row that the week after Christmas

will bring?

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

Plum Pudding.

One pound of grated bread, one and a

quarter pounds of grated suet, one

pound of raisins, one pound of brown

sugar, twelve eggs, well beaten; two

wineglassfuls of brandy, one-quarter

pound of citron, cut fine. Mix all these

the night before. In the morning be-

fore putting it in the cloth stir two

tablespoonfuls of wheat flour, beat the

cloth and sprinkle with flour. Tie tight-

ly and boil four hours. Put a plate under

on the under part in the pot upon the

padding, add cinnamon and nutmeg

if liked.

Liked the Old Way Best.

"Pa, I've wrote Saxy Claus a 'nother

letter."

"What about, Georgie?"

"I told him he mustn't come in a auto-

mobile; I want him to come in a sleigh."

—Detroit Free Press.

That Costly Season.

"What makes your father look so blue

to-night?"

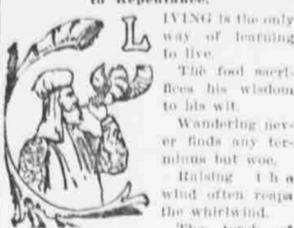
"S—s—s! Somebody thoughtlessly

mentioned the fact that Christmas is com-

ing."—Chicago Post.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



Living is the only way of learning to live.

The fool inherits his wisdom to his wit.

Wandering never finds any terminus but woe.

Having I th a wind often roars the whirlwind.

The torch of truth must be fed by the heart.

Only in ministry is the secret of manhood.

Winds of flattery waft no one to the skies.

All things must depend on the things within.

If your goodness is goody-goody, it is no good.

The impact of your life will depend on its uplift.

You cannot save souls unless you sow yourself.

Many a little obedience has led to a large blessing.

If you really love your Lord you will never be lonely.

You do not rise in the world by giving yourself airs.

The uphill road always looks steeper until you are on it.

It is your motive that gives moral value to your money.

Praying for calm is not the best way to prepare for storm.

It takes more than a melting mood to soften a hard heart.

No great work was ever done without the shedding of blood.

It's easy to shut your eyes and talk of a world where there is no God.

Jesus becomes Christ and Lord only as He becomes central in all our living.

The brightness of your crown does not depend on the darkness of your frown.

Everyday goodness in living is the best commentary on the law and the Gospel.

HIS TWIN GIRLS.

How Two Boyish Names Were Corrupted into Females.

When, after the successive advent of four daughters, twin sons were born to Professor Shawe of Canby Academy, he was a proud father indeed. The two sturdy babies received the names of Darius and Richard, which the professor explained to his friends were good names, historic names and family names all at once, and had besides the advantage of suggesting good nicknames or none—a thing always worth considering in the naming of boys.

If Richard should become Dick, why, Dick was as satisfactory as Richard; and Darius probably would retain its classic entirety, but if it did not, what could it become but Dare? Dick and Dare—could there be more manly, attractive, picturesque nicknames for a pair of fine boys?

Alas for the good professor's hopes! It is impossible to calculate what nickname his mates will bestow on a small boy as where lightning will strike.

Richard did not become Dick nor Darius Dare. A big boy at school promptly discovered that Richard Shawe suggested "Ricksaw," which at last became "Jirrickshaw," which in turn was cut down to "Jinny"—and remained there.

Equally unexpected was the fate of Darius. There was in the boys' class a girl much larger and older than he, named Maria, whose stupidity kept her with the little ones. Darius and Maria are names easily confused when quickly spoken, and the two were constantly answering the teacher in each other's stead. So perhaps it was merely natural that they should presently be known as Big Maria and Little Maria.

"Little Maria" and "Jinny" the professor's boys remained through primary, grammar and high school, and well into their college days. They accepted their feminine cognomens cheerfully enough; but it was long before their father became reconciled to the inquiry from teasing friends:

"Well, professor, and how are your twin girls to-day?"—Youth's Companion.