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ALONE WITH GOD.

Grant me, O Lord, a little while
To sit at Thy dear feet.
The day is drawing to a close,
And light and darkness meet.

Thou knowest, O my Father kind,
All that this day has brought.
With labor, weariness and care
Its hours have been fraught.

Thy guiding hand, O Lord, this day
I earnestly have sought:
I pant to know Thy blessed will
In me is being wrought.

I fain would look into Thy face
And see Thy gracious smile.
Oh, hide me in Thy tender love
And bid me rest awhile!

And so, my feeble strength renewed,
Rejoicing, I'll go on
From strength to strength until at last
The heavenly rest is won.
—A. M. G. Hicks, in N. Y. Tribune.

NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH.

Christ Gives What Is Lasting, What Is Real, What Is of Abundant Blessing.

"Not as the world giveth, give I unto you," said Christ, and many a devout soul has come to realize the meaning of this statement only after lifelong service. In the first place, Christ gives what is lasting, what is real, what is of abundant blessing. But there is another way in which He gives.

The world must have in sight the good result of anything, otherwise it has little use for it. Christ gives often a rich blessing in the guise of misfortune. One is suddenly turned from a cherished purpose; a life that promised great things becomes limited in its power, from an earthly standpoint. Christ is not giving it success as the world would do. He understands what pruning will do for the vine, and what the fruit will be.

Sometimes a most useful life is suddenly brought to an end, "for so he giveth His beloved sheep," and we say: God has use for it elsewhere. True, but that is not all; God has use for even the death of a good man or woman, for some souls uplift others more in death than in life. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

But God's gifts do not end with those wrapped in the darkness of mystery, gifts which are to be received with submissive faith. At the last—when in the evening it is light—these things are known in their true relation to life. Then He gives again, but "not as the world," for now it is "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for heaviness."—Union Gospel News.

OUT OF WORK.

A Condition of the Christian That Is Sad Indeed — No Rewards for Him.

"Out of work!" What pity is aroused in our hearts at the sound of these words! No work! No wages! No bread! Around the empty board a hungry, ill-clad father and mother and thin-faced, starving little ones. A sad picture! But it has to do only with that which is of the earth, earthy. These are only clay bodies, that after awhile shall return to the dust of mother earth.

Out of work—a Christian! Is there any sadness in this picture? No work! Comes life's short day to its close! No wages! No gems! No mansions! No scepters! No crowns! No, not so much, perhaps, as the penny at the close of the day. A poor beggarly, lean, hungry, soul-starved Christian. Eternally poor, without hope of ever attaining riches, for the day of work is past and over. Does this picture arouse any pity? Yet he is without excuse. Not that he could not work, but that he would not, for "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." Yet so it is. Multitudes of Christians out of work. Whole churches out of work, seeking only present earthly comfort and pleasure. No work. No pay. Hunger. Starvation. Death. "Faith if it hath not works is dead." So, too, is the Christian out of work.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Are you out of work?—W. Russell Collins, in N. Y. Observer.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Where a man can do most good is the highest spot of service in this world. —Watchman.

God is not an oriental despot. To find out His character and motives study Him as He was "manifest in the flesh."—Interior.

There is a great need for the revival of religion in the family. Religion as well as charity begins in the home.—United Presbyterian.

It is good to do the right thing, but it is still better to want to do it. Many a one stumbles or drifts into a right action, and so far so good. But no one ought to be satisfied with drifting or stumbling at any time. He ought to know that he has done well because he willed and worked to do well. To ignore one's own faculties is to dishonor their Maker.—S. S. Times.

A recent writer tells of the worth of a warm heart, and says that a warm heart is more attractive than a large brain. A city missionary said to a certain man: "He is not much of a man if you measure him in some ways, but he is worth a hundred dollars a year as kindling-wood in a prayer meeting." The world needs warming, and the Christian with but one talent can carry with him a warm heart if he will.—Baptist Union.

A Considerate Child.

A child tried to upset an elder by pulling away the chair as he was about to sit down. The child was reprimanded and asked what she would have done if the victim had fallen and hurt himself.

"I should have fetched a gun," she said.

On being pressed to give a reason for this strange provision she said: "Would you have him linger in agony?" —London Globe.

HOW BABOUSHKA FOUND THE CHRIST CHILD

By... JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

Copyright, 1902, By Jeannette H. Walworth

NIGHT was falling fast, and the snow was piled high against the outer walls of the hovel where a poor moujik (peasant) named Katoma lay dying in a little village in faraway Russia.

Katoma knew that he was going to die. It was Christmas eve, but there was no gladness in the season for him. His wife, whom he had loved very dearly, was already gone. For three consecutive years now his crops had failed. A few weeks before the wolves had devoured his last cow. If he had been entirely alone in the world he would have said to death, "Come; thou art welcome!"

But there was one other, his boy Ossip. The idea of death became terrible when he thought of leaving his boy all alone with not a copeck to bless himself with.

When I tell you that it takes 100 copecks to make a ruble and that a ruble is less than 60 cents, you will understand how dreadfully poor Katoma was.

He could not die peacefully for thinking of Ossip's future. His dim eyes turned fondly toward the pillow by his side, which the boy's thick black hair almost covered. Ossip lay motionless in sleep. The sick man put one feeble hand upon his boy's smooth forehead and silently commended him to heaven's care.

The house was very still. The hour was late. Ossip's healthy, regular breathing was the only audible sound. If only kind heaven would raise up one friend for his boy out of the millions of good people this big world swarmed with, Katoma felt that he should not mind how soon he was laid away under the frozen sods.

While his hand rested on Ossip's head and his heart was filled with these anxious thoughts the door of the hovel opened softly. The moujik turned wondering eyes in that direction, and there, coming noiselessly toward him across the beaten earthen floor, was a tall woman with soft brown eyes full of pitying tenderness.

She came close to the bed, on Ossip's side of it, and, looking down upon the sleeping child, she muttered:

"Perhaps this is the one at last."

Katoma looked at her anxiously.

"Whence came you, good mother, and what seek you?"

Across the sleeping boy she answered softly:

"I have come for Ossip. They told me in the village that thy days were numbered, and I knew that Ossip would need a friend. I will love and

"I HAVE COME FOR OSSIP."

care for him as though he were my very own. I am called Baboushka, and I keep my promises."

Then Katoma, the moujik, died happy, for he knew that Baboushka was a friend to all little children, and when she gathered Ossip close into her motherly arms when the end came the child ceased weeping for his dead father.

When Baboushka and Ossip were well on their way to the old woman's home, in the next village, they heard a pitiful sound of weeping somewhere on the tree shadowed side of the road.

The old woman stopped at the sound.

"We will go and see who is in trouble, Ossip. Our eyes and ears should always be kept well opened so that no sign of distress may escape us."

Guided by the sound, they came to a stone where, wailing and shivering in the darkness of the winter night, they found a little girl scarcely as large as Ossip, who was not at all well grown for his eight years.

Baboushka knelt down by the child and, gathering her cold little feet into a warm clasp, muttered:

"Perhaps this is the child."

Then she said aloud, "What is thy name, little one, and what doest thou here alone in the bitter nighttime?"

At which the child's tears flowed afresh, and between her sobs she told the kind, soft eyed woman how she had been traveling with a great company of men and women who were leaving their own village to seek a better land across the seas—our own blessed America, I make no doubt—and how, when they had encamped for the night, her aunt, who was the only relative she had in the world, had sent her into the woods to gather fagots to put under their soup kettle, and how she had wandered so far that she had

SHE TOOK THE CRIPPLED BOY IN HER ARMS.

not been able to find her way back to the camp, and how she feared the wolves would devour her before any one should come to look for her. Then she told Baboushka that her name was Vasalissa.

Baboushka clasped the little wanderer to her great motherly heart.

"That, indeed, the wolves shall not, my dear little Vasalissa. I cannot give thee back to thy aunt, for I know no better than thou dost where this great company of men and women may be camping for the night. But thou shalt go home with Ossip and me. Thou shalt share our fire and our porridge, and all that is mine thou shalt share with Ossip. I can keep the wolves of hunger and cold away, and if thy aunt comes to claim thee she shall find thee rosy and happy."

Then Vasalissa quickly dried her tears, and with her hand clasped in Baboushka's she trudged cheerfully forward until they came to a tiny little cottage set back from the road a short distance. In its one window a lamp was burning brightly.

The window and the lamp belonged to Baboushka's cottage. She pushed its unlocked door open, and the children entered with her into a clean swept, well warmed room.

A large chair was drawn close up to the hearth. As Baboushka entered she glanced eagerly at this chair, and again she muttered under her breath:

"I had hoped he might have come while I was out."

"Good mother," Ossip asked, "why do you leave a lighted lamp in the window when you go away?"

"So that," she answered, "should any one go astray in the cold and the dark he might find his way to my poor cottage. And now let us see if the bean broth has kept warm all this time. I made it before I left home in the early morning hours so that if any wanderers found their way hither they might not leave my roof hungered."

The bean broth had kept warm. She bade Ossip throw a few more fagots under the pot and set Vasalissa on a stool in the warmest nook. Then she brought three bowls, filled them with the bean broth and put them on the table. Over them she asked a blessing.

Before her own wooden spoon had made two journeys from bowl to lip she heard a timid knock at the door. She ran quickly to answer it. A tall, pale lad stood outside. In his arms he carried a small mite of a boy, about whose shoulders was wrapped a worn and soiled woman's shawl.

The tall, pale lad looked into the fire lighted room with longing eyes. His teeth chattered with the cold as he asked: "Good mother, may we ask shelter for the night? The cold bites bitter hard, and my little brother Petrusha is but a sickly cripple."

Then Baboushka opened wide her door with an eager hand and fast beating heart. Perhaps, at last, this was the child. What she said aloud was:

"That indeed thou mayest. But why art thou abroad on such a bitter night with the little one?"

She took the crippled boy in her strong, loving arms and carried him straight to the great chair in the chimney corner. She rapped her own best shawl about him and chafed his small, withered feet until they glowed with warmth. The tall, pale lad looked on gratefully.

"I am seeking an asylum for the little one," he said. "I have to work hard to keep him and myself from want. A rich merchant has promised me work, but he says I must not bring Petrusha. That he would take too much of my time."

"And where seek you an asylum for him?"

Baboushka looked pitifully at the small, sad face of the cripple. The tall brother answered sadly:

"Alas, that I know not yet. I was seeking the nearest town to ask counsel of the priest."

Baboushka laid a kind hand on the boy's arm.

"Put care away from thy young heart. Thou hast found an asylum for thy crippled brother. He shall travel no farther on the frozen roads. He shall be my own little Petrusha. I have a tiny truckle bed into which he will fit to a nicety. Such as I have, dear child, I make thee welcome to in the Christ Child's name."

The night was but very little older when the three children, Ossip, Vasalissa and Petrusha, fed, warmed and comforted, were sleeping the care free sleep of innocent childhood.

Only the tall lad and Baboushka sat by the fireside, because there was no bed left for them.

"Tell me, good mother," the boy said, looking straight into her kind eyes, "why are you so good to all children? Your fame has gone abroad."

Baboushka did not answer him at once. When she did, her voice sounded as sweet and solemn as church chimes at vesper time.

"Yes, I will tell you, my son, for you are nearing your own years of responsibility, and it will be well for you to learn in good time the solemn lesson that an opportunity once lost is lost forever.

"Many years ago I was setting my house in order when three men stopped at my door with a great piece of news.

"'We have seen a radiant star in the east,' they said, 'and we know that the Christ Child must be come. Leave thy labor. Come with us to find him and to do him honor.'

"But I sent them away with words of foolish impatience. 'Seest thou not that I am setting my house in order? Go thou to where the star beckons thee, and I will follow at some more convenient time. I can see its light without thy help.'

"So they went their way and left me to go mine. But when the time came that I found it convenient to follow the star clouds obscured the heavens, and there was no star to be seen, and so I knew not how to seek the Christ Child.

"I have been seeking him ever since, up and down in the land. Whenever, wherever I see a little child I think perhaps I have found the One I seek, and my heart yearns over him. But not yet have I found the Christ Child, whose face must shine with the radiance of the star I lost."

With tears of sorrow wetting her eyelashes Baboushka fell asleep in her chair. She had filled all of her beds with cold and friendless children.

And as she slept a tender hand seemed to dry her tears and a loving voice to whisper in her ears:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these little ones ye have done it unto me. They were homeless, and ye took them in. They were hungry, and you have fed them. They were cold, and you have warmed them. The Christ Child is in thy own heart."

And on that glad Christmas morning Baboushka awoke with a great peace in her soul, for she knew that she had found him she had been seeking far and wide.

TRANSFORMATION

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK

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Earth was a desert spot.
A weary way.
Till on the world there dawned
One Christmas day.
Then, like the fields made green
By running brook.
Hope came and all the world
New courage took.

Earth was all desolate.
A songless way.
Till shining angels sang
Of Christmas day.
Then every tiny rill
That danced along
Found voice, and with the birds
Burst forth in song.

Earth was a gloomy place.
A dreary way.
Until the Star arose
On Christmas day.
Then fled the world's despair,
The heart's dread night—
A Saviour came to earth
And there was light!

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS

The snow was falling on the mountains, hiding their tops in a misty veil, and the air was full of whirling flakes, which were rapidly covering the brown earth with a carpet of white and obliterating the trail up the mountain side where trudged, or, rather, stumbled, along a grotesque childish figure in a man's rough jacket, the sleeves rolled over and over to let out the small brown hands, while the edge of the coat, on a line with her heels, left a trail in the snow. A red hood covered the child's head, dark curls peeping out around her face, and in the fearless, wistful eyes shone a new light, for Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus. When her mother had gone to heaven a short time before, they had carried her up the mountain, and God and Santa Claus were always associated together in the child's mind. So, if God lived up there, Santa Claus could not be far away. Thus reasoned little Dorothy in the hours when her father was off working in the mine and she was left alone with her rag doll in the little brown hut which served as shelter and home.

Dorothy was going to find Santa Claus.

"Santa Claus may not come here now mother has gone," the little girl said, "and it must be near Christmas, so I will find him, and perhaps he will take me in his reindeer sleigh to see mother and God."

Little Dorothy paused in her task of sweeping the one room of their home, and, putting some potatoes in the ashes to bake, that her father's supper might be ready for him, she had wrapped herself in his old coat, donned her red hood and started out to find Santa Claus.

It chanced that day that one of the mine owners was down from the city on a tour of inspection, and, having seen Dorothy on a previous trip, he had, remembering another little girl who was very happy on Christmas eve, brought down a Christmas box for Dorothy and so strolled along with her father as he started homeward, that he might give it into the hands of the little maiden herself. But when they reached the brown hut Dorothy was not there, and when repeated calls brought no answer the two men, alarmed, started in opposite directions to seek her, Mr. Golden following the almost obliterated path up the mountain side, where, a mile beyond, he found the little one almost buried in the falling snow, and as he stooped to lift her in his arms she murmured drowsily, seeing the kind face bending over her:

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus."

"Dear, good Mr. Santa Claus, I want"—

When she opened her wistful, dark eyes again, the same kind face was bending over her as she lay on her cot in the little brown house, her father holding her in his arms, while beside her was the most beautiful doll of which she had ever dreamed, and, clasping it close to her heart, little Dorothy asked with reverent joy, the dark eyes filled to overflowing:

"Dear Mr. Santa Claus, is you God too?"

CALLIE BONNEY MARBLE.

THE TWO SOLDIERS

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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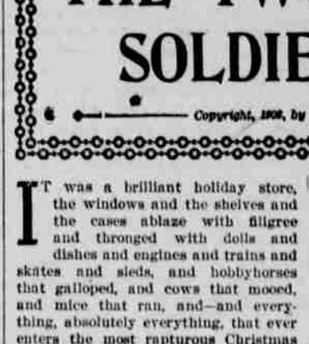
IT was a brilliant holiday store, the windows and the shelves and the cases ablaze with filigree and thronged with dolls and dishes and engines and trains and skates and sleds, and hobbyhorses that galloped, and cows that mooed, and mice that ran, and—and everything, absolutely everything, that ever enters the most rapturous Christmas dream.

In the center of the large show windows, fronting upon the gay street, stood two soldiers. They were by all odds the finest soldiers in the store, much superior to the personnel composing the different troops and regiments and companies stationed here and there along the aisles. The pair were made of tin, to be sure; but they were of heroic stature, eight inches tall, richly uniformed in black and yellow, and could be wound up so that they would present arms several times in succession.

The other soldiers, poor things, were compelled to remain the whole time at a "carry" or a "right shoulder" without relief.

Naturally these two soldiers were proud and of aspirations reaching be-



"OH, TO GET AWAY FROM THIS ETERNAL GUARD MOUNT!"

yond their present narrow quarters. They pined for a wider sphere. As they stood and stared with stern, fixed gaze through the plate glass into the gay street they talked together in toy language, and none, not even the most versatile linguists among the people passing and repassing, knew that they talked.

"Oh, to get away from this eternal guard mount over a lot of frippery!" sighed the one.

"With all my heart!" agreed the other. "The monotony is frightful."

"I'd give half my solder to receive orders to report to some little boy," continued the first. "Oh, for a change!"

"But the majority of little boys are so rough and careless," responded the second. "I understand they scratch you and bend you and otherwise maltreat you without cause, and soon you're done for. I prefer duty of a more quiet, instructive nature, where I may teach by means of my deportment rather than by violent action."

"Well, I should enjoy a hard drill and a tussle, I believe," asserted the first.

"Our organism is too fine for such active service, my lad," indulgently corrected the second. "What—scratches and dents? No, no. Give me a post of more elegance, where my uniform will be treated as it deserves."

* * * * * * *

Christmas day had been over and gone a month when after their separation the two soldiers again encountered one another, but this time in a great heap of rubbish at the city dump, where the dump man had unwittingly thrown them out.

"Hurrah! Hello, old chap!" exclaimed the first soldier delightedly.

"Hello!" returned the second, with rather more reserve. "Goodness! Been through the Seven Years' war?"

Well might he put this query. The other soldier was a perfect wreck. He had lost an arm and a foot, his head was sharply inclined forward upon his chest, he had only one eye, his body was twisted askew, his gun was broken, his cap was missing, his features were battered and distorted, and as for his uniform of black and yellow—there was hardly a spot of paint on him!

"I—I've been having my tussle," announced the first, with a cracked laugh. "But you—why, you evidently found just what you were looking for."

"Yes," explained the second, "I fell into an excellent post. It was the hands of a little boy, sure enough, but he wasn't allowed to hurt me. See, I haven't a mark on me." And he exhibited himself proudly.

True, he was still in dress parade condition.

"Thunder and Mars!" chuckled the first. "And look at me! Do you mean to say that you never were stepped on?"

"Oh, no," replied the second. "I didn't lie around on the floor. I was put away just as soon as he was done playing with me. His mother had made him a very orderly little boy."

"So you never stayed out all night in the hall or in the middle of the sitting room?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And did he shoot at you with his rubber gun ever?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"And he didn't bite you to see how soft you were?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or drag you about among the chairs with a string?"

"Never," said the spick and span soldier.

"Or sick the terrier on you?"

"Never."

"Or take you to bed with him and roll on you?"

"Never. I was always placed on the shelf in the closet."

"Or kick you or whack you or throw you?"

"Never. Watch—I can present arms as well as ever."

"Or kiss you and hug you with all his might and cry for you when he was sick through eating too much candy?"

"Never. He used to forget me entirely for days and days. Did your boy really do all that to you?"

"Yes, all that and more," answered the battered soldier softly.

"And did he kiss you, you say?" asked the spick and span soldier a bit wistfully.

"Yes; he kicked me and he kissed me," laughed the first.

"And did you enjoy it?" pursued the second curiously.

"I had the time of my life," declared the other. "How did you find things—up to your expectations?"

The spick and span soldier hesitated; then he replied:

"Possibly. I can't complain. But—but somehow I grew dreadfully ennuied. I almost longed at times for more excitement, more energy. We got tired of one another. After a day or so we exhausted all our programme of proper exercises, and he was so cautious of wearing me out that I was laid aside, and—and, finally, here I am. I don't suppose he even knows that I'm gone."

"Dear me!" mused the other. "I'm glad my little boy was not like yours. Of course there are the knocks; but,

THE VETERANS MEET.

oh, our companionship was sweet! I bet he's crying for me at this instant, poor chum! Still, it is as well that I am carted to the dump. I am old and disfigured and a back number, and I wanted to go before he would cease to miss me."

The spick and span soldier was silent.

"Hi, yi!" soliloquized the veteran, with a sigh and with a chuckle, stiffly rolling over on his back. "I'm past repairs, but it was sweet—aye, it was worth it! I—have—had—the—time—of—my—life."

And with his only eye he gazed through a chink in the debris up at the stars.

A BRAVE DESERTER.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK.

"What's that you say?" said Sergt. Toole, as he kicked the snow off his boots and sat down by the fire in the little wooden shack that did duty for barracks. "You say there never was any good in a deserter? Well, you've missed it by just one, and have made a four instead of a bull's eye. Didn't you ever hear tell of Jim Benson, of 'I' troop, of the Twelfth? Jim was a deserter, so Washington people said, but Jim loved the flag and his duty to it better than nine-tenths of the fellows who serve their full 30 years and then get let out with Uncle Sam's thanks and a small bit of money every month for life.

"What made him desert? Well, what should make an old soldier desert but a woman? Some poet or other once told about a fellow who had been tempted all kinds of ways. Money couldn't get him; glory couldn't get him; nothin' could get him, so all the wise ones thought, and she got him, or, as the verse slinger put it, 'woman tempted and he fell.'

"Jim was in the service 25 years before he struck his flag to a petticoat. Like all those fellows, when he got hit he was hit so bad that none of your surgeons who are up in matters of sentiment could persuade him to get out the bullet, or perhaps I'd better say arrow, for that's the kind of ammunition the little chap who shot Jim uses. You see, Jim was nigh onto 50 when he got his sights fixed and held on to this pretty young creature with blonde hair, blue eyes and pink cheeks. It's always the way with the old fellows, when they get stuck on something young. It goes hard with them. You see, the girl had heard how it was that Jim had always been steady, had never seen the inside of 'the mill' except as a member of the guard, and, moreover, how he was drawing four per cent, with his paymaster.

"Jim always went into a fight to win, and he got on to the track of that girl and hung to it just as he did to the Kid's trail down in the Apache country when 'I' troop was chasing that red devil through the Arizona hell. The girl led Jim for a while coquettish like, just to make sure of him, I guess. I don't suppose she ever cared a rap for him, but she was of a kind to whom Jim's little pot of money and his retired pay meant a heap.

"Jim wasn't any beauty. He looked like one of this artist fellow Remington's pictures of us fellows. All muscle and bone, but as thin as the company cook's soup when the beef doesn't show up. Moreover, Jim had a scar on his face that was deep enough to drop a Springfield cartridge in. He got it along with a medal of honor when he was trying to save a kid trumpeter from being gobbled up by the Sioux out on the Rosebud. The medal of honor didn't mean anything to that girl. It might to some who wear skirts, but not to one of her kind.

"Well, finally we all thought that Jim had coraled her all right. It was given out that the Twelfth's chaplain was going to have a job tying the two up. None of the boys congratulated Jim too hearty, because most of them had sized the affair up right, and wouldn't have it that the girl was good enough for Jim Benson. She might be all right for a rookie, but not for an old fellow who had seen more campaigns than the girl had years. I ought to have told you before that this particular petticoat was visiting at the post. She came from down Iowa way somewhere.

One night she gave it out that she was going home, and that Jim must go down there for the splicing. She cleared out, and in a few days after the old fellow gets a furlough and clears out, too, following the trail as we heard after, way down to Iowa. Now, you must just get hold of this fact. Jim was kind of a pious chap, but he loved the flag better than any Bible that was ever printed, but for a short time that girl was above the flag. Jim was just crazy for her. The story is that she wouldn't come back, and wouldn't marry him unless he quit the army then and there. Jim tried to quit through the regular red tape channels, but they wouldn't have it down in Washington.

"Jim Benson, veteran, medal of honor man, fighter in a hundred fights, lover of his flag and country, and as good a soldier as ever wore quartermaster's shoes, deserted, and deserted for a petticoat. I forgot to say that Jim got his wad of money from the paymaster before his leave was up.

"There was another desertion inside of a month after Jim quit the colors. This time a woman did the deserting, though a fellow helped her to do it, and along with the woman and the fellow went Jim's money. I don't suppose during the honeymoon the full force of what he had done went home to the bull's eye with Jim. It went home, however, when the girl quit. Jim wanted to be reinstated in the service. He was willing to take the heaviest penalty for absence without leave, but he knew now how it felt to be a deserter, and more than that, he remembered how all good soldiers despise a fellow who quits.

"Jim's heart was clean broke. He got in communication with his old captain somehow, and he tried to work the thing through the department for him, but there'd been a heap of desertions about that time, and despite Jim's medal and his 25 years with nary a 'blind' nor a day in 'the mill' against him, the honorable, the secretary of war said if Jim was caught he must take his medicine.

"It was rumored around old Fort Johnson that Jim had been seen on the edge of the woods looking at the old place and seeming kind of wildlike. One night one of the old quartermaster shacks got on fire. It was just before target practice season, and the building had a dozen big boxes of ammunition in it. There was a pretty stiff wind blowing, and it looked as if the barracks and a lot of other things would go. If that stuff had exploded the other buildings would have gone sure. The fire was fairly eating around those boxes and the fellows fought shy of the flames a little, good soldier stuff though they were.

"All at once while the crowd was bearing down somebody jumped clean through the blaze plump into the fire. He grabbed a box and threw it out clear of the blaze, and then another and another, though the flames were burning his clothes and going up wreathlike about his head.

"When he had done the business clean and got the man jumped out of the flames and ran into the woods. Well, I guess you know who it was. It was Jim Benson. We found him dead next day in a thicket, but the curious part of the matter was that Jim's body was wrapped in an old garrison flag that had been pinned about him by the last effort of those poor burned hands. Jim thought, you see, that, deserter though he was, if he did this they might bury him with the flag.

"Did they do it? Yes, and gave him the regulation three rounds over the grave and the best prayer that the old chaplain knew how to pray.

"Boys, I've been 29 years in the service. I've only got one year before I retire, but as sure as drill call sounds in decent weather I'm going to fight shy of petticoats till the next 12 months are up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Polite Passenger.

When the plainly dressed woman entered the crowded car all the young men were too busily engaged in reading their newspapers to notice her.

Seeing which, the somewhat elderly but well-preserved bachelor near the door arose.

"Take this seat, madam," he said, touching his hat.

"Well, I should say not!" she replied, indignantly. "You're old enough to be my father. Keep it your self."