Low at the Baby's test, might the less have move Who thrill with joy to-da 0000 again to Bethlahen we take our happy way.

We like to tell it o'er. We love H:m all the mor The such a ballowed picture That all the world may see The little Child from Heaven On the Madonna's knee, ch a hallowed picture

" Carol, children, carol, For Christ is born to-day! The angels sing, and we must bring Our praise on Christmas Day."

We lift our eyes adoring We lite our eyes altering. To yonder fields of blue, Where the midnight clouds were broke To let the g ory through. O'er mount and plain we follow The wondrous Morning Star, Which silvered every rugged hill And swept the shadows far.

With shepherds and with sages, Low at the Baby's fect, We bring our clustered gifts to-day, The costly and the sweet. Our best we'll haste to offer, For naught too dear can be To lay before the Holy Child On the Madonna's knee.

"Carol, children, carol; The Christ is born to day! Glad tidings sound the world around; Rejoice on Christmas Day."

To hear the angel music Our ears too deaf have grown, Yet may we swell the chorus That surges round the throne, And "Glory in the highest," Our lips shall sing to-day Unto the blest Redeemer Who hears us when we pray.

nd we with sage and shepherd Will worship at His feet. How can we help but love Him, The Baby is so sweet?

With countless thousand thousands, Our praise and thanks shall be Outpoured before the Child of Heaven On the Madonna's knee.

"Carol, children, carol, For Christ is born to-day!

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To all the earth proclaim his birth; Rejoice on Christmas Day!" - Margarst E. Sangster, in Christian Union.

THE LONE MAN'S CABIN.

The Story of Stephen Barrymore's Christmas.

[Written for This Paper.]

N the slope of an Ore gon hill stood the lone man's cabin, in the midst of a pitiess Christmas night. Marvelous was the fact that it stood, moreover, instead of scattering its frag-1 ments on the wide stream of the wind.

That winter the humid Pacific clim te had med to congeal on the Oregon coast, and over grass which had been scarcely powdered from sight for years, the snow now stood three feet dcep. Great drifts bedded the forests. Canyons were half choked, and stinging crystals of snow still flew in the air

The dim night landscape swopt away in grandeur; hills massing on hills, their density of pine verdure only suggested by contrast with the snow. In summer day-light the lone man's clearing, his smaller patch of cultivation, his spring of living water, and his path threading towards riverlanding and post-office, might also have been seen. But all theso things were now obliterated, and the cabin itself, shouldering against the hill, seemed losing its famillar lines under the ceaseless crasure of the snow. It was indeed a more pen of logs, with a chimney bui t of rock from the nearest canyon. The lone man in building had wisely chinked it tight with mud and moss, and as he had no window and a pun-cheon door, he could keep out the frost with sufficient fuel. A little mountain of stump-roots and logs lay besid his hearth, and an immense coal, which had been a section of tree, made rosy his silent den. His couch, made of poles, had been drawn across the earthen floor and placed directly in front of fire. It was cushioned with skins and he had over him the remnants of the best overcoas which he had brought to the State. A few other garments hung upon pegs on his log walls. His polished gun-case, a sub-stantial leather trunk, and, upon a rough healf, some silver spoons, were all the ob-jouts in his cabin which suggested to the eye past plenty or former surroundings of For the lone man himself was a pitcous creature, his feverish face half swallowed in adburn tousle, his weary and dejected eyes constantly sinking their lids in sick languoz. He was young, built with sound white muscles, a true love of wholesome out-door life, and a certain practical grasp and acceptance of existing facts; these things favored him in his fight with the wilderness. But, on the other hand, he was untrained and uneducated, had been the sport of hard fate from his birth, and lay now half poisoned by sullen dejection; and these things were against him. He had been "Stevie" to partial sisters. He had been "Baby" to a mother and family bunch now long scattered. He had been mere Stove Barrymore here and yonder to a world which regarded him with perfect indifference and some contempt. And now he felt as if he were even less than that poor unit; a mass of human nothingness which could only be and ache. This lone man was not apt at putting his emotions into words. He started up once and burst into tears. The tears of an honest human creature in lonely distress must be very precious in the sight of God. But Steve yrung his away from his face and swore a arge forbidden phrase, which may have been his form of prayer. He added aloud that he felt worse than a bear with a sore head, and this was a nice way for a man to

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the mountain belies in their best gowm. And, not being far from Portland, the gowns of these belies were in the late fashions. He could hear the gay music, the floor's huge throb to many feet. His right foot patted with his boot and his left foot kept time with its shoe, as all this mental panorama passed before him. If he only had strength to wade the show, or gnarantee that he to wade the show, or guarantee that he would not fall down somewhere and freeze to death, he would go to the dance yet. to death, he would go to the dance yet It was better than pining here like a wounded beast. The hot oysters, salmon, the roasted turkeys and stacks of sweed, which made a Christmas night ball-supper at Galagher's, held no inducements for him. The lone man was not hungry. He was cally sick and desolate from the outermost point of outfole to the innermost center of his ex-istence. Whichever way he looked, behold there was a chill waste. He did not like there was a chill waste. He did not like himself. He did not exactly know what he was good for. Very little of what is called luck ever came his way; and when he went out after it, he constantly ran into some yawning gulf of misfortune.

It was possible to imagine himself a suc cessful fellow, bustling about with a good-natured contempt for all smaller fry. But the probabilities were that his past would duplicate itself in endless repetitions. And meanwhile the snow, the wilderness and his unpeopled cabin were all his portion-all the present leverage he had upon the re-sisting future.

The lone man, his eyes swimming in blind faintness, had just sunk flat upon his couch again, when some muffied object bumped against his door. He urned his head to take indifferent heed of the fact, but not an instant for conjecturing was allowed him. A woman's voice pleading and screaming, a woman's hands fumbling and pound ng, brought him up to reel and

stagger directly to her. He undid the fastenings and she flew inside like a deer, immediately bracing herself against the door. "Lock this door quick!" she pleaded.

"No lock to it," explained Steve, replacing his seasoned bars in their sockets. "Got to bar it this way. I wasn't old Vanderbilt when I put up this palace. Couldn't afford fancy nickel and iron work." He sat down sud lenly on the end of his

couch. "Now hide me," she demanded, letting the cloak fall off her head and piercing him with the largest, blackest eyes he had ever

seen. "Ge-whizz!" ejaculated Steve, bracing himself up with his hands on the po es at each side of him. "Where c-uid I hide you in this place? Look up, and there's the holler of the roof. Look around, and there's

the logs." "What's in the trunk?" "Mighty little of any thing. When I recollect what used to be in that trunk when

I first came into the woods, and what ain't in it now, it makes me feel bad."

The woman threw up the lid and cronched inside. So qu ckly had her whisking drapery disappeared that Steve wondered if he were in one of his walking dreams, which of summer nights sometimes lured him out of his cabin into the woods She kept the lid a moment raised to whisper

through the opening: "Don't let him get me-oh don't let him get me!"

"Any fellow that would chase any thing through this snow," observed B rrymore, "must be keen for a hunt. You didn't foot it from the station, did you?"

She had lowered the trunk lid, but raised it again to make a crack through which

she replied: "I waded up the mountain, into the woods, as fast as I could wade. To hide

somewhere from that man." "What fellow is iti" inquired Steve. The trunk lid rose again softly, and her voice hissed through:

"It is satan!"

"Fill bet a peck of potatoes," said Steve, "that I'm dream n' all this. My head's as light as a feather, and it just blows from side to side. I'll put on ano her chunk of wood and get some light on the subject."

As he set some roots to blazing, their light spread over his face like a wave of merri-

"This is more fun than going to the ball," he murmured. "I'm having Christmas doin's



"Open and let me in," commanded his be-

sleger. "I'm not here to parley." "If you an't got any errand, you better put out again," suggested the lone man "This is my cabin and my claim. I hain't sent out any cards. I ain't to home."

sent out any carda I ain't to home." The outsider uttered some resounding sentences. When these settled to the level of threatening they pointed out such dan-gers as the following: "Why, I can klok your miserable door down. I can knock the chinking out of the walls and shoot you through the cracks. I can get on your roof and stamp it through " "May be you could build a better house than I've got," and Steve, with sarcasm. "You don't know what you're doing. And you don't want to get into trouble with a man like me. I have the law on my side. I want my wife out of this cabin and I'm going to have her out."

which my which out of this capin and I'm going to have her out." "Nice husband you must be, Mr. Law," said the lone man, " to be out with a gun tracking your wife through the snow like as if she was a rabbit."

At this the outsider set his heel mightily against the door. The wooden bars held it; but Steve saw them with the repeated kicks loosening in their sockets. He lifted his ready gun to his eye, but lowered it with a growl and shake of his head. He felt strong and angry. His weakness and nausea were gone. His blood shot like fire through its courses, and he felt ready for emergency. Emergency in the shape of a big, furious

"Now you've done it," said Steve, standing



between the trunk and his antagonist, and holding his gun up, "you see what I've got for you

The stranger's eyes were glowing, and his breath short with the effort he had made. Snow, driving behind him, whirled far into the cabin. He held his hands in the pockets of a tremendous great co.t. He and Steve, like knights who have just shocked in tournament, stood staring at each other without moving muscle. The stranger finally withdrew his gaze for one sweep around the cabin.

Where is she?"

"Don't let us have no more trouble," reasoned Steve. "You ain't goin' to get her if she don't want you to. She ast me to stand between, and I'm going to do it."

All the uncontrolled passions of the pureyes, staring through a minute crack in the trunk, saw him snatch his right hand from his pocket and fling it forward and the butt end of Steve's gun simultaneously striking it back. The pistol report was in his own brain. She never had a doubt of what was done. The whole thing was d stinct, posi-tive, swift, like a bolt of lightning down the sky. The man's body came down with a mp upon Steve's earthen floor. thu

Before Steve's mind received an impresdon, quite a minute before he could frame words with his lips, she was out of the trunk and on her knees, holding the man's head to her breast. She was calling him fond names and kissing his forehead-th s man who a few moments before had figured in her mind as an evil pursuing spirit.

He was now helpless for good or evil! an nert mass. This innocent non-resistance. like the feebleness of infancy, goes most keenly to a weman's heart.

"Let's get him into bed," said St whispering, and whitened through all his auburn touzle by this catastrophe.

But the woman waved him back. "I didn't mean to," solemnly stated the

the lone man. He calisted the Gal-rs to shelter and watch over her like a child and he bore all the brunt of inquiry. He telegraphed to the addresses she gave him, and solemnly escorted from the train to her door a group who arrived at the end of two days.

And very grand people they were A sen-ator, and a judge, a millionaire and the judge's wife, a woman almost as beautiful as the widow. They made brief lingering, but the inhabitants were able to gather some satisfaction from them. The judge, who did the talking, admitted that the de-ceased had been subject to violent moods and at such times his wife stood in extreme lerror of him. The judge was in a state of terror of him. The judge was in a state of complacent resignation. He said he was glad the fellow would never be able to chase that young girl as far from home again. She had run before and had alwaystaken to the wilderness. He did not like to kick man when a man was down, but truth was mighty and would prevail, and the truth in this case was that the deceased ought to have flourished his pistol in his own face long before he did.

The lone man stood on the railroad platform and helped lift a long box into the baggage car while the widow and her friends were embarking. He was too shy to bid her farewell, and she allowed herself to be helped to her place as if she had forgotten him. But she had not forgotten him. She threw up her window and drew him with beckoning fingers.

Steve came slouching under the window. He felt abject beneath that high-bred beautiful face which seemed to look beyond him.

"Good-bye, Mr. Barrymore. Thank you," she said, taking hold of his hand. The lone man felt that she left a paper in h s hand, but he gave no sign of having received any thing until the train had steamed away, and was lost among the windings of the hills. The lone man then went cautiously up the mountain a bit, and stood behind a rock to unfold his relic. It was a draft from Antonia Smith to

Stephen Barrymore, for a sum of money far beyond his modest dreams of wealth

He was too shrewd to brag about it, or show the token in its unsubstantial state. He went next day to Portland, and presented it at a bank, where it was duly honored. And, shortly thereafter, his chums around Galagher's were telling each other that S eve Barrymore had thrown up his claim, and gone to San Francisco, and that was the last that would be heard of Steve Barrymore on the Columbia.

It was not the last, however. For, the next year, a samon packer went down to San Francisco, and happened to meet the lone man. So he had a Christmas night's story to tell of him at Galagher's next

" Why, Steve's getting rich down there, boys," said this envoy. "He showed me a building he owned, and he's got an office that's carpeted, and he deals in stocks, and them big fellers seem to know him. I.e wears blue necktles, and it leaked out he's takin' dancin' lessons, and, with all that, he's the uneas est miserable fellow you ever saw. I didn't say any thing, but) knowed he was after that Widow Smith, you recollect; and I'll bet, before he gets through his little dance, he'll wish he was back on the lone man's old claim, with his toes to the cabin fire once more."

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

FOR FATHER.

Confidence and Affection-The Best Christ-mus Gift Which Daughters May Be-stow.

"What to give papa" is always a d fficult question in a household. He a ready has a pin-cushion or an interest in one; and it seems, further, that he usually has every thing else he wants. Of course his daugh-ters know that he might like Christmas giits of wealth or reputation that are beyond their power of giving; they may realize that even fathers do no. really have all that they wish and do just as they like, but it doesseem as though there are very few things that fathers care for that are possible for their daughters to give them. There is one intangible gift which would be uncommonly we come to a great many men, and that is the confidence and affection of their daughters

"Nonsense," says a bright-eyed girl in an-swer to this. "Papa knows I'm awfully fond of him. Most girls are fond of their fataers." Possibly, but very few of them show it, and the beginnings of filial demonstra-

sulcide. -Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing. -Sterne.

-Sorrow seems sent for instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing. -Rick-

-Many a young lady is perfect in pressing autumn leaves who leaves all the pressing of her clothes for her aged mother to perform. - Texas Siftings.

-Sunday-School Teacher-"Oh, Mr. Whitehead, won't you subscribe for the Church Press?" Mr. Whitehead--"Of course, Miss-if it's a hugging sociable."

-A music-dealer says that the violin has not improved any since 1720. The same may be said of the violinplayer who lives next door. - Norristown Herald.

-California has an electric girl, and hen she rubs her hands together they emit flashes. A fellow should think at least twice before he asks for one of those hands.

-Never strike a child on the head; and it might be well to add, never strike a man on the head either. If you want to strike something on the head, strike a nail. - Harper's Basar.

-Liberty is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same powers. - Moulesqueiu. -A Cincinnati deacon is under arrest for stealing \$3.45 from the contribution-box. It is unnecessary to state, perhaps, that his peculations dated over a series of years.—Bing-

hamton Republican - "Why is it that the groom always seems frightened at a wedding?" remarked a young woman. "Humph! He's got a right to be," was the rejoinder of an old married man within hearing. - Washington Critic.

-They Come High. -

She said she was his jewel, then He paused, quite sad and pensive, He realized with other men That jewels are expensive

-Washington Critic.

-Papa - "Why so pensive, my daughter?" Eloise-"Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and every thing between us is ended." Papa-'Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned this morning -protested."-Tid-Bils.

-"Can you spare a trifle for a poor blind man?" "Why, hang it, you look as if you could see first-rate." "Oh, certainly. I am only begging in the place of my blind friend, who has no time for himself, as his daughter is getting married to-day."

-- "Take a cigar with me, boys?" "Are they on a boy or a girl?" "What's happened, then?" "Oh, 1 spent an evening at Simpson's, where they have both a boy and a girl, and I'm setting 'em up because I have neither."-Nebraska State Journal.

-"Who is that brute across the street who slaps those little boys? For a cent I'd go over and kick him." "Leave him alone. It's the only com-fort he has." "Why?" "He's editor of the 'Children's Corner' department rats in that house of yours." Landlord-"Well?" Tenant-"What are you going to do about it?" Landlord -"Do about it! Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white mice at fifteen dollars per month, do you?"-Omaha World.

Pees Christmas. No token of the day, not even a friendly foot, had come across the spotless waste to

right here to home. Guess I'll load my

gun-if there's huntin' to-night." He reached for his gun-case, took out its shining barrels, which were polished like silver, and began to fit the parts together, laying his cartridges ready for insertion. The artistic part of the lone man's house keeping was his care of his gun. No maid loved her ornaments more, no matron devoted more on hair looms in sterling silver than Steve on his gun. His best shirts had gone towards rubbing it to its present high perfection.

As before, there was first a muffled bump against the door and then a prolonged rap-

"Who's there?" cried the lone man. The trun a quite closed, as if its inmate pre-ferred smothering to discovery.

turned a robust voice. "What does the law want?"

"You didn't do it," she groaned, rocking he head on her arm. "He would have the head on her arm. "He would have killed you if you hadn't turned his pis-tol. Oh, it had to come to this—it was coming for years-it had to be one of us-and now I wish it was mysel?!" All of Steve's examination of heart and

pulse and eyeball were of no avail. The man had died instantly. His wife shrunk with him from the examining touch. Her cloak fell to the ground. Her beautiful wild fnoe was pressed against the dead fors-head. She shed no tears. But Steve turned his back and stood still. He could not endure to look at her.

The roar of wind on the hills, and the snow driving sgainst his fire, suggested to his mind the necessity of shutting the door. He got a bit of rtone and drove the hinges back to place making as little noise as pos-sible. Then he closed it on its wooden latch. But some undefined deference to the late wishes of that man on the floor kept him from putting up a bar.

It also came to his mind that he would have to go to Gallagher's for help. So thinking, he legan to put on his tattered over-coat and wrap his feet and .egs. The woman est still, moaning, with her eyes fixed on the face against her shoulder.

When Sieve was ready, he broached the subject of his going to her, but she scarcely seemed to hear. So he went out, carefully shutting the door behind him, and breasted

At the post-mortem examination it ap-

it of reserves has always existed between them. Much strong and helpful infinence which is now entirely missed might come into the lives of many girls if they would cultivate the friendship of their fathers. The giving and rece ving would be mutual and full of elements of growth for both It is more rare than it should be, this relation of understand-ing friendship and companionship between a father and his daughter. The little girl drifts away from her father, often almost as soon as she is out of her babyhood. Her own interests take up her thoughts; she thinks that her father will not care for the stories of her little pleasures and trials, and she turns away from him more and more, till, by the time she is twenty, he usually has little more idea of her thoughts and real-life than he has of that of her young girl companions whom he sometimes sees shopping, or study-ing, or lunching with her. In every class of society one sees these same lonely fathers, missing all the brightness, and heart-comfort, and cheer to be found in unrestrained friendship with their own children. Is sometimes cos s a girl a good deal of resolution to bring her courage to a point where she can step over the barriers of a custom of reserve and let her father know that she cares for him in a deeper and more tender way than she has ever shown him; in a way she would wish she had made him understand if the chance was gone for-ever with his life. But it is a gift worth making, and one which would surprise and delight many fathers, if begun at Christmas "Who's there?" cried the lone man The brun i quite closed, as if its inmate pre-terred smothering to discovery. "The law of the State of California," re-arred a robust voice. "What does the law want?" "The law's like me," observed the lone "The law's like me," observed the lone

-Omaha Teacher - "Chemically what is a diamond?" Class-"Carbon." "Yes, a diamond is a pure carbon, but you must remember that coal is also carbon; that was taught in the last lesson." "Yes'm." "Now, how can it be demonstrated that coal and diamonds are so nearly alike?" Little boy-"Ask the price."-Omaha World

He Knew Human Nature.

He had called at a house on Cass avenue on business, and as he rose to go he said :

"I believe you were up the lake this fall?"

"Yes,"

"Go fishing any?"

"Yes."

"Catch any thing?"

"One little perch." "Ha! ha! ha! That's about as I expected. Well, good-night." ,

When the caller had gone the wife indignantly said:

"Richard, how could you sit there and lie in that bold way! You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece, and that big pickerel weighed eleven pounds." "My dear wife," he soothingly re-

plied, "you don't know human nature. "That man is now willing to take my word for one thousand dollars. If] had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest liar in Detroit."-Detroit Free Press.

Mack, stood still at the head of the stairs regarding the chints-framed ploture before brm. Under the sky-light in the roof was an eased supporting a partly-finished portrait