# SNOW CHILDREN

A Christmas Story

(By Josiah Dwight Whitney, in the Evening Post.

This is the story of the only man who ever can truthfully say that he has seen the dance of the Snow Children in Ellenburg.

The Ellenburg graveyard lies on the side of a beautiful hill facing a great meadow, and in the centre stands the most beautiful spruce tree that ever was seen, with the roundest, most symmetrical lines, tapering to an ex-quisite point at the top. Every year it seems to grow prouder and more hardy than the year before, although the eldest inhabitant say that the seedling was brought over from Norway by the settlers of the village more than a hundred years ago. As no one in Ellenburg is as old as that, or even feels that old, the story is only a

However, everyone in Ellenburg except the village cobbler, who is by occupation and temperament a narrowminded person, knows perfectly well that the Snow Children celebrate Christmas eve around the Norway spruce every 24th of December, just as the clock is striking midnight. is not given to everybody to see them -in fact, nobody but John Christian ever really saw them. They say that these who go to the hillside out of mere curiosity neither hear nor see anything, while some who have accidentally strayed with their minds busied over the prospective happiness of their children on the morrow have heard sweet music playing, of a sort that no exchestra in Ellenburg. Inseboren, or Jensen's Ford has ever been known to produce. It came from the direction of the great spruce, and some say they heard shouts of childish laughter mingling with the music. But when they crept cautiously over toward the tree and peeped out from behind a broad headstone to see what the festivity might be, forgetting entirely their own chicks and the morrow. the spruce was dark and deserted, save that most people declared that a bright star in the east seemed to be burning more brightly than any star was ever

known to burn, directly over the beau-

tiful tapering summit of the Snow Chil-

dren's tree.

Hans Engeborg, the oldest inhabitant, says that the spruce was planted by one of the early settlers whose little datughter died in the middle of winter. The child was buried, so Hans says, with wild strawberries and snowflower, on a Christmas eve, in the white billbide; and the seeding spruce was placed over her grave, where, even though the ground was frozen as deep to the ground was frozen as deep to the growing a goodly trea before the thems set in. The father came and placed the toys he had bought at the foot of the evergreen, and while he sat on the new-made mound with his face in his hands, he saw a vision of the Infant Jesus, lying in a manger in Bethlehem, and there were angel voices sing-ing jayous music which left the father very, very sad, but seemed to cure the bitterness in his heart. And so the has grown for these hundred at least, that is what Hans Engerate Hans declares that all the little outs who have been laid away on that hillside since the first settlers' little girl fied celebrate Christmas eve by dancing about the great spruce. And Hans and all the other people in Ellenburg call them the Snow Children, although have never seen them; and they say that the reason why John Christia saw them was that he leved little chilm de much as any mortal man could. and happened to be on the hillside one Christmas eve when he came very near to giving his life for one of them.

It was a bitter night, that starlit evening when the stockings were being hung! John Christian had risen from s sick-bed and gone across country five miles afoot, is fulfillment of sky. annual custom of taking a backet and dame who lived alone in a cottage | wistfully. One said: by a wood. Once upon a time, a dozen, yes, more than a dozen and a half, years ago, the old woman had done a single christian could not have told you now kindly act to a flaxen-haired child of three who called Christian father; and bed, feeling very weak, with a yellow-John had never forgotten, though on a haired nurse standing beside him, wearnight like this he would have preferred ling the same wistful expression he had to stay at home and make himself as comfortable as a sick man might about his own rearing logs.
"Shades of Thor, 'tis a cold night,

mothers' he cried, as he entered the little cottage and sank into a chair. "And the fields are rough between

A merry Christmas to you, John!"

"It's little to remember you, mother, was eighteen years ago, mother, eighteen years ago, that the little Christina was taken away on the flood; and twelve since the wife was taken and left John Christian alone in the world. And Christmas, when the children have the happiest time, brings the little Christina back—and she laughe and I hear her say Daddy, I have a bug for you!' and the joy in my heart goes out and leaves a cruel lump in-

"John, you should forget all that." said the dame—who tried once a year to be soothing, for Christian was about the only visitor she had. "The Master will comfort, for he took the little snow-flower to be His own. Who knows? Perhaps she dances with the Snow Children to-night."

"No. no! Not that!" said Christian. And then for a long time he sat gazing at the flumes as they leaped up shout the hickory logs in the fireplace. And defiantly he bade the dame good-

the shadows of the tall chestnuts and beeches in long, pale streamers across the brilliant earth; and amdist the tracery of the woods lay a soft, ineffable mist. Presently a flake of snow fell on John's nose. Then a breeze sprang up and drove clouds up from the horizon till the moon was hidden. At last the flakes flew thick and fast and Christian swung his arms lustily to drive the chill away.

The last mile of his walk carried him by the rustic bridge over the little stream which winds its way through the meadow overlooked by the burialground. The snow was blinding now. John Christian's blood suddenly tingled and ran hot at the sound of a faint cry of distress from near, the bridge. To him it was the same voice of a child which hod called to him in terror eighteen years before, when the darkness and flood had closed about the one child which God had given him-Oh-h! Help! Oh, the cold water -some one!" Christian stumbled down the embankment and saw a struggling figure in the water. He ran out on the ice, and it broke with him also. Then a pair of hands clutched him about the neck and dragged him under, tightening on him, like the grip of death. "For her sake! It might have been Christina!" he cried to himself, as the chill water cut to the marrow of his bones and the hands

It was not difficult to release the choking hands, but John Christian, sick, cold and exhausted, found if owner of the hands from the hole. Each time that he tried to lift him- got a hug for you!" self up, the ice broke. So the struggle went on till at last, when Christian succeeded in pulling himself out on the shore with his precious burden, he was nearly exhausted.

It was she that was helping him now. 'Come,' she seemed to be saying, we must run. We shall freeze. Run It means death to stay here.' And the hands that had before choked now helped Christian to his feet.

Oh, but it seemed cold to poor John Christian! The wind drove the snow into his face and bit his flesh like needles; his temples seemed to be sheathed in a helmet of ice; and his wet clothes became as steel and tor his fish as he walked. Yet he must get home. Over the bridge he dragged himself and up the hillside through the burial ground, just as the town clock sounded the midnight hour. "It might have been little Christina," he kept muttering.

Suddenly all Christian's suffering ceased and the air about him became as warm and balmy as a summer's day. He saw a Christmas spruce before him in a blaze of light, and the Snow Children were "oh"-ing and "ah"-ing about it. The branches had never looked quite so beautiful, and at the very top shone a star which was brighter than the brightest flaming arc-light you ever saw. re were twinkling candles which Perhaps he embroiders on burned in all the most dazzling colors the story as the years go by, but at any and apples and oranges of the reddest red and the yellowest yellow hanging on the tips of the boughs. The Snow Children looked up at the pretty baubles on the tree, the tinsel and pop-corn strings, the colored glass balls and the brightly painted toys. Then they laughed a joyous laugh and danced round the tree helding hands.

The ground under the tree was cov ered with sparkling snow; it seemed as To the top of the porch, to the top of soft as velvet and the children's feet left no marks. The children all wore thin white dresses, and did not seem to be cold at all-and, for that matter. meither was Christian, who felt himself surrounded by the most delicious warmth and heard a chorus as of a thousand angels chanting carols in the

"Christina! Christina!" he cried aloud. of Christmas things, a fat goose, some But no little flaxen-haired child answer-cranberries and apples red-cheeked ed the call. The Snow Children stopped Epitaerbergs and plum-pudding, to an their dancing and stood looking at him

"He would have given his life for us.

seen on the faces of the Snew Children. "You have been very sick. You are getting over pneumonia," she said.
"What has happened to me!" asked

Christian, never moving his eyes from the nurse.

here and Ellenburg."

"Cold weather makes a merry Christ"Cold weather makes a merry Christ"Man," crocked the old dame. "And the
Hans Engeborg is a great-grandfather
now! I had never been here before—
now! I had never been here before— "You dragged me out of the water on Christmas eve. I was coming to missed the turn at the bridge in the biinding snow and walked itno the creek. Years. and a sorry Christmas that John You pulled me out. It was brave of Christian will be having, as usual. It you. You did it because you once you. You did it because you once loved a little girl of your own."

Christian lay silent for a long time after this. He was thinking back over the years to the time when the spring freshets had come down with such unheard-of violence and swept nearly the whole town of Ellenburg away as suddenly as a chess player sweeps the board with a stroke of his arm. He saw his three-year-old child clinging to a board and erying piteously to be helped—then

carried beyond sight. "Yes, there was a little girl whom I leved once," said Ohristian at last, "She was carried away in a flood that God willed should be too big for us, and we never-found her. Perhaps she is alive to-day; perhaps not. She had golden hair like yours, and the largest brown eyes, which was strange her father more than any grown wo-man could give—that perfect love and confidence of a child. If she were a woman to-day, she might see that her It was colder than ever as Christian took his way homeward through the fields, drawing his cheepstin cost deser about him. The ground was fully word to have anything the way homeward through the fields, drawing his cheepstin cost deser about him. The ground was fully world to her eyes, and in return white with the thinnest imaginable corporate of fasthery more; the mean throw what her many many to know, he was the best many white of fasthery more; the mean throw with the thinnest imaginable corporate of fasthery more; the mean throw was a child. If she were a woman to-day, she might noe that her father is a rough, manuscless dog, with no claim to anythoday's love or admiration. But in those days she was the young to know, he was the best many throw with the father is a rough, manuscless dog, with no claim to anythoday's love or admiration. But in those days she was too young to know, he was the best many throw with the father is a rough, manuscless dog, with no claim to anythoday's love or admiration. But in those days she was too young to know, he was the best many throw with the father is a rough, manuscless dog, with no claim to anythoday's love or admiration. But in those days she was too young to know, he was the best many that the property of the prope



the nurse, hastily. She had turned away from Christian and was looking out of the window, shading her eyes with the muslin curtain. "How did you know?" asked the man

in bed. "Because when you were freezing to death in the burial ground you cried choked him till he sank completely un- out 'Christina!' twice, and I thought it was strange, for that is my name. And don't you see that my eyes are brown?"-Christian could not have told what color those eyes were as she harder to extricate himself and the turned them on him, so full of tears were they-"And, father-daddy-I've

#### THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a

mouse: The stockings were hung by the chimney with care.

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be The children were nestled all snug in their beds.

While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads. And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap.

Had iust settled our brains for a long winter's nap, When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter.

sprang from my bed to see what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like a flash. Tore open the shutters and threw up the

he moon, on the breast of the new-Gave a lustre of midday to objects be-

When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny

I knew in a moment it must be Saint More rapid than eagles his coursers they

came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name-Now Dasher! Now Dancer! Now Pranc-

er! Now Vixen! On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Blitzen!

the wall! Now, dash away, dash away, dash away

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount

So up to the nouse-top the coursers they

With the sleigh full of toys and Eaint Nicholas, too, And then in a twinkling I heard on the The prancing and pawing of each little

As I drew in my head and was turning around.

Down the Chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot: A bundle of toys he had flung on his

back And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eves, how they twinkled his dimples how merry— His cheeks were like roses, his nose like

a cherry. His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow!

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth. And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump—a right jolly

old elf, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself. wink of his eyes and a twist of his head.

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight

to his work And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk. And, laying his finger aside of his nose.

And giving a nod, up the chimney he He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave And away they all flew like the down

of a thistle: But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight: "Merry Christmas to all. And to all a good-night."

### WHERE SHE SPANKED.

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his Christmas supper and was soon roaring lustily. His mother's visitor was much disturb-

get a good, sound spanking."

"He deserves it." the mother admitted. "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."
"Neither do I," said the visitor, "I'd
turn him over."

### YULETIDE FAIRY TALE FOR THE **BOYS AND GIRLS**

A FLOOD, A TRAMP AND A FAIRY.

It had rained and rained and rained

For ten days this particular part of Nebraska had been soaked and soaked by water which fell out of the sky.
The Kaw River was twice its nor-

mal size, and all the rivers and brooks and creeks which empty into the Kaw were roaring and spluttering, and making the Kaw more and more dangerous. The railroads had stopped trying

to run trains. Many bridges were gone, and many more were weak and twisted out of shape.

But the rains could not stop the Tramp. On and on he came, searchl ing for work, the first time in three

Why his fine resolution ?He had be gun to think of his wife and baby,

Now he was nearing the town of Fairburg, and about one mile west of the depot and railroad yards where he expected to find work, for he had once been a railroad man) he came upon a bridge over which the water was pouring. And the Tramp stopped-and pray-

Could it be, he asked God, that just at the time when he was about to try to become a man once again. the storm would stop him? As the big, ragged man stood near the bridge, which it did not seem he could possibly cross, a little child

suddenly appeared before him and looked into his eyes. Of course, the Tramp was surprised. For something like three years all children had run away when he came

near them. What wouldst thu, big man?" asked the child. So the Tramp plucked up his cos-ing courage and told his story and how he wanted to go to work.
Gleefully did the little fairy child laugh up into his bearded face.
"Come with me," the child caid.



hung, and which the water had not yet reached.

So the tramp followed, and soon with the child leading, her hair flying and drenched by the rain, her clothes clinging to her tiny form, the two of them were on the very top-

most steep girder.
Yet the Tramp—now become a man -could not bear to see the child thus exposed to cold rain and danger; and so he picked her up in his arms and wraped her close in his coat. And they crossed the mad stream in safety. But when they reached the other side the child disappeared all in a minute.

right out of his arms.

Next day the superintendent of the

## CABIN DAYS RECALLED

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY

ELLEN R. C. WEBBER, in Vancouver Sunset

Nika tickeh milka glatawa okook Tney laugnen gleefully and looker nika house, mas kloshe pola khi saghalie at their lords more in pride that Lyhee klatawa okook illahie.

Tenas cultus potlach, hyin cultus hee-Mika wa-wa halo,-nika hyin sick

tumtum; hyin cly! Mika Sikhs. I was living just beyond the ragged fringe of civilization when these invitations were sent out to my neighbors, just across the river; the only neigh-

bors within ten miles. My cabin home was in the heart of the Cascades and just on the bank of the Fraser where it comes tumbling, white flecked and roaring still, high-

walled canyon. The river is narrow here; and just on the other side lived Capt. George and Capt. Jim, two brothers, with their families.

It was early in December when "Lucy George" came across in her canoe to visit me and tell me of her anxieties about the great holiday season.

Lucy was slim and pretty, with hair glossy smooth and braided. Her print dress was clean, her white apron spotless and her braid shawl, when removed from the head and shoulders, was neatly folded and hung over the back of an unused chair.
"Baptiste is more bad," she told me

sadly, "the priest, he say we must not go to the mission this Christmas day to meet all the people, cause this east wind he blow so cold mebbe Baptiste he be daid in the canoe. Baptiste, he heap cough sick; some day he not get out his bed; he not eat nothin' and he no more fat stop his bones.

"I think pretty soon he go way long o' Alec. he not come back no more, no more!

The words came with a plaintive moan as the little mother who had lost one boy just a few months before through this same dreaded white plague, clasped her hands and rocked her body forward in grief for her oldest son; her first-born.

And so it came that we planned our Christmas party and that these curious invitations were sent out. We hurried an order off to the store for toys and gifts for our friends, and then we cooked and baked. In all probability it was Baptiste's last Christmas here, and it must be made a happy and merry one.

Now, I had often imagined I was somewhat weak in Chinook grammar and construction, and the note of acceptance written by Baptiste and delivered by Jimmie, jun., strengthened my doubts on that subject. This is Baptiste's note:

Mrs. Webber.

Kind friend.

Your nice kind letter ask us come over to your house, make me very glad, also make my father glad, and make my mother glad, and my brothers and sisters, they were glad also.

I read your very welcome letter my rather he laugh till he most doe he self. We think you like learn Chinook some day we learn you talk it alright. So good-bye; we much oblige you; we sure come over in our canoe on the oig day for your potlatch and good time Your friend, Baptiste.

The novelty of the preparations for this unique Christmas party gave zest and employment to every hour of la-

bor expended upon it.

British Columbia woods hold many treasures for the decorative art. Scarlet berries which may be dug from under the snew, long coral-like green mossy vines, everlasting, and a plant so closely resembling English holly that it is difficult to detect the points of difference. No labor was spared in this line, and in one corner of the large living room the laden tree, ribbon-trimmed and be-tinsiled proved attractive to the children, white and Indian alike. Across the other corner a big damp sheet was stretched, and excited much curiosity. The long table down the centre of the room held three very attractive pieces, aside from the cold chicken and wild duck, the jellies, cookies and candies. These were the decorated Christmas cake, and two large tissue paper "pies" made in large milk pans, and each "pie" showing eighteen bits of baby ribbon protuding from the "crusts."

The evening that these were all prepared proved cold and threatening. The east wind rushed intermittently down the canyon, a coyotte howled on the mountain side, and now and again away up the creeks a rush and roar told of snow and rock sliding down some of the sheer cliffs that are so numerous. Lonely and wild, but grandly beautiful were the surroundings of this isolated cabin home.

Not too early did our guests arrive; native etiquette and Indian pride forbids that any shall appear too eager to accept hospitality, kindness or gifts. When we heard the canoes, or rather the clatter of the Indians as they beached their canoes we went out to the porch to wait their coming and to show that we cordially welcomed them. Each one of the ten, even to little tot Charlie, came to me first with a bow and the greeting, "Hyas Kloshe Christmas." Amongst these people, a woman, the

oldest present, is first in all household or family affairs. All gifts are from her; all smallness and meanness is credited to her; a man has no voice in sale, barter, gifts or hos-As they entered the living room

Captains George and Jim stopped short on the threshold with an emphatic "Whoo!" expressive of admiration. Lucy and Mary laughed at their respective "men" and gently chided them on their bad manners But the old men absolutely turned their backs on Indian etiquette, and boldly walked about looking and admiring, as they exclaimed. "Whoo, Skookum, hyin skookum!" (Ah, good, very good!) And Mary and Lucy sat with their children about them and Next day the superintendent of the railroad was glad to hire a man who looked so big and strong. And the tramp is not so sure that it was not the spirit of his own little child men; my husband's tillicums; byes which came to him in the guise of a klocke tillicums!" (Highly valued, or extremely good friends).

Dear little Charlie, the Baptiste, I trust and that better land each Christmas" and that you say that! Those two fine old many, and your joy may think the guise of a klocke tillicums!" (Highly valued, or extremely good friends).

shame. children soon had their play My mates before the tree and each was eagerly choosing which gift he hoped was his, but not a child, not ever little Charlie, aged only three, touches that spread table or asked for a thing to be given them. Neither at any time was a child's voice raised above a low soft tone that could not annoy un elders, and there were five besides my own, who were not so were behaves so far as excitement led them on. The sheet seemed to attract much attention, so I told them if they would sit in the dark I would show them what it hid. They looked like frightened children, but played brive and I took the lamps scenes where I had arranged for

shadow pictures. First a lone tain shone on the curtain, then antlered deer came across, formation by an Indian with a gun. Round round the mountain they went. up one slope and down the other. race was long and the excitement of the audience was great and their advice to hunter was no doubt good, but at last the deer raced skyward and out of sight while the hunter was left on the top of the mountain. "Whoo! Tamanous!" exclaimed the men, which meant that the deer was magic of ghostly.

fNext came a canoe race which ended by each canoe slipping down the oper mouth of a big sturgeon, causing much laughter. Many games were played games that did not seem to entertain very pleasantly, and then came the tree Baptiste dressed in fur coat, pillows, seal skin cap, and cotton batting beard made a jolly old Santa Claus.

He was a pupil of the Mission school so he could read the names on the gifts nicely. Ribons, dolls and aprons, as well as the goodies, went to each child exactly alike, and the boys also taired equally,

But when Santa called Captain Jim's name, and gave him, as he stood before the three, a long-haired, blue-aved doll, I really thought the women would go into aysteries with laughter, while the old man hugged, kissed and peliced it, till little Katie, his daughter, pulled it from his arms, when he professed great disappointment that of was for her rather than for himself.

I never saw a Christmas party sc thoroughly enjoy each gift or so joyous ly appreciate each little joke. After stripping the tree we sat down

to a supper. Do you imagine that my guests were greedw, or noisy at table Their visits at the Mission schools a too frequent for this, and the sinte have taught them very nicely. But one little Indian custom the tain. To one uniniated in their and their meanings, it would bear pearance of greediness; but it this pretty vice which promp

Upon leaving the table, guest placed in a clean handle the remnants of cake, pie, fruits, left upon the plates. than they could possibly desire of find too good and tempting to be refused or rejected; a delicate compliment you an derstand, to the hostess.

The bran pie with its lottery of cifts came next, and amid much giggling and changing of strings all waited taskin Jim's signal to pull. With a "Hoo, wah H-o-o!" Captain Jim and lie relatives, big and little, gave mighty pulls, and hauled forth small gifts; more laughter and noise and trading of project and the second pie was engerly rounded. The zest of gambling in this, to fish for a prize and entoy for a brief moment the uncertainty the "might be" of the half doubtful half hopeful results.

After this the entertainment of the elders proved a puzzle. Baptiste with his paint box, his pattern books or nowers and landscape, and his natural his tory had gone into a corner by himself and was lost in the enjoyment of his gifts. The children were looking at their picture books and caressing their dolls; and there is no little mother more loving than the little Indian girl over her dollies.
But suddenly an inspiration came

to me, and I flew to the bean bean soon taught my guests the myst of "Birds in the Bush" and over loss or gain of those beans they hilariously excited till I was all afraid they would become crazed. women never lost their heads, the they enjoyed the game hugely, when the men's laughter or in watchfulness became too noti they would seize their arms and them into a realizing sense of they were, with a few sharp in their native tongue.
"Birds in the Bush" kept then

entertained till midnight, whe words of thanks and kindly i they bade me good night.

In April of the next year Annie Jim was laid to rest w flaxen-haired doll in her arms from the hop fields came a le me from Baptiste. "I think to hear bout dear little Charl dead. He just sick little whi quick. He take that little tin gave him for present in bed all he sick. My mother she put grave long him, maybe he like it long of him. I think maybe ing up there he like better. so I go see little Charlie prett now. Your true friend,

But Baptiste waited still, till fall of the leaf" in this same year," and his paints and his were his last companions, when of confinement and inability about fell to his lot at last. gift to me was a string of bear a necklace that should ensy from danger and secure to m a brave heart.

Dear little Charlie, and Baptiste, I trust and bel that better land each day Christmas" and that

"Luedennick!" an imperious f eyes on the uni herself to her and sniffs in a Mildred, Mathat the Capta hair he said sure 'twasn't s lar to look at. ing fun when You have n

thing of the ki sharply; "Win most beautiful "And did cour persisted Mildr smile, loking fr jured Miss Tres ricious young la disfike. "Indeed he di admirable air e "He told me th a Bice. and pretty too.

at him! But sai have an enthusi smallest particle know, Middred. "I always t particularly gal betaking herself good-natured of and bought a po a bittle girl, but tice pretty girl to tell me once a much better b Stephen has were in the sch

with a peculiar but that you w faces and plain Mildred listene elevated, and he turning in a sar "Oh, is that it provoking air o also am less ins of handsome face

tante, and have the subject." "Indeed!" exel: glancing with a dred Trehennick, temper and infle years by these b of here and her p monarch of all earliest infant de pronounced ber could manage," to governess said in dennick would di about music or di

Miss Tredennic met most thing inpleasant forest of ber prudent r dennick would pleased in a mar very unsatisfacto this visit to the s and consignment her careful clever quite palatable to hady-was a prev upon in a secret relatives aforesai peevish, fussy, por handsome, vain, e a stiff, sensible, wo ful, gracious aunt diplomatic ability credit to an amb nothing to be appr of course! Only M had such strong op

feelings for a girl "Ridiculous you going monther. "Shocking prove mind to-to-just peevish father. Bad style for a Madam Vivian, ple amile.

It was nothing so idea was absurd! girl attachments so occasioned awkwar ness. There was so s nse between Mild ner; there was no ble cousin had notic had noticed it. "There must be expostulation, mad

peevish father, who time honored expedi sels of "locking h room." "You want her to Gardin the next madam, coolly. He wouldn't peovish father.

"Perhaps not." "but Mildred wo run with her if she So madam counse until bright-eyed. Gardiner went away -the most winsome carried a flag. And self-willed Mildred a standing from the sewas to be introduce accomplished and el value of her own t and kept under m until she had safely narriage.

Astute, politic Mac own views in the arm short-sighted member not perceive. "So that's it, is it?"

whella to herself, co nick's clear, imperio fondly hoped, very a folded up sundry artic nick's wardrobe, and young lady's apartme the fourth fime that what madam was go self with a young lad and obstinate as her e wouldn't have W ore. Miss Tredenni y of her manageme