DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURRDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1903.

ANARY was happy. He had all in the same moment, a cigarette, reckless opponents, and three of a kind. His face wore a look of the greatest content its scarred and drawn features could express, as he sat forward on about an inch-

46

wide strip of a beer-case, both elbows planted on the table, and his seven fingers screwed about the greasy cards. He had been winning for the last 40 minutes. The chips in front of him were stacked in piles that "wobbled." If they had all belonged to Canary it is probable that even his iron nerve might have been shaken, although be was used to the excitement that col-ored the smok of McPolin's back room. But Canary, it must be stated, played what might be called a "vicarious" game. That is, he was a sort of under-study for McPoin himself who drank so much that he had to lay off occasionally for repairs to his damaged equili-brium. During these periods Canary ran the "little game" that was so proa source of income to the imbibling bar-keepo

No one knew exactly how old Canary was, his wizend, seamed face having long since lost all likenes to youth, and his bent, thin body itself giving no clue. That he was still in his early teens, however, was betrayed by the clear, girlish soprano that had gained him his aickname. He had been found in a burned out lumber camp, from which all the inhabitants either had fled, or remaining, had been crema ed. Only this waif, dabbling in the shallow river-bed, had survived, and he was nurned almost beyond resemblance to human-kind.

was "Reddy" Newell who had come into camp one day with the little mite held tenderly in his old arms that for years had known no softer burden than a pick or an ore-sack. "It's a than a pick or an ore-sack. "It's a queer sample, boys," he explained to the wondering crowd that had gathered in his shack, "and I reckon it wouldn't assay a grain of gold to a ton. But I likewise reckon that pay-dirt ain't the only thing worth digging for in this world, and it ain't likely it'll break me to grub-stake this little tad till he's old enough to work his own claim." Doubtful grunts had greeted these introductory remarks, but the old man troductory remarks, but the old man was not to be daunted. When asked if he had any idea as to the boy's identity. Reddy shook his head. "The only man I know on in that particlar camp that had any children was a fool parson that like as not was fraider of forest then the out of fire he preached fires than the sort of fire he preached about, and lit out without gathering up all his family.—or mebbe he was burned along with his house. It don't much matter-fer here's the property much matter—ter here's the property on my hands without a name or a pat-ent, and lest somebody jumps it, I reckon I'll have to pay the assess-ments." And with that Newell had entered into formal possession and the waif was installed as part of the min-

er's household. All might have gone fairly well with All might have gone fairly well with the boy if Reddy's calling had not kept him away so much, but the old pros-pector made "trips" that stretched over months, and during these absences the poor child fared hardly. From one of these expeditions Newell failed to re-turn,—whether he had merely wan-dered to pastures new, or been lost in som of the mountain fastnesses, no one could tell. The idea of Reddy Newell's som of the mountain fastnesses, no one could tell. The idea of Reddy Newell's being lost anywhere was acouted by those who knew him best, but the fact of his absence remained unrefuted. And the fact remained the same for the waif,—foster-father as well as par-ents had ceased to exist for him. It seemed a pity that he had thrived—that nature had reserved him for the worse fate of being the only child in a rough mining-camp, errand-boy for every man in it, from Morton, the mill boss, to Fong Yup the boarding-house cook, whose shanty was his only home. De-nied the amusements of normal boys, Canary had developed a passion for Canary had developed a passion for gambling. The miners had treated it as a huge joke at first and lent him chips to add zest to mock games for the mere sport of beating the other man. But after some seasons of this Canary "caught on" for himself, and then the men lent him no more chips. His immobile, scarred features were as incapable of expressing emotion as incapable of expressing emotion as though they had been carved in hardwood, and this made him a formidable antagonist at poker. Nature's only gift to him was a sweet soprano voice, that was as full as a woman's and flexible as a bird's. He had learned the Swiss yodel from of the "Dutch" miners, and as of the "Dutch" miners, and as he trudged daily on some errand from the mill to the dump, or to the cobins be-low, his high, clear notes would sound even above the pounding of the stamps. and the over-hanging cliffs of the Rockies would echo in true Alpine At night he was generally in somewhere, chiefly at Mcfashion. demand Polin's, where if he was not gambling, the men would have him in to sing sing 'Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No!' and then they would roar and punch each other and "have another." Tonight Canary's streak of luck was interrupted by the entrance of a crowd of men just off shift, who demanded that the game stop and "everybody go in for a time. What's up?" growled Harmon, grabbing back his ante. "Lordy, man, why it's Christmas eve -haven't you got any Christian spirit?" retorted the most notorious heathen in Little Chief. "Shure, and what ye goin' to do about it?" asked McPolin, ready for any celebration that portended profit. 'Goin' to the Revival-meetin' up at



ward Christian Soldiers," to which they all marked time with their heels. Fol-lowing this they clamored for "Hold the Fort, yelling to Canary to "let her

Order could hardly be restored for Order could hardly be restored for the preacher's exhortation. Little Chief had no hankering after salva-tion, and sat and chewed and spat and exchanged audible comments as the excitating a function of the contrast in the carnest Stookey thundered out his ap-peal. Finally forced to the conclusion that music was the only charm that could soothe these savage breasts, the harassed revivalist announced another hymn

Little Chief had enjoyed the perform-Little Chief had enjoyed the perform-ance and showed its appreciation when the hat went round. But, be it said to the credit of Dr. Stookey, that sort of payament was not what he labored for, and it was with a sorrowful, hurt look, that he saw his turbulent flock depart. One member of the congregation still remained. Chained to the spot by a feeling he could neither understand nor master. Canary sat still in his corner. His undoing had come in the middle of His undoing had come in the middle of the first song, when the preacher's wife --the first real woman he had ever ap--the first real woman he had ever ap-proached so near, turned her tired face to him with a look of such grateful, motherly sweetness in the faded eyes, that Canary's whole being seemed bathed in if. And from that moment he had been wrestling with a thought-more a feeling than a defined thoughtmore a feeling than a defined thought-that somewhere, somehow, he had seen such a glance before. But even as he pursued the impression, it evaded him. Yet the spell remained strong enough to keep him in his chair, braving the round-eyed curlosity of the white-head-ed boys even after the men had left. At the questioning glance of the preacher and his wife, Canary began to peel off his disguising garments, until he stood, a shabby dirtle foundling, before their shabby little foundling, before their

wondering eyes. "I ain't a girl." was his hardly nec-essary explanation, as he met their amazed looks. "It was a trick of the fellows, and I didn't mind-till now. Guess it was doin' ye dirt," he added in the first shame ever upon him. "But your voice?" asked the woman,

in the first shame ever upon nim. "But your voice?" asked the woman, deeply mystified. "It's a freak, I reckon—like the rest o' me," replied Canary with a glance at his misshapen form. Something in the glance must have' touched the woman's heart, for she gave him a repetition of the kindly look, and said. "You helped us out, anyhow. Stay and have supper." Canary, terrified at the proposal, edged toward the door; but he was not allowed to depart. The kind hearted pair marched him along with the 'svo boys and the brown-eyed girl into the kitchen, where the Christmas-eve sup-per was spread, steaming hot from the hands of Jerry Main, whose hospitality the itinerant preacher's family was en-joying. Jerry Main, it may be necessary to explain, had recently "got religion" along with rheumatism, the one conse-quent upon the other, and it was during this spasm of virtue that she had invited the procedure in come and spread tracts

shifting his weight stork-like from one foot to the other Come in and sit down." began Mary. hospitably, and then, catching sight of the embarrassed Canary, lifted her red arms in amazement. "Lordy, if it ain't McPolin's kid, Canary. What you doin' "He's going to have supper with us. Miss Appleby, if you don't mind." broke in the preacher in as gentle a tone as his great voice could manage. "O Lord it ain't the like of me that'll object. But, sir, he ain't fit to sit alongside of those lambs of yours!" "He's the one poor lamb we should alongside of those lambs of yours!" "He's the one poor lamb we should yearn over," was his mild reproof. "Sit down, boy-not there. Leave one place between you and Mrs. Stookey. We al-ways leave one place empty, holiday times-" he explained, addressing his remarks to Canary, who, thus made the target of all eyes, squirmed in his chair,-"that's so, the children won't forget little brotherchildren won't forget little brother-died before they could remember." Then bowing his head the little man said a long grace over the meal. Scarcely was it ended when Canary felt Turning he looked himself nudged. Turning he looked into a pair of warm brown eyes belonging to the little girl at whom, this moment, he had not dared til look "He's in heaven, now," she whispered, with her litle mouth close to Canary's with her filte mouth those finger to the ear, pointing one chubby finger to the vacant place beside him. "He was burned up,—not in the bad place, you know, but went straight to heaven. And mother cries sometimes." Her words brought no response from he tongue-tied boy; but he stole a the tongue-tied boy; look over at Mrs. Stookey, and as she rewarded him with one of her tender, compassionate glances, he felt a glow that no physical comfort could pro-



MISS EDYTHE ELLERBECK.

The Clever Young Writer to Whom Was Awarded the \$50 Prize Given by the "News" for the Best Christmas Story. AMUNICAMAAAAAAAAA

Midway in his flight he stopped and | states. New Year, Fourth July, Clis- | ing his name on the frost of the window looked about him. He was in his own world again. The Rockies rose in cold majesty for above him, snow-crowned: The remnant of Little Chief's popula-

pane, greeted this vocal attempt with a low growl, "By Gosh, I hope not!—if it's anything like this!"

"Don't boys." begged Ed Lawton, tremulously. "Don't soar, fer you'll come to earth with a dull and sickenin" thud. Canary told me that all we're goin' to have fer dessert is some of them foamy pies of Fong's-you know

the sort-white of egg and lemon that tastes like-"

The momentary interest of the cir-cle subsided flatty, and they sank once more into a moody contemplation of the stove's forbidding countenance, Jimmy began drawing tomb-stones on the sense as a fitting emblem of buried the pane as a fitting emblem of buried

After a pause in which the gloom and the smoke thickened. Jimmy stopped his artistic efforts suddenly, stood lishis artistic efforts suddenly, stood lis-tening engerly for a moment, and then peered through a peep-hole made by his warm breath. There was nothing to be seen on the road that wound like a gray ribbon from the mountain side to the narrow canyon belcor; but the sound that had seemed to reach his imagina-tion first was now an audible reality, and he sprang up with the others and rushed out on the porch. A snowy mound hid the road from sight for a ways, but from behind it came the rythmic fall of hoofs, and the cheery, wintry, ringing sound of

the cheery, wintry, ringing sound of sleigh bells! It was unmistakable, and as the sound grew nearer and clearer, the dull looks of amazement on the men's faces changed to expressions of pleased wonder, and then as the outfit and its driver came into view around the bend, they broke into a wild shout delight. If Santa Claus had started from the

pictured page of a nursery book the il-lusion could not have been more complote: a gaily painted sleigh siluetted against a dazzling background of fresh snow; an enormous 'pack' heaped high with builging bundles; a fur-clad St. Nick with a patriarchal beard sweeping his bosom; red cheeks and red lips, in no wise detracted from by an equally

ruddy nose! The road wound first below Jerry Main's cabin, and as the smilling driver passed the door a handful of children with a shout of excitement tumbled out, and sliding with incredible speed down the steep bank, surrounded the sleigh with cries of "Santa Claus! San-

Then the hearty "Ho, ho!" that might have been expected, rumbled from be-neath the fur coat, and a deep voice cried. "Pile in, all of ye, now quick!" They lost no time in obeying, and the sleigh continued its way up to the boarding house porch, a swaying, shout-ing, ringing load of Christmas cheer.

"Hang up yer stockings, boys," was Santa's cheery greeting as the crowd pressed about him. "This here pack is about bustin' for relief. Pick up the kids and let's h'ist the whole outfit into

kids and let's h'ist the whole outfit into the house. I'm nearly friz." Inspired by the old fellow's bustling humor, every man, down to "Grouchy Ben," threw himself heart and soul into the game. Sleepy Billy began to "un-hook" the heated mules; Ed Lawton, the scoffer, went about with a tow-headed youngster seated on his shoul-der; young Harmon helped unload the sleigh with a brown eyed girl holding fast to one finger. The unknown Santa himself seemed to be everywhere at once; bustling up the stps with some himself seemed to be everywhere at once: bustling up the styp with some huge bundle: thawing his numb fingers at the stove; seeming always to peer about in search of something he falled to find. The men exchanged delighted shouts as each bundle was inspected: "Fruit cake with weddin'-cake foing!"

den twinge of remorse for his neglect of the boy, "but I did think that some-body in this here camp thought enough of Reddy Newell to look after his boy

a ont." "They've been pretty square," replied Canary loyally, "but they ain't just the same, somehow, Goin' to stay now?" He looked wistfully up into his friend's

face, "No, Sonny. This here camp ain't just the place to spend the fortune I've brung from the North Pole-but I'm goin' to take you with me, and we'll blev it together, by Thunder!"

Canary's eyes shone, delightedly, but his imited vocabulary could yield no word of expression save a prolonged "Ge-ee!" Hut Newell was satisfied; his former look of content replaced the fleeting lines of regret, and he drew the boy towards the other room with no show of resentment. Keen sensibilities are not

show of resentment. Keen sensibilities are not-us a rule part of a miner's makeup; but there was not a man in the room there that had not acute shame written upon every feature. They hung about the stove, hardly caring to meet one another's eyes, and not looking once at the evi-dences of Newell's generosity that made their shame more poignant. The only unabashed occupants of the room were the preacher' children, who, tak-ing advantage of the general preoccu-pation were rifling the boxes of enough cakes and candles to ruln their diges-tions forever. tions forever.

tions forever. Nevell's sudden re-entrance brought a shade more embarrassment upon the crowd, and not a man could meet his eye save Jimmy, who squared his shoulders as if to meet a blow, and faced the old prospector with an apol-

faced the old prospector with an apol-ogy. "You can't make us feel any more like 30 cents than we do," he began gruffly. "We didn't set out to be mean to the boy, but we didn't just see any partic'lar obligation to pick up a job you seem to have shook. But when we remember how you fished out the little kid when he didn't have no claim on you-why we feel worse 'n a pair of dueces. Canary's a dandy little chap, and I wish-I just wish you'd kick us all round!" "Why, Jim," remonstrated Newell, "you just stop that kind of talk, right now. I up and left the kid-not expect-in' to be gone so long, of course-and it an't reasonable to spose you'd do more fer my boy than give him a bunk and

fer my boy than give nim a bunk and board-and he says he's had both. He's goin' to live on the fat of the land from now on-and he'll soon forgit these four tight years. So shake on it, and shake with my son and heir! And then'we'll have a Christmas dinner that you and

he'll never fergit!" And then Little Chief straightened its shoulders and felt once more a man, and equal to meeting the old miner's eye, and shaking the 'little tad's" hand

eye, and shaking the 'little tad's' hand until the tears came into his eyes at their vehemence. A torrent of Chinese from Fong who appeared at the doorway signified that worthy man's desire to set the table, and the men departed to the bunk-rooms to "swell up" for the occasion. Little Chief had reason to remember that dinner. Newell's bounteous hos-

pitality had extended the invitation to every soul in the camp, from McPolin -who for the first time in weeks was -who for the first time in weeks was sober enough to want something to eat -to Jerry Main and her crowd of guests. The preacher's wife brought her little tow-heads-already gorged to a state of repletion, but ready goiged to a state of repletion, but ready as al-ways, for more—and she herself pre-sided by right of her sex at the head of the turbulent board, where her light, capable touch, the men declared, added

flavor of home even to the heathen's dishes. Canary had walked straight into Paradise. What else could explain the fact that he was treated as the most important personage present; that he was helped first, and helped to a plate of such proportions-every man had added a tid-bit as it went down the line-that it was a sheer physical impossibility that he should ever get on the outside of it? It is true that carping critic might hav tested against the presence in Paradis tested against the presence in Paradise of such hardened sinners as Ed Lawton and Grouchy Ben, or so very material an angel as Jerry Main with her red face and redder hair. But no one, however prejudiced, could have with-held the title of cherubim from the lit-tle roev faced children who at the close tle rosy-faced children, who at the close of the meal slumbered sweetly with their white heads down on the table cloth; or denied the seraphic sweetness of the faded face that beamed tenderly upon all those rough miners. Every time that Canary raised his eyes to meet hers, something in their calm depths seemed to stir an unknown part of his soul-a something that was stilled at a laugh or a word from one of his more familiar companions. As a fitting close to so auspicious an occasion, Reddy Newell rose solemnly to make a speech. Newell was no ora-tor-a sort of bar-room eloquence was the best he could boast-but a ready wit and a fund of really thrilling adventures, made his speech one that held the long (able-full wrapt with inter-est. But it was the percention that brought the sensation of the day, "Who'd have thunk," asked Reddy with a grandiloquent flourish,---"who'd have thunk eight years ago when I fished that there little tad out o' the ashes of Dacey's lumber camp, a whimperin' litle atom-' "Dacey's?" It was the preacher's voice that had thunderously repeated the name, and from the end of the tacame his wife's faint echo, "Da-Newell first looked az noyed at the interrupton, and then thunderstruck s he saw the two staring at him as mesmerized.

"Sour soap suds!" moaned Jimmy in anguish.

Jerry Main's-more fun 'n a box of monkeys-'

"And we're goin' to dres up the kid here in duds of Mary's and let him sing in the choir!'

"I'm for it!" cried Canary, breaking immediately into "Rock of Ages" in his womanish soprano, sending the men into ecstacies over the brilliancy of their design.

It took hardly a moment to array Canary: an old black skirt buttoned up under his arms, a shapeles cape and a cavernous sun-bonnet--all articles filched from the the wardrobe of Mary Jane Appleby, camp washerwoman, known familiarly in Little Chief as Jerry Main,—and he stood as perfect a little old lady as ever graced a campeeting. When Canary clasped his long, thin hands in front, bowed his head and roured forth a tremulous soprano, the men's merriment increased to a pitch that threatened the roof of Mc

Polin's rather rickety establishment. Jerry Main's cabin was crowded that night—an experience unprecedented in night—an experience unprecedented in the course of the Rev. Mr. Stookey's labors among mining camps, and his dense, kindly acul overdewed with thankfulness. He was a small man with an enormous voice which long practise in out-of-door speaking had de-veloped into a perfect bellow, so that now although he was within four walls he could not moderate its volume, but roared until the rafters shook. His wife, two small boys, a smaller girl, and a two small boys, a smaller girl, and a sallow young man, evidently a relative, were the choir. After some hesitation Canary joined the little group, whereat a titter ran around the room, followed by audible chuckles as the boy patted his skirts primly into place.

The miners heard the long prayer through with only half-veiled impa-

through with only balt-veried impa-tience-they could hardly wait until the preacher should announce a song. There was a hush of expectancy as the brave little choir rose for the first bymn. The preacher's voice boomed out hymn. The preacher's voice bound out a low bass, the sallow relative joined in with a nosy tenor, the woman fol-lowed with a rather sweet croon, and the children with a somewhat uncertain alto. Canary came in on the second and when his sweet, ringing tones swelled above all the rest, full and high, a stamp of applause broke in upon the rythm of the "Land that is fairer than this." When the choir sat down, the unruly congregation demanded "On.

Another nudge from the right called Canary's notice back to his companion. This time she showed the pan of snap-dragons in front of him. "You have to grab quick or you burn your fin-gers," she directed. Obeying her bidgers," she directed. Obeying her bld-ding Canary grabbed, and then munch-ed in chorus with the rest-even thaw-ing sufficiently to emit a "Yep" in re-ply to the question as to whether or not he liked snap-dragons. "Do you hang up your stocking?" was the next attempt at conversation

was the next attempt at conversation made by the brown-eyed girl. A shake of his head was all the reply the mys-

tified boy could make. "We do, and Santa Claus comes and fills 'en up with goodles in the middle of the night-when there's enough left over for preacher's childrens. Some-times, pretty often, there isn't,''-aconclusion that did not seem in the conclusion that did not seem in the least to decrease her cheerfulness over the prospect. Receiving no reply to this piece of information, the girl de-sisted from farther attempts at draw-ing him out, and remped out of the room with the boys to roast chestnuts at the fer at the fire.

Then Canary "reckoned that Mc Polin would be lookin' for him," prepared to leave, but stood struggling at the threshold with an attempt to at the threshold with an attempt to stammer out his thanks. But the words died away in a gasp, for the preacher's wife had taken his hand and was patting it! Canary lifted his eyes once more for the mother-look, swallowed, choked out. 'I played ye pretty low down, and ye was good to me I' and then fied down the moun-I"-and then fled down the mountain side.

glimmered the ciouds of black smoke vomited forth by the tall smoke-stack; the water roared in the flumes; the engines panted restlessly--it was all as old as Can-ary's memory, and until this moment had made the universe for him. Now the boy's soul, awakened at last in his maimed body, felt that this was not all the world held.

That is what brought him back later to flatten his nose against the windowpane and gaze in upon the unconscious Stookeys. The flickering blaze in the Stookeys. open hearth displayed the happy family sleeping soundly in beds strewn promiseuously over the floor, while hanging from the crude mantel-shelf were three little socks.

"Poor little cusses," was Canary's roor fittle cusses, was callery's inward exclamation as his eyes fell on these pathetic objects, "--don't know they've struck the wrong camp for Santa Claus." Then he proceeded to prove the fallacy of his statement by sliping in at the unlatched door, and making his way cautiously around the sleeping figures to the fire-place. Then something clinked in the toe of each sock, and Canary was on his way down the mountain again.

He did not go to McPolin's. tonight. He limped slowly to the only place he had a right to-Fong Yup's shanty, and surprised that worthy celestial at a quiet smoke. Fong Yup and Canary were not given to bedtime confidences, and the boy crawled into his bunk without a word. But just before pulling the covers over his

"Say, Fong, did you ever bear of Santa Claus?" To which the cook without removing the pipe from his mouth, grunted: "Um, him? Maybe Plesident Uni-

on that remained in camp for Christ mas, was gathered about the stove in the long dining-room of the mine the long dining-room of the mine boarding-house, a low, log shack that clung limpet-like to the steep side of the mountain. The stove smoked dis-mally, as also did the remnant, for not a man there was happy. Nothing vas

a man there was happy. Nothing \\$ farther from their hearts than Christ-mas cheer, or peace towards their fel-low-men. Every man in camp that had a family within a hundred miles had departed to spend the day in its bosom, and those who remained sat lonely and homeless, or longing for

firesides too far to reach. There was a strange, unnatural quiet brooding over the camp—for once in the year the engines had been allowed the year the engines had been allowed to die down; the familiar clanking and grinding of the mill was stilled; the black, grimy smoke-stack loomed idle and forbidding against the fresh white mow of the mountain-side—an unwont-ed state of affairs that depressed the men much as if the sun had been stayed in its course. The dazzing, new-failen snow had, like a drop-cur-tain, transformed the landscape: a row of white poke bonnets stood where the of white poke bonnets stood where the peaked shantles had been; deep, white. peaked shantles had been; deep, white-fringed grottos glowed darkiy from un-der beetling cliffs; the prospectors' tunnels that yesterday had dotted the brown side of the hill, were today deep pits in a satin-white skin; the pines were ghosity fingers pointing grimly skyward. It was all beautiful, but beautiful in a cold, repelling way that chilled the scients of the herdful of chilled the spirits of the handful of homeless creatures about the boarding ouse fire.

Billy Chester, huddled in a heap be-hind the stove, began to drone sleepily, "Every day will be Sunday, bye and bye." Nothing could have been worse chosen. Jimmy Tebbs, who was writ-

Shut up Bill; this ain't a fun'ral,' me from behind Ed Lawton's pipe. Bill's fre rose.

"You fellows ain't got any proper "You fellows ain't got any proper spirit," he retorted angrily, "you blas-pheme like a lot of convicts, you do. Just kindly bear in mind that some of us has Christian training and this is

"Well, He can have it-nobody here wants it, that's certain," replied Jimmy with a biasphemous grin which was re-flected on the faces of the disgruntled circle about the stove. Billy tried to look hurt and shocked, but the effect was somewhat marred by a very red nose and a big purple lump over his left eye. He tried silence as a means of expressing his contempt, and in the ef-

expressing his contempt, and in the ef-fort to maintain it fell asleep with his head on the wood box. "That's all the good I can see in Christmas," exclaimed Jimmy suddenly from his post at the window, whence he could see Fong denuding some large birds of their feathers. "Turkeys?" The crowd stirred with interest.

interest.

Two whoppering big fellows. But I 'spose he'll stuff 'em with raisins and rice and a lot of Chinese truck, sames he always does, to turn yer stummock. Now if I could just have one taste of the stuffin' my mother used to make—" "Er mine!" A chorus full of anima-tion had roused the drowsy band. "Brown bread-crumbs 'n sage!" "Onions and cellars."

'Onions and celery

'Oysters and artichokes!'

"Um!" A reminiscent sigh ran round

What wouldn't ye give, boys for a mince ple-the real, home grown arti-cle?" put in Jimmy, his imagination rioting in a gourmani's fantasy, "Er sweet potatoes ewimmin' in rown gravy!"

"Plum pudding!"

Dough nuts like yer mother used to maket 'Squash pie!"-till every eye bulged

with anticipation. When the good things had been trans-When the good things had been trans-ferred to the diningroom table and or-der somewhat restored, the Unknown, holding out his hand to the men as if to grip all theirs at once, cried heartily, "A merry Christmas to ye house!"

boys "By Gosh, I know that voice!" cried Jimmy Tebbs, starting forward with a look half wonder, half fear, on his

weather beaten face. "Well, I reckon ye oughter," returned the other, and with that tore off great coat, cap, and the all-concealing beard. "Reddy Newell!" gasped Jimmy, falling back a pace before the apparition. "It's me and no mistake, pard," cried

Ing back a pace before the apparition. "It's me and no mistake, pard," cried Newell with a reassuring guffaw, and a grasp of the hand that left no doubt of its being flesh and blood. "But where in thunder--" began Jim-my, when Newell interrupted him. "-To Alaska, boys. Fell in with an outfit starting for that country: tossed in my luck with 'em; been up the Yu-kon a matter of four years-and am come back with a pile that'll set every-body in the United States in that same northern direction. I reckon. Lost two toes and one ear, but what's left of me is hale and hearty and come back to wish ye a happy New Year!" "Same to you!" was the shout with which the men pressed about him, clap-ping him on the shoulder, and beaming upon him like happy school boys. "Weil, ye all look large as life and "yice as natural, boys," he said, beam-ing back at them. "What d'ye think of ole Reddy?"-with a glance at his mag-nificent raiment. "Salomon in all his glory was-Little

ole Reddy? --with a glance at his mag-nificent raiment. "Solomon in all his glory was-Little Casino!" cried Jimmy fervently. "And now," said Newell, growing se-

rious, "I want to know-where's my boy?" Canary! They had forgotten him, Every man there had the good grace to look sheepish, while only Billy could find his voice to say, "Helping Fong, I

The light went out of Reddy's face, and a puzzled frown grew between his shaggy brevs. "That little tad helping

Jimmy cleared his throat hastily. Jimmy cleared his throat hastily. "He's growed considerable," he ex-plained lamely. "I'll tell him you're here"--making a move towards the kitchen door. But Newell was before him. Throwing open the door he stood taking in the little scene with full ap-preciation of all it implied. The Chinese cook was , usily engaged in stirring some concoction, and on the table be-side him sat Canary pouring in flour as Fong silrred. His long, thin logs hung limply down, and his body looked curiously bent and little, but he talked curiously bent and little, but he talked busily in an unconscious immitation of the Chinaman's pigeon English, and the cook talked no less eagerly, with an ease that spoke of long familiarity. "Sonny!" cried Newell from the door-

It was the first time in four years that the walf had heard the old name, and he started so suddenly that the cup he held crashed into the Chinaman's he held crashed into the Chinaman's bevyl. With puzzled gaze he scanned the newcomer for a moment, and then with a glad cry of "Uncle Reddy!" limped into Newell's bearlike hug, and remained trembling in the only protect-ing arms he had ever known. "Twe treated ye pretty shabby, I guess, Sonny," said Newell with a sud.

"Yes, Dacey's," he repeated wonder-ingly, "over in Lone Pine canyon-burned in '89--" 'David!'

'Mary!

Mary: The woman had fallen back weakly in her place, but the preacher had risen and pushed back his chair. "Tell me," he begged breathlessly of Newell, "did you find a child there-a bay_al'did you find a child there-a

oy-alive?" "Barely-just escaped burning bein' nearly drowned. But why-why' Sewell floundered while a fugitiv

temory returned to him, "you ain't

Mrs. Stookey had grasped the table with both hands and leaned forward with a strained expectancy. "Our Dawith a strained expectancy. "Our Da-te was the only child in camp-he was They were burned

vie was the only child in camp-he was with neighbors. They were burned and the lost our boy-" "Well, ma'm." said Reddy with the bombast all gone from his bearing and voice, "I reckon he's found." "My Davie!" was the mother's glad cry as she swept to the boy and gath-ered him to the bosom that had never creased to yearn for him. The boy's father, without stirring from his place, had bowed his head as simply as a call and was praying.

had bowed his head as simply as a child, and was praying. The rejoicing over the restoration of the lost was as voefferous as it was sincere; for even the slumbering inno-cents awoke and added their shrill de-light at the finding of "little brother." --until the poor lad, in tortures from the public demonstration, looked long-ingly under the table as if meditating retreat there. It was Newell who brought the company suddenly to earth with the pathetic demand. "Well, where do I get off at?" Canary looked up and caught New-fil's glance, loneiy and half-reproach-ful, as it rested on him. For a mo-ment the boy seemed to study his foster-father's face: weak, good-na-tured, fuil of the lines of hard Hving and indulgence; and traveled thence

Toster-failed s the lines of hard ifvin and indulgence: and traveled thence to his mother's—the tired, pale face full of an infinite and touching pa-tience, soft with pity, alight with love Then he said, half-appealingly, "You'v been mighty white to me, Uncle Red-dy, but she—she's my mother!" And every mother's son in the room with a feeling that made him worthy of the scene and the hour, bowed his head and echoed the preacher's honest and fervent, "Amen." EDYTHE ELLERBECK

