

keep on till it reaches the bottom. But I should have been better if—the good had helped me along a little.”

Some of the faded neckwear was put on, and the ring, the dead mother's talisman, which had failed to rouse a better feeling, was put back among the rubbish and the moon went behind a cloud to muse on the sad state of affairs.

The Society For The Raising of Fallen Women gave a grand Christmas party; everything in style, you know, for the benefit of their cause. The committee reported that expenses would be cleared; and the good and the virtuous ate and drank and were merry, while the moon looked on in silence and wondered if it would not have helped their cause better had the poor fallen women been invited to a good substantial Christmas dinner.

Down by the sea-side stood a humble cottage where the moon delightedly looked in, for everything wore such a holiday aspect. On the old-fashioned stove stood the tea kettle boiling lustily, and the table was laid for two with many good things to tempt the appetite. The spinning-wheel stood in its proper place under the window; the fishing nets were hung up on the wall and could serve as decoration. At the end of the table in a big arm-chair sat a lovely old lady alternately knitting and reading the Bible. Off and on she would rise and go to the window, looking out to sea. The wind blew a heavy gale and the sea was rough. Her son was out with a fishing crew, and he was the last she had left of five. All her hopes were centered in her Christian, her sturdy, noble boy.

He would be here very soon now. She looked at the clock; ought to have been here by this time. For the tenth time she went her round of the little house to see if everything was in order for Christian's arrival. His clean, dry clothes were airing by the stove, his room, the only one besides the kitchen, was warm, with his comfortable bed all ready for its tired owner.

The fire was replenished, the bright tea pot once more polished with the old lady's apron and she went patiently back to her knitting and the Bible, only to come back to the window in a few moments again. She smiled up at the moon and it nodded back at her, she thought for they were old friends, the two.

“If I could send you in search of my son, you dear old companion of my loneliness these many years, I would ask you to light up his watery path, that he might reach home in safety,” she whispered. The moon nodded again and looked seaward for the expected boy.

Neptune was angry; foaming and furious, he dashed the mountain like billows against each other until the foam like a mist encircled a small craft, a fishing smack which bravely battled with the raging sea, lying first on one side then on the other, tossed about like a nutshell, while the waves wildly lashed its sides. The main mast was gone and most of the rigging; one side had sprung a leak and all hands were at the pumps. The struggle was vain, the ship filled rapidly and the boat was lowered. There was small chance of escaping a wet grave in that; yet they all crowded forward ready to save self first, no one thinking of the other. Only the shipper and one more were left when the shout came up that two more would sink the boat. A young man, almost a boy, grasped the rope ready to go down, when

a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a rough husky voice said: “Christian, I have a wife and seven children,” and the boy fell back to let the shipper go down.

The boat was in danger of being crushed by the larger vessel but contrived to get clear of it, and Christian saw it lifted up and carried on by the waves, thrown hither and thither until it disappeared in the darkness of the water.

The boy had clutched at the railing and cast a long, beseeching look heavenward and gives a despairing cry for help; but only the seagulls answer him and circle around the fast sinking ship with their ill-boding screams.

An hour later when the storm has abated, and the moon emerges from a black cloud, it looks mournfully down on the white upturned face of the boy, whose lifeless body the agitated sea is rocking on its heaving bosom. And the foam forms a winding sheet over the noble boy, and the moon lingers tenderly over it and throws a silver halo round the cold form before another cloud veils her face.

Home by the sea shore the mother sits waiting still. The lamp has burnt down, the fire gone out, and the knitting has fallen on the floor, while the tired old head rests on the back of the chair and she smiles in her sleeps, till busy with the expected son. Perhaps they have met. The moon-beams kiss the silver locks and glide slowly away for the coming dawn.

SOPHY VALENTINE.

Written for this Paper

WHAT MONEY WOULD NOT BUY

The photographer pitched his weather stained tent in a vacant corner nearly opposite the three-story rickety lumber boarding house of a “booming” mining camp.

The outside of his canvas-house was decorated with various mottoes and persuasive sentences:

“This is the place to get your money back?”

“Send your phiz home to the old folks.”

“Speaking likeness done in twenty minutes.”

“The girl you left behind you would like it.”

“No trouble to keep the babies quiet.”

Frames full of really artistic work that it was perfectly safe to say the presiding genius of the place had had no hand in making, were placed on each side of the loose flap that served as a door.

Indeed, by peering closely at them, names and parts of names could be discerned on the lower edges of the cards, that did not correspond with our artist's cognomen.

Mining camp people are not as a rule over-critical, however, and rough, bearded men stopped their teams in the dusty street and, after staring at the “show” a few minutes, came in and told the artist to take a “shot” at them, and be quick about it: and did not deign to ask the price.

It was a change; they viewed it rather in the light of diversion than anything practical. The restlessness, the vagaries, the very crimes of men herded together as men are in such places, debarred from the society of good women and innocent children, the affectionate side of their nature starved and deformed, are due to these causes. The victim does not often, I am persuaded, realize the source of the

deep unrest, and the mad impulses that determine his destiny.

Business was brisk and the photographer smiled, for his purse waxed heavy. He was well satisfied with the profits of his profession, but wished he had had the ability of a Mark Twain to depict the various queer characters that came to him.

A few of the “boys” went home and put on their best “togs,” some even going so far as to buy a new suit of clothes for the occasion, because they really wanted to send it to the dear old folks waiting at home for the boy that never made his fortune and came back. Most of them preferred highly dramatic attitudes and costumes. Red flannel shirts would be unbuttoned, exposing muscular throats and bronzed chests, and a brace of pistols in the belt, with several knives, was a very common garniture. One bold and reckless miner insisted on shooting his pistol off just at the critical moment, although the artist told him it might blur the picture. The picture not proving to be satisfactory he threatened the unfortunate artists' life, until persuaded by some whose pictures had not yet been struck off that he “must not expect impossibilities of no man.” Finally he consented to a picture with a pistol in each hand, the handles of two more showing above a cartridge belt, and a stack of rifles in the back ground.

In gratitude for having escaped with his life, the picture, which happened to be a daguerrotype, was simply loaded by the artist with gold. A double cord nearly an inch thick was made to encircle the broad brimmed hat, a chain that had it been a reality would have served to pull logs out of the mountains with, was plastered across the front of his waistcoat hung to an imaginary watch; the handles of his pistols and knives, and the tops of his boots were gilded with the same glittering metal. This feat established the photographer's reputation, and business poured in upon him in a stream that nearly paralyzed him.

He was often at his wits' end to understand the vernacular of his strange customers, and it taxed his resources to the utmost limit to comply with the demands that were made upon him.

Hovering about the pictures on the outside from the first day of his arrival the artist had noticed a curious old fellow with long fluttering thin gray hair, thin straggling beard, gaunt figure that seemed to have no flesh upon it, and pinched, leathery, pallid face out of which shone a pair of restless, brilliant, deep set eyes.

He talked to no one, but seemed much interested in the pictures of women and children that filled one frame. He would stand for hours looking at them, smiling, shaking his head, and seeming perfectly entranced by a group of little girls with yellow hair floating over their shoulders, bare dimpled arms, and hands full of flowers.

So long as there were only crowds of men coming and going within the tent he did not show the least sign of interest; but during the second week, when a proud and happy miner escorted his wife and two children to the palace of pictures, this shadow of other days slipped inside.

He seemed much interested in the slightest detail. He got in the artists' way, and made suggestions that nearly drove him frantic. At last he managed to stand so that the picture showed a