

HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR.

BY BERT HARTZ.

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and well-voiced cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away, nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overtopped banks of Rattlesnake creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and, holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake creek to Red mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she backed, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new, freshly painted meeting house at the crossing of the country road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly springing grasses, flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to snell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By 3 o'clock she had passed Red mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto horse"—an event sufficiently notable for remark. At 3:30 Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his riata, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of the Hotel of All Nations.

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record. Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy hostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant unconsciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling houses; but avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was 3 o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of India rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty—Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excelsior," happily scorned by all Alpine climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was 4:30 before Dick reached the meeting house and the crossing of the country road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake creek. Another half hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practiced rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded the second apparition with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d-d thief. Let me pass or—"

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle girths that had slipped in the onset. This, in his crippled condition, took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghastly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again, dashed on toward Rattlesnake creek. But not far from the

came broken by gasps, Dick rested in an saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run, Jovita; linger, O day! For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east, swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process, the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry arose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling driftwood.

The old man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half naked figure that rolled against the door-post.

"Dick?" "Hush! Is he awake yet?" "No—but, Dick?"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whisky quick!" The Old Man flew and returned with an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!" He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys—cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irrevocably ruined by water; and on the third—ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. "But it's the best we could do. . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him—tell him, you know—hold me, Old Man—" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh—"tell him Sandy Claus has come."



"Tell him Sandy Claus has come." And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

THE END.

Some Old, Oft Repeated Questions, and Their Unfashionable Answers.

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the sorrowing. "Grief abideth with us, and in our hearts is the bitterness of continued trouble."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the hopeless. "The days go on, but they bring us no joy. The sun and the moon traverse the heavens without warming our chilled hearts or lighting our dark pathway."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the disappointed. "Wherever we turn, there, waiting to dishearten us, lurks disappointment. When we rise he it is that causes us again to fall."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the tempted, the mistaken, the fallen. "Our temptations have overcome us; our mistakes have destroyed us; our sins have crushed us. For us there is nothing left but wretchedness."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the baffled. "When we strive we fail, when we pray no answer comes; when we hope our hopes are never realized; when we love our loves are lost to us."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the bereaved. "Death has robbed us and left us mourning. Our sore hearts cannot take up the cry of rejoicing, for we weep unceasingly."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the sick. "We suffer and know no ease. We are full of anguish night and day."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the persecuted. "Our enemies outnumber us; our burdens are greater than we can bear."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the weary, the wounded, the forsaken, the heavy of heart. "For us there is no rest, no happiness to help. Weariness in our portion and burdens our inheritance. We have no cause for rejoicing from the beginning of the year to the end."

A BALTIMORE CLUB.

THE NEW AND SUBSTANTIAL HOME OF THE CRESCENT CLUB,

A Leading Political Body in the South. Founded in 1874—Exterior and Interior Views of the New Building. Description of the Rich Furnishings.

The Crescent club of Baltimore was organized in 1874, and it has already become one of the most influential of the political clubs of the country, numbering among its members cabinet ministers, senators and representatives, foreign ministers and consuls and the prominent men in Maryland politics, from the governor down.



THE CRESCENT CLUB HOUSE.

They have recently purchased a fine residence in one of the desirable locations in the city. Through some alterations and additions the building has been transformed into one of the most comfortable of club houses. Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, from which our sketches were made, thus describes it: It is a double house with broad hall and brownstone front. On one side of the hall there is a saloon parlor, the full depth of the house; on the other side there are two connected rooms, which now become the "reception rooms." On the second floor the whole house has been thrown into one room, exclusive, of course, of the stairway. This is the club room. In the space occupied formerly by the back yard, a large room has been built for the general meetings of the club.

This house has been decorated and furnished in a very artistic style. The large vestibule through which the visitor enters the hall has been refitted and mounted in brass. On the left side, as you enter, are the reception rooms. These rooms are furnished with dark, carved oak, cushioned with dark green, embossed leather. The carpet is a dark one, in harmony with the curtains and furniture. The effect of this suite of rooms is very striking.



THE PARLOR.

The parlor on the opposite side of the hall, is remarkably brilliant. It seems crusted with gold. On each side of the room is an Ionic column, fluted, and backed by a corresponding pilaster. These columns and their capitals have been gilded. The entablature which supports the floor above is finished like the cornice. The pilasters are finished like the wall. The walls are Lincrusta Walton hangings gilded in two shades of gold, and fairly blaze with light. The ceiling is of raised felt paper, painted in pale, delicate buff, with the figures picked out in somewhat stronger tints. The carpet repeats the general impression of the ceiling. Such wood work as shows is painted in ivory white and enriched with gilding. The mirrors over the mantels have heavy carved gold frames. The chimney is backed with tiles. The furniture is in part covered with a rich brown that harmonizes with the curtains and in part with a dark turquoise blue that gives a charming contrast of color.

On the second floor the three rooms have been thrown into one for the club room; the pillars that take the place of the walls that were removed, and which now support the floors above, have been paneled, and some of the interspaces filled with carving, gilded, that produces a happy effect. The room has an air of substantial comfort. At one side of the room there is a dais upon which a handsome mahogany table stands, behind which is the seat of the presiding officer. Facing this is a large mahogany table where the secretaries may sit. In one corner of the room stands a grand piano.

The floor above this contains a billiard room, a committee room, several sitting rooms and one large room as a reading room and for general social purposes. These rooms are handsomely and appropriately decorated, and furnished for solid comfort as well as for beauty. The billiard room is especially pretty, the ceiling being decorated with balls and cues in high relief very happily composed. There is also a secretary's room, fitted up like a luxurious office, with appropriate furniture. The restaurant is very neat and attractive.

John Hall, D.D., was called to be pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in 1837. Born in County Armagh, Ireland, in 1829, he was made pastor in Armagh after his graduation from the divinity school, and afterward went to Dublin in a similar capacity. At one time he promised to be a leader in Irish Presbyterianism and was made a delegate from the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in Ireland to the churches of the same denomination in the United States. His career since assuming charge of the Fifth Avenue church in New York has been a notable one, and during that time his church and congregation have grown steadily and continuously. As his face, here presented in black and white, shows, he is a man of immense force, and this is not limited to his mentality, for he is tall and stalwart in body. Perhaps his ministry may best be described by the words used, while in the words of one who has studied him: "His wise and practical religiousness is not altogether unlike the fine piety of the better spirit of the Gallican church in the days of Pascal."

KATE TERRY'S ROMANTIC STORY.

A Liverpool Barmaid's Rise to the Top of High Life.

In 1870 a man named Flynn kept in Liverpool a drinking shop of an unsavory odor. Burglars, counterfeiters and crooks of various sorts stopped there. Flynn's wife and daughter tended bar. The girl was 15 in 1870, and very pretty. She was fair, with a magnificent figure and abundant light hair.

About that time there appeared in the bar-room an American named Charles Bullard. He was the hero of the Boylston Bank robbery in Boston, at which \$100,000 had been stolen, and his share of the spoils was \$40,000. He was a handsome fellow, of fascinating address. Kate Flynn fell in love with him, and they were married on an acquaintance of three weeks.

Bullard took his \$40,000 and his wife to Paris and started a saloon where "American drinks" were conspicuously advertised. But he could not keep down his instincts for preying upon society, and his place became the scene of divers swindling games and robberies. On one occasion an Englishman was robbed of \$80,000 worth of diamonds there. Kate got half of them.

Bullard fell under the suspicion of the police and fled to London. His wife and bartender broke up the establishment and came to New York. Bullard followed them to New York and endeavored to obtain the property by law suits. He was arrested and thrown into prison. Twice she helped him escape. Once he was recaptured, the second time he got away. He fled to Belgium, committed a burglary, was caught and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. He is still in the Belgium penitentiary serving out his sentence.

Kate meantime discovered that he had already a wife when he wedded her. She thereupon regarded her marriage to him as null and void, and looked on herself as a free woman. She had a precarious time of it for several years in New York, letting out lodgings and keeping houses that the police were sometimes suspicious of. At length she became seriously pinched for money, and put up at auction two valuable paintings which she had brought from Paris. At that time (1889) Don Tomas Terry, the richest planter in Cuba, was furnishing a magnificent mansion in New York. He was worth nearly \$75,000,000, and money was therefore no object. His son strayed into the auction room where Kate Bullard's paintings were on sale. He was looking for pictures to adorn the new house. Kate, who then called herself Mrs. Williams, was in the room at the time and he was introduced to her. He was tremendously taken with her, and it was all up with him from the first. In March, 1891, he and the beautiful woman who had associated with burglars and thieves all her life, were married. Six weeks ago he died of consumption in the arms of his "darling Kate," and left her the income of \$7,500,000, and the absolute ownership of about \$2,000,000. Just one month after his death a girl baby was born to Mrs. Terry, that, if it lives, will inherit the bulk of the wealth. But the mother will control it all.

She is coming to New York with her baby and her husband's body. It is said that she has never lost her affection for Bullard, the original husband, but will marry him when his time is out in Belgium. Terry's funeral in Paris was a very grand one, and the United States consul and other officials attended it and treated the widow with the utmost respect. She is somebody now.

SAMUEL GOMPERS,

President of the New Federation of Trades.

The trades union convention recently held in Columbus, O., resulted in the formation of a federation of trades unions under the name of the New American Federation of Trades, the object of which is to preserve the identity of the long established trades unions and prevent their becoming subservient to the Knights of Labor. To emphasize this they elected Samuel Gompers, who is one of the

staunchest advocates of the trades union form of organization among labor. Mr. Gompers was born in London in 1850. His parents were from Holland. His father being a cigar maker, young Gompers began work at his trade at the age of 10, attending school in the evenings. He came to New York in 1868. In 1865 he became a member of one of the first cigarmakers' unions. For the past sixteen years he has been a delegate to every convention of the Cigarmakers' International union. It is said that it is chiefly through Mr. Gompers' knowledge of the principle of trades unions that the cigarmakers have become the most successful of unions. Mr. Gompers was first vice-president of the old Federation of Trades and Labor unions, organized at Pittsburg in 1881; subsequently he was president for two terms. He is now president of the Workmen's assembly for the state of New York.

Mr. Howard Crosby is well known throughout the country, perhaps, as the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. The work of this organization is practically a crusade against the excessive use of intoxicating liquor, on the theory that most crimes come from that source. He does not propose the absolute suppression of the traffic—in fact, he is not himself a total abstainer—but its close regulation by law. And there seems to be no doubt that his society has accomplished a good deal. Howard Crosby is an effective pulpit speaker. His face is strong and his eyes look out from beneath overhanging eyebrows. His hair and whiskers are liberally sprinkled with gray.

Thatcher took the seat indicated, contritely, humbly, submissively. Carmen's little heart was touched; but she still went on over the back of the chair.

File Making.

The bar or rod of steel is first placed in the shearing machine. This machine is arranged with a straight cogwheel catching into a cogbar, which in turn moves an eccentric in the plunger connected with the knife, and gives the steel a powerful, smooth cut. In this shearing machine steel of one and a half inches width and three-eighth inch thickness is cut as smoothly as if it were a thin piece of tin. For heavier steel a machine is used that will cut a half-inch thickness of steel, two and a half inches wide.

The steel having been cut to the requisite lengths, passes to the forging room. In that room there are fourteen coke fires. Alongside of these the workmen sit before steam-driven hammers, lifting the red hot pieces of steel out of the fire and placing them under the hammers, the tables of which are arranged with two surfaces—one upon which the steel in hammered out flat along its whole length, and another surface slightly depressed, on which the ends or tangs of the file blank are hammered to the pointed shape, which everybody remembers as, time out of mind, the proper shape for a file handle. For the smaller files (saw files) the hammer tables are grooved, and in these grooves the ends of the file blanks are placed, and in a moment are hammered to the proper shape. It gave an idea of the methodical work of the men to notice that the workman as he reached to take a heated piece of steel out of the fire, unfailingly put a fresh one in to be heated. It was the old-fashioned way, before the introduction of machinery, to have a forger and striker for large files, but the accuracy of machinery, and its rapidity in working, have made that method of making files an obsolete thing.

From the forging department the file blanks as they are called, until the teeth are cut in them, are passed to the annealing room. Hence, in a furnace are packed many dozens—equaling a ton in weight—of file blanks of every shape, and the furnace is heated until it has been brought to a red heat. At that heat it is allowed to remain for an hour. Then the furnace draughts are all closed up, and made as air-tight as possible; and, on an average, in three days' time, the heated blanks have cooled sufficiently for further handling.

The fire has softened them for the further processes of the manufacture, and after they have been hammered straight the file blanks are turned over to the grinding-room workmen. There they are placed in a frame—in various quantities according to size. The frame is then placed in machinery attached to a six-foot grind-stone, which revolves a horizontal and lateral motion, by which the file blanks are ground perfectly smooth and true. The average life of these grind-stones is about three weeks. For the larger round and half-round files it is necessary to grind by hand.

But these are only the preliminaries to the file making. Having been ground, the next step is cutting the teeth. This is done by improved and ingenious machinery, which works with marvelous celerity. The file blanks are placed under the cutter, and with surprising rapidity, tooth after tooth is cut into the blank. The edges of the blanks are cut first. A few minutes suffices to finish the edges, and that operation of cutting teeth is repeated until edges and both sides of the flat blanks and the three sides of the three square blanks are toothed.

The chisels used in cutting the teeth in the file blanks having to be sharpened freely, grindstones and laps are used for this purpose. The dulled chisels are first taken and ground; after they have been ground they are placed on the laps (on which fine emery and oil are used) and are given a fine edge.

After the cutting of the teeth has been finished, the files are forwarded to an examining-room, where they are carefully inspected to see that the file-blanks have been properly cut. The files are then passed to a room on the ground floor to be hardened—a very interesting process. It is this room are several iron pots, containing lead, surrounded by a furnace and kept hot, so as to melt the lead. The files are first coated with a preparation to prevent ailing; next they are placed in the leaden bath, and, lastly, after they are sufficiently heated they are plunged into large vats of water, the process making them very hard.

The files are then scoured, next washed in lime water, dried, and, last of all, the tangs, or handles, are placed in a leaden bath, covering only the tangs, to soften or withdraw the temper. Then the files are oiled and agitated for the purpose of cleansing them of any extraneous matter, after which they are taken to the second story, where each file is carefully examined and tested with a tempered piece of steel, and any found with the slightest imperfection are condemned and thrown aside.—*Midland Industrial Gazette.*

"Miss Giddigil," said the Principal of the Lovecote Seminary, during the commencement exercises, "if you had your choice to be Joan of Arc or Florence Nightingale, how would you choose?" An embarrassing silence nearly a minute long dragged in an articulate murmur about the size of a spoon. "A little louder please," said the Principal. "What does she say, Miss Flyaway? What does she choose?" "She chooses gum," said Miss Flyaway. "And then Miss Giddigil had to spruce up and apologize.—*N. Y. Times.*

—It is, of all things, not essential that a school-boy or girl shall know the various marks by which to distinguish the "s" in fat, far, fall or flame, and over which golden time is sure to be wasted.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*