

Low at the Bay... Carol, children, carol... We lift our eyes adoring... Carol, children, carol... We lift our eyes adoring... Carol, children, carol...

THE LONE MAN'S CABIN.

The Story of Stephen Barrymore's Christmas.

[Written for This Paper.]



On the slope of an Oregon hill stood the lone man's cabin, in the midst of a pitiless Christmas night.

That winter the humid Pacific clim had seemed to congeal on the Oregon coast, and over grass which had been scarcely powdered from sight for years, the snow now stood three feet deep.

For the lone man himself was a piteous creature, his feverish face half swallowed in auburn tangle, his weary and dejected eyes constantly sinking their lids in sick languor.

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

the mountain bellies in their best gowns. And, not being far from Portland, the gowns of these bellies were in the late fashions. He could hear the gay music, the floor's huge throb to many feet.

It was possible to imagine himself a successful fellow, bustling about with a good-natured contempt for all smaller fry.

The lone man, his eyes swimming in blind faintness, had just sunk flat upon his couch again, when some muffled object bumped against his door.

"Lock this door quick!" she pleaded. "No lock to it," explained Steve, replacing his seasoned bars in their sockets.

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

"Ge-whizz!" ejaculated Steve, bracing himself up with his hands on the poles at each side of him.

"Mighty little of any thing. When I recollect what used to be in that trunk when I first came into the woods, and what ain't in it now, it makes me feel bad."

The woman threw up the lid and crouched inside. So quickly had her whisking drapery disappeared that Steve wondered if he were in one of his walking dreams.

"Don't let him get me—oh don't let him get me!" "Any fellow that would chase any thing through this snow," observed Barrymore, "must be keen for a hunt. You didn't foot it from the station, did you?"

"I waded up the mountain, into the woods, as fast as I could wade. To hide somewhere from that man."

"What fellow is it?" inquired Steve. The trunk lid rose again softly, and her voice hissed through:

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

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



right here to home. Guess I'll load my gun—if there's huntin' to-night."

He reached for his gun-case, took out its shining barrels, which were polished like silver, and began to fit the parts together, laying his cartridges ready for insertion.

"Who's there?" cried the lone man. The trunk's quite closed, as if its inmate preferred smothering to discovery.

"The law of the State of California," returned a robust voice. "What does the law want?"

"The law's like me," observed the lone

"Open and let me in," commanded his stealer. "I'm not here to parley."

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

The outsider uttered some resounding sentences. When these settled to the level of threatening they pointed out such dangers as the following:

"Why, I can kick your miserable door down. I can knock the chinking out of the walls and shoot you through the cracks. I can get on your roof and stamp it through."

"You don't know what you're doing. And you don't want to get into trouble with a man like me. I have the law on my side. I want my wife out of this cabin and I'm going to have her out."

"Nice husband you must be, Mr. Law," said the lone man, "to be out with a gun tracking your wife through the snow like as if she was a rabbit."

At this the outsider set his heel mightily against the door. The wooden bars held it; but Steve saw them with the repeated kicks loosening in their sockets.

He undid the fastenings and she flew inside like a deer, immediately bracing herself against the door.

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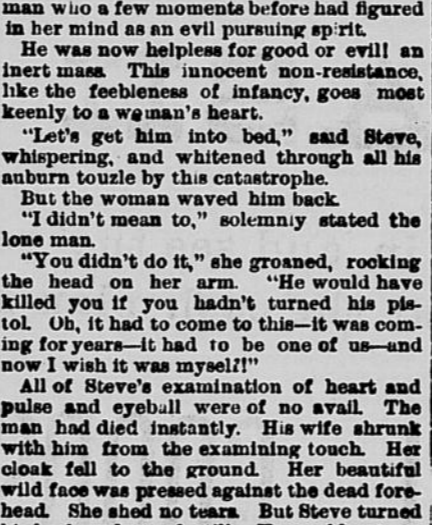
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upon the lone man. He enlisted the Gallagher to shelter and watch over her like a child and he bore all the brunt of inquiry.

And very grand people they were. A senator, and a judge, a millionaire and the judge's wife, a woman almost as beautiful as the widow.

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

"Good-bye, Mr. Barrymore. Thank you," she said, taking hold of his hand.

The lone man felt that she left a paper in a hand, but he gave no sign of having received any thing until the train had steamed away, and was lost among the windings of the hills.

It was a draft from Antonio Smith to Stephen Barrymore, for a sum of money far beyond his modest dreams of wealth.

He was too shrewd to brag about it, or show the token in its unobtrusional state. He went next day to Portland, and presented it at a bank, where it was duly honored.

It was not the last, however. For, the next year, a salmon packer went down to San Francisco, and happened to meet the lone man.

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

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

—Borrow seems sent for instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—Richardson.

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

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

—A music-dealer says that the violin has not improved any since 1730. The same may be said of the violin-player who lives next door.—Norristown Herald.

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

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

—Liberty is the right to do what the laws allow; and if a citizen could do what they forbid it would be no longer liberty, because others would have the same powers.—Montesquieu.

—A Cincinnati deacon is under arrest for stealing \$3.45 from the contribution-box. It is unnecessary to state, perhaps, that his peculations dated over a series of years.—Binghamton Republican.

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

—They Come High.—She said she was his jewel, then he paused, quite sad and pensive. He realized with other men That jewels are expensive.—Washington Critic.

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

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

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

—"Who is that brute across the street who slaps those little boys? For a cent I'd go over and kick him." "Leave him alone. It's the only comfort he has." "Why?" "He's editor of the Children's Corner department of a weekly paper."—Lincoln Journal.

—Tenant—"Say, there's a million rats in that house of yours." Landlord—"Well?" Tenant—"What are you going to do about it?" Landlord—"Do about it! Nothing. You don't expect me to stock the place with white mice at fifteen dollars per month, do you?"—Omaha World.

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

He Knew Human Nature.

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

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

"Yes."

"Go fishing any?"

"Yes."

"Catch any thing?"

"One little perch."

"Hal hal hal! That's about as I expected. Well, good-night."

When the caller had gone the wife indignantly said:

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

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

Mack stood still at the head of the stairs regarding the chintz-framed picture before him.

Under the sky-light in the roof was an easel supporting a partly-finished portrait

"Yes," was the coldly monocyllabic reply. "Well, may be it's for the best," responded Mrs. Mack, steadily eyeing her shrinking victim, "for naturally you don't feel like being beheld to any one longer'n you can

abstraction that Mrs. Mack, who was the pink of propriety, should have thrown herself into his arms? Good Heavens, what a terrible situation! Come what might he

the contrary, it flatters my years grossly.

"But that is the way you look to me," whispered Doris. And that is all. FRANK H. CONVERSE.

with some on your side of a very narrow street it takes all night to get there.—Mcayune.

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