ALL OF A KIND.

One Thought Rules the People.

No Mindreader Need Tell It.

Bundle Habit Prevails in Every

Mail Men Performing the Annual Miracle.

Expresses Dragging Results Out of Chaos.



Christmas in New England was looked much favor as the grewsome old ladies of Salem whom Chief hanged. This same indicial

functionary was a man of unmistakable views concerning holidays like Christ-mas. All but two or three people in the world know that San.

Sewall kept a diary, and any one that wants to find some curious opinions about Christ-mas can look over the pages of that diary in the Public Library. Even after the sentiment of tolerance had spread so far as to include the observance

of old-time festivals that were part of the nearly-making order of Old England, Justice Sewall still stuck out against Christinas; and although the influential people of the colony subsequently reverted to the full celebration of the festival, you find in Sow-all's darx, with religious punctificusness, a record like this every 26th of Decomber.

colebration of the festival, you find in Sewail's darx, with religious punctibiousness, an cord like this every 26th of December.

Carts and horses came to town as usually, and shoes were open."

It, with rim satisfaction that the rigid old Funtan makes this statement to indicate that Christmas wasn't being celebrated to any genit extent.

Well, it will be remembered that Justices wall went down on his knees in the Old South church, and humbled his proud spirit lefore the whole congregation, and asked the pation of his Gol if he had erred in condemning the witches to death. And if the old nodge were alive today he might express different views about Christmas.

If wouldn't be necessary, however, for him old rough view and horses coming to town, for this old rough were alive today he might express different views about Christmas.

If wouldn't be necessary, however, for him old rough were alive today he might express different views about Christmas.

If wouldn't be necessary, however, for him old rough were alive today he might express different views about the case of the pations of the pations of the next today he might express different views about the case of the pations of the next that was recorded by the superscription.

John Smith, North End, Boston."

But that's only a small portion of the sussess that make Supt, lidder and his force of young women complain.

There are neople who ask questions in this world. They ask them for various reasons the first of various kinds whoes services were of exacinced by the approach of the greatest festival in Christendom.

If the spirit of old Judge Sewall could walk the streets of modern Boston and carts of various kinds whoes services were of exacinced by the approach of the greatest festival in Christmas to the post office of the extent to which Christmas beaches and the patient of the post office were alive to the diary that he left bollind.

Indeed, it anybody wants to get a pretty so did not of the extent to which Christmas beaches and the world that the pit at ar

eace a year than the post office employe About the 22d of December he begins to commune of visions of an apparently insurmountable mass of the usual Christma mail matter And he isn't occupied very long in conjuring up these images before the reality has come upon him, for abou the 22d of December there is a volcano-like flood of letters and mailable parcels.

The young man from THE GLODE felt the



bony arm of spirit Justice Sewell quive bony arm of spirit Justice Sewell quiver perceptibly as the journey through the different departments of the big, gloomy building was made.

I how a under the thorough fare, with windows that admit a view of Devonshire st, there is the department that probably used the most genuine astonishment in the spirit mind of the granula astonishment in the spirit mind of the granula distice. This impairment is called the "sorters" room, and there is a big, circular arrangement of immense bags that are held open by thirches.

and there is a big, circular arrangement of immense bags that are held open by clutches.

In this enclosure are half a dozen men who can always be found in their shirt-weeks—not particularly on account of the weather, but because of the peculiarly heat inspiring work at which they are employed, inch man has before him an immense pile of I fters, and he keeps up an automatic ort of movement with his right arm that signess the training methods of the base iall pluse. With unitring and unerring accuracy he literally flings the letters from him into the receptuales for which they are int inded, Justice Sewall's ghost must have actually ground to observe the movements of these employes.

Anybody not acquainted with the work would have imagined that the men were skylarking.

It is rold by Mr. John Smith, the secretary

would have imagined that the men were skylarking.
It is told by Mr. John Smith, the secretary for the postmaster, that a dignified eld gentleman was walking up Devenshire st. one day, and happening to look down through the windows, he saw the men at work hurling these missiles about. He immediately sat down, when he got to his office, and wrote a letter to the postmaster declaring that he was quite sure Gen. Corse didn't know how his men were behaving, and that he, as a 1 ublie-sportied circum, felt it his duty to inform the postmaster of the unwamerly behavior that he had witnessed. That was just about the kind of letter that old Justice Sewall might have writen. than the post office, and their work is even that he was quite sure Gen. Corse didn't know how his men were behaving, and that he, as a rublic-sprited citizen, felt it his duty to inform the postmaster of the unmannerly behavior that he had witnessed.

That was just about the kind of letter that old Justice Sewall might have written at the didnessed with the sure two or three years ago ben this and every other department was ben this and every other department was ben this and every other department was a time two or three years ago to tof Christmas matter, but since that the post office, and their work is even to had the post office, and their work is even to have proved that he post office, and their work is even than the post office of the post office, and their work is ev

the methods of labor, etc., and now there isn't a thing left in the post office building in the way of undelivered matter, that is also deliverable matter, on Christmas morning after the carriers go out on their routes.

Contrary to perhaps the general impression, it su't the carrier upon whom the buggest burden of Christmas labor falls.

Every department in the post office is subjected to a torture of industry during the first ways preceding the great festival.

This sorters' division that heaven spoken in the building, and the package department undergoe ca similar strain.

It is necessary in post of these departments in the building, and the package department undergoe ca similar strain.

It is necessary in most of these departments to make additions to the ordinary working force, but from year to year this recessity is becoming less urgent. Last year, for instance, there were 50 exact cartilers put on, and this year there are only about 27. This number is added to the ordinary force of 140, which does the work of the districts that come under the delivery system of the main office.

heavy packages that suggested valuable presents.

The clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about business, and when the clerks were too busy to talk to any-body except on about 2 tan in the clerks were too business, and when the clerks were to obscite the receit and the clerks were too business that to any-body except on the twent a significant point of the clerks were too business that to any-body except on the twent at significant point of the clerks and the adouble the floor.

The mount of business that is being done th



NO CHRISTMAS FOR THE LETTER-CARRIER The carriers get accustomed to the increased work at this time of year, for the bundles seem to increase in mathematic proportion from day to day, until on Christmas day the amount of matter reaches its extreme noint of increase.

The first indications of Christmas are apparent in the executive department, of course. This is the department over which here is not increased very conspicuously, but there is an immense amount of detail work that is occasioned by the increased Christmas labors in other departments.

In this division is included the bureau of information, and in this department the approach of Christmas is most apparent. Here is where all the unmailable matter cones, and it is the function of the superintendent and his clerks to do the best they can with this material.

There are all sorts of reasons why matter is unmailable.

Supt. Rider told The Glode man that he could talk for five minutes telling the dif-

There are all sorts of reasons why matter is unmailable.

Sint. Rider told The Glode man that he could talk for five minutes telling the different reasons why matter is unmailable.

The postage is too short, or people don't know that Boston is in Massachusetts, and other people never clearly understand why post office clerks can't tell the city and the street in that city where John Jones can be found at a moment's notice.

Other people send bundles and never put any address on them at all.

Other people write letters to their dear friends in Boston, and neglect to tell the postman whether it is Boston, Mass., or Boston, N. Y.

And then lots of people are very careless about packages. They are not up so finney that they break open and the contents are destroyed or mutilated, the address is torn off, or something else equally disastrous happens.

This is the tale of woe that Sunt. Rider

Sx4 inches, and she inquired in the nicest kind of a way whether the clerk would supply her with a stamped onvelope to fit that package. The clerk said he didn't think he could. Then she wanted to have one that wasn't stamped, and the clerk said he didn't think he could do that even. Well, then, where could she got one to fit the package?. The clerk bow ed gravely and said probably at an adjacent stationer's. He said this with a touch of sarcasm in his usually mild tones, and the young woman-glared savagely and marched away with an indignant toss of her pretty head.

Even the usually stern and placid ghost of the venerable dustice Sewall must have chuckled at the unique scene.

There is another division of the post office that has lots of Christmas trade, and that is the registry division. Most of the material that comes there now is in the line of Christmas presents, and a good deal of it is valuable.

You might think that the stamp division

Christmas presents, and a good dear of the valuable.
You might think that the stamp division would do an unusually large business about this time, but that's not so. The usual daily receipts of the stamp department about this time is \$10,000, and this amount is not managed to the stamp department about the stamp department about this time is \$10,000, and this amount is not managed. receipts of the stamp department about this time is \$10,000, and this amount is not materially augmented by any increase of Christmas matter.

The people over in the post office say that quite the very largest proportion of the work that is done by the delivery department for a week preceding Christmas is the delivery of presents to the residents of Beacon Hill. There isn't any other locality in the district that is covered by the main office that in any kind of proportion approaches in its amount of mail that which is sent to Beacon Hill.

In the three days immediately preceding Christmas the burden falls heavily on the carriers. The inaterial that they deliver is not very heavy, but usually pretty bulky. Each individual carrier adopts his own peculiar methods of getting his stuff around in the most comfortable and convenient manner.

On Christmas morning the greatest rush

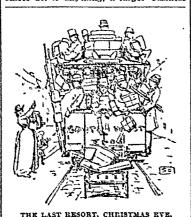
manner. On Christmas morning the greatest rush occurs.

Every carrier goes out of the office with a pack as large as Christin's in "Pilgrim's Progress." To some of them the journey along the route is verily a slough of despond.

along the route is verify a stought of ex-spond.

The carriers on Christmas morning get to the office at 7 o'clock. There will be an in-crease this year of 30 carriers on Thursday, and it will take each man a good hour to make ready the mail that he will have to deliver.

The post office isn't the only place where Christmas trade tells heavily. The express offices do. if anything, a larger business



THE LAST RESORT, CHRISTMAS EVE.

Melt on uninterruptenty
All the expressmen are working overtine
From the early hours of the morning until very late at hight there isn't any such
thing as cos-ation from labor.
The amount of business that is being done
this year shows a very great increase.
There never was a Christmas like this for
presents of all kinds, the expressmen say,
and while every Christmas brings a big increase of labor to them, this Christmas has
been peculiarly productive of heavy trade
all along the line. All the expressmen are
early risers, and a good many of them now
find it difficult to get more than four or five
hours rest out of 21.
The material for the early morning trains
gets them out of bed before the stars have
left the sky in the morning, and the necessity of meeting the demands of the late
night trains keeps them out of bed long
after the damous license law has closed the
drain shops entirely.
Down on Franklin st. the big express
offices that do the best part of the crosscountry expressage have lared about as well
as the little local express lines from Boston.
Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Transcontinentrade.

People who receive Christmas presents

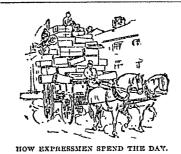
trade.
People who receive Christinas presents and people who have business in other ways at the express offices are very often inclined to grumble a little bit and expressment.

infrequently by the angry face of some disgruntled patron.

Sometimes it is a caroless driver who has
upset somebody's vehicle or has narrowly
escaped running down some slow moving
citizen or the wheel of an express wagon
has struck some obstruction in the street or
collided with some other vehicle wheel,
and has either done damage or been damaged and the packages and bundles have
not been delivered on time, either by reason of such accidents as have been mentioned or because of an unexpected amount
of work that the expressman hadn't bargained for and which had to be done—and
so on the list might be extended indefinitely.

so on the list might be extended indefinitely.

At all events that's what a bright young expressman told The Globe man. He was moving in a bundle of something that was a mixture of recking-chairs and baby carriages and bird cages. He was asked how business was and stopped long enough to tell



his story. A woman who was a near neighbor of the superintendent had received a package, the contents of which had been injured and he had been scolded very severely. Now, he said, "I knew that package would suffer when I took it. But what's the use of grumbling. I watched it pretty closely, so that it wouldn't get jarred or disturbed. In the rush of business it was placed under a mass of other material in the wagon and its fragile wrapping was broken.

"I am not supposed to carry a baby carriage up four ilights of stairs. I've got every possible minute of my time occupied and I can't go into a house and carry heavy packages up three or four flights of stairs and deposit them somewhere. And it isn't part of an expressman's duty to do that, contrary to the general impression. Most people think an expressman is bound to deliver a package at the door. His responsibility ends there, but nobody will over heliove it."

And it wasn't only the express on the slightest provocation.

The GLOBE man took a late car up Colum.

they were very glad to express on the slightest provocation.
The GLOBE man took a late car up Columbus av. and stood out on the platform and watched the little fat car conductor trying to squeeze himself through the dense mass of humanity that crowded the car. There were two or three hundles in the way also, bundles that occupied the space of a passenger, and the car conductor was very sad. He said he was sure he had missed two or three fares, but he was glad that he had jaunided that man's bundle, and he'd be gladder when Christmas was over.
He said: "I had this last year the same way, and I think I had rather be out in the Bad Lands fighting the Indians at this season than on the back platform of a car that is occupied by men, women and children, and every blessed mortal carrying a bundle."

BEAUTY IN GREENS.

Thriving Trade of Dealers About the Market Place. ancient and beautiful custom of decorating with green at Christmastide is a thing of the past he should walk down South Market st. on the day preceding Xmas. Away back in the middle ages the primitive and uncultured people, inspired by a love of beauty, hung up at Christmas the green of the hardy plants, and no cottage was so humble or no parish church so poor in the Emerald isle or "merric England" that the drooping, swaying festoons of laurel were omitted as a very necessary part of the celebration.

Who has not heard of the mystic mistletoo. with its merry stories of stolen sweets?
The custom has been increasing year by

The custom has been increasing year by year, each leturning Christmas bringing more converts to the city, until now the houses where some little green is not seen are the exceptions.

In the churches the young people have hung the green from pillar to pillar and from rail to choir, and in the long, dark hours of the night the green leaves will rustle. from rail to choir, and in the long, dark hours of the night the green leaves will rustle.

Down in the market, piled in great leaps, out as far as the line running down the centre of the crowded street, are to be seen Christmas trees, the smell of the fir and sprace telling of the spicy breath of the forest. They seen strangely out of place in the midst of the noise and confusion, but they are gentle reminders of the summer.

"Where do you get them all," is asked of a dealer.

"Where do you get them all," is asked of a dealer.

"Well, they come from Maine. About the 1st of December we begin to cut them for the Boston market. For the New York market we cut about the middle of November. ber.
"Prices? Well, all the way from 25 cents
for a tree for the baby, up to \$10 for a tree
big enough for a church festival. The usual
price is \$2.60 for a family tree. We estimate that this year there will be \$500 trees
sold in Boston." sold in Boston."
Up the street is a pile of holly, a bunch of branches about as big as an enormous palmleaf fan selling for 10 cents, red berries and

leaf fan selling for 10 cents, red berries and all.

Holly wreaths made of holly leaves wired together and set out with the glistening berries, sell at \$1.50 a dozen, and those of evergreen set at four places in their cureum-ference with colored immortelles, bring the same price, while a cross made of holly leaves sells for 20 cents.

Where do these come from?
About a week before Christmas men go out in large parties, through Scituate and that section, and break off the branches, which they bring in in carts.

"Laurel, laurel, ive cents a yard," is the cry heard a little further on, and the vender sells it, strung in festoons, on wire.

A bell, made of evergreen, with an immortelle chapper, and the word "Caristmas," in immortelles on the side. Just the thing to hang over the dinner table, sells for 25 cents.

But the mistletoe.

thing to hang over the dinner table, sells for 25 cents.
But the mistletoe.
"Now there's a good clump for \$1.50," says a dealer, picking up a fow scraegly laves, attached to some sick-looking branches," it's very scarce."
Thus it goes.

The steamer Mayflower, which has been building at the yard of Montgomery & Howard, Chelsea, for the Nantasket Steam boat Company, was successfully launched yesterday in the presence of a large num er of people, among whom were many o he directors and employes of the corpora ion.
The boat will have a carrying capacity of 1800, and will be fitted with all modern conreniences and improvements.

WEYMOUTH, Dec. 24.-John Martin has been missing since Thursday last, when he started to work. He was a shoomaker, employed at Long's factory at Braintree, and it is impossible to account for his sudden disappearance.

Her Christmas Present.

A True Story of Gloucester Fisher Folk.

By TOM HERBERT.



SHAW! Jeannette don't talk of Christmas presents; you should have dropped those childish notions

when we were married. Here am I, a poor fisherman, with a few hundred dollars, and you know I want to build or buy a house in East Gloucester, so that we can have a home of our own next year, and now, the middle most forced to make a cr stay home and eat or stay home and eat as to sail, and with tears a hurriedly got together the rest of his sea h were neatly patched be placed in the calico on hoard the vessel. fresh halibut trip, or stay home and eat up my hard-earned money; and we must be saving, for the owners have promised me a

The next day he was to sail and with tears in her eyes Jeannette hurriedly got together socks, mittens and the rest of his sea clothes, all of which were neatly patched and darned ready to be placed in the calico

and darmed ready to be piaced in the cance pillowslip and taken on board the vessel.

"You'll buy me a present this year, won't you, Jim?" said she next morning.

"Well, I don't know. It's according to whether we make a good trip or not, and even so, you must not expect anything that will coat much." will cost much.' So they parted with a kiss, at the door of

So they partied with a kiss, at the door of the little house on a sidestreet in Gloucester, and were it not for the cry, "Pa-pa-pa" of little Andrew in the crib up stairs, she might have lingered at the door and watched the passage of the vessel as her prow was "Jim will be home before Christmas," mused she, "and if 'twas only a cheap pocket-book he'd buy for me, I would cherish it so much." turned towards Norman's Woe.

therish it so much."
That night, after "baby" was sound asleep,
he visited a friend, and as she passed Proctor's store and the post office on her way home she heard a fisherman say: "The 'glass' is down 2-10 below 29."

This was news for her, as almost every

Gloucester woman understands the working of a baromoter, and surely a heavy west-erly was coming that night. It was after 12 o'clock that night when

the expected nor'wester burst, and she was awakened by the noise of a swinging blind. 'Tis a fair wind for Jim, thought she, as' she secured the shutter, and if it lasts a day or two he will make a quick run to the Grand banks. Little she knew at that time what misery the same gale brought to her

what misery the same gale brought to her husband.

The next day everything went wrong about the house, the fire went out, although there was a solended draft to the chinney, things seemed to be strewn around the kitchen in all directions, the baby yelled like mad, and tried to get out of his crib alone for the first time, and in the afternoon she scalded her foot with hot water while making a pot of tea.

Jeannette was not superstitious, yet she could not help paying some attention to what seemed to be presentments of trouble, and were it not for a letter from a lawyer that she received asking her to come to Boston to transact important business she might have sat down and had a good cry.

"I wonder what it can be," said she, as she put on her best wraps," surely it cannot be any news from home so soon, and now, come to think of it, I'm sorry I didn't tell Jim that the property in Sweden was being settled up."

The train seemed to move slower than usual that day, yet it arrived in Boston on scheduled time and soon she was scated in a law office in Court sa.

"I called," said she, addressing a smoothfaced man. "in response to this lotter."

"Oh, yes! You are Mrs. Lawson, are you not?" said he, showing the way to his private office, "And your maiden name was?" "Jeannette Olsen, sir. I was born in Stockholm 23 years ago."

"Yes, the very sume," said the lawyer; "and now, Mrs. Lawson, I have some good news for you. The Swedish consul has a check for you at his office, pay, ble in gold, to the amount of \$3500; small, but not so bad. I believe your husband is —"

"A fisherman, sir," said she, helping him to answer his query.

"Now, all that remains," continued the man of law, "is for you to be identified and

bad. I believe your husband is —"
"A fisherman, sir," said she, helping him
to answer his query.
"Now, all that remains," continued the
man of law, "is for you to he identified and
the check is yours; are you acquainted in
Boston,"
Yes; she had relatives there, and half an
hour later the office boy brought in two persons that knew her when at home and also
her family,
Without much delay the check was received by her from the consul and cashed
at a neighboring bank, and with that—nover
had so much money before feeling—she
wended her way towards the depot.
Once on the cars her thoughts went out
to sea and she wondered how Jim's vessel
had weathered the gale, and what he would
think if he only knew their good fortune, and
how sorry she felt for having kept secret
her letters from home, but the noxt moment her thoughts were in another channel.
She had resolved to buy Jim a Christmas
presont that would cost "something."

The day following was one of excitement
to her. She yisited the bank, crossad the

The day following was one of excitement to her. She visited the bank, crossed the ferry a number of times in company with real estate men, all of which set the neigh-bors a wondering, and for two weeks sho bors a wondering, and for two weeks sho was busy every day.

When she had time to read, she studied the Boston papers, and from the reports of meaning vessels she knew that it had been rough weather at set.

Soon the name of the vessel that her husband sailed on was becoming talked of in the town, no news had been heard of her, and she became sad-eyed, and the bloom of youth left her cheeks.

The neighbors called and sympathized, and one old lady, who had a son on the same vessel, said, "that if the schooner was not in by tomorrow the owners were going to give her up as lost with all on board."

rive her up as lost with all on board."

Tomorrow!
Why, tomorrow was Christmas day!
Vessel and all hands lost at sea!
What a cup of bitterness there was in store for her when she had planned for a day of happiness!

"But it must not be," she cried; "surely God will not send us such terrible news on the birthday of His son!"
That night she knelt by the baby's crib and prayed that the father of the little one might be returned to him and her
Morning dawned and she gross after haying passed a sleepless night; baby's breakfast must be gotten ready, and as she roligit the crackers, the crumbs were moistened with her tears.

the erackers, the crumbs were moistened with her tears.

Noon came and the dreaded news had not arrived, and scating the chubby little chap in the high char near the window, they ate their Ciristmas dinner.

An hour later she was ready to swoon, so weak was she from loss of rest and nourishment, and with arms on the table and head bowed down she cried herself to sleep.

How long she romained in that doze she could never tell, but she awoke with a start; thtle Alfred was rapping on the window pane with his spoon, and calling "Pap-pal pap-pal" at the top of his voice.

"Be quiet, child," said she, hysterically; "you have no pa—" She never finished that sentence, for there, outside the window, was Jun, with a full beard, and looking very pale.

Was she dreaming?

made fair progress, and got ready the only two dories that had not been smashed. Towards morning they made the land dead ahead, and all the men that were able stood ready, and the infined and frozen men were placed in the dories which were ready to launch.

The suspense was fearful, but for a moment only, for she struck a reef of rocks with a crash, and when the next sea carried her over the ledge she sank in 16 fathoms of water.

her over the ledge she sank in 16 fathoms of water.
Thet was all he remembered for one week, and when he came to his senses his head was bandaged and his arin was in a splint.
Kindly the wife of a fisuerman cared for him, and eased his mind when he asked for "deannette," saving, 'She'll soon be here." When able to be about he was sent to Fertune bay, and took passage on a herring vessel bound for Gloucester.
The rest of the crow had been hadly frostbutten, and when all well would follow by steguner.

THE LITTLE BOY NEXT DOOR.

BY CARL SMITH.



door was a very smart little boy. He was al-ways at the head of his class, and he could recite "My Name is Norval" and "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" without once looking at the book. He knew all about the French

and Indian war, and could tell you dates like a perfect little machine. O, he was very smart, was the little boy next door. very smart, was the little boy next door.

It was a difficult thing to deceive this little boy. He did not believe in fairies at all, and he was not afraid to sleep in a dark room, if the door was locked and he had made sure there was nobody under the bed. The idea that witches or anything of that sort would come to bother him did not once enter his head.

It was Christmas week—that is, the week before Christmas—and these were busy days in the little boy's house. His maining would not let him into her room any more, and his papa refused to tell him what it was that he had so securely locked in the closet? Everybody talked to him of Santa Claus and what he would bring, and the little by would go away quite angry; because he couldn't find out all he wanted to. There was nothing he so delighted in as finding out things which others tried to conceal from him.

out things which others tried to conceal from him.

"Pshaw," he would say to himself, whenever the subject of Santa Claus were mentioned.

"Do they think I am so foolish as to believe that Santa Claus comes driving along over the roofs of people's houses and down their chimneys like a burgiar. If he is so good an old chap as they make him out to be, why don't they leave the door open and let him come in that way? Why must he drive up on the roof and make it leak? Do you know what I think?" he would nequire of his shadow."

"Well, I don't believe there is such a person as Santa Claus! It is silly to think there is. I just believe it is somebody else who does it all, and I am going to catch him at it. Why, just think how a person would muss his clothes coming down the chimney. And then our chimney is no chimney at all, but ust a stove pipe four inches wide, maybe. Can a big, fat man, with a red sled like that one I get last year come down such a thing? No. He would choke."

And thus it was that the little boy mused from his little bed in the room just off the parlor, where the stockings had been hung from the mantel, and the base burner filled his eyes open just as hard as he could, for he was bound to see how the thing came out.

The little clock in mamma's room chimed

The little clock in mamma's room chimed

The little clock in mamma's room chimed 10, and oh, how hard it was to keep awake. But he would do it. Tick-tick, tick-tick, the clock went, and his cychds wink-winked in company with it.

Tick-tick;—wink-wink—ti-i-i-ck, win-n-nk-ti-i-nk-tick;—wink-wink-wink—ti-i-i-ck, win-n-nk-ti-i-i-ck. n.k.-t-i.i.

It was just then that a very strange thing happened. He had kept his eyes on the stove pipe to see if it swelled any, and he was quite sure it had not, but there, emerging from the door of the base burner came a lat, little man, broader than the base-burner itself. How he ever did it the little boy could not have told you, but he came all the same.

could not have told you, but he came all the same.

"Well," murmured the little boy, "there seems to be some truth in it after all."

"What's that?" erred the fat little man in a lean little voice.

"low are vou, sir?" said the little boy.
"Of course, you know," he hurried to explain. "I understand that you are not Santa Claus, for there is no such person."

"O, you d.," lerked out the little man.
"Quite right! Quite right! I am not Santa Claus! I hate Santa Claus! I hate Santa Claus! I hate Santa Claus! I hate sain. Olaus! He is always riuning around with presents for children and spoiling 'em with candy. I hate children!" They your ware."

dren!"
"I beg your par-"
"O, don't get snivelly! I hate polite children. They always expect one to pat 'em on the head and call 'em 'little man.'
I'll warrant you're not polite."
"We-o-ell." I-" said the little boy when the other interrupted him.
"O, come, now! Don't try to deceive me! Iknow yon. But you don't know me. I am the Snow Sprite and everything goes wrong with me." v me."
Vhat is the trouble, sir?" inquired the

"What is the trouble, sir?" inquired the little boy.

"O, I am sent out every Christmas eye by my mistress, the Giantess of Goolagora." snapped the httle man, "to find some little boy who hasn't been won by the wries of that old fraud, Santa Claus." The Snow Sprite had by this time fully emerged from the stove, and lunnediately upon getting out he popped himself up on his head, with his feet in the air, waving them as he talked. 'Why do you do that?" asked the little boy.

Why do you do that?" asked the little boy.

"Stand on my head? That's the way we stand in Goolagoora. O, it is very tiresome to stand on your head all day. But none of us have learned to stand on our feet. That's the main pinceple of Goolagora, which means the land of Contraries. Our houses are built roof downward and we go down into the garret and come up the chimney to the basement."

"What do you want of a little boy who don't believe in Santa Claus?" inquired the child, for he had dreams of being rewarded with some rich present for his sagacity. "I amoue."

Acong came and the dreaded news had not in the high chair place the and not shifted the proper distance of the pro

ingly: "I shall leave you such nice presents and you must never think of doubting mo again." And he filled the little boy's stock being wouldn't do often. As a rule we've got to stock many and with a cheery chuckle, vanished through the golden gate. And then the gate again became became a baseburner, the pipes came back to first size and the fire burned hughtly as helore.

The little boy looked again, wondering if after all it was a dream. But no, there was his stocking just hallping with the presents santa Claus hapf left him. So, of course, some of the business for years, you get to know your customers, and soon tumble to any racket of that sort. No, I don't like the pusiness, but I'm in it, and I try to give everybody a square deal. A shoo like mine in a poor neighborhood is the last resort of the broken-down, penniless and half-starved, and sometimes the lift they get he broken-down their feet."

Pawnbrokers see some curious phases of fig. and and the repositories of sad stories of human struggle and defeat. With a sore heart and a moist eye the Gronz man made another venture to talse a loan on his diamond pin.

He succeeded, and the fasher is now in the hands of an Ellot st. pawnbroker. The money-londer offered to loan 30 on it; then he hands of an Ellot st. pawnbroker. The money-londer offered to loan 50 on it; then he stretched his offer to 98, but finally yielded and asked the writer to step inside, when he handed out a crisp ten-dollar note, with a ticket, placing the gem in his safe.

"Loans on collateral." This is a notice which strikes the eye at every turn.
On deor signs, in the newspapers, on

"Loans on collateral." This is a notice which strikes the eye at every turn.

On door signs, in the newspapers, on shoulder boards, carried by hungry looking men in the streets, everywhere people may read the announcement of "money to loan."

At this reason of the year there are planty At this season of the year there are plenty of penniless people. Collateral loan com panies do a rushing business just before Christmas. It's a time when everybo gets hard up and monoy becomes very tight And when money is tight, "my uncle" of the three balls, and his more respectable conferre, the collateral loan agent, are ooked up, with a view of getting a tem-

porary accommodation.

Selecting a few of the many tempting offers made in the newspapers by "gentlemen" auxious to supply impecunious people with money at the shortest notice and without charges, The Glone man started out the other day with a diamond pin and several gold rings in his pocket as collateral, a tip top overcoat on his back, and a melancholy look on his face.

lateral, a tip top overcoat on his back, and a melancholy look on his face.

The first place he struck was a loan fund company down town. He entered a dirty passageway from Washington st., mounted a dirty flight of stairs, and opened a door on which was the word "Banker." The office was a dingy room containing three wooden chairs, and a plano in one corner, covered with a dirty cloth. The sanctum of the financier was partitioned off from the room, and the door leading to the gold mine was marked "Frivate." Another partition had painted on the glass windows the words "Cashier" and "Bookkeeper," on either side of an aperture, which disclosed a desk at which sat a young man.

When the would-be borrower tremblingly approached the aperture he was confronted by a fresh-looking but rather masculing-faced young woman, who, in a brisk tone, asked:

"Do you want a loan?"

"Yes."

"What goods?"

"What goods?"

"The goods you are going to put up as collateral.

"Oh, I've got, a diamond here."

"The goods you are going to put up as collateral."
"Oh. I've got a diamond here."
"Let me see it."
The masculine maiden handled it professionally and viewed it from all sides with the eye of a connoisseur, and then in a deprenatory voice said:
"I'low much."
"Yell. I want \$15."
After a further examination the female handed back the diamond saying: "He will be out presently, take a chair."
Presuming that "Ho" meant the banker, who, judging from the conversation was evidently striking a bargain with a hard-up customer on the other side of the partition, The Globe man took a chair.
During the wait a rush of customers was observed. There was a good deal of loud talking on both sides of the partition and Some Hard Words. One customer after another was ushered

into the sanctum and quickly ushered out from an inner door leading to the passage. In a few minutes the banker took a seat beside The Glode man, and business began by the request for a loan of \$15 and an examination of the diamond. Either the gem was not deemed sufficient security for the wished-for loan, or the banker was not flush, or the appearance of the berrower was against him, for the banker returned the diamond, saying, contemptuously, "I don't think we want it."

The diamond pin in question was bought at a bargain, only a short time since, and cost \$35. Jewellers who know their husiness, have valued it, and none placed its value below \$50.

Evidently there was no chance of gotting one's Christmas dinner out of this loan fund company. beside The Glore man, and business began

asking a loan of \$10 on his diamond pin.
A dark young man, elegantly dressed
and of snavo manner, took the diamond,
put a glass in his ope, and took stock of the
collateral.
"I can lend you \$6," said he,
"Isn't the stone good security for \$10?"
asked the verter. "Isn't the stone good security for \$10?"
asked the writer.
"Well, no," remarked the young elegant.
"You see, it's a small diamond, and rather
yellow; besides, it's imperfect."
It was no good. All argument was useless. Five dollars was the most he would
lend and the disconsolate borrower walked
down the marble stairway, thinking how
hard it was to get money, even with collateral.

hard it was to get money, oven with collateral.

A "lank" near Beach st. was next tried,
but the principal was out and the dyspeptic
clerk dun't timk he could risk taking the
glittering pledge offered.

There are a number of "Uncles" on Eliot
st. At one, a plain gold ring, bought a short
time since at a first-class jewellor's for \$8,
was offered for a loan of \$2 It wouldn's
work, the spruce financier gently insinuated
that he might loan \$2, but that he ought
not to go higher than \$1.50. Many other
places were visited.

At each place there was a never-ceasing
tide of business. All sorts of collateral was
offered for all sorts of loans, and all sorts of
excuses were given for not lending the
money. Well dressed mon were seen at the
"collateral" establishments; haggard, poverty stricken creatures thronged the meaner
pawn shops.

Putting pledges up the spout in order to

Putting pledges up the spout in order to raise money seems a queer business for Christmas time. Yet the lenders of money, especially those dealing with the poorer classes,

Who doesn't think he's lucky to be born so late, when on this glorious Christmas "the windows of heaven open wider than over before and more men and women hear "What's the interest THE (HOLDE man.
"Ten per cent. a month," was the roply.
Well, nover mind, the writer is sure of his
Christmas dinner! But, good heaven, it's a
hard row to hee, this getting a "Merry
Xmas" by pawning a diamond pin.

JOHN COLLIER.

THEY PROVOKED THE SAINT.

Time, December, 1890. Place, the North Pole, Person, Santa Claus.



ing up and stretching himself)—Time to get ready to start, upon my word! I'd botter he at work, for I've got to round up and groom my eight reindeer, dust out and varnish the sleigh, soap the harset powder out. the robes and shake the insect powder out of my fur suit. Christmas again! What a time it is! No matter what people may

be at other seasons, they're always unselfish and charitable and openhearted and honest when they come to have dealings with old Santa Claus! I'm simply wild to see human faces once more, after a whole year's seclusion, and—flooks of the windows they "livers" a crowd off) - w-w-what's this? There's a crowd coming—a crowd of men—of civilized men, judging from their clothes—the first time any one's over visited me here since I began driving! Good gracious! what does it

(Enter Stanley, the explorer, conducting (Enter Statiley, the explore, conducting a long procession of miscellaneous mortals, who immediately surround Santa Claus.)
Stanley (briskly)—Here he is, gentlemen—contract's fulfilled—pass over that check, please—all right—'bliged! (Embracing Santa Claus.) Thank heaven, I have found to the left (Wess.) you at last! (Weeps.)
Santa Claus (bewildered).—B-B-But I've

never been lost! Stanley-Oh, that makes no difference! I flud people whether they're lost or not—it's business, old boy! (Re-embracing.) Oh, joy! oh, joy! I have indeed rescued you! (Weeps again.)
Santa Claus (more bewildered)—But I don't need rescuing! I don't want to be

rescued! I won't be rescued!

Stanley (irritably)—Makes no difference, I tell you! If I only rescued people who needed it, or who wanted it, what'd become of my business and publishing profits, ch? And it's no use your saying that you won't be rescued, for you are! you are! (weeps a third time) and you're good for two volumes, oct. pp. 1010, calf!

Santa Claus (resigned)—Well, rescue away, then, and be hang—I mean, I'm very much obliged to you, of course. But who are all those people?

Stanley—Oh, they're my employers, this trip—hired me to bring 'on up here to have a little talk with you about—
The Crowd (all together)—Business! business! escued! I won't be rescued!

by the request for a loan of \$15 and an oxamination of the diagnoid. Either the gem
was not deemed sufficient security for the
wished-too loan, or the banker was not flush
or the diagnoid banker bank of the diagnoid banker
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sorry to employ anyming like pressure; but I must just hint that your line might be paralleled and your terminal facilities in might be snapped up. Where would you be against our fast opposition air ships, and not a single chimney, stove pipe or ventilator that we hadn't bended or bought? Think it over carefully, dear Mr. Claus. Number Five (bustling and eager)—State your terms for a season of 35 weeks, Sant'. You'll only have to show from noon to 10.30 p. m., and may have all you can make from sale of photos. And it you'll fake up some kind of fetching act—sliding down the flue and filling the stockings, say—'ll give you 50 a week extra for six turns a day and 25 on to that for a song-and-dance or some jug-ling or simple acrobatics—standing on your head and smoking a pipe will do. Or. I'll take you out on the road to lecture, with a street parado every afternoon and a ballony exhibition half an hour before the doors open. Is it a go?

Numbers Six, Seven, Eight, and so on.—I would like to obtain your yiews on—Potter's removed by the press and recommended by the clergy—removes corns and bunions like magic—keep still, please, while I press the button—I want an article from you for our January number; wile any stulf you choose, so long as you sign your hame—you can get six pairs of our celebrated perishable pairs for—a subscription to my publication will keep you—in hot water all the time, if you don't let me interview you—she's my sweetheart, I'm her beau—

Santa Claus (roused at last)—Get out! Clear out! Leavel Skin! Youse!

view you—sho's my sweetheart, I'm her beau—
Santa Claus (roused at last)—Get out!
Clear out! Leave! Skip! Vanish! Out of this, every one of you! (Effects a successful charge and scatters crowd.) I vow by everything that there shan't be any—hold on! Not all gone yet? Who are you?
A Little Child—it's me, Santa Claus,
Santa Claus (enderly)—Yhy, so it is, bless you heart! I'd almost forgotten that there were a number of millions of you who have for tunately not grown up. I'll take it all back—there shall be a Christmas, just the same—lor, thank the stars, you don't know anything about it yet—I mean about business!—[Manley II. Pike, in Puck.

LOW PRICES AND LOTS OF STOCK. Advent of Christmas Had Bad Effect at the Horse Mart.

Horses were not in it yosterday, certainly not for Christmas presents, according to the grueful tale of the horse dealers at the close of the day's auction sales. Christmas day affected the attendance and the prices as well as the demand for Many of the dealers held no sale, but an-

Muny of the dealers held no sale, but announce a suspension of auction sales until after New Year's.

With the J. C. Richardson estate the force I sale was continued under adverse circumstances, and about 50 head of nadium grades were knocked off hefore the close of the day. In the near future the grand special rade of fancy drivers, coachers, matched pairs and road herses is to come off at the Combination sale stables. In the meantimen special sale of leavy draught nad work horses is to come, when who and watchful buyers are expecting bargains.

Yestenday's sale at Messe Coleman & Son's was a Christmashde event, low prices, plenty of stock and a fair attendance throughout.

Edgar Snow & Co. spoke in satisfactory terms of the day's sale and incidentally remarked about a special rade to be held next Saturday. Sixty head of fine driving, worker and draught horses arrived last night and two more car hades are due for Friday. Sale at 10 a.m. Hale Brothers & Wallace, E. Han & Co., C. T. Walker and Isburgh & Co. sand that at private said Sun's was very encouraging.

Was Chilled and Sank, PROVIDENCE, R. L. Dec. 24,-Saturday evening Frank Hogge, aged 18, who had been skating on the Slatersville reservoir, attempted to cross on the ice over the mill trench to his home. He broke through and

THEN HEIGHO! THE HOLLY! Joyful Christmas Has Had a

Revival.

In Music and Flowers There Can be Ko Sectarianism.

Julia Ward Howe and Dr. Bartol on "Then and Now."

It is the glad song of angels at the native

And the whole world listens.

As good old Dr. Bartel said to a Glong man yesterday, as he recalled the times of 50 years ago, "The Christmas of today is better they ever before."

better than ever before." There was a time when the whole sease was given up to revelry and jolity, when there were grand banquets with plenty to there were grand canquess with pienty to drink, and the wassail was sung, when the tables were loaded with beef and mutton, pig, veal and goose, capen and turkey, cheese, apples, nuts, minced pies and pudding:

That pudding, a marvellous compound of sweets.
The pudding that every one, young and old, cata. There was a time, then, when none could

Then Hobby Horse and the Lord of Mis-rule held high jinks, and 'twas merry in the hall when beards wagged all. At mid-night they yawned for the Christmas night they yawhed for the Christmas cheese, and the widest and longest yawn took the prize.

Then old Santa was first crowned with

the ivy and the holly—
Then helgho! the holly
Ilis life was most jolly.

But when people were drinking and eating and singing and dancing their pretites, along cause the Purtians, and, pointing straight at the revelers, solemnly declared: "Thou shalt not!"
They frowned on old Santa Claus as the Anti-Christ,

They decreed in Massachusetts that "any, body who was found observing, by abstinence from labor, feasting, or any other way, any such day as Christmas day should pay for every such offence five shillings." They outlawed old Christmas in England and put him in the stocks.

But they didn't kill nim: they only managed to sober him up a tritle. And now he's with us again—as joyful if not as jolly as before, more thoughtful, happier, clothed in charity, brimful of goodwill to all, singing not a wassail but a carol—to celebrate the Sayiour's birth.

Yet the present Christmas is far different from what it was when the grandfolks of today were children. Old Santa had been sheltered by the Dutch, and the Episcopalians were observing the holiday much at they do now, but that was all.

The Christmas tree in Boston hadn't sprouted; the holiday trade wasn't of enough importance to affect the money market one little bit.

Within the memory of man there has come a great revival. Again Christmas is a feast day, with its good cheer, its games and joyful assemblies. The boar's head still holds a place at the banquet, and the pie and pudding are with us once more. But the merry-making and hospitality are tonnered with a loving kindness that makes the day, if not as picturesque, certainly much happier than ever before.

Julia Ward Howe, who was brought up in New York, where the old Dutch and Episcopal churches always observed Christmas, said last evening that when she came to Boston very few families here observed the now very generally observed and delightful festival. She didn't remember the giving of presents, which, she remarked, may be very much overdone.

Now all denominations, even the Unitarians, lad come to feel the value of a popular and symbolical observance of the day. Then the Baptists and others kept Now Yoars.

Mrs. Howe never neard of a Christmas tree in her childhood, and she was one of the first to set one up at home some 30 of 40 years ago, when her children werequite young.

The Christmas Tree.

tended from the English and Episcopal forms of Christianity into all denominations. It has become a general, almost a worldwide festival. Not only all denominations, but even the 'radicals' observe it. The old Puritanic jealousy about Christmas has disappeared.

"Since the early times there has been a very great increase of floral decorations has disappeared.

"Since the early times there has been a very great increase of floral decorations and music on Christmas, which seems to be the one point of union and communion between all the sects. All observe Christmas now, and I don't know but it is the only thing in which all join, universally with music and flowers, for these things are not and cannot be made sectarian.

I notice especially that free-thinkers, who in their doctrunal writings object to the word 'Christ,' and saw we ought to call him only 'Jesus,' have no objection at all in their poems and sermons to me the word 'Christmas,' which is Christmas, and I think this universal agreement in observing the day arises from a growing disposition to look on Christmas as an occasion of joy and glad tidings rather than of lamentation. In all the observances were intered in so such merry, because there is no such merry naking and revolry as there was in England, especially before the Puritanic reformation came. It is a season of sober rejoicing.

"The carly times were hard times and the observances were frugal. But our property has increased very much, both the celesianceal display and the private guit in the at the expense of unsclishness, spontaneous and unexpected generosity, asking no return at other seasons than the holidays."

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

James Dunlap's Petition for Pardon Again Sent Over. Yesterday afternoon the executive council referred to the council of 1891 James Dun-

lap's petition for a pardon.

This is not the first time that the petition of the Northampton bank robber was postponed for action. He was was postponed for action. He was sentenced 13 years ago to 20 years' imprisonment for the burglary; four years will be taken off as commutation for good behavior, so that he has three years to serve.

The first potition was rejected; but two years ago the council of '88 decided that, as there were some reasons in favor of a pardon, three years would be about the right amount of time to remit. Dunlap had served three years in the war.

Accordingly the council referred it to the council of 1800, with the recommendation that it be then granted.

This recommendation, however, has been disregarded. He must wait till some time next year before he can hope for release.

Marine Notes.

Schooner Royal Arch of Boston, Chatfield, cleared yesterday at Baltimore for Providence, R. I. lence, R. I.
Brig Harry Stewart, Brinton, sailed from Kingston, Jam., Dec. 14, for Boston via Kingston, Jam., Dec. 14, for Boston of Carlisle bay.

Brig Lahaina, Allen, was in port at Colon, Dec. 16, to sail for Boston via Cienfuegos about Dec. 26. alout Dec. 26.

Ship Kingleader of Boston, Entwistle, from Colombo and Aleppy for New York, sailed from Barbadoes Dec. 20. Brig Annie II. Storer of Boston, Richardson, an'ed yesterday for Portland, Me., from l'erth Amboy, and schooner Robert Byros sailed for Hoston.

sailed for Boston.

Steamer Bowden, at this port yesterday, reports Dec. 23, in latitude 50° 60° north, longitude 71° 27′ west, spoke bark Tentadova (Port.), fantos, from Pernambuco for Delaware Breakwater, with loss of jubicom and fone-topmast.

Bark Colorado of Boston, which put into St. Thomas recently in distress, is loading part of her cargo of sait into bark Hancock and brig Acacia, both of Boston. She will make temporary repairs and proceed to leaston with the balance of her cargo.

s been material alteration in ringes, big dells and extreme bulky and disappearance.

Shore, and unuer a close-rested to result the money to get it some physic and shown to shore, but be came chilled and sank.

A NEGLECTED cold will surely shorten life.

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Been under a close-rested to result they immediately to his bed.

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