The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Contraband," "Shea of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness Was King," etc.
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CHAPTER XII—Continued.
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"H——, thar ain't really no manner o' risk at all. Yer don't even hav' ter break the law, fer as I know. It's just got fer ter be done on the dead quiet, an' no question asked. I'll tell yer all yer need ter know. 'Tain't such a long story. This yere Joe Kirby he's a frien' o' mine; I've know'd him a long time, an' he's in a h—— of a fix. Here's how it all happened: Thar wus an ol' planter livin' down in Missoury at a place called Beaucaire's Landin'. His name wus Beaucaire, an' he hed a son named Bert, a good-fer-nuthing cuss, I reckon. Wal, this Bert runned away a long while ago, an' never cum back; but he left a baby behind him—a gurl baby—which a quadroon slave give birth to. The quadroon's name wus Delia, an' the kid wus called Rene. Git them names in yer head. Ol' Beaucaire he knew the gurl wus his son's baby, so he brought her up 'long with his own daughter, who wus named Eloise. They wus both 'bout ther same age, an' nobody seemed ter know thet Rene wus a nigger. Fer sum reason ol' Beaucaire never set her free, ner the quadroon neither. Wal, Kirby he heard tell o' all this sumwhar down the river. Yer see he an' Bert Beaucaire run tergether fer a while, till Bert got killed in a row in New Orleans. I reckon he tol' him part o' the story, an' the rest he picked up in Saint Louee. Enyhow, it looked like a d—— good thing ter Kirby, who ain't passin' up many bets. Ol' Beaucaire wus rich, an' considerable ov a sport; people who hed seed the gurls sed they wus both ov 'em beauties an' Eloise—the white one—hed an independent fortune left her through her mother. So Kirby, he an' a feller named Carver—a tin-horn—planned it out betwixt 'em ter copper ol' Beaucaire's coin, an' pick up them gurls along with it."

"But how cud they do thet?"

"Luck mostly, I reckon, an' Kirby's brains. The plan wus ter git Beaucaire inter a poker game, ease him 'long a bit, an' then break him, land, niggers, an' all. They didn't figure this wud be hard, fer he wus a dead game gambler, an' played fer big stakes. It was luck, though, what giv' 'em their chance. Beaucaire hed sum minin' claims up on the Fevre, an' hed ter go up thar. It's a long, lonesom' trip, I reckon, an' so the other two they went 'long. They got the ol' chap goin' and comin', an' finally coddled him 'long till he put up his big bet on a sure hand. When he found out whut hed happened the ol' gent got so excited he flung a fit, an' died."

"Leaving' Kirby ownin' all the property?"

"Every picayune, niggers an' all. It wus sum sweep, an' he hed signed bills o' sale. Wa'n't nobody cud git it away frum him. Wal' Joe he didn't want fer ter make no fuss, ner scare the gurl none, so he went down ter Saint Louee an' made proof o' ownership afore a jedge he know'd. Then, with the papers all straight, he, an' the sheriff, with Tim yere, the deputy, run up the river at night ter serve 'em quietly on the daughter—the white one, Eloise. Kirby he didn't aim ter be seen at all, but just went 'long so thar wudn't be no mistake. Yer see, them papers had ter be served afore they cud take away the niggers. Kirby wus goin' ter sell them down river, an' not bother 'bout the land fer awhile, till after he'd hed a chance ter shine up ter this yere gurl Eloise. He'd never seen her—but, enyhow, he got thet notion in his hed."

"She wus the daughter; the white one?"

"Sure; he hed the other by law. Wal, when they all got thar, nobody wus home, 'cept one o' the gurls, who claimed fer ter be Rene—the one who wus a nigger, thet Kirby owned. Nobody know'd which wus which, an' so they hed ter take her word for it. They cudn't do nuthin' legal till they found the other one, an' they wus sittin' round waitin' fer her ter turn up, when the nigger gurl they wus watchin' got away."

"How'd she do thet?"

"Don't nobody seem ter know. Damn funny story. Way they tell it, sumbody must'r knocked Kirby down an' run off with her. Whoever did it, stole the boat in which Kirby an' the sheriff cum up the river, an' just naturally skipped out—the sheriff's nigger an' all. It wus a slick job."

"Of course they chased them?"

"Best they cud, not knowin' which way the'yd gone. They reckoned the whol' bunch must'r got away tergether, so the sheriff he started fer Saint Louee, an' the others got onto a troop boat what happened ter cum 'long, and started north. 'Long 'bout the mouth ov the Illinoy they caught up with a nigger-stealer named Shrunk. They hed a fight in an' about his cabin, an' sum killin'. Two ov the womin got away, but Kirby an' Tim got hold o' this gurl what hed claimed ter be Rene, an' a mulatto cook who wus a-workin' fer Shrunk. I reckon maybe yer know the rest."

"I know they wus run down by the Adventurer, an' hauled aboard. But how did Kirby learn his prisoner wus white? Did she tell him?"

"I should say not. It wus the mulatto cook who told him, although, I reckon, he hed his doubts afore thet. I knew she wusn't no nigger the furst minute I got eyes on her—they cain't fool me none on niggers; I wus raised 'mong 'em. But so fur's the gurl's concerned, she don't know yet thet Kirby's found out." He emitted a weak laugh. "It sorter skeered Joe ter be caught 'way up yere in this kintry, kidnappin' a white gurl. He didn't know whut the h—l ter do till I give him a p'inter."

"You were the one who suggested marriage?"

"Wal', I sed she cudn't do nuthin' 'gainst him onct he wus married to her. I thought o' thet right away.. Yer see this wus how it happened: Kirby sed he'd like fer ter marry her, an' I sez, 'Why not, then? Thar's an ol' bum ov a preacher yere at Yellow Banks, a sorter hanger-on ter one o' them militia companies, what'll do eny d——n thing I tell him to. I got the goods on him, an' he knows it.'

"'But she wouldn't marry me,' he says; 'yer don't know thet gurl.'

"'Don't I?' I asked sarcastic. 'Wal', thar ain't no gurl ever I see yet thet won't marry a man if the right means are used. How kin she help herself? Yer leave it ter me,'"

"And he consented?"

"He wus d——n glad to, after I told him how it cud be done. But Tim he wudn't go in with us, an' thet's why we got ter have anuther man. Come on over ter the bar an' have a drink, Moffett; them other fellers are goin' ter eat now."

The diversion gave me opportunity for a moment's thought. The plan was a diabolical one, cold-blooded and desperate, yet I saw no certain way of serving Eloise, except by accepting Rale's offer. I did not even know where she was concealed, or how I could lay hands on Kirby. The genial Rale pushed out a black bottle and we drank together.

"Wal," he said, picking up the conversation where it had ended, quite satisfied with his diplomacy, and wiping his lips on his sleeve. "What ye say, Moffett? Thar's a hundred dollars in this job."

"Whar is the gurl?"

"Oh, I reckon she ain't fur away; we kin find her all right. I got ter know 'bout yer furst. Are yer game?"

"I'm game 'nough, Jack," assuming a familiarity I thought he would appreciate. "Only I don't want'r jump inter this yere thing without knowin' nuthin' 'bout it. What is it yer got lined up fer me ter do?"

He helped himself to yet another liberal drink, and I was glad to note that the fiery liquor was already beginning to have its effect, increasing his recklessness of speech.

"All right, Dan; have another one on me—no? Wal' h—l; I s'pose I might as wal' tell ye furst as last. Thar ain't nuthin' fer eny o' us ter git skeered about. We got it all planned. We don't want this affair talked about none, do we? I reckon not. So we planned it out this way: Thar's a frien' o' mine got a shack down on Bear creek, 'bout twenty mile below yere. He sells red-eye ter barge an' keel-boatmen, what tie up thar nights. Wal', he's all right—a h—l o' a good feller. What we aim ter do is run the gurl down thar ternight, unbekno'nst ter enybody. I reckon yer kin ride a hoss?"

"Yes; so thet's my job?"

"Thet's the whole o' it. Yer just got ter stay thar with her till Kirby kin git away, without noboddy thinkin' enything 'bout it. It's d——n easy money, ter my notion."

I thought swiftly. There were several questions I wanted to ask but dare not. It was better to trust to luck, for I must lull, not arouse suspicion. Thus far the affair had played wonderfully into my hands; if I could maintain my part to the end there ought to be no reason why the girl should not be saved uninjured.

"Why, if thet's all I got ter do fer a hundred dollars," I said gayly, "I'm yer man, Jack. An' how soon will Kirby be comin' down ter this yer place on Bear crick?"

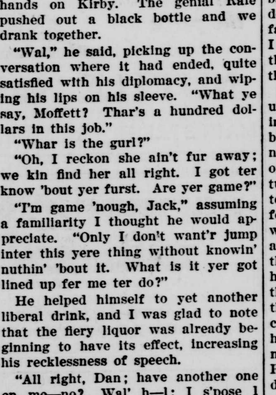
"In a day er two, I reckon. Soon's thar's sum boat headin' down the river. Yer see, this yer's all camp; thar ain't no fit place whar we kin hide the gurl, an' make her keep her mouth shet. Them blamed soldiers are a-moosin' 'bout everywhar, an' if she onct got talkin' our goose wud be cooked. Furst thing we got ter do is git her outer this camp."

"Ternight, yer sed?"

"'Bout midnight; yer'll go—hey?"

"I reckon; yer got the money?"

With his eyes fastened on the two men eating he counted out some gold



"Thar's a Hundred Dollars in This Job."

pieces on the bar and shoved them over to me, keeping them under cover of his hand.

"Thar's half o' it, an' the rest is yers when ye bring back the hosses."

"How many hosses? Who's a-goin'?"

"Three o' yer. Kirby's fer sendin' the mulatter gurl 'long. She's a free nigger an' might let her tongue wag. Now listen, Moffett: I'm a-goin' out putty soon ter git things ready, an' I'll leave Sal yere ter tend bar. Now git this: thar's a right smart trail back o' the cabin, leadin' straight down ter the crick, with a spring 'bout half way. Thar ain't no guard down thar, an' ye can't miss it, even en the dark. The hosses will be thar et midnight waitin' fer yer. All ye got ter do is just put them two gurls on an' ride away. Yer don't never need ter speak ter 'em. Yer understand? All right, then; have anuther drink."

I shook my head.

"But how'm I goin' ter git ter this place—whatever it's called?"

"Thar ain't no trouble 'bout thet; all yer got ter do is ride straight south till yer cum ter the crick, an' yer thar. It's Jenkins' crossing yer after."

"I reckon thar ain't eny Indians, er nuthin'?"

"H—, no; they're all t'other direction; nuthin' worse'n wolves. Say, though, yer might have trouble with them gurls—got a gun?"

"No."

He reached back into a small drawer under the shelf and brought out an ugly looking weapon, tried the hammer movement with his thumb, and handed it over to me with a grin.

"Some cannon, an' I want it back. Don't fail at midnight."

"An' thar ain't nuthin' fer me ter do till then?"

"Not a thing; take a nap, if yer want'r. Sal kin wake ye up. I reckon I won't be back till after yer off."

I sat down in a chair and leaned back against the wall, tilting my hat down over my eyes and pretending to fall asleep. Through half-closed lids I managed to see all that transpired in the room, and my mind was busy with the approaching crisis.

Rale busied himself for some minutes before putting on his hat, counting over some money, and filling his bottles from a reserve stock underneath the shelf. Tim slept peacefully on, but had slightly changed his posture, so that his face was now upturned to the light. The sight of his familiar features gave me an inspiration. He was, undoubtedly, an honest fellow, and had quarreled with Kirby over this very matter, refusing to have any hand in it. He had supposed up to that time that he was doing no more than his duty under the law. If I could arouse him from drunken stupor he might even be willing to work with me in the attempt to rescue Eloise. Rale disappeared through the rear door, after exchanging a few words with the woman, and did not return. I waited motionless for some time, fearful lest he might come back. Suddenly the front door opened noiselessly and Kirby entered, advancing straight toward the bar. Sal served him, answering his questions, which were spoken so low I could not catch the words. His eyes swept the room, but the hat concealed my face, and he only recognized Tim. He paused long enough to bend above the upturned features of the unconscious deputy, not unpleased, evidently, to discover him in that condition.

"The d— old fool," he muttered perhaps not aware that he spoke aloud. "Rale has got him fixed, all right."

CHAPTER XIII.

Kirby and I Meet.

Sal remained seated behind the bar, nodding, and so soon as I felt reasonably assured that she was without interest in my movements, I leaned forward and endeavored to arouse Kennedy. This was by no means easy of accomplishment, and I was compelled to pinch the fellow rather severely before he sat up angrily, blurting out the first words which came to his lips:

"What the devil—"

His half-opened eyes caught my gesture for silence, and he stopped instantly, his lips widely parted.

"Meet me outside," I whispered, warningly. "But be careful about it."

The slight noise had failed to disturb the woman, and I succeeded in slipping through the unlatched door without noting any change in her posture. Tim, now thoroughly awake, and aware of something serious in the air, was not long in joining me without, and I drew him aside into a spot of deeper blackness under the trees. He was still indignant over the pinching, and remained drunk enough to be quarrelsome. I cut his muffled profanity short.

"That's quite enough of that, Tim," I said sharply, and was aware that he stared back at me, plainly perplexed by the change in my tone and manner. "You are an officer of the law; so am I, and it is about time we were working together."

He managed to release a gruff laugh.

"You—you d— bum; h—, that's a good joke—what'r yer givin' me now?"

"The exact truth; and it will be worth your while, my man, to brace up and listen. I am going to give you a chance to redeem yourself—a last chance. It will be a nice story to tell back in St. Louis that you helped to kidnap a wealthy young white woman, using your office as a cloak for the crime, and, besides that, killing two men to serve a river gambler. Suppose I was to tell that sort of tale to Governor Clark, and give him the proofs—where would you land?"

He breathed hard, scarcely able to articulate, but decidedly sober.

"What—what's that? Ain't you the fellar thet wus on the boat? Who—who the devil are yer?"

"I am an officer in the army," I said gravely, determined to impress him first of all, "and I worked on that steamer merely to learn the facts in this case. I know the whole truth now, even to your late quarrel with Kirby. I do not believe you realized before what you were doing—but you do now. You are guilty of assisting that contemptible gambler to abduct Eloise Beaucaire, and are shielding him now in his cowardly scheme to compel her to marry him by threats and force."

"The d—, low-lived pup—I told him whut he was."

"Yes, but that doesn't prevent the crime. He's all you said, and more. But calling the man names isn't going to frighten him, nor get that girl out of his clutches. What I want to know is, are you ready to help me fight the fellow? Block his game?"

"How? What do ye want done?"

"Give me a pledge first, and I'll tell you."

"Did you say ye wus an army officer?"

"Yes, a lieutenant; my name is Knox."

"I never know'd yer."

"Probably not, but Joe Kirby does. I was on the steamer Warrior coming down when he robbed old Judge Beaucaire. That was what got me mixed up in this affair. Later I was in that skiff you fellows rammed and sunk on the Illinois. I know the whole dirty story, Kennedy, from the very beginning. And now it is up to you whether or not I tell it to Governor Clark."

"I reckon yer must be right," he admitted helplessly. "Only I quit cold the minute I caught on ter whut wus



"What the Devil—?"

up. I never know'd she wa'n't no nigger till after we got yere. Sure's yer live that's true. Only then I didn't know whut else ter do, so I got bilin' drunk."

"You are willing to work with me, then?"

"Yer kin bet I am; I ain't no gurl-stealer."

"Then listen, Kennedy. Jack Rale told me exactly what their plans were, because he needed me to help him. When you jumped the reservation, he had to find someone else, and picked me. They mean to pull off the affair tonight. Here's the story."

I told it to him, exactly in the form it had come to me, interrupted only in the recital by an occasional profane ejaculation, or some interjected question. The deputy appeared sober enough before I had finished, and fully grasped the seriousness of the situation.

"Now that is the way it stacks up," I ended. "The girl is to be taken to this fellow's shack and compelled to marry Kirby, whether she wants to or not. They either intend threatening her, or else to actually resort to force—likely both. No doubt they can rely on this renegade preacher in either case."

"Jack didn't name no name?"

"No—why?"

"Only thar uster be a bum hangin' round the river front in Saint Louee who hed preacher's papers, en wore a long-tailed coat. Thar wan't no low-down game he wudn't take a hand in fer a drink. His name wus Gaskins; I hed him up fer mayhem onct. I'll bet he's the duck, for he hung round Jack's place most o' the time. Whatcha want me ter do?"

"It has seemed to me, Tim," I said thoughtfully, "that the best action for us to take will be to let them place the girl in my hands, just as they have planned to do. That will throw them entirely off their guard. Once we succeed in getting her safely away, and remain unknown ourselves, there ought to be very little trouble in straightening out the whole matter. My plan would be to either ride around the camp in the night, and then report the whole affair at headquarters, or else to strike out direct for Fort Armstrong across country. Do you know any place you can pick up a horse?"

"That's a slew ov 'em round yere," he admitted. "These fellers are most all hoss-soldiers. I reckon I cud cinch sum sort o' critter. Yer want me ter'ang?"

"Perhaps not, Tim. Your disappearance might cause suspicion, and send them after us. My plan is to get away as quietly as possible, and let them believe everything is all right. I want a day or two in which to work, before Rale or Kirby discover we have not gone to Bear Creek. I'll meet them alone at the spring down the trail, but shall want you somewhere near by. You see this is bound to mean a fight if I am recognized—likely three against one; and those men wouldn't hesitate at murder."

"I reckon not, an' it wudn't be their furst one nuther. Looks ter me like yer wus takin' a big chance. I'll be thar, though; yer kin bet on thet, an' ready fer a fight er a foot race. This is how I size it up—if thar ain't no row, I'm just ter keep still an' low; an' if a fracas starts I'm ter jump in fer all I'm worth. Is thet the program?"

"Exactly—that's my idea."

"Wal' then, I'm a prayin' it starts: I want just one crack et thet Kirby, the ornary cuss."

We talked the whole matter over in detail, having nothing better to do, and endeavoring to arrange for every probability, yet did not remain together for long.

I felt nervous, anxious, eager for action. The time dragged horribly. What if something unforeseen should occur to change Rale's plan? My God! if I only knew where it was they had concealed the girl.

The two of us explored about the silent cabin, but discovered nothing. There was no light visible in the rear room, nor any sound of movement within. The two windows were closed, and the door locked. We found a convenient stump in the woods and sat down to wait where we could see all that occurred about the cabin.

It was nearly twelve before even the slightest sound near at hand indicated the approach of others. I was already in an agony of suspense, imagining something might have gone wrong, when the dull scuffling of horses' hoofs being led cautiously up the trail to my right broke the intense silence. I listened to assure myself, then shook Tim into wakefulness, leaving him still blinking in the shadow of the stump, while I advanced in the direction of the spring. I saw nothing of Rale until he spoke.

"That yer, Moffett?"

"Yes; whar's yer party?"

I caught a view of his dim outlines as he stepped slightly forward, reassured by my voice.

"They'll be yere; thar's a bit o' time ter spare yit. I aimed not ter keep 'em waitin'. Here, this is yer hoss, an' yere's the leadin' strap fer the others. Better tie it ter yer pommel, I reckon, so's ter leave both yer hands free—yer might hav' need fer 'em. We'll tend ter mountin' the gurls, an' then all ye'll hav' ter do will be ter lead off. Better walk the hosses till yer git crost the crick, so the sojers won't hear yer. Got that?"

"I reckon I hav', an' sense 'nough ter know it without bein' told. Did yer think I wanted ter be catched on this job?"

"All right, but thar's no harm a tellin' yer. Whar's Tim gone to?"

"I reckon he don't even know hisself; he's sure sum drunk."

Rale chuckled, patting the side of the horse next him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL HAVE FAVORED NUMBER

Inhabitants of Various Countries Show Marked Preference for Numerals to Their Fancy.

Some curious conclusions have been reached as the result of what are called the "preferred numbers" of the inhabitants of different countries. The basis of the investigations had to do with the various denominations of money, postage stamps and other mediums of value.

It appears that nearly all races evince a marked preference for the numbers two, three and five and their multiples. The Mahommedans, however avoid the use of the number three. Among the French and other Latin peoples two and five are more popular than three, while the English prefer two and three and the Germans three and five.

The Chinese are said to resemble the Latins in their choice, while the peoples of India have a strong liking for two. The number seven is most used in the Slavic countries. The higher numbers are not much used except in Spanish-speaking countries, as eleven in Salvador, seventeen in Mexico, nineteen in Spain. The people of Hawaii are said to be fond of thirteen.

Probably Both.

"That woman on the corner, waiting for a trolley car, refused your offer of a lift rather superciliously." "So she did," replied the obliging man. "And now I'll never know if she turned up her nose at my company or my flivver."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Echo Always Returns Call.

"What do you mean by the expression in your story 'as sociable as an echo?'" "Why, an echo, you know, always returns your call."

Those who contend that snails are without sense may be referred to the experiment of a lady who proved otherwise. First she touched the mouth of a water snail with a little piece of lettuce, producing as a result a number of rapid mouth movements. At a later stage, as she was doing this, she also touched its foot or creeping sole with a glass rod. Finally, she so accustomed the snail to associate the touch of the glass rod with the coming of food that its mouth would begin to move hungrily at the pressure of the rod on its foot, even when no food was offered.

The effect of the training, we are told, lasted for 96 hours after it had ceased. Then, like a human being might, the snail began to sulk, and responded no further.

To Take Baby's Picture.

Anyone who has tried it knows it is a difficult task to take an indoor picture of an active child. By placing the subject near a sunny window, but not in the direct sunlight, and with a sheet fixed at one side, high enough so that it reaches above the subject's head, good results may be obtained. If the child sits on the floor, the sheet will be high enough thrown over two chairs.

"Stay in School."

Does it pay to continue your studies? Education means a successful and useful life; it pays the individual. Education means efficient workers; it pays the nation. Show this to your parents and ask them what they think about it. Stay in school.—Colorado Agricultural College News Notes.

The population of Madagascar at the close of 1917 was estimated at 3,227,000.

A Children's Party at Christmas Time

Decorating the Table Appropriately Will Add to Enjoyment of Youngsters.



To make the children's party at Christmas time a brilliant success is not at all difficult. All they need is room to play in, games and pastimes planned ahead to fill up the time, some one to supervise them and Christmas goodies to eat. This last item in the program of the Christmas party means a great deal to them, but they are easily pleased.

The old fashioned games, "blind man's buff," "drop the handkerchief," "hide and seek," have unfailing charms for the youngsters, but they will not play at one game long. A "fishing pond" pleases them and is easy to manage. A lot of toys and trinkets are wrapped in paper and tied up, a sufficient number to provide something for every child. Before the party these are piled up in some convenient corner and a curtain of some kind hung across the corner to hide them. Fishing poles with lines having a crooked pin at the end are made ready and each child casts his line over the top of the curtain. Someone in charge of this part of the entertainment fastens a little parcel to the bent pin for each child and someone else sees to it that each little guest gets one chance at the pond.

A fortune teller's corner helps amuse the little folks and their brief fortunes all are written out before the time of the party. A big owl, made of paper stands on a small bench in a corner with a box containing the written fortunes, behind him. His head is made so that it will move in a nod to signify "yes" or from side to side for "no" in answer to questions. Someone, of course, sitting behind, manipulates the answers and finally thrusts one of the folded pieces of paper forward on the bench or table.

When it comes time for refreshments, they are served, and from a decorated table containing a "Christmas pie" each child gets a little bag of sweets or some little trinket to carry away. The pie is a centerpiece containing the little gifts. On the table shown above it is a low square box covered with red paper and cotton, supporting a tiny Christmas tree and a Santa Claus. Small figures made of snapping bonbons and candles with shades that represent a chimney top set off the table. It is shown in the picture, ready for the cakes and other sweets that are to be served. Paper table cover, paper napkins and small paper plates help make the children's party an easy matter for the housewife to handle. Finally when their revelries are ended, they may form a little lantern procession—each child having a small paper lantern to pretend to light him on his homeward way.

For the Church Bazaar



Almost every church has its Christmas bazaar, where may be had all sorts of beautiful handmade gifts, such as women love, for personal and household use. Many people depend upon these bazaars and do a considerable part of their gift buying in them. Pretty gifts that sell for small sums sell rapidly and it is worth while to have one booth at the bazaar where only things made of paper are shown. This booth is sure to do a lively business and there is a long list of paper things that will lure small change and more, from the pockets of onlookers. These include paper flowers, candle and lamp shades, place cards, table ornaments, Christmas tree ornaments, small paper lanterns, perfume sachets, laundry and telephone lists, desk blotters and sets, portfolios, paper garlands, crepe and tissue paper in the bolt, paper napkins and doilies, and paper toys—as dolls, soldiers, animals, horses, etc.

Starting out with flowers, the poinsettia, the chrysanthemum, carnations and red roses sell fast at Christmas time, and they are all easy to make, crepe paper and wire providing the materials. Next to these an appreciation for candle and electric light shades for use at Christmas time awaits attractive examples of them. The poinsettia and small red candle shades may be counted on to sell, and the shades should be made in several varieties.

A group of decorations for the Christmas table, such as are shown above, if displayed at the paper booth, will turn a shower of dimes and quarters into the coffers of the bazaar. In the center a new dress for a candlestick is made of a fringe of white tissue paper. Two red roses, on long wire stems wound with green paper, hold the fringe to the glass candlestick, the stems of the roses being wrapped about the fringe. Green leaves of the holly, with clusters of red berries, might be used instead of the roses. This is only one of many ways of dressing up candles for Christmastime.

Five little dishes for salted almonds and peanuts or little candies, suggest any number of these salable table garnishings. At the left of the picture the tiny paper dish is set in the heart of a small poinsettia blossom. It is mounted on a wire wound with green crepe paper and this serves for a stem, and supports a few leaves. Above it a printed face of Santa Claus smiles from the side of a dish covered with red crepe paper, and at the right a basket is also covered with it.

Below the basket appears a little Christmas tree place card, made of green paper fringed and wound about wire. For the two little covered dishes of white paper use in one case poinsettia petals and in the other holly leaves, to show their fitness for the Christmas table.

Nothing sells better at the bazaar than perfume sachets. Small light-colored envelopes are used to make them and each has a little hand-colored picture painted on one corner of it. It is filled with scented cotton and tied with a narrow ribbon.

Julia Bottomley

TO INSURE GOOD LUCK.

Dreams dreamt between Christmas eve and New Year's eve are said always to come true. If a cricket chirrups on your hearth on Christmas day good luck and prosperity are yours for the ensuing year.

To be quite sure of having no bad luck, see to it that the first person to enter your house on December 25 is a man or boy. If a woman should be the first to enter then, so it is said, trouble is being invited.

To insure 12 months of health, wealth and happiness, light your Christmas log with the charred remains of last year's, and then all will be well.

A similar Christmas superstition to this is in vogue in Devonshire. In order to bring luck the Devonians say that the Yule log must be composed of a bundle of nine ash sticks bound with bands from the same tree. Ever time the flames cause the faggot crackle a fresh glass of liquor be provided for all!

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