

A CHRISTMAS POCKET.

His mother named him Solomon, because, when he was a baby, he looked so wise; and then she called him Crow because he was so black. True, she got angry when the boys caught it up, but it was too late. They knew more about crows than they did about Solomon and the name suited.

His twin brother, who died when he was a day old, his mother had called Grundy—just because, as she said, 'Solomon and Grundy b'long together in de books.'

When the wee black boy began to talk he knew himself equally as Solomon or Crow, and so, when asked his name, he would answer: 'Solomon Crow,' and Solomon Crow he thenceforth became.

Crow was ten years old now, and he was so very black and polished and thin, and had so peaked and bright a face, that no one who had any sense of humor could hear him called Crow without smiling.

Crow's mother, Tempest, had been a worker in her better days, but now she had grown fatter and fatter until she was so lazy and broad that her chief pleasure seemed to be sitting in her front door and gossiping with her neighbors over the fence, or in abusing or praising little Solomon, according to her mood.

Tempest had never been very honest. When, in the old days, when she hired out as cook, and had brought her dinner home at night, the basket on her arm usually held enough for herself and Crow and a pig and the chickens, with some to give away. She had not meant Crow to understand, but he was wide-awake, and his mother was his pattern.

But this is the boy's story. It seemed best to tell a little about his mother, so that, if he should some time do wrong things, we might all, writer and readers, be patient with him. He had been poorly taught. If we could not trace our honesty back to our mothers, how many of us would lose the truth.

Crow's mother loved him very much—she thought. She would knock down any one who ever blamed him for anything. Indeed, when things went well, she would sometimes go sound asleep in the door with her arm around him—very much as the mother cat beside her lay half dozing while she licked her baby kitten.

But if Crow was awkward or forgot anything—or didn't bring home money enough—her abuse was worse than any mother cat's claws.

One of her worst taunts on such occasions was to say:—'Well, you is a down nigger, I may say. Nobody, to look at you, would believe you was twin to a angel!' or, 'How you reckon you' angel twin feels of he's lookin' at you now?'.

Crow had great reverence for his little lost mate. Indeed, he feared the displeasure of this other self who, he believed, watched him from the skies, quite as much as the anger of God. Sad to say, the good Lord, whom most children prove as a kindly heavenly father, was to poor little Solomon Crow only a terrible, terrible punisher of wrong, and the little boy trembled at His very name. He seemed to hear God's anger in the thunder or the winds, but in the blue sky, the faithful stars, the opening flowers and singing birds, in all loving kindness and friendship, he never saw a heavenly Father's love.

He knew that some things were right and others wrong. He knew it was right to go out and earn dimes to buy the things needed in the cabin, but he equally knew it was wrong to get his money dishonestly. Crow was a very shrewd little boy, and he made money honestly in a number of ways that only a wide-awake boy could think about.

When fig season came, in hot summer time, he happened to notice that beautiful ripe figs were drying up on the tip top of some great trees in a neighboring yard, where a stout old gentleman and his old wife lived alone, and he began to reflect.

'I'll cut off hold o' de fine sugar figs dat's a-sweelin' up every day o' dem trees, I'd meck a heap o' money peddin' em. And even while he thought this thought he licked his lips. There were, no doubt, other attractions about the figs for a small boy with a sweet tooth.

On the very next morning after this, Crow rang the front bell of the yard where the figs grew.

'Want a boy to pick figs on sheers?' That was all he said to the fat old gentleman who had stepped around the house in answer to his ring.

Crow's offer was timely. Old Cary was red in the face and panting now from reaching up into the mouldy, damp lower limbs of his fig trees, trying to gather a dishful for breakfast.

'Come on,' he said, mopping his forehead as he spoke.

'Pick on sheers, will you?'

'Yassir.'

'Even?'

'Yassir.'

'Promise never to pick any but the very ripe figs?'

'Yassir.'

'Honest boy?'

'Yassir.'

'Turn in, then; but wait a minute.' He stepped aside into the house, returning presently with two baskets.

Here, he said, presenting them both.

'These are pretty near of a pick.' Go ahead, now, and let's see what you can do.'

Needless to say, Crow proved a great success as a fig picker. The very sugary figs that old Mr. Cary had panted and reached for in vain lay bursting with sweetness on the top of the baskets.

The old gentleman and his wife were delighted, and the boy was quickly engaged to come every morning. And this was how Crow went into the fig business.

Crow was a likeable boy—so bright and handy and quick, and the old people soon became fond of him.

They noticed that he always handed in the larger of the two baskets, keeping the smaller for himself. He seemed, indeed, not only honest, but generous.

But—

Poor little Solomon Crow! It is a pity to have to write it, but his weak point was that he was not quite honest. He wanted to be, just because his angel twin might be watching him, and he was afraid of thunder. But Crow was so anxious to be 'smart' that he had long ago begun doing 'tricky' things. Even the men working the road discovered this. In eating Crow's 'fresh baked crawfish' or 'shrimps,' they would come across one of the left-overs of yesterday's supply, mixed with the others, and a yesterday's shrimp is full of stomach-

ache and indigestion. So that business suffered.

In the fig business the ripe ones sold well, but when one of Crow's customers offered to buy all he would bring of green ones for preserving Crow began filling his basket with them and putting a layer of ripe ones over them. His lawful share of the very ripe he also carried away in his little bread basket.

This was all very dishonest, and Crow knew it. Still he did it many times.

And then—see how one thing leads to another—and then, one day—oh, Solomon Crow, I'm ashamed to tell it on you! One day he noticed there were fresh eggs in the henhouse nests—quite near the trees. Now, if there was anything Crow liked it was a fried egg—two fried eggs. He always said he wanted two on his plate at once, looking at him like a pair of round eyes, 'an' when they recoiled me I eat 'em up.'

Why not slip a few in the bottom of the basket and cover them up with ripe figs?

And so one day he did it.

He stopped at the dining-room door that day, and was standing in the larger basket, as usual, when old Mr. Cary, who stood there, said, smiling:—

'No, give us the smaller basket to-day, my boy. I's our turn to be generous.'

He extended his hand as he spoke.

Mr. Cary kept his hand out waiting, but still Crow stood as if paralyzed, gaping and swallowing.

Finally he began to blink. And then he said:—

'I ain't p-p-per-ticular 'bout de big basket. D-d-d-de best figs is in y'all's pickin'—in dis, de big basket.'

Crow's appearance was conviction itself. Without more ado Mr. Cary grasped his arm firmly and fairly lifted him into the room.

'Now, set those baskets down,' he said sharply.

The boy obeyed.

'Here! empty the larger one on this tray. That's it. All fine, ripe figs. You've picked well for us. Now turn the other one out.'

At this poor Crow had a sudden relapse of the dry gapes. His arm fell limp, and he looked as if he might tumble over.

'Turn 'em out!' shrieked the old gentleman in so thunderous a tone that Crow jumped off his feet, and, seizing the other basket with his little shaking paws, he emptied it upon the heap of figs.

Old Mrs. Cary came in just in time to see the eggs roll out of the basket, and for a moment she and her husband looked at each other and then at the boy.

She asked him a good many questions—some very searching ones, too—all of which Crow answered as best he could with his very short breath.

His first feeling had been pure fright. And when he found he was not to be abused—not beaten or sent to jail—he began to wonder.

Little Solomon Crow, 10 years old, in a Christian land, was hearing for the first time in his life that God loved him—loved him even now in his sin and disgrace, and wanted him to be good.

'Has no one ever told you, Solomon?' she had always called him Solomon, declaring that Crow was no fit name for a boy who looked as he did—'has no one ever told you, Solomon,' she said, 'that God loves all His little children and that you are one of these little children?'

'No, ma'am,' he answered with diffidence. And then, as if catching at something that might give him a little standing, he added quickly—so quickly that he stammered again:—

'B-but I knowed I was twin to a angel. I know dat. An' I know of my angel twin seen tek dem aigs he'll be mighty ayp to tell Goid to strike me down daid.'

Of course he had to explain then about the 'angel twin,' and the old lady talked for a long time to him. And then together they knelt down. When at last they came out of the library, she held the boy's hand and led him to her husband.

'Are you willing to try him again, William?' she asked. 'He has promised to do better.'

Old Mr. Cary cleared his throat and laid down his paper.

'Don't deserve it,' he began 'dirty little thief.' And then he turned to the boy:—

'What have you got on, sir?'

His voice was really quite terrible.

'Nothin'; only but des my briches an jacket, an' skin,' Crow replied between his graps.

'How many pockets?'

'How many pockets?'

'Two,' said Crow.

'Turn 'em out!'

Crow drew out his little rust-stained pockets, dropping a few old nails and bits of twine upon the floor as he did so.

'Um hm! Well, now, I'll tell you. You're a dirty little thief, as I said before. I'm going to treat you as one. If you wear those pockets hanging out or rip 'em out, and come in here before you leave every day dressed just as you are—pants and jacket and skin—and turn out your basket for us before you go—until I'm satisfied you'll do better, you can come.'

This old lady looked at her husband as if she thought him pretty hard on a very small boy. But she said nothing.

Crow glanced appealingly at her before answering. Then he said, seizing his pocket:—

'Is you got air pair o' scissors, lady?'

Mrs. Cary wished her husband would relent even when she brought the scissors, but he only cried:—

'Out with 'em!'

'Suppose you cut them out yourself, Solomon,' she said kindly, handing him the scissors. 'You'll have all this work to do yourself. We can't make you good.'

Wh-! after several awkward efforts, Crow finally put the coarse little pockets in her hands, there were tears in her eyes, and she tried to hide them as she leaned over and gathered up his treasures, nails and string and broken pot. As she handed them to him she said:—'And when we see that you are an honest boy I'll sew them back for you myself.'

As she spoke she rose, divided the figs evenly between the two baskets and handed one to Crow. If there ever was a serious little black boy on God's beautiful earth it was little Solomon Crow as he balanced his basket of figs on his head and went out the gate that day.

The next few weeks were not without a trial to the boy. Old Mr. Cary continued very stern, even following him to the gate, as if he dare not trust him to go out out alone. And when he closed it after him he would say:—

PLEASANT TO TAKE
DROPPED
ON
SUGAR.

JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE
LINIMENT
CURES
COLDS
CROUP
COUGH
COLIC
CRAMPS



All who use it are amazed at its wonderful power and are loud in its praise ever after. For Internal as much as External Use. One Bottle "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Originated in 1850 by an old Family Physician. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

'Good mornin', sir! That was a l'.

Little Crow dreaded that walk to the gate more than all the rest of the ordeal.

And yet, in a way, it gave him courage.

He was at least worth, and with time and patience he would win back the lost faith of the friends who were kind to him even while they could not trust him. They were, indeed, kind and generous in many ways, both to him and his unworthy mother.

Fig time was soon nearly over, and of course, Crow expected a dismissal; but it was Mr. Cary himself who set these fears at rest by proposing to him to come daily to blacken his boots and to keep the garden walk in order for regular wages.

'But,' he warned him, in closing, 'don't you show your face here with a pocket on your hip. If your heavy pants have any in 'em, rip 'em out.' And then he added, severely:—'You've been a very bad boy.'

'Yassir,' answered Crow, 'I know I is. I been a heap wusser boy'n you knowd I was, too.'

'What's that you say, sir?'

Crow repeated it. And then he added for full confession:—

'I picked green figs, heap o' days, an' kivered 'em up wid ripe ones, an' sol' 'em to a white 'oman fur perswases.' There was something desperate in the way he blurted it all out.

'The dickens you did! And what are you telling me for?'

He eyed the boy keenly as he put the question.

At this Crow fairly wailed aloud:—

'Caz; I ain't gwine do it no mo'. And throwing his arms against the door sill, he sobbed as if his little heart would break.

For a moment old Mr. Cary seemed to have lost his voice, and then he said in a voice quite new to Crow:—

'I don't believe you will, sir, I don't believe you will.' And in a minute he said, still speaking gently:—'Come here boy.'

Still weeping aloud, Crow obeyed.

'Tut, tut! No crying! he began. 'Be a man—be a man. And if you stick to it, before Christmas comes we'll see about those pockets, and you can walk into the new year with your head up. But look sharp! Good-by, now.'

For the first time since the boy's fall Mr. Cary did not follow him to the gate. Maybe this was the beginning of trust. Slight a thing as it was, the boy took comfort in it.

At last it was Christmas Eve. Crow was on the back 'gallery' putting a final polish on a pair of boots. He was nearly done, and his heart was beginning to sink, when the old lady came and stood near him. There was a very hopeful twinkle in her eye as she said presently:—'I wonder what our little shoeba-k who has been trying so hard to be good would like for his Christmas gift?'

But Crow only polished the faster and blinked.

'Tell me, Solomon,' she insisted, 'if you had one wish, what would it be?'

The boy wriggled nervously, and then he said:—

'You knows. Needle—an' thrade—an'—you knows, lady. Pockets.'

'Well, pockets it shall be. Come in my room when you get through.'

The old lady sat beside the fire reading as he went in. Seemingly she nodded, smiling, toward the bed, upon which Crow saw a brand new suit of clothes, coat, vest, and breeches, all spread out in a row.

'There my boy,' she said; 'there are your pockets.'

Crow had never in all his life owned a full new suit of clothes. All his 'new' things had been second-hand, and for a moment he could not quite believe his eyes, and he went quickly to the bed and began passing his hands over the clothes. Then he ventured to take up the vest and to turn it over. And now he began to find pockets.

'Three pockets in de ves'—two in de pants—an'—an'—an'—no five, no six—six pockets in de coat!'

He giggled foolishly as he thrust his little black fingers into one and then another. And then suddenly overcome with a sense of the situation, he turned to Mrs. Cary, and, in a voice that trembled a little:—

'Is you sho you ain't 'feared to trus' me wid all deez pockets, lady?'

It doesn't take a small boy to slip into a new suit, and when a ragged urchin disappeared behind the head of the great old 'four-poster' it seemed scarcely a minute before a trim, 'tailor-made boy' strutted out the opposite side, hands deep, in pockets, breathing hard.

As Solomon Crow strode up and down the room, radiant with joy, he seemed for the moment quite unconscious of any one's presence. But presently he stopped, looked involuntarily upward a minute, as if he felt himself observed from above. Then turning to the old people, who stood together before the mantel, delightedly watching him, he said:—

'Bet you my angel twin ain't ashamed of he's a-lookin' down on me today.'

ODOROMA

Sweeten the Breath,
Hardens the Gums,
Whitens the Teeth,
Preserves the Enamel,
Prevents Decay.

Price 25 cents. All druggists.

THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

Every Mother should have it in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generations after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

Button Timepieces.

A buttonhole watch is obviously a very useful and ornamental fashion. This unique timepiece, can always be kept in sight and enables one to answer a question as to the time with the minimum amount of trouble. Large quantities of these miniature watches are being imported from France for the Christmas season. The buttonhole watch had originated in France. They were worn by bicyclists in the sleeve or in one of the lower buttonholes of the coat. They enabled the cyclist to see the time without inconvenience while riding at full speed.

In America they will be worn, however, in the lapel of the coat. The ordinary form of buttonhole watch has a face about one half inch in diameter, or even less. It may readily be seen that when these tiny faces are tastefully decorated they will be highly ornamental to the lapel of most coats. At a distance they might readily be mistaken for a badge of the Legion of Honor or some similar device.

The works of these novel watches are about the size of an ordinary lady's watch. This face, which is about one fourth the diameter of the works, is connected with the mechanism by a thin neck. The buttonhole watch may be bought for \$10, although some of the most elaborate designs are worth ten times that figure.—New York World.

Well Rebuked.

A quick retort is credited to a young author whose tongue is as ready as his pen.

Not long ago as he was walking with a friend, a man came up behind him and gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder.

The writer turned a surprised face toward the newcomer, who said:

'Look here, you must remember me, now don't you?'

'I can't say that I remember your face,' returned the young author, gravely, 'but your manner is certainly familiar.'

When making preparations for your trip, don't forget your teeth. This will at once suggest 'Odorama' the perfect tooth powder.—Druggists 25 cents.

Plants AND CUT FLOWERS



Nova Scotia Nursery

Lockman St., HALIFAX, N. S.

BORN.

Tidmarsh, Nov. 25, to the wife of J. Davis, a daughter.

Parrsboro, Dec. 2, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, a son.

Caledonia, Nov. 17, to the wife of C. E. Cushing, a son.

Hantsport, Nov. 19, to the wife of Thomas Barry, a son.

Mt. Usick, Nov. 22, to the wife of John Bridle, a son.

Halifax, Dec. 2, to the wife of Wm. T. Edwards, a son.

Clementsval, Nov. 27, to the wife of Henry Beer, a son.

Clementsval, Nov. 27, to the wife of Corey O. Long, a son.

Rockley, Cumb Co. to the wife of Joseph Reid, a daughter.

Berwick, Nov. 19, to the wife of S. M. Davis, a daughter.

New Glasgow, Nov. 21, to the wife of John A. Barrett, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 29, to the wife of N. D. Quigley, a daughter.

Caledonia, Nov. 8, to the wife of G. C. Smart, a daughter.

Falmouth, Nov. 29, to the wife of Henry Lockhart, a daughter.

Chegoquin, Nov. 12, to the wife of David Robinson, a daughter.

Clementsval, Nov. 23, to the wife of John Coombs, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 29, to the wife of Robert Pemberton, a daughter.

Windsor, Nov. 1, to the wife of Weldon Greenough, a daughter.

New Canada, Nov. 23, to the wife of Henry Skidmore, a son.

Woodstock, Nov. 23, to the wife of Wendell P. Jones, a son.

Tusket, Wedge, Nov. 24, to the wife of Peter LeBlanc, a son.

West Pubnico, Nov. 22, to the wife of Charles D'Eon, a son.

Mill brook, Nov. 8, to the wife of Harding Swaine, a son.

Upper Stewiack, Nov. 30, to the wife of David Kennedy, a son.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DEARBORN & CO.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

Dorfield, Nov. 27, to the wife of Calvin Whitehouse, a daughter.
Waterloo, Eng., Nov. 15, to the wife of John S. Halford, a daughter.
Middle Stewiack, Nov. 15, to the wife of Frederick Rutherford, a son.
Urbania, N. S., Nov. 21, to the wife of S. B. McAloney, two daughters.

MARRIED.

Brookville, Nov. 25, Thaddeus Harvey to Maggie Mackay.

Truro, Nov. 25, by Rev. H. F. Adams Harris Neil to Nancy Grant.

Brookville, Nov. 22, by Rev. D. Oram, William B. Nash to Ida Harris.

Amherst, Nov. 24, by Rev. 'D. A. Steele, Roland McMillan to May Bent.

Millton, Nov. 25, by Rev. A. B. Dickie, Jacob O. White to Alice McPhee.

Millton, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. H. Saunders, James Scott to Agnes C. Bell.

Pugwash, Nov. 14, by Rev. A. M. Bent, James R. Cook to Caroline Dimock.

Halifax, Nov. 26, by Rev. Mr. Pittman, John Flynn to Mrs. Elizabeth Sellers.