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ALEX CORBET, Manager.

# The Magic Snow Drops

A FAIRY STORY FOR CHILDREN

BY HELENA DAVIS.

Little Bee and Little Ben were twin sister and brother. And they were very, very poor. Their parents worked in a great factory that was built at the edge of a high mountain. But at the time when Ben and Bee lived the factories were called shops. There were no such things as factories then, although the large shops of that period were almost like the factories of today. In order that the little readers might know just what sort of a place the parents of Bee and Ben worked in I have called the "shop" a "factory."

One day early in December, the little pair were seated beside the open door looking out towards the great mountain that lifted his hoary head toward the clouds. Although it was very cold out of doors the children preferred the chill breath of the mountain to the closed, dark room with the fire-light flickering here and there and making ugly shadows to frighten them. So they kept themselves as comfortable as they could by wrapping the bed clothes about their thin-clad forms and sat beside the open door.

"And we may also see the roof of the shop were our father and mother work. And we may watch for father's and mother's coming as the dark creeps down," said Ben. "But when it snows we must close the door, go to the fire and crouch beside it to keep warm, and wait in the darkness for the sound of father's and mother's footsteps outside the door."

But just as they talked the clouds gathered about the crest of the mountain-top, shutting off the sun's welcome rays. Bee and Ben watched the darkening with misgivings. "Ah," sighed little Bee. "The weather-makers have begun to fix their real winter. See the dark smoke from their weather furnace?"

"Oh, yes, the smoke makes the clouds, doesn't it?" asked Ben. "And by tomorrow we'll have to close the door and remain inside. The snowflakes will fill the air and the air will be so chilled that if we stick our noses out they will be sadly nipped and made to sting as though they had been really bitten by a wolf. Ah, it is too bad that the snowflakes must come to the poor. Were we rich like the lord of the village, who owns lands and shops, we would have a comfortable house with windows in it and a big fire in the fireplace, a fire that would leap upwards and roar and crackle and flash. And we'd have large rooms with rich rugs about on the floors, rugs made from the soft skins of bears, tigers and lions. And there'd be a kitchen built beside the house in which whole deer would be roasted, great loaves of yeast and sweet bread baked, and most delicious butter and cheese made for us to eat of to our fill. And our mother would remain at home with us all day, only going out to ride in a rich carriage, taking us with her."

"Yes, and our father would own lands and shops and be good to those who worked for him. He could never, never be cruel with his laborers like the rich lord of the village is with his poor on the land and in the shops," said Bee. "Were we rich there would never be a hungry person in the land. We'd feed, clothe and warm all the poor."

"Indeed we would," agreed Ben. But at this moment the children saw an unusual sight. There, round the point of hill which separated the great factory—or shop—from their own home, came their parents, walking slowly, with bent heads. Their attitudes bespoke some trouble. Both the children felt that some calamity had befallen their parents, for it was yet early in the afternoon and the parents had never before left their place of work before dark.

"What can have happened?" Bee asked the question, knowing at the same time that her brother could not answer her.

Pretty soon the father and mother reached the door of their cabin. As they crossed the threshold, Bee and Ben saw that their faces were deadly pale, and that their mother's eyes were dim with unshed tears.

"What is it, mother?" asked Bee, throwing her arms around her dear mother's neck. "Why do you and our father come home before the night brings you?"

"The lord of the village, and owner of the great shop, has sold his possessions to a duke from another country. The new owner does not wish the services of the laborers now employed in the shop. So, your father and I are among those discharged from work. We have nothing to live upon now and our hearts are very heavy." So explained the sorrowing mother.

er of little Bee and little Ben, while the father entered the cabin and dropped disconsolately in his chair in the corner by the fireplace.

Bee and Ben ran and brought faggots to replenish the blaze. Then they fetched from the cupboard what food there was and placed it upon the table for their tired parents to eat. And all the while that they worked they whispered together, planning on doing something to help their dear parents who were almost overcome with discouragement. "I'll ask the fairies to come," whispered Bee. "I'll slip out as soon as the night falls and call aloud to the fairies who live on the mountain and pray them to come and assist our dear father and mother to find work."

"And I'll remain in doors and talk to our parents to keep their minds off you, for should they discover that you had left the house they would become worried, thinking that some wicked sprite had coaxed you away, and would run out and call to you. That would break the charm, and the fairies would not hear you," said Ben.

That night, as soon as it was really dark, Bee watched her opportunity to slip from the house. Soon her parents began talking over some plan by which they might find work during the winter. But though they planned, their hearts were sore afraid that their hopes would be dashed to nothing. Ben, sitting between them, engaged their attention with several questions about other discharged workers, asking what certain good neighbors would do now, that they were turned out of the shop, or from the tilled lands, and winter at hand.

Bee saw her chance, and ran softly out at the half-opened door, taking pains to close it softly behind her. Once out of doors she turned her eyes towards the high mountain top, crying out in a soft, pleading voice:

"Come, good fairies, and help my dear father and mother. They are out of work. I have no lands nor shops nor golden coins. Come and lead us to a place where work is to be had."

Then Bee sank upon the cold ground, so overcome by emotion that she did not feel the wintry blast that struck through her thin garments. And as she crouched there, her eyes looking towards the top of the great mountain that loomed so darkly before her, there appeared over its top a soft white mist that crept silently down the mountain side, growing whiter and denser with every minute.

"A snowstorm!" And Bee shuddered, rising and returning to the house. "And we have nothing for breakfast, and just enough faggots for the night, with none for the morning, and no coin with which to buy more from the baker of wood. And no more food in the cupboard—and father and mother out of work and no prospect of finding any for some time to come!"

After Bee had crept silently into the house, and lay herself down on her little cot in one corner of the room, her parents decided to retire for the night. The father covered the fire to hold it till morning, the door was bolted, and all were soon in their beds. And soon the weary father and mother slept, and little Ben slept, also. But on her cot little Bee lay wide awake, expecting something to happen. Towards midnight Bee felt a cold draft of wind sweep down the chimney; then several large flakes of snow, soft and white, falling upon the ash-covered fire. Strange to say, these flakes did not melt. They lay where they fell for some moments, then slowly they expanded into shapes—shapes of fairies! Bee sat up and rubbed her eyes. Surely, she had fallen asleep and was dreaming. But no, there they were, several pretty fairies; and one carried a little wand with a star on its point. This fairy came to Bee and said: "I shall cause a deep sleep to fall upon your parents and brother. Then you shall all be carried in a beautiful country beyond the mountain where you shall be made rich and happy. None but you shall know of the journey till they wake in the morning."

But just as the fairy was about to wave her wand over the sleeping parents of Bee, that little girl stayed the magic wand, saying: "Will you please, good fairy, take all the poor who were discharged from the shop today, too? They are as poor and unhappy as we are?"

"Your wish shall be granted, little heart of gold," replied the fairy. Then she waved her wand over the sleeping man, woman and boy, causing them to slumber more deeply. And then they were lifted by a hundred winged fairies, Bee of course being carried also, and were taken from the cold, dreary old cabin out into the night. And over the mountain they were carried as fast as the birds fly. Before dawn they were set down in a lovely house so comfortable and full of warmth and light that Bee clapped her hands with happiness. "Oh, how glorious!" she cried. And then her parents and brother awoke.

It is impossible to tell of their happy surprise and their thankfulness to the good fairies who had brought them hither. But it took Bee and Ben some time to assure their parents that they were not dreaming, but wide awake.

And near to their home stretched great acres of rich land; and on the land were numerous pretty cottages where the tillers of the soil and the workers in the shops were to dwell. And all these belonged to the parents of Bee and Ben. And when, after a good breakfast, Ben's and Bee's father went to look over the lands and shops which were his own what was his happy surprise to find there all his old comrades who had worked in the shop beside him and his good wife on the other side of the great mountains. And in the goodness and thankfulness of his heart he made each man owner of his own cottage and several acres of rich land. And there for many many years lived the most contented people on all the earth. And they owed their happiness to their own goodness and the magic of the fairies who only help the good, you know, and who never do anything for the selfish and wicked.

And little Bee and little Ben were the most beloved among all those happy people, and were always called "The Magic Snow Drops."

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## HEWITT ARRESTED A YEAR AGO IN BOSTON

Boston, Dec. 20.—W. A. Hewitt, arrested in Philadelphia, is well known to the Cambridge police, according to Capt. P. F. Hurley, of the inspectors' department. About a year ago James M. Meikle, a baker at 171 Bridge street, East Cambridge, left his apartment to attend to his business, and after he had gone \$100 in cash and a gold watch were stolen. At Capt. Hurley's request the New York police watched for and located Hewitt in that city, and arrested him, and Inspectors Neilan and Cox were sent for him and brought him back. Hewitt was placed on probation on condition that he leave Massachusetts.



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There, round the point of hill, came their parents, walking slowly with bent heads.

December 20, 1907.

# The Greatest of Overcoat Sales!

You can now buy our Men's Regular Winter Overcoats at big reduction from former prices. There could be nothing finer than these overcoats either in materials or making. The most fastidious dresser can't help being pleased with these overcoats. There are sizes to fit any man.

One fact in regard to This Sale of Overcoats that stands out above all other sales is the newness of the stock—every garment absolutely Tailored this season. Every other sale you read of the goods were either carried over from some past season—old styles— or a lot for cheap stuff expressly bought for sale purposes. There is really no necessity now for the sharp cut in prices, but as the break in prices seems to be universal we shut our eyes to the profit we are fairly entitled to, and make the following **real reductions**:

- Men's \$6.00 Overcoats, Reduced to \$4.87
- Men's 7.00 Overcoats, Reduced to 5.87
- Men's 8.00 Overcoats, Reduced to 6.87
- Men's 10.00 Overcoats, Reduced to 8.87
- Men's 12.00 Overcoats, Reduced to 10.87
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