

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 25, 1891.

CHIRSTMAS DAY.

(Uncle Seth loquitur.)

A good old fashioned Chris'mas, with the legs upon the hearth, The table filled with feasters, an' the room a roar 'ith mirth, With the stockin's erammed to bu'stin', an' the medders piled 'ith snow-A good old fashioned Chris'mas like we had so

Now that's the thing I'd like to see ag'in afore I die, But Chris'mas in the city here—it's different, eh my!
With the crowded hustle bustle of the slushy,
noisy street,
An' the scowl upon the faces of the strangers

Oh, there's buyin', plenty of it, of a lot o' gorgeous toys; An'it takes a mint o' money to please modern girls and boys. Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a taffy

An' there's feastin'. Think o'feedin' with these stuck up city folk!

Why, ye have to speak in whispers, an' ye dar'snt crack a joke.

Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin,

When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din! the merry din!

You see I'm so old fashioned like I don't care much for style,
An' to eat your Chris'mas banquets here I
wouldn't go a mile;
I'd rather have, like Solomon, a good yarb
dinner set
With real old friends than turtle soup with all the nobs you'd get.

There's my next door neighbor Gurley—fancy
how his brows 'u'd lift

If I'd holler, "Merry Chris'mas! Caught, old
fellow, Chris'mas gift."
Lordy-Lord, I'd like to try it! Guess he'd
nearly have a fit.

Hang this city stiffness, anyways, I can't get
used to it.

Then your heart it kept a swellin' till it nearly bust your side,
An' by night your jaws were achin' with your smile four inches wide,
An'your enemy, the wo'st one, you'd just grab his hand an' say:
"Mebbe both of us was wrong, John, Come let's shake. It's Chris'mas Day!"

Mighty little Chris'mas spirit seems to dwell 'tween city walls,
Where each snow flake brings a soot flake for
a brother as it falls:
Mighty little Chris'mas spirit! An' I'm pinin',

don't you know

For a good old fashioned Chris'mas like we had
so long ago.

Alice Williams Brotherton, in Century.

PROLOGUE.

THE ANGEL OF ST. GUDULE'S. BY MARION HARLAND.

Mine is a tale of fashionable life, and in this day nothing could be more commonplace than the lives of people of fashion. The hero is, moreover, a commonplace man, and so unimaginative that what really happened to him a year ago was the more remarkable. So singular did it appear to me that I have with difficulty restrained myself from telling in advance of the season what may, after all, be considered a commonplace holiday story, manufactured to denand, with the conventional two misunderstandings, involving a couple of heart-breaks on Christmas Eve, and the one reconciliation next morning to the with your name and address?" clanging accompaniment of Christmas bells.

Men who get rich fast, and whose wives are ambitions of social distinction, ought not to be surprised that those who construct and raise the ladder are sometimes ignored in the excitement of the

Yet M. Daniel Barber was disagreeably amazed when he shrank into the background of his money-bags. He had two talents. The one which he did not tie in a napkin and hide in the earth was an aptitude for amassing wealth that deserved to rank with genius. The passage through the alpine range dividing poverty from affluence is oftener blasted than bored. Our hero was neither brilliant nor a master of diplomatic arts, nor yet unscrupulous as to men and measures, still his dollars multiplied amain. He was thirty-nine years of age, and "worth," in technical parlance, two and a half millions on the 24th of December, 1889, when he set out to keep an evening business engage ment at a down-town hotel. He had not left his home a block behind when fate, in the guise of his wife's pet white setter, bounded on ahead of him, baving stolen out of the house at his heels. He whistled her back and retraced his steps.

Mrs. Barber was where he had left her, in a luxurious chair before the library fire, chatting with her sister Mrs. was drawing on her gloves.

"Change your mind and go with me." she was saying, "There will be a vaexpect company?" She laughed, and her sister answered

Maida broke the sentence in two by trotting in between the speakers with an air of exaggerated innocence inter-

preted instantly by her mistress. "Did she follow you again?" seeing her husband, and flushing with surprise

She is getting dangerously fond of you. Mrs. Cralle granted him no space for rejoinder. She was a little woman with black eyes that snapped, and shut up tightly when she laughed. Somebody had told her in her girlhood that her cachinnation was musical, and she had profitted by the suggestion ever since. Her mirth was peculiar, running up the gamut in half-tones to sol and balancing there while sober people wondered at the chromatic feat. She "did" it again

"I wish you were so dangerously fond of your own husband as to obey him. I'd persuade him to order you to go with me to the theatre, instead of moping here on the chance that an admirer may drop in. He doesn't stay at home. Why should you. I have my suspicions!" She laughed until there was hardly a crease between upper and

wer lids. into the dear old pleasant pastures, shut "Helen knows that I never interfere out the murmur of the still waters." with her engagements," said Mr. Barber

Mrs. Cralle spread her gloved palms ramatically. "Have your own way dramatically. "Have your own way—both of you. Each of you must know ple; and I suppose perfect liberty has stream she helped to glorify. ts advantages -- even in married life."

Her brother-in-law attended her to her carriage, and as it rolled away stood for the money was to give her every-looking after it with an irresolute expression not common to face or move. a sea of molten gold."

"What a fool that woman is!" he said behind his teeth. "She'd put me in the lunatic asylum in a week." fashionable club-house just as he passed it, fell into step, and kept directly in front of him for some yards. As if still weighing the question to go

up the steps and let himself into the hall. His business appointment could wait. If Helen wanted him to remain at home he would send a telegram. As he removed his hat his hair showed married, and to a gold plated log," whitely on the tempies behind which the brain drudged continually at his take it. life task of million-making. Each year night!" cut more sharply certain curves. bracketing nose and chin, that were not in his face at thirty. He had never been loquacious, but his taciturnity was becoming proverbial. Sisyphus probably wasted little time in exclamation or lump for me
Made my little heart an' stockin' jus' chuck
full o' Chris'mas glee.

In marangue while the the the Harber a huge round stone." That the Harber stone gathered auriferous soil as it rolled harangue while "up the kill he heaved

made the labor no easier.

In the intervals of strain and lift he had many thoughts to-day that were irrelevant and foreign to daily toil. In a opened a crater at his feet. household where there are no children, Christmas giving is short and usually dull work. Mr. Barber had paid one visit to a jeweller's and another to a wife's behalf. She had, without doubt, bought something tasteful and possibly Cralles', big and little, the employes of the house of Barber & Co., various charitable institutions, and a mission or two, would reap the result of the check-writing, which was so much like a business transaction as to have no holiday flavor about it. The truant and persistent thought that had haunted him would naturally visit his wife, as well, but of this she had given no sign. True, they had not met since breakfast until dinner-time, and then there was thatblue jay! Country education and Mrs. Cralle's costume of blue velvet and bro-

cade combined to supply the simile. His wife still lay back in her lounging chair, one hand stroking the snowy silk of Maida's coat. The dog sat on her haunches, close to her mistress gazing, like her, into the wood fire. The husband surveyed the tableau from the doorway for an instant the hard curves relaxing and the deep-set eyes wistful.

Mrs. Barber was thirty-three years old. In the blending light of fire and shaded lamp she was girlishly fair. Her pale brown hair was dressed simply, waving naturally low upon the back of her head. Her gown of some creamy crepe-like stuff was trimmed with winecolored velvet, yellowing laces softening the round of wrists and throat. She did not look a day older than when she promised to marry him eleven years before. By-the way, she had worn white on that evening too, with wine-colored sash and ribbons; but that must be a mere coincidence. The bound of his heart at the reminiscence did not jar his tone as he came forward.

"Don't be startled! I came back to ask-that is-is Maida's collar marked

subterfuge was awkward cowardly, and the knowledge of this stiffened him through and through. He had seen the quick color leap into her cheeks at his voice; her complexion was as sensitive as a baby's. In stooping to examine the silver band upon the dog's neck, he did not note how suddenly the rose flush receded, or the slight curl of the languid lip. Her accents were politely listless.

"Oh yes! Her only danger is from dog thieves." She did not look toward him, but again at the fire. "That's all right, then"-raising him-

self "Can I do anything for you down the street? The shops will be closed tomorrow."

"Nothing, thank you. I hope Maida has not made you late for your appointment. She had not so much as looked a de-

sire to have stay. She almost hinted that he would better be gone. The night was unseasonable mild, the stars were dim, the atmosphere was oppressively humid. Twenty blocks lay between him and the place of his business tryst, but he chose to walk, forging ahead as if the mercury were below zero He was chilled to the heart.

For Mr. Barber's second talent, the one which he did wrap in the napkin of diffidence and hide under the ashes of humility, was his love for his wife. It Cralle, who had dined with them. The had always expressed itself in deeds sister's carriage was at the door, and she rather than words. She was apt with graceful phrase and ready turns of speech. He thought slowly, and words came tardily to the birth. Once, and cant chair in the box. Or, maybe you for long, she had comprehended this Only five years ago, when he presented her with the title-deeds of the handsome hastiliy, "I expect no one, but it is just dwelling they now occupied, he had told her, between kisses, that every stone in it was the token of a loving thought of her. There was no vulgar exultation in his enjoyment of her social triumphs. Like herse f. he was refined ingrain. Unlike her, he had few showy qualities. She had once jestingor vexation. "I am ever so much ly compared his conversational abilities obliged to you for bringing her back, to the Rothschild who, refused a seat in a Paris omnibus because he had no change in his pocket, offered the conductos a note for a million francs, and asked for the change. But if he was apt to be caught without small-talk, he comhimself like a correct, dignified forted gentleman at the dinners which her beauty, her vivacity and gracious tact made famous. He paid cheerfully for the musical and dramatic talent that helped lift her "evenings" above the level of the monotonous "reception." Her country-seat-also deeded to herwas a veritable Les Delices for lovliness of situation and variety of entertainments devised for guests. And when his wealth joined to her native gifts, had made her "the fashion," he discovered that the good things he had provided out of the fulness of his devotion were he had barred the postern-gate leading

the months flew by. Hers was the brilliant slavery of the world; his the bonds

don't know two moro independent peo- | floated a glittering mote in the radiant

"In which I have no place," he flected drearily. "The best use I had

Two men issued from the door of a

"I will go as far as the corner with you," said a voice Barber thought he or to stay in his mind, he walked slowly knew; "but I am really due uptowa. I have an engagement to call upon the loveliest of her sex, the nicest woman in town, with but one drawback-she is

"That's worse for her than for you, I take it. Do we part here? Good-

Without hesitation, Daniel Barber ed the avenue and started up the other side. He knew the man as a star in the handsome, and had on sundry occasions. in her husband's presence, distinguished Mrs. Barber by marked attention. Unor of any other man. Nine words had

complacent admirer of the loveliet of her sex never glancing toward the person

Her sister had insinuated that she expected an admirer.. Helen had checked | the musical refrain. her faint disclaimer at "it is just possible husband. Her toilette of studied simplicity, her uneasiness at the delay of his second and third departure—each trivial incident of the evening stood out in lurid distinctness.

This, then was what had parted them and kept them asunder! In the full horror of the shock, he would have staked his soul upon Helen's honor. She would keep her marriage vow to the letter. It was only her imaginination that was led captive; the feminine fondness for admiration was her snare. Admitting this, she was lost to him when her wifehood was named lightly and as a

barrier in her chosen career. While thinking, he was walking, holding on the long stride that made other pedestrians turn to glance after him, so ill-suited was it to the close, clinging warmth of the evening and the general depression it induced. How far and in what various directions he wandered, he could never recollect. He was exhausted and out of breath when, at eleven o'clock, he looked about him for a quite corner in which he could rest and plan.

Right beside him was a church with truncated towers and broad solemn front. Two windows were faintly illum inated, the rest dark, and he could hear in the stilling night-time the regular pulse of the organ. The door yielded to his push. The choir rehearsal for tomorrow's service was over, but the organist had remained for an hour's private rehearsal. The gloomy spaciousness from wall to wall was untenanted. Daniel Barber took a soot midway ho tween door and chancel, and drew a painful, shuddering breath; the cold sweat dropped from his forehead. "O God !

It is the cry of the human when the possibility of human help is swept away and the naked, destitude soul hurls itself, a battered moth, in the face of Him who, it feels, blindly and distractedly, ought to have succored it from ruin; S metimes it is a prayer; as often it is

an imprecation.

Daniel Barber in his sane moments believed in a large and simple way, in the Father's love and forgiveness. first coherent thought now was of thankfulness that he had taken refuge in a church. He had serious matters in hand; had formed a momentous resolu-Whatever the devout people who worshipped here might think of his pur-He, in whose honor the temple pose. was built, knowing so much more of the facts in the case than they, might be brought around to his views on the subject.

Aware at this point that the style of his argument was unconventional, if not irreverent he tried not to listen to the organ. The roll got mixed up with the pulsations of his brain. A sort of alter ego of his mind proper was tracing out the theme of the voluntary. He could meditate more clearly upon his legs. He got up, and began to strolled up one aisle and down the other, bringing will to bear upon his scattering

thoughts. His premises were few and decided. His character and principles were blocked out in a few and graphic lines. Thus he set the situation before the Reader of Hearts: "I love my wife best of created things. I live only to make her happy. She has ceased to love me. I am no longer necessary to her happipiness. Life has lost its value. A use-

less thing should be dispensed with." The chain had not a flaw. With the cessation of demand should cease supply. In every department of God's economy waste is a sin. Still pacing the aisles softly, he wrought out tie details of leaving a world where he was no longer wanted. There was no need to go home again. His will bequeathing every hands. He made it six years ago, a month after little Dan's death on Christ mas Eve. For four years the parents had kept the holiday quietly together, less sadly but not less lovingly with each recurrence of the anniversary Last year imperative business called him to Chicago a week before the holidays He had pushed affairs fiercely hard, and traveled day and night to surprise Helen by returning in time to pass the evening of Christmas Day with her. She had gone in the place of her sister, who was suddenly indisposed, to chaperon a theaout of the fulness of his devotion were tre party of young people, and did not his rivals. In heaping up riches for her get home until midnight. Fashionable mothers must make short work of their mourning if they would discharge aright the murmur of the still waters. the duties they owe to "our set." How Their lives touched at fewer points as far and fast they two had drifted apart in one short year!

It could hardly have happened if the age of the man of affairs. As often be-children had been spared. The second, tides a wedded pair in such circumstan- a girl, was born dead. Dan would be

had lived. His eyes and winsome ways were the mother's, but she insisted vehe mently that he would grow up into his father's image. Her heart would not be so empty to-night if her boy were with

her. Tender branches upon the "log" might give wifely affection something to which to cling : might even have hindered the closing up of the golden plates. He had deplored childlessness as a misfortune. He saw it now as a curse. Helen could never have grown superbly indifferent to her boy's father. and the prattle of the baby girl would drown the call of the river down which the "log" must float at midnight. However misery-stricken, he could not have foregone the pure joy of hearing the two shout in unison, "Merry Christmas to

dear papa and mamma!' As it was, he had worked back in a circle to the starting point of the reverie. wheeled about as the first speaker cross- It must seem to be an accident. Helen would feel it to be a shock, not a sorrow. She had her "circle" and her fortune. social firmament of New York. He was He sneered sourly in reflecting how well born, travelled, accomplished, and much more valuable was the plating than the log inside of it.

All beyond the small area immediately about the organ-loft was in black til this instant her lawful partner had shadow to one coming in from the arnever felt a twinge of jealously of him, ish streets. When Daniel Barber's eyes He had never found me alone before; he of any other man. Nine words had got used to the darkness, pews, chancel, and altar took shape. He could trace the two men tramped on in line, the width of the street between them, the the resinous perfume of which was oppressive in the dank warmth of the night. The windows upon his right modish carriage-maker's shop on his who dogged him, even when he halted were brighter than the rest. One near where the other had been certain he the middle of the church received the would stay his rapid walk, and rang the direct force of the electric light without. dozen other loveliest of their sex." I useful for him to be presented next day. bell at Mrs. Barber's door. He was ad-Checks had done all the rest. The mitted. the same feeble impulse of unconscious cerebration that had lead him to follow

Right in the centre of the illuminated with a conscious blush at seeing her space an angel held a gleaming crown band. Her toilette of studied sim- above the head of a kneeling figure. The gaze of the latter was heavenward; her visage, chastened by sorrow, was ful of holy peace, a rest and thankfulness ineffable and secure. About the bending figure and victorious saint was written, as with a finger of light, the legend. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life!"

While he still gazed, the wonderful thing I have spoken of happened. A strong voice, like a clarion for clearness and melody, uttered the words in the hearing of the half crazed man, and the organ throbbed an accompaniment. It was thrice repeated. In his bewilderment he recalled that it was always thus

with true "signs." "Be thou faithful" -- the recitative rising majestically, distinct above full sustained chords—"unto death",—the sigh and hush were as the passing of a soul then out burst soaring into a glorious crescendo of voice and organ peal, "and I-and I will give thee the crown of

The visitor to the stately temple, standing, like "a pause in the day's occupations," in mid-channel of the sweep of labor and life, may see for himself the memorial window set by filial love in the gray wall. To none besides the solitary wanderer within the sacred gates was it given to receive from an angel lips the message sent by Heaven that Christmas Eve to a soul ready to perish.

"Faithful" unto the death so close upon him — the end presumptuously courted. Was the proffered crown for him who in a frenzy of impatience threw down the cross he was commanded to bear? What was the soldier who, in mid-fight, turned his back upon his

enemies? Wavering rays of light outlined the monitor; with outstretched arms she appoint her girls and their guests, was seemed to lean toward him; her look to not a precedent for my joining her party grow more sweetly compassionate. In an agony of contrition he fill upon his knees, and tears, bursting between the fingers that veiled the shamed face, were the savior of the over wrought

brain. As the organist, having extinguished the lights, was leaving the gallery, his eye was caught by the well defined apparition of a kneeling form right in the track of the mellowed glows flowing through the memorial window. It did not move at his approach, yet the intruder was so evidently not a drowsy va grant that he did not offer to touch him "I beg your pardon," he said, respect fully, "but I am about to lock up the church."

To his amazement he recognized the face of the worshipper.

"Thank von !" Daniel Barber arose dignified and unabashed, and walked slowly downthe aisle.

The organist had never heard that the successful man, known to him as the generous patron of musical talent, was especially devout, but if millionaires his high seat for a view of the slowly rehad a fancy to say their prayers at mid- tiring congregation, his fingers straying night in an empty sanctuary, organists who live upon sal ries subscribed by rich people had no right to find fault duced, made two or three people glance with their harmless whims. He whistled softly in pulling the big double leaved door shut, and made up his mind that the "interesting incident of Christmas Eve" should not find its way into

the newspapers through him. Somebody watching behind the par lor curtains saw a cab deposit a passenger upon the sidewalk in front of the Barber mansion. Before the master of detect the shine of tears upon the lashes the house could get out his latch key a of the beautiful eyes of the wife, pausing figure in white and wine red stood in the in the aisle, raised to the memorial win-

"Oh-h-h!" the long-drawn aspirate telling of suspense and unutterable relief. 'How late you are, my darling !" For answer he lifted her bodily in his

irms and carried her back to the library. "You have not sat upon my knee in twelve months," he said, hungrily, disregarding her cry of terror and amusement. "Nor called me 'darling' before

'Whose fault was that ?" she began, saucily, then cried out again at sight of his baggard face: "Dan what has hap pened? How strange and white you look. Where have you been?"

"In the valley of the shadow of death!" And while she trembled and paled and wept he told her everything. When he named the man he had dogged to her and in a whisper that could be heard all heavy role in Grand Opera with voice. door she grew as crimson as a rose, and her imprisoned hands burned in his grasp. Her lips parted impulsively,
"Not yet," said her husband, gently
decisive. "Wait."

Surely no stranger or fuller confession was ever poured by aching heart into wondering ears. Helen Barber was a proud woman, and her husband knew both of you. Each of you must know tides a wedded pair in such circumstan- a girl, was born dead. Dan would be what risks he took. But to his honest the lesson pretty thoroughly by now. I ces, she was the happier of the two. She nine years old on New Year's day if he way of thinking, fidelity implied fearless the sliders. Sleds don't run.

frankness. Let her disclose or keep back what she would, there was an end of reserves on his part. The changes in the eloquent face of the auditor were more than be could bear at last. He concluded the story with averted eyes.

"I blame you in nothing. I am the mate of a woman like you. I can only love you with all-my heart and soul, and work for you with all my strength. While I have delved in common soil, you have been climbing. As I have grown dull, you have grown brighter. I am afraid it is too late to make me over"—his features wrung by a faint, sorrowful smile. "If you had begun ten years earlier, I doubt if you could have tashioned me into such a man, for instance, as your visitor of this evening."

And then, how you "hung by the enimney with care"

The biggist long stockings that mamma could She wrested her hands impetuously from his, laid them on his shoulders, and looked at him with eyes that blazed And marched with your brothers and sisters "You must stop there, Dan! husband! to bed, Where visions of sugar plums danced through

my love! my darling!" flinging epithet after epithet breathlessly, as if she could not content herself with any lavishment of endearment.

"I am to blame. Oh, I must be terribly

in fault it you could ever in your inmost thoughts link his name with mine! He

and more hasty, I gave him my opinion

of men like himself. He got himself out

of the house in tolerable order"--laugh-

ing nervously--"but he will make no

more mistakes of that sort; will make

sure next time what manner of neglected

wife he tries to console. That was at

half past nine. You had said at dinner

that your engagement would not detain

you long. I alluded to that when I be-

would have heard if the runaway

you would consider an absurdly honey-

moonish style. I ordered a nice supper

to be served at half past ten. All of it

that isn't spoiled, and the coffee that

here. You never notice what I wear

occasion, and possibly recollect that I

wore white and wine-color the evening

we were engaged, and that it was in

it? So I have taken myself to task lately.

The truth is, I am awfully tired of meet-

ing the same people and eating the same

suppers everywhere, and talking the

same frothy, flashy nothings, and the

gray is coming out too rapidly in your

hair and mustache to please a wife who

wants you to live forever. These were

but a few of the things we were to talk

over to-night. Some of the rest we

neverspeak of to other people. Celia,

would not have understood why the fact

that her sudden illness last Christmas

Eve obliged me to take her place, or dis-

to-night. I was unjust to you in think-

angels, because on Christmas Eve an-

The organist of St. Gudule's sang in

public so seldom that not one of his choir

suspected how fine was his barytone,

and how correct his taste in vocal music.

Not a false tone or inexpressive render-

ing of the Christmas choral service es-

caped him; yet he was passably well

satisfied when he turned his head from

among the harmonies of a familiar sym

phony. A discord, unskilfully intro-

only a man and a woman, whose bowed

heads we e not lifted until the church

was nearly empty. They knelt side by

side in the pew occupied last night by

served, being keen of sight and wits,

that their hands were clasped. He did

dow, where-the victor's crown glowing

as with living jewels in the Christmas

sunlight, and Heaven's love and promise

in her face-stood "the angel of St.

A Saucy Kid.

A small boy made a big fat woman

very merry this morning, He was sit-

man came in. As nobody got up to give

ting down quietly when this portly wo-

"I'll be one of three men to give the lady a seat!"

George, as he watched the boy at work

on his sled, "are you polishing up the

"No," said Jimmie. "I'm shinin' up

-"Well, Jimmie," said Uncle

From the Kansas City Times.

through the car said:

runners ?"

Had he been nearer he would have ob-

up at the gallery in surprise.

the solitary devotee.

Gudule's."

I so criminally gay."

although she has children of her own.

lied when he said that I expected him. Closed door,
Then paused, hardly daring to further explore
Lest naught might be there. Then—Hurrah!
what a shout
You gave when you found Santa Claus was
about. will never find me at home again. that he dared breathe of or look like love-faugh !--to me. But he contrived to drop a word of sympathy for me in my loneliness, and to intimate that my tastes and pursuits were not yours. It

your head.

That moment supreme you can never forget, It- ever good influence clings to you yet; 'Tis sweet to look back on and live through was very adroitly done, so cleverly man-The joy of your lifetime 'will always remain. aged that I suspect he had said it to a told him what I thought of you in a few

MERRY CHRISTY 18.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with

care,
St. Nick with his reindeers right early was.
there,
But mamma and papa, of course, couldn't.

sleep Without stealing down and first taking a peep,

The greatjoy of Christmas-the sweetest that's

known —
Upon their glad faces is faithfully shown,
And, while they are playing "St. Nick" in the

O, don't you remember with thrills of de

The waiting and watching for Santa Claus'

How, eyes all a-sparkle and cheeks all a flame, You eagerly counted the days till it came.

O, never a night was so long as that seemed; You couldn't get sleepy, you tossed till you dreamed; At last came the morn when you quickly arose Almost too excited too button your clothes.

Then downstairs you rushed to the parlor's

A word to "us old folks" we wish to remark.

So give to your children that memory bright. Of childhood's most wonderful Christmas de-light, And hang—not one stocking—but two for each hot and hasty words, and in fewer, hotter chick,
For nothin's to good or too much for St. Nick.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

Your Wife's Christmas Gift.

About this time your wife is wearng out her nerves in an endeavor to secure something that will gratify you at Christmas as her present to you, says

gan the remark to Celia that Maida inan exchange. terrupted. 'It is just possible that Dan Her task is a loving one but wearimay be in early, and he seldom has an some—only wives know how wearisome evening at home now,' was what you There are so few things that are appropriate, and you already have so not appeared at that second. I had planned it all in what I was half afraid many of the tew. Moreover, she must purchase judiciously. She is limited in ways that you are not in this Christmas business. She must secure the becoming gifts at a cost within the imperfectly known limit of your financial isn't made, you may see over there in the ability, while you in buying something dining-room, but it was to be eaten in for her may be as extravagant as you please, because you can pinch the exnowadays, but I hoped you might observe the new gown I had made for this travagance out of her allowance for household expenses afterwards.

Besides all this, the gift you get for her costs you nothing but money; the Christmas week, and then we would gitts she makes to you costs talk it all over and out together. Don't ! thought, worry and that most toilsome you suppose I have seen that the rush of of all things, shopping. She must business is sweeping you one way and spend hours in stuffy, overcrowded the race of pleasure sweeping me an- shops; she must price things here, other, and had begun to take alarm at the: e and every-where; she must consult and consider, in distressing uncertainty as to the fitness of things to satisty the whimsical masculine taste.

And all this she does with a loving tenderness for you which is in itself a gift of priceless worth. Do you think it well, on the whole, to reward her toil, her patience and her love by ting off the cheap joke afterwards about your having to pay for your present yourself?

There is not any wit in that joke; it is as stale as a loaf of bread from a Pompeian oven, and its utterance is illmannered, inconsiderate, brutal.

Moreover, it isn't true. If you have a good wife she earns every dollar she ing that you had forgotten our sadly spends, whether upon herself or for sweet tryst, kept in the dear old times you. The mere fact she receives the when you were not so cruelly busy and money from you and not from an out-Her hands had sider, and that it goes to her at irreguslid back into his grasp; tender light overflowed her eyes; richer color was stealing into her cheeks; her lips lar times and in uncertain sums, makes no manner of difference. The money is hers, and the money is the very trembled as she went on, her voice sinksmallest part of what she invests in ing to a whisper : "Last of all, I meant your Christmas present. She puts her to teli you what I have kept to myself precious affections into its procureuntil now. Because it was on Christmas ment, and if you have any true appre-Eve that our boy went away with the ciation in your soul you will value her gift for what it signifies, not merely other little Child was born in Bethlehem, for what it is. I waited until to-night to let you know -"She said the rest with her lips upon

Especially you will avoid the mistake of supposing that you paid for it. If you are commonplace enough to entertain such a thought you are bankrupt in the kind of treasure that has gone to purchase your wife's gift to you. and could not have paid for it to save your very small soul.

Excursion to Washington.

A series of personally conducted tours to Washington has been arranged, via. the Royal Blue Line, for December 29th, January 7th. The tickets include all necessary expenses of a three day's. trip, and provide for hotel accommoda-tions at Washington, meals en route, baggage transfers, etc. Rates from New York \$11.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00. Proportionate rates from Boston and other New England points. For programme describing these tours write to Thos. Cook and Son, Agents for B. & O. R. R., at 261 and 1225 Broadway, New York, or 332 Washington street Bos-

"When the robins nest again," she said, "I suppose my cold will get well." So he felt very sad, but sudden. ly bethought him of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough was cured and those two were happy.

-Allow me to add my tribute to furiously angry and a car load of people the efficacy of Ely's Cream Baim. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marher a seat she stood in the aisle at the velous. I could hardly articulate, and mercy of the bumps and twists and turns in less than twenty-four hours the caheavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers. — Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

> People call it backache and do nothing for it until the doctor is called and he pronounces it rheumatism. If they had used Salvation Oil in time the doctor's bill could have been saved