

Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 20, 1895.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS. All the air with love is laden, Where the Yule logs glow and fame, Hopeful youth and trustful maiden Softly chant the Master's name. Softly chant the Master's name.
Now, if there be any sad ones,
Bid their tearful eyes be dried.
Now, if there be thoughtless glad ones,
Be that gladness purified;
For the bells of peace are ringing,
Chiming anthems of the free,
Earth and Heaven join in singing
Of the glories yet to be.

Seek the boughs, so green and fragrant Let the waxen tapers dance. Here is hope for prince, for vagrant, Christ of every circumstance! Pile the leaping tagots higher, Let the wide-mouthed chimneys roar, Clash the cymbals, twang the lyre, Angels wait at every door, Soft the day of peace is breaking; Gladdest day of all the year; And sweet Plenty, want o'ertaking, Spreads a feast of love and cheer.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS THAT HELPED SANTA CLAUS.

BY JOSEPHINE L. BALDWIN.

ing snowstorm. which brought delight to well-clad boys and girls, who had visions of new sleds and jolly sleigh dreary to four shivering children who lived in a tumble down cottage on the rily, while the dog jumped and ran wasted through its barren rooms, and outskirts of the town. They had no and barked with delight. visions of anything more pleasant for Christmas than the cold, hunger, and more into their lives since their father

A year ago this very night they had been hanging up their stockings and romping gayly in a comfortable home, where want and sorrow had never entered. But before the New Year dawned the father they so dearly been spoken in the church yard and the coffin lowered into the frozen earth. After that poverty was added to sorrow; one by one the comforts of their home had been sold to buy food and medicine; then they had moved to Hillside, where rent was cheaper. Here they had made no friends or acquaintances. So it happened that blast shook the windows and blew the snow in under the door and through many crevices, the children crouched tering fire, and talked together in low

"Just think of the way it must be morning-frozen stiff!" he added, solemnly, with a half sob in his voice.

"Nonsense," said Tom, cheerilyyou warm. And then just think how what lots of money we'll be able to make shovelling paths to-morrow." "To morrow is Christmas," said five

year old Margaret, plaintively. "Yes, dear," whispered Tom, gently "and if I can I'll borrow a sled and

give you a ride "She hasn't any mittens, Tom," obtime!-and then to have no father!"

ease the pain in her head by lying eaten that morning. She then gave down in an adjoining room, opened the each a dollar, saying: "It's from the door just in time to hear Hattie's missis for your work, and she wishes broken sentence. She had been a you a merry Christmas, and so do I, brave mother, and in spite of sickness faith, and lots av them ;" and poverty had never let the children ence and love had made so happy, she good fortune. But at the corner Tom, found it hard to keep up, and Hattie's | who was ahead, met with an obstacle, words made the strain more than she having suddenly run into Mr. Hardchair, she sobbed as if her heart would | the corner, and knocked that dignitary break.

up, knocking over the coal scuttle. and throwing out his arm to keep from falling, sent the candle and candlestick to the floor, leaving the room in utter darkness.

"There! now see what you have done!" exclaimed John, as of Tom were personally responsible for all their misfortunes. "Never mind," said Hattie; "I'll

And while she was coaxing a piece

of paper to catch from the dull coals, Margaret was trying to feel her way to her mother's side. Going near the door she heard a faint bark, listening, she heard it again.

doggie wants to come in. May we open the door?"

By this time the candle was relighted, and everybody was listening, their troubles forgotten for the moment. Sure enough, above the whistle of the storm a bark was heard, which said in very polite dog language : "Let me in, please." John, who had spent around the door, didn't want it opened but Tom said he would put the papers | quickly to the door. Their errand was in again, and adding, mischievously: "How would you you like to find a ly less pleased than Alice as they dog 'dead, frozen stiff,' on your door- found that Mr. Rags was undoubtedly step in the morning?" opened the door the dog for whose loss she was grievto perhaps the most forlorn looking ing. dog that any of them had ever seen. His hair, which was very long, was Mrs. Hardcastle. so that he looked, as Tom said, like a boys and bring Thistle back.' hundle of white rags.

"What a cur!" exclaimed John.

"Poor dog !" said Hattie.

door against Jack Frost's army, offer- said afterward. ing him firet one wet paw and then the

ing on the floor, whether by way of joy, no one could tell. As the snow gloomy and nervous condition. melted and his hair dried it became evident even to John that this was no Hardcastle, Alice, and Thistle were "cur" of low degree, for such a silky | gone, and even the tinkle of the sleigh to a well-kept, pure-blooded dog aris tocrat.

Evans.

the snow?" asked Margaret. "I don't know how he came," said Tom; "but guess the reason why he Christmas dinner, and the card on it Christmas Eve came to the thriving came was to cheer us up. We needed said: "From Thistle, with many little town of Hillside with a bluster, it pretty bad. To-morrow, Sir Rags, thanks and best wishes." we'll find an owner for you; but now let's see if you can play ball?" Rollrides on the morrow, but seemed very Rags flew after it, and soon the child- poor old house must have enjoyed the

Two hours later the house was quiet after the feast was over. again, and all but the lonely mother Late in the afternoon t sickness which had crowded more and peacefully sleeping; while Margaret, ren gathered about their mother, and with her arm around a soft, warm bun-Christmas tree from which a Santa their father while he lived. Just as Claus, who looked very much like a they had finished "Luther's Cradle large Rags, was giving beautiful presents to everybody.

Christmas morning dawned cold and clear, and as soon as it was light John loved lay cold and still in the darken- and Tom, dressing quietly, ate a cracked parlor, and almost before they er, took a drink of milk, and started could realize what had happened the out to shovel snow. By eight o'clock last solemn words of the minister had they had earned fifty cents, and were passing Mr. Hardcastle's large place, when Tom said: "Let's go in here." "What's the use?" answered John;

"you know their man always shovels their pathe." "Well, maybe he's sick. Anyway, they haven't been touched, and I'm going to ask.'

Tom was a real gentleman, and so they were especially lonely and sad on it happened that his hat came off as this Christmas Eve. As each fresh promptly when Bridget appeared at the door as it would if he had been speaking to Mrs. Hardcastle herself. When he asked if she wanted the nearer to the small stove with its sput- paths cleaned, she answered, heartily : "Yis: I've been lookin' for some

he up to me neck thryin' to get through snowing in up stairs," said John the drifts, and there's no tellin' at all "Maybe we'll be found dead in the whin the men'll get back."

fast it made their backs ache and their for Tom had a happy way of looking heads swim, for the drifts, while not did not even know until he next day on the bright side of everything. "I'll quite up to Bridget's neck anywhere, see that you don't freeze. Snow were deep in places, and the paths makes an excellent blanket to keep were long. As they worked they had When the fun was at its height, thought anybody who could live or

wo boys presented themselves at the kitchen door the warm hearted Bridgjected Hattie, "and her shoes are full et gave them each a cup of hot coffee, of holes. O isn't it awful to be poor. and would have injured their diges-It seems so much worse at Christmas tions by overloading their stomachs with something more substantial if Mrs. Evans, who had been trying to she had known how little they had

Thanking her politely and wishing know how she grieved. But as the her the same, the boys ran along the holidays came near, bringing to her side of the house in great haste to get mind those which her husband's pres- home and tell their mother of their could bear. Throwing therself in a castle's footman, who was just turning accidents have turned out so well." down. The coachman who followed Tom, eager to comfort her, sprang picked his friend up, scolded Tom roundly, gave John a few choice epiwith its shovel and few pieces of coal, thets, though he certainly had done nothing to deserve them, and then the footman, who by this time had recovered his breath, remarked:

all the morning on a ten mile tramp after a runaway dog; ye've knocked the wind clane out o' me."

Tom caught the word "dog," and eagerly asked: "What dog are you looking for ?"

"'What dog,' to be sure! Belike you stole it, bad 'cuss to ye, and Miss Alice crying her eyes out within." Thomas drew himself up, and saying quietly; "I am sorry I knocked you down; I didn't mean to," walked past "O, mamma," she cried, "there's a the astonished men up the front steps ggie wants to come in. May we and rang the door bell. As John fol-

lowed he heard the footman exclaim : "Well, did you iver see the loike o' that ?" "I niver did," said Harrigan, but as there seemed nothing they could do about it they went on to the kitchen. In the meantime Tom's request to see either Mrs. Hardcastle or Miss some time stuffing paper in the cracks | Alice to ask about a dog they had lost brought both Alice and ker aunt

"Get on your things, Alice," said rs. Hardcastle. "I'll order the matted and frozen with snow and elect sleigh, and we will go home with the

soon stated, and the boys were scarce-

And so it happened that in less than half an hour Tom and John were epinning toward home behind Mr. But the object of their remarks paid Hardcastle's spirited grays, driven by no attention to either of them, but Harrigan, at whose side sat the footstood patiently on his hind legs before man, stiff and straight, "for all the

Tom, who was busy barricading the world like a wooden image," as John

When they reached home there was great excitement for a time, everybody, "Well, Mr. Rags, you're polite, to including Thistle, talking at once. say the least. Look at him trying to Then, while Alice showed the children thank me for letting him in," cried what tricks her dog could do, Mrs. Tom. The children laughed, and Hardcastle explained to Mrs. Evans even Mrs. Evans smiled as Tom grave- how a dissipated loafer in the town ly shook the outstretched paw, and had been seen hanging around the said: "You're welcome, I'm sure. place the night before, and they Don't mention it." thought he must have stolen the dog; Apparently satisfied with this assur- but why he should have dropped it ance, and seeming not at all insulted just at her door was a mystery she by his new name, Mr. Rags ran around | could not explain. She said she was the room eniffing at everything, stop particularly glad to get Thistle back, ping to lick Margaret's hands, as if he because Alice was so miserable in had known her a long time, and roll-health as not to be able to bear any disappointment easily, and, having performing his toilet or expressing his lost her mother recently, was in a very

coat of silver gray could belong only bells had died away in the distance. Then Tom and John had to sit down and tell how it all happened, "It is some one's pet," said Mrs. and they had scarcely finished when the handsome grays stopped again be-"How could be get here through fore the door, and the haughty footman brought in a large basket filled with all sorts of good things for a

Finally the call was over. Mrs.

Perhaps there have been dinners eaten with a greater relish, but I ing up a piece of paper, he threw it. doubt it. It seemed as if even the ren were shouting and laughing mer- new and delicious odors that were have been glad that they lingered even

Late in the afternoon the four childtogether they sang hymns of praise dle of silken hair, was dreaming of a such as they had loved to sing with Hymn" the door opened softly, and Alice and her aunt asked if they might come in. Alice said there ted to the bar in Chillicothe in 1835, were no children at auntie's house, so and for 10 years thereafter fought his she had asked to come and have her way to success. Then he took his first Christmas tree with them if they were step in politics, and entered the Twenty-

willing.
"Willing!" You may be sure that no unwilling hands ever cleared a room so quickly as did theirs to make room for the tree which Harrigan and Barney were bringing in. Then what fun there was putting on the candles and lighting them, stringing popcorn, hanging glittering balls and dazzling tinsel. It seemed like fairyland, and as if it must all be a dream. But then Thistle was there, barking and getting under everybody's feet, and he wasn't any dream; so the children began to believe that they were awake until the presents were given out, and then they were sure it couldn't be true. Why Alice had said it was her tree, one to clane out the paths. Shure, I'd but here were presents for all of them; dresses, coats, shoes, skates, toys, sleds -- how could it be? Alice had a lovely watch from her aunt, and several It was a good two hours' work for other presents; but she was so busy the boys, and after their scanty break- giving to the others, and enjoying their happiness, that she said herself she grew into a rugged, genial, middle-aged

glimpses of a pale-faced girl at the Mr. Hardcastle came to take his wife t must be snowing down town, and windows who looked very sad. Tom and niece home; but before they went was sorry for her, and wondered what he told Mrs. Evans that Harris, who could be the matter, while John stole the dog, had been arrested, but on his contession Mr. Hardcastle had in 1860 no man in Ohio seemed to have visit in a house like that need have no declined to press the complaint out of a fairer prospect of peace and content. good reason for crying.

When the work was done and the said that when he was passing the pity for his widowed mother. Harris The war was a rude awakening and Evans cottage Thistle barked pretty loud, and he thought some one in the house must have heard and be coming to investigate, for he heard a loud noise and saw the light go out, but didn't wait for anything more-just

dropped the dog and ran. "You see," added Mr. Hardcastle, The thief doth fear each bush an officer.' His guilty conscience made a coward of him.

After the "loud noise" that Harris heard had been explained, with much laughter, the "good nights" were said and the the little family once more gathered around the fire.

"I'm rather glad now that I kicked over the coal scuttle, upset the candle, and knocked Barney down, since my

said Tom laughing.
"Yes," said Mrs. Evans, "they seemed like accidents, but see how they have 'worked together for good.' This should teach us that so long as we love our heavenly Father, allithings are working for our good, whether we are able to see it or not; and this will "Bad luck to yez, and me fashting help us to be patient and cheerful always.

Another Million-Dellar Gift.

Miss Helen Culver's Donation to Chicago Uni-CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—Chicago University was to-day the recipient of

another million dollar gift, the doner being Miss Helen Culver, of this city. The conditions of the gift are that it shall be devoted to the increase and spread of knowledge within the field of iological science.

Miss Culver, who is about 60 years old, is a niece of the late Charles J. Hull, from whom she inherited a fortune valued at \$6,000,000 consisting largely of property in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Mr. Hull was for a considerable time a member of the Board of Trustees of the old University of Chicago, and one of the motives prompting the gift of Miss Culver was a desire to honor his memory.

An Awful Death.

He-"I understand Miss Goodgirl, the Sunday school teacher, is dead. What was the trouble?" tree.

THE GOING YEAR. How stealthily the old year dies!
We may not catch his parting sighs,
Or even on the withered grass
Hear a retreating footstep pass,
And-yet we know
This old year has reached his time to go.
—Mrs. Emma Frances Anderson

Allen G. Thurman Dead.

Ohio's Ex-Senator, the "Grand Old Roman. Succumbs to Old Age-A Life Full of Active Work and Good Deeds.

Allen G. Thurman died at his home in Columbus, Ohio, last Thursday afternoon. Judge Thurman had been sinking slowly ever since the fall he sustained about a month ago. While trying to reach a book which lay on the centre-table. Judge Thurman fell to the floor of his library. His hip was severely bruised, and his physician stated at the time that the shock would prove fatal. The judge rallied surprisingly, but never recovered from the effects of the fall.

Wednesday evening he grew rapidly worse. Dr. W. H. Whitaker, the attending physician, informed judge Thurman's son Allen W. Thurman, that his father could live but a few hours. About 2 a. m. he became unconscious and remained so until the end. Since the death of his wife several years ago, he has made his home with his son, where he spent the last days of his life in a remarkably pleasant and agreeable. manner. His son Allen W. and his family with several friends were present at his bedside when the end came : but his two daughters Mrs. Holliday of California, and Mrs. McCormack, of New York, were not in the city.

AN HONORABLE CAREER.

Allen Granberry Thurman's life was picturesque and honorable one. Although distinctly a man of the people, he came of a proud old Virginia family. He became a rich man, too, but he never showed a trace or trait of the aristocracy of birth or purse.

He was born Nov. 13, 1813, in Lynchourg, Va., his father being a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and his mother the only daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Allen. His parents moved to Ohio when he was a boy, and with the Buckeye state he has since been identified.

The story of his life as a young man may be briefly stated. He was admitninth congress in 1845 as its youngest member. It was when his maternal uncle, Senator William Allen, retired that he was first called "The Old Roman." The sobriquet had long been applied to Senator Allen, and it naturally fell upon Judge Thurman, whose career had been in many ways similar to that of the original bearer of the title. In 1851 he was elected to the supreme bench of the state of Ohio, and served until 1856. During this time he wrote those five volumes of standard legal works which are to be found in the Ohio state reports.

These opinions are models of clear statement and logical adherence to elementary law. In no other department is his greatness so generally recognized as in this. The senator, the politician, may have been criticised, but "Judge Thurman always commanded respect.

After his hard work as a lawver he fully appreciated the comparative rest which he found on the bench, and he gentleman of the finest "old Virginia" type. His domestic life was singularly happy. His son, Allen, fulfilled the father's fondest hopes, and in later two families were as one. Judge Thurman and his wife remained lovers through all their days of wedlock, and brought to Judge Thurman a great

load of grief. He was by family tradition opposed to slavery in itself, yet held, in com-mon with Webster, Benton and Clay, that it was a matter for the states them selves to deal with. He denied the right of any state to secede, but indulged the hope that some milder method than war might be adopted to restore the Union. In 1867 Judge Thurman was nomi

nated by the Democrats of Ohio for

governor against the popular general and ex-congressman, Rutherford B. Hayes. The result was simply astounding. The Republican majority for some years previous had been over 40. 000, yet after a superheated campaign the vote in an "off" year was much larger than ever before. General Hayes's majority was less than 3.000. and the legislature elected was Democratic on joint ballot, insuring the defeat of Senator Wade. Judge Thurman was elected in Mr. Wade's stead and took his seat in the senate in 1869. Here he served two full terms, from 1869 to 1881. In his "Twenty years of Congress" Mr. Blaine says of Mr. Thurman, that "his rank in the senate was established from the day he took his seat and was never lowered during the period of his service. His retirement from the senate was a serious loss to his party-a loss, indeed, to the body. He left be-hind him the respect of all with whom he had been associated during his 12 years of honorable service."

After retiring from the senate Thurman settled down in his comfortable Columbus home with the full intention of passing the remainder of his days with his family and his books. But this his political friends would not al-

Early in 1876 his name was men tioned in connection with the presidency. In 1880 he received the vote of Ohio in the national convention and some support from other states, but he was not nominated. Again, in 1884, he received some votes.

Then in 1888 came the red bandana campaign. Cleveland and Thurman were nominated at St. Louis amid great rejoicing by the Democrats. The Old Roman was then old indeed. His opponents pictured him as a physical wreck just about ready to drop in the But Thurman was not so harness. decrepit as he appeared. Rheumatism had long made his steps uncertain, but "Suicide. She ate some of the he was built of sterner stuff than they candy that was hung on the Christmas knew. His faithful wife begged and protested against his making the effort, but for once he would not listen to her

He himself thought at first that he would not survive the campaign, but his family doctor told him that it would of miles, made 103 speeches and came were last year.

back to his home feeling 10 years younger. The ticket was defeated, but Thurman's life was probably lengthen-

ed several years. After that campaign and up to the time of the recent accident the Old Roman was out of public life for good. It is not to be understood, though, that his mental ftrength had become impaired. His physical forces were too feeble to keep his body in the front of the fight, but his mind was as active as ever.

Judge Thurman's body was laid to rest in the grave on Saturday. The death of this eminent statesman was followed by a general chorus of praise for his character, showing how highly he was regarded by the American people

The Mistletoe.

Natural History of the Famous Christmas Bough.

The mistletoe, says Leslie's Month. y, is a woody shrub, with vellowishgreen leaves, which specially affects the branches of apple trees, pears, and poplars. In the purely wild condition, mistletoe grows mostly on poplars alone. Mistletoe berries are much sought after by sundry fruit-eating birds, but especially by the misselthrush, which owes both its common English name and its scientific appel lation, viscicorous, to its marked affection for this mystic food. Now, as the bird eats the berries, it gets the seed entangled on its feet and bill by the away to another tree, it gets rid of berries, it bores its way quickly into the very tissues of its victim, and begins to suck his blood gayly for its own advantage, after the hereditary habit of its wicked kind.

Such is the life-cycle of the common English mistletoe.

Built the Ark, but Got Lett. Many were employed by Noah in the building of the ark who were not saved by it. They knew well its design, the material composing it, the details of its construction, and the way of entrance into it. Many long years, they had regard to his directions in the work assigned them. They felt the force of his exceptional character as he superintended their labor and also preached to them

of duty and of danger. It is easy to believe he selected those not in the fullest sympathy with the corruption and violence of the times. Possi bly their employment gave them some measure of welcome separation from the worst elements of society and protection against it, and they may have been subjected, because of their relations to him, to something of the same scorn he experienced. Their contact with him and his words of warning doubtless awakened clear convictions of responsibility and interest, but they failed to heed his teachings, yielded to the multitude of evildoers, and when the years his family lived in a residence door was shut they were without and not within the ark.

Bitten by Dogs.

Two Bous are now being Treated for Hudro. phobia at Media.

MEDIA, Pa., Dec. 15 .- Two young ons of Charles Geary, of Lower Providence, master of the hounds of the South Media Fox Hunting club, were the victims last night of the most shocking catastrophe, as a result of which both lads are being treated for hydrophobia. They went into a kennel where seven mad fox hounds were confined, to feed them, and both were severely bitten. One of the dogs died of rabies later in the night, and when the others were killed to-day a post mortem showed that, beyond the least doubt, they

had hydrophobia. Charles L. Geary, 14 years of age, was bitten ou the arm, and his little brother, Howard, 7 years of age, was bitten on the cheek. It is hoped that prompt treatment will prevent any serious results of the Geary boys. Dr. J. H. Fronfield went this afternoon to make arrangements to have the boys undergo treatment at the Pasteur institute and it is expected that they will be sent there to-night or to-morrow.

No Use.

Mrs. Thirdly: None of the girls have volunteered to trim the church this Christmas. The Rev. Mr. Thirbly: Why not?

"They are all engaged."

Wanted to Get At It.

Hardware Dealer-What do you want with such a heavy saw? Bilkens-My wife has made a fruit cake for Christmas.

-Little Amy-Mamma, Santa Claus generally comes down the chimnev in the fire-place, doesn't he?'

Mrs. Flatz-Yes, dearie. Little Amy-Well, how do you suppose he'll manage when we've only got steam radiators in the house?"

"What are you crying for, child? "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray ?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head, and my fist

hit the wall." Johnny, Willie says you threw him down and jumped on him with

both feet. Well, ma, I was just playin'. What sort of play do you call that? Football.

-No Christmas dinner will be complete without some of the dainty good things now displayed at Sechler's.

For and About Women

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Pictures offer the holiday shopper lorious opportunities for securing a charming gift at a low cost.

Brownie penwipers are cute and inexpensive.

A growing plant is an acceptable Christmas gift.

Alice Stone Blackwell, in answer to a question by a Boston paper, wrote: The question. Are women more chartable toward the faults of other women than men are? must be answered in the negative. Men see the faults of women through a certain softening glamor of sex. Women look at them clear sightedly and with an impartiality that is often pitiless."

This appears to be the green season, all shades of that color being in vogue. Green gloves are a novelty, and are seen in three different tints; the new chameleon silks invariably show a touch of green in their changing colors; many of the new wool fabrics have green as the predominating shade; the boucle cloths show threads of green, and black; varying green tints are seen everywhere in the new jeweled trimmings; and green wings adorn many of the new

About the best thing you can give a sticky surroundings, and then, flying for a year's subscription to some magaboy for a Christmas present is a receipt them in turn by rubbing them off side-ways in a fork of the branches. That \$6 to \$35, and even higher. Most boys zine. An inexpensive camera—the happens to be the precise spot that enjoy games, such as backgammon, best suits the young mistletoe as a chessman and checkers. Tools always place for sprouting in. If it fell onto please them, but the older boys should the ground beneath, it would be una- have good substantial tools, not mere ble to maintain itself without the aid toys. A rubber stamp with a boy's of a host; but rubbed off on a poplar name will please him, and a tolding or apple tree, where the missel-thrush | pocket lamp never comes amiss. If he most often carries it in search of more is musical, a banjo, a guitar, a mandolin or a violin is a good serviceable gift and will keep him at home nights. fountain pen is really an excellent thing to buy, providing the boy is old enough to understand its usage, and if you wish to give him something that can be used next vacation time, a reel and line and other fishing tackle would be a nice gift. A watch or a clock for his room, a pair of skates with bag for carrying them in, a good bat and ball are articles that never came amiss. A stamp album with a few rare stamps, a pair of shears and a bottle of good mucilage will while away many winter evenings. Most boys like their own individual possessions, and under this head comes desks. You can buy a good serviceable desk without any fancy carving for \$5, and a real pretty one for \$10. Rocking chairs. student lamps, pictures or cushions are welcome gifts for a boy.

> In this time of good cheer do not forget your servants, don't give them what they are obliged to have and will buy for themselves but always let your gifts be of the truly comfortable and serviceable. Pretty possessions for their rooms, such as pin cushions, bureau scarfs, inexpensive Japanese basket trays to hold brush and comb, a small writing desk stocked with paper and envelopes, or a small china tray to hold hair pins find favor with every girl. A pair of warm bedroom slippers would be a thoughtful gift or a head rest for the back of her rocking chair. Gifts often carry a lessons of tidiness with them, a scrap basket, a shoe bag or a linen laundry bag will teach her that there is a place for everything, and a pretty work basket well stocked with the little necessaries will look nice on the top of the center

Suggestions for Christmas. How to make some dainty gifts that are both novel and inexpensive. Linen will play an important part in the manufacture of Christmas presents this year, for anything that is linen goes. One of the prettiest bags of finest, sheerest material. in dimensions about three or four inches, and shaped, flaps and all, precisely like a tiny envelope. It is stitched all around embroidered on the face with the ownerto-be's initials, and a long loop of baby ribbon attached to the point of the flap finishes this bit of scented daintiness, which is for no less purpose than to hold my lady's money when traveling, which she usually pins in a soiled chamois bag or paper envelope to her corsets.

Cut two round pieces of cardboard, about three inches in diameter : cover each one of them with a piece of linen for the outside, on which has been embroidered a monogram, some forget menots, or a favorite quotation, and a delicate shade of silk on the other, or inside. Fasten together at each side by strong stitches; then making two bows of narrow ribbon, the color of the embroidery silk used, and a long loop, put the two bows on to hide where the pieces are joined together, leaving the loop to hang up by, you have a whisk-broom

If you want to give a girl friend a useful gift send her a glove-mender. Buy a ring-which may be of rubber, wood, silver an ordinary bone ring will answer—sew pieces of narrow ribbon at different parts of this ring, letting them hang down a short distance from the ring. To the first one attach a pair of little scissors; to the next a heart-shaped needle book; on the third, a silver finger—to put in the finger of the glove while mending and can be bought of a jewelry store-and to the last ribbon a braided strand of different colored cotton. Right here let me give you a pointer; never u se silk to mend kid but cotton always. Silk cuts the kid and your glove does not stay mended much longer than you are doing the work.

Pillows and cushions are always acceptable. A pillow in the form of a foot ball made of a boy's college colors will please him. Another design is to sew two handkerchiefs together to within about three inches of each corner; having put the cushion in, tie the corners securely leaving the edge go loose. Again, make two small, flat cushions and taking two handkerchiefs do him good to stir around. And stir — Christmas is almost in sight and fasten the cushions together by tying around he did. He traveled thousands stockings are much longer than they the corners of one handkerchief to the fasten the cushions together by tying other in knots.