Bellefonte, Pa., Dec. 22, 1905.

SHOPPING WITH THE MUSE.

Thus spake the Sage at Christmas time-his words were full of heat;

"The only thing I like to get in my stocking i When earth's last present is given, when the

gifts are bundled and tied And we've paid the charge

wherever the folks abide. We shall rest-and, faith, we shall down till we gather strength,

For we know that our Christmas pr oming to us at length.

We know that for every trinket that we despair have bought, That somebody else over our gift in worry ha

thought and thought; That slippers and smoking jacket, and razors

and guns and knives And holiday sets of Shakespeare have shorten ed some other lives.

Thus spake the Sage at Christmas time : "Ah many men have joked

About the box of gift eigars--such men as never And many shall say they are happy-they shall

sit in a Morris chair And puff at a Flor de Rubber with a merry and

And each of us rather slyly his flattened out purse shall touch And look at his Christmas present, and mutter

"I spent too much." Perhaps when the years have swiftly away to the future flown, Then no one shall give a present, but each one

Then each one shall hang his stocking aloft on his separate star

And pick out the Thing he chooses -- and puff at his own cigar. Thus spake the Sage: "At your distress 'tis not

for me to scoff: If you don't like what fills your hose, then have your legs cut off."

W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

A CHRISTMAS TREE STORY.

The Brook babbled and laughed gleefully to itself and trickled from under the stones and out from its bed to the bank where the purple-penciled white violets grew. "What of the hill, she tossed me a cone from one to the Tall Spruce that grows farther down the slope. What do you think of that?"

Now, it all happened in this wise: The Tall Spruce had not always been tall, and the Little Spruce Tree had once been smaller than she was now, and in those days neither one had thought anything about the other. But there came a spring that was different from all other springs, because then the Tall Spruce looked up at the Little Sprace Tree outlined against the blue of the sky, and noticed for the first time in his life how slender and symmetrical she was, and with what a delicate green she had tipped her twigs and branches. So when the cool Spring Breeze came by, the Tall Spruce beckened to it, murmuring a message for the Little Tree, and begged the Breeze to carry it to her. So as he passed the Little Spruce Tree he stopped and said, carelessly, "Oh, while I was going by the Tall Spruce down there he gave me a message for you."

The Little Spruce Tree trembled with every eagerness. "Oh, tell me what it was,"

"I am not sure that I remember it," said the Breeze, teasingly. Then, as he saw how the branches of the Little Tree became how the branches of the Little Tree became and on my twigs they fastened colored candles that twinkled like stars when they ment, he relented, and went on briskly But I think it was something like this: 'How I should like to come up where you are and let you lean against me, you are so little and I am so big and strong.

Then the Breeze sped away laughing, leaving the Little Tree trembling more than ever and filled with happiness. She leaned toward the Tall Spruce and fluttered her freshly tipped branches daintily, and whispered something to the Brook as it frolicked by. Then a brown cone fell upon the clear water and the Brook danced down the hill.

So all the spring and summer the two Spruce Trees looked at each other, and sent messages by the birds and squirrels and called to each other and sighed and yearned. And ob, that she might come down the hill to him, and alas! that he might not climb the hill to her!

sadness and foreboding fell upon the two Spruce Trees, though neither spoke of it to the other. Some vague danger seemed marching towards them in the waning a lesson from the usefulness of the articles autumn. One night when the birds and squirrels were in bed and the hunters' moon shone hig and yellow in the sky, so with only fourteen cents in his possession. that the stars were drowned in its flood of However, though brought up with care and glory, the Little Spruce Tree could not every comfort, he had never been used to She looked down the hill and saw the Tall Spruce Tree standing straight and sombre in the golden light, and it seemed to her that her heart was breaking with He had not waited till he got to the the nameless sorrow that was hiding there. her and comfort her ! He tugged and strain- and come home unhappy. ed at the strong roots that held him bound, and his sturdy limbs trembled and shook with the struggle, and he groaned with

anguish to find how powerless he was. When the Little Spruce heard him la-When the Little Spruce heard him lameasuring cup. He priced them one day, menting, she dried her tears and whispered and found they could be had for five cents. softly lest anyone should overhear, "Are you awake, dear Tree?"

And the Tall Spruce whispered back, "I heard you weeping and I could not sleep. What is it troubles you, little one?" "My heart is heavy with fear," replied

the Little Spruce Tree. "Each day as it trimming store to satisfy himself that the passes seems to bring some trouble nearer and nearer, but I do not know what it

The Tall Spruce was silent for a moment. Then he said sadly: "So you have felt it, too, Little One. like: Listen, have you never heard how years ago men came with axes and murdered my father and carried him away no one knew

where? I was very small then but I remember how he shrieked as he came crashing down to the ground. Lately some thing has told me that I shall perish as my father did." 'O,no! O,no!" cried the Little Spruce "You must not go. I cannot stay here

alone. I've grown to love you so, dear Tree, and though I know we must ever be separated, that I can never go down the hill to you nor can you ever come up to plan. me, it comforts me to look at you down there so brave and patient. If you go I

the God that made us had a Dear Son whom He sent down here to help mortals. They did not understand and took Him and made a cross of wood and nailed Him to it and broke His heart with their ingratitude."

"O, how wicked! How cruel!" said the Little Spruce.

The Tall Spruce nodded. 'So it seems to us, Little One. I do not understand why it all happened so, but, because He gave His life as He did, a great good came to mortals. And now all over the world men make a feast to celebrate His birthday. They call it Christmas, and they decorate their homes with evergreens and set up a tree as a symbol-and it was for this that my father perished. Things are not so hard when one knows the rea-

son, are they, Little One?"
But the Little Tree only answered, 'Dear Tree, dear Tree, I cannot let you And she tossed her branches and moaned all through the night.

One by one the leaves fell from the trees and were whirled into brown drifts by the cold north wind. The trees stood bare and leafless against the gray sky and shivered in the frost, and one night a soft snow came floating down the hill. When the morning dawned, clear and calm, with the sky blue as a turquoise, the branches of the Little Spruce were sprinkled with a covering, so white and shining that it looked to the Tall Spruce like a bridal veil. It was on that day that they came for him just as he had foreseen. He straightened himself valiantly and breathed a message of courage to the Little Spruce standing, all glistening and shining, but she did not weep, for she wished to be brave for his sake.

The Tall Spruce shivered as he felt the first blow of the axe laid to his trunk, and the Little Spruce hid her eyes. She seemed to feel every blow through her own slender body. Wielded by the men's strong arms the axes dealt stroke after stroke, steadily, vigorously. Then the men stood aside and silently, like a wounded warrior,

the Tall Spruce came crashing down.

The Little Spruce opened her eyes at the sound. There he lay prostrate—her dear Tree, who stood so tall and straight and proud. She tossed her branches in sorrow, and shook off her bridal veil, and moaned and cried aloud, so that the men looked up at her and said, "There must be a high wind on the top of the hill. See how that tree up there is waving.'

PART II. From the ash heap, where he laying dying, the Tall Spruce could catch a glimpse of the crest of the hill where he was born. The ashes were choking him, the hot May do you think?" it whispered to the nod-ding, sweet-scented flowers, "when I was going by the Little Spruce Tree on the crest was filled with a great yearning for the was filled with a great yearning for the cool shadows and the moist rich earth. A of her branches, and begged me to carry it drowsiness and languor were creeping over him. The tickling of the water overflowing from the iron trough on the corner seemed to him the laughter of the Brook among the stones. Half waking, half

sleeping, he dreamed a happy dream. He thought he was back again on the hillside, but now he was growing near the Little Tree that he loved so dearly—so near that their branches touched and their roots had intertwined. Then the hillside faded, he was back among the ashes, but her branches still mingled with his; her slender trunk lay against him, and her graceful twigs, now brown and withered like his, were pressed against his side. Coming to full consciousness again, his heart gave a great bound of joy. He was no longer alone among the dust and ashes, for there at his side lay the Little Spruce.

"They cut me down the next day," at last whispered the Little Spruce. "I loved every blow of the axe! Dear Tree, I remembered what you told me, and I tried to make the children happy. I was loaded with gifts and shining tinsel, and they were lighted, and over me they hung a little image of an angel with outstretched wings. I was weary, oh, so weary, with the burden sometimes!"

"Poor little slender one !" said the Tall Spruce, pityingly.
"I tried not to mind, dear Tree," she

answered. "I knew you were weary, too. They kept me in the bouse till I began to scatter my needles on the carpet, then they tossed me out on the rubbish heap. Today, when they brought me here to die with you, Dear Tree, everything comes out right at the last."

"Everything!" the Tall Spruce answered, "if one is only patient."—By Ruth Beardsley Stahl, in the Shop Talk.

He had Fourteen Cents.

For making both ends meet, and a little It was during the harvest season that a money go a long way, it seems that the ingenuity of a little 8 year-old boy in Germantown holds the record. Many a grownup person with a plump purse might take selected.

The boy found Christmas approaching handling money; so, undannted by the meagre amount, he set out cherrily to do

stores on Germantown road todo his think-She sighed softly to herself and, through ing, for even his little experience warned the still night, the Tall Spruce heard the him that he would probably be dazzled by sound of tears. How he longed to go to a lot of tinsel things, squander his savings

So, like a wise, purchaser, he had listed long beforehand, and been rewarded by hearing of two "wants," which came within his means. Mother wanted a new tin Then he heard his aunt say she needed a new tape measure. This he could buy for two cents. He stopped in the tin store half a dozen times to be sure that the woman was saving the measuring cup; and about as frequently he dropped into tape measure was still there.

When the day before Christmas finally came he went out with his little fistfull of pennies, and if he had kept account of what e spent this is what it would have looked

All this has been about eleven or twelve years ago. The boy who made fourteen cents bring pleasure tosix persons has since traveled over a greater part of the United States without a penny of capital, working his way from place to place. He is now seeing the sights of Europe on the same

Spruce. "Somewhere I have heard that in some place where the ghost walked.

SANTA CLAUS.

I used to watch for Santa Claus With childish faith sublime, And listen in the snowy night To hear his sleigh bells chime Beside the door on Christmas Eve

I put a truss of hay To feed the prancing dancing steeds That sped him on his way

I pictured him a jolly man With beard of frosty white, And cheeks so fat that when he laughed They hid his eyes from sight; A heart that overflowed with love For little girls and boys, And on his back a bulging pack.

If children of a larger growth Could have a Christmas tree From Father Time, one gift alone Would be enough for me-Let others take the gems and gold, And trifles light and vain,

Brimful of gorgeous toys.

Shoe-Black Jim.

In Santa Claus again!

But give me back my old belief

In a small crowded room in one of the rear tenement houses of a great city where the sun's rays were never known to shine. or fresh air allowed to penetrate, our little

Jin lay dying.

Months before I one morning saw him standing on a street corner, with his shoe box strapped to his back, calling out in tremulous tones, "Shine sin?" But the hurrying business men paid little or no attention to the pleading voice or frail form which was swayed to and fro by the bitter, biting December wind. As I handed him a picture paper I asked, "Are you hungry, my boy?" I noticed the pale, pinched my boy?" I noticed the pale, pinched cheeks, and the large brown eyes, fast filling with tears, as he replied, "Yes, miss; I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning; but granny is worse than me, for she's had nothing but a cold tater since yesterday."
"And who is granny?"

"She lives in the rear alley on Mott. Me own mother died over on the Island, so granny says, and I guess I never had any

"Did you ever go to Sunday school?" "Laws, no, miss; I've no time. I has to stay 'round all day, and then sometimes gits only a couple of shines. Them fellows with the big chairs takes all the profit of us

chaps. Granny says 'tis a hard world.''
I handed the child a dime and told him to get a warm cup of coffee and a roll; then got from him a promise to attend the Band of Hope meeting that afternoon at 4 o'clock. I hardly expected to see him again, but was happily surprised to see him walk in, shoe box on his back, while we were singing "Fold me to thy bosom." I shall never forget the expression that was on his face as he stood spell-bound in the middle of the room and stared at me and the organ. I motioned him to a seat, but he did not move till the music had ceased and the other children were all seated.

My lesson that day was about the great Shepherd that goes out among the hills and the mountains of sin and gathers in the little lambs that wander away from the sheep-fold. I did not know that day that the dear Savior's hand had already stretched out to receive this little lamb that had many times, young as he was, been found tipsy and also smoking cigarettes that he had stolen from somebody's street stand.

He was a regular attendant at Sunday school and Band of Hope, and no one joined more heartily in the singing than Jim. One day in our children's prayer meeting, he gave his heart to Jesus. No one could doubt the conversion of that little heart when they looked into the bright eyes and beaming face that continually shone with heavenly light. One day a messenger came to me in haste and said, "Jim is dying. Hurry, please, miss; he wants to see you again before he dies." I burried, and as I groped my way along the turkey. dark alley and up the ricketty stairs, I caught the sound of the sweet voice sing-"Fold me, fold me, precious Saviour." I entered quietly so as not to disturb the singer, but the bright eyes saw me and he said: "Sing it with me once more teacher." We sang it through together; then he said: 'The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in his arms. I'll never forget the bymn, but will remember it till you come up there, too; then we'll sing it again." And the little lamp of life went out.

Old Kris in an Automobile.

Kris Kringle up-to-date will whizz about the city on Christmas eve in a big 40-horse power automobile. He comes to Philadelphia this year under the auspices of a charitable society named in his honor the Santa Claus Association. Headquarters for the good old saint have been secured by Miss Elizabeth Phillips, president of the association, at No. 1227 Walnut street, and here will be received until Christmas all gifts and contributions sent to the so-

Toys, pictures, groceries, clothing and all sorts of articles that will bring gladness to little children and sick and infirm inmates of hospitals and asylums are among the donations requested by the association. These will be put up in packages and boxes and sent out just before Christmas to hundreds of little children of the poor whom the absent-minded old saint would be liable to forget were his memory not jogged in this way. The packages will be delivered by Santa himself in full regalia and will be marked simply "from Santa Claus."

Large boxes will be sent to numerous hospitals, asylums and homes. Blockley, in particular, will be remembered generously .- Philadelphia Record.

Wrapping Christmas Gifts.

There is an art in wrapping Christmas gifts so as to add to their attractiveness. Provide yourself with an abundance of white tissue paper, a package of the inexpensive Japanese napkins that come at this eason with the holly borders, then plenty of red and green bell ribbon, the shape of holly berries and leaves for tying. the package as daintily as possible in a napkin or the tisue paper, and tie with white ribbon. Slip into this your visiting card on the back of which write some of the sweet Christmas messages of which the world never grows weary. Wrap again in tissue paper, tie one way with red ribbon and the other way with holly green, and where the ribbons cross insert a sprig of holly leaves and berries. Little artificial sprays of holly with berries come as low as five and ten cents, and may be used instead of the real where the package has to go some distance.

Instead of the ribbons for tying, raffia, e, it comforts me to look at you down pere so brave and patient. If you go I hall die."

"Hush, Little One," whispered the Tall
Thespian—No; it was a real comfort to be shops new beautiful satin ribbons with holly sprays used in tying gifts.

Christmas Aanin Chrisan

HERE is one feature of civilization which always follows the flag around the world. That is the spirit of Christmas. Wherever the 25th of December finds an American warship that place is on Santa Claus' map, though to get there he may have to shed his furs and change his reindeers for a team of porpoises. The seafaring man is sentimental to a degree, and no one of his fellow citizens celebrates the Yuletide with more enthusiasm than the man behind the gun.

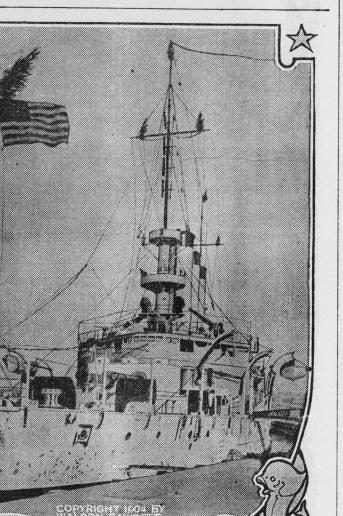
Lying in one of Uncle Sam's navy

By H. a. ferrin

Copyright, 1905, by A. W. Ferrin

tongue, pickled beets, celery, mashed potatoes, green peas, cider, mince pies, assorted cakes, oranges, apples, bananas, nuts, raisins, candy, coffee, cigars and cigarettes.

The Texas was at the New York navy yard, to be sure, but her relatives in the navy who passed the day in foreign ports probably fared quite as well, though their crews may have had to substitute some other bird for yards or anchored in the sheltering the turkey. The tars of foreign fleets



BATTLESHIP MAINE DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS.

harbor of some home port, where proximity to shore insures an abundance of the usual accessories. Christmas on board a man-of-war is not essentially different from the holiday of the landlubber. It is on the foreign stations, and especially those in tropic seas, that Jacky has to exercise his well mas atmosphere. On many a battleship and cruiser have bamboos done duty as Christmas trees, banana leaves as holly and cacti as table decorations. Many a Chinese pheasant or other heathen bird has masqueraded at the Christmas dinner as a North American

The navy's Christmas really begins at noon Dec. 24. After that hour discipline is relaxed and all hands are piped to the work of preparing for the morrow's festivities. The sun must not rise on masts or yardarms naked of Christmas greens, and all night the cook's galley fires are hot-a special concession from the "old man"-baking pies and cakes innumerable.

On Christmas morning the usual routine is omitted. During the forenoon religious services are held on vessels' on which there are chaplains. Otherwise the sailor man is left to his own devices until noon. Then comes the event of the day-the Christmas din-

welcome an American warship to an anchorage alongside on Christmas day, for they know what Yankee hospitality means. Seldom does a crew of an American vessel on service beyond the seas sit down to its Christmas dinner alone. While he may not be so generous as to call in the lame, the halt known ingenuity to create a Christ and the blind, man-o'-war's men from more than one imperial battleship or royal cruiser have occasion to remember with infinite regret the grub of the Yankee sailor.

After dinner general leave is granted and in home ports many of the sailors go ashore to visit relatives and friends. Most of the men, however, and on a foreign station practically all, remain on board for the sports to which the afternoon is devoted. Rowing is the most common feature of these contests, and where two or more vessels are gathered together there are highly exciting races for the championship of the fleet. On deck, boxing, wrestling and fencing vie for favor with sack races, three legged races and athletic games which involve quick work in going aloft and getting down again. Frequently the programme ends with a pie eating contest, which never loses popularity with either participants or spectators. With their hands tied behind them, the pie eaters



JACKIES PREPARING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

ner. Uncle Sam feeds his seagoing at Christmas he spreads himself. Besides, the jackies generally have a few gold pieces saved up to put on the finishing touches, and the committee on comestibles is kept busy for days before the festival hunting all kinds of delicacies to their lairs. The result is a dinner which would make any man's mouth water on sea or land. One year on the Texas, for example, the menu of the forecastle Christmas feast consisted of oyster soup, roast turkey and cranberry sauce, boiled cold

kneel around a table, a pie in front of servants pretty well at all times, but each face. The man who can get away with his pastry in the shortest time, using teeth and lips only, wins a prize of some sort, while the losers have the consolation of having had an extra

At some time during the day the captain of the ship is likely to find himself confronted with a deputation of men representing those who have by infractions of discipline incurred demerit marks, carrying a pail of slacked lime and water and a whitewash brush, mutely pleading that their sins

be washed out in honor of the day. The plea is usually effective.

The distribution of Christmas mail, following the athletic programme, takes the place of the distribution of gifts at home. The farther from "God's country" the ship happens to be the greater the interest in this ceremony. Much of the mail may have been posted by dear ones at home many weeks before Christmas, but the letters and packages bear the inscription. "Not to be opened before Christmas." and the officers see that the injunction is not disregarded. Often the seals of sacks known to contain Christmas mail are not broken until the time comes for its distribution, that the recipient may derive the greater pleasure from their treasures by enjoying them in common

The officers have their dinner in the evening. The day has very likely been a lonesome one in the wardroom, for if the ship is on a home station all the officers who can get away and who have families spend the day ashore. At night, however, they return, bringing their "sweethearts and wives" with them. The naval regulations, ordinarily ignoring the very existence of women, permits them to dine aboard ship on Christmas day, and few "navy women" fail to take advantage of such a privilege. A good part of every officer's December pay is exhausted in the interests of Yuletide cheer and no guest has ever hesitated to pronounce the wardroom's Christmas banquet an unqualified success. Still, it sometimes happens that the enlisted men have a better dinner than their superiors, for the able seaman is an early bird, and where supplies are limited he may corner the market before his officers know what has happened. The crew of a man-of-war on the Asiatic station some years ago bought up all the turkeys in Hongkong and Canton and the officers of the ship would have been put to it to find a substitute had not the sailors taken pity on them and given up some of their spoils.

The day's celebration ends with a concert by the ship's band or a minstrel show, with sailors and marines in burnt cork performing all manner of "stunts" and cracking many an excellent joke at the expense of the officers, who always take the jests in good part. International complications furnish plenty of themes for clever witticisms and sketches, in which the men often show much dramatic abil-



GIFTS FOR THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN. ity. Last year the Panama incident was very creditably "worked up" on one battleship. This year the Russian and the Jap will have to take their turns as targets for the minstrels' merry quips.

"The Star Spangled Banner," the marine amen, puts the official benediction on the celebration, and, with "taps" sounding in their ears, officers and men curl up in their bunks and hammocks to dream of their maternal grandmothers and the other specters which plum pudding evokes.

Mistletoe. -Hang it up.

-Get kissed under it.

-Forget that it's parasitie.

-Think what a past it has. -The Druids regarded it with awe. -Found upon an oak, it with superstitiously regarded.

-It was considered as sacred to sylvan -To deck a house with it was to invite the sylvan spirits.

-This interesting plant is known to botanists as the "viscum album." -- The Greeks bad great veneration for it

because of its medical powers. -Its white berries are close in the leaf axiles and are translucent.

-Its glutinous fruit develops from little pale blossoms. -It grows in the Southland and pene-

trates as far as Indiana. -Its narrow, crisp, thick foliage lends itself admirably to jewelry designs. -Miss Bird doesn't wait to be kissed under it. She prudently gulps down its

berries and wings her way to "next." "No." Do you owe Bilker money?"

"Why do you avoid meeting him?" "Don't want him to owe me money."

-Mr. Gusher-Darling! You refuse me a kiss? Has not my avowal the ring of true love about it? Miss Cute—Yes, dear, but my finger hasn't.