

Bellefonte, Pa., December 21, 1906.

A CRADLE SONG.

Hush! my dear, !ie still and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed! Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment, House and home, thy friends provide, All without thy care or payment All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended Than the Son of God could be. When from heaven He descended, And became a child like thee

Soft and easy is thy cradle; Coarse - nd hard thy Savior lay: When His birth place was a stable,

See the kindly shepherds round Him, Telling wonders from the sky! Where they sought Him, there they foun Him,

With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing ; Lovely Infant how He smiled ! When He wept, the mother's blessing Soothed and hush'd the holy Child. Lo. He slumbers in His manger,

Where the horned oxen fed Peace, my darling! here's no danger! Here's no ox a near thy bed!

May'st thou live to know and fear Him, Trust and love Him all thy days : Then go dwell forever near Him: See His face, and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses, Hoping what I most desire; Not a mother's fondest wishes Can to greater joys aspire. -Isaac Watts

A STOLEN CHRISTMAS.

"I dot't s'pose you air goin' to do much

Christmas over to your house."

Mrs. Luther Ely stood looking over her gate. There was a sweet, hypocritical smile on her little thin red mouth. Her old china-blue eyes stared as innocently as a baby's, although there was a certain hardness in them. Her soft wrinkled cheeks were pink and white with the true blond tints of her youth, which she had never lost. She was now an old woman, but people still looked at her with admiring eyes, and probably would until she died. All her life long her morsel of the world had in it a sweet savor of admiration, and she had smacked her little feminine lips over it greedily. She expected every one to contribute toward it, even this squat, shabby, defiant old body standing squarely out in the middle of the road. Marg'ret Poole had stopped unwillingly to exchange courtesies with Mrs. Luther Ely. She looked aggressive. She eyed with a sidewise glance the other woman's pink,

"'Taint likely we be," she said, in a voice which age had made gruff instead of piping. Then she took a step forward. her. Well, we ain't goin' to do much," conoin' to git a few things. She say a very nice 'sortment up to White's."

Marg'ret gave a kind of affirmative grunt; then she tried to move on, but Mrs. Ely would not let her.

"I dun know as you have noticed our new curtains," said she.

Had she not! Poor Marg'ret Poole, who had only green paper shades in her own windows, had peeped slyly around the corner of one, and watched mournfully, though not enviously, her opposite neighbor tacking up those elegant Nottinghamlace draperies, and finally tying them back with bows of red ribbon.

Marg'ret would have given much to have scouted scornfully the idea, but she was an honest old woman, if not a sweet one. "Yes I see 'em," said she, shortly.

"Don't you think they're pretty? 'Well 'nough," replied Marg'ret with

another honest rigor.
"They cost consider'ble. I told Flora 1 thought she was kind of extravagant; but then Sam's airnin' pretty good wages. I dun know but they may jest as well have

things. Them white cotton curtains looked dreadful kind of gone by." Marg'ret thought of her green paper ones. She did not hate this other old woman; she at once admired and despised her: and this admiration of one whom she despised made her angry with herself and ashamed. She was never at her ease with

Mrs. Luther Ely. Mrs. Ely had run out of her house on purpose to intercept her and impress her with her latest grandeur—the curtains and the Christmas tree. She was sure of it. Still she looked with fine appreciation at the other's delicate pinky face, her lace cap adorned with purple ribbons, her black gown with a flounce around the bottom. The gown was rusty, but Marg'ret did not notice that; her own was only a chocolate calico. Black wool of an afternoon was sumptuous to ber. She thought how genteel she looked in it. Mrs. Ely still retained her slim, long waisted effect. Marg'ret

had lost every sign of youthful grace; she was solidly square and stout.

Mrs. Ely had run out, in her haste, without a shawl; indeed, the weather was almost warm enough to go without one. It was only a week before Christmas, but there was no snow, and the grass was quite bright in places. There were green lights night. over in the field, and also in the house "The yards. There was a soft dampness in the air, which brought spring to mind. It almost seemed as if one, by listening intent-

ly, might hear frogs or bluebirds. Now Marg'ret stepped resolutely across the street to her little house, which was shingled, but not painted, except on the front. Some one had painted that red many years before.

Mrs. Ely, standing before her glossy white cottage, which had even a neat little hood over its front door, cried, patronizing-

ly, after her once again: "I'm comin' over to see you as soon as I can," said she, "arter Christmas. We air

dretful busy now. "Well come when ye can," Marg'ret responded, shortly. Then she entered be-tween the dry lilac bushes, and shut the

door with a bang. Even out in the yard she had heard shrill clamor of children's voices from the house; when she stood in the little entry it

"Them children is raisin' Cain," muttered she. Then she threw open the door of the room where they were. There were

bed, their fat little legs and arms swung "Granny ! granny !" shouted wildly.

For the land sake, don't make such a racket! Mis' Ely can hear you over to her house?' said Marg'ret. "She'll see I ain't buyin' anything," she

"Untie us. Ain't ye goin' to untie now, Say, Granny."
"I'll untie ye jest as soon as I can get
my things off. Stop hollerin."

hooks. A strong rope was tied around she told the proprietor, apologetically, "an each child's waist, and the two ends fastened securely around a hook. The ropes wer long enough to allow the children free range of the room, but they kept them just short of one dangerous point—the stove. long enough to allow the children free The stove was the fiery dragon which baunted Marg'ret's life. Many a night did she dream that one of those little cotton petticoats had whisked too near it, and the flames were roaring up around a little yellow head. Many a day, when away from were four boys in that family. But Mrs. home, the same dreadful pictures had loom ed out before her eyes; her lively fancy had untied these stout knots, and she had hur-

ried home in a panic. Marg'ret took off her hood and shawl, hung them carefully in the entry, and dragged a wooden chair under a book. She was a short woman, and she had to stretch up on her tiptoes to untie those hard knots. Her face turned purplish red.

This method of restriction was the result of long thought and study on her part. She had tried many others, which had proved ineffectual. Willy, the eldest, could master knots like a sailor. Many a time the grandmother had returned to find the house empty. Willy had unfastened his own knot and liberated, his little sisters, and then all three had made the most of their freedom. But even Willy, with his sharp 5-year-old brain and his nimble little fingers, could not untie a knot whose two ends brushed the ceiling. Now Marg'ret was sure to find them all where she left

After the children were set at liberty she got their supper, arranging it neatly on the table between the windows. There was a nice white table cover, and the six silver teaspoons shone. The teaspoons were the mark of a floodtide of Marg'ret's aspirations, and she had had aspirations all her She had given them to her daughter, the children's mother, on her marriage. She herself had never owned a hit of silver, but she determined to present her daugh-

ter with some. "I'm goin' to have you have things like other folks," she had said.

Now the daughter was dead, and she had the spoons. She regarded the daily use of them as an almost sinful luxury, but she brought them out in their heavy glass tumbler every meal.

"I'm goin' to have them children learn to eat off silver spoons," she said, defiantly, to ther father; "they'll think more of themselves."

The father, Joseph Snow, was trying to earn a living in the city, a hundred miles distant. He was himself very young, and had not hitherto displayed much business capacity, although he was good and willing. They had been very poor before his wife died; ever since he had not been able to do much more than feed and clothe himself. He had sent a few dollars to Marg'ret from time to time-dollars which he had saved and scrimped pitifully to accumulate—but the burden of their support had come upon

She had sewed carpets and assisted in tinued Mrs. Ely, with an air of subdued spring cleanings—everything to which she loftiness. "We air jest goin' to hev a little could turn a hand. Marg'ret was a tailorspring cleanings-everything to which she Christmas tree for the children. Flora's ess, but she could now get no employment clothes" in these days. She could only pick up a few cents at a time; still she managed to keep the children in comfort, with a roof over their heads and something to eat. Their cheeks were fat and pink

they were noisy and happy, and also pretty.

After the children were in bed that night she stood in her kitchen window and gazed acros at Mrs. Luther Ely's house. She had left the caudle in the children's room -the little things were afraid without itand she had not yet lighted one for herself: so she could see out quite plainly, although the night was dark. There was a light in the parlor of the opposite house ; the Nuttingham lace curtains showed finely their pattern of leaves and flowers. Marg'ret 'Tain't no use my tryin' eved them. ' git up a notch," she muttered. no use for some folks. They ain't worked no harder than I have ; Louisa Ely ain' never begun to work so hard ; but they can have lace curtains an' Christmas trees.

The words sounded envious. Still she was hardly that; subsequent events proved it. Her "trying to git up a notch" ex-plained everything. Mrs. Luther Ely, the ace curtains, and the Christmas tree were as three stars set on that higher "notch" which she wished to gain. If the other woman had dressed in silk instead of rusty wool, if the lace draperies had been real, Marg'ret would bardly have wasted one wistful glance on them. But Mrs. Luther Ely had been all her life the one notch higher, which had seemed almost attainable. In that opposite house there was only one carpet. Mrs. Ely's son-in-law earned only a comfortable living for his family; Marg'ret's might have done that. Worst of all, each woman had one daugh

ter, and Marg'ret's had died. Marg'ret bad been ambitious all her life. She had made struggle after struggle. The tailoress trade was one of them. She made up her mind that she would have things like other people. Then she married, and her husband spent her money. One failure came after another. She slipped back again and again on the step of that higher notch. And here she was tonight, old and poor, with these three belpless children dependent upon her.

But she felt something besides disappointed ambition as she stood gazing out to-

"There's the children," she went on "can't have nuthin' for Christmas. I ain't got a cent I can spare. If I git 'em enough to eat, I'm lucky."

Presently she turned away and lighted a lamp. She had some sewing to do for the children, and was just sitting down with it, when she paused suddenly and stood re-

"I've got a mind to go down to White's an' see what he's got in for Christmas," said she. "Mebbe Joseph 'll send some money 'long next week, an' if he does, mebbe I can git 'em some little thing. It would be a good plan for me to kind of

Marg'ret laid her work down, got her hood and shawl, and went out, fastening put away the money, and went hersel the house securely, and also the door of the She did not read in her Bible that night. com where the stove was.

To her eyes the village store which she presently entered was a very emporium of beauty and richness. She stared at the festoons of evergreens, the dangling trump-by, and great crashes came from that. testoons of evergreens, the daugling trumpets and drums, the counters heaped with cheap toys, with awe and longing. She asked respectfully the price of this and that, some things less westernian that. that, some things less pretentions than the ''Tain't nothin' others. But it was all beyond her. She kept saying to herself. three of them in a little group near the might as well have priced diamonds and hout three o'clock she saw a red glow window. Their round yellow heads bob- bronzes. As she stood looking, sniffing in on the wall opposite the window.

the odor of evergeen, and new varnish, which was to her a very perfume of Christ-mas, arising from its fullness of peace and merriment. Flora Trask, Mrs. Ely's daugh-

thought to herself.

But Marg'ret Poole came again the next day, and the next, and the next-morning, y things off. Stop hollerin.''' afternoon and evening. "I dun know but In the ceiling were fixed three stout I may want to buy some things by-an'-by,"

She stood about, eying, questioning, and to get work to raise a little extra money, but she could get none at this time of the year. She visited Mrs. White, the storeeeper's wife, and asked with forlorn hope White shook her head. She was a good woman. "I'm sorry," said she, "but I haven't got a mite. The boys won't wear ome-made clothes."

She looked pitifully at Marg'ret's set. disappointed face when she went out.

Finally those animals of sugar and wood, those pink-faced, straight-bodied dolls, those tin trumpets and express wagons, were to Marg'ret as the fair apples hanging over the garden wall were to Christiana's sons in the Pilgrim's Progress. She gazed and gazed, until at last the sight and the

smell of them were too much for her.

The evening before Chirstmas she went up to the post-office. The last mail was n, and there was no letter for her. Then got them out?" she kept on to the store. It was rather early, and there were not as yet many customers. Marg'ret began looking about as usual. She might have been in the store ten minutes when she suddenly noticed a parcel on the corner of the counter. It was nicely tied. It belonged evidently to one of the persons who were then trading in the store or was to be delivered outside later. Mr. White was not in; two of his sons and a hoy clark were waiting upon the cus-

Marg'ret, once attracted by this parcel, could not take her eyes from it long. She pored over the other wares with many sideong glances at it. Her thoughts centred upon it, and her imagination. What could be in it? To whom could it belong?

Marg'ret Poole bad always been an honest woman. She had never taken a thing which did not belong to her in her whole life. She suddenly experienced a complete moral revulsion. It was as if her principles, whose weights were made shifty by her long watching and lon-ing, had suddenly gyrated in a wild somersault. While they were reversed, Marg'ret, warily glancing around, slipped that parcel under her arm, opened the door and sped home.

It was better Christmas weather than it had been a week ago. There was now a fine level of snow, and the air was clear and cold. Marg'ret panted as she walked. The snow creaked under her feet. She met many people burrying along in chat-tering groups. She wondered if they could see the parcel under her shawl. It was quite a large one.

When she got into her own house she hastened to strike a light. Then she untied the parcel. There were in it some pink sogar cats and birds, two tin horses and a little wagon, a cheap doll, and some bright picture-books, besides a paper of

There was a violent nervous shivering all over her stont frame. "Why can't I Ob, dear! dear! dear!"

She got out three of the children's stocking's, filled them, and hung them up be-side the chimney. Then she drew a chair before the stove, and went over to the hureau to get her Bible: she always read a chapter before she went to bed. Marg'ret was not a church member, she never said anything about it, but she had a presistent, reticent sort of religion. She took up the Bible; then laid it down; then she took it up again with a clutch.

'I don't care," said she, "I ain't done nothin' so terrible out of the way. can't be airned, when anybody's willin' to work, ought to be took. I'm goin' to wait till arter Christmas; then I'm jest goin' up to Mis' White's some arternoon, au' I'm goin' to say, 'Mis' White,' says I, 'the day before Christmas I went into your hus-band's store, an' I see a bundle a-layin' on the counter, an' I see a bundle a layin' on the counter, an' I took it, an' said nothin' to nobody. I shouldn't ha' done such a thing if you'd give me work, the way I asked you to, instead of goin' outside an' buyin' things for your boys, an' robbin' honest folks of the chance to airn. Now, Mis' White, I'll tell you jest what I'm willin' to do; you give me somethin' to do an' I'll work out twice the price of them things I took, an' we'll call it even. If you lose it.' I wonder what she'll say to that."

Marg'ret said all this with her head thrown back, in a tone of indescribable defiance. Then she sat down with her

Bible and read a chapter.

The next day she watched the children's delight over their presents with a sort of grim pleasure.

She charged them to say nothing about

them, although there was little need of it. Marg'ret had few visitors, and the children were never allowed to run into the neigh-

Two days after Christmas the postmaster stopped at Marg'ret's house; his own was was just beyond.

He handed a letter to her . "This came

Christmas morning," said he. "I thought I'd bring it along on my way heme. I knew you hadn't been in for two or three days and I thought you were expecting a let-

"Thank ye," said Marg'ret. She pulled the letter open, and saw there was some money in it. She turned very white. "Hope you ain't got any bad news,"

d the postmaster.
"No, I ain't." After he had gone she sat down and read her letter with her

knees shaking.

Joseph Snow had at last got a good situa tion. He was earning fifty dollars a month. There were twenty dollars in the letter. He promised to send her that sum every

"Five dollars a week!" gasped Marg'ret. "My land! An' I've-stole!" She sat there looking at the money in her lap. It was quite late; the children had been in bed a long time. Finally she

She could not go to sleep. It was bitterly cold. The old timbers of the house cracked. Now and then there was a sharp

"Tain't nothin' but the frost," she

"I'm 'maginin' it," muttered she. She would not turn over to look at the win- Still she did not start for a while longer. dow. Finally she did. Then she sprang, Mrs. Luther Elv lived was on fire.

By the time she got out in the road she saw black groups moving in the distance. Hoarse shouts followed her cries. Then

the church bell clanged out. Flora was standing in the road, holding on to her children. They were all crying. "Oh, Mis' Poole!" sobbed she, "ain's it dreadful? ain't it awful?"

"Have you got the children all out?" asked Marg'ret. "Yes Sam told me to Stand bere with

'em."
"Where's your mother?' up first." The young woman rolled her wild eyes toward the burning house. "There she is!" cried she.

Mrs. Ely was running out of the front I brought 'em all back." door with a hox in her hand. Her son-inlaw staggered after her with a table on his shoulder.

There were other men helping to carry out the goods, and they chimed in.
"No," cried they; " 'taint safe. Don't

you go in again again, Mis' Eiv" Marg'ret ran up to her. "Them curtaine," an' the parlor carpet, have they

"Oh, I dun know-I dun know! I'm afraid they ain't. Oh, they ain't got nothin' out! Everything all burnin' up! Oh, dear me! oh, deat! Where be you goin'?" Marg'ret had rushed past her into the house. She was going into the parlor, when a man caught hold of her. "Where are you goin?" he shouted. "Clear out of

"I'm a goin' to get out them lace curtains an the carpet. "It ain't any use. We stayed in there just as long as we could, trying to get the carpet up; but we couldn't stand it any

onger; it's chock full of smoke." The man shouted it out, and pulled her along with him at the same time. "There!" said he, when they were out in the road; "look at that." There was a flicker of golden fire in one of the parlor windows. Then those lace curtains blazed. "There!" said the man again: "I told you it wasn't

Marg'ret turned on him. There were many other men within hearing. "Well, I wouldn't tell of it," said she. in a loud voice. "If I was a peck of stout able-bodied men, and couldn't ha' got out them curtains an' that carpet afore they burnt up. I wouldn't tell of it."

Flora and the children had been taken into one of the neighboring houses. Mrs. Ely still stood out in the freezing air, clutching her box and wailing. Her sonin-law was trying hard to persuade her to go into the house where her daughter was. Marg'ret joined them. "I would go if I was you, Mis' Ely," said she.
"No, I ain't goin'. I don't care where I

be. I'll stay right here in the road. Ob, dear me!'

"Don't take on so." "I ain't got a thing left but jest my best cap here. I did get that out. Oh, dear! oh, dear! everything's burnt up but jest "My land!" said Marg'ret "won't they this cap. It's all I've got left. I'il jest put it on an' set right down here in the road an' freeze to death. Nobody 'll care.

"Oh, don't, Mis' Ely." Marg'ret, almost rigid herself with the cold, put her hand on the other woman's arm. Just then the roof of the burning house fell in. There was a shrill wail from the spectators.

"Do come, mother," Sam bigged when they stood staring for a moment. "Yes, do go. Mis' Ely," said Marg'et. "You mustn't feel so." "It's easy 'nough to talk," said Mrs. Ely. " you wouldn't bad much to lose-nothin

but a passel of old wooden cheers an' "I know it," said Marg'iet. Finally Mis. Ely was started, and Marg'ret hurried home. She thought suddenly o the children and the money. But the children had not waked in all the tumult, and the money was where she had left it. She did not go to bed again, but sat over the kitchen stove thinking, with her elbows on her knees, until morning. When

morning came she bad laid out one plan of That afternoon she took some of her money, went up to Mr. White's store, and ought some Nottingham-lace curtains like the ones her neighbors had lost. They were

off the same piece. That evening she went to call on Mrs. don't, all is your husband will have to Ely, and presented them. She had tried to think that she might send the parcel anon vmously-leave it on the doorstep; but

she could not. "Twon't mortify me so much as 'twill

the other way," said she, "an' I'd ought to be mortified." "So she carried the curtains, and met with a semblance of gratitude and a reality

of amazement and incredulity which shamed her beyond measure. After she got home that night she took

up the Bible, then laid it down. "Here I've been takin' and worryin' about gettin' up a higher notch," said she, kind of despisin' Mis' Ely when I see her on one. 'Mis' Ely wouldn't have stole. I ain't nothin' 'side of her now, an' I never can be."

The scheme which Marg'ret had laid to confront Mrs. White was never carried out. Her defiant spirit had failed her. One day she was there and begged for

ork again. "I'm willing to do most anythin' washin' or anything, an' I don't want no Mrs. White was going saway the next

day, and she had no work to give the old woman; but she offered her some fuel and Marg'ret looked at her scornfully. "I've got money enough, thank ye," said she.

My son sends me five dollars a week." The other woman stared at her with amazement. She told her husband that night that she believed Marg'ret Poole was getting a little unsettled. She did not know vhat to make of her.

Not long after that Marg'ret went into White's store, and slyly laid some money on the counter. She knew it to be enough to cover the cost of the articles she had stolen. Then she went away and left it

That night she went after her Bible. declare I will read it tonight," muttered she. "I've paid for 'em." She stood eying it. Suddenly she began to cry. "Oh, dear!" she groaned; "I can't. There don't anything do any good—the lace curtains, nor payin, for 'em, nor nothin', I don't know what I shall do.''

She looked at the clock. It was about nine. "He won't be gone yet," said she. She stood motionless, thinking. "If I'm never disband.

goin' to-night, I've got to," she muttered. When she did, there was no besitation. No and rushed toward it. The house where argument could have stopped Marg'ret ole, in her old bood or shawl, pushing Marg'ret threw a quilt over her bead, unbolted her front door, and flew. "Fire! duty. When she got to the store she went fire!" she yelled. "Fire! fire! Sam—Sam Trask, you're all burnin' up! Flora! Oh! and the glass panels clattered. Mr. White and the glass panels clattered. Mr. White was alone in the store. He was packing up some goods preparatory to closing. Marg'ret went straight up to him, and laid a

package before him on the countor "I brought these things back," said she; 'they belong to you." "Wby, what is it!" said Mr. White,

wonderingly. "Some things I stole last Christmas for

the children. "What! ' "I stole 'em."

She untied the parcel, and began taking

man. He seemed slowly paling with is size. amazement as he stared at her and the ar-"Don't you go in again, mother," said ticles she was displaying.

"You say you stole them ?" said he. "Yes; I stole 'em." "When?" "The night afore Christmas."

"Didn't Henry give 'em to you!" "Why, I told him to," said Mr. White, "I did the things up for you myslowly. self that afternoon. I'd seen you looking kind of wishful, you know, and I thought

per, and told Henry to tell you to take it, and I supposed he did." Marg'ret stood staring. Her mouth was open, her hands were clinched. "I dun to contain all the gifts which in other years

at length. "I mean you ain't been stealing as much E. Wilkens.

"You have no business in politics." Thus spoke the Dictator angrily. "I know I haven't," said the Rich Young Candidate, "I do not own a street railway or an insurance company or a food trust or anything like that. Having no husiness in politics, I feel all the better fitted to be a faithful public servant."

THE LITTLE CHRIST.

Mother, I am thy little Son-Why weepest thou? Hush! for I see a crown of thorns, A bleeding brow.

Mother, I am thy little Son-Why dost thou sigh? Hush! for the shadow of the years Stoopeth more nigh! Mother, I am thy little Son-

O, smile on me. The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay, The leaf laughs on the tree O, hush thee! The leaves do shiver sore

I see it hewn, and bound to bear The weight of human woe! Mother, I am thy little Son-The Night comes on apace

That tree whereon they grow,

When all God's waiting stars shall smile On me in thy embrace O. hush thee! I see black, starless night! O, could'st thou slip away

Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death And get to God by Day! Ry LAURA SPENCER PORTER

Lemont.

Friday. Monday brought us rain and Tuesday frost

and colder weather. Rev. Spayely will hold services at this place Sunday afternoon. John Barton, of Pittsburg, visited among

friends in Oak Hall-last week. Mrs. Mary Williams and Mrs. Maggie Longwell returned to Philipsburg Saturday Rev. Joseph Miller has been visiting among friends at Houserville the past few

weeks. A. J. Tate, of Dale Summit, is quite ill at present with heart trouble, and not expected to live.

Philip Bradford was in Pittsburg Friday are very decorative "fillers," with their

to attend an annual examination of railroad employees. Harry Wagner is reported to have sold his

farm and stock to a young man from Pittsburg, this last week. Rev. William Groh, who was the minister at Houserville about eighteen years ago, shops are provided with lounging rooms preached to that congregation on Sunday now, and a rest on a sofa or in a big chair,

their midst again. Nathan Grove killed three hogs that dressed 1200 pounds ; H. K. Hoy one that dressed 415 pounds and Joseph Edminston three that per in good trim for the work that lies b dressed almost 1200 pounds, these being the fore her. heaviest ones in this neighborhood up to date.

Spring Mills.

We have had zero weather in this valley of late. Apparently winter has commenced

in earnest. Turkeys seem very plentiful, evidently there will be no scarcity of the bird for Christmas dinner.

The officers and teachers of our Sunday schools are making preparations for the usual holiday entertainments. The ice houses about town are being put

be expected now most any time. John Snavely is putting down a very substantial road of crushed stone from his barn to the main road, a very decided improve

ment.

money was found at the railroad station. The owner can have same by applying to the agent and proving property. Considerable butchering was done here last

Last week a purse containing a sum of

week. It seemed as if about every third family was engaged in the business. Of course sausages, liverwurst and scrappel are What has become of the Shakespearian

club we had here a year ago? It was a very select organization and several of the members were excellent readers, displaying his-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. hat rules the world? Is t might? What rules the world? Is it love?

Is it hunger that drives? Is it wit that thrives? Shall subtlety triumph or right? inger drives and gumption thrives, and sub tlety's envy's glove.

But knowledge and truth shall drive ruth. And love, in the end, is might.

-E. S. MARTIN.

Jack Horner pies have long been interesting features of children's parties, but not until this season have grown folks barked back to Mother Goose for Christmas inspirations. The four-and-twenty blackbirds of melodious memory may have had as much to do with the Christmas pie as Jack Horner, but the caterers who furnish these mam-"Where's your mother?"

"I don't know. She's safe. She waked here but the candy," she said; "the children ate that up; an' Aggie bit the head off cound tin tabs which clean Britons always." moth delicacies do not tell the source from this pink cat the other day. Then they've travel with, and just about as graceful. jammed this little horse consider'ble. But Sometimes it is decorated with sugar plums or a wreath of holly, or "A Merry Christ-Mr. White was an elderly, kind-faced mas" in icing, but its chief characteristic

> It is not always made of crust, papiermache is the most satisfactory ingredientbut a thin layer of crost, which can be chipped off in small bits to allow the expectant guests to "taste the pastry," adds to the fun-and the expense-of the pie cutting performance. Of course, these huge pies have a mission (and one that Santa Claus ought to resent), and usually contain the family Christmas presents, or the servants' presents only, or those of the heads of the house to the children, or those I'd make you a present of them. I left the intended for every member of a house par-

> I'd make you a present or them. I went to sup-bundle on the counter when I went to sup-bundle on the counter when I went to sup-to tall you to take it, One of these pies, made for a mother of a family, whose home was very nearly swept away last year by a Christmas tree fire, is know-what you mean," she gasped out have hung on a tree for the children and their party guests. A very elaborate ver-sion of a Christmas pie is made so that the as you thought you had," said Mr. White.
> "You just took your own bundle."—Mary
> E. Wilkens. the gifts.

> > A pretty gift for grandma, if she has attained the distinction long enough ago to be an old lady, is a muff foot stool. is one of the ordinary low wicker foot stools covered with eiderdown flannel in black, or gray. The top of the stool has a thickness of cotton wadding laid on before the flannel is fitted, and a muff or hood of the same lined with bright soft silk nailed on. A short fringe of wool matching in color edges the stool covering.

> > Artificial holly branches at 18 cents for three are wonderfully made and in great demand for house party decorations among the guests to make coiffures for the women and boutonnieres for the men. The real holly is reserved for house decorations. Mistletoe, in the same way and at the same price, has a large sale.

The girls who delight in hastening the coming of Christmas by keeping busy with holiday preparations-and the boys, too, for that matter-will find the preparation of snowball for tree ornaments "easy to make," and they will prove quite an addition to the tree at little expense. These are the directions to give the youngesters if

fluffy and shapely :

One sheet of tissue paper is all that is required to fashion a modest-sized snow ball. Take your sheet and fold in six or eight thicknesses, lay the pattern circle out from stiff paper upon this, being careful to stick a pin exactly in the centre, so that there may be no mistake in measurement. Now trace about the edge of your pattern with a pencil, then cut out six or John Etters and wife returned from Dewart 14 slits about the edge, dividing the rounds nearly to the centre in separate sections. Round off each separate petal and twist them into shells by placing the section hetween the thumb and finger of the right hand. Turn with care, so that the paper

is twisted once around.

When all have been shaped in this manner they are ready for the florist's wire, which, with the aid of a pair of pincers, is twisted into a spiral for the stem, the end knotted or lopped. Slip all the petals off the pin onto the wire. The first four or five must be pressed up against the wire, and the others slipped on afterward. When all are in place, press together closely, to form a round ball, twisting a piece of wire

gleam of white; and when hung away in a dust-proof closet they can be made to serve for a second year. If you will take a five-minute rest once or twice during your day's shopping you won't be a wreck at night. All the big forenoon and all were pleased to have him in with the eyes closed and mind as free as possible from care and worry-forget for the time the number of things you have

bought or mean to buy-will go a won-

drous way toward keeping the weary shop-

Few understand, except those who have had to resort to these "five-minute bracers" in order to keep up during a tedious convalescence, how much elasticity of figure is unconsciously acquired if the body is given periodic rests during the day. The cult of the five-minute resters is gaining disciples among women whose social duties are quite as wearing as those grimier ones of kitchen slave or the working housewife, and the fad is such a wholesome one that the girl who wishes to keep her freshness and save her strength for congenial work will do well to adopt it. In order to de-rive the greatest benefit from a five minutes' rest, one must relax all the muscles of the body-and the miud, if possible. Be in order to receive the usual crop, which may a limp, inert, lazy bundle for a brief spell. Shut the eyes, let the shoulders and hands droop, relieve all tension which dignity usually demands, and try not to think for three hundred seconds.

> The most important thing to be considered in choosing gifts is that they be appro-priate. Common sense and tact are needed as well as taste and money in choosing gifts well. Don't send a silver card case to a hard-working farmer's wife, a set of ivory chessmen to a recipient whose knowledge of the game is confined to its name, a statuette of the Milo Venus to her who has no suitable niche for its beautiful self, a bandkerchief case to the bachelor man who wants his handkerchiefs where he can grab them in a hurry, slippers to the poor min-ister who might be a centipede from the ister who might be multitude of pedal coverings showered upon him, or a cigarette case to the man who regards smoking as one of the seven deadly