

When Santa Came to Cactus Gulch

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

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WHEN Santy comes to Cactus we wuz not expectin' him. Our almanac connections bein' broken off complete. In fact, with us the trail o' time had got so mortal dim We only knowed 'twuz winter by the absence o' the heat.

Says I to Pinky Perkins, with a squint at Desert Dan—

Says I: "We'd orter hustle for a little extry feed."

It's long about Thankgivin'." "Why," says Pinky P.—"why, man, I'll bet it's nearer New Year's, for the old one's gone to seed."

We argied it an' argied it till Desert Dan put up

His canvas bag o' nuggets an' a pint o' yaller dust

He's spent the year collectin' in his pewter drinkin' cup.

"It's Christmas in a week," he says; "I'll bet you, win or bust."

I still maintained Thankgivin' wuz about the proper date,

As judgin' by my appetite, an' Pinky still declared

That New Year's wuz the blow-out that wuz next upon the slate,

But Desert waved his nugget bag an' dared an' dared an' dared.

"See here," says Desert, "I can feel the season in my bones;

I sense a sort o' hankerin' for days of old long sign,

When I wuz back in Jersey an' my name wuz Daniel Jones;

I'm lonesome as the soldier wuz at Bingen-on-the-Rhine."

Then Desert up an' tells us what he's never said before—

As how he had a cottage an' a woman an' a kid;

But, some misanderstandin' havin' made his spirit sore,

Nigh on to twenty years ago he simply up and slid.

I looked at Pinky Perkins then, an' Pinky looked at me,

But both of us wuz silent, an' we looked at Desert Dan,

But he wuz sizzlin' bacon for a supper feed for three,

An', shore as I'm a sinner, there wuz teardrops in the pan!

That night we set an' hugged the stove, while all around the shack

A desert blizzard whistled an' the snow wuz whirlin' thick.

It shore wuz Christmas weather, but there shorely wuz a lack

Of anything suggestin' o' our ancient friend St. Nick.

The door bust open suddent-like, an', stranger, dog my cat!

If there ain't Santy Claus hisself, in fur an' robe complete,



"THERE WUZ TEARDROPS IN THE PAN!"



"IF THERE AIN'T SANTY CLAUS HISSELF."

With snow a-clingin' funny to his automobile hat,

As swell a Santy makeup, sir, as anywhere you'll meet.

But when he turned his bearskin down his whiskers fell away

(It wuzn't anything but snow collectin' on the fur),

An' back of him an angel stoan—yes, angel's what I say—

An' Desert Dan got wobbly when he up an' looked at her.

Young Santy says, "Is Mr. Jones at home tonight?" says he,

At which old Desert gives a gasp, but struggles to his feet.

Then me an' Pinky we vamooseed in honor of the three,

For if they wuzn't Joneses you can douse my glim complete!

That's all the story, stranger, but I'm some inclined to add

When Santy come to Cactus with his mother, which he did,

It clean upset the notions we had always previous had,

For daddy got the Christmas gift, and Santy wuz the kid!

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE

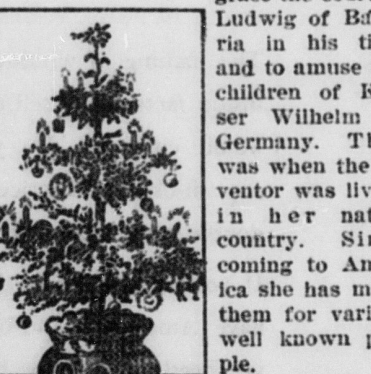


How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared it might, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.



BEAD CHRISTMAS TREE.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything with the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making bead Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long, slender wire. She bound the loops together in threes, making trefles, and the trefles into branches and the branches into a tapering trunk, the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires nipped together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adepts at making and fixed it in a pot of sand and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was grieved and surprised to find that he could not accept it.

"I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.

Christmas Caution. "Is it customary to hang up one stockin' or de intiah pair on Christmas eve?" said Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

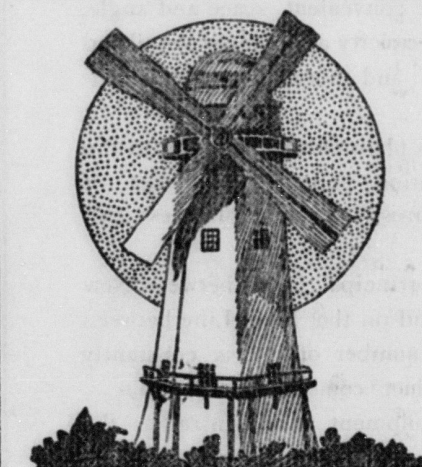
"Only jes' one," answered Miss Miami Brown "If you hangs on to de mate you isn' takin' so many chances on somebody he'pin hisself to foot-wear 'stid o' leavin' presents."—Washington Star.

MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven feet high and weighed no less than 1,999 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 323 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 35 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of orange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of mixed spices, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

Fortune For Toys For the Poor. The poor children of Pittsburg and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

Origin of the Christmas Tree. There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

A Christmas Hymn. No tramp of marching armies. No banners flaming far; A lamp within a stable, And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness To earth the angels brought. Their "Gloria In Excelsis" To earth the angels taught.

When in the lovely manger The holy mother maid In tender adoration Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness And none so poor as he, The little children of the poor His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then. But just the huddling sheep, The angels singing of the Christ And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners. No legion sent afar; armies, A lamp within a stable, And in the sky a star.

—Margaret F. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that the fad over here will fall. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaneer of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he clinks his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

Spring Mills.

Quite a number of our school children are afflicted with the numps.

Magistrate M. B. Hering, who has been in ill health for a month or two, is improving.

Miss E. Victoria Wolfe left on Saturday last on a few days visit to her grandmother, Mrs. Stambauch, at Aronsburg.

Harvey I. Brian has closed his bicycle shop for the winter and is now in Nittany. Elmer Ripka will attend to the repair department during his absence.

James N. Letzel, of Pine Grove Mills, formerly of this place, who has been here since early in the fall repairing his properties, returned home on Friday last.

Homer Zerby at present is employed by Wm. Ruhl, the liverman, to take commercial agents to and from neighboring towns. Mr. Zerby is a very careful horseman.

M. L. Wagoner, of Selingsgrove, was interviewing our merchants on Thursday last. Mr. Wagoner, has been on the road quite a number of years, and is still an active salesman.

Our public roads and bridges were never in a better condition than they are at present. Andrew Corman, road master, knows exactly what the traveling community requires and consequently all defect are repaired at once.

J. C. Condo, of the Penn Hall carriage works, has been very seriously ill for the last ten days with typhoid pneumonia, and at present writing is not improving. Mrs. Condo was also taken ill during the week and is threatened with typhoid fever.

W. W. Grove now occupies his new office in the building he recently erected, and has everything systematically arranged. All the necessary tables, desks, surveying instruments and printing business can now be transacted satisfactorily and expeditiously.

Prosperity seems to be still far off. The mills and factories that were to start up immediately upon Mr. Taft's election, are now waiting it is said, for water—bosh, are now waiting for orders and business, that's the whole gist of it, but then people like to be fooled, Paek well says "What fools we mortals be."

Notwithstanding Mrs. Margaret Ruhl had almost closed the millinery part of her business and resumed the dress making department with orders sufficient in that line to keep her busy until spring, she was obliged to order a few more hats for customers, who desired now a particular style of trimmed hat which she had earlier in the season. Mrs. Ruhl receives every month from New York fashion plates, giving the latest styles of gowns worn in New York and Paris.

Castoria.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Bears the Signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

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—CHRISTMAS GOODS—
We have everything that is useful and practical at the lowest price.

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CHILDREN'S COATS.

Ladies' Fur Muffs and Scarfs.
Misses' Fur Sets.
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Ladies' and Children's Golf Gloves in all colors and black.
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Men's Gloves of all kind.

Handkerchiefs for Men, Women and Children, Silk, Linen and Cotton. Silk Mufflers for Men, Women and Children.

Umbrellas for Men, Women and Children, Silk and Cotton.

Purses, Pocket-books, and Chatelaines in leather and metal.
Gold Pins, Brooches, Bracelets.
Neck Wear for Women.
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Silk Scarfs in all colors.
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Handsome Waists in fine Emb. and Lace.
Fine Lisle and Silk Gaiter Hose in Black and colors.
Satin Damask Table Linen and Napkins to match.
Satin Damask Towels, something very handsome.

Coat Sweaters for Men, Women and Children.
Fancy Persian Ribbons for Fancy Bags and a great many other useful presents. Have not the space to give you a complete list. Come into our store and we will help you to make a selection for Men, Women and Children at specially low prices.

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A CHRISTMAS BOX OF Shawknit Socks

JUST THE CORRECT CHRISTMAS PRESENT

For Father, Husband or Son

"Shawknit Socks" have been known to you a great many years. They are sold almost everywhere. When you present "Shawknit Socks" you are making a gift of the best that are made, plus the assurance that they will please the man who gets them, and a realization that your present will last for a long time and give great comfort and pleasure. "Shawknit Socks" are the best wearing socks. Every pair guaranteed. Shawknit trademark is plainly stamped on the toets.

For more than 30 years "Shawknit Socks" have been the most popular American-made goods. They are free from seams—properly shaped in the process of knitting—fit comfortably—colors absolutely fast and pure.

This Beautiful Christmas Box contains six pairs of "Shawknit" Cotton Socks—two of black, two of tan, and two of navy—all the same popular medium light weight for only \$1.50.

These "Shawknit Socks" are made in sizes 9 to 11½.

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