

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE WOOD.

Ho, little fellow, if you will be good
Some day you may go to the Christmas-Tree Wood.

It lies to the north of the Country of Dreams,
It glitters and tinkles and sparkles and gleams;

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

"The Cresslys are due today, I suppose,"
said James Randal, as he took his place at the immaculate breakfast-table opposite his no less immaculate sister whose patriotic face looked exactly like the pale, old-fashioned miniature on the Sevres coffee-cup beside her.

"No, I didn't ask them this year," Miss Mattie answered. "The boys are growing so big and noisy and they worry the cats, and I don't want to see the boys' faces so much."

"That so?" The stationmaster took off his cap, rubbed his head roughly as if something troubled him deeply. "Well, said he, 'you go right in, yonder an' see by the door till I find out when your pa's comin' back. I'll telegraph up the road and see about it.'"

"What difference does it make if you don't know her?" the man broke in. "I can't send her back to the 'sylum an' it's Christmas! An' there ain't no down train till mornin', anyhow. Specially a lady like yourself has got enough sympathy for a poor little orphan to take care of her for one night, an' it's Christmas, too!"

"Certainly I am sorry for her," Miss Mattie answered, "but I dislike to take an utter stranger into my home, especially one that may have been exposed to all sorts of contagion. Besides I disapprove of deception such as you just now indulged in."

from the plebeian, bustling life of the young town that was not of the select old stock from which the Randal sprang, in the midst of which they existed like depleted flowers whose fragrance has long departed from the want of nourishment.

"You lookin' for somebody?" he asked good-naturedly. "Yes, sir, I'm lookin' for my pa," she answered in a sad voice. "He wrote for me to come and stay with him."

"What's your pa's name?" "Mr. John Baynes." "The man dropped his handful of brass checks and stopped to pick them up before he attempted to ask further questions. When he finally looked at her his homely, honest face was curiously perturbed."

"Ob, yes, I rec'lect now. He worked at the switch here a while, didn't he? Well, he's gone off somewhere, but I reckon he'll be back soon if he expects you. When did he write for you to come?" "Day 'fore yesterday. He said for me to get here by Christmas, sure. I'm goin' to stay an' keep house for him right along," said the little girl seriously.

"Ob, you are! You don't look big enough to do much of anything," the stationmaster observed, measuring her size and strength with troubled eyes. "I ain't very big, but I can work real good," the child assured him with a note of pride. "Aunt Lindy learned me to do 'most everything so's her girls could go to school regular."

"I am sure Judy will see that she is properly cared for James. Please do not argue the matter any further." James deferred, as usual, to his sister's wishes. While their dinner was in progress Miss Mattie related, briefly, the occurrence as the stationer in which James exhibited a profound interest.

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"Why, she must be John Baynes's little tyke," said the young man with heedless impetuosity. "Say, little girl, didn't they tell you your pa got killed yesterday?" "For heaven's sake, don't say that!" the listeners waited with indrawn breath, then a piercing clear little voice cried out in sudden panic: "Oh, no, no! Pa ain't killed! I know he ain't!"

And Mary cried. Oh, how she cried! Till the deep fountain of tears was exhausted and her frail strength worn away; and all the while James Randal held her to his heart while the tears trickled down his cheeks and he went to school, and Aunt Lindy sent me to the orphan 'sylum till he got his siddy job here an' then he sent for me."

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WANT TRUTH SHOWN TO THE PEOPLE.

In the outlook for a better monetary system by equity rule, our newspapers should inform their readers with annual quotations of world production of silver and gold and its ratio in political phrases understood by the masses. They should also inform the people as to the world's money by nations, its kind and volume per capita in simplified form in order that they might comprehend it more speedily.

Table with columns for Year of 1896 and Year of 1908, listing Gold, Silver, and Paper for various countries including United States, United Kingdom, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Romania, Serbia, Austria, Netherlands, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, Australia, Egypt, Mexico, South America, China, Japan, Hawaii, and Finland.

"There were purchased as bullion and melted at the mints and assay offices 1,770 mutilated silver dollars during the fiscal year, 1908, which were for use in the manufacture of subsidiary silver coins."

"In 1908 the output in the United States was 4,574,340 ounces of gold, with a value of \$94,500,000, and 52,440,800 ounces of silver, with a commercial value of \$28,050,600, and weight ratio are silver 11 1/2 to 1 gold."

Therefore, methinks that the annual amount of silver bullion required for our fine arts should be deducted from the total amount of silver bullion annually produced in America, and the balance coined by purchase in the open market. Our exportation of silver bullion to the enemy silver dollar paying money power reduces the price of silver unjustly and this Republic has helped to make China poor and has refused them an asylum.

"DO IT NOW." Crown God of love by silver dollar coinage three million per month. NO COMPACT with England and Japan. Aggressiveness. There is not sufficient gold to go around, and single gold standard will cause greater war for the markets. JAMES WOLFENDEN, Lamar, Pa.

CHRISTMAS ASHES.

Yuletide logs are burning low,
Teeth-night soon his face will show,
And those sober days come in,
When the year's work we begin.

But the ashes—save them all!
On your hearthstone as they fall;
Christmas ashes have a charm
That can fend away much harm.

Housewives, take the precious drift
And among your linen stow;
'Mid your wool and silken cloths,
So to keep them free from moths.

Cast the ashes white and soft
Round the byre and through the croft.
Then the younglings of the year—
Fleece or feathers—need not fear.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Fable of the Horseshoe.

Do you know the German fable about the horseshoe? In the olden times, in a little village of Germany, a blacksmith was hard at work. The sound of the anvil attracted the attention of the devil. He saw that the smith was making horseshoes, and thought it would be a good idea to get his hoof-shod. So the devil struck a bargain, and set up his foot.

The blacksmith saw with whom he was dealing and nailed a ref-bot shoe on driving the nails square into the devil's hoof. The devil then paid him, and left; but the honest blacksmith threw the money in the fire. He knew it would bring him bad luck.

Meanwhile the devil had walked some distance, and began to suffer the greatest torture from the shoes. The more he danced and kicked and swore, the worse the things hurt him. Finally, after he had gone through the most fearful agony, he tore them off and threw them away.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Happy the man and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

Serges, diagonals, homespun and mixed suitings for the street, and volles and cashmires, with self-trimmed in the way of shirtings, pippins, rolled or band trimming for the indoor dress, are the materials the economical woman who would appear up-to-date should select for the winter wardrobe that is yet to be refurnished. There are several reasons for this. The first should be chosen because, being the fabrics that figure in the fashionable street suits made by the most exclusive tailors, the plainer suits made up in them cannot fail to be recognized as the proper things. Again, and in some respects this is the stronger reason, they are the materials of all others that are staple and "hold their own" the longest. The same may be said of the lighter fabrics for inside wear which I have just named. Some of the exclusive models for indoor gowns are entirely free from all but self-trimming, rows of shirring over the bust being the most popular forms of garniture.

Cardory is another material which is also shown in medium-priced suits this year and which reappears occasionally almost every winter. Whole suits of corduroy in dust-brown and leather tones, also in forest-green with brown fur trimmings, and knee-length blouses which are considered as smart sporting coats, are among the moderate-priced garments which good shops are showing. I do not recommend these garments, however, where real economy is to be practiced, for they belong to the class of apparel that stamps the wearer who has no money.

So, too, does the first suit illustrated on this page with its numerous out-of-the-ordinary features. The pleating around the neck, for example, and the square collar which is repeated exactly in the back, and which is faced with black and white striped velvet, are features which in time would weary the owner who could not vary her costumes frequently.

Either the second or third costume would prove infinitely more satisfactory for general wear, for these follow conventional lines and are simply finished, the first in velvet, the second with shirring only. Such suits are this year out in ribbed cloth; either the hard-finished diagonals, or the soft-finished serges or chevrons and homespun; or they are of mixed suitings similar to those used for men's business suits. They serve all sorts of purposes, and a woman of any age may wear them appropriately. They are the styles of gowns some smart women use for all practical purposes during the winter.

Either suit may be worn with a tailored waist, smart collar and tie for strict morning wear, or a lingerie blouse with a fancy frill or jacket will make the suit acceptable for luncheons and for morning or afternoon lectures and musicals. Again, with a pretty waistcoat and a lace jabot, the suit is metamorphosed into a dress that may be worn appropriately to all but the most formal weddings.

For the morning tan gloves, or those that match the suit should be worn with suits of this character; for the afternoon white or preferably (because, and only because, they are newer) pale tan or mole-colored gloves are required.

In expensive hats this year there is nothing all so smart and simple as the beaver-faced hats that turn up so sharply at the side or all round, and are trimmed solely with a soft band of velvet, a rosette, or a feather mount. The mole-colored beaver, with a velvet of sharply contrasting color, is perhaps the most serviceable for general purposes.

There are also some very attractive turbans which are made up to match tailored suits of an even more practical sort. In their case the top of the hat is stretched with the dress material, and a wide fold of beaver-finished cloth of the predominant color of the suiting is wound about the high brim. No trimming is given these hats for the present beyond a simple quill or a small feather mount. Sometimes nothing rises above the crown, and a buckle set at the side alone varies the fold. The turbans are worn with a small dress veil or may be given a thicker one for stormy days.

In hanging up a dress skirt, especially a plaid one, it is a good plan to fold the band in four and pin it flat with a hat pin. This prevents the sagging while in the closet, which so quickly makes a skirt look shapeless. Many prefer this to putting on any regular skirt hanger.

The curious thing about gray is that women never understand its tones. The middle-aged, the invalid, the anemic, the untidy and many others of kind whose gray whenever in doubt. They don't look any father. If they didn't want to wear black they buy gray, haphazard, with a satisfied feeling that they couldn't have made a mistake, says a writer.

They have made a serious mistake. None of these women should wear gray. As a rule it produces the most lifeless look to the face that any color does except black. Young girls who have brilliant coloring can wear it; and those well-fed matrons who have rounded lines and red cheeks can choose gray without another thought.

But the pale, and frail, the middle-aged woman, with lines under the eyes and without color in her cheeks, should dread gray as she does a dull, wet day. It depresses every look of vitality about her.

Bran Bath Bags.—Take a pound and a half of new bran, three-quarters of a pound of almond meal, eight ounces of powdered orris root and five ounces of shaved castile soap.

Housekeepers who are canny in other directions too often forget that a heavy salad is out of place at the dinner table. Plain orange salad served with French dressing on lettuce leaves cannot be improved upon for most persons by any admixture. Diced pineapple with orange is always delicious, and for variety peaches or pears may be added. Large, ripe alligator pears, at their best now in the fancy fruit shops, are one of the possibilities.

—You miss a good thing if you don't take the WATCHMAN.