Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 24, 1909.

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 F or tinsel and trinkets grow thick on the trees, Where wonderful toys are for him who will seld

You go by the way of the Road of Be-Good Whenever you go to the Christmas-Tree Wood, And when you draw near you will notice the walls

That rise high about the fair City of Dolls, Whose entrance, unless you are wanted; is barred By Tin-Soldier regiments standing on guard.

It's over in Candy Land, there where the shops Forever are turning out peppermint drops ; Where fences are built of the red-and-white sticks And houses are fashioned of chocolate bricks, Where meadow and forest and sidewalk and

master.

or me to come and stay with him."

honest face was ouriously perturbed.

"What's your pa's name?"

did he write for you to come?'

"Mr. John Baynes."

street Are all of materials children can eat.

You sail on a ship over Lemonade Lake And drink all the waves as they quiver and break And then, when you land, you are under the trees Where Jumping Jacks jump in the sway of the

breeze-But only the children most awfully good Can ever go into the Christmas-Tree Wood.

-From "The Land of Make-Believe." By Wilbur Nesbit, issued by Harper & Bro

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 patri-cian face looked exactly like the pale, oldfashioned miniatures on the Sevres coffeecup 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 so." As she spoke she glanced down at a tionmaster observed, measuring beautiful Angora cat that basked in the and strength with troubled eyes. patch of dim wintry sunlight straggling hrough the window.

disappointed," James observed after a slight pause during which he, too, had

Miss Mattie smiled dryly. "Not at all," she declared. "On the contrary, I shall enjoy the quiet, for I really dislike the domestic derangements that the Cresslys' presence always creates. I suppose Hallie is not to blame for her slack upbringing, but her children are certainly very trying to the nerves. None of them are like the Bandals in the very least." Miss Mattie stood in the doorway, white something troubled him deeply. "Well," said he, "you go right in yonder an' set is comin' back. I'll telegraph up the road and see about it." 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' set is comin' back. I'll telegraph up the road and see about it."

weakening of social principle. She had his wandering attention. surprised him in earnest conversation with "Oh, yes, yes, a message did come for will you not ?" the little Bedells, of vagrant manners and someone in town," he recollected sudden- Miss Mattie dropped weakly into a nearhybrid ancestors, who supplied old Judy ly. "Party can't leave !' That's what by chair, for the magnitude of her broth- change is in us." She paused to hang the

from the plebeian, bustling life of the properly cared for James. Please do not

young town that was not of the select old stock from which the Randals sprang, in the midst of which they existed like de-wishes. While their dinner was in progress pleted flowers whose fragrance has long Miss Mattie related, briefly, the occurence at the station in which James exhibited a As the afternoon wore on the sky dark-ened and the raw obill of the morning deepened to bister cold. By four o'clock, when Miss Mattie seated berself in her oldprofound interest. He asked anxiously whether Judy had been instructed to treat

her particularly well, and was told, by Judy herself, that the child would be atfashioned road cart preparatory to driving to the depot, a light snowfall added to the tended to in due time, "after you-all git waited on."

"When she is ready for bed, Judy, you dreariness of the gray day, and by the time she reached the dull little station the may put her in the little room next to United St United K France yours. Please see that she is well supbades of a stormy twilight bad deepened plied with covering, for it is a cold night." Judy accidentally left the dining-room door ajar when she withdrew, and neither Miss Mattie nor James noticed the fact unto dusk. The train rumbled in noisily while Miss Mattie waited on the uncovered platform for the young man she was to welcome in Mrs. Gray's place. He did not appear, however. Two lumbering farmers alighted, followed by a woman who hurried away with her head bowed against the til they heard a stranger's voice in the kitchen-the voice of a young man who had brought in a late consignment of ex-pressage. He was talking to Judy in a loud but pleasant voice that carried disdriving wind, and lastly a child of ten or Austria Netheria thereabout, very poorly and insufficiently dressed, clambered down the train steps Norway Sweden Denmark tinctly to the dining-room. and stood staring about in a bewildered, utterly helpless fashion that attracted the attention of the gruffy obserful station-"Got Christmas company, I see, Judy,"

said he cheerily. Judy explained with characteristic

brevity. "Why, she must be John Baynes's little "You lookin' for somebody?" he asked

tyke." said the young map with heddless impetuosity. "Say, little girl, didn't they tell you your pa got killed yesterday ?" For one intensely still moment the lis-teners waited with indrawn breath, then a good-naturedly. "Yes, sir, I'm lookin' for my pa," she answered in a scared voice. "He wrote

Straits : Canada piercingly clear little voice cried out in sudden panic : "Ob, no. no ! Pa ain't killed ! I know he ain't !" Haits Siam Hawaii

l'urkey

Bulgaria

South Afr Finland

"Mr. John Baynes." The man dropped his handful of brass checks and stooped to pick them up before he attempted to ask further questions. When he finally looked at her his bomely, James rose and stumbled toward the door, but before he had reached it the expressman had told little Mary the brotal "What did you say his name was?" he truth. She stood staring at him with eyes asked again, with elaborate carelessness. "Mr. John Baynes." full of incredulous pain, her pretty, childish face as pale as snow and her hands clinched in front of her in an attitude of "Oh, yes, I reo'lect now. He worked intense rigidity, when James crossed the threshold and hurried toward her. Her at the switch here a while, didn't he? Well, he's gone off somewheres, but I reckon he'll be back soon if he expects you. When

glance swerved to his face with a sudden agonized appeal. "Ob, say it ain't true about my pa ! "Day 'fore yisterday. He said for me to git here by Christmas, sure. I'm goin' to stay an keep house for him right along," said the little girl seriously. "Oh, you are ! You don't look big enough to do much of anything," the stashe implored. "Say he ain't dead ! Say it " James Randal drew a deep breath that James Randal drew a deep breath that seemed to sweep inward with a strange warmth that melted the long-frozen foun-tain of emotion, and dropping to his knees he drew the little, rigid, trembling form into his arms. "My dear little girl, it is true," he said in a voice of infinite pity. "Your father is dead. Oh, how sorry we all fail. There don't true to knew from tionmaster observed, measuring ber size the big dim wintry sunlight straggling "I ain't very big, but I can work real god," the child assured him with a note of minister is dead. Oh, how sorry we of pride. "Aunt Lindy learned me to do all feel ! There, don't try to keep from 'most everything so's her girls could go to school reg'lar." orying, but have it out. Cry, poor little girl, and have the worst over

disappointed, " only which he, too, had slight pause during which he, too, had looked speculatively at the dozing cat. "I think not, James. I sent Hallie a substantial check instead of the invitation, and that will probably please the boys more than the usual visit here, besides sparing me a good deal of discomfort." "Don't you think yon may be a little helf apologetically. "I dot with them?" James ventured half apologetically. "I dot with them?" the weat at all."

be no one in all the world to miss us. Think of that."

By and bye James gently unclasped Mary's rigid arms and rose. He laid his to the nerves. None of them are like the Randals in the very least." "I shall miss them," said James, with the ghost of a sigh. Miss Mattle glanced sharply at her brother, in whom she had once or twice detected signs of what she considered a I am able to provine a fiving for act, the Young Child came so the sage, will try to take a mother's part by her, dle on the holy night centuries ago.

WANT TRUTH SUBMITTED TO THE PEOPLE

In the outlook for a better monetary system by equity rule, our newspapers 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 most speedily. The following obart compilation is from reports of the Director of the United States Mint. The year 1896 and 1898 are used for comparison of monetary changes because of the ups and downs in trade during those periods. The monetary system by nations, its kind and volume per capita, follows :

Year of 1896.				Year of 1908		
	Gold	Silver	Paper	Gold	Silver	Pape
tates	\$9.35	\$8.78	\$5,90	\$18.58	\$8.23	\$8.
ingdom	14.86	3.40	2.84		2.62	2.
	20 10	12.82	2 55		10.46	6.
•	12.91	3 96	2.41		3,69	4.
	7.93	9.05	11.51		5.29	17.
	3.25	1.29	5,45		1.23	4.
nd	5.33	.70	4.77		2.31	7.
	.23	.68	6.45		.19	15.
	2.14	2.71	5.72	4.48	8.86	5.
	1.00	1.45	11.71		6,19	11.
ia	7.15	1.96	2.19		.03	5.
	.65	.74	1 30	1.81	1.70	
Sec. 1	3.76	1.44	4.89		2.09	2
nds	5 58	11.71	6.77		9.37	2. 8.
	3 75	1.00	1.90	5.17	1 35	2.
	1.77	1.02		4.19	1.57	6.
r	7.17	2.35	2.00		2.88	5.
	3.88	.35	3.70		.54	
	2.27	1.82		5.50	1.14	
REAL MARK	26,23	1.43			2 08	
	18.47	.74			1.34	
	.39	7 70	.32		1.18	3.
America	.19	2 14	1,43		1.57	13.
nerica	1.11	.97	15.28		as quotations,	
	1.81	1.90	1. 26 B.B.	1.53	1.04	1.
		3.21	.12		2.81	
		2.08			1 06	
ettlement 63		63,68			5.35	1.
	2 76	1.03	6.03		1.12	10,
	8 33	.83			2.50	
	4.00	4. 0	4.10		1.66	4.
	.21	2.06		1.80	.80	
	.12	38.66			7.37	
	40.10	10,00			oted	
rica	Not quoted	and the second		6.31	2.59	
	Not quoted			1.69	.10	4.
12 2 4 - 19 4 - 1 8 1 B						

"SUBSIDIARY COINAGE BY STANDARD SILVER DOLLARS."

"There were purchased as bullion and melted at the mints and assay offices 1,170 autilated silver dollars during the fiscal year, 1908, which were for use in the manu-

The motto appears on all gold and silver coins struck since July 1st, 1908, with the

exception of the dime." Were there any silver dollars coined? In 1908 the output in the United States was 4,574.340 onnees of gold, with a value of \$94,500 000, and 52.440 800 onnees of silver, with a commercial value of \$28,-

050,600, and weight ratio are silver 11½ to 1 gold. From the United States hureav estimates on the world's consumption of new precious metals in the arts during the calendar year of 1907 the ratio is fourteen ounces of silver to one onnoe of gold. There were issued by the government institutions and manufactured by private home refiners for use in the industrial arts during the year 1907, silver to the amount of 19,416,987 fine ounces.

Therefore, methinks that the annual amount of silver required for our fine arts hould 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 an enemy of silver debt-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 JAMES WOLFENDEN, Lamar, Pa. markets.

Miss Mattie paused over her examination of a bright little string of beads which Judy

had donated from her hoarded treasures

and looked at her brother with dim eyes, for the memories connected with the eager

offerings of the old negroes touched her

with a quickening sense of remorse. She had been responsible for the slow decay of feeling, the inevitable narrowing of their

sympathies, because she had molded them

after her own, self-centred, prideful stand-

ard of department which was without the humble grace that the world needs so sore-

ly-the love that descended to earth when

the Young Child came to His manger cra-

"You are right, James," said she. "The

CHRISTMAS ASHES.

Yuletide logs are burning low, Twelfth-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 sift. '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,

If so he that we fall ill

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.

-Druden

Serges, diagonals, homespuns and mixed suitings for the street, and voiles and cashmeres, with self-trimmings in the way of shirrings, pipings, 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 ward-robe 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 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 lowest of the arms more he mid

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 cords being the most popular forms of .74 garniture. .80

Corduroy 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 browns and leather tones, also in for-est green, with brown for trimmings, and knee-length blouses which are considered knee-length blonses 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 eco-nomy is to be practised, for they belong to the class of apparel that stamps the wearer who has not a varied wardrobe. So, too, does the first suit illustrated on this page with its numerons out-of-the-or-dinary features. The pleating around the dinary features. The pleating around the coat, 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 gen-eral wear, for these follow conventional lines and are simply finished, the first in velvet, the second with stitching only. Such suits are this year out in ribbed cloths; either the hard-finished diagonals, or the soft-finished serges or cheviots and homespuns; 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 pur-poses during the winter. Either suit may be worn with a tailored

waist, smart collar and tie for strict morning wear; or a lingerie blonse with a fancy frill or jabot will make the suit acceptable for luncheons and for morning or afternoon lectures and musicals. Again, with a pretty waistocat and a lace jabot, the suit is metamorphosed into a dress that may be worn appropriately to all but the most form-al weddings. For the morning tan gloves, or those that

match the suit should be worn with suits of this obaracter; for the afternoon white or preferably (because, and only because, they are newer) pale tan or mole-colored gloves ore required. In inexpensive hats this year there is nothing at 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 resette, or a feather mount. The mole-colored beaver, with a velvet of sharply contrasting color, is perhaps the most serviceable fo 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 predominating 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 tarbans are worn with a small dress veil or may be given a thicker one for stormy days.

1 . 640.

with vegetables from their neighboring occupied a dim office in the county courthouse, she had seen James actually engaged in wiping the tear-stained face of a lithave scorned to touch.

"If you think you will be lonely,

Very well," said James in a tone that implied no very great exhiliaration. Long her home with you ?" ociation with Miss Mattie had impressed upon James's amiable character a profound reserve that went well with his innate dignity and separated him from the had acquired the ceremonious habits of about the handsome paneled diving-room he noticed that everthing was just as it had been in his boyhood when his beautiful Mattie auswered, "but I dislike to take an young mother had unexpectedly turned her back upon the life that she loved. leaving him and his sister in possession of the old home and the still older traditions of an illustrious family. Even their two negro servants were unchanged except for the impress of age; they still prided them-selves loyally upon their affiliation with "de Raudals uv Gawgia, sub," and their occupation of the fine old mansion that ad miranelonsic sented the senter of the rest of the res

Mattie?" asked James as he thrust his napkin into the massive silver ring that had once graced the table of a peer. "No, thank you. I shall pass through

town this afternoon on my way to the Narrow-gauge depot where I am to meet the Rosedale train. Mrs. Gray has invited a ly busy she asked me to meet her guest instead of helping her with the mission tree. as I had offered to do. I believe the student is a poor young man who is working his way through college.'

'Very commendable," said James per-"I am afraid we shall have functorily. stormy weather, after all. Well, good-bye, Mattie

"Good-bye. Be careful not to get your feet wet, James."

After James had stamped down the front steps in his heavy arotics Miss Mattie call-ed old Judy into the dining-room to talk over the day's work, and when that was over with, Sambo was sent for and given his day's orders-orders which accorded with the aged groom's feeble strength. Lastly, Miss Mattie donned apron and cap and employed herself industriously with a feather duster, although she failed to discover anything that needed dusting. After she made out her yearly donations to the church and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to which all the Randals had contributed since the birth of the organization, long before war times. There was a small donation for the county

the telegr farm; and once when she had driven Mis' Gray. I was jest goin' to ask your through the adjoining town where James opinion about that little tyke in yonder," he added in a lower voice. "A lady knows how to handle children, an' a man don't. She's come from the 'sylum to live with ing to be as fond of you as possible, and I tle strayed urchin whom even Judy would her pa who got killed yesterday morning hope you will be happy with us. Don't by a freight train. She's got to be told ery any more, please, Mary."

some time, of course, but not now-such

ain't fit for children. Couldn't you take sides. She sat still and tearful beside Miss Miss Mattie drew back in mute refusal.

"Why I know nothing about the child. services, and bye and bye tired nature

easy, heedless commoners among whom he don't know her ?" the man broke in. "I the big splendid guest-room, instead of in moved and worked like a royal alien. He can't send her back to the 'sylum an' it the servants' quarters, and waited beside Christmas ! An' there ain't no down train the drowsy child until she had fallen into his sister, which strictly maintained the bis sister, which strictly maintained the old regime of their youth in the midst of a painfully antagonistic era. As he glanced poor little orphan to take care of her for James Randal and Sambo ready for a fight one night, an' it Christmas, too !"

"Certainly I am sorry for her," Miss "this answered. "but I dislike to take an "We are going to give her a Christmas" utter stranger into my house, especially one that may have been exposed to all sorts of contagion. Besides I disapprove of de-little thing ! It may belp her to forget ber "I'll take her home with me," said Miss had miraculously escaped the ravages of war. "Can I do anything in town for you,

gleam of hope, "something else may turn up for the poor little tyke." He hurried to the waiting-room door and called the little girl out with an air of forced oheer-

fulness that served its purpose well. "I've found out that your pa can't get back right now," be explained. "There's louely young theological student up for some business keepin' him ; but he wante the holidays, and as she is to be particular- you to go home with this bere lady, who is you to go home with this bere lady, who is a real good friend of his'n, an' stay till he spord to something that called to her across sends you word. I'll let you know soon as the lapse of the long, dull, luxurious years I hear from him."

Miss Mattie gave the speaker a look that showed severe disapproval of his kindly she brought to light many forgotten treasfabrication, but she took the little girl's blue hand in hers and led her to the shed where Sambo awaited her in liveried dignity.

James Randal, who had been rather anxiously peering through the stormy dusk from the library window, welcomed his sister's return with old fashioned courtesy. "A Christmes guest" has valaimed in the stormy dusk for the library window, welcomed his sister's return with old fashioned courtesy. James Randal, who had been rather "A Christmas guest !" he exclaimed in surprise when he became aware of the child's shrinking presence.

"Oh, no," Miss Mattie answered gravely : "merely a waif who found no one to wel-come her at the station. Judy can take

day after tomorrow." "She looks very lonely," James remark-ed sympathetically, as the door closed be-hind Judy and the silent child. "Don't you think we orget to how the back the hind y after tomorrow." "Itse Mattie smiled as she lifted a satin-dressed doll from its camphored repose of half a century. "Judy, do you remember the Christmas that Aunt Lida gave me this doll ?" she asked. you think we ought to have her dine with us, Mattie ? It is Christmas Eve, you know."

"Certainly not," Miss Mattie answered poorhouse also, but nothing of a personal emphatically. "Why, the child is a waif else happier dan deyse'f. Times has chang-nature, for the spirit of brotherly love had of the commonest class! Her father was a ed a heap sence den, Miss Mattie." departed from the House of Raudal, and those four elderly, honest, refined people lived as the Master had said that no man shall live—to themselves alone. (i) the commonset class i here rather was a switchman, and she had just come from an asylum where she may have been exposed to all sorts of diseases. Besides, it is easy to see that she hasn't been accustomed to without realizing it. What have we ever

That was the reason that Christmas had lost its worldwide meaning to Miss Mattie, but she did not realize it. Mistress and master and servants held themselves aloof "I am sure Judy will see that she is old? If we should die tonight there would do so.

m said. It's done been sent to er's act appalled her, although it did not beads carefully beside Sambo's queer offeranger her. When James led little Mary to ing. "Who knows but that our little his sister's side she took the hot, tremb. Christinas guest was sent to us for the purling, plebeian hand in her own delicate pose of teaching us the human lesson that we have so long neglected ?" Before James could answer, a thin, silpalm and said, very kindly : "We are go-

very chime of bells beralded the dawn of Christmas morning. While the four old

people listened to the music of the bella But Mary's grief was too deep to be James," said she, a little coidly, "you had news ain't for a time like Christmas. If I snaged at once, yet she could not help but there came a knock on the kitchen dou and a brisk stamping of hob-nailed feet. with you tomorrow afternoon." there came a knock on the kitchen door Judy hastened to answer the early summous and found a gruff, kindly faced man who accosted her in loud, plebeian accents. Mattie while James and Judy and Sambo "I'm the depot agent that asked your vied with each other in little comforting lady to take care of that little tyke," he "Why I know her?" the map broke in. "I brought the balru of sizep, and and Judy ensconded their little obarge in and Judy ensconded their little obarge in the big splendid guest-room, instead of in the big splendid guest-room, instead of in explained briefly, "an' I've brung her a little Christmas gift, thinkin' it might liven her up a hit if she woke an' found it in her stockin.' I meant to leave it hangin' to the door, but seein' a light I thought I might as well knock."

Miss Mattie opened the dining room doo and invited the early caller in, and after a moment's besitation be shuffled rather embarrassedly into her presence. But at the sight of the gaily decorated tree he paused

in frank amazement. "We thought little Mary would be pleas-

ed with a tree," Miss Mattie explained simply, "so we fixed this up as best we could " "But James, where can you procure a

"Well, well, that's great !" the caller approved heartily, holding out a big pack-age from which a sulphur-colored wisp pro-truded. "Jest hang this doll on for her, will you? Tain't what I'd like to give, but it's the best that could be got at each a late hour. Say, ain't it wonderful how

kinder pleasant disposed Christmas makes you feel ? It's a great thing, not only for venture out in such a storm ! You are not very robust, remember," said Miss Mattie the kids, but for the rest of us as well. Keeps a man feelin' right towards the rest anxiously.

t the world, don't it ?" But James and his old servant merely smiled at Miss Mattie's fears and hurried "It does," said James heartily, "it does away, eager as boys bent on some delectindeed !'

"Well, I'll go, 'cause I've got to be on hand over yonder, Christmas or no Christ-mas. I kinder think Abe Simmon's wife able adventure. Miss Mattie closed the door after them with a sigh that was full will take the little tyke for a spell an' mebby a real home can be found for her meantime. So jest please send her down that separated her from her buoyant youth. She went up to the great store room where to Simmons's tomorrow.'

Mattie told him briefly.

ures of childhood, while old Judy fell to work at her long-neglected att of turning The man's homely face broke into a rip-ple of smiles that made it very good to look shapeless brown dough into the rampan gingerbread animals which had so delightanch a blamed good-hearted orowd ! Apdecoration of the tree, at which all hands fell to work with true Christmas zeal. "Seem lak ole times come back, don't it,

Miss Mattie," murmured Judy as she hung a fat brown elephant on a spicy bough. Miss Mattie smiled as she lifted a satin most too poignant for happiness. Miss Mattie fumbled tremulously with the fastenings of the big flaxen-baired doll for

er with brimming eyes. "Laws, honey, dat's jes' as plain in mah

mind as if it happened yisterday ! Every-body was jes' brimmin' ovah wid friendliness lak dey wanted foh to mek ever'body in Watson's Magazine.

-Do you know that you can get the finest, oranges, bananas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

-Most of us don't mind earning our

(Far to call on leech's skill), Put a pinch of ashes fine In your evening ale or wine

Holy is the yuletide flame. And the ashes just the same Love the Christmas fires did light-Love is in their ashes white!

Thus, the whole round year we may Treasure blessings from this day: To our hearts catch up the glow, When the yulelog burneth low

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 anvii 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 hoofs snod. So the devil struck a bargain, and put up his foot. The blacksmith saw with whom he wa

dealing and nailed a red-bot shoe on driv. ing the nails square into the devil's hoof. The devil then paid him, and left ; but the

distance, and began to suffer the greatest torture from the shoes. The more he danced and kicked and swore, the worse the things

-Our Dumb Animals.

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said." wed for. It is a shame, therefore, to o Simmons's tomorrow." "We have decided to keep her," Miss fattie told him briefly. The man's homely face broke into a ripworm is at its heart. Face lotions, tonics, nervine, and other things are tried, but the at. "You don't tell me !" he exclaimed. nervine, and other things are tried, but the "Say, I never knowed that you-all was face grows thin and hollow. Fortunate is such a young woman if some friend should pearances don't always count, I tell you ! tell her of the intimate relation of the Well, I'm powerful glad the little tyke health of the womanly organs to the generhas found such a fine home. I must be goin'. Merry Christmas to all of you !" failing cure for feminine diseases. Dr failing oure for feminine diseases, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine works wonders for women in the restoration of lost fairness. It is a true beautifler, restoring the womanly health, and with health are restored the curves aud dimples, the bright eye and smooth skin which are the charms of beauty.

> -Do you know where to get the finest teas, coffees and spices, Sechler & Co.

> "Received your 'Medical Adviser' and I

living, but we are impatient of the system Seud 21 one-cent stamps for the paperbound book, or 31 stamps for cloth binding to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. that makes it take so much of our time to

In hanging up a dress skirt, especially a plaited one, it is a good plan to fold the band in four and pin it flat with a hat pin. The devit then paid thin, and they, but the honest blacksmith threw the money in the fire. He knew it would bring him bad luck. Meanwhile the devil had walked some Meanwhile the devil had walked some

and kicked and swore, the worse the things hurt him. Finally, after be had gone through the most fearful agony, he tore them off and threw them away. From that time forward, whenever be saw a horseshoe, he would run off, anxions only to get out of the way. The German peasantry all believe this story today, and one can scarcely find a doorstep or a barn door that hasn't a horseshoe nailed up. - Our Dumb Animals. The curious thing about gray is that women never understand its tones. The middle-aged, the invalid, the anaemio, the unstylish and many others of kind choose gray whenever in doubt. They don't look any further. If they didn't want to wear black they buy gray, hap-hazard, with a satisfied feeling that they couldn't have made a mistake, says a writer. The curious thing about gray is that

They have made a serious mistake. None of these women should wear gray. As a rule it produces the most lifeless look to "My face is my fortune, sir, she said." The old rhyme rings true in that line. The woman who has a fair face has a fortune which many a man of wealth is glad to wed for. It is a shame, therefore, to can choose gray without another thought. But the pale, and frail, the middle-aged woman, with lines under the eyes and 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 sbaved castile soap. Make muslin bags five or six inches

square and put in each three tablespoonfuls of the mixture. The quantity given above will fill a dozen and a half bags. The bran bags add delightful refreshment to the bath.

Housekeepers who are canny in other directions too often forget that a heavy salad is ont of place at the dinner table. Plain orange salad served with French think it one of the greatest books of the age," writes Mr. M. H. House, Charles. proved upon for most persons by any adage, writes air. al. H. House, Charles-town, Franklin Co., Ark. Thousands of people have expressed similar opinions of the value of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only.

> ----You miss a good thing if you don' take the WATCHMAN.

a moment, then she looked up at her broth-"Ob, James," she said, "this is certainly onr happiest Christmas since mother died !"-By Helen Frances Huntingdon,

He shook hands all around and stamped out with a noisy cheer that filled the listeners with a sense of human kinship al-Miss