

Christmas Time

When grandpa sits a-reading in his big, old rocking chair, I creep along so quiet-like and jump and pull 'is hair, And then he jumps and hollers es if he's scart to death And acts like he ain't goin' to ever get 'is breath.

But I 'ist hug and kiss 'im and laugh up in 'is face And say, "Grandpa, you can't read now 'cause you 'ist lost the place." Then purty soon he'll sit up straight and say he guessed he'd know I'd want to hear 'bout Santa Claus a-comin' through the snow.

Then a-lookin' out the window, where it's awful dark and still, He says it's mighty lonesome away out on the hill. And sometimes 'at there's robbers wot steals most half the toys, And that's 'ist why they ain't none fer some poor little boys.

And grandpa says it's funny, but it's a'ways most the case, They never take the rich boys' toys, but leaves 'em in their place. And when old Santa turns around and sees wot they has done He ain't got nothin' left at all for the poor little orphan one.

But grandpa says it ain't so long 'fore Santa 'il take 'is trip And travel round at Christmas time in a great big airship, And 'at 'il make 'im happy, fer he'll bring a big lot more And stop at some boys' houses 'at he'd never been before.

—Harry G. Burns.

Children Sing Christmas Carols. One of the oldest and one of the most popular Christmas customs in England is the singing of Christmas carols by children, who go about from house to house for that purpose. In return they usually get a cake or some little gift. The following quaint hymn is one of the oldest carols and dates back for several centuries. Here it is, with all its old time spelling, which parents no doubt will be glad to explain:

Yn a staybel Cryste was borne, All ye catel bende theyre knees, On ye cross his limbs were torne That heaven may be reached with ease. Shoute and syng and hayle ye morne, Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne. Peace, good will to al on eyrthe, Wyffe from every eye ye tear. By that wondrous royale byrthe Mankynde are freed from every fear. Shoute and syng and hail ye morne, Cryste, our Lorde, ys borne, ys borne.

Fine at Christmas Time. It's fierce to be so overgrown. The boys make fun of me And holler "Baby elephant" And "Patty's piggy." Gee! Nobody knows how sensitive A big fat boy can be!

When Christmas comes, though, I'd not mind If I were fatter yet Because my stocking is SO large (I hang it up, you bet!) It holds just twice as many things As other fellows get.

—Mazie V. Caruthers.

ON TOPMOST BRANCH OF YULETIDE'S TREE, AN ANGEL FAIR AND SWEET WE SEE



IN DAYS OF GOLD

Immense Output Follows Discovery of Metal in California.

For Eleven Years, From 1850 to 1861, the Yield Was Prodigious, Amounting in 1852 to Over \$65,000,000.

Washington.—The historically important discovery of gold in California was made in January, 1848, at John Sutter's mill on South Fork of American river, near Coloma, a point only ten or fifteen miles southwest of the town of Auburn," says a statement by the geological survey.

"From 1850 to 1853 the greatest yield was derived from the gravels, and the largest annual output for this period was more than \$65,000,000 in 1852. There was some reaction in 1854, due to previous wild speculation, but a production of about \$50,000,000 a year, chiefly from placer mines, was maintained up to 1861.

"At first the gold was won chiefly from the gravels along the present streams. Those who first got possession of the rich bars on American, Yuba, Feather and Stanislaus rivers and some of the smaller streams in the heart of the gold region made at times from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a day. In 1848 \$500 to \$700 a day was not unusual luck; but, on the other hand, the income of the great majority of miners was far less than that of men who seriously devoted themselves to trade or even to common labor.

"The gold pan, the 'rocker,' the 'tom,' the sluice and the hydraulic giant, or 'monitor,' named in the order of increasing efficiency, were the tools successively used by the miners. Into the 'rocker' and the 'tom' the miner shoveled gravel or 'dirt,' rocking the machine as he poured in water and catching the gold, often with the aid of quicksilver, on riffles set across the bottom of his box. Sometimes a stream was diverted into a flume to lay bare the gravel in its bed so that the miner could get at it.

"In sluicing, the gravel was shoveled into a similar but much longer box through which a stream of water was allowed to run.

"The hydraulic giant was employed to wash into long riffle-set sluices immense quantities of gravel, especially from the higher (Tertiary) deposits, much of which was too lean to work out by hand. Water was brought for many miles in ditches and flumes from the high Sierra and conducted under great head to a nozzle, from which it was projected with tremendous force against the gravel.

"It was the vast quantity of refuse washed into the streams by these hydraulic operations that brought about the conflict between mining and agrt. cultural interests, finally decided in favor of the farmers."

BIG HAUL FOR "CRIPPLE"

This Beggar Kept Record of Receipts —Gives Police Hard Battle.

Allentown, Pa.—William Newbecker, a perfectly healthy man, who can twist his arms so that he looks crippled, did such a prosperous business begging in Allentown that he went on a spree and he was locked up, giving the bluecoats a fight before they landed him in a cell.

At court it was found out that he had a roll of several hundred dollars. Newbecker, who covers the entire East, kept a book showing his daily receipts. His best day here brought \$14.50, and the average for some time past was \$10 a day. He was fined \$5 for drunkenness and told to leave Allentown.

NO NEW JOBS AT PANAMA

Canal Office Warns Unemployed Not to Seek Work at Isthmus.

Washington.—The blockade of the Panama canal by earth slides has not created new work for Americans in the Canal Zone, and the canal office here issued a statement in an effort to counteract published reports which have drawn many Americans to the isthmus in search of employment.

"General Goethals indicates," the statement says, "that the number of men continually being laid off on account of reduction of force is in excess of the vacancies which were temporarily created by the work on the slides, and the influx of men looking for employment on the isthmus is entirely unwarranted."

They Rescued "Tige." Huntington, Ind.—A dog belonging to William Wilcox, living west of Andrews, followed a coon into a ten-inch tile ditch recently. Hunters spent hours in trying to call the dog back, but got no response. The owners dug up the ditch at several places and finally located Tige forty rods from the opening and in an eight-inch side ditch. The dog was exhausted, but still alive.

Burned Tommy and All. Appleton, Wis.—Desiring to see a tomcat burn, a seven-year-old boy living on the outskirts set fire to the animal, the aftermath being the destruction of a carpenter shop. The blazing fur of the feline communicated to shavings in the building, and the structure was converted into ashes within a few minutes.

CHRISTMAS.

Here comes old Father Christmas, With sound of fife and drums: With mistletoe about his brows, So merrily he comes!

His arms are full of all good cheer, His face with laughter glows, He shines like any household fire Amid the cruel snows. Hurrah for Father Christmas! Ring all the merry bells! And bring the grandsires all around To hear the tale he tells.

Here comes the Christmas Angel, So gentle and so calm; As softly as the falling flakes, He comes with flute and psalm. All in a cloud of glory,

As once upon the plain, To shepherd boys in leery, He brings good news again. He is the young folks' Christmas: He makes their eyes grow bright With words of hope and tender thought And visions of delight.

Hail to the Christmas Angel! All peace on earth he brings; He gathers all the youths and maids Beneath his shining wings.

Here comes the little Christ-child, He smiles and joy, And bearing gifts in either hand For every girl and boy. He tells the tender story About the Holy Maid, And Jesus in the manger Before the oxen laid.

Like any little winter bird He sings his sweetest song, Till all the cherubs in the sky To hear his carol throng, He is the children's Christmas: They come without a call, To gather round the gracious Child, Who bringeth joy to all.

But who shall bring their Christmas, Who wrestle still with life? Not grandsires, youths, nor little folks But they who wage the strife; The fathers and the mothers Who fight for homes and bread, Who watch and ward the living, And bury all the dead.

Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide The Lord of Christmas stands; He smooths the furrows from their brows With strong and tender hands.

"I take my Christmas gift," he saith, "From thee, tired soul, and he Who giveth to my little ones Gives also unto me!"

Rose Terry Cooke.

Where Christmas Things Come From.

Children all enjoy the evergreens and ornaments that are seen each Christmas, but how many of them know what parts of the country are ransacked in order to furnish these things for their pleasure and delight?

Practically all of the evergreens appearing in American homes for the holiday season are grown in the United States. The Christmas trees come from the most part from northern New England, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There are some growing farther south, but the bulk of the trees are from the far north. The black spruce grows in swamps, the white spruce, pine and fir on the higher land. Not only are the little trees cut, but tops of larger trees and limbs if they are of the proper shape.

The holly comes from the woods of New England and the Allegheny mountains. In the north it is a shrub, but in the south the holly grows into great trees, sometimes fifty feet high. With its red berries it is a most picturesque tree.

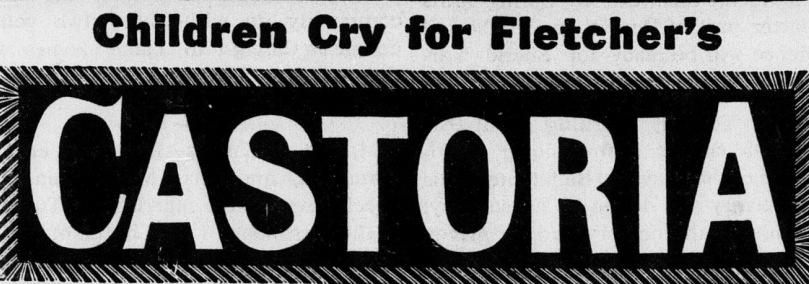
Mistletoe is a parasite that takes root in the bark of other trees, such as the maple and poplar. It is not found in the northern States, but mostly in the middle and southern States.

What are known as Christmas greens or ground pines are very like the ferns and mosses and grow in shady places on the forest floor.

—Men's \$2.25 artics reduced to \$1.65. —YEAGER'S Shoe Store. 49-21

CASTORIA.

CASTORIA.



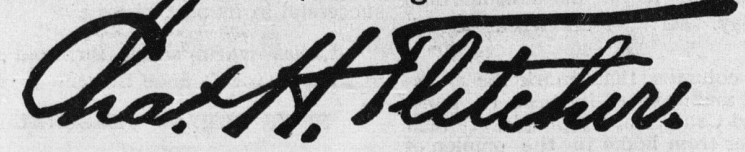
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



The Two Little Stockings

Two little stockings hung side by side, Close to the fireplace, broad and wide, "Two?" said St. Nick as down he came, Loaded with toys and many a game, "Ho, ho," said he, with a laugh of fun, "I'll have no cheating, my pretty one! I know who dwells in this house, my dear— There's only one little girl lives here." So he crept up close to the chimney place

And measured a sock with a sober face. Just then a little note fell out And fluttered low like a bird about. "Aha! What's this?" said he, in surprise, As he pushed his specs up close to his eyes

And read the address in a child's rough plan. "Dear St. Nicholas," so it began, "The other stocking you see on the wall I have hung for a poor girl named Clara Hall.

She's a poor little girl, but very good, So, I thought, perhaps, you kindly would Fill up her stocking, too, tonight And help to make her Christmas bright. If you've not enough for both stockings then— Please put all in Clara's—I shall not care."

St. Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye, And "God bless you, darling," he said, with a sigh, Then softly he blew through the chimney high

A note like a bird's as it soars on high, When down came two of the funniest mortals

That ever were seen this side earth's portals. "Hurry up," said St. Nick, "and nicely prepare All a little girl wants where money is rare."

Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room! Away went the elves, but down from the gloom

Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low A child's whole wardrobe from head to toe.

How Santa Claus laughed as he gathered them in And fastened each one to the sock with a pin!

Right to the toe he hung a blue dress—"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess!"

Said St. Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue And tying the hood to the stocking too. When all the warm clothes were fastened on

And both little socks were filled and done, Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there

And hurried away to the frosty air, Saying, "God pity the poor and bless the dear child

Who pities them, too, on this night so wild." The wind caught the words and bore them on high

Till they died away in the midnight sky, While St. Nicholas flew through the icy air,

Bringing peace and good will with him everywhere.

Grownups Like Toys Too.

It is really the grown folks who have a downright good time at the toyshop. They usually spend a long time examining everything before they settle on just what they want to buy for Christmas. Then if it is a mechanical toy they insist that it shall be wound up and put through its paces. If it is a plaything composed of a lot of small items each piece must be looked over and put in its place.

Merry Christmas!



We have just the sort of things you will want and like for His Christmas. Everything for Man or Boy.

Suits, Overcoats, Rain Coats, Shoes Headwear, Neckwear, Gloves, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets, Bags, Umbrellas, in fact everything that Men and Boys wear.

Ours is no Ordinary Showing.

We are sure the better kind of MEN'S WEAR that you will find here will please you. You're as Welcome to Look as to buy.

MAKE THIS YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE

FAUBLE'S

BELLEFONTE,

58-4

PENNA.

Shoes.

Shoes.

YEAGER, You Are Crazy

What are you going to do that for?

This is what a friend of mine said to me, the other day, when I told him I was going to

REDUCE PRICES

on Shoes. He said—Why do you want to cut prices, right in the height of the season? My answer to him was, well to be frank with you

I NEED THE MONEY,

and that is the way to get it—give the people some Extra Values and you will get the money.

Yes, I Need The Money and You Need the Goods,

so this is the reason that I have made some Wonderful Reductions on Shoes. So if you are in need of Shoes, you will find that I am doing just as I say, selling

GOOD SHOES, NEW SHOES,

at a Reduced Price. Call at my store and I will prove my assertions. But please remember, you must bring your pocket book along.

These Prices are for CASH.

H. C. YEAGER, THE SHOE MAN,

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BELLEFONTE, PA.