

For His Old Partner

By HAYDEN CARRUTH

We were proud of that tree when we got it ready a half-hour before the exercises were advertised to begin. It was the first Christmas tree the camp had ever known.

Everything was going smoothly when a man came in leading an immense mongrel dog of sinister expression.

"Gents," he said, with a manner which was a mixture of the impudent and the diffident—"gents, are you going to do a favor for an old man?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," replied the minister; "certainly."

"I wouldn't ask it ordinarily," he continued, "but I reckoned at this season of good-will mebbe you might not object."

"Certainly," chirped the good man again; "certainly."

"Mebbe some of you might know me—Old Man Plummer. I live over in Ghost Gulch, betwixt Sincialville and Forty Rod. Might any of you gents know my old pardner, Caleb Huff?"

One man said he thought he did, and the dominie started to say "cer-



tainly," but checked himself when he realized it was not the truth.

"What I want to do, if it ain't going too fur," he went on, smilingly, "is to put a little Christmas gift on your tree for my old pardner Cale."

We all said we'd be delighted to do him do so, and he went on:

"Cale will be tickled to death to find that his old pardner has remembered him at this-year holiday season. It's soft that way, Cale is."

"It's the dog, gents, what I want to give to my old pardner Cale. Can you handle a dog on your tree for a poor old man, gents?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Plummer," said the minister, quickly, "and be very glad indeed to do so."

"Thank you, Parson. That dog comes from the heart, that dog does, and my old pardner Cale will feel it. It ain't the money value of a gift what counts, gents, but the heart what's in it."

The minister made the usual semi-humorous remarks and then turned to begin taking off the presents. The dog jumped at his throat. The chain saved the dominie, but the jerk on it was so severe that half the pop-corn and most of the candles came tumbling off the tree. There were sounds of indignation in the audience.

Then Harley Brown volunteered to shoot the creature, at the same time producing an implement for the purpose.

At this point we noticed agitation in an unshaven citizen standing on the other side of the church. Then the head of the man slowly began to rise, and we saw our mistake. When some five feet of him had become visible above the heads of those seated about him we realized that he had at first been sitting. The uplifting had been performed slowly, and with slight pauses, and even now we were not sure that he was all up; he might



be simply on his knees. He surveyed the scene spread out before him for some time in impressive silence, then bowing like a Leaning Tower of Pisa, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I think I know something about dogs."

"Pardon me," broke in the minister, springing up, "but are you Mr. Caleb Huff?"

"I may say, sir, with truth—in fact, it is my duty to say—that I am that individual."

"Then you are the man that the dog is intended for. Your name is on the tag," and the minister pointed to the creature, who was sitting up on his haunches and occasionally licking his chops in anticipation as he looked at the good man.

"My name? That dog for me?" cried the stranger, throwing up both hands and striking the ceiling.

"Yes, sir, The dog is yours. If

THE TALE OF A XMAS GIFT

The First Xmas Tree the Camp Had Ever Known Becomes a Thing to be Avoided—Mr. Plummer's Present to His Dear Friend, Caleb Huff

you'll just remove him, please, we can go on with our exercises as planned."

"My old pardner!" cried Mr. Huff. "That dog comes to me in the name of friendship. I accept him in the spirit in which he is given." He sidled out into the aisle, and slowly advanced toward the front. His hand had advanced reluctantly almost to the dog's collar. The animal flew up like a steel spring. Mr. Huff went backward over a pew.

"In my opinion," said Harley Brown, rising, "the only way is to shoot the critter, as I said before. We want our presents sometime to-night."

"Young man," replied Mr. Huff, "don't talk of such violent proceedings at this-year time of peace on earth. The dog is mine, and I'll have the law on any man what touches him. No; we'll get them gifts, precious remembrances from loved ones, by mild ways. If no one will come forward with a shank bone, will somebody lend me an umbrella?" He was accommodated in this respect, and again advanced cautiously toward the tree. The dog stood up and growled. "There, now, young man," he continued, "you see these things can be removed easily with this-year umbrella. Come forward, my young friend, and show that your desires for them there gifts is genuine, and that you are not scooped merely by a thirst for the blood of a feller-critter!" Harley Brown stepped up and took the umbrella, but his efforts met with rather meagre reward. The dog constantly tugged at his chain and made the most frantic efforts to reach the throat of Harley. After ten minutes' work he succeeded in hooking off a china doll and a meerschaum pipe, but as the labels had been lost from both articles the situation was not materially improved.

"Gentlemen," began Caleb, keeping at a safe distance from the tree, "we must try other tactics. We must not be discouraged. Set down and remain calm. I will now propose a plan myself. We will rope off them gifts. Is there any cow-man here who knows how to sling a lariat?"

The stock-growing interests did not seem to be represented, probably from the fact that there was also a Christmas entertainment that night down at South Fork.

"Very well; I can do it myself," resumed Caleb. "Somebody please get me a clothesline." Uncle Dan Bannock departed for the line, and while he

was gone Mr. Plummer's partner entertained us with a slight dissertation on the dog in literature. When the line came he made a noose and began operations, but he soon found that he stood too near the ceiling for successful effort, so he turned it over to Harley Brown. All Harley succeeded in doing was to get the noose fast around a top branch, and to shake off a few parcels, all of which fell within the dog zone, and only served to exasperate him further.

Caleb Huff again offered a suggestion: "Let the party what got the line go and fetch a good bamboo fish-pole. Uncle Dan was back with the pole so soon that Caleb had scarcely warmed up on the probability of dogs on other planets, much to his disappointment. He took the pole, affixed a shingle nail in the end, and with an elaborate flourish turned and began angling for the presents. This plan proved rather effective, and he continued to operate it.

He had taken off perhaps half of the presents and gracefully waved them to the people on the end of the pole, after presenting each to the minister, twenty feet away, for him to read the label, when, on starting to turn back to the tree to get another, and in the midst of an apropos quotation from "the feller," suddenly at a terrific leap of the baby's pet the chain snapped. The old partner uttered one yell of consternation. Then he projected himself down the aisle head first, like an arrow. His velocity was no greater than the occasion demanded; the lamb was close behind. In the past the church door had opened in, but this time, in graceful recognition of the exigencies of the situation, it opened out. Caleb Huff went on into space, with the dog at his heels. The minister and Harley Brown distributed the rest of the presents.

We kept the tree standing in a back lot for months, hoping to have the pleasure of lynching Plummer on it; but he was never seen in our camp again.

Now, one relies on experience for the interpretation of sensorial impressions, and when these present themselves suddenly in an unusual form they create a feeling of insecurity which finds expression in mental perturbation and more or less violent motor impulsion. In fact, the subject finds himself in the position of a horse which sees a rapidly advancing automobile for the first time and does not know what to make of it.

Imagination aiding, these blurred, mobile and uncertain images are susceptible of the most phantasmagoric interpretation, and in persons who are not accustomed to control sensorial impressions by the exercise of the intelligence the impressions are accepted as realities and acted upon accordingly.

Gamekeepers and others who are accustomed to night work make allowance for phenomena of this class and correct the visual deficiency by the aid of other senses, such as hearing, which are not dependent on light.

BEING THINGS AT NIGHT. Why Objects Appear Fantastic and Alarming.

Every one must at times have asked himself why familiar objects in a dim light tend to assume fantastic and oftentimes alarming appearances.

The explanation is to be found in the special conditions of night vision. The pupils are widely dilated and, as in the photographic lens with a large diaphragm, the apparatus of accommodation can only focus for one plane. As the faculty of estimating distances is in great measure lost in the obscurity we cannot focus with precision, and a blurred, uncertain outline is thrown upon the retina.

Then, too, colors viewed in a fading light lose their distinguishing hue in a fixed sequence until a point is reached at which everything becomes of one uniform gray tint.

It follows that the images which are transmitted to the visual centers are profoundly modified in color and outline, and as they enter the eye through the widely dilated pupil at an altogether unusual angle the movement of locomotion gives them a peculiar mobility.

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SPRINGS AT BOTTOM OF SEA.

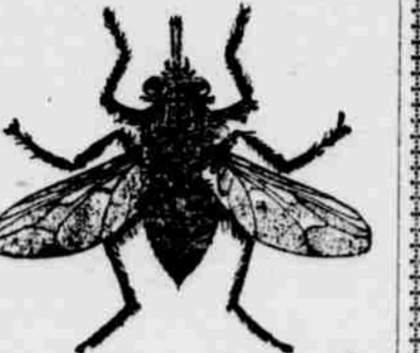
How Inhabitants of Hottest Place on Earth Get Fresh Water Supply.

Bahrain Island, in the Persian Gulf, is said to be the hottest place on earth. It is usual there to find the thermometer at 149 degrees Fahrenheit. On the coast of this island, where practically all of the people live, there is no fresh water, which is needed above all things in so scorching a temperature.

And it is to be had from the bottom of the sea. Here and there scattered over the floor of the harbor of Bahrain are springs of pure fresh water. These waters well up through the sand to mingle with the salt water of the sea. It would seem a difficult task to find these threads of fresh water amid the ocean's volume, but the thirsty islanders are thought to have found them ages ago and to have passed on their location from generation to generation.

A diver equips himself with a water bag made of skins, the mouth of which is closed, and descends to the bottom of the harbor at a point where one of the springs issues. The bag is carefully inverted over the current of fresh water as it flows up from the sand, the mouth is opened, the skin is filled, then the mouth is shut fast and the diver returns to the boat awaiting him on the surface.

One scientist gives it as his belief that at some period in the shadowy past that which is now the harbor's bottom was not touched by the sea. The springs were then on the shore and ready for the islanders' needs. Little by little the sea encroached on the land, but the location of the wonderful springs was not forgotten.



The Tse-Tse Fly, the pest of East Africa. This insect is about the size of the Ordinary American horsefly.

Disappointed.

Negroes, even more than white people, perhaps, are given to counting their chickens before they are hatched. A correspondent of The Youth's Companion reports a laughable instance.

Gus, a young colored boy, grew confidential one Friday evening.

"I'm goin' to the cemetery next Sunday, Miss Mary," he said.

"But, Gus, that is a long walk. You know it is more than four miles."

"Oh, I'm not a-goin' to walk. I'm goin' to ride."

"How is that, Gus? Has your father bought a carriage?"

"Naw; but I'm goin' in a kerridge to my uncle's funeral."

All day Saturday Gus could talk of nothing but the coming festivity. To a young "darkey" a Sunday funeral is a great event.

Sunday I gave him a holiday, and on Monday expected a full account of the funeral, but Gus appeared with a melancholy face. In answer to my inquiry, he said:

"I didn't go, Miss Mary. He ain't dead yet."

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

50,000 TOADS FOR HAT PINS.

Already 2,000 of the Horned Species Are Being Metalized.

Two thousand horned toads, shipped direct from Texas, are being "metalized" at Waukegan, Ill., and are part of an order for 50,000, to be used as hat pins, the order being placed by Chicago and New York jobbing houses.

At the Metallic Reproduction Company's plant, samples of the new hat pin are now on exhibition, and women doubtless will consider them very fetching. They retain their iridescent pinkish hue through the process and receive glass eyes after being metalized. The same process used in



metalizing flowers and other articles is employed in immortalizing the toads. They are first killed by gas fumes, after which a long pin is run through them and they go into the chemical tank. The process shrinks them a trifle, and after they become metallic they are light, but they retain their original shape and color. If the fad takes as the jobbers expect it will, Texas stands to be denuded of toads.

The manufacturers say the human body could be treated by the same process and be practically indestructible for all time. Millions of American Beauty rose buds and other flowers have been metalized into hat pins and similar ornaments, but this is the first attempt, on a large scale, to metalize reptiles for the purpose.

MME. HATTON TELLS CHICAGO WOMEN WHAT TO DO TO KEEP THEIR HUSBANDS

Mme. Hatton, said to be an expert in affairs of the heart, has told Chicago women how to defeat "love pirates" and keep a husband. Here are a few homoeopathic doses of her panacea:

Deceive him into thinking you are prettier than you are; such deceit is the highest part of love.

Never let him know how you keep pretty; a woman who goes to bed with cold cream smeared on her face ought to be ostracized by her husband.

Use cold cream, massage and exercises and do all kinds of "beauty stunts," but don't let your husband know it.

Keep your husband guessing, so he'll say to his friends: "She always looks about sixteen, although she neither paints, powders nor bants."

Do not eat too much and become overloaded with fat; then it will not be necessary to get a figure by artistic corseting.

Use your brains and keep him in dense ignorance of your skin foods, bath lotions and the like, which can be done as well after as before marriage—and always be a miracle to him.

Use those subtle devices all women should know to keep beautiful despite housework and other domestic duties, and you may be still pretty, fascinating and healthy after ten or twenty years of married life.

Be as pretty on rising in the morning as when you retire at night.

Never let your husband see you with your hair crimped.

Keep your beauty secrets and you will hold your husband and foil all "love pirates."

Above all things, stay beautiful and don't let him know how you do it.

Two Noble Women.

Carmen Sylva is Queen of Roumania. Carmen Sylva, in gentleness, wisdom and abounding charity, is the Ideal Queen. She has given her life to the healing of sorrow, and more especially in a wonderful mission to the blind.

When Frances Fearn's life was broken by the death of her brilliant husband and she in despair Carmen Sylva said to her: "Share my work and be my comrade in helpfulness to the world." The American woman accepted the mission, and, still young and beautiful and gifted, she has consecrated her rare gifts and graces to the afflicted, and is carrying comfort and peace and hope to the blind.

The Roumanian Queen and the noble American are triba in the royal grace of unselfishness and usefulness.

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Woman is often referred to by man as "doubling his joys and having his sorrows." That may be complimentary but it would seem to be rather hard on the woman. For in plain terms it means that where things are going well with the man his wife makes them go better. But when things are going ill with him, he expects the wife to share his burden. And there's, more truth than poetry in this presentation of masculine selfishness. Men don't appreciate the fact that the strain of motherhood alone is a burden bigger than all the load that rest upon male shoulders. They see the wife grow thin, pale, nervous and worn without a thought that she is overburdened. Among the pleasant letters received by Dr. Pierce are those from husbands who have waked up before it was too late to the crushing burdens laid upon the wife, and in the search for help have found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a restorative which has given back to the mother the health of the maiden and the maiden's happiness. "Favorite Prescription" ALWAYS HELPS, and almost always cures. It has perfectly cured ninety-eight out of every hundred women who have used it when afflicted with diseases peculiar to women.

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