

Notice! . . .

EXAMINE the little red box in front window of

Old Reliable Drug Store.

This box contains twenty silver dollars. There are a thousand keys belonging to this box, three of which will open the lock. Every person making a cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR is entitled to a key, first key presented that will open the lock will get ten dollars, second key six dollars and third key four dollars. It costs you nothing to get a key. When keys are all out, notice will be given; then present your keys and get money as above stated. There is not a living person knows which key will open the lock.

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Witch-Hazel SALVE

PREPARED BY
E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Redney's Christmas Smoke

(Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure.)

It was three days before Christmas. Redney Burke separated his diminutive frame from the seething crowd of humanity that pressed along the street and paused before a plate glass window which above all others attracted him. This was not a department store or a candy store or a bakeshop. Inside there were neither toys nor sleds nor good things to eat, but it held those things upon which Redney Burke had feasted his small eyes for many days. And now he looked, with his whole soul in his glance—he looked and looked and looked. He sniffed the air and imagined to himself that already he was enjoying the good things within.

For it was a cigar store, a store of the better class, full of pipes and tobacco and cigarettes and chewing tobacco and everything that ends in smoke. In the front of the window immediately under the olfactory nerves of Mr.



"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE FOR CHRISTMAS?"

Redney Burke was a pipe—not an expensive one, but one of just the make and pattern that suited Mr. Burke. He had religiously watched this pipe from day to day, afraid that some other customer would buy it. But there it still remained.

"Gee!" exclaimed Mr. Redney Burke to himself as he scratched his short red hair. "Gee, I wish I had it!"

And the unfortunate part of it all was that he didn't have a cent. He searched every pocket and cranny of his superannated clothes, from his feet, which rested on the ground, to his hat, which occupied an exalted position some three feet odd above the ground, for that which he knew he did not possess. The expected happened, for he found nothing.

"Gee!" he exclaimed again. "If I had an under suit, I'd hock this. I gotter have that pipe; that's what!"

Strolling along the street, at peace with all the world, came a philanthropist. Redney's critical eye, casting about for ways and means, noted him as he came.

"I t'ought he was a stiff," he remarked confidentially to some friends a day or two later. "but I was away off, I was."

The philanthropist, whose good nature, to give the devil his due, was caused by a remarkably good dinner which he had just enjoyed—the philanthropist bore down upon Mr. Redney Burke. The latter saw him coming.

"Now, what's his game, anyways?" thought Mr. Burke as he turned back once more to gaze upon the pipe.

"Hello, small sir!" remarked the friend of mankind genially. "Merry Christmas!"

"Aw," thought the small sir to himself, "what ye givin' us? Why can't ye leave me alone?"

But he didn't say it. He simply looked up at the big man with a half coy, half frightened glance, more particularly to determine whether he might not be the police department in disguise.

"Merry Christmas!" he returned, a bit wistfully as he thought he saw a possible opening of a pleasant nature.

"Well, my boy," continued the man, "what are you going to have for Christmas, anyway?"

"Christmas," returned Redney, with a slight variation from the truth. "We don't never have nothin' for Christmas, we don't."

The man smiled a smile of pity. "Dear me," he remarked, half to himself, "how true it is that one half of the world knows not how the other half lives." Then he raised his voice.

"What would you say, small sir, if I should buy you some of those toys"—He stopped as he gazed into the window. "Why, why," he went on, "I thought this was a toy store that you were looking into?"

"Naw," returned Redney. "It's a tobacco store."

"But—but," continued the man, "you—don't smoke tobacco. You certainly at your age cannot!"

"Naw," returned Burke, "I don't. I

"I wasn't thinkin' about meself so much. I was thinkin' about me old father. He broke his pipe last month, an' he ain't had none since, an' he's too poor to git another one. I was lookin' at these. Gee! If I could git enough of the stuff together, I wouldn't do a thing but buy that there one for him—me poor ole father."

This was said with an air of the greatest frankness, although Mr. Redney Burke had always considered his father, as did many others, in the light of a genteel myth. Still he thought to himself that if he had a father and if he himself were worth a few million or so he might—he didn't commit himself upon the subject, however, even in his thoughts—he might blow his father to a pipe some time. This considerate sentiment, he reasoned, justified his reply to the philanthropist.

"Well, well," remarked the latter, glancing down at the disinterested specimen before him, "but what would you like to have now for Christmas?"

Redney shook his head. "I ain't particular about meself. If I could git that there pipe—an'," he added as he scented possibilities heretofore unsuspected, "an' a good bit of smokin' tobacco, an' one of them there rubber things to put it in—say, if I could do that for the old man—say! An' wouldn't he feel stuck on hisself! But, gee, wot's de use? I can't do it, so I might as well be goin'."

He made this last remark because he knew intuitively that brevity, which is the soul of wit, is also the essential in charitable enterprises. Good impulses don't last forever, so he moved off, shaking his head as he went.

The big man looked up and down the street to see if he was observed, then he stretched forth his hand and caught Redney by the arm.

"Here, my boy," he exclaimed gently as he shoved a five dollar bill into Mr. Redney Burke's reluctant grasp—"here, go and get the pipe for your father and then go and get something for—for yourself, and—have at least one happy Christmas that you can look back upon." His eyes glistened a bit as he said it, and to his credit be it said, he did not regret the impulse or the donation for a full two hours thereafter.

"Tanks," said Mr. Burke, with a bit of a scrape and a stiff sort of bow—"tanks from me an' me old man!"

The next day there was a queer formation in an unfrequented corner of the play yard of the Fourteenth ward school. This formation resembled more than anything else an Eskimo hut, but composed, instead of inanimate material, of a very animated and interested crowd of boys gathered around a common center. From the aperture in the top of this human Eskimo dwelling, and therefore heightening the illusion, ascended a column of smoke, and as it ascended to the skies there came a voice from within.

"Gee, fellers!" said the voice. "Gee, but ain't this great?" It was the voice of Mr. Redney Burke, the votary of his Lady Nicotine, the center of an admiring crowd. He smoked a pipe—the pipe of his heart—and he filled it from a red rubber case.

"Just fits in me pants pocket," he observed. And as he said it he pulled out a few dollar bills and exhibited them.

"An' I got four more plunks left! What d'ye t'ink?" he said.

Later, in the class room, the teacher lifted her head high in the air and sniffed.

"Some boy," she remarked severely, "has been smoking. I want to know who it is."

She looked—not around the room—but directly at Mr. Redney Burke. He fairly reeked with tobacco, and he knew it. Under the circumstances, therefore, he side stepped with alacrity into the aisle and looked squarely into the teacher's eyes.

"Me old wo—me mother," he explained glibly—"me mother had a smokin' jag on yestiddy, an' I had to stay home an' fill her pipes, an' me clo'es is full of it. It ain't me; it's her. D'ye see?" Then he whipped out a small, new leather pocketbook with a brand new penny in it and handed it over. "An' a merry Christmas to you, Miss Burt-whistle!" he remarked.

A Treasure Tree.

One of the most famous Christmas trees in history was erected at Windsor castle in the early forties. It was not so very remarkable for its height, which was forty feet, but for the fact that in the aggregate its crop of presents amounted in value to \$45,000, or the value of the product of 9,000 acres of forest land.

Wint'ry Wrinkles.

Oh, the happy boy is flopping
Down the hill with his new sled,
While the humble tramp is chopping
Kindling wood out in the shed,
And the huffed
Muffled, stuffed
Chicklet pecks the frozen corn,
And the golden,
Molden, olden
Brandy's looked for ev'ry morn!

The fragile maid is skating
On the pond behind the mill;
The sparrow's masticating
Frozen crumbs upon the sill,
And the howling
Sprawling, crawling
Infant's wrapped in flannels hot,
While the zealing,
Ever healing
Goose grease stands beside the cot.

The suburbanite is skipping
To his snow recovered lair,
And old Boreas is flipping
Merry snowflakes through the air,
And the creeping,
Leaping, sleeping
Trolley car hops through the mush,
While the rosy,
Always dozy
Butcher's boy slops through the slush.

These wint'ry scenes I fancy
As I'm smuggled in my bed,
Concealed so that you can't see
E'en the hollowness of my head,
And the dashing,
Clashing, smashing
Hallstones rhyme upon my pane,
While I cozily,
Honest, truly,
Dream that summer's here again.
—New York Journal.

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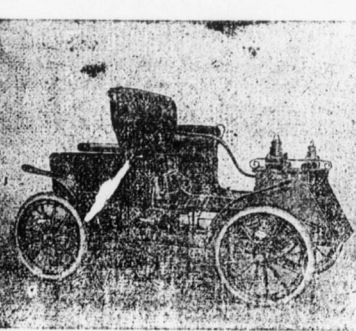
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