

I S'POSE there is a Santa Claus
That brings them pretty toys
An' candy an' mince pies an' things
To lots o' little boys.
But where we live down here, I guess,
Is sort o' off his beat.
I'm pretty certain, anyway,
He never found our street.

He goes around to all the stores
An' fills 'em full o' things
Like sleds an' skates an' railroad cars,
The kind he always brings,
An' then he seems to lose the way
To our house. Ain't it queer
That all the times he's come to town
He's never been down here?



HE GOES AROUND TO ALL THE STORES AN' FILLS 'EM FULL O' THINGS.

I asked my mother if I might
Go wait for him uptown
An' tell him that the boys I know
Invites him to come down,
But she just sort o' chokes an' coughs,
An' then she looks away
An' says, "He'll find us out, I guess,
An' visit us some day."

An' yet I've been a-waitin' here
So long that I don't b'lieve
I'll ever see him come at all
On any Christmas eve.
I'm goin' to ask a p'liceman if
Santa he should meet
He'll just go up an' speak to him
An' point him out our street.
—New York American.

Christmas Cakes.
Little cakes that will please the children either at the table or on the Christmas tree are made as follows: Bake the cakes in little patty or muffin pans and frost the tops with a white icing. Dip a small new paint brush in melted chocolate and draw a face on each. Make some crying and others laughing, the different expressions being made by the curve of the mouth line. The merest outline will be sufficient. Cut a circle of tissue paper of white or any other color liked two inches larger than the cake, pink the edge with scissors and run a thread round one inch from the edge. Put a cake in the paper, draw up the thread, and a cunning little cap is formed. The pleasure of small children will well repay the trouble of making these little cake babies.—Pittsburg Press.

First Aid to Santa Claus.
A clever idea for a Christmas night party is to have the gifts come in on a sled piled high and strapped on and the sled drawn by two lads dubbed Santa Claus' assistants. The place cards at the supper which follows the distribution of the gifts should be tiny sleds made from cardboard and dipped in mucilage, then in diamond dust, the rope to be of silver cord and each sled drawn by a miniature Santa Claus about three inches high.

The Children's Festival.
"And a little child shall lead them." The entire meaning of the festival of Christmas is contained in these words. It is the festival of the children because on this day God, the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, took upon him human nature in the shape of a helpless and beautiful child.—Rev. John Talbott Smith, LL. D., President Catholic Summer School of America.

No More Wanted.
"Merry Christmas, old man! And many more like it."
The man addressed turns a baleful, sleepless eye upon the speaker and replies:
"Many more like it! Say, you hadn't heard that twins came to our house last night, had you?"—Judge.

"Jessie Christmas!"
Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-year-old sister Mary:
"Merry Christmas!"
"Jessie Christmas!" promptly answered the baby.

Are There Others?
Christmas is coming
And Santa Claus, too,
And, being dead broke,
Lord, what shall I do?
The children will cry,
Their mother will pout—
I'll have to go try
Put my watch up the spout.

Babes as Bait.
"Wot do ye think," said the sailor "of usin' live babies for bait? We done it in Ceylon."
"Babies for bait? Fishing for shark?"
"No. Crocodile. Baby bait is the only thing for crocodile, and everybody uses it. Ye rent a baby down there for half a dollar a day. Of course," the sailor went on, "the thing ain't as cruel as it sounds. No harm ever comes to the babies, or else, o' course, their mothers wouldn't rent 'em. The kid is simply sot on the soft mud bank of a crocodile stream and the hunter lays hid near him, a sure perfection. The crocodile is lazy. He basks in the sun in midstream. Nothin' will draw him in to shore where ye can pot him. But set a little fat naked baby on the bank and the crocodile soon rouses up. In he comes, a greedy look in his dull eyes, and then ye open fire. I have got as many as four crocodiles with one baby in a morning's fishin'. Some Cingalese women wot lives near good crocodile streams make as much as \$2 a week reg'lar out o' rentin' their babies for crocodile bait."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Has a Job Waiting.
"I hear you're getting to be a real sport," a veteran in that line remarked to a youthful acquaintance of the conservative sort recently married.
The young man repudiated any such intention.

"Just placed a little bet among the boys in the office, you know," he added. "Put in \$1.50 and won \$40 in a trifling pool."

"Well, that's a good beginning, any how," said the veteran. "You'll grow up after awhile. What did you do with the \$40—put it on the races or open wine?"

"Bought a ton of coal and a set of false teeth for my wife," was the reply.

When the veteran revived his young friend had disappeared.

"Gee," he soliloquized, "that's a new one in sport! If I win tomorrow guess I'll buy my mother-in-law a new cork leg and some darnin' cotton."—New York Globe.

Soft and Light.
A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of her friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.
"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light! Do tell me where you got the recipe!"
"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."—Illustrated Bits.

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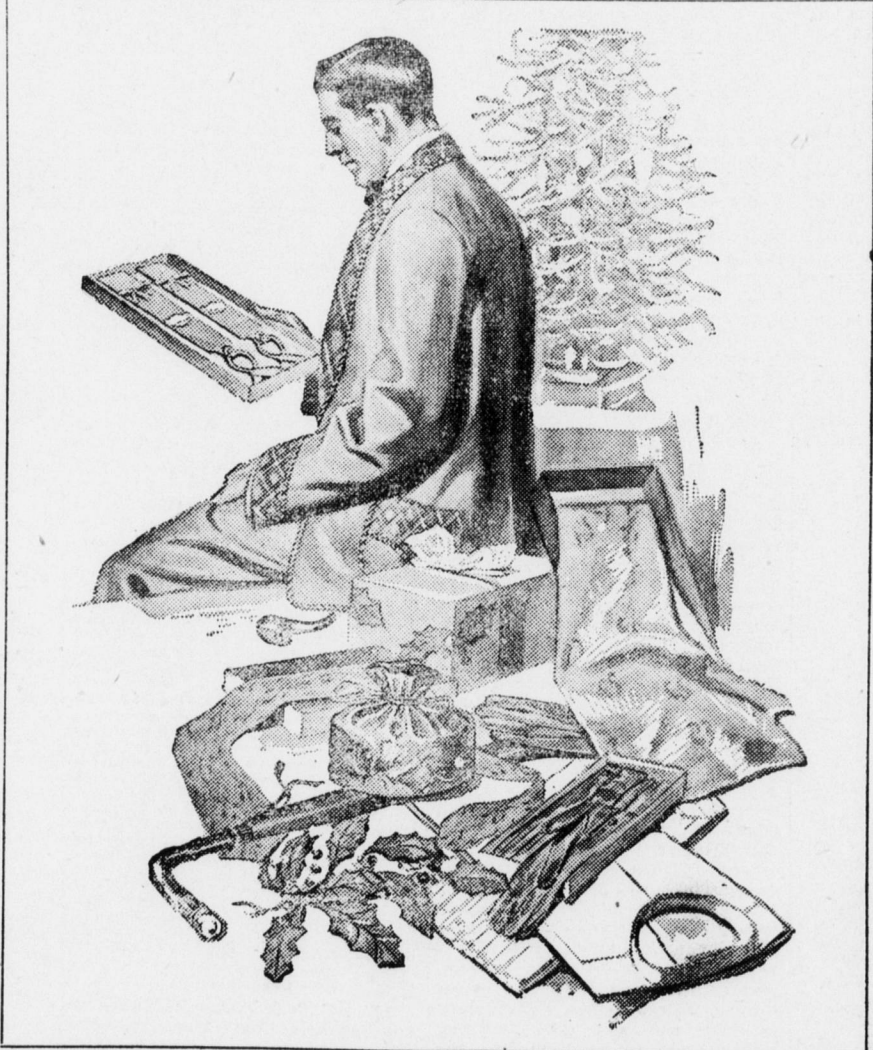
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