A MOTHER'S XMAS STORY.

Mother and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we

could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbors whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought mo home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart, and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course, she was to live with us; even Harry could not have made a home for me without her, and the only thing she ever did which for the moment we thought hard, was when, a week before, she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas, "Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you all our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, has agreed.

"COME AND SIT HERE, JANET."

So that Christmas evening Mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and teuder to mo, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke to her she scarcely heard me. But we had a quiet, happy day-we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire and said: "Come and sit here, Janst, on your little

stool, and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you to-night." "A story, mother dear? Oh, that is lovely, Eke being a child again?"

you. Then some one came forward and sat down beside me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Andrew. It gave me no surprise to see him there. I dimly remembered that I

had seemed to see him before when I was ill, and for the moment his presence calmed "'Mary,' he said, in his old, quiet tone, 'if you do not do as I tell you you will die; and, what is more, the child will die too.'

"I sprang up with a scream and struggled to go to you. 'My child, my child? I cried. "She is not your child—she is mine,' he

said, in that calm tone of truth which had never failed to convince me, and which now pierced like a sword of ice into my heart. 'Yes, she is mine! Listen.' His quiet eyes controlled me, his quiet words subdued me. 'When you were very ill, dying, they thought, my name was often on your lips, and they discovered and sent for me. On the same day a child was born to each of us, and my wife and your child died. "We might have hoped for her if her baby had lived," said the doctor; and I gave my child to you. Can you not bear what I have borne?'

"Oh, Janet, my child, his words were healing, and the sorrow that from that hour I tried to bear was taken from me!"

At first when mother ceased speaking, the world, and love, and life seemed to me to be blank and hollow, but in a few moments I rose from my seat and kneeled at her knees. "Oh, mother, dear-my father?"

"He died long ago. Janet, do you love me?"

"Then, as we kissed each other I knew that in all our lives of happy love dear mother and I had never been so near together.

THE COMPLAINT OF SANTA CLAUS.

The snow lies deep on the frozen ground, And the Christmas night is cold, And I shine before the rime so hoar-Can it be I am growing old?

Long years ago when the Christmas chimes Made marry the midnight sky, When the carolers' call filed houses and hall, And wassail and mirth ras high.

When the harlequin mummers reeled and danced, And the great yule log blazed bright; When the walls were green with a summer sheen In holly and yew bedight;

When the faces of all, the young, the old, Were brimming with sparkling cheer-Aye, those were the times when Christmas chimes Were the merciest sounds of the year!

I enapped my fingers in Jack Frost's teeth, While the snow was wavering down, And the icicles hung from my beard I flung-My beard that was then so brown!

And I wrapped myself in my grizzly coat, And lit my pipe with a coal From Hecla's crest, where I stopped to rest, In my way from the Northern Pole.

My reindeers-O, they were brisk and gay-My sledge, it could stand a pull; My pack, tho' great, seemed a feather's weight, No matter how crammed and full:

My heart it was stout in those good old days, And warm with an inward glee; For I thought of the mirths of a thousand hearts, Where the little ones watched for me.

So I gathered my sweets from far and near,

And I piled my cunningest toys (Unbeeding the swirls), for the innocent girls, And the rollicking, regulab boys.

But the times have sobered and changed since then, My merriment flags forlorn:

My beard is as white as on Christmas night Of old was the Glaston thorn.

Tho' my wrinkled-up lips still hold the pipe. No longer the smoke-wreath curis; But saddest to see, of sights for me-My frolicsome boys and girls Have grown so knowing, they dare to say-DRUGS, Those protesters wise and small-That all saints deceive, and they don't believe CHE In a Santa Claus at all! Ah, me! 'tis a fateful sound to hear; Pure W 'Tis gall in my wassall cup; The darlings I've spoiled, so wrought for and purposes a toiled, The children have given me up! PENNSYLA My heart is broken. I'll break my pipe, and Erie And my tinkling team may go, And bury my sledge on the trackless edge Of the wastes of the Lapland snow. KRIE MAIL My useless pack I will fling away, And in Germany's forests hoar. From an icy steep I will plunge leagues deep, And never be heard of more. NEWS EXP MARGARET J. PRESTON. About this time the newspapers teem with advice to husbands-how to treat wives, what NIAGARA to buy for them, and to be sure to buy something. Immediately following mandatory articles of this kind come suggestions to wives to make home pleasant for husbands during the days of good cheer. So much is FAST LINE done for infants that a little gentle reminder to the big married children may not come amiss; but is the editorial mind a safe one to go to for hints on how to maintain connubial felicity? Marry! I know not, forsooth! as Shakespeare's people say when they are nonplussed. Every one must work out SUNDAY : the problem for himself. SEA SHOR DAY EXP RENOVO. Sunday T ERIE J

RULED BY PREJUDICE.

Few persons realize how thoroughly they are controlled by prejudice even to their own disadvantage. For many years the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and headache has been by some schules and neutrache has been by some outward application, and, therefore, with-out stopping to think that the origin of these troubles *must*, from necessity, be in-ternal, the weary sufferer continues to rub, rub and find no relief. Athlophorosis taken internally, and as a proof that this is the correct principle, it cures surely and quick-ly. The statement of those who have been

cured ought to convince the incredulous.

C. F. Bruce, Mctuchen, N. J., says: "My mother had the rheumatism in her heart, and was cured by Athlophoros. She says there is no medicine like it."

James W. Reed, 4638 Penn Ave., Pitts-burgh, Pa., says: "My mother, although 77 years of age, was entirely cured by the use of Athlophoros.

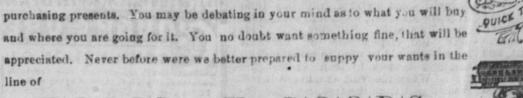
Miss Carrie Patten, Eagle Village, N. Y., says : "My mother was nearly a cripple in her arms, not having been able to dress not scarcely able to feed herself for three months, being in severe pain most of tha time. The acute pain ceased after taking three bottles of Athlophoros, but she continued to take it until all signs of rheumatism were gone; having taken 27 bottles in all. She has not taken any since last May, and can use her arms as well as ever. A number of friends have taken it, and in every case it has given satisfaction. In case of sick headache, it gives almost immediate relief."

John M. Wolcott, Piffard, N. Y., says: "I got a bottle of Athlophoros for a friend. She at once gained rapidly, and has not been troubled with the rheumatism since." Every druggist should keep Athloph oros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlo-phoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will phoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is \$1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills. For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, in-digestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, dc., A thlophoros Pills are unequaled.

A good fit is the principal part of a suit of clothes, and is what a young mao is anxious to have. Don't study long about where you are going to get your suit made, but let Mr. Jackson, the fashionable cutter in the tailoring estab-lishment of W. I. Fleming & Co., Bellefonte, take your measure and you can be sure of getting one of the best fitting suits you ever had. They deal in nothing but first class goods, and their prices are the most reasonable. Try them and you will not regret it.

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The Holiday Season is rapidly approaching and every one is thinking of

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"It is a true story, Janet, of your life and maine. I have never cared to tell it to you before, but I am not afraid now-my child and I have loved each other all these years-no, I am not afraid." "What could you be afraid of, dear mother?"

"You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hands on my head, and then she be gan: "When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very unhappy, and when Andrew Westera came and asked me to marry him I was ready to revere the ground he trod upon. He had been coming backward and forward to our house for some time on business with my father, and I believe that from the very first day he saw my misery. We were-and to my remembrance always had been-poor, but if I had been a boy my father would have peacessed thousands a year. I never wondered that he hated me, that my mother mourned and fretted from morning till night; they had brought me up to feel guilty of a crime, and I did feel it in my inmost heart. It was no marvel that, when Andrew asked me to marry him, I looked upon him as an angel of deliverance. I loved him with an intensity which amazed and frightened him. It was in vain he tried to make me sober and reasonable. It was in vain he told me that such worship was wrong and foolish, that it gave him no happiness, while to me it must bring disappoint ment. I could not listen, and at last I wearied him. He said little about it after awhile, but he went away, and once more my life was desolate. He said he would come back, but he never did. He wrote to me often, kind, tender letters, but they chilled my heart; and then one day he wrote to tell me that it must be all over between us. He told me how he had striven to hold fast by his old love for me, but he could not; the mere effort pained him the thought of my passionate devotion filled him with dread. He could never return such love, he could never endure to have it lavished upon him; once for all he would give it a death blow; when his letter reached me he should be married.

"I had another lover then, Janet, and I al-most hated him, but before many weeks were over I became his wife. He loved me always, but we quarreled. I could not pretend to love him, and he grew reckless; our home was miserable, and within a year he died. I was too ill to know what happened for a long time after that. Strange faces passed before me, strange voices spoke kindly words of pity, and once every day it seemed to me that Andrew came and stood by my bed. When at last I woke to reason again, you were beside me. Oh, how I loved you! How passionately I loved you! You seemed to me to

be all the world, and you saved my life! "My husband had not left me in poverty, I any husbend had not left me in poverty, I had no need to work, and I spent my whole life in watching over you. I made no friends, for I cared for none. I forget the missries of any father's house; I forget my quarrels with my husband; I forget even my love for An-drew, and was scarcely moved when I heard that death had virited his home as well as mine, and that he was indeed desolate, for his

wife had died and left him childless. Three happy years passed away almost without a cloud. You grew and throve. Every day seemed to my delighted eyes to give a new charm, a new beauty to my treasure; and then in the midst of my joy you fell ill. Day and night, night and day, I watched by your bed-may, Janet, give me no thanks; it was selfish love! It was all in vain that doctor and muss argued with me. I would not leave you. It was fever and must run its course, filely said. If you should recover, my stachath would be needed when you could anow and call for mo; but I would not listen, and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark, and I knew no more. When I re-

Marry Let all your old troubles and quarrels be ended;

For the friend that is near have a greeting most

And breathe a good wish for the foe who's offended.

Though with him was the spite,

And with you was the right, In kindness of spirit forgive him to night-wheever makes plea 'neath the overgreen FOF tree

A prince of good fellows, and welcome is he.

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known. Fut one pound in a gallon of hot water and let it boil until all the alum is dissolved. Apply hot with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed, without danger to human life or injury to property .-- Chicago News.

Ventilate the Shat Up Houses.

Those summer resorters who seal their houses up almost hermetically when they and one night as I sat beside you all the room grew dark, and I knew no more. When I re-covered I could not rise from my bed, but I implored with passionate tears to be taken to

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are all woven plumb. 5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and ploket fence. 6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and

Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time. Because the price is within the reach of every farmer. Because it is the only machine that forces the sist or picket firmly against the wire the sist in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out is impossible.

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