



Let this day see all wrongs forgiven,
Let peace sit crowned in every heart,
Let bitter words be left unsaid,
Let each one take his brother's part;
Let sad lips learn to smile—
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

Let rich and poor together meet,
White words of kindness fill the air,
Let love spread roses in the way,
Though winter reigneth everywhere,
Let us know naught of craft or guile,
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

Let us help each with loving care,
Our brother on the way to heaven,
Let's lay aside all selfishness,
Let pride from every heart be driven,
Let Christmas Day bring many a smile,
A day is such a little while!
Of all days, this is the shortest!

SALLY JACKSON'S GRIT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

DON'T like the looks of the sky this mornin' Mary, observed old Corn Jackson to his wife as he stood in the back door of his big log farmhouse gazing upward. "Most wish Sally hadn't started to school; if I ain't mistaken we're due to hev a first-class blizzard. I'm sorry them Christmas exercises wan't held a day or two sooner. Joe'll hev a fit of Sally's missin' when he gets here."

"Oh, stop your nonsense, Caleb," returned his wife, with some asperity, in which, however, a trace of anxiety was discernible. "Sally's no fool; she's been caught out in bad weather before this and knows enough to make herself and the youngsters comfortable if the worst comes to the worst. One ud think the schoolhouse was fifty miles across the prairie 'stead of on'y five. Do be sensible."

Sally Jackson, their nineteen-year-old daughter, taught a district school in Lyons township, for which the commissioners of Minnehaha county allowed her the sum of thirty dollars a month. Her father cultivated 640 acres of Dakota prairie land, and it was his success in raising corn that had earned for him the sobriquet of "Corn" Jackson among his neighbors. Both he and his wife were pioneer settlers in the county where they were highly respected, the popularity of their home with the young men being greatly enhanced by the presence of their vivacious daughter, whose charms few could resist.

But Joe Chalmers, a sturdy young settler living at the farther end of the county, was generally understood to be the most favored of Sally's admirers, his good looks, abundance of mother wit and genial disposition always insuring him a pleasant reception. Perhaps the fact that he held a patent on Uncle Sam for half a section of good land, on which a neat frame house had given place to the original log shack, may have added to his popularity with the old folks, whose warm welcome when he called and cordial invitation to "drop in often" when he rode away were nevertheless quite sincere.

There was to be a real old-fashioned New England dinner at Corn Jackson's homestead Christmas day, and as Joe's claim lay thirty miles away, across the prairie trail, he had arranged with Sally's parents to drive over Christmas eve and occupy their guest chamber.

Joe had been mentally laying great plans for the proper spending of that Christmas eve ever since he received his invitation. He wisely figured that Sally would be kept busy Christmas day, first in helping her mother and later in entertaining the company, of whom there were to be several aunts and uncles, together with sundry nephews and nieces, who were sure to appropriate all Aunt Sally's attentions.

As they would not arrive until Christmas morning Joe had determined to do his share of monopolizing the night previous, and to ask Sally to be his wife was the central pivot of his plans. He was fully satisfied that she was the only girl that could make him truly happy for life, and now that he had thoroughly settled this proposition in his own mind he was feverishly anxious to receive Sally's answer. That he was not indifferent to her he felt sure, but whether she liked him well enough to be his wife was another matter. Joe

was not a self-satisfied young man, and realized that women are complex creatures, often loving where none suspect and disliking where the exact reverse might reasonably be counted upon. Hence his perturbed feelings. He was aware that the Christmas exercises at Sally's school were to be held the Friday afternoon preceding Christmas, and by starting early he hoped to reach the schoolhouse in time to take Sally home in his sleigh, a heavy snowfall the day previous having spread a thick white mantle over the frozen ground. Like his prospective father-in-law, he, too, had taken observations of the weather after getting well under way, and had mentally decided that trouble was brewing. But a Dakotian en route to his lady-love is not to be balked by the bitterest blizzard that ever blew, and if Joe entertained any qualms they were on Sally's account; certainly not on his own.

Sally usually rode to school on a little white pony, but that morning a neighbor had driven over in his bobbed with one of her pupils, promising to call at the school for them on his return from town. This arrangement had not disturbed Sally's tranquility in the least, for she had an intuition that Joe would be along before the exercises were finished, and if he should ask her to ride home with him she would—well, she would offer no objections.

The schoolhouse was in the center of a district that was not very thickly settled. The people were few in number and the nearest farmhouse was two miles away, but Sally's scholars had the true Dakota contempt for distances, and a two or even four mile tramp across the prairie twice a day was of little moment to their sturdy physiques. They were sure of a warm room on arrival, for in the back yard

as an additional brace. Then she returned to the task of entertaining her scholars.

It was customary for the children to eat their dinners at school, which ordinarily was not dismissed until three o'clock, but on this day the exercises were to occupy the forenoon only, permitting the pupils to return home in time for dinner. Consequently none of the youngsters had been provided with food, and all the school could muster was a sandwich and two butter biscuits which Sally had placed in her bag expecting to eat on the way home.

These edibles she carefully divided among her scholars in equal proportions, and by pretending she had reserved some for herself let them eat without suffering any compunctions on teacher's account. It made a sorry meal for ten or twelve hungry boys and girls, but it was better than nothing.

Some of the older boys at first insisted upon starting home, but after witnessing the gale that dashed past the door when it blew open, they were glad to join the circle with the rest around the stove, near which all huddled for warmth. The cold was intense. A pitcher of water that stood on Sally's desk, twenty feet from the fire, froze solid and had to be thawed out back of the stove when one of the children called for a drink.

So fierce was the draught that the thick chunks of wood were quickly reduced to ashes in the fire, and by three o'clock the supply was so nearly exhausted that it was evident that more must be obtained or all would freeze to death.

Although the woodpile lay within thirty feet of the schoolhouse there was great risk in venturing out to it. In that fearful blizzard, where it was impossible to see five feet in any direc-

tion, when, guided by it, she staggered back to the window through which she passed her precious load, piece by piece. Four times Sally made this hazardous journey before her strength gave way. Then, trembling and exhausted, she crept along the building to the front door and stumbling inside fell an inert mass upon the floor.

"Teacher's dead! teacher's dead!" screamed one of the little girls, whereat there was a general outcry which had the effect of arousing Sally sufficiently to reassure the children. Two of the biggest boys helped her to a chair near the stove, where, after resting a few minutes, the frozen snow began to dissolve and for the first time since leaving the building she could open her eyes.

Four, 5, 6 o'clock came and passed without any cessation to the raging blizzard. To entertain her charges Sally had recounted every story she knew and had invented all sorts of games for their amusement, but now their hunger asserted itself and they refused to be pacified.

To add to her distress the supply of oil in the lamps gave out, plunging the room into utter darkness save for a thin gleam of light that forced its way through a crack in the door of the stove. Prior to this misfortune Sally had made the children spread their outer wraps on the floor around the fire, on which she bade them lie down, then taking the youngest girl in her arms she sat in her swivel chair and in her sweet contralto voice soothed them with simple melodies until the tired, hungry young ones forgot their sorrows in sleep.

Brave little woman! A dozen lives depending on her fortitude and good sense, she had managed so far to preserve her charges from harm, but she dreaded the morning, when, awakened from their slumbers, their rebellious stomachs would crave nourishment. Her only hope lay in the storm abating, when help would surely arrive, for she realized how great must be the anxiety of the parents for the safety of their children.

Relieved of the necessity of entertaining her scholars, Sally's thoughts reverted to Joe, and the girl wondered if he were safe from the storm. After settling this problem satisfactorily in her own mind she began a series of inward self-questioning something after this fashion:

Did she like him? Yes; she felt sure of that. Better than anybody else? Than Jim Carleton, for instance, or Dick Staples? Yes, better than either of those two. Did he love her? She knew he did. Did he love her? She closed her eyes, let her lips rest upon the curly locks of the sleeping child in her lap, while a blushing smile stole across her face. Did she love him? Love! What was that? To leave home, father, mother, and give herself entirely and unreservedly to him. Ah! she did not know; she could not tell; the question was too hard to answer.

At that moment Sally heard the whinny of a horse and the next instant came a voice from the storm calling in unmistakable accents, "Sally! Sally! let me in, let me in!"

Did she love him? Like a flash the problem was solved. She knew by the glad leap of her pulses, the yearning of heart, the outpouring of her whole being to the man whose voice she heard that she would willingly go with him anywhere he beckoned—to the end of the world if necessary.

Placing the sleeping child on the floor she felt her way to the door, and the next minute was folded in the arms of her lover.

"O, Joe, dear Joe," she sobbed, "I'm so glad you came. I knew you would."

"My darling, my darling," was his response as he drew her to his breast and kissed her upturned lips, "then you do love me?"

"Better than life," she whispered as she led his snowy figure toward the stove; "but you must be nearly frozen?"

"I was pretty cold, that's a fact," returned Joe, "but not now. I have forgotten everything else but you."

Fortunately for the schoolhouse the room was dark, or the children, some of whom had awakened, might have told a queer story about Miss Sally being hugged by a big man in a buffalo overcoat wearing green goggles. But they saw nothing and Sally was too overjoyed to think of repressing her lover's ardor.

The first transports over, Joe told his story. The blizzard had caught him just as he reached the nearest farmhouse, two miles from the school. Here he was compelled to remain all that terrible afternoon and evening, in an agony of doubt and fear, within miles two of Sally, yet utterly unable to render her any assistance. At the suspicion of a break in the gale he had thrown a blanket over his horse, placed a basket of provisions in his sleigh, furnished by the farmer's thoughtful wife, and disregarding all warnings started across the prairie to the schoolhouse, which he reached mainly owing to the sagacity of the horse he drove.

The storm was still raging, but the worst was over. By midnight the stars were out, the air was stilled, the temperature had risen and only the deep, billowy snow remained to tell of the battle of the elements. But long before that hour Sally had aroused all the children and supplied each with a generous portion of the good things brought by her lover. There was plenty for everybody, and by the light of Joe's lantern Sally and the youngsters had such a feast that shortly made all feel very lappy.

With the abatement of the storm the parents of the children began to arrive and by 1 o'clock in the morning the last load had driven away, a fervent "God bless you, Miss Sally, and a very merry Christmas," coming from

the depths of each heart as the grateful parents realized how much they owed to the brave little schoolteacher. And Sally? Was it not a merry, happy Christmas for her? As Joe lifted her into his sleigh and tucked the big, white wolf-robe around her she leaned forward and whispered: "O, Joe, dear, I am so, so happy!"

And the New England dinner was a success after all, despite the anxious hours passed by old Corn Jackson and his wife. As for Joe, he was the life of the party. He let the youngsters hug and kiss Aunt Sally all they pleased without suffering one pang of jealousy. But every little while he slipped out in the hall when Sally was absent and made even by sundry hugs and kisses that brought the girl back into the parlor with burning cheeks and frowzy hair.

Really, I believe there never was a happier Christmas day than the one succeeding the big blizzard in Dakota. —Chicago Herald.

Christmas in Many Lands.

The Christmas season finds its expression among us in a variety of ways. The fare of old England—the boar's head speiced and garlanded, the peacock garnished with its own feathers—has been replaced by the turkey and the goose.

But the evergreen of the season and the Christmas carol are of older date. We may trace their ancestry to the "Saturnalia" of the Roman. The early church saw danger to its converts in these practices and prohibited the green boughs, but later the prohibition was withdrawn and the custom was incorporated into the canons of the church. But these acts of natural religion were brought to us by our Saxon forefathers and are remnants of the worship of their heathen gods.

In the Italy of to-day the celebration of Christmas is not unlike our own. The week preceding is a week of fast or fish days. Christmas Eve ushers in the great festival. Then assemble the children and friends to partake of a sumptuous supper, after which a curtain is withdrawn, and shows the table of gifts wrapped in paper. The "Urn of Fate" is brought into use. Each person draws in turn, and the presents are distributed as determined by the oracle. Exchanges of gifts are made until each person is satisfied.

In Germany, the Christmas tree is the special care of the housewife, who sees that the members of her household are represented, from the least to the greatest. The social gatherings are held on New Year's Eve. The bells of the city ring in the new year, followed by a burst of congratiation from all present, with the greeting Prost, New Jahr.

Christmas morning in Norway sees the roads crowded with sledges. A simple service in the churches is followed by an early dinner given to relatives and friends previously invited. Tea is served at 7 o'clock, after which strolling pantomime performers are admitted. These are rewarded by sweetmeats and a little money. The men smoke while the women talk; finally the sledges carry the guests home over the snow in the bright moonlight.

In England the theatres are turned into pleasure grounds for the children. The nursery rhymes and the popular fairy tales are acted, amidst unrestrained applause from a highly appreciative audience. The elders are also entertained by witty jokes and touches on the politics and leading topics of the day. Children are the principal actors in these pantomimes, and are often the bread winners at a season when work is so scarce in England.

Christmas is no longer looked upon as a time of riot and carousal. It is now universally recognized as the feast of all children because of the holy child. In our own country gift giving is no doubt the prominent feature. Many regret the custom, saying that it engenders hypocrisy and selfishness. Our spouses, they think, would be more spontaneously generous if no day was set apart for gift giving. Let us therefore look to it lest we lose the spirit of Christmas, of which the gift is the mere expression for "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

The Policeman's Mistake.



"Excuse me, Santa, I thought you were a burglar."

Christmas.

Oh! Christmas, merry Christmas—
Is it really come again,
With its memories and greeting,
With its joy and with its pain?
Oh! Christmas, merry Christmas,
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
In the carol and the song.
—I would not hear them singing—
As they are singing now!
If we could but see the shining
Of the crown on each dear brow,
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow.

Dogs of War.

The dogs of war are no more a mere poetical metaphor, but an actual fact. During the fall maneuvers of the German army nine dogs, which had been in training six months, gave excellent proof of their utility on the battle field. The third battalion of Chasseurs, which was first to adopt the new tactic, uses no other dogs but the Scotch and German collies. They are chiefly trained to do ordnance duty, carrying messages from post to post, and reconnoitering at night. Filly, the choice of the flock, made a distance of 1 1/2 miles back and forth in seven minutes. These dogs are also trained to hunt up the wounded on battle fields, and during the late exercises remained standing before all soldiers stretched on the ground, no matter in what remote places they were found, loudly barking, until help came. They know when to seek cover from the fire of the enemy, and on their way to and from outposts avoid every civilian whom they meet on the road. This is done with regard to the safety of the messages which they carry in little pouches fastened to their necks.

Tariff and Taxation.

Tariff duties and internal revenue taxation on incomes and corporations are exciting public interest, but of quite as much interest are those things which tax the system and require at once an external remedy. On this subject, with special recommendation, Mr. Pierce D. Brown, Bridgewater, Mass., says: "In accidents from all kinds of athletic sports, to reduce sprains and bruises, I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and always found it to be most reliable. Also, Mr. C. R. Sands, Mangum, Okla., writes: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil for sprains and rheumatism and would not be without it for anything.' Mr. R. Ledbetter, Denton, Texas, says: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and it is the only thing I ever saw that would cure toothache in ten minutes time,' and it is usually prompt and sure for frost bites. All of these communications are of recent date, showing unabated interest."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 2 to 6 times a day. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. Brown's Bronchial Trochees give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

have gained nine pounds, and am free from all dyspeptic symptoms. I eat a hearty meal with a good relish." LOUIS H. FRETZ, 1224 Amsterdam Avenue, New York.

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"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont. N. Y. & S. I.

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