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VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 26.

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If you wish the most uniformly Then, as if a shock of memory present- and I thought I'd bring it." Satisfactory Oils -IN THE-

its portals. American Market.

emotion, but it was sinister, passionate, ghosts of the old days with fire and light "What is that to you? he demanded, children. COOK & BERRITS AND FREASE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA. evil-minded. Avarice and craft lined his and cheer!" It is to Your Interest

He glanced down, and his face grew livid. His eyes danced with a basilisk DRUGS AND MEDICINES rage, his features contracted, his hands clenched, for he read the simple name there traced, plainly :

revenge!"

Gurdon Aylmer, money lender, and richest man in the district, walked up to reached the front door.

ould see within the sparsely-furnished It held four occupants-Claire, placing

a homely repast before her sad-faced mother, ber little sister, and decrepit, childish old Grandfather Denslow. "It's my time, it's my time, surely!"

in great variety; A fall set of Test Lenses. every dollar they put into that old imbe- thither alone. will accept me when I tell her that un- tled cry.

> Day." Tap-tap-tap
> A reluctant voice bade the unwelcome visitor of Christmas eve to enter. hypocrital Aylmer, "but I have a few perish of the cold."

traversing her veins, awaiting the mon- rocks, to the hut. ey lender's words. They came in a torrent-impass

pleading, persuasive, menacing. By right of law he held The Cedars and its inmates at his mercy. By right of gold he offered her it back knots and a roaring, rustling fire, greeted

She was not angry ; she did not even betray her losthing of the man who had plotted and waited for three years. She was calm, her face the face of an

angel, as she said, simply : leave your house. As to the rest, I promsed Leslie Fent in when he went away three years since to be true to my love or him living or dying, in poverty, suffering, bomelessness. That is my answer, now and always."

Avlmer flung his mad and bitter ravings, once free from the mansion. He dashed on over the snowy ledges like a being demented, spurned by the woman whose lightrst smile he craved

ed gold. Straight against a muffled, toiling figure he stumbled, recoiled with an im- Grandfather Denalow was gone. Whithprecation, and then stood rooted to the | er ? spot, staring vaguely at a face that to him Ah, Grandfather Denslow had read the was the face of the dead.

"Great heavens!" he gasped, under his oreath, " Leslie Fenton!" " Pardon me," spoke the other. I fear I have lost my way. Can you direct me

to The Cedars ?" Gurdon Aylmer's breath come hotly, a eve were all supplied ere another day demoniac hatred flashed in his eyes. His had dawned. accents were hourse and strained as he | She understood all, as with little Elily discernable.

"Yes, that way." on the wings of a mighty storm, and Of all dark deeds the weird night shut | bough. censed just as the cheerless day began to into its break bosom of gloom, that was the most hideous. Aylmer stood watching the receding ant, and her happy heart was singing. white, and only the paths and the many- form. It toiled along the narrow path.

Suddenly it groped, slid, fell. They called it The Cedars. In its stateant, Gurdon Aylmer fled like one pursued ly wealth of portico, embrasure, and or- by phantoms. A cry vain, despairing, lost:

" Help!" a gay party of merry visitors, the quaint light and warmth, and the broad fire- cy and unrest, too.

and glow to the sound of happy voices revengeful mortal, a silent figure stole but restored to consciousness, sat in the from the front portals noiselessly, Grand- little parlor of the manse awaiting the

Christmas pass by with no welcome from time celebration. Ah! how the days nor's palm. the weired, scaled portals of the grand agone, when I lived in the rugged cabin "What does this mean?" to me to-night. Who heeds the snow, Gurdon Aylmer appeared at the door of lage, just as the dusk began to fall, two the storm?" Ah! this is royal. Only the room unansounced, and scowled half a mile and the Christmas lights shall darkly at the array of wreaths and holly

graceful, singularly beautiful, but in her Whatever the thoughts or purpose of "It means that I have returned-too pose, mien, and countenance, there was a the old man, they buoyed his enfeebled to redeem the domain your treacherous frame to breast the storm with a laugh arts have stolen, but fully able to protect She paused as she reached the path of stanch disdain. Whatever the delu- and support the woman I wed to-night that led to The Cedars, and half leaned sion his clouded mind entertained, it and her devoted friends." on the faded umbrella she carried, and made him chuckle, and glow, and thrill "Heavens! You alive?"

mansion, beoynd it, all across the dreary Where the road turned he uttered a coiled as he recognized the man he had cry of dismay, (or some one was coming thought to send to his death the night Her lips quivered, her eves grew tear- down the path, and ere the old wanderer previous. ful, a vivid emotion pulsated the fair could dodge aside, he had reached him. "Yes: no thanks to your murderous cheeks. She sighed as one might stand- "Well, I declare! Grandfather Dens- kindness. Go, miscreant and assassin. ing smid the wraiths of sunnier days. low!" ejaculated the stranger. "And The law allows Mrs. Denslow a month's Then, bending her head, with the point abroad such a night as this. I have a let-

spotless snow at the side of the path, a "For me?" "Yes, the postmaster gave it to me, a home. Go; this is yet her house." "Put it in my pocket-outside coat the name written as that of one dead, pocket—that's it. I'll open it by and by." ty," he ground out. "I will show no they are the prettiest of rattle boxes, and Mary Benson, who lived at Pleasant Valher poor heart sobbing, she hastened to- An hour later, exhausted, he reached mcrcy." ward the manse and disappeared within a dilapidated but at the very summit of

the cliff. At that moment the second figure on "Home!" he piped; "the old home. tened his steps directly in the course the gun brought down the game and crowded a village lawyer and by his side, quiv-He, too, was laboring under some deep | Heap it on ! I'll wake the | ment, stood Grandfather Denslow.

in his shifting glance. As he reached the cast vast armfuls of wood into the fire- wishes to redeem The Cedars." spot where the girl had paused he, too, place. He undid his bundle-tallow-

dips and pine-knots. summit of White Cliff began to glow night received a letter settling the long very decorative when fastened to the and glisten, aureoled with red-lit win- and costly litigation he has been engaged topmost bough of the tree.

dows and dancing, rollicking flames, as in for the sum of ten thousand dollars. they swept up the chimney. An old man's fancy-a vagary that for dollar, whenever it is presented to thus be fastened securely to the boughs thrilled dumb dispair with intoxication | him.

of action. "Ever that-always the same!" he "Waiting for Christmas," old Grand- Aylmer slunk from the house.

lay at her feet. How I hate him! My advancing irresistible as the trail of des- joility, the windows glowed with many love for Claire Denslow is consuming me | tiny that marked the snowy whiteness of | lightr, and all the dark shadows and sorand she is cold as ice, disdainful, smiling the bleak cliff that weird December rows of the past were lost and buried Faint, despairing, the cry pierced the

will offer her love, luxury, content, or- ble, fifteen feet below, one hand entangled in a stout dead vine, the body limp, helpless, she made out a human figure. "It is he! I am coming! I am coming!" the mansion, ascended the portico, and she quavered, and the hardy mountain girl was down the dangerous shelf, clinging to the vine.

> How she ever dragged the now insensible form to the cliff she knew not. Gasping, fear-eyed, she looked down at the huddled figure. "Not Grandfather Denslow!" she panted. "A stranger. Who is he? He lives,

could never hope to carry that burden

HARPER'S FOUNG PEOPLE............ 200 Come in and have your eyes examined. No cile's childish suit at law in the city. Should she has'en to the village and blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tis-The girl may refuse my love and aid for summon help? About to brush aside sues, and causes the pains and aches in The people did not worship the one true and cut my own trees. What do you herself, but for the sake of her mother, the cape that obscured the face of the the back, shoulders, knees, ankles, hips, God, but they believed in several evil charge for trees." Dealer (stiffly)—"We for the sake of her starving ones, she senseless stranger, Claire uttered a star- and wrist. Thousands of people have spirits, and these spirits they worshipped do not sell by the tree." "O! I rememless she does, I, owner as mortgagee of A glow of radiance blinded het. cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by they set spart the oak trees.

The Cedars, will send them all adrift, Thrilled, marveling, she looked ahead. its purifying action, neutralizes the acid-

> aghast. "No one has lived there for years, yet some one must be there now. hope; I can never be more than a sister the oak trees, and cut off the mistletoe how I can be." "I am sorry to intrude," spoke the I cannot see this stranger, whoever he is, to you.

"Help! Open, in heaven's name! Mer cy! Grandfather!" Yes, the door had opened and Grand father Denslow, serene, ecstatic, amid the glow of twenty blazing candles and pine--wealth, luxury, the price of a word of her effusively.

She staggered with her burden to the hearth. Then she chanced to look down. A white, mute face showed now. She

Was her brain reeling and the elves of ngel, as she said, simply: Yuletide playing her fantastic tricks to "To-morrow, then, Mr. Aylmer, we sorrow and delude?

No, no, no, Down on her knecs Claire fell. One thought for heaven, one for love, and then she fainted dead away, the name of the man beside her, trembling on her agitated lips-the name written in snow, treasured in memory, Into the face of the rising storm, awak- glowing with every token of fidelity and ening from its transient sleep, the baffled | fealty.

The dead came back to life; empty arms and a longing heart to crave no more, for when she awoke from that deep swoon the white face beside her even more than the glow of all his hoard- glowed with the warmth of returning

And voices sounded without - but

letter! CHAPTER IV.

broken threads in the experience Claire Denslow that mystic Christmas

with holly and evergreen and mistletoe shops of the city. Joy had taken all the pallor from that lovely face, the haunted eyes were radi-It was Leslie Fenton she had rescued

from the ravine, her mourned lover, re-A cry of horror rent the air far down turned from shipwreck and a terrible the snowy cliff-side, as the gullty miscre- castaway experience, poor as when he had left her, but true, manly, with stanch world once more. the hut belonged to villagers, and they around the outer branches of the tree enough.

Spirits of evil and good were abroad Cedars that Grandfather Denslow had windows had quivered with thrilling that snowy Christmas eve-spirits of fan-sent them and was himself safely housed a small one. at the town. One hour after Gurdon Aylmer had And now at noon Leslie, weak and pale can be kept for years if carefully handled. more than one bright romance, sparkle dashed from The Cedars an embittered, from his terrible experience in the ravine Get a lot of red berries and string them

> return of the trio he had insisted on branches, and after the presents are dis-"Christmas eve," he spiped ; "Christ- sending forth for Christmas trimmings, mas eve an old-time storm-an old- as he placed golden coins in little Elion the cliff, poor but happy, come back A gruff voice spoke the demand and

the guests.

bit of ribbon.

middle of each small frosted cake.

upon this most wonderful tree.

A Sacred Plant in England.

of the tree.

Women."

"Nothing. Last year I expected a There are many different kinds of mis-

Sprays. too many tiny mirrors.

White to the lips the money-lender re

claim. By that time we will have removed to a humbler but quite as happy

The discomfited Alymer bit his lips. "Very well, my money or my proper-

"Your money! Mr. Alymer, what is

your claim ?" ed around the great, broad fire-place. ering with some extraordinary excite- pretty and desirable when filled with

"Eh! he redeem it," sneered Alymer. "Yes," responded the lawyer. "Justice Then snap, flash, a lucifer, and the has favored his cause at last. He last ing a doll in lace and silver wings, is He will pay you your mortgage, dollar through the lower end by heating it can But it is impossible."

Like the craven be was, the baffled

Then it was given over to joy, festivibells chimed out a happy wedding peal. under the joy, the gratitude, the happi- mas night, the colored candles are light. Will be fair. What do you say ness of that blissful Christmas Day!

A Wise Boy. "You going to hang up your stocking ?" mas presents. sked the first. "Yep; are you?"

"Yep. You expect a gun?" "Noap." "A dram?" "Noap." "A music box?" "Noap." "What do you expect ?"

ing but a jack knife. This year I hain't is the most famous in English history.

found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and tried to please. For these spirits ber. Height must be considered. Well, het. cure for cheumatism. This medicine, by they set spart the oak trees. The Cedars, will send them all admit, Thrilled, marveing, she houseless, with the dawn of Christmas. The old hut, a familiar landmark, was jty of the blood, and also builds up and they built their altars in oak groves. Inch."—Philadelphia Record. strengthens the whole body.

the people, who kept it carefully.

DICK'S SANTA ELAUS.

BY RIVA F. MARRIES.

Little Dick's white face was pressed disconsolately against the window pane that cloudy winter afternoon, and certainly the black, shining tracks of the railroad and the miserable tenement houses about him offered little to interest or amuse. The long trains dashing by made the one break in the monotony, and the smoke that trailed behind them only served to intensify the dreariness of

Many times had Dick wondered where those glistening rails ended, and had built air castles about the time when he would dash by the old tenement house in one of those brightly painted care, always picturing as the end of his journey the green fields and spreading trees of the country home his mother had so often described to bim.

Cripple Dick bad been slone all day except when good-natured Mrs. Reilly, who lived on the first floor, had run in more interest in the household than any to look after his dinner in his mother's absence at her work, and the time had hung heavily, more so for a fear that had been togging at the lad's heart-strings ever since his mother had said that morning, in reply to a question about To-morrow was Christmas, and a great

> street-he would seek Santa Claus, He went to where the shops were thickest, It certainly was Santa Claus; there could be no doubt about it. The same

dies, will reflect their light and make it for of course Santa Claus had left that at twice as bright; bells, wooly lambs and home.

ticles are not obtainable, yet the chil- that went straight to his heart. dren can manufacture many beautiful "What is it, my little man?" he asked.

"Bless the child!" And then, just as

"Well, my boy, tell me where you live, be needed to trim a large tree, twelve for so I shall be sure not to forget. And then get home as quick as you can, for it is too cold for a baby like you to be out."

there's my car. Good-by, my boy." laces and throw around the necks of all "Good-by, sir, and I thank you so much," If you possess a broken looking-glass His face fairly radiant with happiness, the child turned to go, but his crutch striking a bit of ice it flew from his

Mr. Hamilton caught him up. Dick was insensible. He secured a carriage, them from the boughs. You cannot have and Dick came to just as he was carried

with them, and paste on the other half, the old gentleman warned her by a Use common glue or gum trugueanth for glance not to undeceive the child. So absorbed had she been in the little fellow that not till now had she looked Mr. Inserta bit of narrow ribbon in any color at the top of the nut. Cut small Hamilton in the face, and it was evident

her breath, that Dick might not hear: Make as many as you can of these, for "Mr Hamilton, don't you remember

"Bless my soul!" This seemed to be the bleak landscape, that of a man, has Ah! what jolly Christmases when my voice had spoken. Turning he recogniz- worsteds, and using a bit of it for a string Benson, but you have changed since the "Ah, yes, sadly changed, I know. Sor-

nuts, raisins, and sugar-plums for the row and sickness take one's youth away so quickly. But you look just the same, Mr. Hamilton gave a little jump.

its pretty adornment, and in the end a The work will not be hard; you will dazzling picture ismade when, on Christ- have a good home, the compensation

> And with a promise to send a bundle for Dick's Christmas and to see her again in a day or two, he was gone, leaving her

> almost dazed with her good fortune. What a Christmas that was for Dick, to

Many, many hundred years ago the good to see your Christmas trees. When

of praise. Dressed in long, white robes "I know I ought to be thankful to Miss

Cambrin City, John TOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

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ING. BY EVELYN DEUMMOND.

Only a league !" pants the pretty brook, Through leaves that rosale and quiver; Only a mile!" sings the broader stream, Till we mingle and most the river !" Goly a furlong?" the river chants,

With packages rustling like linets.

Oh, dear ! One great long year to Christmas !

WHAT XMAS BROUGHT.

BY ALICE BRADSBAW.

CHAPTER L.

It was Christmas Eve, and snow-snow

It had come with the early morning

everywhere.

If I stay awake just an hour, I'll see

"To the ocean grand and sounding."
Then the goal is reached, and the Joyous fo
In green, cool billows are bounding. Only a week !') prattled pretty May-"Seven days, and, softly knocking, santa will creep to the cottage door, To fill my hung-up stocking.
Only a week! Oh! how can I wuit? I get up early and go to bed late-Ob, dear! I'll be all worn out, at this rate

Only a week to Christmas? Only a cay! Just think of it? One! Twenty-Lour hours, and if's coming : Christmas will be here; the very thought Sets every nerve a humaning ! tockings all mended, tree in the shed, Pop corn all ready, white cars and red Just one more jump in and out of the bed-Only an hour ! I won't go to sleep ! Who can walt sixty short minutes? I hear paper working behind the closed doors,

Santa Clairs come down the broad chimnes Oh ! I'm so sleepy, so slee-sleepy ! t's come and it's been, it's stayed and it's gone ! Christmas is " merried " and over. Wish it would stay thro' the snow and the lee, and the bads, and the blossoms, and clover! But theu, I forgot, I can still watch and walt Twill sure come again, altho' pretty late.
I'll count up the months and the weeks on my

At prices that make all other dealers hus-Overholt & Co's Pore Rye, five years old Full quarts \$1, or \$10 per dozen. Still better:

die. The trees were laden with it, the And one of the most salcable Whiskeys ground presented an unbroken field of gabled house looking down at the nest-

that was monotonous, namented roof, the mansion still retained a certain dignity and grandeur that spoke of old-time cheer and comfort. The swaying cedars had welcomed many

> places had seen more than one Yule log. and beating of happy hearts. That was a dim-remembered story in father Denstow. the old-time, entombed, now, however. For three years The Cedars had seen

figures appeared on the landscape. The first was that of a girl singularly glow like fire-flies." subdued sadness.

cast a dreamy, longing glance at the old as if he were back in his forties. expanse that environed it. of the umbrella she traced in the pure, ter for you."

ed the snowy wall as a block of marble.

mused. "Oh, it is maddening! She father Denslow chirped, and chuckled clings to that memory through pain, neg- and spread out his thin, trembling hands ty, and love, and at even-tide the village be suspended with thread wire. leet, poverty. A thought of him is more to the grateful heat. to ber than all the gold and jewels I can And the Christmas was coming, sure; The old halls rang again with merry contemptuously on my gold, while hun- night. ger is gnawing at her bonny heart. I "Help!" will see her-I will see her! To-night, this very hour, now, for the last time, I darkness and gloom. Vaguely discerni-

Through the half-curtained window he

breathed Aylmer, feverishly. "They have sold off everything, even to ordina-SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES ry articles of comfort. They have lost

words to say to you."

one rea glow of light. "What does it mean?" she breathed,

Bravely she lifted the limp form. go. It's altogether too near Christmas to and gave it as a New Year's gift among me a pair of slippers that are several Claire placed the lamp on a table in Stanchly she plodded onward-down the work the sister racket on me.

is undoubtedly caused by latic acid in the

There they prayed and sang their hymns She-No, Mr. Wilts, you need not these Druids marched in procession to Snyder," said Merritt, "but I don't see o you.

With knives of gold. After saying a "How's that?" asked Cobwigger.

He—Excuse me, Miss Hilts, that don't prayer over it they cut it in short pieces "Why," returned Merritt, "she made

The Christmas Tree. Doll and dreary indeed would dark De cember be to us all were it not for the delightful task of planting and adorning Christmas trees—the trees which are of

WHOLE NO. 2005.

that ever grew besides its doors. It is well to select a tree that has a regular cone from base to summit and is of the proper beight for your purpose, and op off any branches that may interfere with its beauty; and while selecting | Santa Claus, "Try not to think about it the tree you can also buy quentities of this Christmas, dear, for I am afraid Santa holly and ivy and mistletoe and laurel Claus will not come here." leaves, wherewith to make garlands and crowns and wreaths for adorning the idea struck Dick as he walked out in the

halls, parlors and dining-room. Plant your tree in a small wash-tub filled in with brickbats or paving stones, and spool around-waiting? Just as he or anything that is heavy and will keep was staring at a window filled with toys, it in place, and cover over the tub with he started, for there, close to him, was a gayly striped flag, and upon this base | Santa Claus-at last! many of the larger articles, such as books desks, etc., can be arranged. Those of our readers who are the fortu- jolly face, the bright, twinkling, blue

nate possessors of a long purse can pur- eyes, the snow-white hair and beard, the chase at the fancy shops every imagina- great for coat and cap, and, to complete ble device for decorating most artistical- the proof, the capacious pockets, fairly ly and beautifully-such as silver doves overflowing with suggestively shaped or stuffed doves, colored glass balls, flags | bundles. of every kind, gilded stars, tiny looking- Dick looked for the pack on his back. classes that, if suspended behind the can- but felt no doubt when he did not see it.

bon bons of every description : while in A moment later, this pleasant-faced the toy shops are whole regiments of old gentleman felt a timid pull at his doll, from the most elegant Parisian belles | coat, and heard a child's voice say: to the knitted sailor boy, for the baby, "Please, Mr. Santa Claus wait a min Like a weird romance untangled, the and vast caravans of animals and Noah's ute." of arks, and tops that surpass description. | Turning, in astonishment, he looked But in some village homes all these ar- down into a pair of bright, dark eyes

decorations for the Christmas tree, in "And what was it you called me ?" pointed down a path unbeaten and bare- nor and her mother, at Christmas noon which they will take quite as much "Oh, please, Mr. Santa Claus, mother they has ened down the cliff side, laden pleasure as if they were from the fancy said she didn't think you would come to our home to-night, and I wanted to ask With a few sheets of gilt, blue, scarlet, you not to forget. And bring me a book and silver paper cut into tiny strips four if you can spare one," with an apologetic inches in length and half an inch in accent.

width, you can make long chains to en-twine from bough to bough of the tree. "Bless the child?" And then, just as he was about to say, with a laugh, that With a bottle of mucilage, paste the be was not Santa Claus, the child's look two ends of he strips together until of perfect faith, his evident sincerity in half of them are made into rings; then taking him for Santa Claus, swerved him from his purpose, and he determined he make up some more by slipping one end heart and stout hands ready to battle the through two rings and join them togeth- would accept the role thus strangely er. Let the three rings become dry, and thrust upon him. If he could obtain the The voices Claire had heard outside join them into long garlands. Suspend child's address the rest would be easy

> "Please, sir, 47, Fielding court, on the second floor." "All right-and your name?" into chains with a needle and coarse "Dick Morton." thread. Entwine them also about the "All right, Dick. Be sure Santa Claus will remember. But, bless my soul, tributed break up the chains into neck-

> carry it to a glazier and have it cut into bits three inches by two. Paste a bit of brown paper over the back of the glass, and bind the edges with strips of gilt or grasp, and he fell heavily, striking his scarlet and blue papers, and paste a bis head against the stone curbing. of ribbon or paper at the top to suspend

> into the room where his mother, with a Purchase a pound or two of large walnuts, cut them into haives and take out frightened look, greeted him. "Wasn't Santa Claus good to bring me the meats. Save them to put into the home, mother?" cried, "and he isn't Purchase also a pound of sngared cara- going to forget me ways, and fill half of one of the nut-shells Mrs. Morton lor sed up in wonder, but

round or gilt paper and cover it with that she recognized him. When he left the room she followed and wrap it carefully about the nut, letting the folds of it lie evenly about the bim, and in the little entry said under

everybody likes to possers such a trophy. Tey years ago?" Little lace bags made of bobbinet lace or wash-illusion, by running them togeth- a favorite exclamation of the old gentle-The money-lender started. A new er with scarlet, blue, and gold-colored man. "Sure enough, it is little Mary

Small apples closely stuck with cloves only a little older. Pleasant Valley, saliow face, eagerness and scheming lay He ran in, he ran out of the cabin. He Nothing; but my client, Mr. Denslow, are also nice to perfume bureau drawers. Shall I ever see the dear old place and a dozen or more will not come amiss | again?" "The very thing! Mrs. Morton, if you A Christ-child or angel, made by dress-

had an opportunity to go to Pleasant Valley and earn an honest living, would you go ?" "Do it! Oh, sir, how can you doubt it? Small candles with a bit of wire thrust "Not at all. Not at all. Here, I have been hunting through intelligence offices Cut rings of cardboard and slip over for a week to find an honest, tidy Amerthe candles, and they will catch their lean woman to take charge of my stater drippings. Apples and oranges can also Deborah's household affairs. Of course you remember Aunt Deb, as everybody Other little inventions and contrivances | calls her. She will stay at the old homeare sure to be hit upon by young and old stead, and refuses all our entreuties to during the time of investing the tree with come to us. She wants a companion.

ed, and the eager, happy children gather around to claim their long-promised Indeed I will." gifts, and to distribute their own Christ-

Mistletoe is one of those plants called be sure. When he awoke it was to find parasites. The mistletoe is a gray threadlike plant, and you will sometimes see it that Santa Claus had indeed kept his about the streets for sale at Christmas promise. Not only the book he had time, for, like the holly, it is a Christmas longed for, but toys, such as he had nevplant, says a writer in "Little Men and er dreamed of possessing, and sweetmeats innumerable, greeted his wondering eyes that bright morning. And to "Nothing. Last year I expected a twenty-five dollar tool bex and got noth- tletoe, but that which grows on the oak edge that he was to go to his mother's old bome, and that he would realize his going to expect nothing and mebbe I'll In England, although the people think dream of dashing over those very shin-She gazed despairingly back the long, get a Texas pony."—Detroit Pres Press.

a great deal of having the mistletce of the oak to deck their houses at Christing tracks he could see from the window.

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