



BUTTERCUP'S CHRISTMAS

The Story of a Doll

by Lily Russell

D AISKY lay in her cot sleeping, and Buttercup lay in her little carriage, also sleeping. Daisy's stocking was hanging up, waiting to be filled, and Buttercup's little blue stocking was hanging beside it. Daisy had insisted on putting it there when she fastened up her own.



"MAY I COME IN?" SAID BUTTERCUP.

and when Santa Claus came the first thing he did was to put two chocolate creams and a bead necklace into Buttercup's stocking. They filled it right to the top, and then Santa Claus turned to Daisy's stocking and put in an apple, an orange, nuts, chocolates, crackers, a mouth organ, a china pig, a purse and a paint box.

Daisy slept peacefully, with her curls falling over her eyes, but Buttercup woke with a start to behold a terrible sight. Santa Claus was putting a new wax doll into Daisy's stocking and pinning a paper doll on the outside. Then he stooped and laid several boxes on the floor and in another moment he had disappeared.

Buttercup stared with wide open eyes and a heart full of hatred. She had a rival!—a fair-haired, blue-eyed rival—with pink cheeks and a pink dress trimmed with white fur. She did not mind the paper doll, even though she had a full crinkled skirt and a frosted bodice, for Buttercup knew that paper dolls may look very smart at Christmas, but they soon grow dirty and are not a bit nice to cuddle. It was the new wax doll that Buttercup hated, for she knew that beside this fresh young beauty her own cheeks would look pale and denuded; her hair would look thin and straggly; her clothes would look dowdy and tumbled. "She will take my place," said Buttercup bitterly to herself; "she will ride in my carriage and sit in my chair and sleep in my bed. Yes, I dare say she'll wear that new necklace that's in my stocking. Even if she doesn't, I'm sure I don't want it. I suppose they want to bribe me with a new necklace to make me believe they love me so much, while all the time they will fuss over that creature and give her everything."

Buttercup stopped talking to herself because she heard the new wax doll beginning to talk to the paper doll. The wax doll had been placed in the stocking in such a way that she could not see Buttercup unless she turned round a little, but she could look right into the cot where Daisy was sleeping. "Oh, isn't she pretty?" said the wax doll to the paper doll. "I'm sure she is such a nice little girl. It was so kind of dear Santa Claus to leave me here," said Buttercup to herself. "I shan't stay and see that creature welcomed," said Buttercup. "I shall run away." She got softly out of the carriage and stole very gently into the next room.

Buttercup peeped into the toy cupboard.



"It was Jack in the box that spoke," said Buttercup. "Oh, how nice!" said the Tea Things; "now there will be two more dolls to take tea with us."

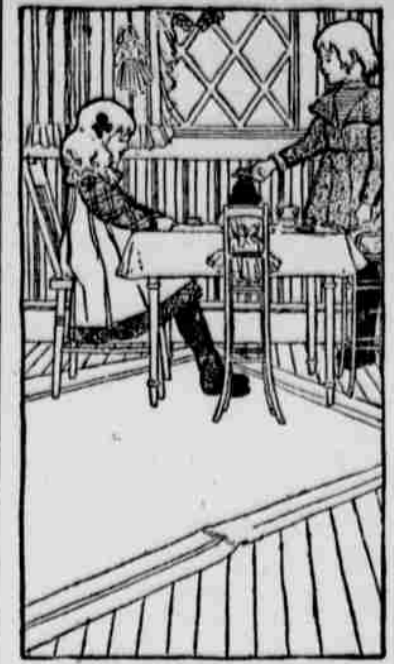
"That's all you think of," said Buttercup. "I don't suppose you would be a bit sorry if I had to drink out of the cracked cup."

"It's a great shame, Buttercup; I can quite understand your feelings." It was Jack-in-the-Box that spoke. Daisy did not like his ugly face, and never played with him, so he had been in a corner of the cupboard for months. Buttercup looked at the Jack-in-the-Box and was not quite sure what to say. She felt angry that a common Jack-in-the-Box should dare to say he understood the feelings of a real wax doll, the chief favorite in the nursery. On the other hand, Jack's sympathy was very sweet, especially as the Tea Things showed themselves so unfeeling. The lid of the Noah's Ark was closed, and the furry rabbit seemed to be paying no attention.

"Thank you, Jack," said Buttercup.

"I remember Daisy in bed because she had got burnt," said Buttercup; "it was then that her father bought me for her, but I never heard how it happened."

Then all the dresses began talking.



THE DOLLS' DINNER PARTY.

about Daisy, and the brown dress said how dreadful it was when Daisy's pinafore blazed up, and Buttercup was astonished to find that Daisy's old party dress seemed to be quite as fond of her as the new party dress was.

The nurse said there was no time to look for her just then, as they must get ready for church.

It was dinner time when they got back from church, and it was only when Daisy went into the nursery again after dinner that she thought about Buttercup. Daisy's cousins were coming to tea, and she meant to have all the dolls ready so that there might be a grand party—but where was Buttercup? Daisy hunted and nurse hunted, and when Daisy's mother came into the nursery she found her little girl looking very unhappy. Then Daisy and her mother looked in the dining room and the drawing room and the kitchen, and last of all they looked in the spare bedroom, and there they found Buttercup in a corner of the wardrobe.

"Oh, my dear, dear Buttercup!" said Daisy, hugging her in her arms. "I'm so glad I've found you. I couldn't have had a Christmas party at all without you."

"Aren't you going to put your new doll in the best seat?" asked Daisy's mother. "Oh, no. She's a very pretty doll, and I love her very much already, but I couldn't put her in Buttercup's chair."

You can imagine how ashamed of herself Buttercup felt when she heard this. The new wax doll was sitting at Daisy's right hand. "I'm so pleased to see you," said she to Buttercup; "all the other dolls have been telling me about you." Then Buttercup felt more ashamed of herself than ever.

Daisy and her cousins came in, and the dolls' dinner party began, and they had a very happy afternoon.—Mail and Express.



Infant Jesus, Virgin and Angels, by Bouguerou.

at last; "I shall never pretend to admire that new creature."

"You should run away," advised the Jack-in-the-Box; "let them see you care nothing for them. That's what I do. I meditate here in my corner, instead of joining in foolish games."

"I don't need anybody to advise me to run away," said Buttercup. "I decided that before; only I came here to say good-bye first."

Buttercup left the toy cupboard and went through the hall into the spare bedroom. The wardrobe door was not fastened and she peeped in. Hanging on the hooks were party dresses belonging to Daisy, an old one and a new one, the silk dress that Daisy's mother went to parties in, and an old brown dress.

"May I come in?" said Buttercup, speaking to the silk dress because it was the best in the wardrobe.

"You must ask the brown dress; she is mistress here," said the silk dress. Buttercup was rather astonished, but she turned to the brown dress and repeated her request. "Certainly," said the brown dress. "I don't know you, but I suppose you belong to Daisy." All down the front of the brown dress and on the sleeves there were great holes, and as Buttercup looked at them she wondered why an old-fashioned cloth dress with holes in it should be of more importance than the beautiful silk dress. Perhaps the silk dress guessed what she was thinking, for it said:

"Do you know why we think so much of the brown dress?"

"No," said Buttercup. "Will you tell me?"

"More than a year ago," said the silk dress, "Daisy set herself on fire, and perhaps she would have been burned to death if her mother had not caught her up and put out the flames with her own dress. That is why Daisy's mother loves the brown dress more than any other she has got. If I had been there I could not have put out the flames nearly so well, because I am thin, but the brown dress is thick, and so Daisy was hardly hurt at all."

Buttercup had expected to find the old party dress cross because it was no longer the best, but when she heard it talking in such a friendly way to the new dress she said nothing about her own troubles. She sat in a corner of the wardrobe and thought of the first day she had spent with Daisy, and how happy they were, and how her hair got rumpled in the bed and never looked quite nice again.

Now we must hear about Daisy. When she awoke and found all her presents she was so happy and excited that at first she did not miss Buttercup.



"I'M SO GLAD I FOUND YOU."

cup. After breakfast she began arranging all her dolls and toys, both old and new, in a corner of the nursery for their Christmas party. She looked for Buttercup in the toy cupboard and all round the nursery, and asked her nurse where Buttercup could be, but

CHRISTMAS MENU.

Clam bouillon in cups
Assorted sandwiches in fancy shapes
Peas and veal croquettes
Turkey, cold, with cranberry jelly
Potato chips Boned quail in jelly
Cake ice cream Fruit Nuts Raisins
Candies Coffee



A Christmas Box.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

A Rainy Christmas.



The Twins—"Auntie, what's that pinging on the roof?"
Auntie—"Rain, dears."
The Twins—"Reindeers? Is Santa Claus here already?"

How the Mistletoe Comes to Be.

The story of how the mistletoe gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearls white berries. These come in the winter season, when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. Now when a robin eats a cherry he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which indeed its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Professor S. C. Schmeucker, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Advice About Christmas Gifts.

Every gift should be carefully enveloped in tissue paper, whether it is intended for a member of your own household or not. It gives a gift an added lustre to have it mysteriously shrouded from sight for a moment after coming into your possession. A sufficient quantity of tissue paper should be laid in early in December, for at the last there is always a rush, and it often happens that, even in the big metropolitan shops, the supply gives out a week before Christmas.

Lay aside, also, as many bolts of "baby" ribbon as you think you may need. The paper should be white and the ribbon holly-red, but many persons prefer something more distinctive of themselves, so have paper of a very pale pink, with white or pink or pale green ribbon; or white paper and white ribbon, or blue or pink or some other favorite color with which to enclose their gifts.—Marsha Henk, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Decorating the Christmas Table.

Decorate the table with a German Christmas tree, one of the toy ones, and pile around its foot a quantity of presents tied up with red ribbons; these should be only what a college man would call "grinds"—perhaps a tiny tin piano for a would-be performer, a lantern for the one the points of whose jokes are difficult to see, a plaid paper golf bag for the enthusiastic player, and so on, each with a rhyme or quotation. If one considers a goose a somewhat undignified bird, ducks may be exchanged for it, either the domestic fowl or the more expensive canvas back or red head. Fried celery is very good with duck, the crispest pieces dropped in batter and then cooked in deep fat, but the apple sauce croquettes should not be omitted, even with this.

Grandma's Christmas Candy.

Old-fashioned peppermint is the confection dear to the heart of all the grandmothers, because it was one of the best known to their childhood. So you must learn to make it for the sake of those who will appreciate the pains you have taken for them. And the rule I am giving you now is grandma's rule. To every cupful of fine granulated sugar add one-fourth of a cupful of hot water. Boil for five minutes, flavor to the taste with peppermint extract, stir until thick, then drop on paper and set away to cool. Make the drops large or small, as you fancy, but the smaller ones seem the most delicate.—Sallie Joy White, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Sufficient Commentary.

Dashley—"What kind of a chap is he?"
Flasher—"Oh, the kind that gives Christmas presents far enough ahead to allow return gifts, don't you know?"—Criterion.

A CASE FROM HAWAII.

The First to Be Decided by the Supreme Court.

The United States Supreme Court delivered the first opinion ever rendered by it in a case coming up from a Hawaiian court. The case was that of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States against Cecil Brown, administrator of the estate of Thomas B. Smith. Mr. Smith was domiciled in Hawaii, and while there took out a life insurance policy. He afterward died in San Francisco. Administrators were appointed in both Hawaii and in New York, the latter appointment being made at the instance of relatives in this country. The insurance company refused to pay the policy to the Hawaiian administrator, on the ground that by its terms the policy is payable at its New York office. The territorial court's decision was opposed to this condition, and the opinion did not disturb the case as thus left, the court dismissing the writ on the ground that no federal question is involved.

The highest mountains in Cuba reach greater heights than any peaks in the Eastern ranges of the United States.

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SPORTING BREVITIES.

The California baseball season has ended.

Yale's rowing crews will start work January 15.

Pete Childs, second baseman of the Phillies, has signed with Louisville for next season.

James R. Keene's Cap and Bolts H., winner of the English Oaks, is to be sent to the stud.

The University of Michigan will build a cork running track in the University gymnasium.

John Hyslop, who has been the measurer of the New York Yacht Club since 1887, has resigned his office.

Liverpool, England, had nine days' horse racing the past season, and the added money amounted to \$105,000.

M. W. Savage, of Minneapolis, has purchased of M. E. Sturgis, of New York City, the pacing stallion Dan Patch, 1:59 1/2.

J. R. Haggis, whose success as a breeder of runners has been wonderful, has decided to have his young trotting-bred stock developed.

P. M. Evans, a famous English athlete and promoter of sports for the past thirty years, died in that country recently. In his younger days he was a noted walker.

"Tunch," a professional court tennis player of England, has defeated Joshua Crane Jr., amateur champion of the United States, in two consecutive matches at Tuxedo.

Alexander Winton, of Cleveland, Ohio, has formally offered a racing machine to the Automobile Club of America for entry in the American team in the international cup race.

The managers of Columbia's football interests are worried in regard to a coach for next season. William B. Morley, who holds that position, has business interests which compel his resignation.

WANTS MONEY FOR HIS TIME.

Paroled Convict Who Served 21 Years for Another's Crime.

C. L. Franklin, of Bibb county, Georgia, is endeavoring to get before the legislature a resolution to pay him for 21 years' service in the State penitentiary for a crime which, it appears, was committed by another party. Franklin was sentenced by Judge T. J. Simmons, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, to life imprisonment for murder. Judge Simmons was then judge of the Superior Court of Macon. A short time ago, on his death bed, a Macon man admitted that he had committed the murder for which Franklin has been sentenced. Application was at once made for Franklin's pardon, which came to him after he had served 21 years, principally in the coal mines in the northern part of the State. Franklin lost an arm in the coal mines, and asserts he came out of the penitentiary a physical wreck. He says he wants to take a committee from the legislature to these convict camps and show them some of the evils of the convict system. He is endeavoring to get the representative from Bibb to offer a resolution providing that he be paid the money which the State received for his services, on the ground that he was innocent of the crime for which he was sentenced.—Atlanta Constitution.

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Ferrets as Engineers.

"I recently," says a correspondent of the Field, "saw a ferret put to a new use as an electrical engineer. The electric light wires in my district are being renewed where required, and as the wires are protected by earthenware covers through which they are run, the only means of putting new wires in is by the use of a ferret. The one I saw was very lively, and on good terms with the workman. He had a metal collar, to which string was attached; he started off to the next manhole, and then when the ferret was removed, the wire, to which the string had been previously attached, was drawn through."

Complaint is made that out of 51,000 street lamps in Paris only 33,000 are lighted at night.

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