

AVID believed in a great many things. He was fond mystery, and some of the things he could not explain he believed in most.

He believed in pulling wishbones, for he knew if he got the long end, and then put it over the door, his wish would be almost sure to come true. 'Along about Thanksgiving time there were a great many wishbones, and the narrow shelf at the top of the door casing was filled with grisly hopes that were mostly to come true Christmas morning.

For in the goodness of Santa Claus he believed most of all. There was just one Santa Claus, and there was no faith and no feeling quite like that on the afternoon before Christmas, when he drove the tack into the back left hand corner of the mantelpiece and hung on it his longest and reddest stocking, and then sat in different parts of the room to look at it and so make sure that Santa Claus could not fail to see it first thing.

He had wanted a knife. He had wanted one since he could first remember, but now that he had been going to school it seemed to him that there was nothing in the world he wanted like that. The other boys had them. To be sure they were all older than him, but he had caught up with them in his lessons, and it seemed as knives and lessons ought to go together. His parents were afraid he would cut his fingers, but he had used the other boys' knives and had not cut himself; at least only a little once, and that was an accident.

He made up his mind at last that in Santa Claus lay his only hope. Santa Claus, who knew everything, would know that he was old enough to have a knife-perhaps one with two blades, a big one and a little one. He mentioned this to his parents, but they looked grave and said that Santa Claus was very particular about little boys'

He had been getting all the long ends of the wish bones, and his wish was always for the knife. Above the sitting room door there was a perfect thicket of long ends. The knife was certain. He could hardly wait for the

But one day, when Christmas was no more than a few weeks off, his father returned from the village with a picture paper. It had a great deal in it about Christmas, and inside there was a set of pictures that covered over two whole pages. The little boy saw them and spread the paper down on the to look at them. Then he forgot everything else in the world, for they were pictures of the life and home of Santa Claus! He had seen other such pictures, but never before any like these. There was the workshop, with the old fellow at his bench, and the finished gifts piled around him. There were dolls and playthings without him, sure enough, was a whole row of pocket knives!

The little boy got down and looked at the pictures very close. Which knife was for him? If he only knew! By and by he took the paper over to where his mother was sewing. There



THE LONGEST AND REDDEST STOCKING. was one picture he did not understand. It was Santa Claus looking at a big

book with writing in it. "Why," she said, "that is where he

your name would be just on the next page."

The little boy's hands tremblad with see the other side of that page he hand was a treasure cold and hard, would know then about the knife.

It was very dark when he woke on Christmas morning. His parents, sleeping in the same room, were not did ma. I told you he would!" awake. It was very cold, too, but that did not matter.

"Is it morning, ma?" he called, soft-

"I guess Santa Claus must have for-"Ma, is it morning?" There was a sleepy sound from the gotten how old you are. I s'yose we'll perate encounter- left of it.

big bed that might have meant any thing. But like a flash the little boy was out on the icy floor in the dark. Out into the dim sitting room, where the empty fireplace was cold and shadowy in the first gray of dawn.

KEEPING THE NAMES OF CHILDREN,

Then the full stocking that crunched when he hugged it to his breast, and a bound back into his little home-made bed, shivering with a delicious sense of cold and joy.

There was something hard and kind of long at the top. That was candy-

have to lay it away for a year or two." The small flugers roamed over the smooth, wooden handle which he could not yet see. The sturdy thumb nail bent itself time and again in the little catches of the two cold blades that were too new for him to open. Now and then he reached out to feel of his mittens and the cookles and to find another piece of the mixed candy. He sucked the candy to make it last. Dear heart, how happy he was!-Chicago Times-Herald.

A Telephone in a Christmas Tree. One of the prettiest stories of what the telephone has done is told of a family out West. The mother was sick in a hospital many miles away. She insisted at Christmas time that no change should be made at home. There must be Christmas presents and the tree. The father and some men worked at the Christmas tree for some hours on the afternoon before Christmas.

The mother far away was well enough to walk to the telephone in the hospital. The hour was arranged. Suddenly, when all the children were around the tree, the father reached into the tree, put the transmitter, carefully concealed there to the ear of the youngest child, and the child heard its mother's Christmas message. Each in turn spoke to her, and they voted their mamma's voice was the best Christmas present they had.



a big stick of peppermint; he could number, and there right in front of tell by the feeling and smell. He bit a little piece off at the end of it. How candy as Santa Claus. He laid it tham Journal. It falls on Sunday, out on the cover and went in deeper. what color they were in the dark. They knit string. That was to go round those before he wanted the knife so badly. Then there was a round, quite out. That wasn't the knife, of course. He knew it was cookies as soon as he got it open. Real Christmas cookies, with white frosting and red sugar sprinkled on the top. He wondered why his mother never made such good land that it seems likely to be extercookies as those. He bit one in two minated in certain places. It was forand went deeper. Still no knife. His merly permitted to grow in many apheart sank a little as he drew out a ple orchards, sometimes seriously inlong roll, that much reach, he thought, to the very end of his stocking. It was a book rolled up, and inside of it was another package of candymixed candy this time. He stuffed a gum drop into his mouth and seized the stocking again. There was something more in it, but it did not feel like a knife. It was kind of big and Why Jonas Hardluck Didn't Have soft. He drew it out and made sure that the stocking was empty. Then he began to unwrap. One paper came off, and then another. Still another paper, and yet another paper, and another, and another. Each paper that keeps the names of children. He puts came off left the parcel harder and after them whether they are good or harder, and there was something now about the shape of it that made him "Oh!" he asked, "is my name there?" fairly wild with eagerness. He was "Why, no; they go by the alphabet; so excited he could hardly unwind the last paper, that seemed to have no end. He tore off great pieces of it, He bought one butand once the package slippend out of eagerness. He must see what was his fingers. At last the wrapping was on the other side. If he could only all off, and, clutched tightly in his

but which warmed the little boy to his very soul. "Ma!" he cried, "Oh, ma! Oh, pa! Santa Claus did bring me a knife! He

There was a sound something like laughter from the big bed. Then a Christmas Day on Sunday.

Few people are aware that Christmas Day falls oftener on Sunday than good it was. Nobody ever made such on some other days, says the Gran-Tuesday and Thursday fifty-eight There was a small package next, but times and on Friday and Saturday it was not the knife. It was soft, and fifty-seven times each for every fiftywhen he opened it it felt woolly. Oh, six times it falls on a Monday or a yes, it was mittens. He tried to see Wednesday. This, according to the vicar of All Saints', Margaret street, were fastened together with a long London, who is an expert in these calculations, will continue to be the same his neck. He had wanted mittens like until the present era of twenty-two and a half seconds in the length of the year is compensated for by substitutbig package that he could hardly get ing a common year for a leap year once in 4000 years.

> The mistletoe has become so popular as a Christmas decoration in Eng-

A Popular Parasite.

juring the trees, but with the increased demand this has all been removed. In some places steps are being taken to propagate it, and young apple trees can now be purchased on which the parasite has become established.

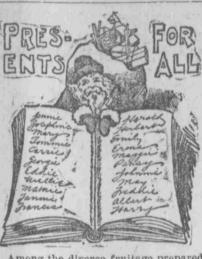
Christmas Tree.



him on the way home



And after a des-



Among the diverse fruitage prepared for one Christmas treet this year are a number of home-made articles that will be not only ornamental to the tree, but of use to the recipients. A pretty workcase for thimble, needles, scissors and small pieces of work was fashioned after a banana. The sections of the skin of a large banana were used for the pattern. These were cut from yellow kid, heavy silk and velveteen, and were lined with silk of the same shade, and bound with narrow yellow ribbon. The pieces were then overhanded together, leaving the shorter side open. A few strokes of the brush and brown paint gave a realistic effect.

Another case similar to this, but cut in pieces that were regularly shaped and somewhat larger than a banana, was made of bronze kid and bound with brown ribbon. It is a particularly neat and convenient needlework case. Another made of yellow silk was stuffed, and will be used as a pincushion to hang at the side of the dressing table mirror.

Oranges and lemons made of heavy silk and kid were cut from sections of the large fruits. In those made of kid the pieces were lined with silk and sewed together on the wrong side, over and over, and two sides were bound with ribbon of the same color and left open. These made pretty receptacles for needlework or odds and ends, and looked much like the originals. A few made of silk, and stuffed, are intended for pretty cushions for fancy pins. Pumpkins of silk, with real stems, which are not hard to make, resembled the old fashioned fruit more than the pale, cultivated pumpkins of the city markets do. The sections of these were outlined with fine silk. These are also made of kid, with one open side and one used for needlecases.

Natural ears of corn, which are not hard to make for people who know how to knit, were made from directions found in a book on knitting. Two or three husks were hung from the open top of the ear.

Cuff buttons, pins and studs were concealed in gilded walnut shells, which were tied together with narrow ribbon. These added to the pretty appearance of the tree.

Grandmothers may be made happy at Christmas time by a gift of a series of little photographs illustrating the history of the summer outing of their grandchildren. Feeding the chickens, counting the pigs, riding the pony and wading in the brook, with other pretty pictures, will delight more people than the grandmothers.

Christmas in the Philippines.

Last year Christmas was a merry day for all our troops in the Philippines. Large dances were given in the various quarters of our army, and the city was alive with midnight orgies. The boxes from home came in by the thousands, and the boys joined together and had a "lay out" that made them forget that they were 10,000 miles from home. The ships in the harbor were brilliantly illuminated at night, and the festive sound of music floated across the bay, while the officers and men reveled in dance and song. During the day water tournaments and athletic exhibitions were given, and the jackies enjoyed a feast



CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

that gave them the nearest to a home feeling that they had enjoyed since they sailed across the Pacific. The afternoon was given over to dinners and visiting, and all lent themselves to the spirit of the day.

Last year the Filipino turkey was abundant, and many of the Christmas messes were supplied with stuffed turkey. Some had roast pig and others ducks from the great duck town, Pateros. The table service was not of the Sherry or Delmonico pattern, but although the boys had to wash their tin plates and iron knives between courses, there was no complaint on that score.

A Suggestion for 1994, We would suggest to the brethren who are so anxious about 1904 a change of subject.

quadrennial meeting of the Olympian games will be held in the United States during that year. It is as yet uncertain whether the scene will be in New York or Chicago. Wherever the games are held we can and in their anticipation more enjoyment than in the contemplation of a political campaign.

The game's the thing.

Pleasant Evening. Mrs. Wiggles—Did you have a good time at the Watsons playing whist last evening! Mrs. Waggles-We had a perfectly

ovely time. Mrs. Wiggles—Which beat? Mrs. Waggles—Well, we didn't either of us beat. The fact is, we spent the whole evening talking about our children.

Poetry.

The Night Wind stirs uneasily. "Why do you croon?" asked the Owl "Well, I have to do semething that rhymes with moon, of course?" sighs

the Night Wind. There is poetry in nature.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to tearn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now knows to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Oureis taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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England's Postal Department forwarded last year 2,225,000,000 letters and 400,000,000 postal cards.

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There are about 117,000 novels in the Paris National Library, and near-ly 69,000 volumes of French poetry.

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The percentage of illiteracy in Kansas is less than it is in any state in this Union, or in any country on the globe save Belgium.

Uncle Sam's Soldiers

Will eat Libby's Plum Pudding for Christmas dinner. The U.S. Government has just purchased a large consignment of Libby, McNeili & Libby's famous plum pudding, which will be supplied to American Soldiers in the Philippine Islands and Cuba.

The owners of the tramway in Greece, connecting Athens and Pire, have been given three years in which to convert the line into an electric

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tuti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

Chinese women believe that the evil spirit holds possession of all the high points of the earth, and that is why no Chinese women can ever be induced to climb a mountain.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago, -Mrs. Thos. Rob-bins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A permanent life-line, consisting of a strong wire cable, has been stretched along the entire distance of the Chicago drainage canal, 34 miles, to be used in case of accident.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children cething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c. a bottle. The American quail imported into Sweden some time ago seem to thrive and increase in number. It remains

to be seen, however, whether the birds

can stand the long winters there. To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Brono Quining Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it falls to cure, E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The apartment which the late King Humbert of Italy used to occupy at the Quirinal has been shut. Nothing will be changed in it, and none but members of the royal family will be allowed to visit it.

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The Queen having departed after having deposited with her royal consort a piece of her mind, the court jester remarked: Sire, you remind me of King Henry

"Too much wife?" asked the mon-arch, in haste to get a horse on the

'That ain't bad for an amateur," replied the court jester, "but I was alluding to the fact that he was called the bluff King. Gimme a cigar, will

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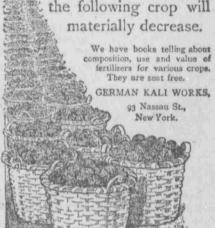
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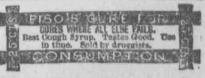
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