



LOOKING UP THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

ST. GERONIMO'S END

WAS THROWN ALIVE INTO SETTING CONCRETE.

Interesting Photograph of Cavity Where He Was Cast is on Exhibition at the Concrete Association of America.

An interesting souvenir of St. Geronimo, whose martyrdom consisted in being thrown alive into a block of setting concrete, is at present on exhibition in the quarters of the Concrete Association of America, New York. It consists of a photograph of the cavity left by the saint's body, and was secured by Frank P. Baldwin, chief engineer of the battle ship Maine, while visiting Algiers. According to history, there was born about the year 1520 an Arab boy named Geronimo. He was captured in infancy by the Spanish garrison at Oran, and when about eight years old he escaped from his captors and went back to his family, living as a Mohammedan till the age of 25. He then voluntarily returned to Oran and resumed the Christian life which he had adopted previously when in the hands of the Spanish authorities. A few years later he went on a coasting raid with a party of Spaniards, but the raiders were themselves captured by a Moorish Corsair and brought to Algiers. Here the attempt was made to convert him to Mohammedanism, but he persistently refused to embrace that faith, so that he was tried and condemned to die. His hands were tied behind his back and he was cast alive, face downward, into a block of concrete, then being prepared for the Fort des Vingt Quatre Heures, then building. Careful note was taken of the spot by Haido, a Spanish Benedictine missionary to Algiers, who prayed the time might come when the Lord would pave the way for his exhumation and Christian burial. In 1853 the French found it necessary to destroy the fort, and data left by Haido was found to be correct, for the designated block of concrete, on being cut open, disclosed the bones of Geronimo and the cavity left by his body. The bones were removed December 27, 1853, and given Christian burial, and they now rest in a massive stone sarcophagus in the cathedral. A plaster cast was made of the cavity and afterward photographed.

Burials in France. An inquirer into the social life of France has been investigating the prevalence of civil burial, and comes to the conclusion that for the last quarter of a century it has been stationary at from 19 to 20 per cent. of the population. An old fact about the question is that among the educated classes civil burial is almost a negligible quantity. It is practiced almost exclusively by the very poor. Of 10,000 such burials annually 7,000 are of the class which will be buried at the public expense, and 1,000 more among the very poorest of those who buy their own graves.—London Globe.

Letters Travel 6,800 Miles. Point Barrow, Alaska, is Uncle Sam's farthest point north. A letter from Indianapolis to Point Barrow goes first by train to Seattle, 2,500 miles; then by ocean steamer to Valdez, 1,500 miles farther north and west; then by dog sleds, over ice and snow, 2,700 miles more to the north and west. The letter travels in one direction 6,800 miles, all the distance in American territory.

Occult Influences. "Jigsby must be awfully in love with his wife." "He can eat her angel cake without having an attack of indigestion."—Baltimore American.

A Sad Affair. Bleeker—Poor Peckham got it in the neck this morning. Meeker—How did it happen? Bleeker—His wife bought him a necktie at a bargain sale.—Chicago Daily News.

Sensible Advice. "Be good an' kind," said Uncle Eben, "but at de same time don't be too trustful. De fact dat you honesty own an umbrella dat some scoundrel done borrowed an' gwine keep no rain off'n you."

Painful to Her. "It's all well enough to say 'ignorance is bliss,'" began Miss Ferner. "What's the matter now?" asked her chum. "Tom gave me an engagement ring last week and I can't find out what it cost him."

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 14.

CATTLE—Extra	34 75	@ 5 25
CALVES—Extra	8 00	@ 8 25
HOGS—Choice	5 10	@ 5 20
SHEEP—Extra	2 00	@ 4 50
LAMBS—Extra	4 25	@ 6 50
FLOUR—Spring pat.	50	@ 5 75
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	99	@ 1 00
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	61 1/2	@ 6 2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	51 1/2	@ 5 2
RYE—No. 2 choice	79	@ 8 2
HAY—Ch. timothy		@ 15 00
BUTTER—Dairy		@ 16
EGGS—Per doz		@ 29
APPLES—Choice	1 75	@ 2 00
POTATOES—Per brl.	2 00	@ 2 25
TOBACCO—Burley	7 90	@ 14 75

CHICAGO.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 93 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 50 1/2
PORK—Prime mess.	@ 12 00
LARD—Prime	@ 7 82 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent 5 20	@ 5 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 1 01 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 68 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 54 1/2
PORK—Prime mess. 18 00	@ 18 50
LARD—Steam	@ 8 40

BALTIMORE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 97 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 66 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 53

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 2 red.	@ 97
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	@ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	@ 51
HAY—Ch. timothy	@ 16 00
HOGS—Extra	@ 5 00
LARD—Steam	@ 8 00

INDIANAPOLIS.

CATTLE—Prime	@ 4 85
HOGS—Extra	@ 4 50
SHEEP—Extra	@ 4 00

Holiday Cheer.

See that your stockings are right side up; never turn the hose on Santa Claus.

"What would you like for Christmas?" "A match and an ash tray." "But you don't smoke." "No, but think of the bills that will be coming in."

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile Sunday school class, "can any one tell me what man attained the greatest age in the world?" "Santa Claus," promptly answered a small boy who had ideas of his own.

Tess—May is having her own troubles worrying about Cholly Rowley. Jess—Surely, she doesn't want to marry that simpleton. Tess—Of course not, but she's having trouble keeping him on the hooks 'till after Christmas.

Molly—Do you expect to have much fun at the Christmas masquerade? Dolly—How can I help having it? My hat will be trimmed with mistletoe.

While the kiss under the mistletoe doesn't count, yet every girl counts how many she gets.

Stella—Don't you believe it is more blessed to give than to receive? Bella—Yes, indeed, there is no tantalizing ignorance of how much the gift cost.

"I won't be good," said Willy. "Then Santa Claus won't bring you any presents." "Wasn't I bad last year, and didn't I get more'n ever?"

Under the Mistletoe

The crimson coals within the grate Were burning clear and bright, The room was half in purple gloom And half in rosy light. I entered from the winter dusk, Where softly fell the snow, And saw her stand with drooping head Beneath the mistletoe.

I placed an arm about her waist, And from her lips I drew A kiss that breathed of roses wet With drops of honey dew; But all the same I knew that when She heard my step below, Chat artful maid arose and stood Beneath the mistletoe.

Lack of haste sometimes meaneth waste of a job.—Thomas Asparagus.

Dorothy was taken off to bed. When I went in to kiss her goodnight there lay the child crying softly to herself. At first she wouldn't tell me what the trouble was. After long urging, she sobbed out: "I'm 'traid, I'm 'traid. You said Santa Claus was a ghost, and I'm 'traid he'll come." "I sat right down and told her Santa Claus was a fat little man with a red face and white whiskers. I wish sisters-in-law would let me alone. I believed in Santa Claus 'till I was ten years old."

The Best Wishes of the Season

To the Solitary, the dwellers apart, by choice or by chance, with heart-fires that for one burn dull and for two would glow and sing—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To them that are set in Families, where love, bestowed with no thought of its return, passes back and forth abundantly between open hearts—to all of these, parents, children, kinsmen, friends,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To the Poor and the Rich, envying each the others' freedom from the cares of too little and too much, yet learning year by year that without health and enthusiasm and faith and love, none can be rich, and with them none can be poor—to these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To the Workers, the vast fortunate majority, in humble places and in high, often baffled and disheartened, questioning if there is not somewhere for them a greater work with a greater reward; yet happy at the last if they will have it so, in seeing the figure that have wrought in the fabric of living, a figure drawn by the great Designer for their wearing and none other's—to all of these,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

To Old and Young, with the years behind and the years ahead, years that show but a span in the centuries since the Light first shone from Bethlehem upon the path of service, humility and sacrifice and gave to all the ages a spirit that has made them one; to Young and Old, treading with gladness these lighted paths, even though not always knowing whence the Light comes—to all,

A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year!

—Youth's Companion.

Japanese Santa Claus. The patron saint of Japanese children is named Kotte. He is always pictured with a big sack, which is said to contain presents for the good children. When Kotte wishes to cross a river he uses this sack as a boat. He is believed to have eyes in the back of his head to watch the little ones, and has various other qualities which remind us of our Santa Claus.

The "Christmas Pye." A "Christmas pye" of the olden times was an immense and expensive affair. At one time it was compounded of flesh, fish and fowl, and the crust was called a "coffin" in old English books.

THEN AND NOW. Children Different Than They Used to Be When She Was Young.

"If it were not for my sister-in-law," said a young mother, "I could be perfectly happy in the bringing up of my little girl. Sister-in-law understands all about 'child nature,' and it pains her to see me treating my daughter as my mother treated me. She has been worried to death because I've let the child believe in Santa Claus. She says it's wicked to teach lies, and

Christmas in the Olden Times

By Sir Walter Scott

EAP on more wood!—the wind is chill! But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. Each age has deemed the new-born year The fittest time for festal cheer.

Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane At lot more deep the mead did drain: High on the beach his galley drew, And feasted all his pirate crew; Then in his low and pine-built hall, Where shields and axes decked the wall, They gorged upon the half-dressed steer, Caroused in seas of saute beer.

As best might to the mind recall The boisterous joys of Odin's hall. And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had rolled.

And brought blithe Christmas back again With all his hospitable train, Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night: On Christmas eve the bus were rung; On Christmas eve the mass was sung; That only night, in all the year, Saw the stolen prize the chalice rear. The damsel donned her kirtle sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry-men go, To gather in the mistletoe.

Then opened wide the baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Fowls laid his rod of rule aside, And ceremony doffed her pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose. The huge hall-table's casken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace. Born then upon its massive board No marble to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brew, By old blue-coated serving men; Then the grim boar's-head frowned on

Crested with bays and rosemary. Well can the green-garbed ranger tell: How, when, and where the monster fell; What dogs before his death he tore, And all the bawling of the boar. The wasal round, in good brown bowls, Garnished with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge stein reeked; hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie. Nor failed old Scotland to produce, The huge hall-table's casken face, Then came the merry maskers in, And carols roared with blithesome din: If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong, Who hats may in their mummings see Traces of ancient mystery: White skirrie supplied the masquerade, And smattered cheeks the visors made; But, O, what maskers richly dight Can boast of bonnets half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again, 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale: A Christmas gambol oft could cheer 'The poor man's heart through half the year.

A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Tortured by Sharp Twinges, Shooting Pains and Dizziness.

Hiram Center, 618 South Oak Street, Lake City, Minn., says: "I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not straighten up after stooping without sharp pains shooting through my back. I had dizzy spells, was nervous and my eyesight was affected. The kidney secretions were irregular and too frequent. I was in a terrible condition, but Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DRANK WITH HIS FEET.

Clergyman Knew the Best Place to Put the Whisky.

There was no fire in the smoking car and everybody was blue and tremulous with cold.

"My feet fairly ache," said a clergyman.

Then a drummer, winking at his neighbors, pulled out a flask of whisky.

"Here's the best thing going for cold feet, friend," he said.

And the clergyman extended his hand for the bottle eagerly.

"You bet it is," said he.

He poured a huge drink into the glass, lifted it toward the drummer with a "Here's looking at you, sir," and then, slipping off his boots, emptied the whisky into them.

"In two minutes my feet-cold feet," he said, "will be in a warm glow. Whisky poured into the boots warms the feet like a hot stove."

BLACK, ITCHING SPOTS ON FACE.

Physician Called It Eczema in Worst Form—Patient Despaired of Cure—Cuticura Remedies Cured Her.

"About four years ago I was afflicted with black spotsches all over my face and a few covering my body, which produced a severe itching irritation, and which caused me a great deal of suffering, to such an extent that I was forced to call in two of the leading physicians of— After a thorough examination of the dreaded complaint, they announced it to be skin eczema in the worst form. Their treatment did me no good. Finally I became despondent and decided to discontinue their services. My husband purchased a single set of the Cuticura Remedies, which entirely stopped the breaking out. I continued the use of the Cuticura Remedies for six months, and after that ever spotch was entirely gone. I have not felt a symptom of the eczema since, which was three years ago. Mrs. Lizzie E. Sledge, 540 Jones Ave., Selma, Ala., Oct. 28, 1905."

WORTHY MAN'S FAD.

Charles J. Glidden, the wealthy Boston globe gridding automobilist, says that his present ambition is to make balloon ascensions in as many countries throughout the world as possible. He is an insatiable traveler, and holds the world's record for mileage traveled in automobiles.

GAVE HER AWAY.

Mr. Brown Wright—in sorry Miss Kutting isn't in. Tell her I called, will you? "The Maid (absently)—I did, sir.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

NOT TO BEAUTIFY.

Mrs. Haymowe—What do you wear that mask for? Chauffeur—Well, I'll tell you. I wear it so that the people I run over won't be able to recognize me.

WEALTHY MAN'S FAD.

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NASTY.

He—Do you think glasses would make me look more intellectual? She—Well, if I were you I'd try them. They certainly couldn't hurt any.

WAYS OF WILLIAM PENN.

Simon Ford recently said at a banquet in the course of a eulogy on William Penn: "Penn was a man of peace and always got the biggest one. He believed in doing right by the Indians, and when he did them he did them right."

TRAINING THE ENGLISH YOUNG IDEA.

In accordance with a suggestion made at the annual meeting of the Hunt the other day the Bedale Hounds met near a village school, the object lesson in hunting, and to inspire in their minds a respect and regard for both hounds and hunters.—Yorkshire (Eng.) Post.

IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Douglas* in Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose sanctions, and offices the most menial cease to be menial the moment they are wrought in love.—Martineau.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PERMANENT CURE guaranteed to cure any case of Piles. Mine the only "Treating Piles in 6 to 14 days" money refunded, 10c.

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ST. PATRICK IRELAND ST. JACOBS OIL. Drives all aches from the body, cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia and CONQUERS PAIN 25c.—ALL DRUGGISTS—50c.



HORSES THAT WOULDN'T DROWN

Remarkable Deeds Recorded by Two Veracious Chroniclers.

An Albanian who has just returned from the east, where freshets have been the rule, tells the following about a horse which had been attached to a foot bridge crossing a brook, to keep the structure from going adrift. The flood finally swept horse and bridge down stream. Later, the bridge was discovered lodged against the bank, with the horse sitting quietly on the former.

A bystander who had listened intently to this tale, remarked quizzically: "I see aught, still, my dear friend." "Indeed? What was it?" asked the story teller.

"Ye see," was the reply, "arter the boss I see was took down stream, no-buddy ever 'spected to see him alive agin. But he was a powerful sort of brute, an' 'bout a hour arterward we see him a comin' 'up a stream a-pullin' the blame old bridge arter him!"—Albany Evening Journal.

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Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually. Disperses Colds and Headaches due to Constipation. Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

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by whom it is manufactured, printed on the front of every package. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. One size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Constipated Bowels, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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MULTI-CURA, positively guaranteed to cure any case of Eczema, Tetter, Itch of any skin disease, send 10 cents for postage and package. We will send 10 cent box free. MULTI-CURA CO., Huntington, Pa.

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DEFIANCE STARCH

needed to work with starches clothes alike. A. N. K.—E (1907-51) 2209.



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All federal soldiers and sailors who served 90 days between 1891 and 1895 and who have not received their bounty rights, which I buy, if soldier indeed, his heirs can sell. Talk to old soldiers, widows and heirs. Find some soldier re-serve who went West or South after the war and make some easy money. Write ELMER N. COFF, Washington, D. C. for further particulars.

20 Mule Team BORAX

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