

A "DEAD SHOT" —SAYS MINISTER

Black-Draught Given High Praise as a Stomach and Liver Medicine by Well-Known Old Gentleman Who Has Used It.

Mineola, Texas.—The Rev. M. G. Jenkins, a retired minister of the M. E. Church South, living in this city, says: "I have used Black-Draught as a stomach and liver medicine, and have never found its equal."

Once I suffered for two months with cramps and pains, tried everything I could hear of without avail, but Black-Draught was a "dead shot."

I am known here and all over the state for my honesty and truthfulness. I am 78 years old and have used Black-Draught for years.

I can highly recommend it to any one as a liver medicine that has no equal. It is excellent for stomach, liver and other ailments. I use it for a bad taste in the mouth, headache and other sicknesses that come from the disorders of the liver.

Theodore's Black-Draught is purely vegetable, and acts actively on the bowels, gently stimulating the liver, and helping to increase the normal discharge of bile into the intestines.

It assists in the digestion of food and relieves constipation in a prompt and natural way.

Try Black-Draught. Buy a package of Black-Draught today.—Adv.

Not So Shrinky.

Graves—She seems a timid, flower-like girl.

Leigh—Well? Graves—Do you think her mother would allow her to go to the theater without a chaperon?

Leigh—Why, I think so, my boy. She drove an ambulance in France during the war.—London Answers.

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved ever night by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

Not Sure About It.

"You are giving your daughter a musical education, aren't you?"

"Well, I can't say that exactly, but I am paying for one."—Boston Transcript.

Ask for "HILL'S"

FIVE MILLION PEOPLE USED IT LAST YEAR

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE

Standard cold remedy for 30 years—no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red cap with Mr. Hill's picture.

At All Drug Stores

Acid-Stomach Makes 9 Out of 10 People Suffer

Doctors declare that more than 70 non-organic diseases can be traced to Acid-Stomach. Starting with indigestion, constipation, belching, food-repeating, bloating, sour, gassy stomach, the entire system eventually becomes affected, every vital organ suffering in some degree or other. You see these victims of Acid-Stomach everywhere—people who are subject to nervousness, headache, insomnia, biliousness—people who suffer from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and aches and pains all over the body. It is safe to say that about 9 people out of 10 suffer to some extent from Acid-Stomach.

If you suffer from stomach trouble or, worse if you do not feel any stomach distress, yet are weak and ailing, feel tired and dragged out, lack "pep" and enthusiasm and know that something is wrong although you cannot locate the exact cause of your trouble—you naturally want to get back your grip on health as quickly as possible. Then take EATONIC, the wonderful modern remedy that brings quick relief from pains of indigestion, belching, gassy bloating, etc. Keep your stomach strong, clean and sweet. See how your general health improves—how quickly the old-time vim, vigor and vitality comes back!

Get a big 50c box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It is guaranteed to cure you. If you are not satisfied your druggist will refund your money.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

FARRIS' COLIC REMEDY

The EASY WAY

TO TREAT HORSE COLIC No Drugging—A Child Can Give It

ONE OF THE GREAT REMEDIES

PREPARED BY FARRIS' COLIC REMEDY CO., INC., FARMINGDALE, N.Y.

FRECKLES

IRRITATING COUGHS

PISO'S

Carol Singing Is Dying Out

THE custom of carol singing out of doors at Christmas time seems to be dying out.

This is a great pity, for carols are a branch of folk music, the unconscious art of the peasant mind, a heritage of inestimable worth.

In many English villages there are carols peculiar to themselves, to be jealously guarded and retained for their use.

The Christmas carol dates from the birth of Christianity itself, the angels having sung their carols at the birth of Jesus Christ.

Among the early Christians carols were sacred hymns representing Christ's nativity.

Now the name is given to a variety of popular metrical compositions from the simple record of the birth of our Lord to rude was-sail songs and rhymes of holiday revelry.

Probably no Christmas would seem complete without the well-known and popular hymn, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."

The word carol, which originally meant a dance, is thought to have come into our language either from the Norman French carole or from the Celtic carol.

In 1822 Davies Gilbert published "some ancient Christmas carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the west of England." In his preface he declared himself to be desirous "of preserving them in their actual forms, as specimens of times now passing away, and of religious feelings now superseded by others of a different caste."

Of late years some of the churches—chiefly in the larger cities—have held "Christmas carol services" during the Christmas season.

This is an excellent movement, and might profitably be taken up by churches all over the country. Certainly if the churches can restore this old custom it will add to the enjoyment of the season.

France is exceptionally rich in carols, which are often drinking songs as in many European countries. We find many French carols translated into English, no doubt as a result of the intercourse which existed between dwellers on either side of the channel, in the days when English youths often pursued their studies in France.

There is a great deal of discussion as to which is the most popular carol. While it is impossible to name the favorite, there can be little doubt of the universal appeal of "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," whose plaintive melody has touched a chord in the popular mind.

Among modern compositions may be mentioned, "The Shepherds Left Their Sheep," by Alfred Hollins. Mr. Hollins is blind, but this affliction has not prevented him from becoming one of the finest organists and composers in Britain.

Washington Irving in his famous "Sketch Book" introduces us to most of the old English customs which have from time immemorial, attended the Christmas festival. Of his first night at Bracebridge Hall he says:

"I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went around the house playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains, to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and the moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sank upon the pillow and I fell asleep."

In Pasquill's "Jests," a book published in 1604, an amusing story is told of a knight who gave a Christmas feast at which he entertained his friends and the tenantry.

The host ordered no man at the table to drink a drop "till he that was master over his wife should sing a carol." A pause ensued and then one poor male, more daring than the others, timidly lifted his lonely voice.

The knight then turned to the ladies, who sat at a table apart, and "hade her who was master over her husband," sing a carol. The legend says that forthwith "the women fell all to slugging, that there was never heard such a catter-walling piece of musick."



Christmas Dawn

TIS Christmas morn! 'Tis Christmas morn!
O! hear the silv'ry bells!
How softly rare upon the air
Their mellow chiming swells!
Behold the skies whose million eyes
Through silent spaces peer,
Like brilliant gems, fair diadems
High set in vesper sphere.

LET us be merry and happy and gay,
And welcome the Prince with a sweet virelay;
We'll garner the holly and ever be jolly,
For blessed is He Who is coming today.
The bells we'll ring, to bliss we'll cling,
Our myrrh we'll bring to greet the King,
For blessed is He Who is coming today;
Cheerily chant Him a sweet roundelay,
Merrily, merrily, merrily!

TIS Christmas morn! 'Tis Christmas morn!
How swift the hours fly!
And winged-foot on magic feet
They vanish like a sigh;
Now dreamy-dim o'er Orient rim
The gold-fringed eyes of morn
Shed loving light on drowsy night
Ere yet the day is born.
Now gleams the star whose beams afar
Weave Heaven's silver hem,
How dove-demure, how seraph-pure,
Bright Star of Bethlehem!

THEN let us be peaceful and joyous and gay,
And welcome the Prince with a sweet virelay;
We'll garner the holly and ever be jolly,
For blessed is He Who is coming today.
The bells we'll ring to prayer we'll cling,
Our incense bring to praise the King,
For blessed is He Who is coming today;
Soulfully sing Him a sweet roundelay,
Merrily, merrily, merrily!

—Clare Gerald Fenerty

Christmas Joy

UZANNE! Please!"
"I won't do it!" Suzanne said very promptly.
"But you don't know what 'it' is," Nancy objected.

"Granted. But I haven't known you intimately from the age of five years and seven months without learning the implications of your voice. I repeat it: I-will-not-do-it!"

Nancy's pretty eyes darkened. "Oh, Suzanne dear, if you knew how much I want it! You just couldn't refuse me! You couldn't! It would make me happier than anything I could think of."

"I suppose I can let you tell me," said Suzanne relenting, "although I warn you that I know you're just 'getting round me' and I'd be much wiser to hold to my original position."

"Nancy's face flashed into radiance. Nancy, happy, was always irresistible. 'You will be good and sweet and big and generous and let me have my way! Oh, I knew you would! It's about Christmas, Suzanne. You see, white your father has been piling up a fortune my dear dad has been having hard times, and we are all having to be very careful. It isn't anything dreadful, you know, so long as we have one another and the home; but there isn't much margin for extras. So I can give only a tiny little gift—it cost me exactly 49 cents in money—and please, please, please, Suzanne, be good and do the same to me! You know it's you I love; not the lovely gifts you shower upon me. Christmas isn't money; it's loving."

Suzanne put her hands on Nancy's shoulders and looked down into the pleading eyes.
"I can use your argument, too," she answered. "If Christmas is loving, not gifts—and you know I agree with all my heart—then why are you making it a thing of even exchange in dollars and cents? Are you doing it for my sake?"

"N-no," Nancy faltered. "Only—" "You know the money is nothing to me—that the only joy I can get from it is to use it to grant the little wishes that those I love have wished, or for things that I know they'd love even if they haven't actually wished them. Would you rob me of that, dear? Is it fair—when it's Christmas? If you happened to have the money instead of me, would you want to have the one joy of it taken from you?"

For a long, long moment Nancy was silent. Then she looked up with a bright smile.
"I surrender, Suzanne," she said.
It was an exquisite gift that shone up at her from the little white box Christmas morning—a pink tourmaline pendant set with pearls. Beneath was Suzanne's card:
"I bought it long ago because it looked so like you, Nancy dear. But it is you who are giving me the real gift—the joy of sending you this."

Nancy lifted it to the light. It was the loveliest thing she had ever had, but the heart of the joy was that it meant joy to Suzanne, too.—Youth's Companion.

Merry Old St. Nick



BETHEHEM

Cold was the earth and all the stars,
But Mary Mother smiled,
Where in the manger of an inn
Lay warm the Holy Child.

The ox was host upon that night
Unto the King of all;
He gave for incense meadow breath,
For shelter his rude stall.

Not all the cold of earth and man
Can pierce the heaven mind,
Where warm against her leaping heart
A Mother clasps Her Child.

O miracle of utmost love,
How God grew greater when
He stooped to be a helpless babe
Beside the hearts of men.

Long ages since—and still in joy,
In loneliness and tears,
We kneel unto a Little Boy
Who smiles down through the years.
—Wilbur Underwood in Reedy's Mirror.



MAKE SOME SAD HEART GLAD

Christmas the Time for Remembering Those Not as Fortunate as You Are.

Christmas is a sad time in some households, among the older members who miss familiar faces always associated with family gatherings—a list of missing ones which increases as the years go by. But if it is impossible to be happy one's self, it is always possible to make some one else rejoice—this is an easier task than some people imagine. So many are so foolish as to think that because they cannot give beautifully that it is not worth while to give at all. They forget that what seems very little to a person in comfortable circumstances may appear very large to those who have virtually nothing at all; while among friends a small gift, bearing some sign of thoughtfulness, is often more acceptable than a costly but ill-chosen present. This is an excellent time to go over the children's toys and select those which can be spared to go to some less fortunate little ones. Do not select only those which are too battered to be recognizable; such, of course, are not to be despised, but a little glue and a few stitches to freshen up a broken doll or torn book add much to the pleasure of a second-hand gift—for all children love fresh-looking things and it is, besides, scarcely generous to give away only such articles as would otherwise be thrown in the ashes.

WHERE SANTA WAS BORN

Russian Legend of Saint Klaus and How He Came to Be Known as the Children's Friend.

Very many years ago there lived in Russia a nobleman and his wife, who had a little son named Klaus. He was such a good boy that everyone used to call him Saint Klaus. In course of time his parents died and left him a large fortune, not the least part of which was three large bars of gold.

Saint Klaus one day happened to be passing a house, and overheard a father telling his daughters that he had lost all his money, and that he didn't even know how he was going to buy food for them. This worried Saint Klaus very much, and he wondered how he could help them. So that night he took one of the bars of gold and threw it through the window. The next night he threw the second bar, and crept quietly away, but on the third night when he was about to throw the third bar, the man who had lost all his money came out and caught him. He tried to thank Saint Klaus for his goodness to him and his daughters, but Saint Klaus told him to pay his thanks to God, whose servant he was.

And there, boys and girls, you have the story of Saint Klaus (or Santa Claus as we call him).

PRECIOUS MOMENTS WASTED.



Mrs. Siumm—They're not going to have the Christmas tree at the church tonight. Not till next Friday night, Jimmie!

Jimmie—Gosh! Will I have to wash me hands 'glin nex' week, too?

Christmas is the poker that rakes the dull ashes of the past and brings smoldering memories and resolves to light for the warmth of man throughout the year that follows. It is modern civilization's greatest involuntary stimulant.

Real Christmas Joy. For somehow, not only for Christmas, but all the long years through, The joy that you give to others is the joy that comes back to you.

"DANDERINE" STOPS HAIR FALLING OUT

Hurry! A few cents will save your hair and double its beauty.



A little "Danderine" cools, cleanses and makes the feverish, itchy scalp soft and pliable; then this stimulating tonic penetrates to the furnished hair roots, revitalizing and invigorating every hair in the head, thus stopping the hair falling out, getting thin, scraggly or fading.

After a few applications of "Danderine" you seldom find a fallen hair or a particle of dandruff, besides every hair shows more life, vigor, brightness, color and thickness.

A few cents buys a bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter.—Adv.

Consolation.
"I-gash, you'll have to excuse me, Mr. Muillanax!" apologized through the closed door the landlord of the Fetunia tavern to the Kansas City newspaper man who had been aroused from his slumber by nine host's knocking. "I plumb forgot to call you at six-thirty. It's eight-thirty now, and your train has been gone forty minutes. So you can sleep just as long as you want to."—Kansas City Star.

YOUR COLD IS EASED AFTER THE FIRST DOSE

"Pape's Cold Compound" then breaks up a cold in a few hours

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken usually breaks up a severe cold and ends all the gripe misery. The very first dose opens your clogged-up nostrils and the air passages in the head, stops nose running, relieves the headache, dullness, feverishness, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! Clear your congested head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, contains no quinine.—Insist upon Pape's!—Adv.

One Class.
"Do you know of any one class of men who are always upright and square in their business methods?"
"Certainly; piano manufacturers."

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

Those Girls.
Kitty—Jack was miserable when he kissed me good-by at the station.
Catty—I don't pity him one bit; he didn't have to kiss you.

KEEP IT HANDY

If you paid a specialist \$25.00 for a prescription, you would not get anything that would give quicker relief for Croup, Catarrh, Colds, or Sore Throat, than VACHER BALSAM, which only costs 50c in jars, or tubes.

Write for Samples and Agent's Prices. Beware of imitations. E. W. Vacher, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Adv.

The Facts.
"Does a summer engagement call for a diamond ring?" "Most I ever got was an ice-cream soda."

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Brought to the Test.
"Do you think there's a chance of prohibition being repealed, after all?"
"I hope not," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop; "anyhow, not soon."
"I thought you didn't quite approve of prohibition."
"I don't quite. But for years folks have been talking about a lot of chaps that 'ud be such wonders if they didn't drink, an' I want to see 'em get a little more time to make good."—Washington Star.