

**Christmas Chimes**

By O. F. PFEIFFER

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HE village chimes rang out a mellow strain clear and vibrant as golden beads dropped into a crystal dish, but Adam Marsh drew his worn fur cap down closer about his ears and scowlingly took a shortcut towards his desolate home.

He had neither clock nor child, only money. He hardened his soul against yuletide suggestions and tried to glory in scouting the humanizing influence of home, social friendship and "the folly called love!" Then he came to a sudden halt and sprang behind a tree. There was a light in the room where he slept. Against the lamp light there was outlined the figure of a roughly dressed man standing at an open bureau. Marsh stole to the kitchen, took down an ancient horse pistol, and, gliding to the door of the lighted room, burst in.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted out. "Hands up!"

It was rather a weak than an evil face that confronted him.

"I—I was looking for something to eat," he stammered out.

"That's likely outside of the kitchen, isn't it, now!" snarled Marsh derisively.

"Well then, finding nothing in the kitchen I hoped I could pick up some little trifle that would bring me a meal. Say, I'm not a genuine bad one. I never touched a cent that was not my own until this very day. And this has so shamed me, that all I ask is strength to carry back what I took."

"Yah!" jeered Marsh. "Sort of robbing Peter to pay Paul, hey? Now then, I'll run no risks of your turning on me. Empty your pockets," and the man disgorged a rusted jackknife and something that glowed with the glint of gold.

"Back to yonder corner," ordered Marsh raspingly. "What's this?" and his nimble fingers clutched a locket and chain the other had placed on the table.

"It isn't yours, nor mine!" burst out the intruder. "Say, I must take that back where it belongs. Listen to me. It was ten miles down the road, in a wretched little hovel. In the front room was a pale, wearied woman attending to her sick husband. In a back room was a little angel of a girl child, asleep on a torn thin blanket. I noticed the chain and locket around the child's throat. I sneaked up and took it. I've a wife and two little tots in the city; lost my job and was tramping, looking for work. I was frantic as I thought of their wretched Christmas and I hurried away to sell the trinket and steal a ride home on the bumpers. Don't shoot!" for Marsh, opening the locket and scanning the portrait within shook from head to foot, and with glaring eyes viewed the locket as though it were some boddy writh.

Ah! how it recalled to him the bright, sunny-faced daughter he had shut out from heart and home the day she eloped with Rodney Blair. He had never sought to learn of her fate. And now the locket she had worn he had strangely found, cherished and protected by her little child with his picture still in it.

"My man," he said, "if you will take me to where you found the people you tell of, your dear ones shall have a Christmas, indeed."

"I'll do that for nothing," half sobbed the penitent fellow.

Little Cora Blair was sobbing in her mother's arms as Adam Marsh reached the doorstep of the home of the unfortunates. He heard her say: "Oh, mamma, can't we search for my pretty locket? Every night when I say my prayers and ask a blessing for the dear grandfather I have never seen, I shall miss seeing his picture."

"Merry Christmas and—forgiveness!" spoke Adam Marsh, pushing the door open. "Alice, I've come to make up for my cruelty and neglect."

And when the penitent had faithfully returned from the village stores with a heaping basket full of Christmas cheer and gifts for the little one Marsh had ordered, he started for the city with a warm, snug roll of bank notes in his hand.

"Now for my own home and the Merry Christmas of my dear ones!" he jubilated. "Oh, I'll never stray away from the straight path and them again," and in a wild ecstasy he sang in accord with the chiming bells: "Peace on earth and good will to wards all men!"

**A Sincere Wish.**

Every delivery wagon man wishes there were a sure enough Santa Claus who drives his own sleigh.

**GET READY FOR "FLU"**

**Keep Your Liver Active, Your System Purified and Free From Colds by Taking Calotabs, the Nausealess Calomel Tablets, that are Delightful, Safe and Sure.**

Physicians and Druggists are advising their friends to keep their systems purified and their organs in perfect working order as a protection against the return of influenza. They know that a clogged up system and a lazy liver favor colds, influenza and serious complications.

To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a glass of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger.

Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

**The Point of View.**

"Do you think you can get me out of this scrape?" asked the confidence man of his shifty lawyer.

"How much would it be worth to me?"

"Suppose we say \$1,000?"

"And you made \$50,000 out of the deal? No, sir, I don't see the slightest chance to get you acquitted for \$1,000, but, ahem, we might view the matter from another angle."

"What do you mean?"

"Looking at your case from a \$5,000 angle, I don't see the slightest chance for you to be convicted."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

It takes a rousing demonstration to get a small boy out of bed in the early morning.

**BOSCHEE'S SYRUP.**

A cold is probably the most common of all disorders and when neglected is apt to be most dangerous. Statistics show that more than three times as many people died from influenza last year, as were killed in the greatest war the world has ever known. For the last fifty-three years Boschee's Syrup has been used for coughs, bronchitis, colds, throat irritation and especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning. Made in America and used in the homes of thousands of families all over the civilized world. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

**Practical Persons.**

"You never hear of anybody addressing a poem to his caddy."

"No."

"Still, there must be bonds of sympathy and gratitude between many golf players and their faithful caddies."

"No doubt, but the average golf player has neither the time nor the ability to write poetry and the average caddy would rather be presented with a dollar bill than a bound volume of eulogies."

**"Cold in the Head"**

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. All Druggists Rec. Testimonials free. \$10.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

**Page the Preacher.**

Manager (to a new guest)—Ah! And how did you find the service this morning?

Reverend One—I didn't find it at all, sir. Although I have heard great praise about the fine service of this hotel, for the life of me, I could neither find preacher nor congregation.

It is difficult to get an old man to appreciate jokes other than his own.

**DON'T WHIP!**

**Stop Lashing Your Bowels with Harsh Cathartics but take "Cascarets."**

Everyone must occasionally give the bowels some regular help or else suffer from constipation, bilious attacks, stomach disorders, and sick headache. But do not whip the bowels into activity with harsh cathartics.

What the liver and bowels need is a gentle and natural tonic, one that can constantly be used without harm. The gentlest liver and bowel tonic is "Cascarets." They put the liver to work and cleanse the colon and bowels of all waste, toxins and poisons without griping—they never sicken or inconvenience you like Calomel, Salts, Oil, or Purgatives.

Twenty-five million boxes of Cascarets are sold each year. They work while you sleep. Cascarets cost so little too.—Adv.

**Same to You.**

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present. "I always mane to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore, I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thanks, yer honor," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."—Houston Post.

**Ticklish Proposition.**

Johnny De Tar—My aunt gave me some camel's hair underwear for my birthday. What am I going to do with them?

Ed Touppalk—Gee! You ought to be tickled to death.

**Gone.**

"What has become of the old saw-mill drama of our boyhood days?" "Driven to the wall by bedroom farce."

**If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best**

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

**The Itch for Office.**

"Is old Mr. Blifour still running for office?"

"Oh, yes. Every time he's defeated he tries to get a job that is not quite so important."

"I see."

"He started out by running for the United States senate, then he aspired to be governor and since then has thrown his hat into the ring a dozen times or more. If he lives five years longer I wouldn't be surprised to hear of him consulting with his friends about announcing his candidacy for poundmaster."

**How They Love Each Other.**

Ethel—How do I look in this dress? Marie—Charming, dear. Isn't it wonderful how much a dress can do for one?

Many a man's career begins and ends with soup.

**What One Neighbor Told Another**

"Have you heard the good news?"

"The price of Dr. Price's Baking Powder has been reduced nearly one-half. When the grocer told me, I just threw away that alum mixture I have been using because it was cheap, and ordered a can of

**DR. PRICE'S Baking Powder**

Now produced with pure phosphate by new methods, making possible this remarkable reduction in price.

A name famous for 60 years is a guarantee of quality.

**NEW PRICES**

**25c for 12 oz.**

**15c for 6 oz.**

**10c for 4 oz.**

**FULL WEIGHT CANS**

**The Price is Right**

Not Cheapened With Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste—Always Wholesome