

A CHRISTMAS A LA MODE.

It was Rose Marie who, marking the day of my last visit on the calendar, made the discovery that I was to belong to father on Christmas day.

This may sound a bit confusing, for most little girls belong equally to their parents, but I, Willette Warrington, don't. Ever since I can remember mother has lived in our nice apartment in Central Park West, and father has lived down in the Fifties, just off the avenue.

When Rose Marie made the discovery that my next visit to Fifty-something street would fall upon the 25th of December she was quite ready to cry her little black eyes out.

Father sent the brougham on the morning of the 24th.

"Billie, Billie, dear!" cried mother, clasping me tightly in her arms when she caught sight of the carriage which was to take me away.

"Don't you want me to go, mother?" I asked a little unsteadily.

"Want you to go?" she cried. Then she hesitated and added, very calm and self-possessed: "Of course I always want you with me, Billie, dear, but then so does your father want you, and for the next three days you are long to him. So I want you to go."

"But now—and tomorrow Christmas day! Oh, mother, won't I see you tomorrow—won't I see you on Christmas day?" I cried, clinging fast to her pretty gown.

"I'm afraid not, sweetheart," she said gently.

"But I want you—I want you, mother, on Christmas day of all days in the year," I said.

"But don't you want your father, too, Billie, dear?" she asked. "Oh, I know you do—you must! So run along, dear little girl, run—quickly!"

She let me go and pushed me gently from her, and I knew by the smile in her big brown eyes that the tears were very near.

Father was waiting for me on the steps of the Cordova, and when he saw the brougham halt under the marquise and just one little girl step out his face went all a-grin, and he picked me up and kissed me.

"Well, well, well! Where's Rose Marie?" he asked, and then I told him she had stopped at home.

I wish you could see father's rooms in the Cordova. They are ever so nice, with dark walls and gay rugs and big, substantial looking furniture. There's an open fireplace and a huge old settle with no end of red cushions in its den and it is here we sit of an evening side by side, and talk until bedtime.

After we had gone up in the elevator to father's apartment he turned to me and asked me about the day's program.

"I'd like to go down to the shops after luncheon," I told him promptly.

"Good! Jolly! And suppose we go down to one of the more quiet of the big hotels and lunch there," he said.

He always does think of the very nicest things! A big hotel downtown! After luncheon we entered our hansom again and were driven away to one of the big shops, where, as father put it, one can buy everything from a collar button to a steam launch.

Rose Marie says men do not like shopping, but, then, Rose Marie doesn't know everything in the world, and father and I had a beautiful time. We bought all sorts of gifts for just everybody, and father didn't look while I selected his present, and I didn't look while he selected mine.

"Now," I said, as we came out of the department store, "I want to buy mother's gift."

"Why, of course," said father hurriedly. "What do you want? Where do you want to go? I'll tell the cabbie."

"I haven't decided what to get," I said slowly. "What do you think? Can't you suggest something, father?"

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I can't, Billie," he told me quietly. "Get

like. I know she will appreciate it all the more if you select it yourself."

He put me in the hansom and, jumping in himself, told the man to drive slowly up the avenue. This would give me time to decide upon the present and where it should be purchased. I was wavering between a set of silver for her Antoinette desk and a pair of green maljolic jars for her favorite dwarf pines when our hansom was caught in a block.

Directly abreast of our hansom was another one, ours going north, our neighbor's coming south, and as I turned my head I looked straight into mother's eyes! She was the sole occupant of the south coming cab.

"Mother!" I shouted. "Oh, mother, mother!"

"Billie!" she cried. We had both seen each other together, just as we always see everything together.

"What is the trouble?" began father when he, too, turned his head and looked into mother's lovely eyes.

"How-de-do, Will?" she said softly. I saw father clench his hands tightly, then, "How-de-do, Nell?" he returned.

"Awful block, isn't it?"

"Oh, very bad!" said mother, but she was looking at me sitting so proudly at father's side, and presently I caught the suspicion of a tear in her eyes. Directly a big lump came in my throat. I saw how it was. Mother was thinking of Christmas and of her little girl, and I was sorry, sorry for her and for father too. The surface cars banged their bells, the policemen shouted and the cabbies swore. And all the while our hansom was jammed tightly next to mother's, and we sat staring straight at each other and saying not a word.

Just then a policeman came up to mother's hansom and shouted to the cabbie. It seemed that the left wheel of mother's hansom was locked in the right wheel of another carriage in such a way as to render it unsafe to pull out. The policeman, who of course knew nothing of our affairs, said:

"Step across into the hansom next to you, ma'am. Its wheels are safe, and I'm thinking the line will be moving north first."

Poor mother flushed cruelly and said not a word, but just sat there looking with pleading eyes at father. But father didn't move, and neither did he speak, so I took the situation in my two small hands and said:

"Father, won't you help mother into our cab?"

Directly I spoke to father he was all attention and politeness. He stood up and held out his hand to mother and carefully helped her across into our hansom. I believe mother would never have come only she knew that a great many persons had heard me and were watching us, and so she yielded gracefully, as mother alone can.

When she was in our cab and sitting down with me squeezed in between father and herself, she raised her eyes and said quietly:

"Thank you, Will."

A moment later the line started slowly moving northward, and our hansom went with the others, father and mother and I were sitting side by side. It seemed so good just to think of it, although I knew it all came of an accident alone.

After we had gone two blocks up town, father spoke—very quietly and with tightly pressed lips.

"I'll speak to the man and tell him to stop at the next corner. Then I'll get out and you and Billie can have the cab to yourselves."

"There is no need for you to get out, Will," mother told him quickly. "It is I who am the intruder. Have him stop please, and I will find another hansom."

"I wouldn't have you do that for the world," he returned. "I shall leave you at the next corner; that is settled."

Mother put out her hand and let it rest lightly on father's arm.

"Will," she cried, "please don't make me feel worse than I already do. I was forced in your cab, by accident it is true, but nevertheless, I did allow you to help me enter it. But that was because—people were—watching us—and I thought—it best. Now that we are out of the tangle, I must thank you and ask you to set me down—at once! Else I shall never forgive you."

And they continued to talk, and the hansom continued on its way, and nobody but myself noticed that we had got well uptown and were within two blocks of the apartment building in Central Park West, where mother and I live.

So, quite unobserved, I spoke up to the cabbie, and said:

"The Strathmore, and quick, please!" We turned down a cross street into another, and before one could say "Jack Robinson" we had stopped at the door of the Strathmore.

"Oh!" cried mother.

"What is this?" frowned father. But he leaped out on the snow covered pavement and gave mother his hand. A moment later we all hurried up the steps and—stopped in the lobby.

"Thank you," said mother. "You are very kind."

Father laughed. "Oh, not at all," he told her. "This is not a case of being kind—exactly."

"Won't you come in—for a little—a cup of tea, perhaps?" asked mother slowly.

I don't know what father would have answered, so I took no chances. "Do come!" I cried, and looked at mother to further second my invitation.

"Yes, do," she said, without raising her eyes.

"Thanks, I will!" cried father, and we all went up in the elevator together. When we were safely in mother's pretty sitting room and I had securely locked the door, I slipped away and left them together. Somehow it seemed as if they would get along better without me just then, and, besides, I think I had helped a lot as it was for a mere

little girl! don't you?

An hour later—it seemed hours and hours later, although it really wasn't of course—I went back and found mother in father's arms.

"Oh, won't we have a bully Christmas?" I cried joyfully. "Father and mother and I—what a lovely, lovely time we'll have together!"

"You can wager anything you own that we will," laughed father. "Why, it will be a regular Christmas a la mode, eh, Nell?"

And then he kissed mother, and mother hid her happy face on his broad shoulder, and I was oh, so happy!

Merry Christmas, indeed!—W. Carey Wonderly in Smart Set.

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If you do not care to buy a brand new Piano, how about one of these second-hand instruments which we have just taken in exchange for the SWEET-TONED STIEFF?

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Voice of the Tiger

The tiger may be "shod with silence," but he has a voice that is terrifying. It is said the voice of the tiger, a wonderful thing in its way, is not only the most mournful, but the most terrifying, of jungle sounds and that it is a powerful aid to him in his hunting. The natives believe the deer hearing the tiger's voice and unable from the reverberating nature of the sound to locate the position of the enemy stands still and so gives him the chance of stalking them. Sportsmen hold there is probably some truth in this, for unless one is following the tiger and has seen him it almost is impossible from the sound alone to tell with any certainty where he is.—New York Sun.

The Busy Woman's Day

It begins early, ends late and is full of work. She often has kidney trouble without knowing it. Her back aches, and she is tired and worn out. Sleeps poorly, is nervous, no appetite. Her bladder gives her trouble too. Foley Kidney Pills will cure all that and make her strong and well. They are the best medicine made for kidney and bladder disorders. B. H. Gorrell.

The Finest English Odes

Among the many fine odes in the English language Macaulay characterized Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" as the noblest, and Dr. Richard Garnett agreed with him in thinking it the finest ode we have. The full title is "Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music—An Ode For St. Cecilia's Day." Spenser's "Epithalamium," Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," Keats' odes "To a Nightingale" and "On a Grecian Urn" and Shelley's "To a Skylark" are notable instances of this class of poem, and to these must be added, though their form is irregular, Wordsworth's magnificent "Intimations of Immortality" and Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Coughing at Night

One had cough can keep the whole family awake at night. Phil. Disorbeau, Schaffer, Mich., says: "I could not sleep on account of a bad cough, and I was very weak. I used Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and soon the cough left and I slept soundly all night." B. H. Gorrell.

The White Headed Boy

The phrase "his mother's white headed boy" is as old as the hills in Ireland. It appears in many of the Irish fairy stories of the last century. Irish mothers who knew good fairies always kept the secret for the "white headed boy" of the family. Gerald Griffin in one of his best short stories years ago used the phrase as one he had borrowed from an old Celtic book.

Croupy Coughs and Wheezy Colds

The quickest simplest way to rid the children of dangerous croupy coughs and wheezy stuffy colds is to give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It gives almost instant relief and stops a cough promptly. It soothes and heals. Contains no opiates. B. H. Gorrell.

Smokeless Gunpowder.

Smokeless gunpowder as now made is not a powder, but a hard, boraxlike material made into grains of considerable size. Our American smokeless powder, which is made in the form of multiperforated cylinders, burns in a cannon at the rate of about the sixteenth of an inch in the sixtieth of a second, or at the rate of about four inches a second.

They Always Help Elderly People

Foley's Kidney Pills give just the help elderly people need to tone and strengthen their kidneys and bladder and regulate their action. John Mc Masters, Streator, Ill., says: "I feel better and stronger than I have for many years, and Foley's Kidney Pills did it." B. H. Gorrell.

How Long Will Mary Be Away?

Before Mary went away for a vacation somebody asked her when she was going and how long she would be away, and this is what she said: "When it is the day after tomorrow I shall start a week from yesterday, and I'm not coming back until the day before five weeks after a fortnight and three days before the day after a couple of days before I start!"

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good health.—adv.

THY DUTIES.

This day thou knowest ten commanded duties, seeest in thy mind ten things which should be done for one that thou doest. Do one of them. This of itself will show thee ten others which can and shall be done.—Thomas Carlyle.

Itching, bleeding, protruding or blind piles yield to Doan's Ointment. Chronic cases soon relieved, finally cured. Druggists all sell it.—adv.

Jade in China.

Light green jade is the favorite gem of China, and it is difficult to get the stone in uncut forms even in that country. Sometimes a rich Chinaman's estate will consist, in part, of a lump of jade. Sometimes it can be obtained in masses weighing one pound or two pounds. But even the leading jewelers of Hongkong usually obtain it in cut form.

Man Coughs and Breaks Ribs

After a frightful coughing spell a man in Neenah, Wis., felt terrible pains in his side and his doctor found two ribs had been broken. What agony Dr. King's New Discovery would have saved him. A few teaspoonful ends a late cough, while persistent use routs obstinate coughs, expels stubborn colds or heals weak, sore lungs. "I feel sure it's a God-send to humanity," writes Mrs. Effie Morton, Columbia, Mo., "for I believe I would have consumption today if I had not used this great remedy." It's guaranteed to satisfy, and you can get a free trial bottle or 50-cent or \$1.00 size at B. H. Gorrell's.

Russian Discipline.

While attending a fair at Riga a Russian sergeant directed a private to fill his tub for a bath. The sergeant was suddenly called away and returned several hours later to find the building flooded and the private explaining to excited tenants that he could not turn off the faucet without orders from his superior.

Ends Hunt for Rich Girl

Often the hunt for a rich wife ends when the man meets a woman that uses Electric Bitters. Her strong nerves tell in a bright brain and even temper. Her peach-bloom complexion and ruby lips result from her pure blood; her bright eyes from restful sleep; her elastic step from firm, free muscles, all telling of the health and strength Electric Bitters give a woman, and the freedom from indigestion, backache, headache, fainting and dizzy spells they promote. Everywhere they are woman's favorite remedy. If weak or ailing try them. 50 cts at B. H. Gorrell's.

Tobacco Penalties.

The shah of Persia, in the seventeenth century, proclaimed that every soldier in whose possession tobacco was found should have his lips cut, while in the same century Massachusetts ordered that "no person shall take tobacco publicly, and any one shall pay 1 penny for every time he is convicted of taking tobacco in any place."

Makes the Nation Gasp

The awful list of injuries on a Fourth of July staggers humanity. Set over against it, however, is the wonderful healing by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, of thousands, who suffered from burns, cuts, bruises, bullet wounds or explosions. It's the quick healer of boils, ulcers, eczema, sore lips or piles. 25c. at B. H. Gorrell's.

The Tendon Achilles.

Anatomists fancifully call the big tendon of the heel "tendon Achilles," after the Greek hero. The mythological story goes that his mother, Thetis, holding him by the heel, dipped him in the river Styx to make him invulnerable. But Paris inflicted a wound that proved fatal on the heel that had not been immersed.

Doan's Regulets cure constipation without griping, nausea, or any weakening effect. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents per box.—adv.

Fair, Fat And—

"Don't call me 'ducky,' John. It's too suggestive." "Why, precious?" "Because ducks always waddle, you know."—London Tit-Bits.

For any pain from top to toe, from any cause, apply Dr. Thomas' Eucletic Oil. Pain can't stay where it is used.—adv.

Not Much Doin'.

Simkins—Old Skinner is considered pretty well to do, isn't he? Timkins—Yes; also pretty hard to do.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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THE GREATEST LIFE.

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His Sense of Humor. "What of his sense of humor?" "Well, he has to see a joke twice before he sees it once."—Lippincott's.

Move On Now!

says a policeman to a street crowd, and whacks heads if it don't. "Move on now," says the big, harsh mineral pills to bowel congestion and suffering follows. Dr. King's New Life Pills don't bulldoze the bowels. They gently persuade them to right action and health follows. 25c. at B. H. Gorrell's.

Sealing Wax.

Sealing wax in the present form was first noted in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. A sort of earth was used by the ancient Egyptians in sealing papers and documents. The Egyptians placed such earth on the horns of cattle, and upon it was stamped the seal of the priest. Thus were identified the cattle to be used in the sacrifices.

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they "hang on." Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. B. H. Gorrell.

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"OR, MOTHER," I SHOULD, whatever you think your mother will