

THERE ARE 100 REASONS

Why you should buy your Christmas jewelry of us. One is our RELIABILITY. Never mind the others. Write at once your needs and we will give you all the attention we could if you called on person.



WHAT MOVED HIM.

The extravagant hats which the ladies have been wearing this year have little to recommend them, but they have at least proved a boon to the comic artists and the funny men of the newspapers. Here is a jeu d'esprit taken from the Chicago Tribune:

The rain, which had come suddenly and unexpectedly, was falling in torrents. Among the persons who had taken shelter under a friendly awning was a fashionably dressed woman.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said a plainly attired man considerably past middle age, stepping up to her and lifting his hat, "but I want to offer you my sincere thanks."

"Thanks for what?"

"I never expected to see it again," he went on. "It has been nearly thirty years since—"

"Since what, sir? What are you talking about?"

"Pardon my emotion, madam, but I used to live in Salt Lake City and—"

"I have nothing to do with Salt Lake City, sir. I never was there in my life."

"But I was. That was my home for many years. And when I saw—"

"When you saw what?"

"That hat of yours, madam. It brought back the old thrill. It's an exact reproduction of the great Mormon tabernacle, which my eyes have been aching through all the weary years to see once more before I die. My longing has been satisfied at last, and I thank you from the bottom of a grateful heart!"

Again lifting his hat, he stepped forth into the pouring rain and strode rapidly down the street.

Knew His Business.

"I had always heard that New Englanders were 'smart,'" a young physician who had "graduated" from a village practice remarked the other day, "but I hardly thought it developed at such an early age."

He smiled reminiscently, then continued:

"Just after I settled in Dobbs Corners a twelve-year-old boy called on me one evening.

"Say, Doc, I guess I got measles," he remarked, but nobody knows it 'cept the folks at home, an' they ain't the kind of folks that talk. If there's any good reason to keep quiet."

"I was puzzled, and I suppose I looked it."

"Aw, get wise, Doc," my small visitor suggested. "What will you give me to go to school an' spread it among all the kids in the village?"—Lippincott's.

She Did as She Was Told.

"Now remember, Mary," the teacher said just before the school exercises, "if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song, don't stop. Keep right on. Say tummy-tum-tummy-tum, or something like that, and the words will come back to you and nobody will know the difference. Now don't forget."

On exhibition day little Mary electrified her audience with

"... and she wore a wreath of roses, around her tummy-tum-tum."

You Can't Beat Her.

The ideal wife is the one who believes everything her husband tells her.

Circumstantial Evidence.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, My God! Something must happen to Ole!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Devil's Tail a Good Thing.

"Papa," said a youngster, "has the devil got a tail?"

"Some folks say so," answered the father.

"That must be nice."

"Nice? and why?"

"Because he can tie it to his little boy's cart and pull him along."—Independence, Kansas, Reporter.

At Last a Cure.

There would be less dyspepsia in the world if the hole in the doughnut were surrounded by nothing.

It Looks Serious.

"The duke and his fiancée don't speak."

"Just a lovers' spat, no doubt."

"No; this is more serious. Their lawyers have quarreled."—Kansas City Journal.

Wasn't Certain.

Ethel—"So Arthur proposed last night? Did you accept him?"

Maud—"I was so awfully excited I don't know whether I accepted him or not. If he comes tonight I did, and if he doesn't I didn't."

SERIAL STORY

HER INFINITE VARIETY

By Brand Whitlock

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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SYNOPSIS.

Senator Morley Vernon's visit with his fiancée was interrupted by a call from his political boss at the state capital. Both regretted it, the girl more than he, because she had arranged to attend a dinner that evening with him. She said she yearned for a national office for him. On Vernon's desk in the senate he found a red rose, accompanied by a plea for suffrage for women. He met the author, a pretty Miss Maria Greene of Chicago, who proposed to convert him into a suffragette. He accepted her proposal. Miss Greene secured Vernon's promise to vote for the suffrage resolution. He also aided her by convincing others. He took a liking to the fair suffragette. Miss Greene consulted with the lieutenant-governor. Vernon admitted to himself that the suffragette had stirred a strange feeling within him. He forgot to read his fiancée's letter. Vernon made a great speech in favor of suffrage, aided by glances from Miss Greene. The resolution was made a special order. Vernon was enthusiastic on the prospect for the resolution. He was much in Miss Greene's company. Vernon neglected thoughts of Amelia. He took Miss Greene driving and laid out plans for the success of the resolution. Vernon's speech caused a great newspaper sensation. He was being neglected by Amelia, who had not answered his letter.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Vernon was of this crowd, moving from one group to another, smoking, laughing, talking. His heart may have been a little sore at the thought of Amelia's strange neglect of him, but the soreness had subsided until now it was but a slight numbness which he could forget at times, and when he did think of it, it but gave him resolution to play the game more fiercely.

He found it pleasant as he threaded his way through the crowd to halt senators as he met them and say:

"Well, the woman-suffrage resolution comes up to-morrow. You'll be for it, of course?"

It gave him such a legislative and statesmanlike importance to do this. As he was going leisurely about this quest, testing some of the sensations of a parliamentary leader, Cowley, the correspondent of the Courier, accosted him, and showing his teeth in that odd smile of his, asked if he cared to say anything about the resolution.

"Only that it comes up as a special order in the morning, and that I have no doubt whatever of its adoption by the senate."

"Have you assurances from—"

"From everybody, and every assurance," said Vernon. "They're all for it. Come and have a cigar."

They went over to the cigar stand, and when they had lighted their cigars Cowley said:

"Let's go out for a little walk; I may be able to tell you something that will interest you."

CHAPTER IX.

Vernon was glad enough of a breath of the evening air, and they went down the steps to the sidewalk. Along the curbstone many men had placed chairs and in these cool and quiet eddies of the brawling stream of politics they joked and laughed peacefully.

Sixth street stretched away dark and inviting. Vernon and Cowley turned southward and strolled along companionably. The air was delicious after the blaze of the hotel; the black shade of a moonless night was restful; their cigars were fragrant.

"I've just got hold of a story," began Cowley, after they had enjoyed the night for a moment in silence.

"I've just got hold of a story—" he spoke, of course, as always, from the detached standpoint of a newspaper man, "which you ought to know."

"What is it?" asked Vernon.

"Porter and Brindwood are against your resolution," Cowley spoke these names in a tone that told how futile any opposition would be. "And Wright and his fellows are against it, too," he added.

"Nonsense," said Vernon.

"Well, you'll see," replied Cowley. "But they told me—"

"Oh, well, that's all right. They've changed in the last day or two."

"Why?"

"Well, they say it's risky from a party standpoint. They think they already have all the lead they want to carry in the fall campaign. Besides, they—"

"What?"

"They say there's no demand for such a radical step, and so see no reason for taking it."

Vernon laughed.

"All right," said Cowley in the careless tone of one who has discharged a duty. "Wait till you see Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop land in here to-morrow."

"Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop!" Vernon stopped still in the middle of the sidewalk and turned in surprise and fear to Cowley. Cowley enjoyed the little sensation he had produced.

"But they were all for it," Vernon muttered.

"Oh, well, you know they never took the thing very seriously. Of

course they passed it in the house just to line up old man Ames for the apportionment bill. They didn't think it would amount to anything."

"Yes, I know—but Maria Burley Greene—"

"Well, she's a pretty woman; that's all."

"You bet she is," said Vernon, "and she'll be down here again to-morrow, too."

"Will she?" said Cowley, eagerly, with his strange smile.

"Yes—but, look here, Charlie!" Vernon exclaimed, "don't you go mixing me up with her, now, understand?"

"Oh, I understand," said Cowley, and he laughed significantly.

When Vernon reached the hotel he set to work in earnest. He tramped about half the night, until he had seen every senator who could be found. He noted a change in them; if he did not find them hostile he found many of them shy and reluctant. But when he went to his room he had enough promises to allay his fears and to restore, in a measure, his confidence, and he fell asleep thinking of Maria Greene, happy in the thought that she would be there with her charms to offset the social influence of Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop.

CHAPTER X.

Vernon went down to breakfast the next morning wearing the new summer clothes his tailor had sent to him from Chicago the day before. He had a flower in his buttonhole; a red rose, indeed, showing his colors for the final triumphant day.

The rotunda of the hotel, swept of the litter of the night before, was clean and cool, and the morning air of a perfect day came in refreshingly at the open doors. The farmer members, confirmed in the habit of early rising, were already sauntering aimlessly about, but otherwise statesmen still slumbered, tired out by their labors of the night before.

Vernon, in the nervous excitement which arouses one at the dawn of any day that is to be big with events, had risen earlier than was his wont. He hastened into the dining room, and

there, at the first table his eye alighted on, sat Maria Burley Greene. She saw him at once, for she faced the door, and she greeted him with a brilliant smile. With springing step he rushed toward her, both hands extended in his eagerness. She half rose to take them; their greeting silenced the early breakfasters for an instant. Then he sat down opposite her and leaned over with a radiant face as near to her as might be, considering the width of the tablecloth and the breakfast things between.

"And so you're here at last!" he exclaimed.

His eyes quickly took in her toilet; remarkably fresh it was, though it had been made on the Springfield sleeper. It gave none of those evidences of being but the late flowering of a toilet that had been made the night before, as do the toilets of some ladies under similar circumstances. She wore this morning a suit of brown, tailored faultlessly to every last seam and a little turban to match it. Beside her plate lay her veil, her gloves, and a brass tagged key. And her face, clear and rosy in its rich beauty, was good to look upon. The waiter had just brought her strawberries.

"Send John to me," said Vernon to the waiter. "I'll take my breakfast here. May I?" He lifted his eyes to Miss Greene.

"Surely," said she, "we'll have much to discuss."

"And so you're here again at last," repeated Vernon, as if he had not already made the same observation. He

laid, this time, perhaps a little more stress on the "at last." She must have noted that fact, for she blushed, red as the strawberries she began to turn over with a critically poised fork.

"And did you come down alone?" Vernon went on.

"No, not—exactly," said Miss Greene. "Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, and, I believe, several—"

"Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop!"

"I think," said Miss Greene, "that she sits somewhere behind." There was a twinkle in the eyes she lifted for an instant from her berries.

Vernon scanned the dining room. There was Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, in all her—and yes, beside her, sheltered snugly under her all-protecting wing, was Amelia Ansley! They were at a long table, Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop at the head, and with them half a dozen women, severe, and most aggressively respectable. They sat—all of them—erect, pecking at their food with a distrust that was not so much a material caution as a spiritual evidence of their superiority to most of the things with which they were thrust in contact every day. Their hairs scarcely trembled, such was the immense propriety of their attitudes; they did not bend at all, even to the cream.

Vernon, who was taking all this in at a glance, saw that Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop was severer than he had ever imagined it possible for women to be—even such a woman as she. He would not have been surprised had he suddenly been told that her name had acquired another hyphen; certainly her dignity had been rehyphenated. There she sat, with her broad shoulders and ample bust, her arms jeopardizing the sleeves of her jacket.

It was the most impressive breakfast table he had ever seen. It might have given him a vision of the future, when he should have secured for women all their civil and political rights, and the nation had progressed to female lieutenant generals, who would be forced at times to dine in public with their staffs. But he had no such vision, of course; the very spiritual aversion of those women to such a thought would have prevented it, actually.

In point of fact, his regard in an instant had ceased to be general and had become specific, having Amelia for its objective. She sat on the right of her commander, a rather timid aide; and she seemed spiritually to snuggle more closely under her protecting shadow with each passing moment. She seemed to be half frightened, and had the look of a little girl who is about to cry. Her gray figure, with its hat of violets above her dark hair, was, on the instant, half pathetic to Vernon. She sat facing him, her face downcast.

There was no conversation at that table; it was to be seen at a glance indeed that among those ladies there would be need for none, all things having been prearranged for them. Vernon noted that Amelia seemed to him more dainty, more fragile than she had ever been before, and his heart surged out toward her. Then she raised her eyes slowly, and held him, until from their depths she stabbed with one swift glance, a glance full of all accusation, indictment and reproach. The stab went to his heart with a pain that made him exclaim. Then perceiving that the complicating moments were flying, he rose hastily, and with half an apology to Miss Greene, he rushed across the dining room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Handy Library.

Many of the new books come out in serial form in the magazines and papers. Cut out the installments as they appear and glue them together—book fashion, if from a magazine, or in one long strip if taken from a newspaper.

Take a long, stout envelope, paste the name of the story on the back, fold the sheets or strips of clippings and place in the envelope. This is a book which takes only a small space on the shelves, and the name is easily seen from the outside. These envelope books are invaluable for sick people, as frail hands are not tired by holding a light slip of paper when it would be impossible to hold a heavy book. As a bit of cheer for all invalids they might be aptly termed the sunbeam library.—Housekeeper.

Warned of Father's Death.

There was a peculiar coincidence in connection with the sudden death of the Alkham (Kent, England) village blacksmith, Mr. James Pay. His daughter, who was in service with a doctor in a neighboring village, went to her mistress on the day of her father's death, stating that she had a feeling that she must go home. As the girl seemed anxious, her mistress allowed her to go, and she arrived home in time to witness the death of her father, 20 minutes after he had been working at his forge.

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT FOR BIRDS

Lengthens Their Day, Giving Them More Time for Feeding.

Winter has always proved a trying time for rare and delicate birds in the zoological gardens. One interesting theory has been advanced, that owing to the long nights in these latitudes in winter the poor birds do not feed long enough during the day to "keep body and soul together." In the old insect house some good was effected by inducing the birds to feed before dawn with the aid of a powerful motor lamp which was placed there an hour in the winter.

In the new small birdhouse, says the London Daily Mail, an elaborate incandescent gaslight installation has just been completed. It is controlled

from outside and at six o'clock in the morning a watchman switches on the lights.

Immediately a chorus of songs breaks out from the aroused birds, which start breakfast immediately. This extra feeding time has already produced good results in the shape of improved condition of the birds of paradise, mynahs and other rare tropical birds in the house.

With Their Teeth.

Frugal Landlady—How are you gentlemen getting along at the farther end of the table?

One of Them (gnawing an ancient doughnut)—Working like beavers, ma'am.

One Christmas in the Mountains

By EARL MARBLE

(Copyright.)

Two or three days before the "holy holiday," as Christmas has not inaptly been termed, the dense, almost solid-snow clouds settled down over the Rocky mountains and the adjacent region, as though burying them mountain deep with the feathery flakes that came silently and swirling down, steadily and persistently busy, as though building a new range of mountains of solid and never-ending pearl stretching away seemingly in an endless chain, and creeping up toward the zenith in an ambition to outdo Nature herself. Waterspouts have been known in a few moments of time to inundate valleys and even hills themselves; and such a display of the forces of Nature as this seemed to be a snow-spout, if such a word may be coined.

Just before entering the snowy realm on an east-bound train, Harold Lancaster had telegraphed to Hollyville, a pretty little village in Illinois, that he was on his way home, and would be there in season to assist in the church festivities on Christmas, after which the train had plunged into the mountain region. He did not know that his telegram was not sent, as before it was dispatched the wires had broken under the weight of the snow, and all communication with the east was suspended. The train plunged ahead, assisted occasionally by a convenient snow-plow, and was making fair progress toward the summit, where it was expected it would meet with less obstruction than on the western slope.

Harold had gone on a trip up through the wonderful Canadian country in the fall, promising to return to assist in giving a Christmas entertainment in the church, of which Edith Lowell, his sweetheart, was the soprano, as he was the tenor. He had written a little musical skit, in which he was to essay the part of a trumpeter and messenger, to announce to the Christian world—or the soon-to-be Christian world—the birth of the Saviour; and his announcement of that event was to be greeted by the beautiful soprano voice of Miss Lowell in a welcoming aria, which had been composed with particular reference to her exquisite method of bird-like trillings, which was one of the features of her voice that made her so popular with those who listened to her voice Sunday after Sunday.

As Christmas approached, and day after day passed without any word being received from young Lancaster, she seemed buried in gloom as deeply as were the foothills and even the peaks as well as the canyons of the great dividing range of the country.

All this time, out in the Rocky mountains, a train was creeping along slowly, and a muffled tenor voice was murmuring, almost muttering, in occasional volleys, "A son is born to the Highest!" and again, "Glory Hallelujah!" as though in rehearsal of the event in the little church in Hollyville.

At last Christmas eve arrived, and the congregation in their seats were expectant. The choir singers seemed to take their cue from Miss Lowell, and a small modicum of success only was anticipated.

Everybody was ready for the start, and there was a pause. The blast on the trumpet sounded, which was the signal for Edith to rise and be ready to greet the tenor announcement.

"If only Harold were here!" she said sotto voice, as she arose. "It will be hard for me to sing it." She stood expectantly. "I have no inspiration without Harold."

Following the trumpet signal, a figure appeared in the distance; but Edith did not have the heart to look. There seemed to be a little commotion.

"O, dear!" she exclaimed, "I hope that end of it will not fall also, as I fear this will."

Then a clear, ringing voice sounded forth, which acted on Edith like an electric battery:

"A son is born to the Highest!" she heard, which was followed by "Glory Hallelujah!" taken up by both choir and congregation.

Her inspiration had arrived. She knew the voice so well, and her heart leaped, as her voice rang out in the opening notes of her aria, which in turn was so inspiring that it brought the entire audience to its feet, and all remained standing, in deference to her sweet delivery of the words and notes alike.

"It was a great triumph!" said the old pastor, as he was being congratulated.

"And love was the keynote," said a knowing young deacon.

"Yes, love to God," said the pastor.

"And to man," added the deacon.

OFF DUTY.



Miss Smith—Oh, doctor, do you know you look perfectly killing this evening?

Doctor—Thank you, but I am not. I'm off duty, you know.

SUFFERED TERRIBLY.

How Relief from Distressing Kidney Trouble Was Found.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wolf, 388 W. Morgan St., Tipton, Mo., says: "Inflammation of the bladder reached its climax last spring and I suffered terribly. My back ached and I could hardly get around and the secretions were scanty, frequent of passage and painful. I was tired all the time and very nervous. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking a few boxes was cured and have been well ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Slow Recovery.

"Is the editor out?" asked a visitor to the office of the Ridgeville Banner.

"Yes, sir," answered the editor's small assistant. "He's gone out to put away a jug of licker left by a subscriber."

"Do you think it will take him long to put it away?"

"Now, sir, it won't take him long ter put it away, but after that he won't be able ter do nuthin' fur a week."

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 *Dr. J. C. Peck*. In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Coming to Terms.

Possible Boarder—Ah, that was a ripping dinner, and if that was a fair sample of your meals, I should like to come to terms.

Scotch Farmer—Before we gang any further, was that a fair sample o' yer appetite?

Taking the Tips.

"Why did Dollarhy sell his hotel?"

"He wasn't making money fast enough."

"What is he doing now?"

"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."

Rheumatism and Neuralgia never could get along with Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Wizard Oil always drives them away from the premises in short order.

Our idea of heaven is a place big enough to make it possible for people to be without neighbors.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND ANYTHING better for colic, flatulency or stomach troubles than Perry Davis' Pain-Expeller. Get the large size, it is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

It's one thing to run into debt and another to crawl out.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Perry's Peppermint Cure. Try it—no sugar-coated granules.

Better a poor man at large than a rich man in jail.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually.

Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation.

Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

Best for Baby and Best for Mother

PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC, etc.

Is fine for children and adults, very pleasant