

THE MERKEL MAIL.

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NO. 44.

Origin of Christmas.

It is a generally accepted belief that on the date we call Christmas day Christ was born. This is questioned by some chroniclers, but the doubt does little harm, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Every one is satisfied to take this date as the nativity of Christ, and it matters little whether it is historically correct or not; one day in the year, it is believed by all good Christians, should be set aside for the celebration of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and the 25th of December is as good a day as any on the calendar.

It is necessary to go back to the Roman era to find the first recorded reference to a festival on a date known to us as Christmas day, so that it need not be cause for surprise if through all the past ages the record of the exact day on which Christ was born should have become lost. History tells us that the first feast to be celebrated on the 25th of December was established by Commodus, emperor of Rome, who flourished about 185 years after the birth of Christ.

After that there are many references to the meetings of the new sect called the Christians, who gathered on this day to celebrate the birth of the Good Man.

It is not a century until after the time of Commodus that we find a particular reference to the persecution that the Christians underwent at the hands of the pagan emperors having culminated in a grand Christmas day massacre.

Diocletian was the Roman who decided to celebrate the day by killing off a few Christians. He did so with a vengeance. The most horrible deed perpetrated during the festival was on Christmas day, when the assembled Christians gathered in their place of meeting, were sat upon and slaughtered, while the Romans looked on in great glee at the sight of antipagan people being put to death for their religion's sake.

When Rome was no longer a pagan state, the feast began to be celebrated in the Christian style, although some of the songs that were sung and some of the rites of the festival would greatly shock the strictly orthodox church-goer of the present day. At that time there were no excursion trains to carry those who wished to take part in a public celebration from point to point, and the electric telegraph had not been thought of. Consequently those who celebrated the birth of Christ in early days did so in widely separated countries, sometimes at widely separated periods of time and according to no set programme. It was every community for itself, and no one to criticise the others for not being careful about the date.

As a matter of fact, the ancient celebration of Christ's nativity was left entirely to the discretion of the different bodies, and as every community had divergent interests the time was arranged to meet the exigencies of the case. If Christmas day happened to come on a time when there was too much work to be done to permit of a holiday, then it would be postponed until a

more suitable season. Owing to this indifference to precedents the exact date when the birth of Christ ought to be kept was hopelessly lost.

On only one thing were all the Christians agreed—namely, that the festival in commemoration of the birth of Christ ought to be the most magnificent of the year. In some cases it was kept up for days and the meaning of the festival was forgotten long before the revelers returned to their homes again.

It is interesting to observe that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which have survived to this day, was begun in the first days of the Christmas feasts. So was the custom that is known as carol singing. The songs of today are based on the event that makes Christmas day a time of rejoicing, but at that time they were not over particular as to the subject chosen by the singers. In fact it would be difficult to find in some of them an excuse for the singing of such ditties at a religious festival.

It is a striking feature of this Christmas celebration that from its earliest recorded history there is no sentiment in connection with it but those of kindness and good feeling. However much the old style of celebrating Christmas might be objectionable to the twentieth century critic of orthodox tendencies who frowns at the frivolity of some of the customs, it was always a time for the better side of human nature to be exhibited and for people to take gifts to each other in a spirit of peace and good will. This kindly spirit has been maintained until all over the world today it is seen in the merrymaking, the happiness conveyed by the glorious institution of Santa Claus, the steaming hot dinners presented to the poor, the frolic and fun making in almost every home, and the gathering together for the yearly reunion of those whom circumstances separate for the greater part of the year. May the season never cease to be famous for its power to bring out the better attributes of men and women as it did of old!

For Better Seeds and Better Crops.

The News advises the farmer to begin in time and to see to it that nothing but the highly approved varieties of seeds are secured for next year's planting. Make it a point to select the best seed corn there is to be had; the best vegetables, the best varieties for the patches.

Do not fail, at all events, to secure for yourself the benefits and advantages to be derived with little extra cost, without any more work or care, possibly with less work in gathering and a better price for the staple, cotton seed of the prolific and hardy varieties. There are arguments in favor of this policy which have existed all along and which are quite sufficient and even conclusive. The old arguments have been added to in recent years by the pests and by a competition of progressive neighbors who have abandoned the old habit of sowing the indifferent seeds of plants that have run out. Do not pin your chances to the plant of

tardy growth. Do not depend upon the small bolls and scant yield, when something better can be obtained. Sell your common seed to the oil mills, and buy a better variety of some reliable person whose word is good. The time gained and the increased yield will pay the extra cost many times over.

While exercising the greatest care in this method of improving varieties and increasing production, do not fail to increase the interests of the farm by intelligent efforts to improve and develop varieties yourself. Corn-bredging was undertaken some years ago as a mere pastime by a few young men in Illinois. It has become to be a regular and lucrative business. Wonders have been accomplished. There are wonders to accomplish. This is true of other products as well as of corn. It is especially true of cotton in Texas. There is no reason why great things should not be accomplished in this higher line of farm work. It will tend to increase interest in the business; but that is not all. It will pay.—Dallas News.

Coughing Spell Caused Death.

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, in the presence of his wife and child. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid but little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for sometime. His wife sent for a physician but before he could arrive, another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from suffocation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1 1901." Ballard's horehound Syrup would have saved him. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

There is a feeling of Christmas in the air. From the display of Christmas goods in our stores, and the number of people looking at them, and buying, it is evident that there is going to be a great time in this section through the happy season. The good price of cotton and the better yield than was expected, make the people in better spirits and they will no doubt have the best time they have had for years.

What Santa Claus Should Give.

To Mr. Rockefeller—A conscience.
To Mr. Morgan—Ability to feel sympathy.
To Mr. Schwab—The ability to forget.
To Mr. Baer—An enlightened understanding.
To Mr. Hanna—Better choice in the selection of friends.
To Columbia—Justice.
To Competition—A resurrection.
To the Government—Honest servants.
To the Citizen—An awakened sense of duty.
To the Trusts—Knock-out drops.
To the World—arbitration.
To all People Everywhere—Self-Government.
To the Corruptionists—Stripes.
To the Press—Freedom.
To Men—A true conception of charity.—Commoner.

Mace Sharp of Merkel was here the first of the week and said that

The Time

To buy is NOW.

Get busy and buy a copy of "Eleanor Waltzes." Going now for 30c at Burroughs & Mann's drug store. Will Leeman, Merkel, Tex.

business conditions there were very fine. Collections already amount to 95 per cent and nearly everybody is out of debt.—Stephenville Appeal.

J. W. Evans of Haskell county, who was tried last week upon the charge of criminal assault, his own daughter being the victim, was adjudged insane by the jury. He is said to be a wreck, mentally and physically, and can live but a short time.

A Frightened Horse.

Running like mad down the street dumping the occupants, or a hundred other accidents, are every day occurrences. It behooves everybody to have a reliable Salve handy and there's none as good as Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Burns, cuts, sores, eczema and piles, disappear quickly under its soothing effect. 25c, at Rust & Pittard's Drug Store.

Compliments of J. H. Thornton.

Inasmuch as others are sending greetings and compliments of the season and thanking their patrons for past favors, it seems proper for me also to thank the citizens of Taylor county for the honor bestowed upon me by electing me to handle the finances of the county.

Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and assuring them that none are more appreciative of past favors than your humble servant, I remain

Yours truly,
J. H. Thornton,
County Treasurer.

Methodist Tree Exercises.

Following committee has been appointed to look after the Christmas tree exercises at the Methodist church Thursday evening: Decoration.

H. C. Williams, Mesdames Mann, Leeman and Warnick. Label presents.

Claud Mann, Mrs. Burroughs, Misses Clara Browning, Annie King, Carrie Hargrove, Allie Jennings, Edith Freeman, Laura Herring, Grace Sheppard. Take presents from tree.

Otho Williams, Jud Sheppard, I. Stallings.

On music.
Misses Lucy Leeman, Laura Evans, Annie King.

Carriers.
Lige Gamble, Willie Stramer, Reed Alsobrook, Duncan Browning, Eulia Paylor, Lizzie Calvert. Calling.

J. K. Pittard, Ed J. Leeman.

Court News.

Judgements were obtained in county court this week against the T. & P. for damages to live stock as follows: In favor of J. W. Childers, \$150; W. H. Childers, \$50; D. C. McCoy, \$200;

G. W. Walters, \$25; Daniel & Bingham, \$125; J. W. Daniel, \$50; C. P. Warren, \$75; Geo. S. Young, \$50; Geo. S. Young & Co., \$50.

The case of S N Morrison vs T & P, damages, was dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

R G Love vs M K & T, damages, judgment for \$225.

Mrs Alice Brannen was appointed guardian of estate and persons of Earl and Beatrice Mabry.

Will of T M Hardy was probated and Mrs Sallie Hardy appointed administratrix under \$8,000 bond.

Mrs H B Kenner was appointed guardian of Claud and Christopher Kenner, under \$500 bond.—Abilene News.

Baptist Tea.

The ladies of the Baptist church will give a tea at the residence of Mrs. F. B. Hoople on the evening of Jan. 1st. Refreshments will be served for which a small sum will be charged. The proceeds will be used to help pay for a sewing machine to be used in the Girls' Sewing School in Mexico. The following program will be rendered:

Vocal solo—Mrs. Hoople.

Reading—Miss Margueritte Howard.

Instrumental solo—Miss Lucy Leeman.

Reading—Miss Valley Hill.

Vocal solo—Mrs. Thurmond.

Guessing contest (musical)—Miss Laura Evans.

To be Raised Jan. 1st.

Postmaster Witt is in receipt of a communication from Washington stating that the Merkel office would be raised to a third class or presidential office on Jan. 1, 1904. Press dispatches, one of which was published in The Mail last week, gave the date as June, which was no doubt an error.

This will be good news to Merkel people, for it means better accommodations in the matter of lobby room. Nothing is a better indication of the growth of the town during the past year.

Telephone Change.

Robt. M. Webb of Colorado, manager of the Southwestern Telephone Co., was in the city Saturday and closed a deal whereby the local exchange and its owners go to into the Southwestern. I. S. Allen will be retained as local manager.

It is intention of the company to greatly improve the service here and more comfortable quarters will be secured at once. In connection with their long distance lines they will be in a position to handle business over the lines more satisfactory, and the change will prove mutually beneficial to the people and to the company.

The Festive Dog Must Go.

Very little interest was shown in the prairie dog election Saturday, not more than one-fifth of the qualified voters taking part. Only 77 votes were polled at this box and there was not a dissenting voice, each of the 77 votes being for the extermination of the dogs.

It is believed that the law has gone in by a good majority, there being very little, if any, opposition.

THE MAIL.

ED J. LEEMAN, PUBLISHER.

Published Every Thursday.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:

Office..... 57
Residence..... 11

If you know of any news item, we will consider it a special favor if you will report same to this office, either by person, letter or over the phone to either of the above numbers.

Harps, Harps, Harps!

Fine assortment from 5c to 75c each.

Basham, Shepherd & Co.

Fight Will Be Bitter.

Those who will persist in closing their ears against the continual recommendation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, will have a long and bitter fight with their troubles, if not ended earlier by fatal termination. Read what T. R. Beal of Beal, Miss. has to say: "Last fall my wife had every symptom of consumption. She took Dr. King's New Discovery after everything else had failed. Improvement came at once and four bottles entirely cured her." Guaranteed by Rust & Pittard Druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

At Cost.

We have on hand a small stock of jewelry, watches, fountain pens, pocket and table cutlery, table and tea spoons, genuine I. X. L. razors, glassware, tinware, etc. We are closing this stock out at cost and below cost. They have got to go. Come in and make an offer on any of the above articles. This sale will only last a few days. Come quick.

Yours for business,
Chenault & Provine.

Girl Wanted.

Girl wanted to do house work. Will pay good wages. 2t
Mrs. Geo. S. Berry.

G. W. Boyce's

New Grain House three doors west Watkins' Meat Market.

Stockholders Meeting.

The stockholders of the First National Bank of Merkel, Texas, are hereby notified that the regular meeting of the stockholders of said bank for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and such other business as may come before it, will be held at the office of said bank in Merkel, Texas, Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904. 2t

Respt.,
Geo. S. Berry, Cashier.

A Costly Mistake.

Blunders are sometimes very expensive. Occasionally life itself is the price of a mistake, but you'll never be wrong if you take Dr. King's New Life Pills for dyspepsia, dizziness, headache, liver or bowel troubles. They are gentle yet thorough. 25c, at Rust & Pittard's Drug Store.

The Roscoe Lumber Company.

Notice to stockholders: Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the requirements of its charter and by-laws, the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Roscoe Lumber Company will be held at its general office at Merkel, Texas, on Monday, January 4, 1904, between the hours of 9 a. m. and 10 p. m., for the election of a Board of Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting. 3t

John C. Hamm,
Pres.

The Mail reaches a class of folks that read advertisements.

COTTON CULTURE.

How to Grow the Staple So as to Escape the Ravages of the Boll Weevil.

The new conditions that have arisen in the present system of cotton growing are of such a nature that changes of method of culture are necessary if much profit is to be realized. Under the new conditions, the changes that are necessary with many growers are general, the preparation of the soil, the seed, the variety, planting, cultivating and fertilizing. In the presence of the boll weevil early maturity of the crop is the chief feature, and every operation in the culture of the crop having a bearing on early maturity must be utilized. Early maturity, therefore, becomes the important desideratum, and is to be kept constantly in mind. To assist in changing the slow methods of culture to those of speed and thoroughness to meet the new conditions, the various operations are briefly outlined, and are based on results of experiments in the different cotton growing states.

Preparations of the soil—by turning the soil on edge in winter many insects are destroyed, especially boll worm and boll weevil, vegetation is decomposed and the soil made friable. Bed up deep, but low and in sufficient time before planting for a firm seed bed to form which can be, if necessary, flushed off with a drag or harrow in advance of the planter. Firm seed beds favors quick germination and prompt growth of young cotton.

Fertilizers—On thin soils or fertile soils a little nitrogen in the shape of cotton meal applied in the furrow when the rows are laid off at bedding time, at the rate of 100 pounds per acre, or dead cotton seed at the rate of 200 pounds, will hasten early growth, strong growth, and enable early culture with the plow. It will get beyond grass and weeds, and begin early fruiting. Apply the same as cotton meal. Cotton meal and acid phosphate should be tried alone and also together. Acid phosphate containing 15 per cent of available phosphoric acid, costs about \$20 per ton. The quantities can be increased if increased yields justify. Cotton growers have considered Texas soils, the bottoms and the black lands, sufficiently fertile for maximum plant growth or cotton yield without the use of commercial fertilizers. This, however, may be true when taken with the manner usually given to the crop, but for prompt and rapid growth of the young cotton and for early maturity, a small dose of nitrogen as cotton meal will be advantageous, even on the black land. Also, acid phosphate should be tried on the land. On the thinner, sandy soil nitrogen and acid phosphate will be profitable. On any soil a small dose of nitrogen and phosphoric acid should be tried. The object is simply to give the young plant an abundance of readily available supply of nitrogen in their infancy right under the seed, but not in contact where the young roots will find it as soon as they emerge from the seed covering. The young cotton will then be given a rapid start in the early season and be more resistant to unfavorable influences. Phosphoric acid applied in the same way would contribute to rapid fruiting and early maturity throughout the growth of the plants. An early and vigorous

growth has many advantages aside from early maturity. Potash generally delays maturity, but it can be tried on sandy soil having sandy subsoil at the rate of 100 pounds per acre in the form of kainit. A complete fertilizer containing these three elements—potash, nitrogen and phosphoric acid would not be advisable to use until compared in a test with the three elements used alone as advised above. We request a report along these lines from cotton growers who try cotton meal and acid phosphate in the manner indicated.

Planting the seed—use a good machine that will open a narrow furrow without disturbing the firm bed any more than necessary. The loose soil drawn back in over the seed and pressed down by a roller attached to the planter, getting the seed well in, and when thus planted will come up promptly and grow off rapidly. The soil does not dry out, the firm bed holds moisture and the roots at once come in contact with the moisture and soil. Plant as early as possible an abundance of seed. Seed are cheaper than a poor stand.

Seed and varieties—since early maturity is essential for escaping the boll weevil, and for other advantages, the best selected seed of the best early variety, should be planted. This question of seed and varieties is of such great importance that we have discussed it fully in the previous bulletin.

Distance to plant—the distance to plant in the row and between the rows depends on the fertility of the soil, the variety and the season. Early varieties can be planted closer, as they have smaller stalks. The grower must decide the distance for himself. The stalks should not interlap between the rows. Sunlight is necessary for fruitfulness and earliness.

Cultivation—Barring off with a turning plow before chopping is out of date. In chopping and thinning the best stalks of course should be left, but when selected seed are planted most of the plant will be strong and of equal growth. The heel scrape of varying length depending on age of the cotton and condition of the soil is the best implement for shallow and effective culture. It can be attached with a short scooter (the latter to steady the scrape) to the foot of a single stock or cultivator, and adjusted to the proper slant. With a cultivator one row can be cultivated on both sides at once. A cultivation should be given whenever a crust forms after a rain to prevent weeds and grass and loss of moisture. Saving soil moisture is very important with the early varieties. Cultivation may be continued later than the usual "lay by time," but its advantage depends on the growth of the cotton. If the stalks are small later cultivation is advisable, but if the stalks are growing too much weed, and not properly fruiting, cultivation might cease.

Depth of cultivation should not exceed two inches, but on deep, fertile soil, deeper cultivation with a sweep may be done. The length of the scrape on either side should be increased as the plants increase in size to avoid breaking limbs and to get the short scooter away from the plants, and also to destroy grass in the middle.

Rotation of cotton land with other crops, and especially with legumes, is necessary to restrict insects and cotton disease, and

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

In wishing our friends and customers a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year, we also wish to thank them for the very generous patronage extended us the past year. Our business has been most satisfactory, and we are indeed proud of the growth of this institution. We will put forth our best efforts to serve them faithfully and well during the year 1904.

...WARNICK'S BANK.

At and Below Cost.

I have a remnant of goods on hand which was reserved from my Racket stock at time of sale that I wish to sell at and below COST.

It comprises Dolls, Vases, Ribbons, and miscellaneous articles—all useful, new and up-to-date goods. If there is anything in this line you want, now is the time to buy it. It must go during the next few days. Now on display at Flemming bld'g.

L. E. ADRIAN

Merkel, Texas.

to maintain productiveness, but this is of such importance as to be made the subject of a bulletin to follow this in the series.

This article is the third of a series treating of seasonable measures for combating the boll weevil, prepared by the staff of the Experiment Station, and they all may be secured by addressing the director of Texas Experiment Station, College Station Texas.

Health's Decalogue.

1. Rise early, retire early and fill your day with work.
2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health.
3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.
4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared for machines last the longest.
5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.
6. To be sensibly dressed is to give freedom to one's movements and enough warmth to be protected from sudden changes of temperature.
7. A clean and cheerful house makes a happy home.
8. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by distractions and amusements; but abuse of them leads to dissipation and dissipa-

tion to vice.

9. Cheerfulness makes love of life, and love of life is half of health. On the contrary, sadness and discouragement hasten old age.

10. Do you gain your living by your intellect? Then do not allow your arms and legs to grow stiff. Do you earn your bread by your pickaxe? Do not forget to cultivate your mind and enlarge your thought.—From a French Medical Review.

Boygraphs.

If the boy is treated like a gentleman at home he will act like a gentleman abroad.

We are awfully sorry for the boy whose father has forgotten that he was once a little fellow.

If a boy forgets his mother the chances are that the reason may be found in the example of the father.

Some boys would be overjoyed to receive as much attention from their fathers as is bestowed on the family horses.

As a general proposition the boy who is untruthful has been made so by being punished for telling the truth.

If a boy finds a sympathetic listener in his father when he tells his boyish troubles he seldom goes out on the streets to make confidants.—Ex.

Special Clothing SALE

During December we offer our entire stock of Clothing at Greatly Reduced prices. We have a few odd suits and a few coats and vests that will go in this sale at **LESS THAN WHOLESALE COST**. Be sure to see our goods and prices. We will save you money. ... 20 per cent reduction on all ladies' jackets, capes and skirts. ... 10 per cent off all woolen dress goods. ... Our 50c fleeced underwear cannot be beat at the price. ... "Star Brand Shoes are Better." We are exclusive agents in Merkel for these shoes; also sell the celebrated Edwin Clapp shoes for men. ... We appreciate your trade in either Dry Goods or Groceries and will always give you your money's worth. ... Come and see us. : :

The Star Store, Merkel Mercantile Co., Props. : Merkel, Texas.

Christmas in Many Lands.

In England in the early Anglo-Saxon days Christmas was celebrated with almost saturnalian revelries, the lords of misrule holding full sway, but the first breath of Puritanism scorched the zeal of the revelers, and it became a heinous offense to so rejoice and be merry. The year 1643 saw the abolishment of all saints days, and those who observed "the three grand festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, were heavily fined." With the restoration a sad countenance was not at a premium, but rather a merry one, and all the observances of these festival days were revived.

In old Seville and the other beautiful cities of Spain Christmas is largely an out door celebration. The Anglo-Saxon idea of hearth and home is foreign to the Latin temperament, and the gracious climate lends itself to all fresco merrymaking. All is movement, color, tumult, dance and song. The great plazas are kaleidoscopes of human movement. The cathedrals and churches are thronged. Piety and gayety mingle.

Germany is the land of Santa Claus, the home of the beautiful legend of Kris Kringle, which is a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or Christ Child. While the good little child finds its stocking laden with Kris Kringle's gifts, the naughty child finds nothing but a birch rod placed there by the avenging Pelsnichol (St. Nicholas with the fur). Such an experience makes the small victim miserable.

The Fort Worth Record,

*A Democratic Paper
for Democratik Texas*

The long felt want of North Texas has been supplied, and the Fort Worth Record, as good as the best and Democratic besides, is a daily and semi-weekly fact. By special arrangement The Mail is enabled to make a remarkably low combination rate until Jan. 1, next, for subscriptions one year in advance.

The Record one year.....\$1.00
The Mail one year..... 1.00
Both papers one year..... 1.35

This offer will be withdrawn on Jan. 1, after which the usual combination price will prevail.

Sample copies at this office.
Remit to this office.

Gin Notice.

I will continue ginning every day up to Christmas, but after that date will gin only on Tuesdays and Fridays. Please bear this in mind.

G. B. Brown.

Free Holiday



Games

60 different games—all new
—one in each package of

Lion Coffee

at your Grocer's.

Inspired ancient poetical thought of cheering the Virgin during the pangs of maternity, young men and maidens throng on Christmas eve before her shrines in Italy and play upon their guitars and mandolins, singing songs of praise. It is their part, too, to decorate the beautiful old churches most profusely, a loving service at which they spend the greater part of the night, refreshed by a collation after midnight mass.

In Australia Christmas comes during the midsummer season. The mercury may register 100 degrees or more. Families, instead of being united, are divided, for this is the time of the long vacation. Still, English traditions are preserved. Plum pudding is the dessert and holly the decoration. Moreover, the Australians have a decoration of their own—a crimson flowering shrub which they call Christmas bush and which blooms only in December.

Power of Song.

Thirty men, red-eyed and dishevelled, lined up before a judge of a San Francisco police court. It was the regular morning company of "drunks and disorderlies." Some were old and hardened, others hung their head in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
There came a dream so fair."

Last night! It had been for them all a night mare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a

contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing "The Holy City" in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in the line shown emotion. One or two dropped on their knees; one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms and sobbed, "O mother, mother."

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. At length one man protested.

"Judge," he said, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—" he, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited for the rest.

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for ever more!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the work house that morning. The song had done more to awaken a purpose for better living than punishment could have accomplished.—Young People's Weekly.

Don't Do That.

It is easy to buy Christmas presents with January's salary. Don't do that.

The foolish giver imagines that the true value of the gift is measured by the purchase price. Don't do that.

We know people who make sacrifices in order to buy costly Christmas presents for fear they might be thought stingy. Don't do that.

Some people think it is smart to destroy the dear old myth concerning Santa Claus and thus bring grief to childish minds. Don't do that.

At this particular season of the year it is customary to worry about what you'll give this one or that one for a present. Don't do that.

Every time you pick up a paper these days you see full directions how to make beautiful Christmas presents out of old clothes, and barrels, and boxes, and tin cans, and things; and you are tempted to undertake the task of trying to follow them. Don't do that.

Our line of carpets and rugs is hard to beat. We have a varied assortment and the prices are right.

W. P. Browning & Co.

Everything in Ustick's store is suitable for a Christmas present. The Mail gives all the news.

W. W. WHEELER,
Real Estate, Life, Fire and Tornado Insurance Agent,
Notary Public.
Takes Acknowledgements, Draws up Deeds, etc.
Office in First National Bank.

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EXAMINATIONS FREE — OFFICE IN
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—LAWYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC—
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DEALER IN
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Repairing a Specialty

J. J. MILLER,
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public,
Land and Collecting Agent.
Will practice in all the courts of Texas. All
business entrusted to my care will receive
prompt attention. Will pay taxes for non-residents,
also pay interest on lands for all who may
trust their business with me; will make proof
of final settlement on homestead and school land
property. I solicit your patronage. 6-1pd

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

**Dr. King's
New Discovery**

For CONSUMPTION Price
COUGHS and 50c & \$1.00
COLDS

A Perfect Cure for All Throat and
Lung Troubles.
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Merkel Lodge No. 710,
A. F. & A. M., meets
Saturday night on or
before the full moon in
each month.
C. E. Evans, W. M.
R. B. Ustick, Sec.

Best Passenger Service

...IN...
TEXAS



"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

DINING CARS
BETWEEN
FORT WORTH and SAINT LOUIS

E. P. TURNER, GEN. PASS. AGT.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Hereafter the price of The Mail and Dallas News, both for one year, will be only \$1.50, either to new subscribers or renewals. This gives you 156 papers a year at less than 1c a copy. Take advantage of this offer now.

The Merkel Mail

ED J. LEEMAN, Editor and Prop'r.

Entered at the Postoffice at Merkel, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

Subscription Rates:

One year \$1.00
Six months50
Three months25
Invariably in advance.

* ADVERTISING RATES per month

One inch space \$.50
Two inch space 1.00
Quarter column (4 1-2 inches) 2.50
Half column (9 inches) 4.00
One column (18 inches) 7.50

Four issues constitute a month. All advertisements run and charged for until ordered out, unless limit is specified when insertion is made. Special prices on time contracts. Local notices, 5 cents per line, each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Communications to insure publication must bear the signature of the writer, as well as the non de plume under which they write. This is required merely as a guarantee of good faith. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc., are inserted at one-half the regular advertising rates. Positively no deviation from this rule.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"On the earth, peace, and good will towards men."

Christmas, with its joys, is once more upon us. How joyous and glad some nature has responded to the occasion, and yet how holy and peacefully the days carry us nearer this anniversary of the Christ-child! To we older people the day means but a relaxation from the daily routine of labor—an auspicious time in which to mix and mingle with friends and loved ones, with words of greeting and hearty good will. To the younger generation there is joy and gladness intermingled with pleasurable anticipation, and the dawn of Christmas day heralds the coming of Santa Claus—the mythical godfather of happy childhood.

"Peace on the earth"—this is a divine suggestion and carries with it a world of meaning. "Good will towards men"—how symbolic of the birth of the Christ-child. Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes. And beautiful is the year in its coming and its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of our Lord.

The Mail hopes that the spirit of the occasion will sink deep into the hearts of the people. If there is one who is needy and in want, it is a duty and should be a pleasure to alleviate their sufferings and help them over the rough places.

To its readers, one and all, The Mail wishes a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

UNJUST IMPOSITION.

Says the Snyder Coming West: "A man whose name we failed to learn, but who claimed to represent a Kentucky wholesale liquor concern, spent two days in Snyder last week, and we are informed took seventy orders for whisky from one to three gallons each, and this in a town which but a short time ago voted local option by a majority of five to one. It is none of our business to pry into the affair and as to the man who sold the liquor we suppose he was acting within the limits of the law, but we do think that the rights of the majority ought to be considered, and if a sentiment for local option as strong as the above one indicated really exists, the man who comes unsolicited and attempts to force his wares upon the people ought to be treated as an imposter."

This man, or one engaged in a similar undertaking, spent two or three days in Merkel and surrounding country yelling his wares from the housetops. How many sales he made, we are not

prepared to say, but it is presumed he took a great many orders. We do know, however, that he violated the local option law if what has been told about him is true. When a man goes into local option territory and accepts money for whiskey, even for future shipments, he is violating the law and should be made to suffer for it. This, we are told, happened here, but nothing was done to punish the offender. It is useless to have laws when they are so ruthlessly trampled upon.

PAY YOUR POLL TAXES.

The Mail would urge upon its readers the necessity of paying their poll taxes. Next year will witness political elections—county, state and national—and those who wish to vote must remember that it requires a poll tax receipt to do so. Very few receipts have been issued in this county so far, all of which goes to show that there will be a rush at the collector's office during the latter part of January. Hence, those who wish to avoid the rush had better attend to the matter now.

Remember, you are not a qualified voter unless your receipt is dated prior to Feb. 1st; also that a penalty of ten per cent is added to your taxes after Jan 31st.

The Mail repeats: Cut out the disgraceful Christmas jag.

The Panama question is making gray hairs for the president.

It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive, but this is not an orthodox view of it.

Getting in debt is like dropping from a balloon. Getting out again is like climbing a greased poll.

The fastest thing about Merkel these days is her growth. And that is fast enough to brag about.

The old maids of Merkel will no doubt improve their opportunities next year. It's Leap Year, you know.

The high price of cotton should not lead farmers to make it their entire dependence for a living. There are other crops equally as profitable.

Gen. H. K. Douglas, Stonewall Jackson's chief of staff, died at his home in Hagerstown, Md., Friday. Very soon the last reveille will call these old heroes to their last brave stand. They are going fast.

It will soon be time to turn over a new leaf. Has the old year been one of profit to you? If not, profit by the mistakes you have made and let them be a stepping stone to greater efforts and nobler things in the years to come.

No better Christmas gift than a year's subscription to The Mail could be made to a friend or loved one. It is a gift that they would appreciate and one which would bring kindly thoughts of the giver with each weekly visit. Try the plan.

While you are enjoying the holidays, don't forget that there are those who are too poor to buy the things that make the occasion one of pleasure. Help some one to have a merry Christmas and by so doing add to your own pleasures.

Perhaps the first case tried in the United States before a jury composed exclusively of women was mentioned in Saturday's

dispatches from Chicago. The women rendered a verdict and the verdict was concurred in by a jury of men to make it legal. All of which shows that woman's influence is expanding.

Under the new election law State primaries will be uniform and will be held all over the State on Saturday, July 9. March or April is plenty early to start the county campaign next year, as three months will give all candidates ample time in which to thoroughly canvass the county. The Mail is ready to take announcements any time, however.

If the Democrats of Taylor county wish to do away with the primary, well and good. But by so doing they will put some other party in power. Primary elections are fair to all alike and this time-honored custom should not be laid aside for untried plans. As a member of the county executive committee, the writer will oppose any change in the manner of nominating candidates.

The Baird Star and Collins (Miss.) Commercial are having a little fun on the side, and the editor of The Mail is the target at which their shafts of sarcasm are aimed. Some people don't know when they have reached the bounds of common decency, but must continue making "jassacks" out of themselves. A donkey always brays just when he has no bray coming. The moral is a pointed one, gentlemen: keep up your braying.

The best news item the daily papers have contained in some time was the one in which it was stated that a young man, who had slandered a young lady, was fined one hundred dollars. The case was tried at Greenville, and the jury is to be commended for its decision. The slanderer is a carrion crow that feasts upon the wrecked and wasted life of some unfortunate, or taints the innocent with its foul breath. No mercy should be shown such cattle.

The Mail's little squib in favor of primaries last week has disturbed a hornet's nest in Abilene. Considerable opposition to the primary system has developed, and it is evident that a big fight will be made against it. However, there is little likelihood that the effort will be successful, for all good Democrats favor the primary. Just what is intended in the effort to make the county campaign a free for all fight, has not yet appeared on the surface. Certain it is that it could but result disastrously to the party.

Why buy postoffice and express money orders when you can buy New York or Texas exchange at less money and get it from home institutions? All business firms and corporations prefer that you remit in bank exchange. Bank exchange rates: \$1.00 to \$10, 10c. \$10 to \$60, 15c. \$60 to \$100, 25c. First National Bank, Warnick's Bank.

Don't pass Burroughs & Mann's stock of Christmas goods by without a look at it.

For Sale—Trade for a note or sell on fall time, one good 900 pound pony-built horse, fine color, 6 years old. Perfectly gentle in single and double harness or under saddle. Price \$50.

Jos. H. Warnick.

Big Damage Suits.

Suit for damage in the sum of \$15,000 was filed in the District

We Make Them

Saddles Harness Lines Bridles Strap Goods

Also carry a full line of Harness, Chains, Collars, Whips, Blankets and Robes; in fact I carry a full line of everything kept in an up-to-date saddle shop. See me when in need of anything in my line.

Yours for Business,

R. L. Hudson

court here Monday against the Dallas News by J. W. Childers Jr., alleging defamation of character in the publication of a report sent out from El Paso charging Childers with "beating a stranger to death with a six-shooter at Deming, N. M.," the statement being false. As companion suits to above, one case each was filed against the Gainesville Hesperiae and Gainesville Messenger for the same cause and in the same amount, \$15,000 each. The plaintiff is the son of our fellowcitizen, Col. J. W. Childers, and we understand that while he had killed a man in New Mexico purely in self defense, as held by the court, this alleged killing is an entirely different affair and was only a fair fist fight,

and no special damage was done. —Abilene News.

Who wants a second-hand wagon? Not worth much. Cash, trade or on time.

Jos. H. Warnick.

10 per cent cut on men's and boy's suits, extra pants and overcoats till January 1st at Warren's.

T. F. Compton and daughter, Miss Tommie Lou, left Monday for a visit to the old home at Pulaski, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Coggin of Colorado are spending the holidays with relatives here.

Lost—A small black Berkshire pig—some white on it. If you know anything about it tell W. L. Clay.

For Perfect Baking

Charter Oak & Garland Stoves

Surpass ALL Others

When you get one of these stoves PERFECT BAKING is guaranteed, DURABILITY is guaranteed, CONVENIENCE is guaranteed, ECONOMY of FUEL is guaranteed, in fine, PERFECTION in a stove is guaranteed. Remember, Charter Oak and Garland Stoves bake perfectly and last a lifetime. It is just as easy to own one of these makes as any other kind, and they give twice the satisfaction. We are waiting to supply you with one.

Ed S. Hughes & Co.,

Abilene, Texas.

LET ME WALK WITH THEE.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.



AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

By LAETA M. RAMAGE.

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Joan climbed wearily up the stairs
to her third story room. She seldom
felt tired, but to-night the whole world
looked criss-cross.

She was a stranger in the city and
among people who gave her no
thought. She had been that many a
time in many a place, yet never before
in her twenty-six years had she thought
so oppressed her.

In general she was somewhat feared
at the New York office, feared because
of her ability to do—admired for her
bright, successful ways.

She sighed, wishing herself back in
her accustomed room in the great
apartment house where she lived. It
was Thursday, her night at home. It
would be just time for her evening
callers and she would be dressed in
one of her few, dainty, evening gowns.

Then she lighted the gas and laid
the letter which had been troubling
her all day on her desk. She walked
across to the window and leaned her
head against the sash.

"Hateful things! No more southern
blooms for me!" she muttered.

As she stood there, she thought it
all over—her life. When still a mere



Laid the letter on her desk.

child she had taught in the western
country schools. She had worked her
way, finally, into the public schools of
a large city, only to find the drudgery
a shade worse than in the rural districts.
How she had hated it all, but
it had been the only possible thing.

ent on her exertions she had come
to New York to carve a career for herself.
It had been hard work and slow.
But now, after three years, she had
gained a certain foothold, and held a
position with a prominent publishing
house. She had been sent down here
to write a series of articles on the
great exhibition in progress.

Why must he write now, just when
she was so happy over the idea of
returning to New York that she could



She felt happy.

not decide whether her independent
life was a happy one or not. It was
from the editor, the great editor himself,
and it was neither a check nor a
reprimand, the two things to be
expected from him. It was a love letter.

She thought of the big house, the
servants and the carriages, she adored
luxury, and had never had any of it.
She thought also of the gray-haired,
dignified man, not old, but very middle-aged
and wise. Was it possible he
cared for her? No one had ever been
in love with her before.

During the strenuous days of her
early girlhood there had been no time
for such things in her ambitious life.
She had grown to consider herself unattractive,
for she was a very modest
woman in spite of her success.

Her school days had been at best
haphazard ones. Her teaching had
been a miserable failure. Therefore,
the fact that Mr. Lloyd wished her to
be his wife seemed a great honor.

Joan laughed her soft, good-humored
little laugh as she noticed that he had
signed himself John G. Lloyd & Co.

Restlessly she walked back to the
window and leaned her head against
the cool glass.

"After all, it isn't the house, or the
servants or even the children, dear
little souls, but do I, can I honestly
love him? I could if—"

She shivered a little as Robert Denton's
face seemed to smile at her out
of the darkness. Robert, with his tall,
square-shouldered figure; his hearty,
ringing voice and merry laugh, seemed
like a figure of incarnate youth beside
Mr. Lloyd's terribly settled middle-aged.

Yet Robert had never said anything
to show her that he cared for her. He
worked at the desk near hers and had
many a time given her a helping hand
in hard seasons. He spent one even-

ing every week with her. Occasionally
he took her to a concert or an opera.

"Why did this come, just when I
was so happy! It makes me feel queer
and discontented," she sighed. "I
don't care for Mr. Lloyd. I don't
care for Robert Denton. And yet it
would be so nice to have a home and
I am growing just terribly old."

There was a little sob in her throat.
She turned to study her face severely,
critically in the glass.

"I must decide. I must," she said to
herself. "There is no use in putting
off the evil hour."

She sat down at her desk and wrote
a little note to Mr. Lloyd. Even when
she began it she was not sure just
what its meaning would be. But the
words shaped themselves into an acceptance
of his offer, almost before
she realized it.

"Now I must mail it or I shall be
changing my mind every hour," she
said, feverishly.

She slipped down to the door and
out to the nearest letter box. As she
remounted the steps a man's dark
figure beside the door started her.
Then came the start of recognition.

"Mr. Denton," she exclaimed.

"Joan," he said, and the word told
her everything. "My book has been
accepted, and they've given me an
order for another. I couldn't wait for
your return. I—but come over to the
square, where we can talk."

Joan went mutely. They sat down
on one of the benches in the deserted
park. She felt very happy, tumultuously
so. Then all at once she drew
back from the shelter of the arm he
had placed around her.

"Oh, that letter, that dreadful letter,"
she cried.

"What letter? What do you mean?"

"Oh, Robert, why must it be so?
Why didn't you speak before?"

"Because I hadn't a solitary thing
to offer you, dear. The moment I
had, I came to you."

"Oh, why had I so little faith?"
mourned Joan.

And she told him the story of her
miserable indecision and answer to
Mr. Lloyd's note.

"If I had only waited five minutes
to mail that letter! Oh, dear, what have
I done! What shall I do?"

"Never mind, dear heart," Robert
said, caressingly.

"Oh, you must not," said Joan.
"Don't you see I'm as good as engaged
to another man?"

"You're not engaged to him, you
are engaged to me, and you shall have
that letter back by to-morrow night."

"How can I?"

"Well, it's easy enough. I'll take
the night train back to New York.
I always sort the mail and—I'll commit
a criminal offense, for you, Joan, dear."

He ended with a little laugh, and
rose from the seat. As Joan, too,
stood up, he drew her swiftly into his
arms and kissed her as heartily as if
no Mr. Lloyd were in existence.

The morning train carried a polite
but very decided negative to the important
question. Nevertheless, Joan
was ill at ease all day until at dinner
time a special delivery letter lay at
her plate. It was addressed in Robert's
scrawl and contained her own
letter of the night before, and a little
note from him. Only a few words, but
they brought a happy flush to Joan's
cheek.

As Chickens Come Home.

You may take the world as it comes and
goes,
And you will be sure to find
That Fate will square the accounts she
owes.

Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whatsoever induced,
Return at last to him, one by one.

As the chickens come home to roost.
Sow as you will, there's a time to reap.
For the good and the bad as well,
And conscience, whether we wake or
sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell.
And every wrong will find its place.

And every passion loosed
Drifts back and meets you face to face—
Like chickens that come home to roost.
Whether you're over or under the sod
The result will be the same.
You cannot escape the hand of God.
You must bear your sin and shame,
No matter what's carved on a marble
slab.

When the item's are all produced
You'll find that St. Peter was keeping
"tab,"
And that chickens came home to roost.
—Laporte City (Iowa) Press.

Would Not Be at a Loss.

During a recent conversation between
District Attorney Jerome and
several members of the New York bar
reference was had to the sharp practices
of a certain notoriously shifty
politician of the city.

"Certainly he is never at a loss,"
said Mr. Jerome. "Do you know, I
really believe that if that man were
cast on a barren rock in mid-ocean he
would make money—if there were
another man on the rock."—New York
Tribune.

THE WOMAN WHO ARGUES.

"The woman who would argue
should remember that:

Said a well-known Philadelphia club
woman recently: "At times it seems
to me as though woman's proverbial
love of argument is only another instance
of the inevitable 'longing for the
unattainable.'"

"Woman has learned many things,
but she has not yet learned how to
argue properly.

"To receive courteously from others
opinions which differ from their own
is a point which even the most advanced
of our sex have not yet reached.

"Those who do not think exactly
as she does may after all be fairly
intelligent people.

"In order to refute an argument it
is always well to first hear what it is
—not interrupt when it has been but
half stated.

"To assert a thing emphatically is
not necessarily to prove it.

"To call an opponent an ass is merely
to prove yourself one.

"A sneer proves nothing against
any one—except the person who is
guilty of using it.

"Sarcasm and wit may enliven an
argument, but facts alone are convincing.

"Adjectives have not nearly the
strength of nouns and numbers in an
argument.

"What one supposes or what seems
to be has no place in an argument.
And lastly, that:

"Though to have the last word is
a woman's prerogative, it is obviously
impossible when several women are
arguing together for all of them to
enjoy that privilege."—New York Herald.

CHINFAYNE.

A besetting sin is not a bad thing
to have if you keep it under control.

When you need help the wise way
is to get somebody to "holer" for
you.

Men who hold jobs by cringing, generally
seek to soothe their minds by
shirking.

Education has a great deal to do
with the difference between a man
and a hog.

Judge a man by his garments is
like buying a mine that has not even
been prospected.

The man who takes women seriously
is rapidly qualifying himself for
an insane asylum.

Most of us know some time in our
lives when the loss of a job was our
temporal salvation.

The one redeeming feature about
every town is that you can find a
worse one if you try.

It is necessary to advertise, even
if you are only good, and expect any
material benefit from the fact.

There are men whose sole ambition
is to be known as the owner of a fast
horse, that really represents nothing
but his proprietor's purse.

The successful man is the one who
can instruct others how to do his work
and who can figure a profit on the
product.—"Uncle Dick" in Milwaukee
Sentinel.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

"Honesty," said the good man, "is
the best policy."

"Honesty," said the grocer, "is too
much sugar for the price of sand."

"I maintain," said the debutante,
"that honesty is a bore and the anti-thesis
of flattery."

"Beg pardon, my friend," put in the
man of the world, "honesty is the
short cut to poverty."

"I beg to differ," said the cynic. "In
your case honesty would be the salvation
of a possible suicide."

WHY HIS MARRIAGE FAILED.

He regarded children as a nuisance.

He did all his courting before marriage.

He doled out money to his wife as if
to a beggar.

He never talked over his affairs
with his wife.

He never had time to go anywhere
with his wife.

He looked down upon his wife as an
inferior being.

He never took time to get acquainted
with his family.

He never dreamed that a wife needs
praise or compliments.

He thought of his wife only for what
she could bring to him.

He never dreamed that there were
two sides to a marriage.

He had one set of manners for home
and another for society.

He paid no attention to his personal
appearance after marriage.

He married an ideal, and was disappointed
to find it had flaws.

He thought his wife should spend
all her time doing housework.

He treated his wife as he would not
have dared to treat another woman.

He never dreamed that his wife
needed a vacation, recreation or
change.

He never made concessions to his
wife's judgment, even in unimportant
matters.

He thought the marriage vow had
made him his wife's master instead
of her partner.

He took all the little attentions
lavished on him by his wife as his by
"divine right," and not as favors.

He always carried his business troubles
home with him, instead of locking
them in his store or office, when he
closed.—By Orison Swett Marden, in
Success.

PROVERBS UP-TO-DATE.

It takes a big man to eat crow gracefully.

The more knowing a man is the less
he knows.

A woman's train of thought is often
on her dress.

Sometimes a comedian's divorce is
his first serious part.

Marriage is seldom a failure when
Cupid furnishes the capital.

Marrying for money is more a matter
of dollars than of sense.

It is not considered to a man's credit
to merit success if he doesn't obtain
it.

Many a woman employs a private
detective when she looks in her mirror.

The heathen in his blindness uses a
club; the civilized Christian a repeating
rifle.

We shouldn't mind woman having
the last word if she'd only get to it
sooner.—L. de V. Matthewson in
Everybody's Magazine.

QUIPS AND QUIRKS.

The straw that broke the camel's
back is often found in a mint julep.

Many a chain falls simply because
one hangs on it instead of standing
erect.

He is a mean joker who will rail at
the chestnut. Old friends should never
be slighted.

When one is after the stamps the
only stamping ground worth while is
where the ghost walks.

Most eccentric geniuses are called
so because they are eccentric, not
because they are geniuses.

The House that Jack Built



This is the house that Jack built.

This is the wife that lived in the house that Jack built.



This is the maiden called "greenhorn," that helped the cook of ample form, to cook the food, that fed the maid, that worried the wife, that lived in the house that Jack built.



This is the maid, that worried the wife, that lived in the house that Jack built.



This is the man, all tattered and torn, that carried coal for the young "greenhorn," that helped the cook of ample form, that fed the maid, that worried the wife, that lived in the house that Jack built.



This is the cook of ample form, that cooked the food, that fed the maid, that worried the wife, that lived in the house that Jack built.

This is the man, all shaved and shorn, that tended the furnace every morn, to help the man all tattered and torn, that carried coal for the young "greenhorn," that helped the cook of ample form, that fed the maid, that worried the wife, that lived in the house that Jack built.



And this is Jack, all wan and worn, he works all day from early morn, and vaguely wonders if he was born, to help the man all shaved and shorn, that fixes the furnace every morn, to help the man all



tattered and torn, that carries coal for the young "greenhorn," that helps the cook of ample form, that feeds the maid, that worries the wife, that lives in the house that Jack built.

—C. Larice W. Riley in New York Times.

BOYS & GIRLS

Rare Fun Hiding Presents.
For the girls and boys who are inclined to scoff at the story of Santa Claus and his kindly offices there is left a lot of fun in being their own Christmas saint in a novel and very delightful fashion.

If at Christmas time there happens to be gathered under one roof a romping, happy family of young folk, this novelty will find special favor. It is the aim of each one to hide from the other the individual gifts, but as confusion might arise if this plan were worked out irrespective of a definite



scheme of ambush, two grown ups are pressed into service, and to them the gifts are confided, with the names of the prospective recipients attached thereto.

As the adults are generally the most interested in Christmas fun are father and mother, they are naturally accorded the honor of treasure keepers. They confer with the donors as to the best hiding places, being of course very careful not to tell to one what the other has confided. The youngsters in a body plan to hide the parents' gifts, and when the morning sun shines upon Christmas day there will be found a household of curious ones eager to indulge in this holiday form of hide and seek.

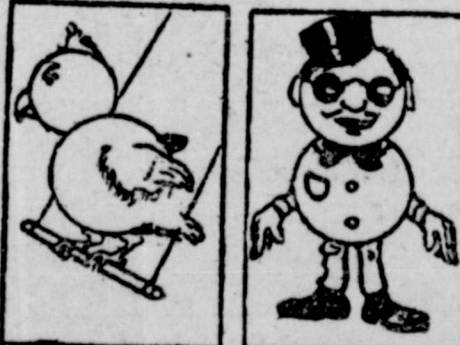
In the family of a well known writer this Christmas custom is carried out most gleefully. One of the boys who always boasted that he could find his gifts no matter where they were hidden was quite nonplussed last Christmas, and finally gave it up, only to discover that in his sleep he had been raised on his mattress, the bundles placed underneath it and he himself put back as guardian without so much as a wink of knowledge of what was going on. On another occasion the breakfast table was employed for a hiding place for all of the gifts, the young people in a body being kept in the dark as to the secret. And it was only a discouraged and petulant kick from the youngest that revealed a platform built beneath and parallel with the surface, where all the things were carefully disposed. Ingenuity in devising hiding places adds greatly to the fun of the occasion, and as a change from trees and stockings will surely be welcomed.

Coin on a Needle Point.

To spin a coin on a needle point: Insert a needle, head downward, in the cork of a bottle, and in another cork cut a slit that will just allow a coin to be held in it. In this cork stick the prongs of two forks, opposite to each other, and so that they will incline downward. The forks must be alike and of the same weight. Now, to spin the coin on the needle point, you have only to place the rim on the point, and as the forks establish an equilibrium the little system will work very nicely without danger of an upset or a fall.

A Drawing Game.

Here is a funny new drawing game. Put down two circles, and then draw a picture of a human being or an



animal by using one of the circles for the head and the other for the body. The picture will always be funny, no matter how well you draw it—in fact, the better you draw the funnier it will be.

Crabs Up a Tree.

In some of the South Sea islands there is a land crab which is very fond of coconuts. To get a supply of the coveted dainty it has learned to climb trees. Of this habit the na-

tives take every advantage when they want a crab for dinner. While the creature is aloft stealing a nut the native ties a rope of grass around the trunk of the tree as far from the ground as he can reach. When the crab is on its downward journey, it comes to this grass band in due course. Then, thinking it has touched solid earth, it lets go its grip and falls to the ground, thus becoming an easy prey to the wily native.

New Cards for Old.

In nearly every house there's a big box of old cards and calendars, some of them, perhaps, eight or nine years old. These will be a great deal of use to any boy or girl who has permission to use them.

First of all, buy a packet of visiting cards or something bigger, gold edged, costing not over 5 cents a dozen.

Then spread a sheet of paper on the table, and get your scissors, your paints, a pencil and a pot of paste or gum. Now sort out the cards, and when you come across any especially pretty little bird or spray of flowers or a little figure cut them out very carefully and put them on one side.

When you have quite a lot of these, take one of your cards, and, sorting the little ornaments out, arrange them on the cards as you think best.

For instance, you could have a spray of flowers in the left hand top corner and a little landscape or bird or butterfly in the right hand bottom corner. When you have pasted them on, leave the cards till next day to get perfectly dry. Then pencil anything that is wanted, such as a few leaves, a stalk or two, a little true lover's knot, words of greeting, and so forth. Paint them over, and then your card is finished. Perfectly charming Christmas and birthday cards can be made in this way, and people much prefer them to the bought ones if they're nicely and neatly done.

FIGHT WITH SPOOL CANNON.

Of course, many of our youthful readers have wished that they could be soldiers when they grow up and almost all the boys have taken part in snow battles and various other kinds of battles. Boys find their mimic fights more fun than almost anything else, and it is just because they do that they will be interested in learning how a battle may be fought on the dining table.

This is to be an artillery duel, so, of course, the first thing to consider is cannon. You must have at least two, one for your army and one for the enemy, although there is no reason why they should not have a whole battery, say six cannons each.

The cannon is made from two spoons and a lead pencil. Get a large

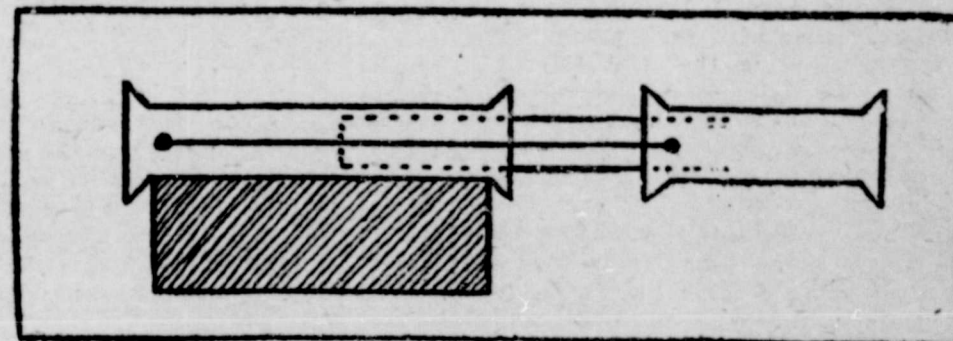


Diagram Showing How Cannon is Made.

empty spool on which has been wound that coarse black linen thread which the female members of your family use in sewing on shoe buttons. Then get a smaller spool, say one holding No. 40 or 50 thread. Take an old lead pencil and cut it off so that it is just the length of the large spool. See if it is small enough in diameter to slip easily in and out of the spool, and if it is large trim it down until it goes in and out very easily. Then fit half an inch of one end of the pencil into a smaller spool so that it is just tight enough to stick. You had better dip that end of the pencil into a little glue, then thrust it into the smaller spool and let it dry for a couple of hours, so that it will be hard and fast.

Now drive a couple of tacks in each side of one end of both spoons. The black dots in the diagram will show you just where they ought to be. Now your cannon is almost complete, the larger spool being the barrel and the smaller spool the breech block. Now put the two spoons together with the pencil inside the larger spool, and tie a stout elastic band to the tacks on each side of both spoons, as shown by the black line in the diagram.

Take a block of wood a little shorter than the larger spool, and with your penknife cut a groove in the top, just wide enough to let the large spool

rest easily on it. This is the gun carriage your cannon must rest on to secure you a steady aim. Glue the larger spool to the block of wood, as shown in the diagram, and you are ready for the fray.

Your army takes no part in the artillery duel, but has the duty most galling to any soldier—that of standing still under a heavy fire without returning it! Then, too, they are not real soldiers, but volunteers, ordinary citizens of all classes, although there may be, by chance, one or two military men among them.

You can easily get them, all sizes, kinds and nationalities, by cutting them out of old magazines. Paste each one on a little piece of cardboard and there you are!

You occupy one end of the dining

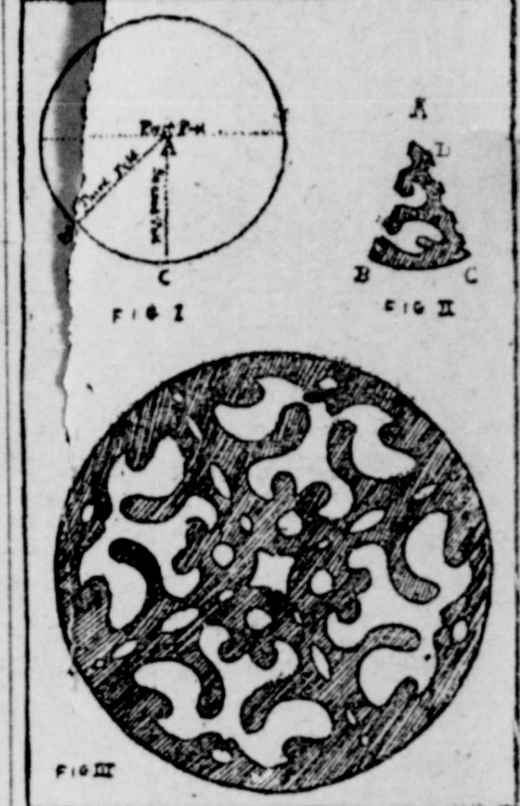


table and the forces of the enemy are drawn up in line of battle at the other end. The brave soldiers are each propped up with a toothpick, so that it does not take a very strong blow to knock him down. By the side of each cannon are the heaps of cannon balls. These are made of bread crumbs rolled in the fingers, putty or tin foil. The enemy perhaps open conflict by firing five well aimed shots at your forces. To your dismay you discover that he has knocked over four men. Well, you cannot be expected to remain silent under such a destructive fire as this, so you fire five shots in reply. This is how you do it. Drop a bullet in the mouth of your cannon and then draw back the smaller spool till only a little of the lead pencil is in the large cannon. Tilt it back so that the bullet will roll down the spool till it rests against the end of the pencil. Then aim your cannon carefully at the enemy and let go of the smaller spool. The elastic will bring the smaller spool forward with a snap, hurling the cannon ball forward to deal destruction among the enemy and to avenge your own fallen soldiers.

Each side has five shots, taking turns, until one army has every man knocked down. Of course, the general who thus loses all his men is completely defeated.

THE CRAZE FOR TATTOOING.

English Women Carry the Fad to Great Extremes.

Alfred South of Cockspur street has during his career operated on upward of 15,000 persons, including about 900 English women, the designs in a great number of cases being of a most peculiar description.

Perhaps the most striking of all are representations of two celebrated paintings, "The Crucifixion" and "Ecce Homo." One woman has depicted on her skin a picture representing a flight of birds.

Portraits of husbands and lovers are popular with women, and there are several instances in which women have been tattooed with their husbands' regimental crest. Monograms, initials and family quarterings abound. Languages, too, have their due share of attention. Many women have written on their arms words belonging to various tongues—Assyrian, Chinese, Arabic. Religious subjects are very popular.

There are some instances where ladies have had the inscriptions on their wedding rings tattooed on their fingers beneath the ring. Etchings of bracelets in yellow encircle the arms of many. Ladies who like to keep pace with the times may be adorned with illustrations of motor cars.—London Mail.

THE SAILOR'S NOVEL IDEA.

He Wanted at Least Some Part of a Wedding.

Max Adler, as Charles Heber Clark, the humorous writer, likes to be called, once told at a dinner of the Manufacturers' club of Philadelphia a story apropos of the tariff.

Mr. Clark has strong views on the tariff. In his speech he condemned the advocates of measures opposed to his views as follows:

"Those people remind me of a sailor who took his sweetheart to church and asked the minister to marry them.

"The minister would have married them readily enough, only the man was half drunk, and even the woman, it was evident, had been drinking. Besides, they admitted they had only known each other two days.

"Oh, I can't marry you," the minister said. Then, to give an inoffensive reason for his refusal, he asked: "Have you got a guinea?"

"No, indeed," said the sailor, "nor nothing like it."

"Then to marry you is out of the question, for you haven't enough money to pay me," said the other.

"The sailor took out a quarter and squeezed it, with a wink, into the minister's hand.

"Just marry us as far as that'll go, boss," he said."



The Spirit of Christmas

By BYRON WILLIAMS

Christmas, the birth-time of Jesus,
Comes with its holly again—
Would that the world's acceptance
Guaranteed peace to all men!

Christmas, the time to be merry!
Christmas, when garlands are
hung—
Why do we fall back to furrows
After the bells have been rung?

Christmas, the day of unbending!
Christmas, when hunger is fed—
Why must it ever go wanting,
Wasting and crying for bread?

Christmas, bediademed season!
Christmas, then sorrow and fear!
Surely the Christ-child who blessed us
Meant it to last all the year!

What is the spirit that drives us
Back to our hearthstones that glow,
Leaving the heart-sick to perish
Out in the cold and the snow?

Let the glad paens of plenty
Ring and reverberate long!
Catch up humanity's chorus,
Gladsome and great be the song!

Sing it forever and ever,
Throughout the aeons of Time!
Carol it ever and always,
Symphony blest and sublime!

Twine with the mistletoe branches
Love for the fallen and sad!
Uplift with sanctified kindness
Those who are lowly and bad!

Live every day on the dial
Just as God wishes we might!
Making our Christmas eternal,
Paving our way to the light!



Santa Claus in Larrigans

A BALLAD OF THE LUMBERING CAMPS By Holman F. Day

Dumphy had ducked the dough-boys—Dumphy had lucked at beans,
For most of a week he wouldn't speak, but he chopped like four machines.
He hadn't a word for no one, not even
for me and Mike.

And whenever we spoke or tried to joke,
he growled like a Chessy tyke.
When Bill, the P. L., fiddled, or Charley
Canuck would jig,
Dumphy would crawl to the dark o' the
wall and sog there like a pig.
Daytime he chopped like fury—nighttime
he hugged his bunk,
—Physog as long as a boardin' house arm,
and chawin' some bitter hunk.
And the deacon-seat crowd it wondered,
for we sartly liked the lad,
But he wouldn't let out what it all was
about, though we saw he was havin'
it bad.

Some allowed he was homesick, while
others said 'twas wuss,
For Tote-team Jake had heard at the
lake that 'twas sort of a family fuss.
If 'twas family fuss we were sorry—we
wondered how it began,
And this as because young Dumphy was
our only family man.
Now family men, I don't care who, be-
long at home with their broods,
—No hearts will ache nor grieve for sake
of us lonesome old chaps o' the
woods.

Here's good health to ye, family
man,
Wherever ye've built your nest;
Ye've more than your share of the
good things, but there!
We reckon it's all for the best.
There's an arm for your neck and a kiss for your cheek
When there's trouble ahead or your courage is weak,
And comfort and courage and grit you will need,
With a wife and some youngers to house and to feed,
God bless you with patience and peace and with goods,
Is the very best wish of us men o' the woods,
—Us lonesome old bachs of peavies and patches,
Bills, Jimmies and Jacks, o' the Ax.

The cook he had hung a shoe-pac, the cookee hung one, too,
And Larrigan Joe a sock with a toe—the only whole sock in the crew.

Some other hung sleeves and leggin's—
the boss hung a rubber-boot—
'Twas Christmas eve and we made be-
lieve! Jest the lark of a Christmas
toot!

We hadn't thought of presents—why, the
most of us never had hung
A stockin' up at the chimney-side even
when we were young,
It was only a bit of foolin', and a part of
our ev'nin' plan
Was a Santy Claus, and Dumphy was our
only family man.

We dug him out of his blankets and
hauled him out to the light,
—His eyes were red with tears he had
shed, but now he wanted to fight,
And screaming a string of curses, he
struck as he raved and swore,
Floored Joe Lacrosse and the swampin's
boss, and announced he was ready
for more.

But no one was specially anxious and we
backed away, because
Good will to men was not jest then in the
eye of our Santy Claus.

The boss was a-thinkin' to swat him,
but allowed he had better not,
For 'twas trouble bad that Dumphy had,
whatever it was he'd got.

So back in his bunk he butted—unsociale
kind of a goat—
While our pryin' cookee was takin' a look
at a letter that dropped from his
coat.

There's sometimes a grief for ye,
family man,

And it's wicked y'd better believe,
When ye find that there's trouble piled heavy and double,
On the poor little home that ye leave,
There are sharks who are hungry when money is due,
And a man is away in the woods with a crew;
Shiverin' babies and heart-broken wife
Don't hinder the Shylocks who're out with a knife,
And the tear-spotted letter that cookee choked and read
Was writ from a poorhouse—and "baby was dead."
One after the other, we forty-five men,
Kissed where the kisses were marked by her pen,
Kissed on the smooches of little ones' smacks,
—We lonesome old bachs of peavies and patches,
Bills, Jimmies and Jacks o' the Ax.

Boss he fair, square blubbered—cookee he blubbered, too,
There wasn't a face in all the place but glistened with tears like dew,
And Joe throwed galley-est'ard the duds the crew had hung,
For we knowed that joke to Dumphy spoke of empty stockin's hung;
—We all of us saw a pictur' of youngsters
wonderin' why

Old Santy Claus, like other friends, had
passed that poorhouse by.
We looked to Dumphy's corner, where he
curled with buried head,
But his grief and tears stopped eyes and
ears to all we did or said.
"Dang rat the man that's secret,"
growled the boss, "but others can
Be jest as clus' as that secret cuss, our
only family man."

Then boss he fetched a pen-stock and
thawed the yaller ink,
And he scratchity-scratchity a writin' and
he wunk a wettish wink;
He whispered, "There's an order for thirty
days o' my pay;
If the rest of ye's men ye'll take that pen
and do a stunt my way."
We fought to get that pen-stock, and
them as couldn't write
They had the boss attest their cross to
make their writin' tight.
When all had made their papers, he
stacked a reglar dome,
Says he, "It's done! Less rum and fun,
but, boys, there lays a HOME!"
Then he clinched his fist and muttered
as he turned to Long-gear'd Mike,
"Ye're Santy Claus for us, because ye've
got the legs to hike.

Take snowshoes to the carry, catch tote-
team to North Twin,
Then huff it again to strike the train and
cash them orders in.
Then stiver it to that poorhouse where
she has said they be—
Ye're startin' NOW, and we don't allow for sleep nor stop-offs—see!
It's a blame dark night, but ye're startin' NOW, and if for any cause
Them babies cry terrormer night, Gawd help ye, Santy Claus."



Some others hung sleeves and leggin's—
the boss hung a rubber boot—
'Twas Christmas eve, and we made
believe. Jest the lark of a Christ-
mas toot!

Celebrations the World Over

Christmas in the South.

Fireworks are being shipped into all
parts of the South for the Christmas
and New Year holiday celebrations,
says the New York Tribune. Large
consignments have been going out
every day during the past three or
four weeks, and these shipments will
continue until after Christmas. It
was estimated by two prominent local
dealers last week that not less than
\$1,000,000 worth of Roman candles,
rockets, pinwheels, crackers, torpe-
does and colored fire powder will be
set off south of the Mason and Dixon's
line during the last week of the dying
year. In the South the Christmas
celebration takes the place of the In-
dependence day celebration, there be-
ing little demonstration there on the
Fourth of July. This has been true
for many years, both of the cities and
country districts, but since the Span-
ish-American war the people of the
South have entered more heartily into
the noisy observance of the Fourth.
Colored folks will spend their last
dollar for firecrackers and rockets.



Christ's Birthplace.

According to an article by Paul
Carus in The Open Court, Chicago, the
apocryphal gospels tell a somewhat
different story of Christ's birth from
the canonical books. According to the
former, Christ was born in a cave and
thence trasferred to a stable, where
the ox and ass worshiped him, while,
according to the canonical gospels,
the Nativity takes place in a stable.
The apocryphal legends proved so
strong that in spite of the canonical
version of the story, a cave near Beth-
lehem came to be finally regarded as
the place of the Nativity, and a
church was erected on the spot to
commemorate the event and still
stands as a lasting monument of this
belief.



Merry Christmas.

In the rush of early morning,
When the red burns through the gray,
And the wintry world lies waiting
For the glory of the day,
Then we hear a fitful rustling
Just without upon the stair,
See two small white phantoms coming,
Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing
Rows of little socks to fill?
Are they angels floating hither
With their message of good-will?
What sweet spell are these elves weaving,
As like larks they chirp and sing?
Are these palms of peace from heaven
That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feet upon the threshold,
Eager faces peeping through,
With the first red ray of sunshine,
Chanting cherubs come in view;
Mistletoe and gleaming holly,
Symbols of a blessed day,
In their chubby hands they carry,
Streaming all along the way.

Well we know them, never weary
Of this innocent surprise;
Waiting, watching, listening always
With full hearts and tender eyes,
While our little household angels,
White and golden in the sun,
Greet us with the sweet old welcome—
"Merry Christmas, every one!"
—Louise Alcott.

Some Christmas Notes.

In Silesia there is a superstition
that a boy born on Christmas day
must be brought up a lawyer or he
will become a thief.

Christmas mince pies in the seven-
teenth and eighteenth centuries were
made with crust so shaped as to re-
present the manger.

In the fourth century the celebra-
tion of Christmas was fixed by the Latin
church for December 25th. Before
that time it had been a movable festi-
val like Easter.

In France it is a common practice to
celebrate Christmas by giving an ex-
tra ration to domestic animals, on the
theory that all creatures should unite
in rejoicing at this season.

In Sweden there is a superstition
that the men of the extreme northern
regions become wolves during Christ-
mas week.

Holly the "Holy" Tree.

In the middle of the Forest of Dean,
England, there stands a building called
the Speech House, around which
grows a number of old holly trees.
They were looked upon by the folk
of the locality with so much veneration
that, so recently as 1830, boughs
were cut from them and used to take
the place of the Testament in swearing
in witnesses in the adjoining
court. It is said that the ancient Brit-
ons held the tree as sacred, and planted
it round their villages in Cornwall.
When holly came to be coupled with
Christmas other notions prevailed. In
Rutlandshire it was thought unlucky
to bring it into the house before
Christmas. In the Western shires the
branches were taken home from the
churches which they had adorned and
kept for luck during the following
year. School boys used to make bird-
lime by chewing the bark. Because
the leaves of its lower branches are
more spiny than those of the upper,
the tree escapes damage from cattle,
which cause harm to most trees. Deer,
however, attack it.—Little Folks.



Celebration at Lima, Peru.

Probably the most gorgeous Christ-
mas spectacle in the world takes
in Lima, Peru, where a wonderful pro-
cession several miles long winds
through the streets, bearing figures
of hundreds of saints and the sacred
pictures of the cathedral. Many thou-
sands of soldiers in their bright uni-
forms, Indian women, decked with
ribbons and flowers, and asses heavily
laden with choice fruits and harness-
ed with strings of golden bells all ap-
pear in line, and on stands paced
by the parade are representations of
scenes from the Nativity. At night
the whole city makes merry with gu-
tars, castanets and weird native
dances, and the celebration ends with
great public feasts where rich and
poor exchange greetings.



"It's a blame dark night, but ye're
startin' NOW, and if for any cause
Them babies cry terrormer night,
Gawd help ye, Santy Claus!"

Sirius, the Star of Bethlehem

Theory of Profs. Forbes and Servis Refuted—Kepler's Hypothesis Untenable—Star in the East Must Have Been a Magian Star—Were the Magi, or Wise Men, Keltic Druids?

By Rev. F. P. Duffy, M. D., Secretary of the American Church Bible Institute.

The Star of Bethlehem is a theme of wondrous power. It has fascinated sages of the East and philosophers of the West. It has been discussed these nineteen hundred years by men of varying minds with a freshness that never fails. It excites a glow of fervid love in the breast of the saint. It kindles the dying embers of hope in the soul of the sinner. It is the ray of Heaven's own light to the afflicted. It beckons the prodigal back to the Father's home. It gives strength to the living. It brings peace to the dying.

But though a mystery of awe to angels, it is a Symbol of Love Divine to men. As such it cannot fall to profoundly interest every intelligent inquirer after truth. That we may the better understand the subject and more thoroughly appreciate the ways of God with man, I propose to treat the subject under the following heads:

1. The star was a real, true, bona fide star—not a mere temporary miraculous creation for the specific purpose.

It is allowed by all authorities that the Magi, or Wise Men, were learned. They would, therefore, make use of words and terms with discrimination. But not only were they learned, they were astronomers. Hence, when they used an astronomical term, they would use the appropriate word or phrase descriptive of the object referred to. They use the word "aster," which means an ordinary and permanent star, not an extraordinary and temporary one.

Now, in the Bible star is used only in a twofold signification—literally or figuratively. In its figurative sense it

held that the Magi were resident or located in the east at the time the star appeared to them. Yet according to the plain terms of the statement, they must have been located in the west. Anatole means (1) the rising of the heavenly bodies from the horizon; (2) the dawn or day-spring; (3) the east or Orient. Whichever meaning you adopt the beholder must have been west of the star. The star must have pointed to or been at Jerusalem when first observed by the Wise Men. Therefore the Wise Men must have been west of Jerusalem.

6. It was a fixed star—not erratic in its movements. The term "star" was used by the Wise Men. But they were skilled astronomers and knew the difference between a star, a planet, a comet or a meteor, for all of which there were distinct names. Hence planet, comet, meteor are ruled out by the word aster (star). And hence we conclude that the Star in the East was a fixed star.

7. It was a star in the sign Pisces of the zodiac—the Sign of Judea. This is an important factor. Among the ancients there was a part of the heavens called the zodiac. It was a belt encircling the heavens on each side of the ecliptic, or apparent path of the sun among the stars, within which the larger planets always remain. It extended to eight degrees on either side of the ecliptic. It was divided into twelve parts called the Signs of the Zodiac. The different countries of the earth were divided among the twelve signs. Judea belonged to the sign pisces, the twelfth. The Magi, like all other astrologers or astronomers, believed in that division.

junction of Mars and Jupiter on the night of Dec. 25 in the year of Rome 747. Next year Saturn joined Mars and Jupiter, and according to Dean Alford, the eminent commentator, the light of the three planets blended and appeared to the beholder as one light. What a beautiful illustration of Trinity in Unity—the lights of three planets blended into one light! Ideler confirmed Kepler's calculation as to the conjunction of the planets. Wieseler, who followed, makes the conjunction in A. U. C. 750, the year of the Nativity now agreed upon by the learned. It is remarkable too that the conjunction of the planets took place in the sign pisces, the Sign of Judea. This theory is also free from the objections above referred to.

But beautiful as is the theory, Biblical conditions compel us to reject it. Christ's birth took place, according to St. Paul, in "the fulness of time." This fulness of time is an astronomical expression meaning the completion of a cycle, or the revolution of a sphere in its orbit. That cycle, or revolution, occupied thousands of years in its completion. As we have seen, the Star of Bethlehem had a periodic time, which must necessarily have corresponded with "the fulness of time." But the periodic times of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn are all known and are of short duration. Even if we apply the periodic time to the conjunctions of the planets the objection still holds good. The times of the conjunctions are known and are comparatively short. So that attractive as is the theory of Kepler, we must dismiss it, and look elsewhere.

There is one star which fulfils all

the Gaelic priests or Druids that the star of Bethlehem appeared, let us go back to primitive times, when Magism was incorporated with Zoroastrianism.

Besides Ahura-Mazda there were the Amesha-Spentas, or "the Immortal Holy Ones." There was a third class lower than the Amesha-Spentas. Among this class were Mithra and Tistrya. Mithra was the spirit of light, or the sun. Tistrya was the spirit of the brightest star in the firmament, or Sirius. Ultimately Mithra became associated with Ahura-Mazda and placed almost on an equality with him. So we may exclude Mithra from our calculations. Tistrya, next to the Divinity, became the object of the Magi's reverence. Sirius was his star, and thus became to the Magi "the star."

Balaam, the Rab-Mag, Chief Magian, or Arch Druid of his time, was a prophet like Iarbone of the Gaeils. In his prophecy, which still lives, he uttered, under the inspiration of Jehovah, "The star shall come out of Jacob." Sirius was "the star" to all the Magians. The stars symbolized kings or rulers. He whom Sirius symbolized, therefore, would be greatest of all kings.

If we could connect Sirius in any way with Jacob at the time of the Nativity there could be no question as to the star of Bethlehem. And we can do it. The twelfth sign of the Zodiac was Pisces. And Pisces was the Sign of Palestine, or Jacob, or land of Judea. That part of the heavens known as Pisces presented a most remarkable spectacle at the time of the Nativity. There the splendor



Learning.
He looked the maiden for a kiss,
But Clarice shook her head a bit;
He vowed 'twould be ecstatic bliss;
She said she wouldn't think of it!
He pleaded like a true born knight—
"There's nothing was in love amiss!"
She argued it would not be right
To give a full grown man a kiss!
Her saucy face showed grave alarms,
Her cherry lips were set with fright!
But Willie took her in his arms,
And—what he did was done just right!



"WAS DONE JUST RIGHT!"
She did not scream or make a scene,
But blushed at learning Cupid's lore;
And snug in Willie's supple arms,
She pursed her pretty lips for more!

They're married now and bless the day
When Clarice learned what joyous bliss
Depends, along the human way,
Upon the stealing of a kiss!

Lucky Man.

The optimist is a man that does not believe:
There is sand in sugar.
That policemen are in league with burglars.
That the milkman waters the milk.
That his grocer gives short weight.
That the world needs fixing.
That hard times are just ahead.
That there are no times like the old times.
That every man is dishonest until proven honest.
That virtue is a lost quality.
That life is not worth living.
Are you an optimist?

Christmas Eve.

In my lazy chair by the grate's soft glow,
In a dream of home do my musings flow!
In a jeweled car, waiting softly by,
With a rhythmic swing, to enchanted sky!
'Tis the great "front room" on a Christmas eve,
With the loved ones dear in the fancy's weave!
There's the "home-made" tree all ablaze with light;
There is joy sincere—"Stop! I love that sight!"
But the car swings on in its fitful way,
And the scene is lost in the freight's play!
And my eyes are closed; for the car has swept
To the Realm of Dreams where our hopes are kept!
But a vision comes, in a flood of gold!—
With a start I gaze in the grate!—Behold!
Here are embers, too, and I see—I see!
In the glowing coals, not the Christmas tree—
But, ah God! how sweet! In the bright fireplace,
That which thrills my soul is my mother's face!



A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF BAIT.
Never neglect having bait laid by for a rainy day.

A Maiden's Prayer.

Under the mistletoe
Sat a maid!
Her tom-cat there
With her parrot played!
Her stocking neat
She had hung—"twas tan—
And her prayer, it was:
"A man! A man!"
All on a Christmas evening!
Under the mistletoe
Sat a maid!
Her eyes were black
As the ace of spade;
Her lips were ripe
And her form was plump,
And her pulsing veins
Went "thump! thump! thump!"
All on a Christmas evening!
Under the mistletoe
Sat this maid—
Her breast it heaved
Where the plaits were laid—
She longed to love
And be loved in turn,
And her passion fierce
Did burn! Did burn!
All on a Christmas evening!
Under the mistletoe,
This sweet maid,
She bared her heart
For a man to raid;
Her lips she pursed
In a saucy dare—
And he did! The man
Was there! Was there!
All on a Christmas evening!



means a king or other civil ruler, an ecclesiastical teacher, and perhaps an angel. It is not used in its metaphorical sense here. Therefore it means a real star.

2. It was a star in motion—it changed its position in the heavens. Motion is characteristic of all the heavenly bodies; and the words of the sacred narrative are, "The star went before them till it came." When first they saw the star it occupied a particular spot in the sky. Now, however, it has a different position, not relatively because of the change in the field of observation, but absolutely by change of location in the heavens. No doubt the motion was a movement in its orbit. This will appear more plainly from our next proposition.

3. It was a star that had an asterism—it stood at a particular point in the sky above them. The statement is very distinct: "It came and stood over where the young child was."
4. It was a star that moved in an orbit—it had a periodic time. This is a most remarkable statement. We are told that Herod privately learned of the Magi "what time the star appeared." The margin of the Revised Version gives us a better, because a more correct translation of the phrase; it is, "The time of the star that appeared." But the literal rendering is "the time of the appearing star."

5. It was a star that had a relative position in the sky—it was in the east. Assuming that the correct rendering of "anatoles" is "in the east," then it has reference to that particular part of the heavens to the east of the observer. The observers, therefore, must have been west of Jerusalem. This is a point to be borne in mind, as we shall have to refer to it more particularly later on. The conclusion here arrived at is contrary to the generally received opinion. As far as I am aware, it is universally

held. So far we have traced some of the necessary conditions of the star. Let us now try and discover the star that fulfils these conditions. In doing so we shall briefly discuss the different theories put forth and held by different people, some of them men of great eminence in their own particular sphere. We shall also show the untenableness of the different hypotheses.

I—The star was not an angel. No less a father of the church than Theophylact held this view. He believed it was an angelic apparition. No doubt angels were sent on messages from Heaven to men, and the Angel Gabriel was used in the Annunciation. But the angelic vision would disappear with the accomplishment of the object. Not so the star; it remained.

II—The star was not a meteor. This view has been largely held. It is asserted that some kind of meteoric phenomenon would best meet the necessities of the case. But any meteor drawn to the earth would either be consumed by the atmospheric friction or else would fall to the ground and become extinguished. Its appearance would be almost momentary.

III—The star was not a comet. One of the greatest fathers of the church, Origen, held this view. But not all the weight of Origen's great scholarship could obtain credence for such a belief. Just recently this theory of a comet has been revived, unconsciously, however, that Origen was the father of it. Prof. David Forbes in England and Prof. Serviss in America both claimed to have identified the Star of Bethlehem with Halley's comet. At the time I refuted the theory in an article that appeared in the Chicago Evening Post, April 11, 1903.

IV—The star was not a conjunction of planets. This is the most feasible as well as fascinating theory. It is that of the great astronomer, Kepler. He calculated that there was a con-

junction of Mars and Jupiter on the night of Dec. 25 in the year of Rome 747. Next year Saturn joined Mars and Jupiter, and according to Dean Alford, the eminent commentator, the light of the three planets blended and appeared to the beholder as one light. What a beautiful illustration of Trinity in Unity—the lights of three planets blended into one light! Ideler confirmed Kepler's calculation as to the conjunction of the planets. Wieseler, who followed, makes the conjunction in A. U. C. 750, the year of the Nativity now agreed upon by the learned. It is remarkable too that the conjunction of the planets took place in the sign pisces, the Sign of Judea. This theory is also free from the objections above referred to.

But beautiful as is the theory, Biblical conditions compel us to reject it. Christ's birth took place, according to St. Paul, in "the fulness of time." This fulness of time is an astronomical expression meaning the completion of a cycle, or the revolution of a sphere in its orbit. That cycle, or revolution, occupied thousands of years in its completion. As we have seen, the Star of Bethlehem had a periodic time, which must necessarily have corresponded with "the fulness of time." But the periodic times of Mars, Jupiter, Saturn are all known and are of short duration. Even if we apply the periodic time to the conjunctions of the planets the objection still holds good. The times of the conjunctions are known and are comparatively short. So that attractive as is the theory of Kepler, we must dismiss it, and look elsewhere.

There is one star which fulfils all the conditions. (a) It was in an especial sense the Magi's star. (b) It has a periodic time. (c) Its revolution is of indefinite length. (d) It was in the sign Pisces at the birth of our Lord. (e) I believe we can find a peculiarity by which it could be called "His Star." That star was Sirius, the brightest in the firmament of heaven. Before we can arrive at our final conclusion it is necessary to learn something about the Wise Men, or Magi. Who were the Magi? Where did they come from?

The etymology of the word Magi is involved in much doubt. It is generally supposed to be primarily a Persian word, but the Persian is only a form of the original. Our word Magus, of which Magi is the plural, is but the Latin rendering of the Greek Magos, the Persian of which is probably Maz, Maz is cognate to Maj in Major, Mag in Magnus and Meg in Megas (Rawlinson). "It is an intensive and means much or all." In Ahura-Mazda, Persian name for God, it means the all wise or all powerful.

The Irish word Druid means wisdom or Magian. It is worthy of record that the Irish Scriptures render "there came wise men from the east" by "there came Druids from the east." The Irish words are: "Draioch o naird shoir go Hierusalem," which shows the Irish belief that the Druids were Magians.

It is a matter of history that part of the Gaelic or Irish in the westward movement of the race returned by the valley of the Danube and settled in Asia Minor. They prefixed their own name to Asia, and called their abode Gael-Asia, or Galatia, as it came to be spelled. Whether the Druids or Magi to whom the Star of Bethlehem appeared were residents of Ireland, Scythia, or Galatia is immaterial, for they were all the same Gaelic race. Having, as I hope, made it clear that it was to

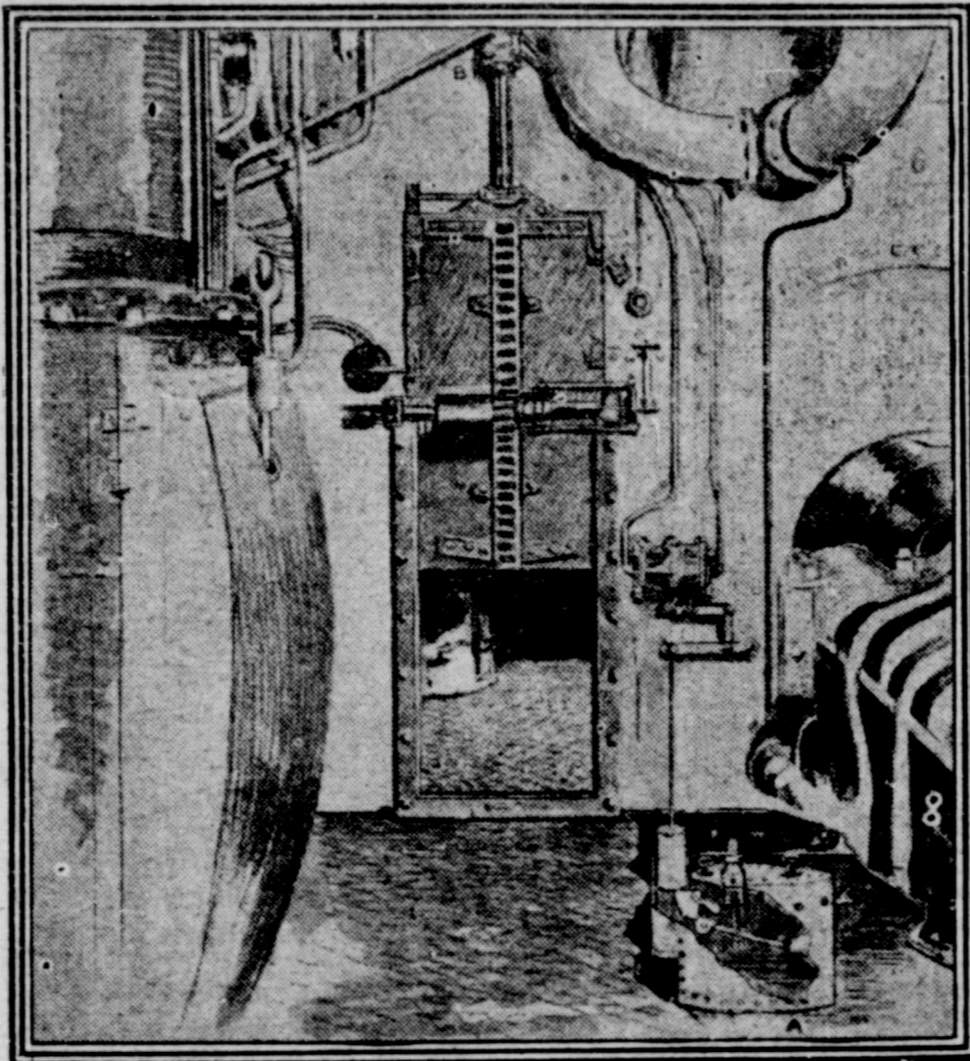
of the heavens appeared to culminate. The sun seemed to shine with a deeper effulgence. Meteors, precursors of some mighty event, flashed athwart the sky. Comets shot from out the darkness of space and illuminated the sign with their fiery flow. Mars and Jupiter and Saturn halted in their orbits to focus their lights into one mighty blaze in Pisces. And wondrous sight! The star—the Magians' Star—his star—Sirius!—enters Pisces, and is now in Jacob!

This wondrous event occurred in B. C. 5. The heliacal rising of Sirius took place on the same day in four successive years, the fifth, fourth, third and second B. C. There is something most remarkable about this heliacal rising. It is on the same day. But sameness is unity. It thus symbolizes the Unity of the Deity. Then, assuming that B. C. 4 is the correct year of the Nativity, which scholars assert, there was one year before the birth and three after it. In the symbolism of numbers one is Unity and three Trinity. But the one year before birth signified the past revelation of God, or unity of the Deity. The three years after the birth symbolized the new revelation, the Trinity of Persons. Lastly unity and trinity (one year + three years) equal the complete and perfect number four, the years that Sirius may be said to have remained in Pisces. This symbolism occurs with the rising of Sirius, which signified the rising of the Light of the World. It was as if, whilst heaven's arches rang with the angels' loud acclaim, Sirius flashed through space, "Arise! Shine! For thy light is come!"

Ravenswood, Chicago, Feast of the Nativity, 1903.

MAKES SHIPS PRACTICALLY UNSINKABLE

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"When I get an order," he explained, "I tell the chef. He gives the order to one of his assistants. The assistant gets an order of picked lobster from the 'cold meat man' and some white down to him. This he whips with an egg, pours both into the hot dish and sauce from the receptacle in the steam table. These he heats up together, and when I think it is ready I get some sherry from the bar and take it turns it over to the man who sees that the chafing dishes are ready. These are kept filled with hot water, and as soon as the Newburg is poured in the lamp is lighted and it is sent up to the table.

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"I have more patrons by far in Texas than in Massachusetts, and the sum total of the money I make out of Denver people far exceeds the returns I get from that modern center of ancestor worship—Philadelphia.

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"All this would seem to be proof positive that the Westerner, all these years that he has been shying stones at his brother in the East for his supposed pride of his granddaddy, has been keeping up a secret worship at the same shrine. But, on the other hand, it may be that every Easterner now has his ancestry all traced out, and, therefore, is no longer fish for the genealogist's net."—*New York Press*.

Did Not Enjoy Play.

It is a true story, but the names have to be changed for domestic reasons. Last Friday afternoon Mr. Stivers telephoned from his office in Wall street to his wife in her home in Harlem:

"I will be detained at the office until late," he said, "and will not be home until about midnight."

"All right," she answered. "Not a word of reproof or complaint. When Mr. Jones, who occupies the adjoining flat, and whose wife was from home,



Both—"!!!!—!— —!!!"

came in, she met him in the hall, accidentally, and told him what a lonely evening she was to have.

"No, you will not," he answered gallantly. "I invite you to go to the theater to see 'The Cavalier.'"

They got seats in a lower left hand box, and just before the curtain went up they were surprised to see Mr. Stivers enter the lower right hand box accompanied by Miss Brown, who was his blonde typewriter—up to the next morning.

There were four persons in the audience who did not enjoy the play.—*New York Herald*.

ROYAL SCANDAL THAT HAS STIRRED ALL EUROPE

Prince Otto of Windsch-Graetz, his youthful and immensely wealthy wife, the Princess Elizabeth Marie, whom he married only a year ago, and a pretty actress of the opera at Prague are the central figures in an extraordinary scandal that is at this moment rending half a dozen European courts.

The Princess—who is the granddaughter on her father's side of the Emperor of Austria, and on her mother's side of the King of the Belgians, only 20 years old, a royal personage who renounced her rights to the throne of Austria in order to marry as her heart dictated—has had a narrow escape from the stigma of a murderer, for she did nothing less than shoot and seriously wound the actress with whom the Prince was having a rendezvous.

The remarkable affair took place in the palace of the estate of the Prince's family at Prague. It came as a shock to the highest circles of Bohemia, where it was supposed that the home life of the young folks was ideal.

It appears that Prince Otto had been secretly paying assiduous attention to the actress, a slender, beautiful girl at whose feet were half the gilded youth of Prague.

The Princess was blissfully ignorant of the intrigue until on a certain night she was informed, presumably through some disappointed suitor of the actress, that the Prince was

Frenzied with rage and humiliation, the Princess stood before the guilty pair, revolver in hand.

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The Princess, now overcome, broke down and was led weeping from the apartment.

Medical aid was summoned and it was found that the actress had a serious but not necessarily mortal wound.

She was quickly removed to her own apartment in the city.

Strenuous efforts were made to keep the affair secret, but the facts came out through the actresses' crazed servants and were soon common property in the city.

The Princess' act is generally commended by the more strait-laced members of high society, and there will, of course, be no legal action against her for her punishment of the stage beauty.

Prince Otto is 30 years old. Before his marriage to the Archduchess Elizabeth Marie of Austria he was a



PRINCESS OF WINDSCH-GRAETZ



PRINCE OTTO OF WINDSCH-GRAETZ

then entertaining in his apartment in the palace the lovely rival.

The Princess is, or was, at least, deeply in love with the Prince, and it is said, that the news of his unfaithfulness provoked a storm of passion that was terrible to witness.

Grasping a gold-mounted revolver of small caliber, presented to her by her recreant husband for protection at an hour of possible peril, the Princess crept along the corridors until she reached the door of the ante-chamber of the Prince's apartments.

A valet stood at the door. He had been told to guard it with his life.

The haughty young Princess commanded him to step aside.

He refused, with many apologies. The Princess advanced to pass.

The valet put up his arm across the door.

This act infuriated still further the Princess.

She drew from the folds of her gown the revolver, and, declaring that if he did not let her pass she would kill him, she leveled the weapon at the trembling valet.

Faithful to his master, the valet stood, but almost ready to drop from fright.

Then the Princess, slender, tall and picturesque, fired at the man.

Uttering a yell of fear, the valet dashed down the corridor, whereupon the Princess proceeded to the Prince's apartment, to which the noise of the thrilling scene in the corridor had not penetrated.

simple lieutenant in the First regiment of Uhlans. He and the Archduchess met at a grand ball and fell in love. The Austrian Emperor, whose favorite granddaughter she was, opposed the match, but his determined granddaughter told him she would either marry the man she loved or retire to a convent.

The Emperor gave way, and the marriage was celebrated in a magnificent way, after the Archduchess had renounced her right of succession to the dual throne of Austria and Hungary. In consideration of her renunciation, necessary because the lieutenant, though of an ancient family, was poor and without royal title, the Emperor gave to the bride securities valued at \$1,600,000, a yearly allowance of \$250,000, jewels worth \$1,000,000, a gold dinner service, and several residences.

The Princess is the daughter of the unfortunate Crown Prince Rudolph, whose tragic death stirred the whole world.

Gen. Jones' Real Philanthropy.

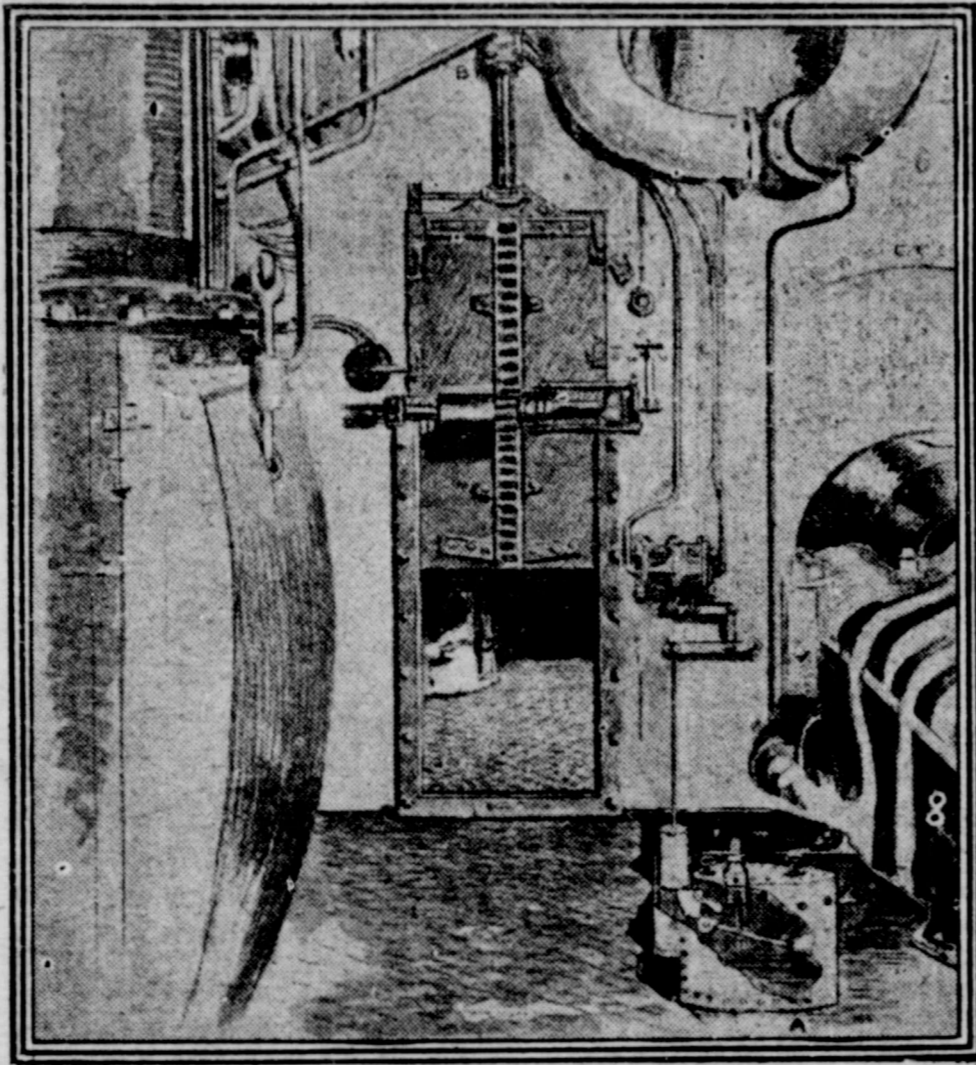
Gen. Edward F. Jones, formerly lieutenant governor of New York state, has made an offer to the school board of Binghamton to pay for the examination of the eyes of pupils in all the public schools of the city, to furnish glasses where they are found to be necessary or to furnish treatment for the eyes of poor children that may be found necessary. Several years ago Gen. Jones began to lose his sight, and in spite of the efforts of the most eminent oculists he has become totally blind.

Eats Lonely Christmas Dinner.

Alanson Penny, captain of the life-saving crew at Shinnecock, Long Island, has been in the coast guard service for seventeen years, but never during all that time has he been able to spend Christmas with his wife and children. His station is about three miles from the mainland, across Shinnecock bay, and on his days off at Christmas for seventeen years the intervening water has always been impassable because of broken ice or sea too heavy for anything but a larger boat than is available.

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Did Not Enjoy Play.

It is a true story, but the names have to be changed for domestic reasons. Last Friday afternoon Mr. Stivers telephoned from his office in Wall street to his wife in her home in Harlem:

"I will be detained at the office until late," he said, "and will not be home until about midnight."

"All right," she answered. "Not a word of reproof or complaint. When Mr. Jones, who occupies the adjoining flat, and whose wife was from home,



Both—"!!!!—!!!"

came in, she met him in the hall, accidentally, and told him what a lonely evening she was to have.

"No, you will not," he answered gallantly. "I invite you to go to the theater to see 'The Cavalier.'"

They got seats in a lower left hand box, and just before the curtain went up they were surprised to see Mr. Stivers enter the lower right hand box accompanied by Miss Brown, who was his blonde typewriter—up to the next morning.

There were four persons in the audience who did not enjoy the play.—New York Herald.



PRINCESS OF WINDISCH-GRAETZ



PRINCE OTTO OF WINDISCH-GRAETZ

then entertaining in his apartment in the palace the lovely rival.

The Princess is, or was, at least, deeply in love with the Prince, and, it is said, that the news of his unfaithfulness provoked a storm of passion that was terrible to witness.

Grasping a gold-mounted revolver of small caliber, presented to her by her recreant husband for protection at an hour of possible peril, the Princess crept along the corridors until she reached the door of the antechamber of the Prince's apartments.

A valet stood at the door. He had been told to guard it with his life.

The haughty young Princess commanded him to step aside.

He refused, with many apologies. The Princess advanced to pass.

The valet put up his arm across the door.

This act infuriated still further the Princess.

She drew from the folds of her gown the revolver, and, declaring that if he did not let her pass she would kill him, she leveled the weapon at the trembling valet.

Faithful to his master, the valet stood, but almost ready to drop from fright.

Then the Princess, slender, tall and picturesque, fired at the man.

Uttering a yell of fear, the valet dashed down the corridor, whereupon the Princess proceeded to the Prince's apartment, to which the noise of the thrilling scene in the corridor had not penetrated.

Gen. Jones' Real Philanthropy.

Gen. Edward F. Jones, formerly lieutenant governor of New York state, has made an offer to the school board of Binghamton to pay for the examination of the eyes of pupils in all the public schools of the city, to furnish glasses where they are found to be necessary or to furnish treatment for the eyes of poor children that may be found necessary. Several years ago Gen. Jones began to lose his sight, and in spite of the efforts of the most eminent oculists he has become totally blind.

Eats Lonely Christmas Dinner.

Alanson Penny, captain of the life-saving crew at Shinnecock, Long Island, has been in the coast guard service for seventeen years, but never during all that time has he been able to spend Christmas with his wife and children. His station is about three miles from the mainland, across Shinnecock bay, and on his days off at Christmas for seventeen years the intervening water has always been impassable because of broken ice or sea too heavy for anything but a larger boat than is available.



JUST JOKES

He Was Interested.

Wife—You seem to find something very interesting in that paper. What are you reading?
 Husband—The Woman's page.
 "Well, I am glad you have at last awakened to the vast importance of woman's place in civilization."
 "Yes, indeed. I've struck some mighty fine cooking recipes."—New York Weekly.

A Diplomatic Act.

"Isn't that the woman's home over there?" asked the stranger within our gates.
 "It was formerly so called," replied the native, "but now it is known as the Old Ladies' Home."
 "Why did they change the name?" he asked.
 "It was getting too crowded," was the reply.

At the Woman's Club.

"Madam President," said that officer's envious enemy, "I think we ought to put a pin under the committee."
 "My dear Miss Jones," replied the president, smiling her sweetest, "the chair appoints you to the vacancy on the committee."

Crafty Druggist.

"Why did you put that drop of candy and so many almanacs in the baby's hand?" asked the close friend.
 "Oh, that's a little trick of mine," whispered the druggist. "When I do that the mother never notices that I charge her 20 cents extra on the prescription."

Prompt.

"George certainly is a man of action."
 "What has he done?"
 "Why, the very next day after the heiress accepted him he gave up his job at the bank and joined the Don't Worry club."

Fitting Him Out.

Mrs. Bond—"George, dear, I've bought you a new mackintosh."
 Mr. Bond (surprised)—"What for, pray?"
 Mrs. Bond—"I hear there is so much water in the stock market these days."

Sudden Industry.

"If I'd offer you a dollar a day for doing chores, what would you do?"
 "I'd git industrious right away," answered Meandering Mike.
 "You'd take the situation?"
 "No, I'd run."

As Indicated.

Bifkins—"Skinner's conversion to religion must be the real thing."
 Mifkins—"Why do you think so?"
 Bifkins—"He has quit selling mining stock and engaged in the green-goods business."

All Right in the Day Time.

Clark—Is Jynks honest?
 Dearborn—You can trust him all day long.
 Clark—Can, hey?
 Dearborn—Yes, he works nights.—Chicago News.

Very Dainty.

Viola—"Fred sent me some of the daintiest articles for my cozy corner."
 Ida—"What were they?"
 Viola—"A scimitar, a skull and a warclub."

A Sharp Return.

Mr. Toothandnail—I can't imagine what we ever got married for; we're totally different at every point.
 Mrs. Toothandnail—Oh, you flatterer.

THE REASON.



He—George is out of work again.
 She—I thought he had a steady job.
 He—Oh, the job was steady enough, but George wasn't!

Baiting a Gossip.

Miss Kidder—"They's only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted and prepares to have a good time."
 Miss Meanley—"Aha! Do you know I suspected something like that? I always said—"
 Miss Kidder—"Yes. You see, he takes her with him."

What Smith is Waiting for.

Jones met his friend Smith on the street and said:
 "Say, Smith, I just heard a most interesting case of a poor boy who died wealthy."
 "Cut it out," said Smith. "What I'd like to hear about is a poor boy that lives wealthy and tells you how he does it."

In the City of Ancestor Worshipers.

"I never heard of a more gross miscarriage of justice," said the Philadelphian. "It's outrageous."
 "But wasn't he guilty?" asked the stranger within the gates.
 Yes, but the jury disgracefully neglected to take cognizance of his ancestry," was the reply.

Never Weary of the Hearing.

"I overheard him telling her a story last night, which I know she has heard fifty times before, but she didn't stop him."
 "She is long suffering, surely."
 "Oh, I don't know; he told her she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen."

He Got Permission.

Groom—Would you mind if I went into the smoking car, dear?
 The bride—What! To smoke?
 Oh, dear, no. I want to experience the agony of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

A Hint Desirable.

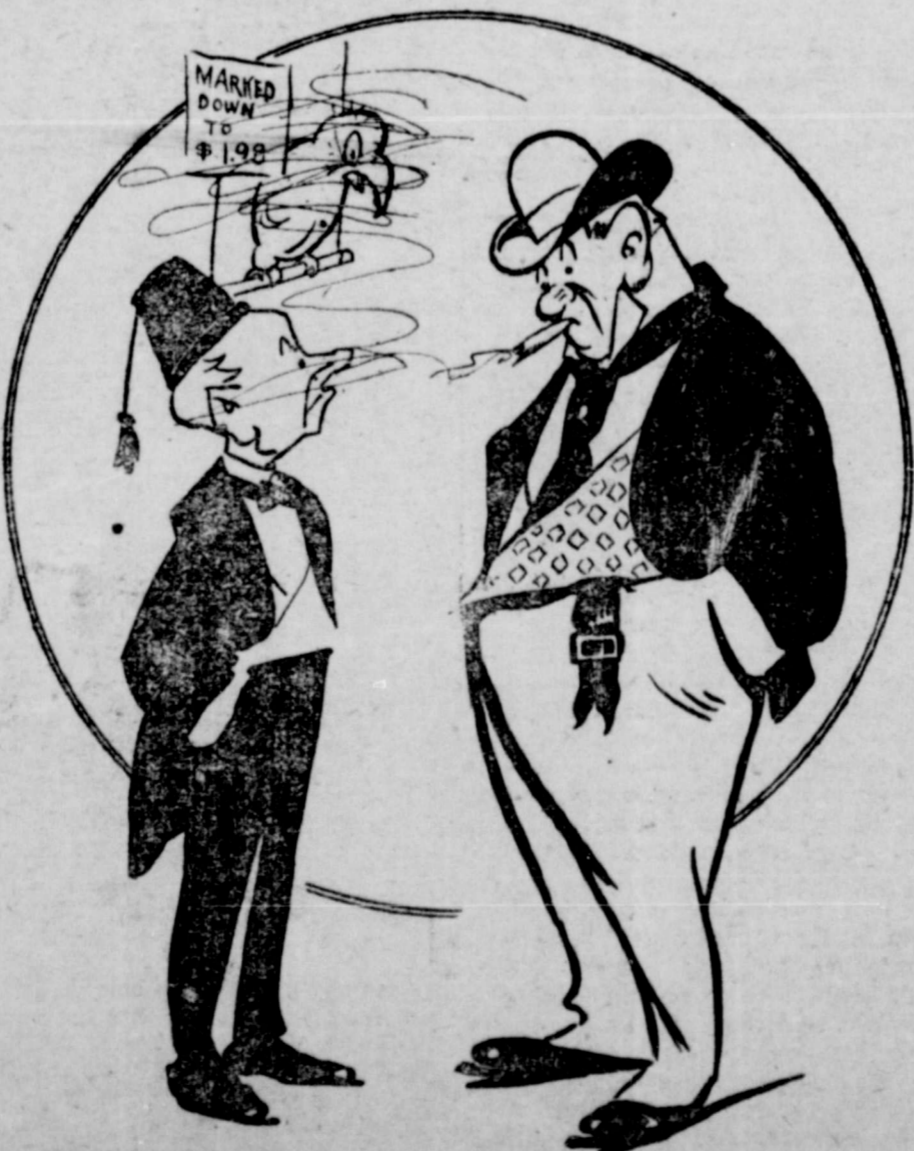
"You're all run down," said the doctor. "What you need is quiet and rest. You ought not to be worried at all."
 "Will you put that in the form of a prescription, doctor, and give it to my wife?" asked the man.

His Limit.

"And what," asked the country cousin who was treating Miss Waldorf to a luncheon, "do you consider this waiter will regard as a liberal tip?"
 "All there is in sight after you have settled the check," she replied.—New York Press.

Smith—You'll have to take that parrot back you sold me. He swears.
 The Dealer—He only swears in Spanish.
 Smith—But I don't understand Spanish.

WHERE THE TROUBLE LAY.



"Beyond the Hills."



"I can hear the drums as the army comes From beyond the hills," he said, And he leaned and smiled like a happy child.
 As he shook his snowy head, And he clutched his cane while the far refrain Came in murmurs to his ears, But they whispered low: "He has dreamed it so, And it is no drum he hears."

"I can hear the fife as it heaps with life, And the drums roll madly, too," Was the old man's sigh, as with kindling eye

He would hum the war-songs through. "It is Jimmy Shea—that is how he'd play When the road was hard and long; And it's Billy's drum that is calling, 'Come! As it keeps time with the song."

And his fingers slim beat a tottoo grim On the stout arm of the chair, While his lips grew stern and his eyes As would burn

With the fire that once was there. "O, the bugle call, and the drums and all!" He would say, "Their music fills All the night and day; I can hear them play In the march beyond the hills."

"I can hear the drums, and the army comes From beyond the hills," he said, With his eyes aglow he saluted slow And he touched his snowy head, Then his eyes were closed as if he but dozed,

And his day of days had dawned, For the low drum beat had allured his feet To the hills—and far beyond. —W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

Looking Forward.



I almost hate My sister Kate's Blue eyes and curling tresses, As time goes by I know that I Must grow to wear her dresses.

Railroad Ties of Leather.

The invention of a leather crosstie, designed to take the place of sleepers made of wood, is attracting attention in railroad circles.
 F. W. Dunnell of West Warren, Mass., is the inventor. In the manufacture of his crosstie, which weighs 125 pounds, the scrap leather from shoe shops is taken into a disintegrator, ground fine, subjected to a refining process and molded.
 The tension of the molding machine can be so regulated that ties hard enough to take a spike or ties through which a spike cannot be driven can be turned out.

Went Off at Wrong Time.

A ludicrous incident occurred during the last act of a play at a Biddeford (Maine) theater last week. Just when the audience was giving its closest attention to the stage, a loud pop was heard down in front. It was evident that a bottle had "gone off" in somebody's pocket, and it set everybody into a snicker.

Animal Lays Eggs.

"Echidna hystrix," a quaint little creature from New Zealand, is one of



the exceptions to the animal rule, as it lays eggs. These are carried in a pouch, where in due time they are hatched by the heat of the parent's body.

Has Newspaper of 1800.

H. J. McNally of Burlington, Vt., has an interesting souvenir in the way of a newspaper printed Saturday, Jan. 4, 1800. The periodical, besides giving the congressional news of that time, publishes an account of the burial of George Washington.

NEW IDEA IN SUBMARINE BOAT.

Calcium Carbide Supplies Gas to Raise It From the Bottom.

A new use for calcium carbide is for raising and sinking a submarine boat in Germany.

The boat is supplied with an ordinary gas generator and a water tank, the upper part of which is connected with the gas reservoir of the generator. The tank and the generator have pipes at the bottom opening into the sea water. The upper parts have vertical pipes for the escape of the gas.

If the reservoirs (the tank and the reservoir of the generator) are filled with water the boat sinks. After the introduction of a carbide cartridge into the gas generator an immense quantity of gas is formed at once, which forces the water through the lower pipe into the sea. After opening the cock in the connecting pipe the gas enters the tank and fills it by forcing out the water.

The boat now rises to the surface, remaining there until the gas is allowed to escape from both reservoirs, which causes them to be again filled by sea water.

If the boat has sunk deeper than desired the introduction of a carbide cartridge into the generator will make the boat rise to the proper level. The apparatus is quite simple and works reliably, doing away with air and water pumps.—Consular Reports.

Serial Postcard.

When the postman hands one a card containing an incomprehensible frag-



ment of a drawing the recipient is naturally mystified. This feeling is only intensified on receipt of the second of the series, and not until the third, fourth or fifth card completes the picture is the veil lifted.

Thrifty Woman.

In order to save 28 cents an Italian woman of Ashland Heights, West Manayunk, Pa., carried a 100-pound bale of hay, a bag containing two bushels of oats and a 24-pound sack of flour in two trips from a Manayunk flour and feed store to her home, more than a mile away, chiefly up a steep hill.

On the first trip she placed the bale of hay on her head and walked off. On the second trip she placed the bag of oats on her head and carried the sack of flour under her left arm. Her husband owns a horse and cart, but was too busy doing hauling to go to the store, and his wife chose to carry the feed home rather than pay 28 cents to have it delivered.

Forced Into Happiness.

Seymour, Conn., has a bachelors' club, the members of which draw lots once a year to see who will get married, and the one getting the red ticket must marry within a year or pay the wedding expenses of the next victim. Recently W. F. Kerstin was chosen as the unwilling sacrifice, and all the members of the club thought he would refuse to pay the penalty, but a few days ago he disappeared and now announcements of his wedding at Madison, N. Y., have been received by his friends.

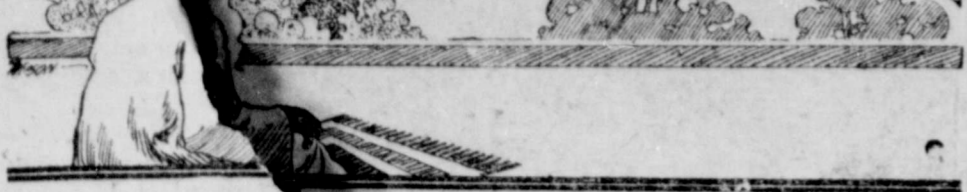
Hunting for the Interesting Part.

"What on earth do you find interesting in that stupid book?" her friend asked.
 "I haven't found anything worth



while in it so far," the beautiful girl replied, "but after mamma had read it she tried to hide it from me."

AT THE HOLY SEPULCHER



(Special Correspondence.)

If there is one spot on earth on which the eyes of all Christians have ever been centered, and to which their hearts have been drawn, it is the church built over the supposed site of the tomb of our Lord in Jerusalem. When we look back on the history of the sepulcher, we find that it is one stained with blood. We see the noble and the brave in Europe, in the Middle Ages, sacrificing their lives in the effort to win for Christendom the site of the Lord's tomb. As we trace its story down to our day, there is little variation in the long, bitter struggle which has unceasingly hung over it. To-day it is desecrated by the quarrels of the Oriental Christians who possess it in common, and who are so bitterly jealous of one another.

The church stands on the site of the beautiful basilica built by Constantine and Helena, who erected so many churches in Palestine in 335 A. D. It was destroyed when Chosroes II, king of Persia, laid Jerusalem waste. Church after church has been built over the spot, and again destroyed. When the crusaders took possession of Jerusalem, they increased the dimensions of the church then standing, and united all the chapels into one church. In 1808 A. D. a fire destroyed a great part of it, and the building which the pilgrims now visit is a modern one, built up on the old remains, and is an interesting mixture of architecture. The beautiful facade now standing is from crusader days. Of the large double doorway, which forms the sole entrance into the church, only one-half is used, the other is walled up. The columns adjoining the portals are of marble, decorated with Byzantine capitals. Above the openings are the sculptured mouldings depicting scenes in Christ's life—His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the last supper and the raising of Lazarus.

The threshold of the church is worn by the feet of innumerable pilgrims. They and all the visitors who come to Jerusalem find their way to this church as the first place of interest to visit in the Holy City. A street composed mostly of steps brings one to a large open court before the church. This is always filled with venders of pious souvenirs. They tempt the pilgrims with beads from Mecca, mother-of-pearl relics from Bethlehem and crosses of bitumen from the Dead sea. Beggars in filthy rags also surround the court, claiming alms from the passers-by.

The whole building is 350 feet long on the east and 280 on the south. Within its precincts are located seventy sacred sites. The grand rotunda of the church is sixty-seven feet in diameter. Eighteen piers support the galleries above it, which serve as accommodation for the crowds of spectators who rent seats on festive occasions such as to witness the curious

to the Stone of Unction, which is a marble slab denoting the place where the body of the Lord was anointed preparatory to His burial. Many lamps and candelabra belonging to the several sects hang here, and shed a dim light on the bended forms of pilgrims tearfully kissing the marble slab. The



Pilgrims in Bethlehem on Christmas Day.

ancient stone is hidden underneath the marble one, so that the devotion of the pilgrims may not wear it out. Near by are the chapels of Melchizedec and Adam. Here legend says that Adam was buried, and that when the cross of Christ was erected, some blood trickled onto the bones of the first man, and he revived, and this suggested the name, "Place of a Skull—Golgotha." And they tell us that this is why a skull is often placed at the foot of a crucifix.

Looking through a barred window is what they call the ground of the crucifixion, and here a lamp hangs over the spot where Mary and St. John are said to have stood while the greatest tragedy of this world was being enacted by cruel and wicked hands. This spot is named Notre Dame des Douleurs. An ascent of eighteen dark steps leads up to the Mount Cavalry, which is divided into two parts, one belonging to the Latins and one to the Greeks. It is a platform fifty feet square, and has a marble pavement. Here is shown the hole where the cross stood, and even the cleft in the rock made by the earthquake. Near this chapel is that of the Nailing of the Cross, and still further is another named the Chapel of the Agony, where a painting is exhibited of the Savior on His mother's knee. To the Latins alone belongs the Chapel of the Apparition, where Christ appeared to Mary after the resurrection. Here the Column of the Scourging is to be seen through a hole, into which pilgrims thrust

where the soldiers, after the crucifixion, cast lots for Christ's vestments. Some of these garments are shown in France, and others in Rome. It is claimed that on their being exhibited miracles of healing are wrought by them.

The chapel of greatest interest is that in the center of the church, under the great dome. It is the Chapel of the Tomb, a house made of Santa Croce marble. Its height is twenty feet, and it is twenty-six feet long and eighteen broad, and is surmounted by a dome in the shape of a crown. It is divided into two parts. The first, called the Chapel of the Angel, shows the stone which was rolled away on the resurrection morn. The second division is that of the Chapel of the Tomb, which is six feet by seven.

More than half of it is taken up by the marble sarcophagus over the supposed grave, and it covers the rock of the sepulcher entirely. Forty-three silver and gold lamps hanging here in these chapels—the gifts of European sovereigns—are always kept alight.

The entrance is very low and narrow, allowing only one or two to enter together, so that there is an uninterrupted succession of pilgrims fling in to press their lips on the marble slab covering the tomb, and to kneel before it in prayer and adoration. Bowing down before the low door, they cross themselves and enter on their hands and knees, and as they leave the sacred spot they walk backward, so as to remain facing the tomb.

BIRD THAT KILLS SNAKES.

Mode of Warfare of South African Feathered Biped.

That peculiar native of South Africa, the secretary bird, so-called because of the feathers on its head, which looks as if it carried a pen behind its ear, is far more of a pedestrian than a flyer, ranging all day in search of food over a large expanse of country. It seldom takes to wing from choice, but is a great traveler on foot. That when hungry and hard put to it for food the secretary occasionally attacks, vanquishes and devours poisonous snakes of considerable size is undoubted. But this is by no means so frequent an occurrence as the old naturalist believed. The bird fully understands his risk in these encounters and takes his measure accordingly. He attacks the snake in a very wary manner, feinting with his wings and waiting his opportunity. When that comes he buffets the snake heavily with his wings, strikes it with his strong feet, and, having partially disabled it, breaks its vertebra with a blow or two of its formidable beak or pierces its brain.

The "Tasmanian Devil."

One of the most savage of small beasts is the "Tasmanian devil," a marsupial animal with a villainous temper. At the London zoological garden in Regent's park a "devil" escaped and in two nights killed fifty-four chickens, six geese, an albatross and a cat. Recaptured, it was placed in a cage of stout iron bars, but these it twisted up with its powerful teeth and escaped again. The crushing power of its teeth is enormous. At one time it wrought great havoc among lambs and it was for this reason that the Tasmanian settlers waged a war of extermination against the "devil."

Uncle Sam's Recruits.

The men who presented themselves for examination as recruits in the army during the last fiscal year showed a high average of physical excellence. The candidates examined numbered 45,218, of whom 30,178, or almost exactly two-thirds, were accepted. Of 42,183 white men, 27,790 were accepted, and of 3,035 colored men, 2,386 were accepted.

The Cause of Death.

In a Brunswick, Me., cemetery a tombstone has told passersby for a half century that the child buried beneath it was "poisoned by eating nineteen percussion caps."

Automobiles in Demand.

In America alone 30,000 automobiles will be placed on the market during the present year, which will only supply half the demand.

BEAUTY IN JEWELRY

ORNAMENTS WHICH ARE VERITABLE WORKS OF ART.

Oddity and Originality Are the Things Most Sought For—Every Form of Design Employed for Picturesque Adornments.

The arts and crafts movement has had a marked influence upon fashionable jewelry, and the shops to-day are supplying ornaments, in metals, enamels and semi-precious stones, which are veritable works of art.

Oddity, originality, beauty of workmanship, rather than intrinsic value are the things sought in the so-called nouveau art jewelry, and while some of the results of the movement are merely bizarre and hideous, more are exceedingly beautiful. Not every woman can afford a buckle, a pendant, a clasp, a chain wrought by Salique, or even by one of the lesser masters of the art, but at least one can to-day



find, for a comparatively moderate sum, jewelry that is artistically lovely.

The Celtic jewelry—so named because for inspiration its originators resorted to the carvings upon the roadside crosses and monuments found wherever the Celts have passed—is charming in form and coloring. The illuminated missals and Bibles of early days, also, have furnished de-



signs and suggestions for these ornaments, and the semi-precious stones have been united with the varying shades of metals into beautiful color schemes.

The flattened and twisted dull silver and gold bands of the settings hold cabochon stones, dull pink; or green tourmalines, now in high favor; turquoise matrix, Mexican fire opals



or opal matrix, beryls, amethyst, peridot, chrysoptase.

Hatpins, necklets, pendants, brooches, buckles, girdles, etc., are made in these Celtic forms. Outside of the Celtic class are hundreds of odd and beautiful designs carried out in the same fine metal work and semi-precious stones.

Flowers, fruits, conventional scrolls, insects and everything else holding

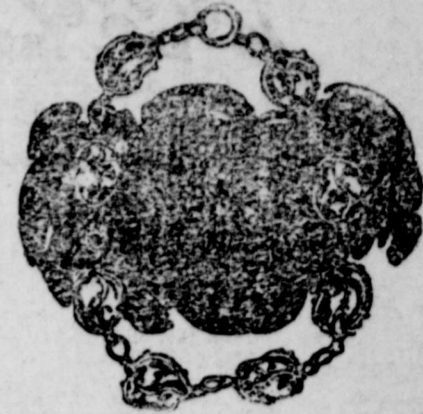


lines of beauty have been called upon to furnish ideas for this new jewelry, and the exquisite transparent enamels are used to carry out color harmonies where stones fail.

Upon large and somewhat barbaric pendants fastened to short chains made of very large flat links of dull

metal, and meant to be worn with the high-necked frocks, designers seem to have lavished their most original and effective and though these ornaments passing fad, they are really beautiful, and when not of solid gold or silver are not too expensive to be bought, even though they may be worn for one season only.

At one of the stores where is to be



found a particularly choice collection of the nouveau art jewels in inexpensive quality is one of these chains with pendants which, though costing only \$15, has actual art value. The great links of the chain are of dull greenish yellow gold, far from sterling standard, but quite as effective as the real thing.

The pendant takes the form of a large butterfly, or, to speak more accurately, suggests the form of a butterfly, the body being formed by a remarkably well-modeled and graceful feminine figure lightly draped. The upper line of the wings is made by the extended arms of the figure, and the extended draperies falling lightly from these curving arms form the wings.

The figure is wrought in dull gold shades, from palest greenish yellow to dark brownish green, and the drapery, or wings, is of transparent enamel in delicate green lightly veined by threads of the metal.

But description is hopeless. One must see the new jewelry to understand.—New York Sun.

MAN HAS PIG'S SKIN.

Doctor Crafts 225 Inches of Porker's Cuticle on Patient.

Dr. Hamilton Browning, teacher of clinical surgery in the University of Virginia hospital, has succeeded in grafting the skin of a two months old pig upon a large surface of one of the patients under his charge.

As a general rule, grafting is made by taking the skin from the body of the person upon whom the graft is to be made, or from the bodies of the generous persons who are not afraid of a little pain. Dr. Browning, however, could use neither of these methods, as the surface to be grafted covered 225 square inches of area on the thigh of the young man patient, who had been injured in a railway accident.

Two weeks elapsed before the wound was ready for the operation. The treatment to which the pig was subjected was thorough if no more. First the animal was shaved and washed with warm water and green soap. Then it was washed in the same way and a thick coat of the green soap was allowed to remain upon it for four hours. Next it was given another thorough scrubbing with green soap and alcohol. After this its body was inclosed with a strong bichloride of mercury poultice, which was left on for ten hours.

On the day the grafting began the pig was chloroformed and thin shavings of skin were taken from it and gently pressed upon the patient's wound by a nurse. The whole operation required several days, but the result was perfect. Within a few months the young man had a whole skin, had passed a rigid examination for life insurance and had resumed his work.

Is Glad His Horse Died.

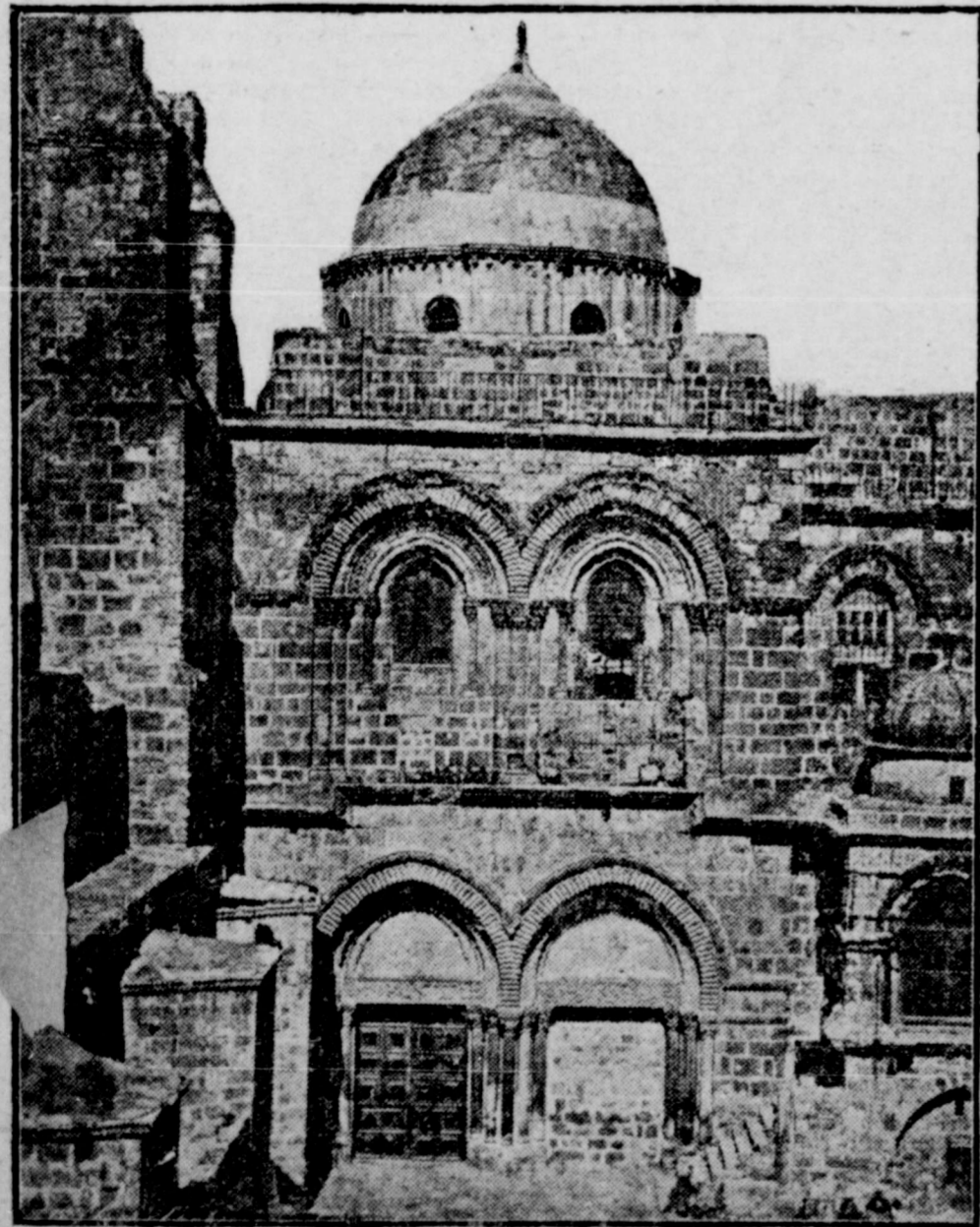
Austin Wheeler of Lee, Me., is glad that his old horse died last week, even though he had not the money to buy another. He carted the carcass of the horse down to the back pasture, intending to bury it there the next day. That afternoon he went out to shoot crows, and noticed something moving near the dead horse. He fired and killed a black fox, the pelt of which he sold to a traveling fur buyer for \$150—about six times the value of the old horse in its last days of usefulness.

Good Market for Ferns.

The industry of picking ferns in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and shipping them to the Boston market has grown wonderfully. The ferns command one cent a stock there, and are used in thousands by the leading florists. The demand is always ahead of the supply, and for this reason many families who have ferns on their farms and pasture lands have a market always awaiting them.

Pointer on Curing Hams.

Six years ago Mr. Wildman of Keal, Eng., cured a large ham and resisted the temptation to eat it until some weeks ago. He then buried it in the ground, and after leaving it to mature for three weeks he dug it up and boiled it for twelve hours. The result is said to have been one of the tastiest hams ever eaten.



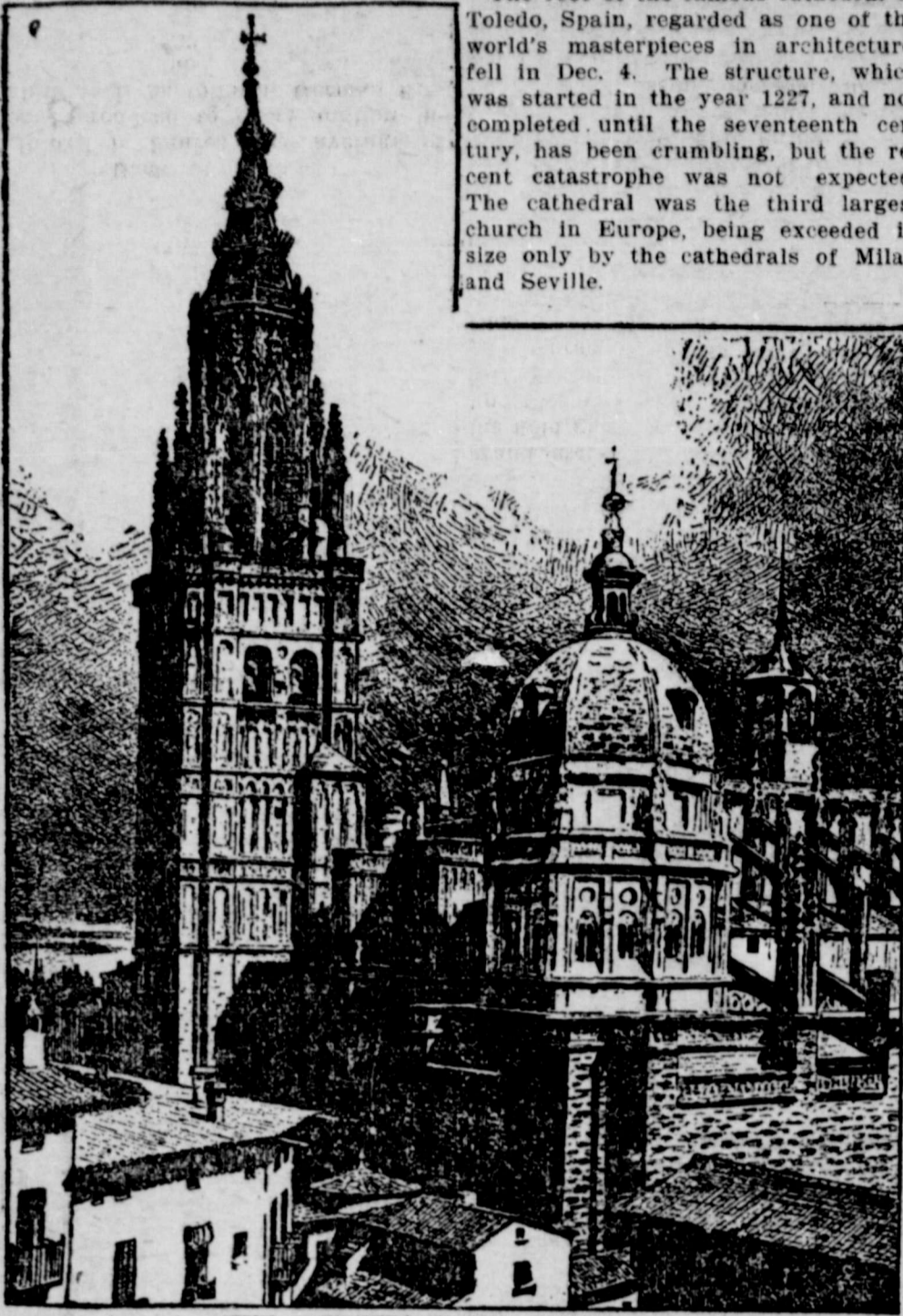
Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

ceremony of the Holy Fire. The height of the dome is 100 feet.

Most of the various sites shown by the guides are owned by the different sects, though some are common to them all. This is the case in regard

stick, which touches it, and is then kissed by them. The tombs of Nicodemus and Arimathea are shown in the Syrian portion of the church. The Chapel of the Division of Garments is, according to the priests, the place

IOUS MASTERPIECE OF ARCHITECTURE IS FALLEN



THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO

The roof of the famous cathedral of Toledo, Spain, regarded as one of the world's masterpieces in architecture, fell in Dec. 4. The structure, which was started in the year 1227, and not completed until the seventeenth century, has been crumbling, but the recent catastrophe was not expected. The cathedral was the third largest church in Europe, being exceeded in size only by the cathedrals of Milan and Seville.

HERBERT SPENCER IS DEAD.

Was One of the Intellectual Giants of the Nineteenth Century.

Herbert Spencer, author and philosopher, and the last of the great thinkers of the Victorian age, died Dec. 8 at Brighton, England.

Mr. Spencer was 83 years of age, and his death was due to old age. He was the contemporary friend, and co-worker of such intellectual giants as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lyell. He was born at Derby, England, April 27, 1820. In 1842, when 22 years old, he began the publication in a paper called the Nonconformist of a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government."

In 1848 Spencer secured a position upon the Economist, of which paper he afterward became subeditor. He held this post until 1852. The following two years he wrote "Social Statics," dealing with social problems in an original way, which was considered radical by many Britons. This work brought him into contact with Prof. Huxley and other prominent literary men and women, including George Eliot, the novelist, to whom, it is said, Spencer proposed marriage.

Spencer began his connection with the Westminster Review about this time, and it was in these pages that he began the publication of elaborate essays, which marked his entrance to the philosophic world. In 1855 he issued a treatise on "The Principles of Psychology," and in 1860 Spencer began his great work, "Synthetic Philosophy," which he completed in 1897.



Herbert Spencer.

after nearly forty years' hard labor. He revised the great work in 1900.

Spencer lived and died a comparatively poor man. His deep writings brought him little money.

Book Production.

Stated in figures, the average of books produced to every million inhabitants is as follows: German Empire, 354; France, 344; Switzerland, 338; Belgium, 337; Italy, 309; Sweden, 300; Norway, 262; Great Britain, 175; Russia, 85; United States, 81; Spain, 66. On the other hand, an average of periodicals to a million of inhabitants, the United States is far ahead, having 510, and Switzerland coming next with 320.

GAVE MUCH FOR PATRIOTISM

Men of Ability Who Have Made Great Sacrifices.

At the annual banquet of the Middlesex Bar association in Boston last week Congressman Samuel L. Powers spoke of the value of lawyers in the national legislature. He declared that as a whole congress was composed of most earnest and loyal men—men who have made great sacrifices by remaining in house and senate. Mr. Powers instanced Senator Hoar, who, when he went to Washington, was worth \$100,000; now he is able to live only by exercising the closest economy. "Congressman Hepburn of Iowa," he said, "has been in congress twenty years, is now 70 years of age and is worth not more than \$2,000. Had these two men remained at home they would now be leaders of the bar in their respective states."

SALUTES NOT IN HIS HONOR.

Solution of Incident That Puzzled Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the veteran author, while on a visit to France stopped one day on a country road to admire the surrounding country. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honor, and wondered for whom these polite peasants mistook him, but as they were repeated by peasant after peasant he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated farther than he had ventured to suppose. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the Virgin.

Open to Discussion.

Michael Clancy, a New York contractor who has become rich, bought some race horses and entered them at the recent Saratoga meeting. He runs his horses for fun and seldom bets, but one day he had a good thing, so he backed it for \$10. When the horses got away Clancy stood in the grand stand watching them through his field glasses. Some of his friends, knowing of his \$10 bet, crowded about and began to joke him. "Where's your horse now?" Clancy was asked. Clancy surveyed the field carefully. "I can't make out," he replied, "whether he is last in the third race or first in the fourth."

Split in British Society.

There is trouble ahead of the young duchess of Roxburgh, formerly Miss Goelet. It is understood that she will endeavor to assume her position as premiere of the Scottish duchesses, and should she do so she will arouse the antipathy of the powerful duchess of Buccleugh, whose dislike of all Americans is well known. It is thought in England that the new duchess will affiliate with the king's set, which is regarded as inferior by the Buccleugh's faction.

HIS WIFE'S VIEW OF IT.

Point of the Joke the Prominent Citizen Had Not Seen.

They are telling a good story on a prominent citizen of Syracuse who tried to repeat a joke to his wife and found the joke was on himself. It seems that the citizen was in a downtown hat store one evening, after closing hours, and the proprietor from some incentive said: "I will give to any man here a new silk hat if he will swear on his word of honor that never since his marriage has he cast a languishing glance, or the eye of love on any woman other than his wife."

A young man stepped forward and said, "Give me the hat."

"Are you ready to swear?" asked the shopkeeper.

"I am," replied the young man firmly.

"Take the hat," said the hatter, who then added: "When were you married, by the way?"

"Last night," replied the young man.

This was the joke—the joke on the hatter—which the prominent citizen ran home and repeated to his wife with much gusto.

After he had finished the wife did not seem to appreciate the humor as keenly as had been anticipated by the husband.

"Why don't you laugh?" asked the latter. "Don't you think it is funny?"

"I was thinking," replied the wife.

"Why didn't you bring home the hat, dear?"

"Well, darn it! A silk hat never did look well on me," remonstrated the prominent citizen.

A Man of Nerve.

He looked admiringly at the tall man who was deep in a game of billiards.

"There's a man who has the most superb nerve of any one I ever saw," he said.

"Really?" returned his companion inquiringly.

"There is no possible chance for a mistake."

"Did you ever see it tested?"

"Well, rather. I saw him at a private theatrical entertainment one night last week—"

"Sometimes it does require nerve to sit through one."

The man who was telling the story seemed provoked at the interruption, but he kept his temper.

"His fiancée was in the cast," he went on, "and he sat there and watched another man embrace her and never so much as gritted his teeth. I tell you, it was as fine an exhibition of nerve as I ever saw anywhere, either before or since."—New York Times.

Utilizing Space.

Representative Jacob Ruppert of New York goes to Congress from one of the most congested districts in the metropolis. Like every other member of the house, he has a quota of garden seeds, but as there isn't a garden in his district as big as a tablecloth he usually trades them for public documents.

Recently he thought the people who live in some of the tenements might want to plant the seeds in boxes on the window sills and fire escapes, and he sent an assortment to the inhabitants of a model tenement just built by a friend of his.

A few weeks later he received a letter reading like this:

"My Dear Ruppert: Please send no more seeds to the people who live in my model tenements. I went there today and I find they are all raising cabbages, cucumbers and tomatoes in the bathtubs."—Philadelphia Post.

Got His Trousers in Duty Free.

Among the passengers of a steamship just in from England was a clergyman, whose intention it was to take up his permanent residence here. During the examination of his baggage, which included surplises, stoles, and other non-dutiable church vestments, the question arose whether the reverend gentleman was not called upon to pay duty for the numerous pairs of trousers which he was importing. Said the customs officer:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that you must pay duty on these trousers; only the apparel you make use of during divine service can be admitted free of duty."

Whereupon the quick-witted clergyman exclaimed:

"Come, come, my dear man! You surely don't expect me to officiate in church without my trousers!"

So the apparel in question was passed free of charges.

Trust.

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear;
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain, while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On the we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MILLIONAIRE PROUD OF MARRIAGE TO ACTRESS



MISS MINNIE ASHLEY, NOW MRS. W. A. CHANLER

"I am in full accord with the ancient Spartan law which compelled a man to marry by the time he attained the age of thirty-six."

William Astor Chanler, former congressman, African explorer, author and millionaire, thus announced three years ago his views on man and matrimony.

In his thirty-sixth year he took unto himself a wife in the person of Miss Minnie Ashley, who has won fame by her beauty and cleverness on the stage, being formerly a member of the San Toy company.

Mr. Chanler met his bride while he was at Harvard. She was then on the stage in Boston. Miss Ashley has a handsome home at Great Neck, L. I., where she has spent the greater part of her time lately, as it is about a year since she was seen on the stage.

It is announced that Mrs. Chanler's stage career is forever ended. Henceforth she will be a member of society and will be received by reason of her marriage into the inner circle of

which Mrs. William Astor is the central figure.

There will be family dinners in her honor on the return of the pair from their honeymoon trip. The first of these will be given by the near relatives of the bridegroom.

William Astor Chanler is a son of the late John Winthrop Chanler and a grandson of John Jacob Astor. He is one of the most picturesque, by reason of his active and varied career, of the young generation in New York.

He was not content with being a cotillion leader and the central figure at dinners and receptions; instead, he is well known in the world of politics; was prominent during the Spanish-American war, and spent twenty-two months in the heart of Africa, in regions never before penetrated by white men.

As an explorer he is honored by scientific men at home and abroad, and as a traveler by geographical societies; as a sportsman he has often faced death in pursuit of big game.

DAYS OF OLD RECALLED.

Recent Death of Capt. Pharr of Berwick, Louisiana.

Capt. John H. Pharr, the wealthy sugar planter and lumberman who died at his home in Berwick, La., the other day at the age of 75 years, was the leading figure in one of the most exciting electoral contests ever held in Louisiana. In 1896 he was nominated for governor by the Republicans, but was defeated by Murphy J. Foster, the Democratic candidate, though the race was very close. Capt. Pharr alleged that Foster had won by fraud perpetrated in the negro parishes and carried the case before the legislature, declaring that he would take the governorship by force if pronounced elected. The legislature, however, declined to go behind the returns.

City Children for the Country.

The earl of Meath, a somewhat enthusiastic British humanitarian, has suggested to the London school authorities that children of the elementary grades be taken from the city and brought up in model country villages, the parents to pay only the bare cost of food, the county council footing other expenses. He urges that in this way children of the very poor would have an otherwise unobtainable chance to grow up strong, healthy and good citizens. In addition, many of them would probably stay in the country, thereby helping to repopulate the rural districts.

The Problem of Education.

Dr. Louis Duncan declares in a magazine article that in this country technical education is too technical. "There is too much instruction," he says. "We should not attempt to make mental storehouses of men, but mental factories. The ability of a man to work out any specific problem depends upon his being able to make a mental plot of the problem and keep it constantly before him. This requires an imagination that has been developed and not suppressed."

MRS. STANTON A PHILATELIST.

Collecting Stamps a Hobby of Noted Woman Suffragist.

That Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton was a philatelist of many years' standing has just come to light by the discovery of a stamproom in her old home at Woodcliff, N. J. In a recess of one of the rooms more than 18,000 stamps were found hung on the walls. Portions of the walls and the ceiling were covered with stamps of every country, and some of them are of great value, according to the estimates of stamp fanciers. No two are alike. There are indications that most of the stamps were detached from letters received by Mrs. Stanton herself. She carried on a voluminous correspondence with friends whose homes were located in almost every part of the civilized world.

Entire Misunderstanding.

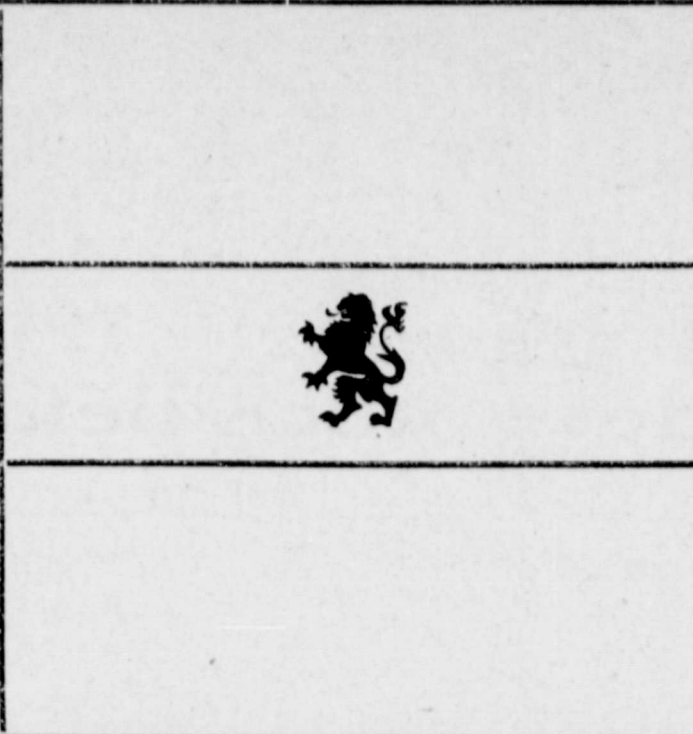
While a new member of the senate Mr. Blackburn got into a heated argument one day with another senator concerning a certain kind of brandy. He saw Senator Blair of New Hampshire coming down the corridor, so he referred the matter to that fervid prohibition statesman. "My dear sir," exclaimed Blair in astonishment, "I do not know the taste of brandy from whisky." Blair passed rapidly on and Blackburn remarked: "I was just about to ask him up to Beck's room and test the thing, but it's no use. His stomach must be in a devil of a condition if he can't tell brandy from whisky."

Mrs. Hanna's Taste in Dress.

Mrs. Marcus Hanna has acquired an air and society manner generally to which she was a comparative stranger when the senator first became prominent in public life. She has fairly mastered the fine art of dress. In the past she was noted for rather too striking color schemes, but now she has a fondness for black and white. Her hair, which is silver gray and plentiful, is worn in a high knot, and her hair-dresser waves it becomingly.



Majestic



Majestic

10 PER CENT CUT!

ON CLOTHING.

In order to reduce stock before taking inventory, we have decided to cut the price 10 per cent on

Men's and Boys'

Suits, Extra Pants, Overcoats,

until Jan. 1st.

J. T. WARREN.

Favorite Family Remedy.

Frequently accidents occur in the household, which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases, Ballard's Snow Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

Visit our candy department and see the "New Wrinkles" in candy.

J. T. Warren.

One box—3 cakes—of soap and a pair of scissors for only 25c at Rust & Pittard's.

Begin the day right by drinking a cup of Chase & Sanborn's coffee, 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ c, 20c and 25c per pound. We grind this coffee free of charge. See our big mill.

J. T. Warren.

Rev. R. T. Hanks of Sweet-water has accepted the call to the Baptist church of Stamford.

Miss Valley Hill has been quite sick, though still keeping up her work in the school room.

Sam Sheppard and wife came in from Fort Worth Saturday night. Sam has been quite sick for some time, and it is believed the change will benefit him.

Mrs. Mottie Warren of Greenville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Hutcheson.

Bilious Colic Prevented.

Take a double dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as soon as the first indication of the disease appears and a threatened attack may be warded off. Hundreds of people use the remedy in this way with perfect success. For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

When you trade with Warren you hitch your dollar to all it can pull.

Dolls 2 for 5c and up at Rust & Pittard's.

Cut glass and silverware at Ustick's.

More Improvements.

R. A. Miller closed a trade Monday for a 50-foot lot adjoining Dickson's hardware store on the north. The deed was made by Mrs. A. M. Thornton and gives a consideration of \$400.

It is more than probable that Mr. Miller will erect a double brick house on the lot. This is his intention at present, but he has not authorized The Mail to make such a statement. verily, the fastest thing about Merkel is its growth.

Business meeting of the League will be held on Thursday night after prayer meeting services. All members urged to be present.

Be Quick.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

To The Public.

Those who have second-hand goods for sale take them to J. C. Watkins.

A Corn Mill.

I will grind your corn at reasonable prices; also have installed a turning lathe and can turn out anything in wood. See me.

R. L. Parker.

We mean for you to get what you believe you are getting when you trade with us.

J. T. Warren.

A fine assortment of dining room pictures at Rust & Pittard's.

Read Warren's ad and get hints that point to profitable buying.

W. W. Wheeler went down to Brownwood Saturday to wind up the business of his wife's mother, Mrs. Lynch. He has just closed the sale of her farm and cattle at good figures.

New Arrivals

in our grocery department. Celery Salt, French Mustard, Salad Mustard and Horse Radish, Mince-meat, Currents, Figs, Dates, Seeded Raisens, Orange and Lemon Peel, Cranberries, and an assortment of this year's nuts.

J. T. Warren.

We wish to call special attention to our line of medallions. For beauty, quality and price they can not be excelled. Let us show you.

Rust & Pittard.

We have an elegant selection of holiday goods. It will pay you to look through our stock.

Rust & Pittard.

Katie, the 16-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who recently moved here from Anson, died Sunday evening after a lingering illness of several week's duration with typhoid fever. Miss Katie was a bright, winsome young girl, and her death is peculiarly sad. The remains were carried to _____ for interment Monday. In common with friends of the family The Mail tenders its sympathy.

Our stock of Christmas goods is yet complete. Come in and look it over.

Burroughs & Mann.

Nothing need be left to tell the story at our store—everything is for sale.

J. T. Warren.

The Christian people are looking for the lumber for their church, which will arrive by Jan. 1. The church will be erected on the block just south of Dr. Adkisson's residence.

W. B. Mann has been quite sick since Friday.

O. P. Thomas, P. S. Kaufman, and Mr. Elliston of Abilene were visitors at K. of P. hall Monday night.

W. W. Russell is visiting the old home at Paducah, Ky.

S. M. Wheat left Monday for the old home at Lebanon, Ky., to spend the holidays.

Mrs. J. T. Warren and children left Monday for El Paso, Ark., to spend the holidays with relatives. The Mail wishes them a very pleasant visit.

You are sure to buy if you see our Christmas goods.

Burroughs & Mann.

Mr. Henry Baldwin, who recently purchased a part of the Warren ranch east of town, closed a deal Saturday for the Watkins residence in South Merkel, the consideration being \$1,250.

DADLY KNIFED!

From now until Dec. 25, we will knife Every-thing to Reduce Stock Before Moving



Next to Flying
Is the pleasure experienced in walking by the wearers of "Tennent Shoes."
Noted for their ease and wearing qualities. We recommend them.

Shoes		greatly reduced prices.	Negligee Shirts	
\$4.00 kind cut to	\$3.50	50 pieces embroidery, your choice at 5c a yard.	\$1.25 shirts cut to	\$1.00
3.00 " "	2.50	Great reduction in jewelry.	1.00 " "	85c
2.50 " "	2.25	Ladies Jackets	75c " "	60c
2.00 " "	1.65	Our \$11.00 Jackets cut to \$8.75.	65c " "	47c
1.75 " "	1.50	Boys Underwear		
1.50 " "	1.35	35c underwear cut to 25c		
Dry Goods		35c union suits cut to 25c		
\$1.00 shark skin at	85c	Mens Suits		
1.00 granite at	85c	\$15.00 suits cut to \$12.00		
65c henrietta cut to	50c	13.00 " "	10.00	
40c henrietta cut to	32c	10.00 " "	8.00	
35c henrietta cut to	27 1/2c	7.50 " "	6.00	
75c Varle cut to	55c	6.00 " "	5.00	
Silks and velvets at		See us for prices on groceries.		
		Hats		
		\$3.00 hats cut to \$2.50		
		2.50 " "	2.25	
		2.00 " "	1.50	



Did you ever
See a total eclipse, and notice how completely "put out" the moon was?
We can show you a similar display in our stock of "Tennent Shoes."
They eclipse all in quality and durability. It pays to get the best.

Coupons for Dolls must be in by 4 o'clock, Thursday, December 24th.

J. P. Sharp & Company.

One the Herbertosopher, thinkers Dec. 8 a Mr. S and his was the worker Darwin He was 27, 182 he be called of let Gover In upon he held low lem con Th inf in w

Our stock of blank books is and complete. Don't send for these goods before getting prices.

Rust & Pittard.

They never did fail; they never will fail. What? Cheatham's Laxative Tablets—to cure a cold at once. Carry them in your vest pocket. Always read y. Guaranteed. Price 25 cents.

Low Rates for Christmas Holidays.

The Texas & Pacific Railway Company, as heretofore, affords the people of Texas and Louisiana an opportunity to visit the old home during the Christmas Holidays at cheap rates. For full information ask any ticket agent, or write E. P. Turner, General Passenger Agent, Dallas, Texas.

For Sale.

Two big work horses, young and in good fix; cash or approved note.

Basham, Shepherd & Co.

FOR SALE.

Good five year old mare, well broke; also one buggy, good as new. Cash or good note.

J. A. Adkisson.

Cattlemen Not Leasing Land.

Parties from out west report that a very considerable portion of the public school lands are not now being leased by the cattlemen who have heretofore used and occupied the lands with their herds. The reason is described to both the depression in the cattle business and the efforts made by the state to enforce a higher price for lease privileges. It is said that many cattlemen make no effort to further contral the land since the price has been raised.—Colorado Stockman.

Read Warren's ad and get hints that point to profitable buying.

You've got the real thing when you get Hunt's Lightning Oil for burns, bruises, cuts and sprains. The most penetrating and healing liniment known. Guaranteed. Price 25 and 50 cents.

There is a time for all things. The time to take Simmons' Cough Syrup is when afflicted with sore throat, hoarseness, coughs or colds. It is guaranteed to cure you. Price 25 and 50 cents.

The fine hat which some lady will wear away from Mrs. Hoople's Millinery establishment is to be gived away Dec. 23. Every purchase amounting to \$1 entitles you to a chance at it.

Guitars, Banjos, Mandolins!

All kinds of strings and repairs at Basham, Shepherd & Co.'s.

Brain Leaks.

Honesty begotten of policy is dishonesty.

The church that reaches out is the church that brings in.

If you have the proper love of rosas you'll not think of the thorns.

The pies that mother used to make tasted good to the palates we used to have.

Man has two ears and one tongue—a hint to listen twice before speaking once.

The man who will go hungry in order to buy a good book is a man worth tying to.

Some men pray "lead us not into temptation" and then go right out looking for it.

The race is not always to the swift—it is often to the man who makes the quickest start.

Isn't it a good thing we do not have to pay taxes on the value we set on the baby's smile?

We are too prone to use subtraction when figuring our blessings and multiplication when figuring our sorrows.—Maupin.

Advertised Letters.

Following letters remain uncalled for in the Post Office at Merkel, Texas, and if not called for will be sent to the Dead Letter office Jan. 1. When calling for them please state advertised.

MATTIE R. WITT, P. M.

- Boltner, R M
- Brooks, Lee
- Brown, Wm
- Burke, Sam
- Carter, Mrs Lizzie
- Gallemore, C A
- Gallemore, Chas
- Gates, Billy
- George, W T
- Gholson, Jno
- Holly, Miss Ethel
- Martin, J E (2)
- Mcalan, Blanch
- Mellon, Chas
- Pylant, Mrs Mary
- Subas, Fierro (Mexican)

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON to TRAVEL and supervise force of salespeople and make collections for manufacturing house. Straight salary \$20 a week and expenses. Salary paid weekly and expense money advanced. Previous experience unnecessary. Local territory. Business successful. Position permanent. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Superintendent, 324 Dearborn street, Chicago.

New T. & P. Schedule.

The following passenger schedule is now in effect:

DAY TRAIN

No. 6, east bound, ... 11:51 a. m.

No. 3, west bound, ... 4:55 p. m.

NIGHT TRAIN

No. 4, east bound, ... 11:25 p. m.

No. 5, west bound, ... 4:15 a. m.

Dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, candies, nuts, oranges, apples, etc., at prices to please through the holidays. Call and see us.

Dennis Bros.

Hunt's Cure is not a misnomer. It does cure itch, ringworm, eczema, tetter and all similar skin diseases. A wonderful remedy. Guaranteed. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Don't Lose Your Head

when you see some Cheap John Machine advertised at a "Song and Dance" Price. If you don't see the Machine before you buy, you're apt to get worst of the deal.

Take no Chances

Call and let us show you the Eldredge "B," the standard for 30 years. The Best is the Cheapest. The Eldredge "B" is the Best. Ball Bearings. Latest improvements. Only \$20.00.

W. P. Browning & Co.,
Sole Agents.

CATTLE INSPECTION

will not trouble you if you feed them Bass' Medicated Stock Salt right; there is a wrong way.

If the Salt is given them in feed, so that each one is given his dose regularly, in such quantity that it acts as a gentle laxative, it is impossible that cattle or horses can have TICKS, LICE or BLACKLEG, and they will fatten much faster.

When Salt is left in the pasture for cattle to lick, they will not

always lick enough to make it satisfactory, unless very salt hungry.

If given all they will lick twice a week, cattle will take it regularly, and be free of ticks and blackleg.

We pay for feed and salt if cattle fed as directed by us are not free of ticks in two weeks.

Sold by

J. T. WARREN,

Merkel, Texas.

Bass Bros. Drug Co., Abilene, Texas.

WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!
Most in Quantity. — Best in Quality.
For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

For Sale by BURROUGHS & MANN, Merkel, Tex.

The Mail gives all the news that is worth reading.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF MERKEL, TEXAS

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits : : \$ 65,000.00
Shareholders' Responsibilities Over : : \$1,000,000.00

We are always in a position to take care of our friends and customers. We want your business and will treat you right and make it to your interest.

J. T. WARREN, PRESIDENT
G. F. WEST, VICE-PRESIDENT
GEO. S. BERRY, CASHIER
T. A. JOHNSON, ASST. CASH.

He Found a Cure.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2nd Street Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for 21 years, have tried many doctors without relief, but I have found a cure in Herbine. I recommend it to all my friends, who are afflicted that way, and it is curing them, too." 50c at Burroughs & Mann's.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Facts and Fancies of the Day Celebrated the World Over.

A SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS.

Sixty years ago skyrockets, Roman candles, and Chinese fire-crackers were unknown in the South. The same may be said of the Christmas tree outside of the old Episcopal parishes. And still the boys of those early days made a deal of bother by the bursting of hog's bladders and the firing of shotguns at the break of day. The morning eggnog was seldom omitted in their matutinal festivities.

The old time negroes, the happiest yeomanry of the world, were never refused their traditional Christmas dram. There were then no poorhouses, no charity hospitals, and the benevolent machinery of these degenerate days was unknown because was not needed.

Country quiltings were all the rage in the rural districts, and when work was finished the neighboring fiddler was summoned. After no little turning

and scraping the swains and their sweethearts stood up vis-a-vis in two lines. At the words, "Set to your partners," they footed it quite nimbly through the mazes of the Virginia reel—no stately minuet, no high-falutin german, but a rollicking movement that shook the floor until, as Burns puts it,

The roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Those were halcyon days, the like of which is not seen nowadays.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

Christmas was first kept as a holy day in A. D. 98, but for three centuries it was the most movable of festivals. The date, Dec. 25, was selected in the fourth century by a commission of theologians.

This is the height of the rainy season in Judea, which makes it improbable that shepherds would be watching their flocks by night and that the stars would be visible. October is the month agreed upon by many investigators.

The custom of decorating dwellings and churches with evergreens is a relic of paganism.

It was transmitted to the English races of today directly from the Druids of ancient Britain, who believed that if a house were mantled in holly, laurel or bay the good sylvan spirits that loved those growths and kept them green by protecting them from

winter frosts would also protect the dwelling from harm.

In its aspect as a religious celebration Christmas entered into a rivalry with the pagan festivals of the winter solstice in Rome.

Of these the most popular and the most scandalous were the Saturnalia. Making allowance for the mercurial Latin temperament, the fathers of the church deemed it wise to give Christians an opportunity to make merry no less than their heathen neighbors and established the celebration.

Why should people make presents at Christmas? 'Tis a gracious custom, subject to abuses, but what was its origin? Unlearned piety, to investigate the matter, studies the New Testament and reaches the conclusion that the exchange of gifts symbolizes the homage paid to the infant Jesus by the kings and wise men of the east.

But historians say that the early Christians exchanged gifts because their pagan neighbors did.

There is nothing Christian in the Yule log, which has almost become obsolete in these days of steam heat and "gas logs." It belonged to the Saxon feast of Jul (pronounced Yule).

The custom passed into Christian observance when the god Jul was forgotten and the barons made their hearths big enough to

accommodate the Yule log. Lighted on Christmas eve it was a sign of good luck if it continued to burn after dawn of Christmas day.

To the mistletoe bough our heathen ancestors attached the greatest importance. The forest yielded no more sacred emblem. The very oaks on which it grew were hallowed.

No significance belonged to mistletoe from any other tree than the oak—and it may be found on the fir, the lime and the apple tree. The graceful parasitic creeper with its pale berries symbolized the choicest blessings of the gods and was a defense against evil.

Christmas carols were another invention of the early church to offset the joyous license of paganism. Song was an expression of rejoicing among the Romans.

Hence the making of pious canticles, simple in form, so that they might be sung by learned and ignorant. Such is the origin of the custom which still lingers in certain parts of England, of "waits" going from house to house on Christmas eve and singing carols.

Only a Message.

One of the pleasantest, and often most appreciated remembrances we may send to our friends at Christmas time is also one of the least expensive and

CLUBB.

A man who is interested in his own interests will read a newspaper, because he gets news and useful information that he can get nowhere else.

STRONG-MINDED

Up-to-date men also want a general newspaper in order to keep in close touch with the outside world. Such a paper is the Dallas Semi-Weekly News. A combination of the Merkel Mail and the Dallas Semi-Weekly News is just what the farmers in this section need in order to keep thoroughly posted upon Local News, Home Enterprises, Personal Items, State News, National Affairs, Foreign Matters. In short, this combination keeps the farmer and his family up to the times on information.

For \$1.50 we will send the two papers one year—156 copies. The Farmers' Forum in The News is alone worth the money to any intelligent farmer or stockman of this locality, to say nothing of other special features.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY LADY OR GENTLEMAN to manage business in this county and adjoining territory for house of solid financial standing. \$20 straight cash salary and expenses paid each Monday direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced; position permanent. Address, Manager, 605, Monroe Bldg., Chicago.

most easily obtained. A package of postal cards—twenty-five in number—will carry a message of loving good will to five friends, and will many comfort and cheer as no else will. I have, in my position, a large package of Christmas messages, sent me by friends, many of whom have passed beyond the shadow. Most of them are traced by few words—perhaps but a line these are from the very best friends—the world's work. Others are crowded with glib sentences, while on a few are pasted tiny photographs of the senders. They are all treasure, as more pretentious gifts would be, and when I come upon them in overlooking my treasures, I touch them tenderly, lovingly; for they seem so like the ones who wrote them. The "feel" of these bits of pasteboard is like a hand-clasp, and it thrills my heart with old, old memories, as nothing else can.

Did you ever think how much good a letter may do, both to the writer and the recipient? Nothing quite fills the place of the spoken word, but letters bridge the space that absence lays between us, and the written message builds anew the friendly interest which fades so fast, in the swirl and sweep of this twentieth century maelstrom.

Nothing so endears the absent children to the lonely parents as the love and solicitude implied in frequent letters, and few things are more cruel than the dooming of these fond hearts to anxiety because of hindering interests. Too often, we let the dear old people toss about in a sea of imagined neglect, filled with anxious broodings, because we write no line to tell them that the world has not yet swept between us and them.

Do not neglect the friends, today. Send them the message, if only a few words, to assure them that, even in the hurry of the gay feasting time, the thought of them is alive in your hearts. Especially send the message home to the loving hearts that linger there.—Selected.

See W. H. Dickson for Hardware.

Onward and Upward in my efforts to please the trade---this is my motto, and the many friends won for this store show how well I have succeeded.

LANSING WAGONS OWASSO BUGGIES

In this department I can certainly interest all. They are acknowledged leaders, and having handled them many years I can recommend them as the BEST. Get others' prices then come to me. It will be money in your pockets.

I sell the famous Yellow Kid Disc Plow.

I handle the time tried Bement Farm Implements:

Plows, Cultivators, Disc Plows, Harrows, etc.

They are the best, and you can well afford to come many miles to purchase such implements. They pay in the long run.

My prices are always right, and goods the best. Come and see.

BRIDGE and BEACH STOVES and RANGES

They are decidedly the best. Find a man who is using a Bridge & Beach and you will find one who has a satisfactory article.

I have everything usually carried in an up-to-date hardware store, and sell honest goods at honest prices.

A full line of Single and Double Harness.

W. H. DICKSON FOR HARDWARE

to the Purchasing Public:

A Complete Line of...

**DRY GOODS,
LADIES' WAISTS,
SKIRTS, JACKETS,
HATS, CAPS,
SHOES, etc.**

Also a full line of Groceries
as **CHEAP** as the Cheapest.

We wish to say that our stock is larger and more complete than ever before. One of the modern features of this store is selling goods on their merits. We buy good merchandise to the best possible advantage, and sell it on a small margin of profit. We do not offer premiums or discounts to induce buyers; instead, we give increased values and lower prices.

Our constantly increasing patronage proves our assertions.

J. O. HAMILTON

Items From Various Sources

RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S,

Ashburnham, Ontario, Testifies to the Good Qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Ashburnham, Ont., April 18, 1903:—I think it is only right that I should tell you what a wonderful effect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has produced. The day before Easter I was so distressed with cold and cough that I did not think to be able to take any medicine the next day, as my voice was almost choked by the cough. The same day I received an order from you for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I at once procured a sample bottle, and took about three doses of the medicine. To my great relief the cough and cold had completely disappeared and I was able to reach three times on Easter Day. I know that this rapid and effective cure was due to your Cough Remedy. I make this testimonial without solicitation, being thankful to have found such a Godsent remedy. Respt. yours,

E. A. Langfeldt, M. A.,
Rector of St. Luke's Church.

To Chamberlain Medicine Co.
This remedy is for sale by Burroughs & Mann.

Geewiz! See those diamond rings at Ustick's.

20th Century Club Program.

Jan. 16.

Roll call—Quotations from Tenyson.

Business.

Subject—Frank Norris.

Study—The Pit.

Criticism of hero—Mrs. Johnson.

Criticism of heroine—Mrs. Hoople.

Round Table Talks.—Mrs. Thurmond.

Gaining the Heights—Mrs. Evans.

Parliamentary drill—Mrs. Berry.

Jan. 23.

Roll call—Quotations from The Ravens.

Business.

Subject—Edgar Allen Poe.

Sketch of his life—Mrs. Hairfield.

Reading—Mrs. Hamm.

The Woman who Grumbles—Mrs. Pittard.

Parliamentary drill—Mrs. Hibbett.

Deals in Realty.

The following land deals have been filed for record:

L. E. Adrain and wife to W P Conner, lot 12, block 19, Merkel,

\$1,250.

J S French to C A Craven, lots 10 and 11, block 32, Merkel, \$112.

C A Craven to T D Bruce, lots 10 and 11, block 32, Merkel, \$95.

D C Hutcheson and wife to W D Hutcheson, lots 1 and 2, block 10, Merkel, \$150.

W D Hutcheson and wife to D C Hutcheson and wife, 160 acres, \$1,760.

T & P R R to James R McAdams, lots 9, 10, 11, and 12, block 38, Merkel, \$240.

W G Swenson to M J and D C Hutcheson, 492 acres, \$2,996.

D C Hutcheson and wife to W D Hutcheson, 320 acres, \$1,100.

J S Bickley and wife to J N Shelton, 160 acres, \$1,600.

R E Counts and wife to J B Hancock, block No 5, Merkel, \$1,250.

T & P R R to J A Adkisson, lot 3, block 38, Merkel, 60.

Revolution Imminent.

A sure sign of approaching revolt and serious trouble in your system is nervousness, sleeplessness, or stomach upsets. Electric Bitters will quickly dismember the troublesome causes. It never fails to tone the stomach, regulate the kidneys and bowels, stimulate the liver, and clarify the blood. Run down systems benefit particularly and all the usual attending aches vanish under its searching and thorough effectiveness. Electric Bitters is only 50c, and that is returned if it don't give perfect satisfaction. Guaranteed by Rust & Pittard, Druggist.

Tree Committees.

The following committees have been appointed for the Christmas tree exercises at the Presbyterian church:

To get tree.

Mr. Thurmond, Mr Adrain.

To place tree.

Mr. Weir, Mr. Thurmond, Mr Witt.

To receive presents.

Mrs. V. Martin, Misses Eva Merchant, Berah Stallings, Anna Polk, — Berry; Henry Counts, Elmer Maxwell.

To label presents.

Misses Maggie Hatten, Valley Hill, Etna Diltz, Mrs. Rollins.

To decorate tree.

Mrs. Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. V. Harris, Miss Counts, Messrs. Hudson, Bacon, Adcock, Ernest Maxwell.

Music.

Mr. Rollins, Misses Hatten and Counts.

To take presents off tree.

Misses Grace Sheppard, Ollie Martin; Messrs. Jud Sheppard, Will Campbell.

To call off presents.

Will Calvert and Santa Claus. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, Druggist, Shellsburg, Wis. writes, May, 20 1902: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years, and have never had a preparation to give better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

Christmas Services.

Following is a program of the services to be held at the Presbyterian church Christmas morning at 11 o'clock:

Song—Lead by choir.

Scripture lesson—C. A. Evans.

Song.

Prayer—A. A. Baker.

Song.

Scripture lesson—C. R. Hairfield.

Song.

Christmas observance—C. A. Evans.

Song.

Recitation—Miss Duncan Browning.

Recitation—Miss Neva Warnick.

Song.

Recitation—Miss Lucy Lee-man.

Select reading—Mrs. Pittard.

Song.

Recitation—Miss Marguerite Howard.

Select reading—Miss Diltz.

Song.

Closing remarks—A. A. Baker.

Lost—Pair gold frame spectacles. Reward to finder, Return to this office.

Concerned When Too Late.

It is reported that one of the murderous young bandits recently captured in Chicago is willing to confess to several crimes if assured that the rewards will be paid to his mother. His concern for his mother is very considerably belated. How much better it would have been for both of them if the son had thought more of that mother's welfare and happiness before he engaged in robbery and murder. Any mother would prefer a good son to a fortune secured at that son's honor.—Commoner.

Burton-Lingo Co., Lumber Dealers.

A full and complete line of Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Brick, Lime, Cement, etc. We can save you money on any size bill.

J. S. BARNES, M'n'g'r.

ELLIOTT & MILLER

DEALERS IN

...Wind Mills, Pumps and Water Supply Goods...

We keep in stock the Star steel mill, direct stroke and back gear; Eclipse wood mill, Dandy and Aermotor steel mills; a full assortment of pumps, piping from 1/4 to 2 in., plain and galvanized; brass cylinders and working barrels from 2 to 4 in. We buy in car lots and can make Fort Worth prices on anything in our line.



MONEY!

is saved by

BUYING THE BEST

We sell the Farrand Organs, Mason & Hamlin, and others. Also a fine line of Pianos, nice line of Violins, Guitars, Mandolins; strings of all kinds.

Basham, Shepherd & Co.

Oft in the stilly night a racking cough doth rob us of that sweet sleep which nature seeks to give. Simmons' Cough Syrup is an infalible cure; untroubled sleep and pleasant dreams it doth assure. Guaranteed. Price 25c and 50 cents.

How to Succeed in Business.

Keep your liver in good condition by using Simmons' Liver Purifier (tin box.) It corrects constipation, cures indigestion, biliousness, stops headache, gets you in the right place so that it is worth while at your neighbor.