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(Elton Harris, in the "British Weekly.")

he raised his head with a jerk.

"Merry Kismas," he chirped.

"Baby gives," she lisped.

window sometimes, and we say, "That is

nervously. "Joe's children gave him one

-he liked it," and the younger lad, love-

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* He had walked moodily into his lib- | the treble, his beautiful dark face, that rary, and without troubling to turn would so surely one day be a repetition up the lights, had flung himself into an of his handsome sire's, drawn into an easy chair, thrust his hands into his anxious frown, "But - we - have pockets, placed his much splashed top- brought you this," and Sir Anthony beboots on the curb, and with head sunk came aware that he was holding someon his breast, sat gazing into the fire. thing towards him. Yet even so, with the hard, dissatisfied But for the pathos it would have been look on his dark, somewhat haw-like a comic scene; the man's face, as be face, Sir Anthony Amhurst was a hand- took the proffered envelope, and drew a some man. The flickering rays of the cabinet photo of his three children theregreat fire cast long shadows into the from; the children, as they watched him distant corners of the charming old breathlessly, half to see how he would

room, with its endless bookenses, its receive their gift, half to be prepared highly polished floor, and lighted into to beat a hasty retreat to where their vivid patches of color the scarlet coat faithful guardian awaited them, should that proclaimed him Master of Hounds, this mighty personage before them show showed his crisp dark hair turning grey signs of wrath. But he remained quite there is wonderful power for strengthenon the temples, though he could not still, sitting forward and gazing at the ing and rebuilding. Every child needs it Two years and thirty. picture which Tony had thrust into his -every boy and girl will improve on it.

grey hair in his head, nor would be have that, despite his upright bearing, his for \$2.50. Sold by all dealers. been sitting desolate and alone, won- gallant attempt at nonehalance, the litdering how he was to get through this | tle time of rejoicing, especially if the frost fast. Tony knew more than the others, had come to stay, as had looked but too likely when he had ridden home through the gleaming just now. Of course would stay, he told himself with deep self-pity; was not a mad gallop after hounds the sole thing left that could stir his pulses, make him forget- of course it would stay! Bitter enough were the man's thoughts as he watched the embers full; it was the lot of others to be widowed, even as he had been, but what was that to him, he reflected angrily, what consolation was he to firmation. find in that, pray?—they were but the "Oh, I understand," and Sir Anthony cation below, expressing at the same wives of other men; and his lose was regarded him uneasily, the photo hang- time our great gratification that its Monica. He had idolized her to the ex- ing limply in his hand. "Weil, I am faithful author is numbered among the elusion of everything else! his five years | much obliged to you-all," with a hasty | friends of The Sun: of married life had passed as a dream. glance at the youthful lady in the cen-Sardonically he smiled as he reviewed tre, who seemed much inclined to make the two years since she left him, the a dash for it, and recover the gift. various forms of consolation offered to | Queer thanks from a father to his | no Santa Claus. him. Well he knew how people were say- children. An old woman standing behind Papa says "If you see it in The Sun ing that he should marry again, knew the door, listening with abated breath, it's so." why certain sweet and pretty girls were clenched her hands, and in her heart a You can count on me for this afterdined out, and he went through these plea went up for them all, not only for Santa Claus? ordeals with grim amusement. Perhaps her lambs, over whom she watched day once or twice, in sheer desperation and loneliness, he had tried to believe that he liked one of his dinner partners, but the deception would not work. Beneath his iron self-control was a nature rarely faithful, and he dimly guessed that Monica, who understood him-laughing, sunny Monica-had carried his heart with her to the 'land of the Leal.'

On his writing table lay numerous invitations to Yule-tide festivities. He | Presentation when she listened again. glanced towards them with the same smile, A merry Christmas, indeed, for what were three small children in a would want father to be happy," and he edge. distant nursery at the top of the house? glanced sadly at the present, which did Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. children hardly known to him by sight, not seem to have cheered the recipient. He exists as certainly as love and gen- Niles as he read and prayed. Many heads with cheeks that bloom like roses red and carefully avoided whenever seen. Sir Anthony winced, yet he felt no de. erosity and devotion exist, and you bowed, and sounds of stifled sobbing And greet them with welcoming about. He had been proud of his boys, it is sire to sweep the group away, and was know that they abound and give to your came from different parts of the room true, when he had watched the lovely inwardly concerned to see that Tony's life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! as the sweet story of the first Christcherubs in Monica's slim white arms; grasp on "the girl's" plump wrist was how dreary would be the world if there mas was read, but this woman sat like A tall pole, crowned with clustering grain, but the other, the girl, whose little life marking the pretty skin, while when she were no Santa Claus! It would be as a statue with compressed lips. started even as that most precious one released herself, and sat down on the dreary as if there were no Virginias. Presntly Miss Martin sang. Those was fluttering out, he had never brought | rug with considerable force, he found | There would be no childlike faith then, | walls had never echoed to sounds more himself to see. In that stately house himself thinking how unpleasant it must no poetry, no romance to make toler sweet, for her heart was in the message The birds who share in the Christmas cheer, hold it was an understood thing that be, and was distinctly relieved to find able this existence. We should have no as she sang of Jesus' birth, his love and the children were to be kept out of that she took it serenely. For the first enjoyment, except in sense and sight. pity. The black eyes did not leave her How sweet that they should remember, sight, nor dare his friends mention them time he looked straight at "the girl," and face, but gave no sign of feeling. At the With faith so full and sure. to the widower. Yet he had promised the little one, pleased at his red coat, fills the world would be extinguished. request that those who wished to be Monica that they should be his care, smiled back at him with something of Not believe in Santa Claus! You prayed for should make it known, many and he had kept his word after a fash- her dead mother's smile, and taking off mikht as well not believe in fairies! You hands were raised and yearning faces By one who had helped to rear ion. The old nurse, whose charges they her shoe, staggered to her feet, and came might get your papa to hire men to were uplifted, as if pleading for help. The rustling grain for the merry birds was occasionally summoned to his pre-

sence to give a report about the boys. 'Growing! Well, that's all right,' was like it," explained Beauty, with placid, how he usually ended the brief interview; and then perhaps a twinge of conscience would make him add: 'And-the girl, eh?' "And he don't listen when I answer,

as if she was worth no more than a chance word!" the old woman would dechare with trembling indignation. "As if he did not know that more than all them fine things they have, my lauy, poor, pretty, would have rather that he took them in his arms sometimes and kissed them, same as other fathers. Mas- Dad!", Tony said simply, edging a lit- but there is a veil covering the unseen denly melted, and a broken voice sobbed 'your nephew Joe kisses his children, 'Dad!' echoed the girl, with smiling even the united strength of all the to be good." On the stone floor they Tony, I answers, and he looked at me With something like a smothered tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, earnest prayer, at last one sinful soul never no more than 'the girl!'"

would reply, shaking her head wisely. was likewise lifted beside her, while nothing else real and abiding. "The master has dired three times late- Tony found himself swung on to the No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, all the rest, but not that-to-dayly at the Towers, and they say that arm of the chair, whence he could shy and he lives forever. A thousand years Christ's birthday—and mine." The voice there is a young lady staying there who ly slip an arm round his father's neck, from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten rides to hounds beautifully. 'Man is not satisfied by the look on the stern, dark thousand years from now, he will conborn to live alone, as the saying goes, face that he would not be repulsed. tinue to make glad the heart of childand he will bear the sight of Miss Mon- "God forgive me!" the man mutterd, hood .- New York Sun. ica well enough when her ladyship's place as in a flash he realized that something is filled again-not that I ever expect to | was left to him-these tender and inno-

"Nor you will. Her children have a their ardent baby love be his for the stepmother over them, indeed!" was the winning. jealous and ruffled retort, as filling her apron with the evergreen and holly for which she had come, nurse departed with the scarlet-coated breast,

trouble, seeing no light in his cloudy sky, regardless of the Light that so long ago came into the world that Christmas night when the star that heralded our Lord's birth first shone in the clear blue eastern sky. As the gusts of wind now of money to him. So we got this for tain a particle of opiate or narcotic. Mrs. and again swept round the old house, Christmas, Nurse said that she did not J. Laroque, Log Valley, Sask., says: "I know the tale I tell will seem they brought with them the sound of see why you should be behind Joe, you am a great believer in Baby's Own church bells ringing forth the tidings of know, and we should give it ourselves. Tablets. I have used them on many I tell of one who, Christmas-time, great joy, and then, as he sat up impa- Is it worth a mint to you, father?" occasions and know of no medicine tiently, he became aware of a curious, "That it is, mannikin," but in his new equal to them in curing the common alluneven knocking on the heavy oak door humility Anthony Amherst felt that ments of babies and young children." Three pin balls and a needle book; at the further end of the room.

"Who's there? Come in, cannot you?" his coachman, Joseph. he cried irritably, seizing the poker and "Would you like it better with a shell Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. making such an attack on the fire as to frame, dear lickle sheels?" demanded | fill the room with light. Then as it Beauty, laying a venturesome finger on was repeated, "Come in, I say, or take the cleft in the firm chin,

yourself off." Evidently the knocker preferred the "Or-we will get one for it like that former course, for as Sir Anthony raised his dark head the door slowly opened, and there entered, in an undecided manyoung children, two straight and sturdy boys, leading between them a white-robed baby girl, a vision of bobbing yellow eurls, smooth, dimpled, pink cheeks, and wondering blue eyes, then the door closed quietly again. Half-way up the room walked the pretty group; then as they met the sombre, almost fierce eyes fixed on them, they wavered, and stood huddled together as if uncertain how to pro- the children with me, even-Miss Moniceed, motherless lambs at whom the ca," he said when nurse arrived for her wolf was giaring. And so on this Christ- charges, and he looked up at her with mas Eve, Anthony Amhurst and his ne an expression absent from his face for other, while the bells rang on, now far, to you, good old friend; in truth, none now near, ringing for the Christ who better deserves one."

play in this room, you know-vanish," in the park, and frost held the waters Sunday school and one for the Settleand he pointed towards the door. | ice-bound, a tall dark man would come | ment House and one for the Union and But Tony, his six-year-old son and quietly into the library at eventide, and one for the Association and one for the

THE MAID AT SWEET SIXTEEN

Winning, pensive and sweet, with delicate grace and charm in every movement, but that lovely color that once shone so rosily has gradually faded away. Her eyes are expressive but listless, that lightness of step and buoyancy

of spirit which once were hers are gone. This girl is in danger. Her system demands nourishment; her blood must be renewed. She needs Ferrozone-needs it badly-because it will bring back the nerve energy which rapid growth and study have exhausted. New strength and old-time vigor return with Ferro-The delicate maid is energized and given the endurance and vigor that

## SHE NEEDS

Two years ago there had not been a hand at arm's length. For he guessed Get a few boxes, 50c each or six boxes

therefore feared more, and somehow the anniversary to pause awhile in the past | go with us and sing for them?" "You see-you are our father; it is a ther had tempered justice with mercy. | dreadful!" she exclaimed, with a shiver. Christmas present," the boy explained

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? We take pleasure in answering

ly enough to deserve his nursery name of | "Beauty," nodded his head in grave con- once and thus prominently the communi- it."

Dear Editor,-I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is

Virginia O'Hanlan. 115 West Ninety-fifth Street.

and night, but for the father, who years and years ago had been a child in her | Virginia, your little friends are wrong. The yhave been affected by the scepti- facing the rows of women sitting there "Oh, dear God Almighty, at this bless- cism of a sceptical age. They do not beed Christmas time, when our Lord was lieve except they see. They think that born, have mercy on Master Anthony, nothing can be which is not comprehenand let his little children lead him back | sible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or Beauty was adding his share to the children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with "You were to say happy Christmas,' the boundless world about him, as mea- dom of God's pure air and-Christmas. They perch upon roof and gable, one whom the Almighty had so sorely Tony corrected, in a muffled whisper, sured by the intelligence capable of smitten and deserted. He was alone, for "because nurse is sure that mother grasping the whole of truth and knowl-

"It is new, and she thinks you will they did not see Santa Claus coming the beautiful girlish face by the organ. protecting pride, his chubby hands in his sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign earth, good will to men, and as she finbelt. "You had better kiss her; she that there is no Santa Claus. The most ished the black eyes dimmed suddenly, To take God's innocent creatures see "She does not know me," he answered, neither children nor men can see. Did again!" She began at once, without an between his teeth, for the touch of the you ever see fairies dancing on the accompaniment, the Gospel hymn, little hand, light as the snowflakes flut. | lawn? Of course not, but that's no tering to the ground now and again proof that they are not there. Nobody without, had stirred something in his can conceive or imagine all the wonders | Every sentence thrilled with entreaty heart, even as his boy's voice had done | there are unseen and unseeable in the | as she sang,

You may tear apart the baby's rattle 'Oh, yes, she sees you through the and see what makes the noises inside, world which not the strongest man, nor out, "Help me! oh, help me! I do want strongest men that ever lived, could knelt, and there, with deep penitence and groam, Anthony caught her up-Mon- love, romance, can push aside that cur-"The girl, that's all he ever calls her- | ica's child, who knew her father through | tain and view and picture the supernal the window'-and by the aid of one of | beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real?

#### cent souls were all his own to guard, BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER.

"You like the present?" questioned the damp mite of a thumb dropped many a precious little life. There is ready to say now with the spirit and So there he sat, brooding over his from the resebud mouth. 'Joe, nurse's no other medicine for children so safe with the understanding also, nephew, has five children, and his wife and sure in its effects. The Tablets went to heaven when God, the Father, cure stomach and bowel troubles, took mother. The children were made teething troubles, destroy worms, break into a picture and Joe has it on his up colds and prevent deadly croup. And kitchen mantelpiece in a shell frame, you have the guarantee of a Government and says that it is better than a mint analyst that this medicine does not conpossibly he deserved his picture less than Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at Four doilies, and a hairpin case,

DR. HALE'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. "No, no, just as it is," he answered. "Christ-Mass is not done with at mid- Without a frown, this angel took night on the twenty-fifth of December, Two copies of the self-same book; one up there, with-mother's picture in 1907," writes Edward Everett Hale, in Accepted, with a happy face, It was almost the first time that he his editorial page in the Christmas Wo- She had no scornful thought or hard ner, almost as if gently pushed, three bad spoken of her, but looking from the man's Home Companion. "In the older For a much-travelled Christmas card; upturned faces of her little sons to the language of the older Christianity, for And, greatest miracle of all; the mantelpiece, it seemed strangely easy people who spoke English, the Christ- As she received her last pin ball and was almost a relief. For she seem mas lasted twelve days. Indeed, I think Not even in her heart did say, ed very near to them yet in that quiet the legends about the hirth of the Tel. "They will be good to give away." ed very near to them yet in that quiet the legends about the birth of the Baby room; with her tiny daughter's soft said that after the wise men had seen in breathing close to his ear, surely he was the east His star they travelled twelve keeping his promise to her at last and finding that it brought its own reward. twelfth night they came to the saintly the Simple Mug. "but lots of us den't stable and unloaded their camels. I like, care for sweets." as one year ends and another year begins, to notify those around me that stupid labor, the lifting and toiling of glected children silently regarded each many a long day. "A happy Christmas daily life, is suspended for a while, and that for the next year energetic work, the triumph of the soul over mind and said, "Suffer the little children to come | From that Christmas Eve Sir Anth- matter, is to begin. I like to have a unto Me, and forbid them not, for of ony was the centre of those children's special remembrance of the Christ-mass lives; people said, indeed, that he lived every day; the children's celebration on "What do you want?" demanded Sir for them. And this remark was possibly Christmas morning; the service at church Anthony, shortly, much amazed, and un- truer than much that people say; for as the day goes by; some Christmas pareasily aware that if the children were certain it was that every Christmas ty of the old folks in the evening; the afraid of him, he was equally so of Eve, when the snow lay thick, or the oratorio of the Messiah at least on both them. "Look here, go away; you cannnot | wild winds swept through the bare trees | the Sundays; the Christmas tree for the heir, had straightened out his ranks, and after listening a moment to the distant Industrial School, and so on until you they advanced to the rug, to stand in joy-bells, would unlock a drawer in an come to Twelfth Night, with its ring or old desk, and stand motionless before its bean in the cake, and perhaps a good "We have not come to play; we never it. Yet there was very little there -a round dance or a Virginia reel before do here." he said in a clear, solemn lit- bundle of letters in a girlish hand, a Twelfth Night is over."

## A Christmas Experience.

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(Our Dumb Aanimals.)

As Miss Martin passed in at the side

entrance that led to the choir loft she overheard a murmur from a group of people, "That is she our first soprano that I told you about. I can hardly wait for you to hear her glorious voice." She unrolled her music and softly trilled to know it. a bar or two-not because she needed | "For twenty-eight years," says Mrs.

and acknowledge that his heavenly fa- | Her face faded. "Oh, Mr. Niles, how | I want."

"What is dreadful?" "The whole idea. The penitentiary-

The organ was pealing and its deep tones were reverberated among the huge | In the far-off land of Norway, pipes. The service moved on smoothlyprayer; and then her solo-the event of the morning to others than the singer. The audience sat through it as if spellbound and many were in tears when the last note died slowly away. It was over | The tolling people win. at last and she passed out, only pausing

So it came about that she was one of the little group that filed into the peni- They glean to the very least, tentiary hall that afternoon, and stood | To save till the cold December in prison garb. On all four sides wound iron stair-

tiers high. At the front of the hall stood a white pulpit, a small organ and Of a sudden, the day before Christmas, several chairs. Doors were locked and | The twittering crowds arrive, windows barred, inside was misery and wretchedness, outside the blessed free-On the front row sat a woman not On porch and fence and tree, more than thirty-five years old, but with a seamed and hardened face. She

watch in all the chimneys on Christmas | But the woman on the front seat did Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if | not move nor take her steady gaze from down, what would that prove? Nobody She sang again-a message of peace on real things in the world are those that and the set lips whispered, "Oh, sing

"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling."

"Come home, come home! Ye who are weary, come home!" found forgiveness. "It was the singing that did it," the

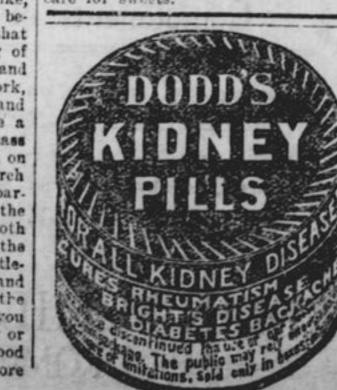
"Don't you fret," the housekeeper those faultlessly cut top-boots Beauty Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is firm white hand that did not shrink poor woman said, holding fast to the sank to a whisper, but the hard face glowed with the light of Christmas. Miss Martin and Mr. Niles walked through the heavy gates together, hearing the clang that shut them out and those others in.

Then the pastor began, "I want to thank you-" But she interrupted him. "Let me thank you instead," she said tremulously. "It has been an experience Baby's Own Tablets have saved I could not afford to do without. I am

With my voice I'll gladly sing, For the glory of my King!" Elizabeth Price. ---

A Christmas Fairy-Tale. With unfeigned gratitude she took 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' And two small trays received with grace, She recognized, without a tear. The crocheted doily sent last year To a dear, absent-minded friend. Three hatpin bottles trimmed with lace;

-A. G. Davis, in Harper's Fazaar.



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### GRAND NEWS FOR WOMEN

Mrs. E. P. Richards Tell How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her. -------

> After Suffering for Twenty-Eight Years From Pains and Weakness and Sleeplessness-Dodd's Kidney Pills the Only Medicine She Wants.

Dec. 14.—(Special) - Grand news for suf- grew about its boundary walls, which A slight flush mounted her fair face | fering women is that being scattered no living soul dared pass. The valets and a feeling that she deserved the | broadcast by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Richards, moved about within like shadows, nevwords of praise swelled in her heart. of this place. For years she suffered Had she not struggled up through from the terrible weakness and those many trials to her present high place in | agonizing pains so many women know. musical world? Now that success | She has found relief in Dodd's Kidney grace before the lord of the manor, the was hers she should enjoy it to the full. | Pills and she wants all suffering women

further preparation, but from very joy | Richads, "I suffered from Rheumatism, | of being able to warble like the birds. Kidney Trouble and Neuralgia. It got tures, sat in the great ducal chair lis-Just then Mr. Niles, the pastor, came | so weak I could not do my housework. into the ante-room behind the great or. | Sleep was out of the question except for a few minutes at a time. My back "Miss Martin," he began, then hesi- ached so I could not sleep. I tried all burned a small golden lamp, ornamented The angel smiled sweetly and took broken bangle, and a fading photo of tated. "I want to ask a great favor of kinds of medicine and had come to the with precious stones, into the flame of three children, a tiny white shoe- lit- you. A few of us are going this after- conclusion there was no cure for me, which a tall negro poured, minute by thought cut his father like a knife, and the enough, but landmarks in the life of noon to the woman's ward of the penione who, having suffered and regrown tentiary to hold a Christmas service try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now sleep code hand gleamed an ax; the negro "Why have you brought me this?" he strong, liked on the eve of that great with the inmates. Could you, would you well and rise refreshed every morning. would have paid with his life the least Dodd's Kidney Pills are all the medicine forgetfulness of his duties.

that make life hardly worth living, upon his silver board,

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

the anthem, Scripture lesson, hymn and | And long for the singing birds and flowers When at last the summer ripens, And the barvest is gathered in,

A generous sheaf of grain. All the stalks by the reapers forgotten For the bird's Christman feast,

And then through the frost-locked country There happens a wonderful thing ways leading to the grated cells four | The birds flock north, south, east and west,

And the bitter, wintry air at once

I thought that our little children

Would like to know it, too, It seems to me so beautiful. So blessed a thing to do. In every child a friend, And on our faithful kindness

So fearlessly depend. Cella Thauter. Only one "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the

A Box of Cigars. (Mina Irving in Leslie's Weekly.)

The day after Christmas my little rear room | my conductor. Showed plainly Kris Kringle had lifted the latch. With the pillows, and slippers, and head-

mufflers of silk. And neckties of colors most weird to And handkerchiefs, scarf-pins, and books by And dressing-gowns crimson, and purple, and

spangies and stars, And things rigged with ribbon to hang on But nothing I liked like the box of cigars.

lid of my desk, Then I love to recline in my easiest chair And give a free rein to my fancles

That smoulder like rubles through red- Evil whispered in my ear." glowing bars. I weave

The graceful blue spirals that slowly To spread o'er the ceiling in soft rolling Or with shadows of twilight fantastically the black wings still whispered in my At number five-six-four, It is then I forget all the sorrows of life, The best to my mind is a box of cigars.

CHRISTMAS DON'TS. Don't leave the cost mark on your into a trade.

Don't try to pay debts or return obli- | denly appeared. gations in your Christmas giving. more than you can afford. attic could tell strange stories about asked, pointing to the poor flame that Christmas presents.

keep the gift.

who live in small quarters, unless you "In my chamber lay two bodies— Like frozen tears on a purple pall—
know that they need Al unless you "In my chamber lay two bodies— Like frozen tears on a purple pall— Don't give too bulky articles to people | "I awoke frozen with horror. know that they need the particular crushed, unrecognizable. My son, inThe darkness felds my cable about,
things you send them. Don't wait until the last minute to tect her in her fight, and my criminal things you send them. buy your presents, and then, for lack of snare had destroyed them both. It was And set a light by the window pane for one who follows the trail to-night time to make proper selections, give Christmas twenty years ago.

just because you cannot afford expensive presents. The thoughtfulness of your gift, the interest you take in those your gift. your better judgment condemns.

Bon't decide to abstain from giving gro tending the precious lamp to cease Love will ride with him my heart to blessto whom you give, are the principal me?"

## A Christmas Story

By Sarah Bernhardt.

Translated from the French, by Charles Houston Goudiss.

The Chateau de Ploerneuf was the ! error of the Bretons. On passing it the peasants made the sign of the cross and murmured under their breath: "The Cottle's Cove, Notre Dame Bay, Nild., Chateau of the Accursed!" Brambles er raising their voices. No one ever spoke to the master. Alone, the young Comte Robert found

> old Duc de Kerberzoff, his uncle, mences, Robert was at the feet of the pented-God forgives you. Your soul old man, who, with livid face, glittering pass from you in peace." eyes, and marks of fear on all his fea-

By his side, upon a porphyry column, ian of the brilliant lamp.

The Duke was paier than usual. His The woman who has healthy Kidneys long white hair clung to his brow, and will never know the pains and weakness from his eyes great tears rolled down ugh! and this day of all days to visit Dodd's Kidney Pills always make "My cear lord, are you in greater

pain?" asked Robert, tenderly The Duke shuddered-listening still "Christmas! Christmas!" sang voices in the fields, "Christmas! Christmas!" sounded the church bells. Then drawing himself up, spectre like,

"Listen, Robert; listen!" For 20 years the old man had not

The sepulchral voice resounded in the great hall; the arms, struck by echo, gave out an iron plaint. The young Count felt frozen with fear, "Twenty years ago, I had a son handsome, brave and generous. He loved a young, low-born girl, and wished to

wed her; but I refused-I could not consent to such an outrage. My son implered me but I remained inefixible. My plazon would have been shattered by such a shame! I was wrong, childwas wrong! Never be arrogantly prond, it is a mortal sin!"

Sobs stiffed the old Duke's voice, But presently he went on: "The girl was beautiful and virtuous. I offered her gold; she refused it. Then I had her abducted and shut up in a point on the earth's surface which is pretower of the chateau. Months passed; my son remained faithful to his vows. I faithful to my pride. I therefore re-

solved to kill the girl. To that end I sent her secretly a message, advising her to escape. A silken ladder was conveyed to her, with minutely-detailed in- be earlier by one hour for each 15 do structions as to how she was to fasten grees of longtitude, so that when 190 it to her window. She prepared to fly, and then I invented an infamous trap! "Listen, Robert-listen! I caused the stones which supported the window to be loosened so that it should give way

under her and she wuld be dashed upon the marble pavement of the courtyard below. It was Christmas, the night of that evil deed; and ever since I have slept in fear of God. "That same night I was transported in dreams into an immense gallery of clouds. Vaults followed upon vaults in

millions-extending, ever extending. Under these vaults hung little golden tinguished suddenly. Some shone with a violent glare, others flickered and

ent when the flame should expire.

How soothing to watch by the light of the affright, and when he continued his Leslie's Weekly, voice was almost a shriek. "I went to the lamp guarded by the angel with the white wings, who looked

ears. I saw nothing; I did not wish to In front you'll see my black but Its hurries and worries and jangles and see anything. I plucked a feather from the wing of the black angel and dipped And of all the gifts merry Christmas can it in the brightly flaming lamp and took Please bring me loads an loads of from it the oil, drop by drop, and poured it into mine. My flame became glittering and red as blood; the other paled, but preserved still the brightness of a star. But when the drop of oil was Don't let money dominate your Christ- left in it the angel that guarded it An' Santy, if you'll be so good, nas giving. spread his white wings and would have Don't let Christmas giving deteriorate stayed me; but an angel with pearly wings and bearing a golden sword sud-

Don't embarrass yourself by giving his will-God will judge him, it said. "I took the last drop of oil! Then Don't give trashy things. Many an fear seized me, 'What lamp is this?' I was ready to expire, and the voice re-Don't make presents which your plied:

and which would merely encumber the "At the same moment the clear flame And a bitter wind blows by. of the oil died out; the white angel took Don't give because others expect you its last breath in its wings and flew But nothing passes the door all day, cannot send your heart with the gift, tress. The Spirit of Evil replied with a Save a lean, grey well that swings away ery of triumph.

formed by his francee, had tried to pro- And the snow begins to fail. Saying this, he made a sign to the ne- That will bring bim home again,

At that moment the bells of the chateau pealed forth and the voices of the singers in the church were heard. The doors of the great hall opened. At the back of the chapel of the old manor, resplendent with lights, the infant Jesus lay upon his bed of straw, appeared radiant with celestial glory.

The old Duke fell on his knees before the infant Deity. "Man," said the voice of the priest, "Jesus was born to suffer, and died for the redemption of sinners. You have At the moment when this recital com- sinned, you have suffered, you have re-

Then the old man turned his eyes toward the lamp, above which an angel tening to what the spectre of terror said with white wings was hovering. That angel he recognized-it was the guard-

within his wings the expiring flame, with which he flew heavenward, The Duc de Kerberzoff was dead. ---

#### FLACE TO MISS CHRISTMAS.

The Christmas hater may be made happy. He can have his wish and "go somewhere where there isn't any Christmas." He will not have to die to do it, sailor in order to fully enjoy his par adise, which is not on earth. It is on water, Let him start on his search from Vancouver, B. C., on December in the direction of the Orient. As the days pass and he comes nearer and nearer the zota of the month he may begin to feel uneasy and think himself the victim of a oke. Even as late as bedtime on December 24 he may feel resentful over what is a wild goose sail. He may fall asleep thinking of the disagreeable things he will do next day just because it will be Christmas, but he will be disappointed, for when he wakes in the cember. The 25th is not and has not been, It seems to have passed in the night, It is gone completely-but where. An experienced navigator explains the

"in just about the middle of the Pac ific Ocean is the 180th degree of longtitude, and when that imaginary line is reached the westward travelier drops one day out of his calendar for the year. That line crosses the antipodes, or cisely opposite to Greenwich, England, the place at which, by common consent of all nations, the counting of time be gins. At noonday, when the sun is directly overhead at Greenwich, at other points to the westward the time will

degrees is reached it will be midnight. "I welve hours have thus been gained, and the journey around the globe were completed. So by universal agreement December 25 would be dropped by all navigators reaching the fatal line on the previous day, and travellers would be cheated out of their Christmas at the only place on the earth's surface where such a thing could happen."-Montreal

Christmas in the Philippines.

Although they are dwelllers in a troplamps, swaying gently. It would have ical country, where the environments taken years to count them. Some of differ greatly from those in their own them burned brightly, others were ex- land, the Americans now in the Philip pine Islands will celebrate Christmas sputtered a long while before they went | with quite as much zeal and in nearly the same fashion as the people of the "Some of the these lamps were guard. | States. So far as the soldiers stationed ed by angels, white and beautiful as there are concerned, the authorities at beauty itself. Other of the lamps had Washington have done their share to World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c. | angels, black, ugly and malevolent, who | make the day a pleasant one. What is seemed to wait impatiently the mom- said to be the "largest Christmas dinned said to be the "largest Christmas dinner "'What does all this mean?" I asked | was shipped recently from San Francisco to Manila, on the transport Sherman. "'All those lamps are human souls,' he The good things thus characterized were And generously emptied the half of his pack replied. Those which burn so brightly intended for the military men in our To brighten the den of a lonely old bach. are the souls of new-born infants; stain- Asiatic possessions and their families. t looked like the pick of a fancy-goods store, less angels guard them. Here are the Every member of the little army in the souls of those who are at the age when, Island-including, also, it is to be hopsome think, the Spirit of Evil and the ed, the native constabulary-is to be But what pleased me the most was a box | Spirit of Good contend for them; but, at | supplied with a regular Christmas meal the supreme moment, the last breath al- of the Occidental kind. For this purpose There were photograph frames, there were most always returns to the Spirit of the Sherman carried from the Golden Gate not less than 35,000 pounds of tur-"I then asked to be shown my own key, five hundred gallons of cranberry sauce, big cases of home-made mince-"'Come with me,' said the strange be- meat pies, and hundreds of tins of plum And match-boxes, gun-metal, silver and ing; and, leading me under innumerable pudding. In order to convey these delivaults, he made me traverse a great cacies in safety and good condition to distance. At length, stopping me abrupt- their destination, an immence ice-box And Christmas cards twinkling with ly, he said: 'Behold! there is your soul!' was especially constructed to contain "I was petrified with terror! A single | them. The fowls were all raised in Calidrop of oil remained in my lamp; and fornia, and were of the finest quality. above it an angel with black wings blew | This generous contribution by the govupon the flame to accelerate its extinc- ernment to the typical observance of the tion. I was seized with dread-over- great religious holiday is expected to put taken by cowardice!" said the Duke, Uncle Sam's fighting men in good humor and to lessen to some extent that "Listen, Robert-listen! Beside me | "homesick feeling" which frequently atburned a flame of purest light; that tacks the exile. The personal friends in lamp of gold, protected by an angel with | this country of the soldiers have also wings of spotless white. The Spirit of taken a hand in adding to the latters' contentment, by forwarding to them The old Duke stopped-as if the voice | multitudes of gifts of various kinds were speaking to him again. His eyes be- | Nor wil lthe American civilians there be From the silvery smoke of those fragrant came bloodshot, his hair rose on his head forgotten by the relatives and friends with horror, his teeth chattered with from whom they are separated so far .-

The Little Boy Fools Senta Claus. at me sorrowfully; but the angel with | Dear Santy: I'm the little boy

> The name is on the door things. When Christmas comes this year 'Causo I have had the measles and

\*Cause I am twins, dear Santy Claus, But don't bring more 'an one alike, Fer we kin swap, you see-"Let this human being do according to An' mark 'em "Billy"-I will 'vide Ez fair ez fair kin be.

-S M. Talbot, in The Reader. ----

"It is the soul of your beloved son." Beneath the burnished blue of the sky.

to. Give because you love to. If you away, uttering as he went a cry of dis-

I will make a hearth-fire red and bright