Suggested by the Season

Of all beautiful legends, of all beautiful verse, of all stortes told in all the life of the whole world, there is no tale so wondrously beautiful as the story of the Christ-child. Every man and every women must recall those long-ago, faraway days when first the etory was told to them. the story of the little babe in the manger, of the story was told to them, the story of the little babe in the manger, of the story was told to them, the story of the little babe in the manger, of the story was told to the story was to the story of the story

By all manner of judgment and be-liefs we must concede that, so far as doing good it- concerned, all days should be Christmas. To, bestow neckties on Dec. 23, and cross words all the other 764 days of the year is to be like the common sinner who cheats his neighbor during the week and prays most energetically on the Sabbath.

Sabbath.

Let us not confine our gifts to material things, but open up our hearts and wive freely of their great stores. There's many a woman who, receiving a costly gift from husband or father, would only too gladly exchange it for some sweet expression of his fondness and affection. Mady a mother from whom her children have grown away would prefer a careas, one endearing word, a kiss of love, to all the trinkets and baubles and gifts in the shops.

It isn't the gift, it's the love and thoughtfulness that prompt it. The woman who gives because she feels it a duty is practicing deceif, and belitting breatly if one where not extend the shops.

It isn't when the shops where the shops is the shops of the shops of

ingly.

According to our way of thinking it is a Beautiful thing that once a year, one may have the privilege of doing something nice for those to whom one Brievoted.

The pleasure is so great that, on Dec. 26 one should decide to put at Bittle of the Christmas spirit into daily existence.

ittle of the Christmas spirit into daily existence.

Perhaps you don't know it, but it is true nevertheless that the more you give the more you will have. There is certainly some great, wonderful power that takes away from those whole atoms and the season of the control of th

But how about the woman whose mind is running over with thoughtful-ness for others, who is decent and kind to her cook, who is considerate of the aged, eager to help the needy and always the fine, splendid helper and friend to all who know her?

and aways the fine, splendid helper and friend to all who know her?

Let me tell you something. It is in her heart that you will find genuine contentment. No matter what horrible antieties she has suffered, what dreadful troubles she has dragged wearly through, what pain and cares have been hers, she is the one who knows the calm, sweet comfort that comes when she looks out into a gray sky and realizes that she has brought a smile to quivering lips, a light to discouraged eyes, life to a heart without hope.

She doesn't have to wait until Christmas. Every day is that—and more—to her.

There is a woman I know, and she had nothing at all-father, mother, brother or sister or even a home. But she had something else that lots of people have not, and that is courage—the state of the stat

"Aren't you proud of yourself for having accomplished something?

having accomplished something? I am."

The first woman was silent for a moment. Then she said:

"No, I am not preud of myself, I can't be-yet. I've done so very little compared with what I want to do, and bearned so little when I wished and the said of the s

Word you try to let a little more the bely spirit of the hour sink in the hour sink in your soul, and won't you remember that your stay and naine and your stay health and wery body's is dread that your stay and near health with the stay of the stay in the stay of the st

as happily and as generously as you can.

Tare's something else, too. If you are poing to help a little child ham up a tiny stocking, and if you are now snawering all sorts of questions about Santa Claus and chimneys and reindeers and if, on Christmas Eve, you go to a little bedside and kiss the sweetest little lips in all the world. fall upon your knees and thank God for you are blessed!

A Merry Christmas to you all.

"Yule" is Scandinavian.

The word "Yule" has in reality nothing to do with Christmas. It is an old Scandinavian word, signifying the winter solution, which was always

Old Irish Superstition.

It is an old Irish superstition that gold should not be paid away or Christmas day, nor silver lent.

GETS SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

New Yerker Has Simple Scheme for Beating Landlords.
"I called on a friend at one of the New York hotels the other day," said a man who has a good many, "and found him in a room that was far, far away from daylight, down a shart that opened toward the blue sky. They was one electric light, which did not was one electriciant listrous. We have been payed over near the win-lanticitively mored over near the win-lanticitively mored over near the win-

had some papers to look over and I insatinctively moved over near the window.

"I can do better that that, he said, going to his satchel and taking out an electric bulb. I carry this around with me for just such occasions, he laughed. That one does well enough for transient guests who are not in their rooms except to sleep, but sometimes I need more than sixteen candle power and I carry a thirty-two."

"He unscrewed, the sixteener and in a fifty had on his thirty-two. The current was there, all right, and we had no more trouble about too Ilittle light on omes trouble about too Ilittle light, and we had no more trouble about too Ilittle light. This needed a pair of plers in addition, but he had them in his small box, and he told me it was a mighty poor quality of gas and a powerful low pressure that wouldn't respond with the goods when he put on his accommodation tip. There is nothing grafty about that little scheme, possibly, but just the same he is getting something the landford is paying for."—New York Press.

Press.

Scalplock More Than Ornament.
Suspended from a chandeller over his desk in the office of Police Commissioner Meddoo of New York, is a lock of brown hair. It is about ten inches long and one end is inclosed in a beaded sack made of buffalo hide. The curiosity of a reporter who happened in the "What had been to be a second of the late of the late

A Great Monarch.

Wealthler than any brother sover-eign: master of legions, which num-ber over a million; lord of more than one-sixth of the surface of the globe, with subjects of many colors and races, amounting to over one hundred and twenty million souls, the Carr of all the Russias will not be invincible until he adopts Pillibury's Vitos as his regular breakfast diet.

Has Long Record of Slaughter.
Although 53 years old Earl De Gray
still ranks as the greatest game
butcher in England, perhaps in the
world. He has killed more game than world. He has killed more game than any other living sportsman—amounting, when last computed—to 216,699 head. Comprised in this list were 11,900 pheasants, 89,400 partridges, 45,500 grouse, 25,500 hares and as many rabbits. In Yorkshire he once shot 500 grouse in a single day and on another occasion brought down 250 pheasants. In Wales, between sunrise and anneel, he once disposed of 250 rabbits.

How the Turk Holds On.

How the Turk Holds On.

The Turkish empire has been great
ly pared down in the last century,
but still the Turks seem rooted in
Constantinople. The explanation of
this awkward fact is in a measure
diplomatic and in a measure racial
If European diplomacy is paralyzed
by fealousies the Turks are a strong
people. Preside and a Turk which
recalls the achievements of their an
cestors. They are a serious, eagnesi
race among peoples whose convictions
are not strong and mainly opportune
The Turks feel their religion so deep
ly that they are willing to die for
it. A people who in this age are
capable of that sacrifice must be pui
out of Europe by superior force. Su
perior argument will not ol tt—Doe
ton Transcript.

A BRAIN WORKER.

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That

must mave the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extrawagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape Nits food.
"I discovered here—"

Nuts food.
"I discovered long ago that the very
bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not
calculated to give one a clear head, the
power of sustained, accurate thinking
I always felt heavy and sluggish in
mind as well as body after eating the
ordinary meal, which diverted the
blood from the brain to the digestive
accurate.

ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus.

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutri meat. I experimented with many found that the state of the state o



Bott-sandaled and with awe upon her face are Dawn and bent to gase upon Althouse a star, enamored, pierced the lace That hid her bosom, cool and unde-filed.

Yet lingered, the the rose of opal gleams Flushed her pale brow, whilst slept the Babe new-born Till, starting from His soul's harmonious dreams, Behold! He wakes and smiles at trem-bling Dawn.

Then o'er the heavens spread a trellised light.
As Dawn, illumined by His smile, soft the purple jewel of the Orient night To snow-plumed morn, enwreathed in amethyst.

And, lo, the silent chambers of the world Were stirred to life by that far-reach-ing smile: The waves of Galilee, prophetic, pearled A silvered path, a sacred temple-asse.

And sages who foreiold the Christ's advent Came hast'ning to the humble manger fold, And, dazzied by the Infant's smile, low' hent To touch the swaddling robe as the 'twere gold.

And came a woman tired, for many a mile

Her feet slow trod to reach the royal Her feet slow trod to reach the royal inn.

And in her arms she here her only child That he might see the Christmas Babe within.

And in the hallowed light the wor

Gazed on the blue-veined hands and pon-dered why.

Marked keen the beauty of the Infant King.

There lay in each a scarlet-tinted ring.

Then ferventely she prayed that God might guide the prayed that God might guide for the label in ways secure from strife.

And holding forth her child she meekly cried,
"Unto the Christ I consecrate this life."

And Mary, in her pure benevolence, Low thanked the woman for the homage done, And with a touch of tender reverence, Soft hald Christ's hand upon the wo

The timid boy by heavenly hand caressed Stood grayely silent, then as the impelled Quick knelt, and on the brow of Jesus presend. His ilus—then all the earth in wrath rebelled.

And thunder crashed and lightning steeled the sky.
And upward whirled the winds in tengues of fame.
Enertime into all the firmament on high—And Caivary hid her face in bitter shame.

Oh. Mary, trusting, thou didst never know the woman to the manger brought.

Who knelt to kiss the babe in bearing low.
Dear God! was Judas of Iscariot!

Dear Godt was Judas of Iscariot!
The earth now weakened by her loyal
Lay trembling: but athwart the muttering sky.
Leap way It. a rainbow—gem set afterFor lot the Babe again doth smiling ite!

In the Long Ago

In the Long Ago

The holiday times bring to those of its whose memories go back a half creatury or more thoughts of the days before the Civil War, when life was so different from that in the hurrying world of the present, writes Mrs. Lilius Devereur links in the hurrying world of the present, writes Mrs. Lilius Devereur links in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. I was born in the South. My father, Mr, Devereur, owned a large plantation on the banks of the Roanoke river, in North Carolina. My earliest remembrances are of the kindly faces of the dusky people who were the only inhabitant and chief in the dusty face of the white fluff as my small arms could reach, if recall the kindness of the dark friends and how dearly I loved my attendant, Linda, and Gabriel, my fatheriar personal servant, who so often, as I solved in the dusty face of the kindness of the dark friends and how dearly I loved my attendant picking such turts of the dark friends and how dearly I loved my attendant, Linda, and Gabriel, my fatheriar personal servant, who so often, as I solved in the dusty face of the control for the Roanoke belle, my fatheriar personal servant, who so often carried me in his arms.

The Soft Southern Wilster.

After my father's early death my mother made her home near her own years the solve of the dark friends and how dearly I loved my attended the old plantation and Carolina Felatives. How were warted the old plantation and Carolina Felatives. How were warted the old plantation and Carolina Felatives. How were warted the old plantation and the tree of the common of the family mother made her home near her own points of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of the common of the family when a substance of th

river.

All the glory of that scene and that time have gone forever! Years have passed and changes have come, but most vivid of all the recollections of those far-off days are the scenes of Christmas time.

hoose far-off days are the scenes of Christmas time.

The celebration began on Christmas tree where the control of the control

mininght brought in Christmas morning.

Vulctide on the Plantation.

Of course, this was a holiday, and all day groups of our people came to the "great house," as the planter's residence was called, to wish Massa and Missis a merry Christmas. Sometimes they brought small gifts of eggs or flowers or little red birds that they had tamed. Sometimes they danced or performed athietic feats. Sometimes they only said House with a look of affection. All those dusky friends of long ano! How they will in my memory! How deep and strong was the affection which existed between these simple people and those in whose hands was the great responsibility of their welfare! Of course, gifts ere distributed lavishly. No one was forgottee, and at night there were gay parties gathered for the Years have passed since them.

Years have passed since then, and hese "wards of the Nation" have

the bells fingled as we alld over the smooth ground!

Memories of the Dinner.
Home after a while to the great feast of the day, the Christmas dinner. In the diningroom the long table was set with old china and, silver. At one end sat my dear grandfather, his while my stately grandmother, with her keen dark yers, probled opposite. The dinner was not served as it would be to-day, but was in the finest fashion of that time. After the soup there came a great turkey at one end of the table, a pair of ducks at the other, a chicken pie on one side, and a ham on the other, finaled by a true was the portion that interested me must deeply. Plum pudding and mince pie were the substantials, but the glory of the day was the great glass bowl of syliabub that stood high in the center of the table, finaled by dishes of preserves and candied fruit. Since that happy time I have sat at an anything see delictous as grandma's syllabub with praches.

A Festival of Other Days.

but never where there was anything to delicious as grandma's syllabub with peaches.

A Festival of Other Days.

After dinner the "grown-ups" ast in the great drawine-room with the octagonal end and the peacock paper on the walls that was to be a contagonal end and the peacock paper on the walls that was to be a mighty wood fire blazed on the hearth. lighting up the old pictures and the stately furniture. There our elders held solemn conclare, as it seemed to us, though I doubt not they had a good deal of fun among themselves. We young folks west to a big room that was called "the nursery," though the was the seemed to us, though I doubt not they had a good deal of fun among themselves. We young folks west to a big room that was called "the nursery," though the was to be the was to be a supplied to the was to be a supplied to the was to be a supplied to the was to see in the deep feather beds.

How far away is all this now! How many long years since those vanished days! Yet as I write they seem to live once a choost faint and far Off musics and far off was the stading chines. conse

AILING WOMEN.



Keep the Kidneys Weil and the Kidneys Will Keep Yeu Weil.

Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. O. Davis of Groesbeck, Tezaa, says: "Backen and how to cure them. Mrs. W. O. Davis of Groesbeck, Tezaa, says: "Backen and how to cure them. Mrs. W. O. Davis of Groesbeck, Tezaa, says: "Backen and how to Groes

Washington an Expensive City.
Washington is, next to New York, the most expensive Merchan city is which to live. Rents, the fig. 10 most expensive American city is which to live. Rents, the fig. 20 most expensive and lings of the first of a mily has to live not only on an economic basis but on one of actual niggardiness, barren of comforts and far representation of the first owners of the first owners of the first owners is scarcely possible. At best there is left no margin for insurance, for medical attention or for-the savings bank. For him to buy a home would be as likely as for him to buy the capitol. Yet habituated to a round of duties, he clings to his place, for he is out of tooch with cher opportunities and knows that were he to relieve a score would acramble for the vacancy—New York Times.

AN AWYUL EKIN HUMOR.

AN AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

Covered Head, Neck and Shoulders Suffered Agony for Twenty-five Years Until Cured by Cuticura.

Cutieura.

"For twentyfive years I suffered agony from a terrible humor, completely covering my head, neck and shoulfensiveness to aght and smell that I,
became an object of dread. I consuited the most able doctors far and
near, to no avail. Then I got Cuticura, and in a surprisingly short time
I was completely cured. For this I
thank Cutieura, and advise all those
suffering from skin humors to get in
Keyres, 149 Congress Street, Boston,
Mass."

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have welcomed it and blest it for a cure.

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