Polly and the Mistletoe

By OLIVE HARPER. FELL, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, I believe I will," said Polly Adams to a ridiculous china doll that sat on the thimney staring fixedly before her.

It was nearly midnight, and the house was still. The Christmas tree stood all decorated and with the gifts hung upon it in the library, back of the par- for you." lor, and Polly had been sitting beside the fire in her pretty yellow eiderdown pajamas. Pajamas were a fad that season among all her girl friends, and Polly always, as the said, "kept right | cruel." along with the procession."

Polly was tired, for she had been busy all that day. They were not rich, and so much of the running devolved upon Polly, and the three boys were home from school, and they had two visitors to remain till New Year's. One of them was Archie-it is enough to call him just "Archie," So, while Polly braided the heavy mass of rich brown hair into one long loose plait, she glanced at the mistletoe and then at the sphinxlike face of the Chinese doll as she said:

"Now, Mrs. Li Hung Chang, what shall I do? Archie loves me. I know it from a dozen-yes, a thousand-



WRAPPED THE SHRINKING LITTL FIGURE IN ITS FOLDS.

things, but he is so shy and timid. Minnie Blake is engaged, and so would I be if only Archie had the courage of n-a chipmank," she hastly added as she thought of her bare feet and possible mice. "Now, if I could hang this mistletoe to the chandeller tonight in the excitement of seeing our gifts I could manage-I know I could-to get him under it beside not and the boys would do the rest, and then-well, the fee would be broken. I will if you say so. Why don't you speak?"

Saying this, the dainty little beauty stamped her foot, now in its slipper, which jarred the room ever so slightly. and the doll did nod its head. Polly laughed, half startled, but with new courage. She took the night light in one hand and the bunch of mistletoe in the other, with its grappling wires, and stole downstairs to the library door and on into the parlor, not noticing that the library door had shut to with the

Polly did not wish to awaken any member of the family, so she did not switch on the lights. Her own tiny light but made the darkness visible. It the dark, so she hurried and pushed the side table over into the middle of the room under the chandeller, with the mistletoe on it, and then brought a delicate, long legge I, gold painted chair, on which she climbed timidly, listening all the while for a sound.

The chandelier was high and Polly not tall, so do her best, standing on her tiptoes, she could not reach the fixture. "I must get up on the table," she said to herself, "and I hope I'll not fall and break my neck and rouse the house."

Just as this very comageous little maiden stepped to the table with one on the insecure chair, there was the sound of a latchkey in the front door and then a blast of wintry wind and two voices in the hall. They were those of her oldest and most unbearable brother Fred, and the other voice belonged to Archie Steadman. It was too much for Polly. It would be awful if Fred discovered her.

She tried to step down from her insecure perch, but the treacherous ornamental chair tilted, and Polly came down "What's that? Burglars, I'll bet. Come on, Arch."

Saying that, Fred bounded forward

and switched on the light and, seizing n heavy cane from the hatrack, sprang into the parlor. But Polly had managed to get on her feet and scamper to the library door, dropping one of her slippers as she went and leaving the lamp behind her; but, try as she might, she could not open the library door, and stood there pulling with a strength born of desperation, while Fred said: "Burglars! Here's the light. They're after the gifts on the tree. Come on!"

With his cane swinging like an Indian club. Fred sprang into the library while Archie, with his umbrella, followed, and both advanced upon the burglars. They could hear the rattling of the doorknob, and Fred shouted: "You may as well give up. You're

And then the library was also flooded with light, which was reflected from a thousand gilded ornaments on the tree, and by the illumination Fred and Archie saw a miserable little figure in yellow pajamas, huddled up like a cold duckling, with one bare foot and with its head down, in the corner of the door frame as though trying to hide.

From her baby days Polly had had a queer habit of hopping from one foot to the other without moving from her place when frightened or angry. Now one slippered little foot and one pink bare one kept up the familiar hopping movement. Fred looked at the culprit a moment and then sprang forward and, seizing one shoulder and the long braid of hair, turned her around to the light, while the miserable girl covered her face with her hands. Fred laughed loud and long, saying: "Well, I'll be jiggered if it isn't

Polly!" Archie said nothing and was trying to pretend that he did not know anything at all until he saw the tears streaming through the fingers, and then

"Fred, I am ashamed of you. You are not treating your sister right at all. Here, Pol-I mean Miss Adams," continued he, at the same time jerking the big maroon cover from the old fashioned square piano, to the instant destruction of two plaster ornaments. "Here, Miss Pol-Adams."

Saying this with a lordly air, he wrapped the shrinking little figure in its beneficent folds, while her heartless brother lay on the carpet in convulsions of laughter. She sobbed out: "I-I-forgot-something-and that is

"Ah, bosh! You just wanted to see if Archie had put a present on the tree

"Oh, Fred; don't!" she cried, while ears trickled down her hands. "Mr. Adams, I consider your treatment of your sister very harsh-very

"Well, I suppose she can't help being a little fool," continued Fred,

"Sir, another such remark concerning this ang-ah, your sister-under the circumstances will sever our friendship. Pol-Miss Polly, I have your present here. I was going to give it to you tomorrow, but under the present circumstances I shall ask if von will accept it now and here, as

with it you will have a protector." With a malevolent look at Fred, Archie fumbled in all his pockets until he found a small box. Then he reached for one of Polly's wet little hands. Archie looked very imposing to Polly, and little by little her sobs ceased, and by the time he had opened the box she could see through her dimmed eyes that he had a superb solitaire ring for her-one to make the heart of any girl proud, and one in keeping with his wealth. So she even smiled a little as Archie, with one last look of deflance at Fred, placed the sparkling ring on the proper finger and then folded her in his arms proudly and with a look of ineffable happiness, though Polly did look something like a noble squaw

Christmas With the Mokis. The whole affair has the character of what we should call a mystery play, the dramatic action representing the fight of the sun god to return northward from his home in the mountains. Malevolent genii are trying to drag him back, while friendly divinities aid him in the struggle. He wins, of course, and comes back to Moki Land to warm the earth with his rays and to cause it to smile with fresh harvests. When those harvests are ripening in the following summer the snake god, which controls the water supply so urgently needed in that arid country, must be appeased by another ceremony specially devised for his glori- An' yet I've been a-waitin' here fication, the principal feature of which is the famous snake dance, concerning which so much has been written .-American Family Magazine.

Christmas Post Cards. The favorite Christmas post cards have very little room for writing. The entire back of the card is covered with a "Madonna and Child" by Murillo,

Raphael, or, to come to more modern times, Gabriel Max or Bouguereau. The coloring is most artistic, and these cards are quite worth framing as little works of art. Some of these Madonnas-for instance, the Raphael "Ma-Roman searf flung over the back of acute distress. the chair. Other subjects are to be had in these truly artistic post cards, ideals of Endic's childhood, and Sadie New York Globe.

Turkey Which Ended Long Fast. An odd incident of the last Christbreaking of a month long fast by James Barrington, who had been in tree and in stocking, custody two and one-half years on a and when the jail rations were served minus the national bird he refused to cat and promptly went on a strike. He declined his provisions consistently until Christmas, when he got the pined

A man with a sprained ankle will use a erutch, rest the ankle and let it get well. A withdrew his head, sans hirsute adornhave rest just the same. Kodol will do it. assemblage was startled by a desolate Kodol performs the digestive work of the | wail that suddenly rent the air. tired stomach and corrects the digestive apparatus. Kodol fully conforms to the pro- Santa Claus! He's only Johnny Smith's visions of the National Pure Food and Drug | papa!"-New York Press. Law. Recommended and sold at Parker's

depends upon the amount of foolish- complexions, bright eyes and happy thoughts.

Off Santa Claus' · Beat ·

S'POSE there is a Santa Claus That brings them pretty toys An' candy an' mince pies an' things To lots o' little boys.

But where we live down here, I guess, Is sort o' off his beat. I'm pretty certain, anyway, He never found our street.

He goes around to all the stores An' fills 'em full o' things Like sleds an' skates an' railroad cars, The kind he always brings, An' then he seems to lose the way To our house. Ain't it queer

That all the times he's come to town

He's never been down here?



HE GOES AROUND TO ALL THE STORES AN

I asked my mother if I might Go wait for him uptown An' tell him that the boys I know Invites him to come down, But she just sort o' chokes an' coughs, An' then she looks away An' says, "He'll find us out, I guess, An' visit us some day."

So long that I don't b'lieve I'll ever see him come at all On any Christmas eve. I'm goin' to ask a p'liceman if Santa he should meet He'll just go up an' speak to him An' point him out our street.

A LOST ILLUSION.

-New York American.

Sadie's Sante Claus Was Only Johnguise at a Christmas Sunday school endonna of the Chair"-are framed in a tertainment and the consequent diswreath of glowing holly, which con- covery that "he was only a man after trasts vividly with the colors in the all" caused one little girl at least

notably portraits of fair women by parted with her ideals reluctantly. She Romney and Lely, Reynolds and was sure she heard the reindeers scam-Gainsborough, Greuze and Le Brun .- | per over the roof every Christmas eve. and the fact that even the gas logs were a pretty tight fit for the chimney did not disnel the illusion that somebow Santa Claus, despite his corpulence, mas celebration in St. Louis was the managed to slip through the tiny slit with his pack and leave presents on

So when she saw on the Sunday charge of murder. Barrington expect- school platform his hoary head and ed turkey for dinner Thanksgiving day, beard, fur trimmed coat, fat stomach and short legs-and, above all, his pack -she greeted the familiar figure with enthusiastic applause. Unfortunately for Sadie's peace of mind, however, the hoary hair and beard became entangled in the branches of the Christmas tree when Santa Claus began to hang up the contents of his pack, and when he man or woman with an over-worked stom. | rient, he revealed the familiar features ach can't use a crutch, but the stomach must of a prominent churchman. Then the "Oh," sobbed Sadie, "there ain't any

Dade's Little Liver Pills thoroughly clean Sometimes the popularity of a fad the system, good for lazy livers, make clear Sold by the Kerner-McNair Drug Company

TAWNEY'S TORTURED FEET. The Minnesona Representative's Early

Recollections of Christmas, "Early Christmas recollections are associated in my mind always." says Representative James A. Tawney of Minnesota, "with the picture of a great and beautiful church lighted in every part with wax candles-thousands of wax tapers-a surpliced choir and the strains of a wonderful organ; this picture against the background of a cold, black morning before sunup, of frozen rutty roads, of a bleak north wind, a breakfast of ginger cookies and a pair of stiff erumpled boots, which made every step of a three mile trudge through the darkness a twinge of exquisite pain

"I was nin ' years old. My brother was twelve, and with superior strength and determination he overruled my desire, due to the boots, to turn back for home. The trouble arose from the fact that we had fallowed the boots the night before, and the tallow had hardened. It was necessary to suffer until the warmth of the foot melted the tallow and made the boots less torturesome. So we plodded on. "It was our first Christmas festivity.

We lived on a farm two miles from Bonneauville, in Adams county, Pa., and brother had conceived the idea of going to mass at the Catholic church three miles distant. For this purpose we had risen before 3 o'clock in the morning, had quietly abstracted some cakes from the jar in the cellar, and, as I have described, prinfully I trudged to the town and the big church. "It seemed big to the nine-year-old

boy, and it seemed gorgeous in its illumination Wax candles I never had heard of, and so many I never dreamed existed. We edged in with the crowd and stool at the rear of the church, and my boy eyes drank in a scene which never has been nor probaldy will be forgotten. It was wonderful, spectacular, dramatic to me, and that picture panetuates the vista of past Christmas days like a striking work of art in a gallery of vaguely renembered pictures."-Pittsburg Press.

THE ART OF GIVING.

Christmas Presents a Subject Demanding Serious Study. Giving Grisimas gifts is almost a acience. It is certainly a study for one vho really wishes to give and not distrees and em arrass. No one is more helpless than the woman who receives an utterly useless and undesirable gift. She is fairly torced into falsehood and

she does not feel. The woman who has a green parlor who has a blue dining room and receives a set of doilies embroidered with purple violets, or the woman with a sallow complexion who is given a delicate pink shawl, is actually made to sin against truth. She feels, if she is of a naturally grateful and tender dis- | Et. a total you would see what a time there position, that she must express thanks which she does not feel. Then, ten chances to one, if it is not a struggle for her not to pass along those useless gifts next Christmas and fairly involve herself in a mesh of deceit, she goes about terrified lest by any unforeseen chance the first giver should discover the gift in the hands of the second recipient.

is obliged to express gratitude which

Often people are so deluged by useless gifts that memory falls them concerning the givers. Such mistakes are likely to occur, and petty and absurd, but no less lasting, fends are the consequence.-Philadelphia Press.

A Strangely Wrought Reunion. A joyful Christmas celebration in the home of Adolph Gebhardt of Lincoln, Neb., over the return of a long lost brother was brought about through the medium of a moving picture exhibition. Adolph was watching the entertainment one night when he was struck by the strange familiarity of one of the figures. He returned a second and a third night | efore he was able to recognize the features, and then he startled the spectators by shouting, "It is George; it is George!" It was learned that George was an actor in a New York theater. Telegrams passed, and George arrived in Lincoln on Christmas day. They had not seen each other for nearly ten years.

The Fast Flier. Time a-flyin' on so fast O'er the fresty ways: Christmas comin' all too soon These here later days!

Scarcely end one Christmas song Fore the next one comes along. Yet, what matter? Let 'em come! Speed you down Time's river! We'll be boys forever!

Maybe we'll get wings at last!

Time is flyin' on so fast,

Christmas at Yum

ON the Island of Tum, where the weather Chey never have neat little stockings to wear, So they run about barefoot all day. And when it is Christmas and Santa Claus The almost goes out of his mind

As he searches in vain for some stockings When there aren't any stockings to find. N the Island of Yum, by the tropical sea, Where people live right out of doors, Chey sleep in the shade of the cocoanut

And cook on the sand covered shores. But when it is Christmas and Santa appeare Be's sorry he made them a call, for how can he slide down the chimneys,

When there aren't any chimneys at all?



POPCORN AND CANDLES HUNG TO A PALM.

The mango and banyan and date, So the children of Yum eat the fruit that they

Ht.J enjoy it, it's needless to state. But when poor old Santa comes every year Le struggles in vain to keep calm, for popcorn and candles look awfully queer Chen hung to a coccanut palm.

The children I'd merrily teach: I'd build 'em all chimneys, and then I would give H rice rais of stockings to each.

Hnd I'd send out a shipload of Christmas Mulicased to the children by name, would be

Wifen Christmas and Santa Claus came. Maliace Irwin in New York Globe. The Christmastide Lesson.

The Christmastide celebrates the birth festival of our Lord. The incarnation of Christ is the central thought in the history of the world. His birth has exalted the poetry, the music and the art of the centuries. It has changed all social customs and religious rituals. It has given a new glory to human life and a new trend to eternity. This is the time when all bitterness should be forgotten, all family fends reconciled and all life glorified. God grant that the day may speedily come when the song of the angels celebrating the birth of the Christ may find its fulfillment throughout the whole world.

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."-Dr. Robert Stuart Macarthur, Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, New York

The Gladsome Bells.

"Do you enjoy hearing the gladsome Christmas bells?" we ask of our friend who has retired from business pur-

"I did last year, and that's the "They had a joyous sound then?" "I should say they had. They were

the fire bells, and my stock of unsold but heavily insured Christmas stuff was burned."- Judge. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup containing Honey and Tar is especially appropriate for

children, no opiates or poisons of any character, conforms to the conditions of the National Pure Food and Drug Law, June 30, 1906. For Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. It expels Coughs and Colds by gently moving the bowels. Sold by the Kerner-McNair Drug Company.

IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

Suffering Children. In one of the German hospitals of our Christmas belongs to the children-

to them in a deeper, more beautiful sense than "everybody" knows. One is reminded of it, however, if he witnesses such a scene as is portrayed in this hospital on Christmas eve. One of the nurses dresses in a long, soft flowing robe of white, bearing in her hand a fir bough covered with snow. The snow is cotton sprinkled with diamond dust. This is the Christmas angel. The children are told of the gentle visitor and wait in their little cots. When darkness is outside they hear the strains of sweet music in the distance. The nurses are singing Christmas carols, and the sounds come through open

are carried, some are rolled, and some can walk. Sure enough, each finds there what he asks for-drums and dolls and trumpets and books. On a long, low table is a plate for each one, filled with candies and queer little German cakes. On one wall is a tableau of the Nativity made of small wax figures. and a painting on the wall completes the perspective of hills and shepherds and the guiding star. Hanging from the wall in the center of the ward is a large hoop covered with laurel. At intervals around it are set lighted candles. It is suspended from the ceiling by four wide ribbons.

In the fever ward, where the contagious diseases are cared for, the little patients of course cannot leave, but end of the ward, brilliantly illuminated by tiny, many colored electric lights. -Philadelphia North American.

As the once popular "donkey party" no longer holds forth for novelty, here is something new-a Santa Claus party. Take an old sheet and paint or draw on it a Santa Claus. Have a number of red caps cut from medium weight water color paper and distributed among the guests. Taking turns, let each one be blindfolded and, walking toward the sheet, try to place the cap on Santa's head. The person succeeding is the winner and receives the prize of a toy Santa Claus. The two who also come the nearest might be given prizes of reindeers.- Bee Hive.

mucliage and sprinkled with common

Artificial Snow.

White cotton slightly smeared with

Where the Christman Angel Visite country is observed a custom quite in accordance with the beautiful sentiment the Germans weave about Christ-

everybody knows that-but it belongs

doors. Then the Christmas angel comes. She goes to each little cot. bending over each little form to listen to the whispered secrets. Each one tells her what he wants on Christmas day. Then, with a tender word, she passes out, and to the sound of the carels they all fall asleep-those who can slip away from pain. When the day dawns all the children are taken into the kindergarten. Some

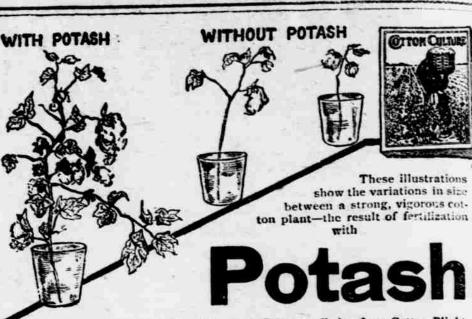
they have their Christmas too. Two large, fine spruce trees stand in each

Caught Santa on the Street. A Santa Claus from the Salvation Army was ringing his bell beside his iron pot in Fourteenth street, says the New York Mail and Express, when suddenly a little girl broke away from her mother in the passing throng and, rushing up to the pseudo Santa, grabed him by his gown and began rapidly to tell her wants. First she gave him her full name and address, with many injunctions not to forget. Then she rattled off a list of things she wanted, regardless of the attempts of her mother to induce her to come away and not bother Santa. The little girl was persistent, the crowd gathered around to hear her little invocation, and for awhile she blocked traffic on that side of the street.

A Santa Claus Party.

Christman In the South. In the south Christmas is celebrated as we observe Fourth of July. The presents may be of the most inexpensive character, but there will be a bountiful supply of firecrackers, torpedoes and roman candles, not forgetting the tin horn, which begins to toot on Christmas eve and continues till midnight of Dec. 25. The cry of "Christmas gift!" resounds, and never once does one hear "Merry Christmas."-Chicago Record-Herald.

salt or diamond dust will make the best wintry effect. For store window or table decoration mirrors make good water imitation with small sized ducks placed on them. The effect of new fallen snow can be produced by taking the branches and dipping in gum arabic water and then sprinkling with flour. Snowball effect can be produced by taking toy balls and covering with cotton wool.-Bee Hive.



and plants unfertilized and in consequence suffering from Cotton Blight. This and other inter sting experiments are described in our books,"Cotton Culture" and "Profitabl: Farming"-free to any one interested. Written by experts, and full o' valuable suggestions which, followed out, will insure better and bigger crops and larger profits. Write for them to-day. **GERMAN KALI WORKS** Atlanta, Ga.-1224 Candler Buildin

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The Romance of Mistletoe. By the Teutons mistletoe was held sacred to Baldur, the sun god, the son of Freya, the Scandinavian Venus. In Baldur all that was beautiful, eloquent, wise and good was henored, and he was the spirit of activity, of joy and of light. Predicting his own approaching death, his mother, Freya exacted an oath from animals, planets and minerals not to injure him. The mistletoe among the plants had been forgotten. When this was discovered by the treacherous Hoeder, the blind god of brute strength, he took a wand of it, and, being directed how to aim it, the mistletoe pierced Baldur through

the heart, and he fell dead to the

ground.-Boston Traveler.

Some Christmas Quotations. The quotations given below may be of some value to those who like to accompany a Christmas gift with an appropriate sentiment: With a calendar, is the best day of the year;" with a book. "An o'd friend to trust;" with a pair of slippers. "We must go together;" with a pair of gloves, "We're a pair if ever there was one."

Thousands of people have been made to re-

joice by spending their money with

A. T. Barnes, for he cares for your

Little cakes that will please the chi dren either at the table or on th Christmas tree are made as follows

Christmas Cakes.

Bake the cakes in little patty or mulhi pans and frost the tops with a whit icing. Dip a small new paint brush melted chocolate and draw a face of each. Make some crying and other laughing, the different expressions be ing made by the curve of the mouth ine. The merest outline will be suffi cient. Cut a circle of tissue paper of white or any other color liked two inches larger than the cake, pink the edge with scissors and run a thread round one inch from the edge. Put a cake in the paper, draw up the thread, and a cunning little cap is formed. The pleasure of small children will well repay the trouble of making these little cake bables.-Pittsburg Press. Holly Superstition.

There are many traditions connected with holly-one, that it is unlucky to bring it into the house before Christmas eve. There are two kinds of holly. the prickly and nonprickly, and according as the holly which is brought in for the Christmas decoration is smooth or rough the wife or the husband will be master. A bunch of holly with berries must be broken from holly which has been used in church decoration and kept until the next Christmas to protect from lightning and insure a lucky

First Aid to Santa Claus. A clever idea for a Christmas night party is to have the gifts come in on a sled piled high and strapped on and the sled drawn by two lads dubbed Santa Claus' assistants. The place cards at the supper which follows the distribution of the gifts should be tiny sleds made from cardboard and dipped in mucilage, then in diamond dust, the rope to be of silver cord and each sled drawn by a miniature Santa Claus about three inches high.

The Children's Festival. "And a little child shall lead them. The entire meaning of the festival of Christmas is contained in these words. It is the festival of the children be cause on this day God, the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. took upon him human nature in the shape of a helpless and beautiful child -Rev. John Talbott Smith, L.L. D. President Catholic Summer School of

No More Wanted. "Merry Christmas, old man! And

many more like it." The man addressed turns a baleful, sleepless eye upon the speaker and

America.

ed the baby.

"Many more like it! Say, you hadn't beard that twins came to our house last night, had you?"-Judge.

Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-yearold sister Mary: "Merry Christmas!" "Jessie Christmas!" promptly answer-

"Jessie Christmas!"

Are There Others! Christmas is coming And Santa Claus, too, And, being dead broke. Lord, what shall I do? The children will cry.

Their mother will pout-I'll have to go try Put my watch up the spout.
--Florida Times-Union.

suddenly, striking her head against the table. She was too frightened to the label. She was too frightened to feel the hurt, for the noise was great the hurt, for the noise was great the strike Evel into earling. This Train Just Arrived With Fine FURNITURE, NOVELTIES, &c., Suitable for Holiday Gifts, for

Load purchases to make prices same as factory

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