

Polly and the Mistletoe

By OLIVE HARPER.

"I believe I will," said Polly Adams to a ridiculous china doll that sat on the chimney 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 parlor, and Polly had been sitting beside the fire in her pretty yellow eiderdown pajamas.

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



HE WRAPPED THE SHRINKING LITTLE 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 a champion."

Saying this, the dainty little beauty stamped her foot, now in its slipper, which jarred the room over so slightly, and the doll did not stir.

"I must get up," she said, "I will go to bed. I hope I'll not fall and break my neck and ruin the house."

Just as this very courageous little maiden stepped to the table with one foot, while the other was still resting on the insecure chair, she heard the sound of a latchkey in the front door and then a blast of whirly wind and two voices in the hall.

"What's that? Burglars, I'll bet. Come on, Archie."

Saying that, she bounded forward and switched on the light and, seizing a heavy cane from the hatrack, sprang into the parlor.

"Burglars! Here's the light. They're after the gifts on the tree. Come on!"

"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 down the fingers, and then he said boldly:

Off Santa Claus' Beat

By OLIVE HARPER.

"I suppose there is a Santa Claus. That brings them pretty toys. An' candy an' nice 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. To our house. Ain't it queer That all the times he's come to town He's never been down here!"

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

"Oh, Fred, don't!" she cried, while tears trickled down her hands.

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TAWNEY'S TORTURED FEET.

By OLIVE HARPER.

"Early Christmas recollections are associated in my mind always," says Representative James A. Tawney of Minnesota.

"It was our first Christmas festivity. We lived on a farm two miles from Homerville, in Adams county, Pa., and brother and I were the only ones of going to mass at the Catholic church of three miles distant.

"It seemed big to the nine-year-old boy, and I seemed gorgeous in its illumination. Wax candles I never heard of, and many I never dreamed of.

"The woman who has a green parrot and receives a blue diamond ring, and a set of dollies embroidered with purple velvet, or the woman with a pale complexion who is given a delicate pink shawl, is actually made to feel a naturally grateful and tender disposition.

"The Christmas celebration in the home of Adolph Goehardt of Lincoln, Neb., over the return of a long lost brother was brought about through the medium of a picture exhibition.

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Christmas at Yum

By OLIVE HARPER.

"On the Island of Yum, where the weather is fair, and the children are always at play, they never have had little stockings to wear. So they run about barefoot all day."

"On the Island of Yum, by the tropical sea, where people live right out of doors, they sleep in the shade of the cocoanut trees."

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THE ART OF GIVING.

By OLIVE HARPER.

"The Christmas spirit is almost a science. It is certainly a study for one who really wishes to give the right things and in the right way."

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IN A GERMAN HOSPITAL.

By OLIVE HARPER.

"Where the Christmas Angel visits suffering children—In one of the German hospitals of our country is observed a custom quite in accordance with the beautiful sentiment the Germans weave about Christmas."

"Christmas belongs to the children—everybody knows that—but it belongs 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."

"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 doors. Then the Christmas angel 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 carols they all fall asleep—those who can sleep of from pain."

"When the day dawns all the children are taken into the kindergarten. Some are carried, some are rolled, and some can walk. Sure enough, each finds there what he asks for—dolls 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 white ribbons."

"In the fever ward, where the contagious diseases are cared for, the little patients of course cannot leave, but they have their Christmas too. Two large, live spruce trees stand in each of the ward, brilliantly illuminated by tiny, many colored electric lights.—Philadelphia North American."

"A Santa Claus 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, grabbed 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."

"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 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 reindeer.—Bee Hive."

"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."

"Artificial Snow. White cotton slightly smeared with mullage and sprinkled with common salt or diamond dust will make the best wintry effect. For store window or table decoration mirrors make good white 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 and then sprinkling with white. Snowball effect can be produced by taking toy bells and covering with cotton wool.—Bee Hive."

"Some Christmas Questions. 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, 'Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.' With a book, 'An old 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.'"

"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 kids dressed 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 mullage, then in diamond dust, the 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 those words. It is the festival of the children because 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. —John Talbot Smith, LL. D., President, Catholic Summer School of America."

"No More Wanted. 'Merry Christmas, old man! And many more like it!' The man addressed turns a painful, sleepless eye upon the speaker and replies: 'Many more like it? Say, you hadn't heard that twins came to our house last night, had you?'—Judge."

"Little Jessie woke up on Christmas morning and called to her four-year-old sister Mary: 'Merry Christmas!' 'Merry Christmas?' promptly answered the baby. 'Are there others? Christmas is coming. And Santa Claus, too. And, being dead broke, Lord, what shall I do?' 'Your mother will put—' 'Put my wad up the spout. —Florida Times-Titan."

Potash advertisement with illustrations of plants and text: 'WITH POTASH WITHOUT POTASH' and 'GERMAN KALI WORKS'.

Lucky the Man advertisement: 'Who rides in a CORBITT BUGGY Made of the best material, well put together by skilled workmen. Built for Service. We manufacture all grades of Buggies, Surreys, Carriages and Delivery Wagons. The Corbitt Buggy Co., HENDERSON, N. C.'

CHEW Grape TOBACCO advertisement: 'YES! GRAPE TOBACCO is just a little sweeter than any of the so-called sun-cured plugs made to imitate GRAPE, and they are all imitations—WHY? because that rich, sweet flavor is peculiar to the genuine Leaf, and we have been buying and manufacturing it for over fifty years. IT IS MADE BY A FIRM THAT KNOWS HOW R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.'

Large advertisement for Barnes' Big Furniture House: 'This Train Just Arrived With Fine FURNITURE, NOVELTIES, &c., Suitable for Holiday Gifts, for Thousands of people have been made to rejoice by spending their money with A. T. Barnes, for he cares for your homes. ALEX. T. BARNES, Conductor. JOS. S. ROYSTER, Engineer. THE SANTA CLAUS EXPRESS. LOADED WITH BARGAINS FOR Barnes' Big Furniture House Henderson, N. C. LOADED WITH BARGAINS FOR Barnes' Big Furniture House Henderson, N. C. The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock to Select from Ever Shown in Henderson'