

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A DECREE ISSUED FORBIDDING SWEETS FOR TWO WEEKS

Rome, via Paris, Dec. 15.—A decree has been issued forbidding for two weeks the manufacture of candies or cake or their transmission by post or railways. The decree further forbids hotels to serve meals containing more than one meat course.

The decree will prevent the sending of an enormous number of Christmas dainties intended for the soldiers at the front.

An Assurance

"Don't you think a holiday is more cheerful when there is a large family gathered about the festive board?" "I do," answered the sardonic person. "A large family is a glad assurance that there is not going to be enough turkey left to supply the menu for the next few days."

Indians say the best time to catch a deer is on Christmas night at twelve o'clock, when they believe the deer kneels.

In many countries where they go by the old calendar Christmas is celebrated January 6, the celebration beginning twelve days before.

HARLAN'S CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 2.)

He hung his hat and overcoat on the hall rack, and striding into the living room, he flung himself into a large leather armchair and tried to read the evening paper. But the news failed to interest him somehow tonight; and as twilight came on and the room darkened, he found himself staring into the grate fire.

How many things one can imagine in the flame of a grate fire! And, as the man sat there all huddled in the big armchair, all the dear days of the dead past came trooping out of the coals. An office room he saw first, with himself sitting at a desk and a fair-haired girl at a typewriter in the corner. The girl was poorly dressed but the sweetness of her smile captivated the man at the desk. And in the next picture he heard the man asking the girl to become his wife. A hillside flooded with moonlight he beheld next—the picture of an evening from out their honeymoon, with them sitting on that hillside in the shadow of the tall, dark, sweet-smelling pines that loomed up as a background. Here there were no more visions for a time, while the man sat staring dry-eyed into the fire.

The scene of the next picture was laid in the sitting room. She was in a low rocker by the window, sewing on something soft and white. Every once in a while she looked out of the window. Through the window he saw an auto stop in front of the house, and the man who got out and entered the house was himself. She heard his step and sat with her hands loosely crossed on the sewing as he entered the room and stepping behind the rocker, put his two hands over her eyes. Then she drew down his face to hers and kissed him on both cheeks and then on the forehead and eyes and mouth. At this, Harlan buried his head on his arm, while a dry sob shook his throat.

"Oh, Nadine, Nadine, why did you leave me!" he sobbed. He turned from the flaming coals and his eye fell upon a Christmas tree all decked with shining ornaments. It was a real tree. He knew it was there for the child, and was annoyed at the thought of the cause of her death. He lit his pipe and leaned back for a smoke. But through the blue smoke haze the tree became an airy phantom dream-tree. A ladder leaned up against it and at the top of the ladder, high up, and half hidden by the pungent green boughs, stood a golden-haired woman. And he was standing beneath the tree, steadying the ladder with both hands. She was putting the last touches to the tree.

She held a shining bright tinsel in her hand; and God, what was this she was saying!

"Look, sweetheart, how bright the star is! Ah, dear, next Christmas the baby will be six months old, just old enough to notice things; and I'm sure he will notice this star; now won't he? Don't you think so, dear?"

"Come down, Nadine, come down; I am afraid you will fall," he heard himself cry, and then as she laughingly descended the ladder, he clasped her in his arms before she reached the bottom and kissed her again and again.

"You big story teller," she laughingly reproved him, "you weren't a bit afraid I'd fall; you just wanted to hug me!"

"What if I did? Now what are you going to do about it?" he was demanding—when the girl faded, and that dream picture of himself in other days vanished and nothing was left but the Christmas tree.

Harlan pulled his chair away from the fire and over to the window, and, sinking back into its depths, he watched the glimmer of the windows in the houses across the street and their soft shine on the pavement.

He must have dozed a long time, for when he awoke the arc lights in the street were lit and a bright shaft of light fell across the room, and presently into this shaft of light came stumbling a little white-robed figure. It was a little boy in his nightgown. He walked over to the Christmas tree and toyed playfully with the ornaments dangling from the lower branches.

"Pretty, pretty things," he kept saying over and over in a soft little voice. Awakened from a dreamless slumber, the first thing Jack Harlan's mind reverted to was the dream picture of his wife in the Christmas tree. And this was the child, his child and hers. He heard her voice again.

"Next Christmas he will be six months old, just old enough to notice things, and he will notice the star; it is so bright."

Had he noticed it that first lone Christmas when everything was so desolate in that household? Ah, there had been no tree! And the next Christmas, when the baby was a year and six months old, the nurse had asked if she might get a tree and Harlan had said "No." This year she had bought one without asking, and Harlan felt thankful to her and strangely glad.

What was the baby saying to himself?

"I wanted to see the star, the star but nurse wouldn't let me wait cause my papa was comin'. An' now the star's all gone; it's all dark an' gone out an' I don't see it no more—no more."

The child broke into a little huddled heap, sobbing in the shadows at the foot of the tree, and a stray ray of light coming through the hall door fell upon his fair head.

With a stifled cry of remorse and pity Harlan gathered the trembling

little form tenderly in his arms and pointed out the tinsel star at the top of the tree, while the tears of the child mingled with his. And a great peace filled his soul.

A War-time Problem

A baker informed the Rugby tribunal that he had advertised for women workers. The reply he had received was from a girl, aged sixteen, who confessed that she knew nothing of the business and asked for six dollars per week.

It is not uncommon to have a Rhode Island Red cock throw a white feather. It is no sign of impurity. These white feathers are apt to develop with age.

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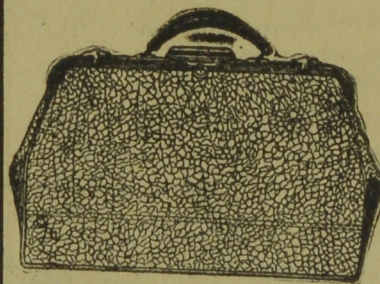
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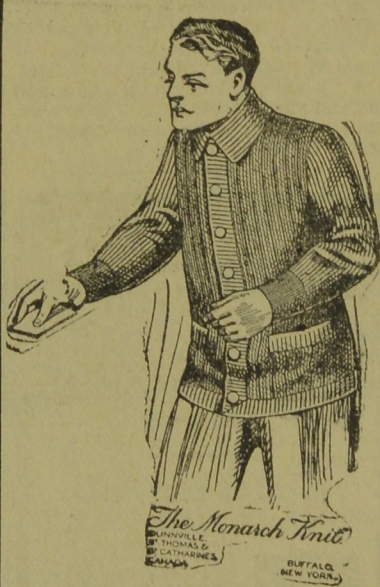
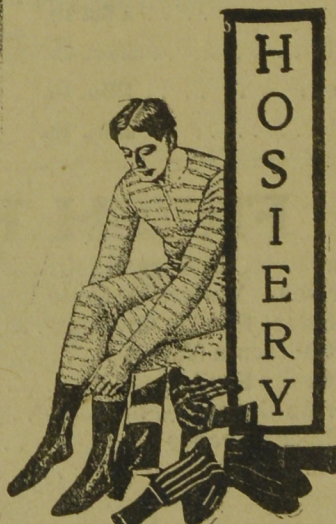
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