he Mistletoe

Ander • 1

by De Tysk Herree Cass

COIFFURED mesh of coppercolored hair, half disarranged,

yet as scientific as a spider's web humid melting eyes, luminous with a light born only of itself—a

district pitfall on one cheek where art and nature blend indistinguishably red, red moist lips beneath which the

ardent blood of maidenhood throbs

strongly like a runner's pulse -- a seduc-

tive sweep of velvety throat, with the

delicate tracery of veins showing faintly violet —a tempestuous bosom—

And around all this, Two Arms-

DouglasMallock TPON the East appears $1 \setminus a$ shining star, Pinned like a jewel to the purple night, One glowing star that lights a waiting world, Ohe gleaming star, a beacon and a lamp. IVE points it has, five points like lesser Ī stars One looks to Heaven, and its name is Faith. Two follow the horizon: one is Love The other world-encircling. Brotherhood. Another, Kindness, burning on unchanged, And Charity, the fifth, are set toward Earth To bring it nearer Heaven UT from them all, from every shining point. Pour, forth such rays! a glory radiant That seeks and finds the heaven's highest dome, That seeks and finds the deepest vale of Earth, The hearts of princes melts, the beggars' warms. BHOLD the Star," they cry, "of Bethlehem!" The Star of Faith and Love, of Brotherhood, Of Charity and Kindness! And behold Around, about, its fair effulgent rays— The Christmas Spirit-

GOOD WISHES

By FORTUNE FREE.

By FORTUNE FREE.

OMFODE said that the richest person was the one who was fullest of good wishes for others and who received their good wishes in return. Wishing others well did him or ber all the good in the, world, and the good wishes in return were powerful for good. Don't we find it so ourselves? No one can do without them. They are our dearest possessions.

Montagne Williams, the celebrated British burstler, once related the story

It so ourselves? No one can do without them. They are our dearest possessions, we will all the services of a rather unlovely old gentleman of miserly habits and redoleding in the nickbame amongst the urchins of the wished and human returnes well he kept it a secret to himself. He was a man who seemed imperious to all good wishee—a solitary old grudger who cared nothing for the good or the bud wishee of any human creature. When he died, he were means a thick-skinned as he seemed. He left a will awhich he bequeathed mough to different persons, and ten thousand pounds it so some unknown individual whom he directed his solicitor to discover if possible. That person had been accustomed to send him yearly an anonymous post end with just, "Best wishes at this time to you."

The writer gave no clue and to shall, "Best wishes at this time to you."

The writer gave no clue and to shall not a nonymous post end with just, "Best wishes at this time to you."

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The writer gave no clue as to you."
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The writer day of throw them into the control of the control of

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unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And Paul succeeded, by holding to that one diling, so that his life was glorified by the presence of Christ, and made fruithin to the rest of the Christ, and made fruithin to the rest of the Christ, and made you was a constant of the Christ, and made you do not constant to the property of the christ of the property of the christ of the christ of the property of the pr

Christ can give even a profane swearer a new heart—and also a new vocabulary, Cussing men are a men-ace.

BUYING A GIFT FOR HIS WIFE

This Man Had Plenty of Help While on a Shopping Tour.



0

HE male abopper walked up and down the alse of the big store looking about him with an expression of despuir. He wasn't that. But he kept wandering about looking at the saleswomen behind the counters with all the perplerity of a dog trying to recall: where he abouted a soup bone. He stood off to one side staring intentify at a husy young creature with

tently at a busy young creature with dark busy halfr behind the ribbon coun-ter, and at last walked up within talk-ing distance.

"Don't suppose you can leave here for a few minutes, can you?" he began in a low tone."
"What!"
"I say—never mind. I mean wait a minute Til be back."
And he rushed away to hide his consisten from the other shoppers. He did not return, but went over to another ailse and began string up people there, both in front and behind the counters. counters.

Was the man bughouse? No. Just be patient and you'll hear all about it.

be patient and you'll hear all about it. He kept tooking and looking, and at last his gaze took in a full young wom—reasonably young—with a bunch of small packages tucked under her arm. He waked up to her, healtated, and then blutted: "Beg pardon, amadam, but may I speak to you a moment?"

She gave him a look and started to



ing gone that far, to make good and convince her of the innocence of his

ing gone that far, to make good and convince her of the innocence of his motives.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, catching up with her. "I'm not trying to filtr or get fresh. Honestly, now, I'm not in the habit of speaking to women I don't know. Look me over and years of the said of

shirtwaists are usually size thirtysix."

They had been walking down the
aisle and were now right by the shirtwaist counter.
"I had a blue one picked out there,"
remarked the man, "that seemed to be
about what I wanted to get, but I
didn't know what size it was. See!
That'n lying over there on top of that
piok outfit."
"Does your wife like that shade of
blue?" the woman asked significantly,
after biting her lips for a moment.
"Why—er—well, of course she hasn't

About Christmas, consider this: There are at least four thousand kids; who were too young to take note last year who are just old enough to be surprised when the tree lights up this year. Always there is a new bunch of Christmas come-ons.

sender of those post cards to have got that money, but all efforts to find him proved unavailing.

One cannot help wishing well to the person who wishes others well. Good wisless are the biggest bond on earth. Isa't it a delightfut thing to think that others are thinking of us?

The well-wisher is thinking of us. It also plus his good thought for us into words: "I wish you every good luck," or something of that kind. It is like a grasp of a hand pressing ours. It blesses both the giver and the receiver. I don't know which gets the most out of it.

There are times when the world breaks out into a mighty shout, as it were, of good wishes. Christmas time is the great season. Never had we more need of them than at this coming Christmas time. It is an enormous opportunity for the good wisher to make his power felt. PROCESSOR SERVICES CONTRACTOR CON It is a curous and beautiful thing about this Christmas spirit that year after year it leads us to attempt the all but impossible, in order to give pleasure to others; while in the end everyone's loy is the result, not of what he has received from others, but of what he has done for them.



A Christmas Plot.

She vanted some Christmas cigars
and the dealer sold her a box of hay
perfector for 40 cents.

"Her nosband will give you fits when
he gets those," remnied a bystander.
"No; he told me to do it," explained
the dealer. "Why, his wife world sie
for divorce if she knew he pays 55 a,
box for his cigars."



ay the music of the chimes Ring you glad and happy times, And their voices clear and sweet, Unto you my wish repeat.

Unto you my wish repeat.

seea it," replied the male shopper. "Do you suppose she'd like song other color better?"

To you suppose she'd like song other color better?"

To you suppose she'd like song other color better?"

To you will be you will like you will like you will like you will be you

"Wingett," repeated the woman fare hearing his name; "there's a Mrs, Wingett in our card cital: Von don't happen to be Mrs. Alice Wingett's his-band, do you?" "I sure any." grinned the man. "She's the girl that's going to get that shirtwaist off the pino tree next Monday," "Well, of all thingy," gasped the kindly disposed woman. "I don't know Alice Wingett so vere well, but I've and Alice Wingett so vere well, but I've

"Well, of all things," gasped the kindly disposed woman. "I don't know Allce Wingett so very well, but I're met her at the club, and It does seem funny that I should be helping her bushand to pick town at Christmas present for her. My name is Cummins, I don't suppose you know my husband. He travels most of the time." "Seems to me I've heard Allce speak of a Mrs. Cummins," says Wingett. "En-by the way, meby you'd better not say anything to Allce when you see her about-about how informally we were introduced. She might think It funny. Like as not shed think I'd been walking up and down the aisis suring at tolks due to the like when you senting, "I called the to the when you mins. "I guest won't though. Seems to me the Joke would be partly on me. Well, I hope Alice likes the shirt-waist."

"If she doesn't she hasn't rood."

walst."

"If she doesn't she hasn't good taste," grinned Wingett. "I certainly am obliged to you. If you can't make oup your mind what to get your husband, let me know, and mebby I can



Holiday Activities.

"Does your wife favor useful gifts?"
"Too much," repiled Mr. Meekton,
"Last Christmas she bought me a nice,
new snow shovel.

ing all the World! Now "Peace on Earth," they cry, "Good Will to Men!"

Good Christmas Motto.

"Peace on earth, and good will to men," is the Christmas motto, and the Christmas spirit should ring in our hearts and find a kindly expression in acts and, words. What a joyful thing fog, the world it would be if the Christmas spirit of peace and good will could abide with us all-geery day of the year. And what a beautiful place this world would be to live in. And, it might be so if each one of us would resolve in our hearts that peace and good will should be our motto every day, and there we, inclindingly, the Christmas spirit line all, the year rounts

Benevolence vs. Extravagance.
The greatest obstacle to charity in the Christian church today is the fact that Jinen expend so much on their table and women so much on their dress, they have got nothing left for the work of God and the world's betterment—Talmage.

"She sent in her present to me yes

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Groans—Old Adam was a luc-in one respect, anyway, Grins—What's the answer? Groans—Eve never gave him of bargain-counter cigars for mas,

Always New.

Always New.

The multy don't give your husband tide every Christman?

Christmanity is not, many's confession to God that nothing matters, since man is what he la. It is God's shout to man that everything matters, since man seems to know that it is the same come—w. II. Blaz.

The One-idea Man.

It pays to stick to one thing. Only those persons in whose lives some one great purpose outweighs everything size rise above the shoulders of the growd. Concentration does it. Strugger in the growd of the structure of the growd of the things which are before, I press on toward the goal