

# LIVING SHADOWS

The Ryeroft children—Hilda, Irene, Grace, Harold, Roy and Douglas—were having a party during the holidays, and one afternoon they talked about what they could do to amuse themselves and their guests.

Their Cousin Donald, who was spending his holidays with them, said suddenly:

"Have you ever played at Living Shadows?"

None of the children had ever even heard of them, and they said so.

Then they all gathered round Donald, who told them what to do and how to do it, and when the evening came this is what they did:

They made the schoolroom into a theater by hanging a big white sheet across it on a string and putting some rows of chairs for the audience.

When the audience was seated they turned out all the lights, leaving only one candle behind the sheet, which threw their shadows clearly upon it.

On the sheet appeared the picture of a little girl (Grace) in a cloak, carrying a basket. She stooped down and appeared to be gathering flowers, when suddenly a big animal (Garry the collie) came bounding up and began to walk beside her. He did not look a bit like a dog, for he had a long shaggy coat which the children's mamma recognized at once as one of the skin rugs out of the drawing-room; but being very sweet and kind, and liking to see the children enjoying them-



HERE YOU SEE DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT WITH THEIR SHADOWS THROWN ON THE CURTAIN.

selves, she did not say a word, but only gave a gentle sigh.

Donald asked the audience to guess what the picture meant, and of course the answer was: "Little Red Riding Hood."

The children then acted "Dick Whittington Sitting on the Milestone" (assisted by Mowser, the tabby cat); "Robin Hood and His Merry Men" (with wonderful bows and arrows made of sticks and string); "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and many other scenes from nursery rhymes and fairy tales.

They were very careful to keep close to the curtain (or rather sheet), and also to keep the candle at the right distance from it. When change of scene was being made, another light was put near the curtain and taken away when all was ready.

Bobbie—Yes, sir, I am.

Bingo (releasing him)—Well, you see that you do, or I'll give you the worst licking you ever had in your life.

Bobbie (half an hour later, standing on the corner with Willie Slimson)—You see that man passing by over there?

Willie—Who? Your father?

Bobbie—Yes, well, Willie, there goes the biggest liar that ever drew breath. —Harlem Life.

### LITTLE JOHNNIE'S FEARS.

Where we used to live, we had  
A fireplace, big and wide,  
An' all that Sanny had to do  
Was hold his breath and slide,  
An' squeeze himself until he fit  
'The hole, an' then just drop—  
An' he knowed where the stockin's was,  
'Cause that was where he'd stop.

Where we use' to live, it was  
No trick for him to climb  
Up to the chimney on the roof  
An' find us, Christmas time;  
But now I'm worryin' for fear  
He won't know where he's at,  
Or mebbe can't get in at all!  
'We're livin' in a flat.

We're livin' in a flat, an' say,  
You mus' be mov' polite,  
Or else the janitor, he'll go  
An' lock you out at night!  
There ain't no chimney to our house,  
Where Sanny Claus can slide—  
There ain't no fireplace—just a pipe  
About two inches wide.

They heat our flat with steam—that's why  
I'm 'fraid he can't get in  
With all his toys an' drums an' things,  
Unless he's awful thin;  
An' how's he go' to wriggle out  
When he gets in? Gee whiz!  
There's such an awful little hole  
There where the sizzle is!  
—Chicago Tribune.

### Santa and Little Marion.

Little eight-year old Marion had been invited to spend Christmas with a friend of her mother, of whom she thought a great deal. While she wanted to go very much, she was afraid Santa Claus might not know where she was, and so would pass her by in his distribution of presents. The invitation was received several days before Christmas, so she had plenty of time to think it over. Her mother told her she must let her know three days before, so she could let her friend know whether she was to come or not. On the last day Marion came to her mother and said:

"Mamma, I'm going with Mrs. Clark."

"And run the risk of losing your presents from Santa Claus?"

"Yes, for I think if he don't find me he will give my presents to some poor little girl who may want them more than I do," and she turned away so as to hide the tears which were bound to come.

Her mother did not say anything, but when Christmas came Marion found that Santa Claus knew where little girls could be found, whether they were at home or away.—American Agriculturist.

### For Christmas.

"The ladies of the Sewing society are very busy now," announced the minister's wife, "but they will not let me know what they are doing."

"Yes," remarked the minister, with a bitter smile, "they're making book-marks and carpet slippers, I suppose." —Baltimore American.

## THE REVOLT OF BOBBIE

By TOM MASON

"Now, Bobbie, Christmas is almost here, and if you are a real good little boy, Santa Claus may do something for you."

Bobbie—You mean that you will do something for me, pop. That old Santa Claus racket is played out.

Bingo—Do you mean to say you don't believe in Santa Claus?

Bobbie—No, sir, I don't. I hope, pop, you don't expect me to hang up my stocking the night before?

Bingo—Why, certainly I do.

Bobbie—And I suppose you think I am going to crawl out of a nice warm bed about four o'clock in the morning, and sit by the chimney-place in my bare feet? No, sir! Just give me a list of things you thought of getting, and I'll check it off and let you know what I want.

Bingo (petrified)—Well, this is a pretty pass. You don't think there's any Santa Claus, eh?

Bobbie—I know there ain't. I've known it for three years; but I just hated to hurt my parents' feelings, so I have caught cold every Christmas morning, just to please you, until I am tired of it.

Bingo—But, Bobbie, consider. There are relatives of mine coming to spend Christmas with us. What would they say if they thought you didn't believe in Santa? Think of Aunt Jane. Why, she would never forgive me. Think of the talk it would make.

Bobbie—I can't help it, pop. This has got to stop. I can't go on deceiving people any more.

Bingo—Haven't I always been good to you, Bobbie?

Bobbie—Yes, sir.

Bingo (locking the door)—And would you go back on your father for a little thing like that? It's only a little thing I ask of you. You wouldn't disgrace your poor father and mother, now, would you, Bobbie?

Bobbie (firmly)—Don't try to move me, pop. I can't do it, that's all.

Bingo (reaching for a strap)—You can't, eh? Well, we'll see about that. (Whack.) I'll teach you not to believe in a Santa Claus. (Whack, whack.)

Bobbie—Oho! aw! aw! Please stop!

Bingo—I'll show you (whack) the duty you owe (whack, whack, whack) to your loving parents. How do you feel now? Any more like believing?

Bobbie (boo-hoo)—Yes, sir.

Bingo—That's right. And are you going to hang up your stocking? (Whack.)

Bobbie (promptly)—Yes, sir.

Bingo—And get up at three o'clock as you always have done?

Bobbie—Yes, sir.

Bingo—And are you going to talk to those relatives of mine about dear, good old Santa Claus, and wonder what he's going to give you, and clap your hands together, and get excited like a genuine innocent little boy?

## MARINES ARE IN CAMP.

Uncle Sam Will Jealously Guard the Health of the Men Near Gulf of Darien.

Washington, Dec. 18.—In a cablegram from Rear Admiral Coghlan, commanding the naval force in Atlantic-Isthmian waters, the landing of the battalion of marines from the Prairie at Gorgon is recorded. The battalion will go into camp at that place, the medical officers having reported that the health conditions there are fairly satisfactory. Gorgon is some distance above the sea level and it is hoped the men will be free from tropical illness. The Dixie's battalion of marines have encamped at Empire. Care will be taken that all the American force on the Isthmus shall drink only distilled water, and the Prairie will be kept there for the purpose of distilling an adequate supply.

## DIETRICH AGAIN INDICTED.

Federal Grand Jury at Omaha Hands Down Another Batch of Accusations Against Nebraska Politician.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 18.—The United States grand jury has made its report to the court, returning 19 true bills. These include indictments against United States Senator Charles H. Dietrich, for alleged illegal leasing of a building at Hastings, Adams county, to the government to be used as a post office; former Adj. Gen. Leonard W. Colby, for the alleged embezzlement of government funds; Daniel Gaines, of Bassett, Neb., for alleged perjury in swearing falsely to homestead entries; former State Senator Elliott Lowe, for alleged conspiracy to bribe a United States senator in the appointment of a postmaster at Alma; Postmaster John G. Mitchell, of Alma, for illegal sale of stamps; William N. Erwin, for acting as Mitchell's agent; R. M. Allen, for alleged illegal fencing of government land.

## WILL BARS BE LET DOWN?

Great Britain, Germany and Other Beet Sugar Countries Will Claim Same Privileges as Cuba Receives.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The president signed the Cuban reciprocity bill a few minutes before one o'clock Thursday afternoon.

Now that the bill has become a law a question of great interest has arisen namely, the effect of the reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar upon importations of sugar from other countries. The British government has served formal notice upon the state department that under the favored nation clause it expects that Cuban sugar from the British West Indies shall be admitted into the United States on equal terms with Cuban sugar, and it is not doubted that Germany, France, Austria and the other great beet-sugar producing countries will do likewise. An old holding of Attorney General Olney in President Cleveland's administration was adverse to such demands, but the question promises to be reopened with vigor.

## POSTPONE ACTION ON WOOD.

Senate Committee on Military Affairs Will Take Until January 4 to Prepare Majority and Minority Reports.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The senate committee on military affairs has decided to postpone action in the case of Gen. Wood until January 4. It is planned to go over the entire testimony that was introduced in the investigation of charges and give time for the preparation of the majority and minority reports which will be made. The majority report, it is expected, will be an indorsement of Gen. Wood's military and civil record in Cuba.

## BLACK IN PROCTOR'S PLACE.

National Commander of the G. A. R. Tendered the Position of Civil Service Commissioner by President Roosevelt.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The president has tendered the position of civil service commissioner made vacant by the death of John R. Proctor to Gen. John C. Black, of Chicago. Gen. Black is commander-in-chief of the Grand Army. Gen. Black has not indicated whether or not he will accept the appointment. He was commissioner of pensions during the second administration of President Cleveland.

## GEN. WALLACE HAS CANCER.

Veteran Soldier and Author in a New York Hospital Seeking Relief from an Ailment of Long Standing.

New York, Dec. 18.—Gen. Lew Wallace is here under the care of an eminent specialist. He is taking the X-ray treatment for a cancerous condition of the nose and if this treatment is not successful may submit to an operation as a last resort. He has suffered from this ailment for a number of years. It has not affected his general health and the ailment may not shorten his days.

## Cochran to Succeed McClellan.

New York, Dec. 18.—W. Bourke Cochran will be nominated by Tammany hall to succeed Mayor-elect George McClellan as the representative from the Twelfth congressional district as soon as McClellan resigns his seat to undertake his duties as the municipal executive.



Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga.,

tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, and escaped the surgeon's knife, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The universal indications of the approach of woman's great enemy, inflammation and disease of the ovaries, are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. On examination it may be found that the region of pain will show some swelling. This is the first stage of inflammation of the ovaries.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation.

"I felt so weak and sick that I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal, and so I told him that I would not undergo it. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of your Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, so I kept taking it for ten weeks, and at the end of that time I was cured. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health, and am now.

"You surely deserve great success, and you have my very best wishes."—MISS ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Another woman saved from a surgical operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read what she says:—

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died.

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that.

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it, I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and also recommend the same to anyone suffering as I was."—MRS. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa.

All sick women would be wise if they would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and be well.

### Somewhat Twisted.

The average American in the Philippines makes sorry work of the Spanish language; but the Spaniards also have difficulty in mastering English. A Detroit woman opened a Manila paper the other day, and saw the following advertisement of a prominent Spanish dry goods house that caters to American trade:

"Importing house receiving by all mails from Europe. The highest novelties in weavings of silks and linen. Hats, and all sorts of Adorning for ladies and children. A complete assortment of all kinds of goods for gentlemen."—Detroit Free Press.

Count Nottapenni—"Las' night I giva ze leetle beent to Miss Roxley zat I would like she should marry wiz me." Ascum—"And did she give you any encouragement?" Count Nottapenni—"I do not know. She simply say to me: 'What kinda ze nerve food do you use?'"—Philadelphia Press.

The downward road is not so downy.—Chicago Tribune.

### Can't Beat Them.

One of Representative Bartholdt's constituents came to Washington and stopped at a local hotel.

"Don't Blow Out the Gas" was the first sign he read on entering his room, and he didn't. It burned all night. When he paid his bill the next morning he found this item:

"Extra charge for burning gas all night, 40 cents."

"By George, you can't get ahead of these hotel keepers," he said.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Mrs. Jilt—"And when you told me I was married did he seem to be sorry?" Miss Hilt—"Oh, yes; he said so quite frankly." Mrs. Jilt—"Did he, really?" Miss Hilt—"Yes, indeed; he said he was exceedingly sorry, although he didn't know the man personally."—Philadelphia Press.

Governess—"Oh, Kitty, you careless child! There are not two r's in 'very.' Rub one of them out." Kitty—"Yes, But which one?"—Punch.

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