FACION NO BUSI HER TOKEN OF LOVE



By S. E. KISER. ELL," said Julie Allison, when her husband had gone upstairs, after tossing a package upon the library table, "I wonder what this is?"

She did not permit her curiosity to remain long unnatisfied.

"For goodness sake," she ejaculated to herself, with the package undone, "if he

hasn't gone and bought a whole year's supply of neckties! And I was going to get him neckties for Christmas. That's just the man of it. I don't see why he couldn't have waited a little while. Let me see. I suppose I'll have to get him a fob or something like

It was on the following evening that Frederick Allison suddenly turned to his wife, after dinner, saying:

"Oh, Juliet, I want to show you a fob that I bought for myself today. It's just the thing I've been wanting for a long time."

Juliet's enthusiasm over it was much forced, as her husband might easily have seen, and perhaps did see. After they had dropped the subject she happened to glance at his scarfpin and a new joy sprang up within her. She would get him a scarfpin for Christmas, for his old one was rather out of style and never had been an expensive one, anyway.

"By the way, dear," said Allison the next evening, "I bought something today that I'd like to have you look at."

Of course, it was a scarfpin. Juliet knew it would be the moment she saw the tissue paper package which he fished out of his vest pocket. She pretended, with a brave heart, to think it was very pretty, but she fancied that she could have made a better selection if he had only permitted her to have the chance.

At the office Allison had told the boys of the splendid plan he had hit upon for the purpose of keeping his wife from buying impossible things in the shape of Christmas presents for him, and it was with great satisfaction that he reported day after day how he was progressing.

Christmas was only a week away and Juliet lay awake a long time that night trying to think what present she could get for her husband. There were the new books, but he had informed her that he didn't want books. They had all the standard works in the library, and he never read any of the modern novels. Ah, a happy thought came to her. Some-

where she had seen a metal box in which cigars could be kept fresh and moist. She would get a box of that kind for Frederick, dear old fellow. It happen-ed, however, that Frederick came home the next evening with a metal cigar box and enough cigars, as

he cheerfully informed her, to last him all winter. Then it was that the iron entered Juliet Allison's soul. She decided to give up the idea of making her husband a Christmas present that would be in any wise distinctive. She would merely get him a pair of gloves and perhaps a few handkerchiefs. Hardly had she adopted this resolution, however, before he turned to her saying:

"I happened to be in Witherspoon's this afternoon to get some shirts, and I thought I might as well lay in a supply of gloves, handkerchiefs and suspenders. They'll probably be sent out tomorrow."

"I'm so glad," replied Juliet. "You need gloves and handkerchiefs, too. Of course, I don't know so much about of cultivation. This was a tongue preyour suspenders, and I suppose you bought all the half-hose you'll-"

"Yes, I forgot to mention that. I got a dozen pair."

"And you have all the cuff buttons and studs and such things that you need, haven't you?"

"Enough to last me a lifetime." She went back to her chair and sat for a long time gazing at the fla which flickered around the gas log. The daily paper was lying on the table at her elbow, and her glance at length fell upon some large black letters which presently resolved themselves into words. Then she read this advertisement:

UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS
OUR TEETH AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Get Your Dear
One a Set Now. Satisfaction
Guaranteed.
MOLAR & CUSPID,
Up-to-Date Dentists.

On Christmas morning Frederick Allison was somewhat surprised when his wife handed him a small plush case, saying:

"There, dear, is a set of things that you probably didn't think of when you were buying everything you thought I might possibly want to give you for a present. You don't need them yet, but you probably will some day, and I thought it would be nice to get them now, seeing that they were offered at a bargain."

He opened the case, looked at the set of teeth it contained and said: "Lets go to breakfast. I want to

hite into something."-

A Christmas Sermon

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY. D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Insti

TEXT-When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons .--Galatians 4:4, 5.



Christianity was not precipitated upon the world, but came in as the result of a long and patient preparation. The seed which blossomed in Bethlehem, was planted in the garden of Eden. In other words, it was not until "the fulness of time" that "God sent forth His Son . to redeem them

that were under the law." Why this delay? Why did not the birth of the second Adam follow immediately upon the fall of the first? Why was a diseased race allowed to suffer in the absence of the only physician who could give relief?

Some of the most interesting and thoughtful answers to this question are in a great sermon on this text by the eloquent Robert Hall, an English Baptist clergyman of an earlier generation, from whom I quote in

In the first place, it may have been God's purpose to impress the race with the great lessons of its apostasy. and the fearful consequences of rebellion. Thus to restrain our haughty spirits from acting in the future life as we have acted here.

In the second place, if it was necessary in any sense that salvation should be prepared for man, it may have been equally so that man should have been prepared for salvation Man needed to have a true knowledge of his sinfulness and the misery it produces, as well as his moral inability to overcome it in his own wisdom and strength. It needed time for man to find this out, for he must exhaust everything that nature could do before he would be prepared to receive the grace of God in the present work painting in the world

of his son. Another reason for the delay is he might be identified beyond a doubt, and St. Catherine kneel in adora- den.

be added that of all the periods in Sixtus II. was bishop of Rome from most of his Madonnas were painted. the world's history that which was 257 to 258 A D, and was martyred un. His fame rapidly spread until he was selected for the advent of the son of der Valerian God was the most favorable in at least three particulars:

(1) It was a time of great inteldegree, and was therefore able to de- picture of all times was completed. It a talented architect tect and prevent imposture as at no previous time. Tom Painc or Robert Ingersoll did not live then, but such rush lights as they could not have been seen among the luminaries of the Augustan age. In other words, if Christianity stood the test of the first century, it has nothing to fear from the present one.

(2) It was the time of a centralized human government, and Rome was in the heyday of its power. This made the whole of the civilized world easily accessible, furnishing an opportunity for the propagation of the gospel message to mankind everywhere.

(3) It was the age of the perfection of the Greek language, which for many years had been under process eminently adapted to illustrate spiritual truth, and to assist later ages in discovering the meaning of its words. Whatever was written in Greek was thought would have made the general teaching of the bible almost prohi-

The Lessons for Us. And, finally, whatever may be said as to the delay of the father in sendpoints to be considered now are these:

for the mediation of the son of God looked backward as well as forward, and his sacrifice on Calvary atoned for the faithful who had died before that event as well as for those who

follow after. rifice of himself," it behooves us to inquire whether he has yet been received into our hearts. This should be our chief concern on this anniversary occasion. This is the "fulness fore. The way to make the Christmas in the earth a Christmas in the soul is to receive Jesus Christ by faith as a personal Savior. He is God's unspeakable gift to us. Will you now vital. Do it now.

The Sistine Madonna.



which are themselves composed of starting with Fra Angelico, Fra Barthousands of cherubs. Raphael's Ma- tolomnieo and others of the first paintdonna di San Sisto, more commoniy ers in this period and reaching its known as the Sistine Madonna, ranks, height with the completion of the by universal consent, as the greatest Sistine Madonna by Raphael.

lectual refinement, when the human his death in 1520. Thus the artist was style and did his greatest work. Aside mind had been cultivated to the last thirty-five years old when the greatest from his ability to paint, Raphael was

EPRESENTING the Virgin, not was his last Madonna, although he as a mother, but as the all painted others prior to this time. The powerful queen of the neav- Madonna was the favorite theme of ens, descending from clouds painters in the renaissance era in Italy,

This Madonna was painted as an altar In the Virgin's arms there is the piece for the church of San Sisto at Christ Child, whose thoughtful eyes Placenza. In 1754 it was purchased by found in the necessity for the accumu- make it appear that he is fully con- the elector Augustus III. from the lation of prophetic evidence concern- scious of his destiny as Saviour of the Benedictine monastery and is now the ing the Savior, that when he came world. On either side St Sixtus II. property of the Royal gallery at Dres-

When Jesus came it was at the mo- tion of the queen of the heavens and Raphael, the artist, died of a fever at ment when all the prophecies concern- the Christ Child. St. Catherine is Rome when but thirty-seven years old. The Most Favorable Time in History, form the base of the picture and which at one time under Perugino. In 1784 Finally, in this connection it may are familiar in popular reproductions. Raphaet went to live in Florence, where called to Rome to decorate the Vatican Raphael Sanzio or Santi was born Toward the end of his life, about the in 1483, and this picture, his master time the Sistine Madenna was complece, was completed two years before pleted, the artist developed his own

FINE IDAHO COUNTRY

Former Alliance Man Who Lived about 1,500 acres to get water for, Here for Many Years, Writes About Idaho Country

S. B. Libby, who lived in Alliance for many years and who had a wide quaintance here, reads The Herald regularly at his new home in Weiser. Idaho. Many Box Butte county people are interested in the Idaho country and his letter which follows, elling of that country will be inter-

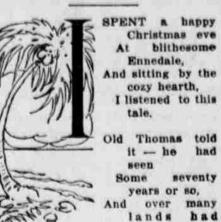
WEISER, Ida., Dec. 6 .- Thinging that perhaps some of the readers of The Herald would like to know something about the Irrigation projects accessible to all, and at any earlier adjacent to Weiser, I will attempt period the want of such a vehicle of to describe two of them, which, when completed, will water 34,000 acres of new land in this vicinity. The first at \$200,000. The water from this one is what is called the Crane creek project. The dam and reservoir are about 18 miles from Weiser, which ing the son into the wrold, the two is now finished. The dam is built between two high hills. It is about kinds of irrigation systems. Snake 60 feet high and 300 feet long and River is getting full of pumping In the first place, the delay caused holds a large amount of water. Three plants. Box Butte county, Nebraska, no injustice to the preceding ages, ditches are under construction, to water 22,000 acres of land. This land tem. You have the water. Go to it. lies all the way from the reservoir to within two miles of town. There will be 55 miles of ditches to cover this land. 60 cars of lumber will be And in the second place, "Now" that used in making flumes and bridges once in the end of the world hath he in various places along the ditches. appeared to put away sin by the sac The contract for doing this work very apt to choke unless given the was let for \$850,000, outside of the proper remedy at once. There is dam which was built two years ago nothing better in the world than Dr. of the time" for us, and God forbid that cost. The water right will be about his children: "Sometimes in that the opportunity should come and sold with the land for \$50 per acre, severe attacks we were afraid they go and leave us where we were be outside of the purchase price. Price would die, but since we proved what say to him, I accept this gift, I take all finished by April 1, 1914. The oth- A bottle should be in every home. thy son? It is so simple, and yet so er irrigation project is a private one, At all Druggists. H. E. Bucklen & being put in by the Idaho Industrial Co. Phila. St. Louis.

institute. This school is located on the outskirts of the town. It has and they started two years ago by first digging a ditch two miles long. This was done in order to bring water from one creek into another to fill the reservoir. This reservoir, when filled, will cover about two sections of ground, so it will not be a very large body of water, but will be deep. The dam is to be 80 feet high and 300 feet long on top. A two foot cement core is being built in the center, and then on the inside of the dam there will be 200 ft. of dirt and 100 ft. on the outside, so that when completed the dam will be 300 ft. thick at the bottom and 80 ft. thick at the top. It will take them another year to finish this. The cost of this project is estimated reservoir will be let into the creek to run for about eight miles and then taken out into a ditch to water the 1,500 acres. There are several can get cheap water by the well sys-

Yours truly, S. B. Libby.

Croup and Cough Remedy Croup is a terrible disease, it at tacks children so suddenly they are by the home company here. And I King's New Discovery. Lewis Chamdo not know at this time just what berlain, of Manchester, Ohio, writes es for the land will vary according a certain remedy Dr. King's New to the location; will probably run Discovery is, we have no fear. We from twenty-five to seventy-five dol- rely on it for croup, coughs and lars per acre. The ditches will be colds." So can you. 50c and \$1.00.

A CHRISTMAS STORY A MEMORABLE TREAT



been A roamer to and fro.

When I was but a boy," he said, "There dwelt not far from here A woman young in widowhood-Her name was Helen Vere.

One child she had-a little boy-I scarcely need to say He was her only earthly joy. Her comfort night and day.

Oft would she stroke his golden hair And sigh, and say, 'Ah, me Oh, weary, weary was the day Thy father went to sea!"

One day he to his mother said-'I long so much to be A sallor, as my father was, And sail the wide, wide sea.'

She gave consent, although her heart Was bound up in her son-It may be better for us both-

O Lord, Thy will be done. You won't forget me, my dear boy, When far away, I know, So with my blessing and my prayers,

Go, my own Willie, go.' Ten long, long years then rolled away, And sorely Helen pined;

No news of any kind." Here Thomas poked the fire, and

No letter from her son had come,

made The flames leap high and clear-Now I must shift the scene," he said, "And tell of Willie Vere:

'When Willie left his mother's home He shipped on board the 'Tyne.' And all went happily and well Until they crossed the line.

Then on them burst a furious storm That fiercer grew each day, intil upon a lonely isle The ship was cast away.

And when the raging storm drew off Its work of havoc done, Of all the crew but one survived, And Willie was that one.

For two long years he strained his gaze Across the wide, wide wave,

But never came a friendly ship To succor or to save. "For two long years his only food

And sea-birds' eggs, and leaves, and fruit The feathery palm-trees bore.

The long third year drew near its close,

And it was Christmas Day, Poor Willie sat upon the shore-His thoughts were far away.

'A hand is on his shoulder laid, A loud voice greets his ear-What, mate! who would have

here? Don't cry, my man, but come on board. and fuss.

thought to find

A human being

Belay your thanks We're sailing for a land of gold, 'So come along with us."

Here Thomas poked the fire, and said: "Again shift time and scene-Tis Christmas Eve at Ennerdale, The wind blows wild and keen.

'Poor Helen crouches o'er the fire And shudders at the storm; The latch is lifted, at the door There stands a manly form.

T've been a wanderer, spoke the man. 'On many a far-off shore;

I've traveled twenty thousand miles To look on home once more. "She rose up slowly from her chair,

Her lips no words expressed;

She flung her arms around his neck And swooned upon his breast." Here Thomas poked the fire, and

turned His face to hide the tears That filled his eyes, whene'er he told The story of the Veres.

And then he said with trembling voice-"No words can tell the joy Of Helen when she looked again

Upon her long-lost boy. "They left the poor and humble cot That had such sorrows seen. And dwelt together in one home

Down by old Hazeldean.

"Old William Vere, whom I knew well Has often said to me-Whene'er I read my mother's gift I took with me to sea,

"I feel I never can forget, That pious mother's love, Or ever cease to render thanks To Cod the Lord above."

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comfortably in kie chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Ha-ha! colonel At last I've found you looking sad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slapped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and mat

down. The colonel leaned farther back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed white mustache.

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throngs, "set me to thinking of how in my country schooldays we big, bad boys sometimes locked the teacher out to make him give us a Christmas treat. At the precise moment you soaked me on the shoulder I was thinking of the time we locked out our teacher. We notified him a week beforehand that we expected him to give us a nice, substantial treat when school 'let out,' as we said, on Christmas eve. He had been a good-natured fellow and had succeeded in keeping on good terms with us scamps in spite of us, so as we wanted, for the reason, to let him off as easily as possible we specified only a box of oranges and a box of candy

"'I'll think about it,' he said, laughing, and we supposed it was as good as agreed to.

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt-doubly hurt to think that a supposed friend would treat us so. We silently waited till the noon hour, and when luncheons had been hurriedly gulped, two of us were detailed to get him away from the school house on some pretext or other. They succeeded, but he didn't stay long, as it was a cold day and there was snow. When he found the door locked he rattled the knob and called:

"'Open the door, please! It is I, Mr.

"'Sorry,' one of the boys replied through the keyhole, 'but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in.'

"'Come, boys, come,' he said sternly. 'It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!"

"'We're not joking; we yelled back We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.' "For answer he pounded on the door and thundered:

"'Boys, I order you to open this

door! Will you obey me?" " "Preat!' was our ultimatum.

"Followed several minutes of silence" and suspense, then he called to us: "'Well, boys, I suppose the besleger instead of the besleged will have to surender. You may open the door. I will treat.'

"The door was opened slowly, cautiously, for we were doubtful, almost distrustful, but he was miling.

"'It is all right, boys,' he assured us. 'I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat I want you all to get your books ready

so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour.' "Then he started in a brisk

walk toward a little country town about three miles away. "It was a few minutes after two

o'clock when a hobsled, drawn by a big, iron-gray horse, gay with sleigh-bells, glided up before the schoolhouse door. Mr. Teacher, looking as pleasant as any of us, jumped out and said:

"'Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat,' he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. G- at once resumed his seat on the sled.

"'Merry Christmas to all!' he shouted.

"'The same to you!' we chorused. "We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell-Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!

"We glanced sheepishly at the big girls' who were holding their breath. In a tremor of dread we took the top off the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candles!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely. "Um," he said. "He was

teacher." "You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."-Detroit

Free Press.