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Queensware.

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BRANDS OF FLOUR

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VERY BEST ON EARTH!

Store open till the usual hours.

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I wish to announce the arrival of my
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CLOTHING,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS.

Every Purchaser of \$10 Worth
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Crayon Portrait.

The Eagle Clothing House,

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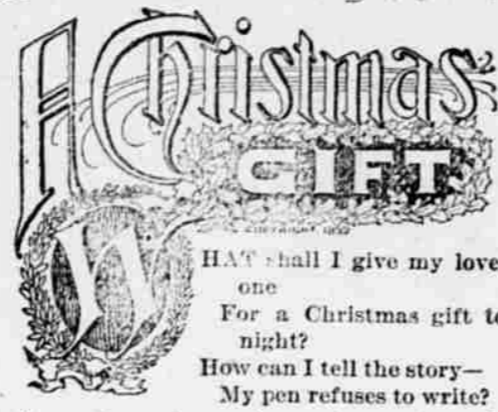
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INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD
over fails to cure and prevent disease and give grain for
Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Cows, Calves, Lambs and Pigs.
Prepared by A. Stockman. Harmless for stock in
any condition. Purifies the blood and permanently strength-
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150 Foods in each 50-cent box.

3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT

24 Fine Stock Engravings and hundreds of testimonials free
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Greatest Known Hog Cholera Preventive.
Sole agents wanted. International Food Co.
Write for 27. Minneapolis, Minn.

Sole owners of
The Latest IMPROVED MEDICATED FOOD
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD



A Christmas Gift
HAY shall I give my loved one
For a Christmas gift to-night?
How can I tell the story—
My pen refuses to write?

I would give her gems of light
From the caverns deep of night;
Opals, rubies, emeralds green,
Diamonds bright with fiery sheen;
All the spices, rich and strong,
From the eastern lands of song;
Perfumes heavy, musk and nard,
Ambergris, opaque and hard;
And the tissues soft and rare,
That Circassian beauties wear,
That with clinging, tender fold,
All her charms should closely hold.

I would give her castles fair
Far in Spain's ambrosial air,
Tall and stately, sheened with gold,
Ivy grown and gray and old.

Since I cannot give her these—
For I lack the needful self—
I will give her, if she please,
All I have—my life, my self.

DAVID A. CURTIS.



An Ishmaelite's Christmas
EDITH SESSIONS JUPPER

GOODBY, Henry," said the warden, holding out his hand.

"Goodby," said the man as he grasped his late jailer's hand; "goodby" a bit huskily. "I thank you—sir—for all your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right!" said the warden cheerily. "I try to do what's right; that's all. Just try to do that in the future, Henry, and I shall never see you here again. Good luck to you."

The great doors clanged behind Henry Johnson as he stepped out of the prison, where he had served six years, four months and twenty-five days—not the full sentence he had received, for the benefit of the allowance for good behavior had been his. But six years is a long time, long enough to change a man for better or worse.

With a new suit of clothes, a ticket to New York and twenty-three dollars Johnson walked away, once more a free man.

He had looked forward to this day for years. He had dreamed of it on his hard bed in his lonely cell—the day on which he would be liberated, on which his revenge would begin.

It was here at last. Johnson was surprised at his sensations. Instead of shouting, leaping or crying for joy, he was walking along as quietly as though setting out on a visit to friends.

Ah, friends! The word brought him to a realizing sense of what was before him. Friends indeed! In all the wide world had he a single friend?

With lightning rapidity the events of the last eight years swept before him. He saw himself honored and respected, holding a position of trust in a banking house, laying by a tidy little sum for the home which was to be his—and hers—in the near future.

Then came the scandal, the embezzlement, the mystery, the plot which wrecked his life and sent him to prison for a crime of which he was innocent. Then, through that inexplicable channel by which news drifts from the outer world to those in prison, he had learned of the prosperity of the man who in his soul he was convinced had ruined him, and of his marriage to the woman Johnson had loved.

The train for New York swept around the curve, and the smoothly shaven man in the ill fitting clothes, with despair on his face and hell in his heart, crept on and slunk into a corner by the door. He peered out the window to catch a last glimpse of the high stone wall and the sentry strolling solemnly up and down.

"How soon will I be back?" he asked himself.

Then as the gloom deepened on his haggard face he muttered, "When I come back it will not be for embezzlement, but for murder."

For Johnson had in those six dreary years of captivity calmly and coolly formulated his plan of revenge. He had decided to kill John Raymond, his former friend and business associate, just as he would kill a viper that had stung him.

How—when—where? were the words which jangled ceaselessly through his brain, keeping time to the clattering of the wheels over the rails.

At night the Bowery glittered with rows of lights that twinkled like evil eyes. Johnson tramped for many blocks, pausing now and then to gaze in the windows at the Christmas decorations. There was one display which fascinated him. In a cutter's window were stars, crosses and other emblems formed of smooth, shining, sharp edged knives. Johnson looked steadily at them for a long time. Then he went in, and selecting one particularly wicked blade paid for it from the little roll of bills, thrust it in the breast pocket of his coat and resumed his tramp.

"Christmas, Christmas," he muttered as he plodded on. "What is Christmas to me? I'd like to give John Raymond a Christmas present, curse him," and then suddenly he thought what a fine thing it would be to drive that knife home in Raymond's heart and attach a piece of paper to the handle bearing the inscription, "A Christmas present from a loving friend."

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I'll do it on the night before Christmas. What a merry Christmas it will be for me!"

People brushed against him in the throng. Children shrank at sight of his scowling face. On, on he went, unmindful of his surroundings.

SOMETHING ROLLED DOWN THE CHEEK OF THE EX-CONVICT.

Suddenly he paused before a great building into which crowds were pouring. He joined the throng and drifted in. There were lights and music. Somebody—a man with a clear baritone voice—was singing something. To the ears of the Ishmaelite stole these words:

I've found a friend in Jesus;
He's every thing to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley.
In him alone I see
All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.

Then suddenly the great audience rose to its feet and responded:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Johnson looked stupidly about. He saw faces lined with sin and suffering—the faces of thieves and outcasts. But everybody was singing. He looked at the platform. It was filled with men and women dressed in curious fashion, in dark blue costumes, with big scarlet letters on their breasts. During Johnson's prison life the Salvation Army had sprung into existence.

He all my griefs has taken,
And all my sorrows borne;
In temptation he's my strong and mighty tower—
rang out the voice like a clarion call. And once more the poor, sodden wayfarers to whom he sang answered:

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Something rolled down the cheek of the ex-convict.

He put up his hand impatiently to brush it away.

And then, half stumbling, he hurried out into the night.

But as he fled through the fast falling snowflakes he heard again the refrain well up like a battlety:

He's the Lily of the Valley.

Next day as he aimlessly walked about he came face to face with a man he had known in his old life. The man started as if he had seen a ghost, and then shamefacedly and hesitatingly extended his hand.

"Howdy do, Johnson?" he said timidly.

"Oh, I'm well enough," said Johnson with a short, harsh laugh. "I'm trying to get something to do. Perhaps you could help me."

"I—oh, no—well, you see, just now everybody's taken up with Christmas."

"Yes, so I see."

"Of course you understand it's not an easy thing to recommend a—"

"A jailbird."

"Well, er—you understand."

"Yes, I understand. I won't bother you. I'll get along in some fashion. I've a little money. But tell me, can you give me any news of Raymond?"

"Well, yes. You heard about his failure?"

"His failure? No."

"Yes, lost every cent a year ago. Poor as a church mouse. Sick, too, I heard a few days ago. Rheumatism, I believe. His wife—"

his wife—if possible, would the murderer find him.

The man in the corner of the car laughed aloud. One or two passengers near turned and looked at him, but quickly withdrew their eyes. There was no contagious mirth in that laugh, and the smile on the cruel face was the smile of a fiend.

That night he crawled into a slovenly bed in a cheap lodging house on the east side. He missed the lonely cell to which he had become accustomed, and found himself wondering if they would give him his old quarters when he went back.

Next day he prowled about the muddy streets seeking work. It was Christmas week and everybody was too busy to listen to him. He ate sparingly and hoarded his little roll of bills, counting them over and over. A strange attraction lured him to the neighborhood of the bank where he used to work. At the close of the sabbath day he stood and watched the well dressed, well groomed men emerge from the building. "That is the way I used to look," he said to himself, and then glanced down at his plain clothes and coarse shoes.

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ONE OR TWO PASSENGERS TURNED AND LOOKED AT HIM.

How? Suddenly, without warning and mercy. Even as ruin had darted upon him should the blow descend upon Raymond.

When? At night. Night, with its awful silence and mystery, should surround and envelop the deed.

Where? In his own house—the house Raymond had stolen from him. In its fancied security, in its seclusion and elegance, within calling distance of—

his wife—if possible, would the murderer find him.

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"Yes, lost every cent a year ago. Poor as a church mouse. Sick, too, I heard a few days ago. Rheumatism, I believe. His wife—"

Raymond raised himself, and with one supreme effort pointed to Johnson, crying:

"He was innocent, Nelly."

And the bright morning star of Christmas shone through the window on three people, two of whom knelt by the bed holding the icy hands of the other. Both on the white face of the dead and the living face of the Ishmaelite had settled the peace which passeth all understanding.



Close Quarters.

Clara—I hung up my stocking Christmas eve, and what do you think I got in it? A beautiful umbrella.

Maude—It must have been a pretty tight fit.

Christmas Holly.

The practice of decking churches with the evergreen is very ancient, says Chatterbox. On this account our pious forefathers gave it the name of "holly tree," of which our word holly is a corruption. Dupp tells us "that branches of this tree were sent by the Romans to their friends with their New Year's gifts as emblematical of good wishes, and the custom is said to be nearly as old as the building of Rome itself." The holly sometimes attains the height of forty feet, and when of this large size the wood is very valuable and is much used by cabinet makers. It is white, hard, close grained and takes a very fine polish. When stained black it is an excellent imitation of ebony. The long and straight tough branches are often used for whip handles and walking sticks. The leaves of the holly near the ground are frequently much more prickly than those toward the top of the tree. This circumstance forms the subject of a poem by Southey, in which he says that though in youth buffeting with the world may call forth harshness, yet a man ought to pray that unkind feelings may daily wear away—

Till the smooth temper of his age shall be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

Christmas Mummings.

Among other quaint customs still extant are those of the "mummings" and mumming at Christmas, all common in Oxfordshire, England. Some wear masks, some black their faces and others dress fantastically. They go about singing:

A merry Christmas and a happy New Year,
Your pockets full of money and your cellars full of beer.

But this is the convivial side. At this time the following apparently senseless lines are sung by the yeoman of Somersetshire:

Here comes I, little man Jan,
With my sword in my hand!
If you don't all do
As you be told by I,
I'll send you all to York
Vor to make apple pie.

Mum.

Dashaway—I hear, Bobbie, that you got a train of cars for Christmas and they had an accident. Tell me all about it.

Bobbie—I can't say a word. You see, I am one of the officers of the road.



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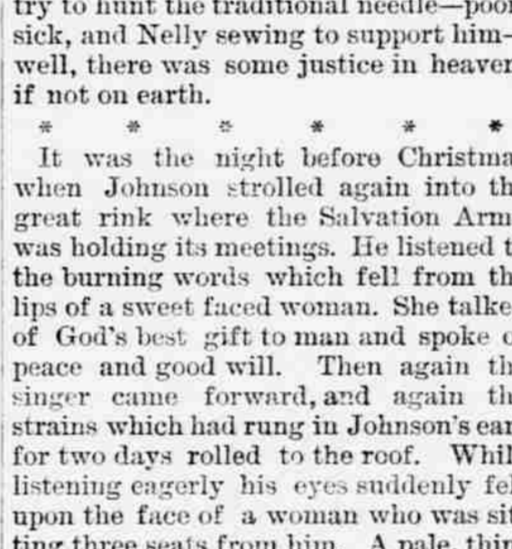
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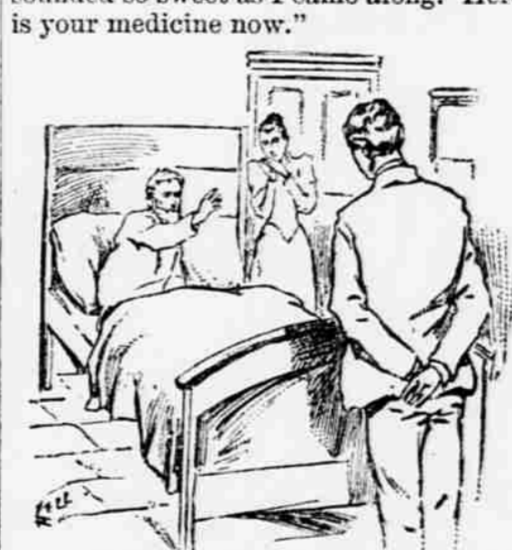
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