

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children—Experience against Experiment.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE LETTER SHE SENT.

A Xmas Sketch by Zoe Anderson Norris.

This was the Christmas letter she wrote him:

I think, my friend, that it would be best if you remain where you are. Of course you must know that it is not because I don't want to see you, I don't. But there are many reasons why I should not; why it would be best if we never met again. In the first place, after a sad season of sleepless nights and heartaches, I have learned to live quietly, composedly, rising at mornings and going about my work in a leader sort of way, it is true, but calmly; without much hope of happiness—without any, in fact, but also without that feverish restlessness which invariably follows upon the pursuit of happiness.

Indeed, I have, resolutely put the hope of happiness aside. It is not for me. You see, I have reasoned the whole thing out elaborately, carefully, laboriously. It is not as if I were a young girl, rushing blindly into a future apparently couched of rose, but in reality full of pitfalls, deep, dark and treacherous. I am a widow. I have been married once. I know. A burnt child dreads the fire. I am a little afraid of a second venture, my friend. Your letter lies before me. The address is blotted where I have kept it warm against my heart. It is quite evident that at present you are bitter. Love is always blind for a little while—for a very little while, alas! I am beautiful. I am charming. I am all ways in your thoughts. The fates have willed that we shall be happy. You are determined to see me again. You await the word to come. One who is absolutely devoid of beauty have charming. So I may be that, but I am no longer beautiful. I was beautiful once—that night I traveled up the long, perfumed aisle of a beflowered cathedral, the white bride of the man who promised there to love, protect and cherish me.

lost faith in the belief that marriages are made in heaven. Heaven had little enough to do with that marriage. Yes, I was beautiful then and long after. People turned to look at me twice. Once two women passed me. One said, "Isn't she pretty?" And the other replied, "She is the prettiest woman in this town."

So you see I must have possessed some real beauty to be admired by my own kind. Mustn't I? But now! But now! Nobody ever turns deliberately around to look at me. Their glances rest idly upon me and pass—even those of the little boys who used to do me homage. "Look at her! She is mine. I'm going to be like her when I am grown." Does this seem puerile to you? Does it seem childish? It is tragedy. A woman should die of her first wrinkle, for with it goes homage, and with homage, love. Youth of itself is beauty—the delicate contour of the cheek, the fresh firmness of the skin, the unfaded red of the lip, the bright of the eye, undimmed by tears.

And I am no longer young. All my good, fresh youth was spent on that marriage of mine which was made in heaven! I have only the shadow of what I was, but for you, besides, I am older than you. Written, those common, ordinary, everyday words, but weigh them, weigh them!

There are no weights sufficiently heavy to balance their sorrow. Hope might lighten it, but there is no hope. What if I should listen to your pleading—and it is like the tap of glad fingers at the door of my heart—afterward, when the eyes of your love had been cured of the blindness, what would be your first thought? This: "She is older than I!"

I think you would not put the thought into words. You are too kind for that. But I should see it written in your eyes.

I should behold my every defect mirrored in your eyes. That poor shadow of myself, which in all I have to offer you, would haunt me there.

Then, despairingly I should attempt to revive that evanescent charm you say I possess in the efforts to win you back.

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Not a penny to be paid me or paid on deposit in any way until you are cured or fully satisfied, and then the price is only \$4 in many cases. I have made the greatest success ever known placing my cure with sufferers on its merits, and will not be satisfied until every such one has tried it. Being a crowning success, my belts are of course limited. But the valuable advice I give is only got from ripe experience and is well—bait and advice all without charge until cured.

Call or send for one to-day, or if you want to know more about my treatment get my free books upon Electricity and Its Medical Use. Free, sent by mail.
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and fail. For doubtless the charm exists in your imagination, now you are blind. Seeing, it would cease to exist. Finally I should stand by the side of some fair young girl and, reading the comparison in those eyes of yours, suffer untold tortures—only such tortures as are known to the hearts of supplanted women. Stay where you are. That agony is more than I could endure and live. I tremble; I suffer in anticipation; I suffer acutely; the tears falling on the paper blot the words—

But this was the Christmas letter she sent:
Come! Start at once, the moment you receive this note. I shall count the days, the hours, the minutes, the seconds, the heart beats, till I see your face.

CHRIST AND POVERTY.

Wallace Irwin contributes the following poem, which is in reality a Christmas sermon, to The New York Globe:

Bare of head and bare of feet
Christ and Poverty walked the street.

Past the curse and the muck and the grime,
Past the door and the haunt of crime.

Past the glare and the haunt of sin,
And it was a church that he entered in.

The Christmas prayer at the desk was said,
And the Rich Parishioner bowed his head.

Thru the cavern oak of the organ loft
The golden music trembled soft.

And a high-priced tenor, sweet of throat,
Poured thru the arches his mellow note.

In the velvet reach of each cushioned pew
The pampered worshippers dozed, for they knew

The gifts and bequests that could insure
Their seats in the House of God secure.

"O come all ye faithful!" the Pastor said,
And the Rich Parishioner bowed his head.

Velvet and furs on either side,
Sloth and fatness, vanity, pride—

Then where in the Temple of Prayer was a seat
For the tattered of gown and the bare of feet?

Sat a simple bench by the paneled door,
"Reserved for the Poor" was the sign it bore.

And the Poor Parishioner huddled there—
Small place had he in the Temple of Prayer.

Old and feeble and mendicant,
Yet humble withal and a suppliant.

And the Son of Man, as he entered, eyed
The throng that knelt to the prayer of pride.

Then he turned to the suppliant shabby and poor
And sat in the pauper's bench by the door.

"O come all ye faithful!" the Pastor said,
And Christ and Poverty bowed the head.

Two little orphans.

I.
Santa Claus don't come our way
With them toys of his;

He's forgot the place we stay;
Don't know where' orphan's lay.

I wish some angel in the sky,
Would tell him, please don't pass us by!

II.
He don't remember we're so poor
An' needy, an' all that;

They ain't no number on the door
The place we live in!

An' when the winter nights begin,
The wind don't knock 'em in!

III.
Oh, don't we wish that he'd come back,
This here he used to do,

With all them toys in his pack,
An' say: "How's all of you?"

He's got so much good things to give—
An' done forgot where' orphan's live!

IV.
But he has forgot us so,
With Christmas gifts of his,

We won't be poor in Heaven, I know,
With all them toys of his!

I wish some angel, up on high,
Would tell him, please don't pass us by!

—Frank Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE PLAYERS' CHRISTMAS.

By Wilton Lackaye.

I.
In happier climes for luckier men while
carols welcome day,

And sleeping folk are roused by "Waits"
with Christmas roundelay.

For us—a peevish porter at the peaceful
hour of three.

Raucous—bawling "Oh! 't's quick, the 'bus
won't wait on 'troopers' feet!"

II.
Oh, the frost is on the tree tops and the
snow is in the dell!

It's a shame we left our rubbers at the
"Lake View Grand Hotel!"

But all the joys that poets sing and poetasters
rhyme!

Are lost in wondering if the train will
reach Polunk "on time."

III.
While children of the older growth their
yorker's antics view,

And in lolly frolic sharing their lost table
faith renew;

While peace of home and mirth of fest are
found on every hand,

We're the dank innkeeper called dinner in a
western one-night stand.

IV.
While your yule log's (or your anthracite's,
or gas stove's) cheery flame—

(if your "local habitation's" one that's
worthy of the "name")

If in mansion (or in "chambers," or congested
flat) you dwell,

Makes all mankind feel the magic of the
joyous Christmas spell!

While your table groans (or murmurs) with
its (more or less) display,

The mummer's mixing grease paint for the
Christmas audience.

V.
Oh, lords of hearts and dames of homes,
Whose joy of this time speaks,

In the ringing of your laughter, in the
holly of your cheeks;

'Tis twixt the orators and the coffee let a
tearful toast be drunk

To the player's poor pennies in the top
tray of his trunk.

Christmas Day.
Oh, blessed day which gives the eternal
life

To self and sense and all the brute within—
Oh, come to us amid this war of life:

To halt and novel come to all who toil
in senate, shop or study and to those

Who, stammered by the wastes of half a
world.

III warned and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers and men unman-

ned to brutes—
Come to them, best and blessing, Christ-

mas day.
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem—

The kneeling shepherds and the Babe
divine—

And let them men indeed, fair Christ-

mas day.
—Charles Kingsley.

The Gift of Love.
"What will I give her for Christmas?"—

Dear one, I have little to give,
Save a kiss for the curls

Of the sweetest of girls.
And the right near Love's bosom to live:

And ever this counsel—
"Forget not the love"

"That I give with the kiss!"
"What will I give her for Christmas?"—

Folded away from earth's strife,
I chape and curve her

And give her—"God bless her!"
Just that—and the love of my life!

And ever this counsel—
"Forget not the love"

"That I give with a kiss!"
—Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

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of the joyous Christmas spirit if it is
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like an ordinary everyday parcel, and
even the most simple gift receives an
added grace if it is put up attractively
and is accompanied by a bright, pleas-

ant greeting.
The Christmas gifts may be given a
festal appearance at a very small out-
lay of time and money by wrapping
them in scarlet or white paper and
tying them with scarlet ribbon, fasten-

ing a sprig of holly in the bows, says a
writer in What to Do. The effect, will
be so cheery and Christmas-like that
mummers paper and twine will never be
thought of again.

Little boxes, such as jewelers' boxes,
wrap up in white paper; candy or simi-
lar shaped boxes in two papers, the in-
ner one white, the outer one scarlet,
gather the ends up on top, clip into
points and frill out. Wrap books in
scarlet paper, pin cushions or other
fancy work in white, bundles in scar-

let or white and scarlet, tying at the
ends with ribbon. Umbrellas and cane
wind with strips of white and scarlet
paper, transforming them into time-
honored candy canes.

In doing up china sets for the bureau
or desk or outmeal of tete-a-tetes,
wrap the pieces in scarlet paper, gather
up on top and tie. Then clip into point-
settia blooms. Wrap the tray or plate
in green paper and tie the blossoms on
with ribbon. Cards the size of a visi-

ing card may be bought as cheap as a
penny apiece. More expensive cards
may, of course, be purchased if one's
purse holds out. A very pretty card
has a border of holly in colors, with
blank space to write or letter the Christmas
greeting or a quotation. Any of
the following lines are pleasant wishes
to send with a gift.

Yule logs of love burn in the heart
With rosy warmth and cheer,
And Care-well, may she come at most
Like Christmas, once a year.

A happy Christmas to you
May it bring you all fair things

With the sweetest remembrance
That about its coming clings.

Sunbeams bless thy Christmas day—
Gladness with thee dwell for aye.

A better gift you may have, but not
with better heart.

Our true intent is all for your delight.

OVER WEIGHT.
Sportman: "Terrible soaking they
had in the Weller Handicap! Why,
when the lockers weighed in they were
each allowed two pounds!"

Lady Friend: "Poor fellows! I sup-
pose that was to buy new clothes with."

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