



**CHRIST IS BORN**  
 Hark! the Herald-Angels sing  
 Glory to the new born King.  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.  
 Joyful all ye nations rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies.  
 With Angelic host proclaim,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
 Hark! the Herald-Angels sing  
 Glory to the new born King.

**Mrs. Jobson's Tact**  
 A CHRISTMAS STORY

While making her Christmas-shopping rounds the other day, Mrs. Jobson espied, in a furrier's window, a squirrel coat which she instantly concluded was just about right.

"That," said Mrs. Jobson to herself, amiably, but determinedly squaring her chin, "will be my Christmas present from Mr. Jobson."

Whereupon she entered the furrier's establishment and tried on the squirrel coat. "It fitted her perfectly."

"You may consider the coat sold," said Mrs. Jobson to the furrier. "But place it back in the window. I shall want my husband to see it there. By the way, I wish you would drape it on a window model with dark hair. Instead of on that blond model—my hair is dark, you know," and the furrier perfectly entered into the meaning of her smile and smiled back. "I shall pay you \$10 on the coat now to bind the bargain. When my husband pays you the full price of the coat—which he will, within a few days—why, I shall have you return the \$10 to me."

"Oh, I understand, thoroughly, madam," said the furrier, with another shrewd smile.

That evening, at the dinner table, Mrs. Jobson, by imperceptible stages, led the talk around to the subject of Christmas, and Mr. Jobson looked surprised, and then thoughtful, when she had impressed upon him the nearness of the great festival.

"Had no idea that Christmas was right on top of the 'ole again," said Mr. Jobson. "It's queer the way these Christmases seem to come around in bunches, all



"I THINK THAT COAT'S JUST RIPPING!"

clustered together, of late years. Anything you've seen that you particularly covet?"

"Oh, I have positively everything that I need," replied Mrs. Jobson, in quite an off-hand way. "I really don't care for any more jewelry, and—er—the goose-bone weather prophets all unite in saying that the winter is not going to be a severe one, so that—um—with a little fixing over, why, I think I can get through with my fur coat quite handsily. It's only a little rubbed at the sides and back, but—er—and then, shrewdly watching Mr. Jobson, Mrs. Jobson made the rest of the sentence inaudible and devoted herself to stirring the sugar in her coffee."

"Rubbed, hey?" said Mr. Jobson, scratching his chin. "Well, it's about time that coat began to rub some, isn't it? Let's see, you've had that piece of fur since—" and he leaned back in his chair and began to calculate.

"What they wearing in fur coats now, anyhow?" said Mr. Jobson, after his calculating silence.

"Oh, everything," replied Mrs. Jobson. "Mink, marten, Persian lamb, seal, of course, squirrel—it's a very diversified year for furs—everything seems to be fashionable."

"Um," mused Mr. Jobson, still looking thoughtful.

After Mr. Jobson had got away with his two after-dinner smokes that evening Mrs. Jobson got him to accompany her on a walk downtown to take a look at the shop windows in their Christmas finery. Needless to say she steered him, before he tired and began to think of his pipe and his armchair, to the furrier's window in which "her" squirrel coat was fastened loosely and jauntily around the person of a handsome, dark-haired wax dummy.

The wrap of the dark-haired lady of wax claimed Mr. Jobson's attention at once.

"What kind of an animal or bird furnished the pelts for that coat?" he asked Mrs. Jobson, evincing distinct interest in the garment, which looked distinctly swagger in the mellow light of the furrier's window.

"Why, that's one of the new squirrel coats," replied Mrs. Jobson, not with any particular show of interest. "That is, they first came in last year."

"Like the thing?" inquired Mr. Jobson, viewing Mrs. Jobson with what he thought was a fine craftiness out of the slants of his eyes.

"Um—ye-es," answered Mrs. Jobson; "it's handsome, of course. A little ultra, as the milliners say of the striking hats they make, but I suppose that is because the squirrel coats are so new, and because we are not used to them yet."

"Well," said Mr. Jobson, right at himself when Mrs. Jobson's view seemed to clash with his own. "I think that coat's just ripping, myself—I think it's immense!"

"But," mildly interposed Mrs. Jobson, "somehow or another that squirrel fur always looks to me as if"—and here she laughed merrily—"well, as if a cow had licked it the wrong way, don't you think?"

Mr. Jobson cocked his head on one side and then shook it negatively.

"No," he replied, "I don't think anything of the sort. Of course, the hide doesn't lie down flat and flat, like the Saturday night haircut of a plumber's apprentice. I suppose you'd want 'em to use bear's grease or vaseline to make that fur lie down as flat as a pancake, eh? Did you ever see a squirrel with his hair lying as close to his hide as if he'd been swimming in a Standard oil tank?"

Mrs. Jobson was constrained to reply that she had never witnessed such a phenomenon.

"Now," went on Mr. Jobson, "that—er—that sticky-up, sort of porcupine look of that squirrel coat is just the thing that makes the hit with me. It's artistic. I hate these cut-and-dried, too-blamed-smooth things, anyhow. There's a sort of jolly carelessness about the this-way-and-that look of that squirrel fur that strikes me—looks like a good, strong, nipping breeze being blowing against it, eh?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Jobson, musingly with a finger to her lip. "It has a sort of artistic effect when viewed from that standpoint, really."

"Of course it has," eloquently put in Mr. Jobson, expanding with his subject. "By Jove, I didn't give you credit for being able to catch my meaning. You're coming along, for a fact—association, after all these years, is at length beginning to do marvels for you," and Mr. Jobson smiled complaisantly at his little joke.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Jobson, as they went away from the furrier's window, "that you are right about those squirrel coats? It's remarkable how quick you men are to catch an effect. Positively, it hadn't dawned upon me at all, until you mentioned it, that those squirrel coats are thoroughly artistic, but I can see it now as plain as day. Really, if everything goes well, I believe I should like to have one next year. I do so love to wear things that you pick out for me, because they invariably prove to be just right, and next year—"

"Tush! Let's go somewhere and have some oysters," put in Mr. Jobson, making an elephantine effort to switch the subject, and then Mrs. Jobson knew that that squirrel coat was as good as hanging in her closet.

She was sure of it when on the following afternoon she purposely passed the furrier's and saw that the squirrel coat had been removed from the window.

She went into the furrier's shop and merely directed an inquiring glance at him. He nodded pleasantly. Then he handed Mrs. Jobson the \$10 rebate that was coming to her.—Washington Star.

**HIS CHRISTMAS "NIXIE."**

The Experience of a Post Office Clerk at the Holiday Season.

The "Nixie" clerk—the one to whom goes all mail with insufficient or illegible addresses—took from his desk in a quiet corner of the post office a tiny, rumpled envelope.

"I never came across a Nixie that was addressed to anyone I knew except this one. Last Christmas the letters began to pile in as usual, addressed to Santa Claus. I reckon I get a hundred every year. On Christmas eve I was working late, and was very sad and lonely here in my corner. There was a great rush at the other windows of the office, and the mails were loaded with Christmas gifts and greetings. A merry crowd rushed through the corridors and laughter sounded all around, but a great shadow of sorrow rested over me, and my eyes burned as I bent over my work. Finally the messenger brought me the last few Nixies of the day, and laid them on my desk. I took up the first one mechanically. Attached to it was a note from Carrier No. 34:

"This was given me by a little girl at 302 Walnut street."

"My blood tingled when I read it, for that was my own home. The envelope was a small one, addressed to 'Santa Claus, North Pole.' I recognized my own little girl's cramped writing. I thought I had a right to open it, as I was her Santa Claus, although she did not know it. This is the letter."

He carefully spread it out, and read it up so it could be read.

"Dear Santa Claus: We are very sad at our home this year, and I don't want you to bring me anything. Little Charlie, my brother, went up to Heaven last week, and all I want you to do when you come to my house is to take his toys to him. I will leave them in the corner by the chimney, his hobby-horse, and train, and everything. He will be lost up in Heaven without them, especially his horse. He always enjoys riding it so much. So you just take them to him, and you needn't mind leaving anything to me. If you could give papa something that would make him stop crying all the time, it would be the best you could do for me. I hear him tell mamma that only eternity could cure him. Could you give him some of that? Be sure to take the things to Charlie, and I will be your good little girl. MARIAN."

In the silence that followed the reading of the letter the Nixie clerk put the tiny envelope back in his desk, says the Youth's Companion. When he did speak there was no sadness in his voice.

"Well, Santa Claus came and took the hobby-horse and the train and everything. If he did not take them to Charlie, he did the next best thing; he left them with a little fellow with a twisted leg at the Children's hospital. Whether old Santa Claus had any 'eternity' to give away or not, I do not know; but I do know that a little child gave me some faith that answered just as well."

**USUAL MISFITS.**



Fat Lady—Going to hang up your stockings, are you? What do you want in it?

Midget—I'm lookin' for an automobile. What are you?

Fat Lady—Oh, I'm hoping for a diamond ring.—Chicago Daily News.

**FIXING CHRISTMAS DAY.**

Why the Holiday Is Always Celebrated on the Twenty-Fifth of December.

There are no definite allusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of His birth, nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period in the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional references to the event in the Scriptures, indicating that the nativity occurred in the winter season.

The institution of the anniversary dates back to the second century of Christendom, and it has been since uniformly celebrated by nearly all branches of the Christian church with appropriate rejoicings and ceremonies. The frequent, and somewhat heated, controversies, however, relative to the date of Christ's birth early in the fourth century led Pope Julius I. to order a thorough investigation of the subject by the learned theologians and historians of that period, which resulted in an agreement upon December 25, and that decision seemed to have so settled all disputes that that date was universally accepted except by the Greek church, says the American Queen. While this date was never changed, the reckoning of it is made according to the Gregorian calendar, which was adopted in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and upon which computations of time in nearly all civilized nations have since rested.

**Christmas Adam.**

Mamma—You have addressed your letter "Mr. Santa Claus Adam." Why did you put the Adam there, dear? That isn't Santa Claus' name.

Bobbie—Well, who is the Christmas Adam, then?

"What Christmas Adam? I never heard of one."

"There's a Christmas Eve, and there ought to be a Christmas Adam, I should think."—Kansas City Journal.

**HAD FINE EYE FOR HAIR'S.**

Professor of Natural History Was Too Keen for Mischievous Students.

An eminent naturalist who holds—and fills, as well—a chair in a university, announced to the members of his class one morning that he had something of unusual interest to show them, relates Youth's Companion.

"I have here, gentlemen," he said, "some hairs from the skin of a young crested seal, and we will proceed to study their peculiarities."

Unfolding the small piece of paper that contained them, he spread the hairs out on a sheet of white cardboard and turned to get his microscope, which was on a desk behind him.

While his back was turned a roguish student quickly swept the hairs off the desk into his hand, and substituted others very closely resembling them.

"Young gentlemen," said the professor, severely, a moment later, as he glanced at the sheet of cardboard, "there has been some underground work here. These are mole hairs."

They never attempted to fool the professor again.

**Economical.**

Mr. Brown—Shall we have to buy new woolen underwear for all of the boys this year?

Mrs. Brown—No, dear. Yours have shrunk so they just fit John; John's shrunk so they just fit Jimmy; Jimmy's shrunk so they just fit Willie and Willie's are just snug on the baby. You are the only one that needs new ones!—Detroit Free Press.

**Assistance Needed.**

The real-estate man was doing his best to sell an undesirable lot.

"I guess you're a good deal like the man who caught the bear," said his prospective victim, who was pretty foxy.

"What do you mean?"

"You want some one to help you let go."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**TWO YEARS OF AGONY.**

One Cake of Cuticura Soap and One Box of Cuticura Cured Baby's Awful Humor.

"When my sister was eighteen months old a humor broke out on her shoulders, extending clear across the back. For two years it caused her intense suffering. It would scab over and then crack open and a watery matter would flow from it. Then the scabs would fall off and it would be raw for a time. We had several different doctors and tried everything we could think of, but without effecting a cure. Then we got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, which cured her completely and without scar or blemish." (Signed) Lillie Chase-Walker, 5 Tipton St., Woodford, Me.

In Manchuria they blow up magazines. In this happy land of peace and plenty they simply blow up the writers.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**New York & Philadelphia.**

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The widower whose children watch him closely is as free as a bird compared with the bachelor who lives with an old maid sister.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day  
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That American heaver who refused to pay \$2000 for a count may have reasoned that this was an overcharge of \$99,999.70.—Chicago Daily News.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

Whether it is a misfortune to go to the grave unused depends somewhat on the qualifications of the singer.—Smart Set.



Mrs. Anderson, a prominent society woman of Jacksonville, Fla., daughter of Recorder of Deeds, West, who witnessed her signature to the following letter, praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—There are but few wives and mothers who have not at times endured agonies and such pain as only women know. I wish such women knew the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a remarkable medicine, different in action from any I ever knew and thoroughly reliable.

"I have seen cases where women doctored for years without permanent benefit, who were cured in less than three months after taking your Vegetable Compound, while others who were chronic and incurable came out cured, happy, and in perfect health after a thorough treatment with this medicine. I have never used it myself without gaining great benefit. A few doses restores my strength and appetite, and tones up the entire system. Your medicine has been tried and found true, hence I fully endorse it."—Mrs. R. A. ANDERSON, 225 Washington St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. Reed, 2425 E. Cumberland St., Philadelphia, Pa., says:

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"I have been a great sufferer with female trouble, trying different doctors and medicines with no benefit. Two years ago I went under an operation, and it left me in a very weak condition. I had stomach trouble, backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, and was very nervous; in fact, I ached all over. I find yours is the only medicine that reaches such troubles, and would cheerfully recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all suffering women."

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The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at BIRMINGHAM, ALA., requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12."

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