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THE BLUE DRYAD.

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Wine of Cardui

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Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been ap-

Choice Property

Carlisle Mercury SUPPLEMENT.

December 30, 1897.

Ring out, ye Bells!

RING OUT, ye bells, ye Christmas bells,
Your glad and happy story!
Ring out, with peals of holy mirth,
Your song to all the listening earth!

[illegible]

The Doll that Spoke.

[illegible]

...not availed to keep the young lover she had chosen; and she had no mother to plead for her.

Dick had been ordered to India, and very soon after old Berwick had gone under, as they say. This time in a double sense, for the crash that took his fortune took his life, and left Sylvia absolutely alone in the world. Society was naturally too busy with its own concerns to remember the comet of a day. Dick had been at first sore and angry, then cynical, over his own passion.

The organ played Christmas hymns, the hymns that, whether we will or no, take us back, and exercise such subtle magic. Even to the most careless listener they had a touch of fresh significance among these gay memorials of good will and kindness, not towards men, but towards the children, to whom the pitiless heritage of the sins of the fathers comes with such cruel force.

Suddenly Dick's eye was riveted by a pair of immense dolls, and his heart beat as it had not beaten for 15 years.

...among the pink lamps and friendly shady palms!

So she had never married, then, after all. He thought of the bright face, of the crowd of eager partners round the pretty heiress. Not one of them all true to the woman when her hour of tribulation came. Or was it because she had not forgotten him? Impossible. The dolls stared at him as only dolls do stare. The jaunty colonel, with everything complete; the dainty damsel, in delicate sea-blue brocade, with her lilies in her hand. He so dark, she so fair, just as they had been.

"Oh, the dear little man. Oh, let me kiss him, Uncle Dick."

Forced back to fact, and Buntie growing restless, he took a sudden resolution.

"Have you had enough, Buntie? Would you like to go where cake is?"

"Are there chocolates there, too?" queried that small person.

"Everything," said her uncle.

"Then let's go. Good-by, dear dollies;

"Does Miss Berwick live here?"

"Yes, sir, but she is not at home."

"That is unfortunate, for I wanted to see her particularly."

"On business, sir?"

"Yes," said Dick, untruthfully.

"Then, if you please, sir, I was to ask you to wait. Miss Berwick will be in directly."

"So she is expecting some other fellow on business? What business?" thought Dick, as he followed the girl upstairs into a little room pathetically pretty with the prettiness of tasteful poverty.

His question answered itself, for there was a typewriter by the window piled with blotty manuscript.

On the mantelpiece, what? A photograph—his own. No; after all, it was not a photograph, but a portrait cut from the Graphic after that affair in the Sunda Pass that the papers had made such a fuss over.

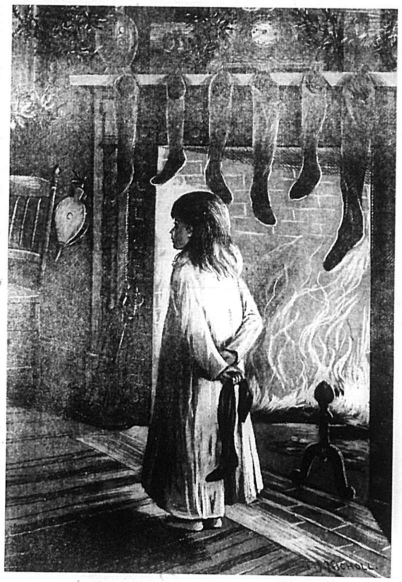
There were footsteps on the stairs, and the door opened. It was nearly dark, but the firelight showed him that it was indeed

He took her in his arms and answered, passionately: "My darling, I never knew until to-day that you wanted me; it was the doll that spoke."

Then there was a very complete and eloquent silence between them, till Sylvia looked up with her old smile: "Why, Dick, you can't mean that you saw the colonel of the days of the duke of Marlborough. What were you doing in the Albert hall?"

"I was dragged there by force by a small tyrant—my sister's Baby Buntie—and I got the best Christmas present of all, though I didn't deserve it. Good old Santa Claus had not forgotten me when she showed me the lady in blue with the lilies in her hand."

"I dare say it was silly and sentimental of me to dress the dolls like ourselves, but sometimes, Dick, when I sat here working at them I could hear the music—that waltz, 'Someone too,' and see the pink lights just as they were on the happiest night of all my life. There was nothing left but my dear past. Nothing could take that from me."



"Where shall I hang my stocking up," said little Dottie Lee:
"Some folks are awful mean, I think; they've left no room for me."

[illegible]

"Take the future instead, now, dearest. And, Sylvia, when Buntie saw that dashing colonel, she wanted to kiss the dear little man."—London Truth.

Shine, Stars, To-night.

Shine, stars, to-night! Shine clear and bright!
Make earth and heaven to glow.
Shine as you did that Christmas night
Long centuries ago.

Light hill and valley as the dawn,
Make all the darkness bright,
For Christ, the Saviour, has been born
And is with us to-night.
—Frank H. Sweet, in Detroit Free Press.

The Pessimist's Christmas.

"How did your Christmas presents suit you?" asked the optimist of the pessimist.

"Well," was the reply of the sad one, "I didn't receive the things I expected to get; but then I had no hopes of getting them."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. Well, gosh all fish-hooks! who 'd 'a' had the Christmas bills to pay 'll ever ask for two.

[illegible]

ACTING IN TIME.

[illegible]

BROTHER JIM.

The "Boy" Has a Heart—Bigger'n a Bullock's.

[illegible]

...better'n if you'd try ter put on frills and sen' him suthin' you couldn't afford. I know Jim. He's tickled a'most ter death when he's gettin' this box ready ter send. I kin jist hear him tellin' his folks an' all them servants how this thing is for Sister Ruth, an' this'n fur ole Bill, an' this'n fur Tom, an' this'n fur little Billy, an' so on right through. You kin bet Jim never forgets nobody. He beats all. Never had a dicker with Jim in my life he didn't knock th' spots right offen me. Why he come dog gone near gittin' your from me, Ruth."

Then he stopped drawing nails long enough to take a bear hug and kiss the blushing Ruth.—Detroit Free Press.

ANOTHER ALTERED WILL.

Little Alice—Mamma says she ain't going to give you anything for Christmas this year.

Papa's Maiden Sister—Oh, she isn't, eh? Why not?

Little Alice—Cause the present she give you last year was worth twice as much as what you give us.—Cleveland Leader.

AT THE DOLL SHOW.

PROFESSIONAL.

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CARLISLE MERCURY.

Christmas, 1897. OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT. New Year, 1898.

A NEW YEAR SONG

WHEN the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you,
Not to fall to quarreling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing,
All the glad year through.

[illegible]

AGGIE'S FATHER CHRISTMAS.

[illegible]

...in the street became so interesting that he took a prolonged look out of the window, whilst pater sketched an elaborate diagram upon his blotting pad.

However, pater must have cheered Tom up a good deal in the course of the day, for they left the office together in high spirits. They made a mysterious and prolonged visit to a fancy dress emporium and one or two other places, and then they stuck big cigars in their mouths, and actually went off and played a couple of hundred at billiards—pater's annual dissipation, as he called it. After this they went to the booking-office at St. Paul's station to collect half a ton load of parcels; and finally dispersed at Dulwich with a cabful apiece. It was noticeable that Tom had grown very cheerful since the morning, and pater arrived home so full of jokes and merriment that even Aunt Aggie had to smile.

[illegible]

...woke at five, and filled the house with yells of rapturous excitement when they saw the array of toys in and around their bloated stockings. But wise nurse had lit the gas stove in the nursery, so that they could play there during the small hours without disturbing everyone else; and excepting that Roy took a header off the new rocking horse, and Dot warmed a wax doll's nose a trifle too much at the fire, no harm was done. Pater was, as usual on such occasions, a fourth child, and the youngsters were in high glee all the morning.

[illegible]

...and followed by a wonderful old gentleman in marvelous attire, who, even by the light of the low gas jets and the flickering fire, was easily recognized as Father Christmas himself.

Truly he was a remarkable sight. He had a jolly red old face, and such twinkling, merry eyes! He wore a long white beard, which almost covered his broad, crimson waistcoat. His ample white hair was surmounted by a crown of holly loaded with berries, and toys peeped out from every pocket of his long green coat. He carried in his right hand a stout staff covered with thick ivy. He laughed all round as he sat down, until everyone laughed again, and he said: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" in such a big, hearty voice that they shouted: "The same to you, Father Christmas!" with one accord.

[illegible]

"Wake up, old man! Your time has come; you've run your twelve months through;
And just to think! In one short year I'll be as old as you!"

IT DID SEEM STRANGE FOR AUNT AGGIE TO LOOK SO GRAVE.

[illegible]

...anyhow, if they remember pater's speech, he may be raised upon to bring what I heartily wish them—A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year!—J. A. Flynn, in St. Paul's (London).

JUST A HINT.

She—Do you really think, Horace, that the blind will ever be made to see?

He—I hope so.

She—So do I! (and then she gazed at the sprig of mistletoe above her head and sighed).—N. Y. Truth.

THE CHRISTMAS PRETENDER

WHEN Christmas time is almost here,
And folks begin to wink,
And hush their talk when I come near,
Then I begin to think.

I'll write to Santa Claus about
The things I want to fill
My stockings.—He won't get the note,
But I pretend he will.

I slip it in the envelope,
And put it with the mail,
And beg mamma to send it
By the postman, without fail;
And thank her when I find it gone,
For doing what I bid;
I know she never sent it off,
But I pretend she did.

I take my stockings Christmas Eve,
And by the chimney side
I hang them, while I wish that they
Were twice as long and wide,
And wonder how the chimney
Lets him down, that jolly man!
Of course I know it truly can't,
But I pretend it can!

[illegible]

ONE IS ENOUGH.

"Eph, I want to give you a nice fat turkey for Christmas," said Col. Hawker.

"Dat's berry kin', cunnel, but I'd 'fer a two-dollar bill ef's all de same to you. Kris Kringle allus 'pears to leab a tukkey at my house de night afoh Chris'mas."—Detroit Free Press.

BROWN'S REVENGE.

He Plans to Get Even with His Better Half.

"Hello, Brown. Been Christmas shopping?" asked the man with the fur-lined overcoat of the man with the bundles.

"Yes. I've been buying some little things for my wife," replied the man with the packages.

"You have? That's good. I say, old man, tell me what you have got her. I've got to get some things for my wife, and I haven't the slightest idea what to get."

"I have bought her a razor, a box of cigars, a meerschaum pipe, and a few little things of the kind."

"For your wife? Why, man, you must be crazy?"

"Yes, they are for my wife, as I told you."

"Good heavens, Brown! What is the matter? Your wife must be a new woman of the worst sort."

"Oh, no. I am just getting even with her."

"I don't understand."

"Well, you see last year she gave me brushes and combs for the bureau, and an afternoon tea service. I expect something of the kind from her this year with a bill for them a few days after Christmas. I have determined, however, that I shall have something that is suitable for me; so I have bought them as Christmas presents for her."

"I say, Brown. You are a genius, my boy. I believe I will buy my wife the same kind of presents that you have bought for yours. I believe that it would be a good idea to give her that beautiful meerschaum pipe she has wanted for so long and has not been able to afford to buy. She gave me some curtains last Christmas."—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Woes.

"Bobby doesn't seem happy, even with all those toys."

"So I have noticed. What's the matter, Bobby?"

"W'y, I got new ice skates an' a sled, an' I dunno whether I want it t' freeze or snow."—Detroit Free Press.

Probably a Pleasant One.

Walkin' beneath the mistletoe may be a mistake on the part of a young lady, but I can assure her it is likely to be a very pleasant one.—N. Y. Truth.

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