PARINTHA ANN'S HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS.

Written for the News.

You never would have known that Parintha Ann Wharton was a sensitive girl. She was not pretty, she was a worker, and she was about all a good girl. Further than that neither you nor I would know, unless we were to live in the Wharton family for many weeks.

"It's too bad!" she said to the assembled family, about three weeks before Christmas, "that we can't have our usual Christmas time. But we can't, and so there's an end of it."

"Can't we have a dollar present apiece?" inquired Serena, rolling her pretty brows as she spoke.

"I don't know yet, I haven't quite made up accounts this month and I am not sure just what I can spare for presents."

"Now don't be too stingy," said the little, slender, narrow-nosed mother. "You must remember that your father always gave me all the money I wanted at Christmas time, if he was a little close at other times. Just you act as if he was here, and don't hold your money too tight."

"I ain't tight, mother, and you know it. But neither father nor you want me to run you all in debt, and I ain't going to do it, if I can help it."

The fact was, that Parintha was the bread-winner of the family, and had been since the father left for his European mission nearly a year ago. She brought in all there was to bring in with her efforts, in training the young ideas of Maplevale into some kind of accuracy as to shooting at a mental mark. She had not only inherited her father's executive ability, but she was also as wise as he in her refusal to go in debt. So it naturally came about that she carried the purse and dictated the expenditure of the funds.

"I want some money, anyway," said Serena, "and even if you do earn it outright, I think I have a right to spend some of it, as I help to do the housework while you are teaching the school."

"Much help you are," growled eighteen year old Tom.

"That's all right, Serena," replied Parintha Ann, "But neither you nor I can have any more than there is to have, can we now?"

That proposition having been cheerfully assented to, the whole family, consisting of the mother, two oldest daughters, a boy of eighteen and one of ten, with six year old Jenny, proceeded to discuss the situation.

"Now, Tom, you can, if you want to, earn us a tree. And you know I hate to miss isn't Christmas without a tree. I heard the Wells children say that their father was going up to the canyon to get trees for the grocery, and you can offer to cut their kindlings up for this winter if they will get us a tree. Will you? Well, then let's see what Sammy can do. I would say, now that I will have a talk with you in private, Sam, and we will see what you can be doing to help the matter along."

And they did talk in private. There were also other private conferences. In fact, the whole family seemed possessed with a desire to confer one with another, and the whispered consultations, with the sundry nods and wise winks, would have given one the idea that state secrets of grave import were being considered and discussed.

It was noticed however, that Serena did no consulting at all and whatever was done by that pretty and somewhat lazy girl, no one was the wiser in that house. Serena expected, I am strongly of the opinion, to get to heaven solely on the strength of a remarkable pink and white skin and a pair of lovely and liquid blue eyes. She had been told so often of her beautiful skin and eyes that she forgot to look at her own narrow nose and her somewhat thin and pale lips which opened upon a pair of yellow and ill-kept teeth.

Serena was as I have intimated, serenely unconscious of anything defective in her own beauty and therefore it was with a great degree of satisfied vanity that she always managed to walk to and from Church by the side of their rather reserved and yet refined and modest young boarder, Brother Martin, the professor of music in their Stake Academy, thus virtually prompting that handsome fellow's attention.

Serena was not averse to using slang, and when she remarked to one of her companions that she had the "slick thing" thus appropriating the society of the youthful professor, accompanying her remark with a distinctly vulgar waving clip of her hand, Serena was unconscious of the fact that there is a tremendous wide sort of a space which comes in between the cup of desire and the lip of certainty.

Be that as it may, the days fairly flew along between the first Sunday in consultation and the great holiday. What a Christmas eve that was!

There were great white fleecy clouds sailing over the sky, and instead of old Boreas whistling down the lanes and streets of Mapletown, there was a fallacious stillness in the air, and a pretty shade of bluish green over the distant mountain tops; while underfoot, there was absolutely not one speck of snow to rest the summer weary eye upon. One could almost have enjoyed a green party instead of huge fires in the grates and piled up blankets upon the beds.

Parintha Ann was up and at work on the tree, at an early hour the morning before Christmas. Such hurried goings to and fro, such whisperings and shutings in the sitting room door in the face of every child who dared to intrude his small presence, would have made the inmates of that house anything but happy, only that it was good, kind sister Kinnie who did all the door-shuttings and refused all the favors. So the children crept away and stayed away as patiently as they could.

Serena was not any too busy, however, and when Professor Martin came home to his luncheon, she was all "frigged up" as Tom irreverently put it, with a sprave white apron and the loveliest pink cheek in the world. She waited on the professor with her slowest manner, would he have more cream for his tea? Or would he like another piece of pie? And when he pinched the pie, she remarked jokingly that falls always liked her pie.

"Hear that!" asked Sammy of Tommy. "Serene never made a pie in her life. She just puts the crust in the plate after Rinthie has made it all up, and stuffs in the mincemeat which Rinth has flavored, then she calls 'em her pies. Humpy" and Tommy looked unutterable disdain of all such doings and sayings.

"There is to be a party on New Year's eve, I suppose you will be there and play?" said Serena sweetly, as she cut the second piece of pie for the young man. "I guess it will be a pretty fine affair. We don't go to many parties now, for father is on a mission you know, and we folks are not able to dress so well as we used to do. But folks are kind to us orphans, after all, especially you professors."

The professor went on eating his excellent pie, and very likely that was the reason he said nothing in reply to this palpable hint.

"I do think you have been kind to me, professor, and I am sorry I have not been grateful to you for your taking his girls out whenever you could. Of course 'Rinth can't get out much, but she is just as good as gold, professor."

The professor looked at the lids of his short-sighted eyes closely together, as he surveyed the little maiden through his gloves.

"You are more than welcome to whatever I have done in this respect, Miss Serena, and I hope to add more to that debt of gratitude if it ought to be dignified by such a name, by taking you all out whenever I can do so."

Serena was highly delighted, and as soon as she could, she ran into the sitting room, and in spite of her sister's remonstrance she rudely woke Parintha and carried her downstairs, and when she squeezed her until that tired girl cried out.

"But you must let me squeeze you, dearie, for I am so happy. Just think, the dear lovely professor has asked me to go to that grand New Year's ball with him, and I am determined you shall go along. Now, it's no use. You have just got to go, that's all. You shall fix up mo's black silk, and I am going to wear my new pale blue nun's veiling. Oh, isn't he fine?"

Parintha had much ado to get the excited girl out of the room, and when she did, Parintha did a very undignified piece of business, she actually slapped her freckled face on both sides and pulling down her wealth of ugly reddish brown hair, she quite jerked and pulled it until her head was sore.

"Ugly, stupid, hateful face and red hair. How I hate you at times! How I do hate you!"

She sat for nearly an hour, too unhappy to finish her task. Then, slowly regaining composure she thought out her own repentant thoughts and getting down upon her knees she prayed her simple, earnest prayer.

"Oh God, forgive me that I have lost so much time in giving way to my temper. Forgive me that I hate the body Thou hast given to me, and help me to overcome myself! Help me to make this Christmas a happy one for every one beneath this roof, and let me be Thy having, dutiful child!"

That was all, for Parintha Ann was a girl of few words. Then she got up and so quickly and faithfully did she work, that by night no one would have known that she had lost a whole hour in silent misery.

* * * *

She's clock Christmas morning. All is quiet, until a little voice sleepingly yawns and then a moment's brief delay, a little voice says whispeingly, "It's morning, I must be. Let's strike a match." And the little bare feet patter over the cold floor to the match safe, and the little hands fumble for the bit of stick which shall be the signal for an uproar or a grievous disappointment to two little wide awake eyes. The light flickers, so slowly it turns, "It wont blaze up as it does on every other occasion,—but at last—it blazes up—yes—it is ten minutes to six, and what is six o'clock but high morning? Hi—there, Tommy, Jenny, Serena, Rinthie, Mother!!! It's morning, don't you hear?"

"Up lazybones," "jump into your clothes, Sammy,"—"start the sitting room fire Rintha,"—"dress Jenny, you lary Serena,"—"wake up the professor mother,"—"can't we go in?" "Rinthie is all day getting them candles lighted.—Mother, mayn't I go in and help her? "Hurry up, Rinth," "remember that's the only fire in the house, and we are freezing,"—"Huh, timminy it's freezing cold,"—"here Sammy, you shan't peek through the key hole, let's all be square and honest and get our sight all together." "Hup, hub, here she is!!!" These were all talked and shouted by the various members of the family as Parintha opened the door.

And then all were silent, as they crowded into the room, lighted by that tender glow of many tiny wax lights. The tree stood in the center of the room, and was certainly a thing of beauty in the eyes of those happy children.

"See how shining I tied up that tree," said Tommy, his breast swelling with importance to think he had for the first time done the job which his father had always so cheerfully performed on this holiday.

"Look how my 'bter candlesticks stand on the tree. Ain't that jolly and funny? Rinthie showed me how to make 'em." And Sammy's breast also swelled with importance to think he had contributed his share to make this grand occasion a success.

What queer blossoms and what strange fruit that tree of Christmas eve did bear! There were festoons of pop corn, there were apples red, apples yellow, there were home grown walnuts gilded and some red with bright red tissue paper; there were rings and twists of pale yellow molasses candy twirling around on their strings and the foamiest balls of rag dolls. Then there were plenty of bright paper flowers and crinkley balls, twists and quirls. There were mittens and shoes, socks and kerchiefs. And each Mormon and Gentile, whether large or small, possessed an air of conscious pride which seemed to announce that the more humble of these, all were fashioned at home and of strictly home materials. Near the top of the tree hung a pretty warm scarlet and curled paper, framed in green. "God bless our absent father and our Home-made Christmas."

The days and nights of anxious labor spent in the preparation of that heavily tree no one but Tom guessed; yet, if Parintha was weary and her eyes were dim with unshed tears, there not her least home happy and what mattered the rest? All would some day come right in God's own way.

And then, Parintha Ann, in her usual Christmas costume, stepped from behind the tree and began the distribution of the presents. She looked, as Tommy emphatically remarked in an aside to Sammy, "dumbler than ever, but as good as ever."

Her father's great coat of black wool, ragged and old as it was, became "Santa had so far to travel," she explained, and the old fur cap pulled down to meet the old fur coat, under which covered her boyish form, smothered her with its ugly oddness—But was her costume, and as she advanced she began to recite her doggerel, which was always a part of the Christmas doings.

There were plenty of bags of candies, the white frilled bags made from freshly ironed dressed cloth, and if the candy was home made, and the rest of the sweeties were ginger and fruit cakes they were deliciously good, and every one there so agreed. Then, the little mother had a pair of bed shoes, knit from stout home-made yarn. And she likewise had a good winter's cloak, for which Parintha had paid almost a month's salary. But mother was always first with Parintha.

Serena had a blue fascinator to wear upon her pale brown hair, and it did look lovely on the apple blossom complexion. She also had a pair of pale blue mitts to wear with her new party dress, and Serena did not know that they were purchased with the money Parintha Ann had saved up to buy a pair for herself to cover these homely square hands of hers.

For Tommy, there were three books, and real treasures they were, too. There was the Book of Mormon; the story of the Rise of Mormon, and the Arabian Nights; for Tommy had just begun to take an interest in such things and Parintha was determined, he should be well equipped for the studies he desired to pursue.

Sammy had a pair of strong and well kept gloves, and he whistled as he drew them on, for he knew how good they would feel when he was out cold winter mornings doing his chores. He had also, a sled, and if it was a good hand made one, it would last all the longer; he was delighted to get any kind of a sled. He said to his mother's prompting, and had secretly made the sled at his sister's suggestion, and Tommy felt more than repaid for all his work.

Jenny's small purse tumbled when she was presented with three rag dolls, two big ones dressed as the mother and father dolls, while a tiny rag baby lay half hid in its big mother's arms, and looked out with wise pointed eyes at Jenny's unbounded delight in quite the approved baby style.

The professor was not forgotten, and if his present was a neckerchief which had once seen service in Serena's maroon cashmere dress it was so neatly laundered, pressed and cleaned, that he was totally unconscious of its former service. His country host of the week, he received it was checking Serena's interruption.

"Oh Rinth, how could you? That's what you wanted my old dress for, to make that neckerchief for the professor? Well, you are a great one!"

Parintha Ann's eyes flashed for a moment, but she had not lasted the whole day before for nothing, and so in a moment she went on with her doggerel, seemingly unmoved by her sister's impulsive remonstrance.

The presents were all given out, and there was nothing left upon the tree but the strings of pop corn, the red apples, the tissue paper flowers and the gilded walnuts. Not one present for Parintha Ann, Serena said, just then.

"Wait a moment; I have got something for the professor."

She returned in a trice and with a pretty bow, presented to the astonished professor a most elegant affair of satin and velvet, which, she had to explain to him, was designed for a handkerchief holder.

He blushed clear up to his soft brown hair, and as it was not very thick and was well combed up real scholarly style a la pompadour, the red waves of color could be seen upon the wavy masses.

As for himself, he had prepared a fine gift for the mother, and handed her with his own solid grace a pair of elegant kid gloves, while he drew from his pocket a small but exquisite doll for little Jenny. Nothing more, absolutely nothing more, not even a pencil for Serena or any other member of the family. He blushed again and again as he reflected upon his forgetfulness.

But the evening after all the children were in bed, the Christmas dinner was over, the older people sat around the kitchen fire, which was a bright rosy kitchen, and Parintha Ann in the battery, washing dishes for her mother, as she always did when home from school, looked out at the group around the table,—sister, the professor and Tom, and wondered why her heart wouldn't persist in being heavy in spite of all her many blessings.

"But you know our Rinth is one of the best girls in this world if she is kind of odd. She just wouldn't have us go in debt for this Christmas, even if father would be willing and would settle it up when he comes back. But you bet your life, I wasn't going to be put off too close, and so I made her give me five dollars. She made all them things on the tree, out of things we had in the house, and I guess she didn't imagine what she was going to give me, though I knew it would be something nice. Rinth is the boss girl, when it comes to giving presents."

"Serena, don't call Rinthie Rinth, she can't bear it," said the mother." She didn't mind Rinthie, but it makes her pretty near mad to be called Rinth."

"Oh well, I won't. Do you hear, Rinthie? I am talking about you."

Parintha rather savagely banged the spoons into the spoon drawer, as she answered.

"Oh yes, I can hear you. But I am used to being talked about."

"Well you should be glad of it; for we wasn't talking bad, we was only giving you tally behind your back."

The professor's handsome face was somewhat clouded as he asked. "Did Miss Parintha make all those knit things and ornaments on the tree? How does she never find time?"

"Oh Rinth's,—oh I forgot—Rinthia's got lots of time. Me and Ma does the housework, you know, while she teaches school. And she gets heaps of time after she gets home. But I guess she sat up pretty late this month, for she was determined to have a home-made Christmas, and I think she did it up pretty slick. We're awful proud of our Rinth."

"Say, folks, can't you find something else to talk about?" asked the wretched subject, if all their talk.

"Miss Serena, may I ask what you have sent to your father?"

"Oh I haven't sent anything. I only had a little money, and I had new shoes to get for myself. I knew Rinth would remember father, and, say—Rinth—mean Rinthie what did you send pa?"

"I sent him ten dollars, and one sent him a little trinkle, as he wrote he was needing one."

"Won't your father feel your forgetfulness of him?" asked the professor kindly and gently.

The girl blushed a little, and looked embarrassed.

"Oh no," answered the mother for her. "Rinthie and I put in a pretty Christmas card with love from Serena, and pa will be quite satisfied, for he knows Rinthie makes all the money, and that we two and Serena has no way to earn money."

"Say, Professor, do you like plated silver?" asked Tom, who had listened to all this talk. He looked, as Tommy afterwards remarked in an aside to Sammy, "dumbler than ever, but as good as ever."

"Why, yes, it is well plated and I can't get the genuine article," answered the young man. "Don't you know that our plated spoons are all wearing off and I should think it would be jolly to have a set of silver, even if they were not such pretty shaped ones as these old plated ones."

"Indeed it would, and I quite agree with you. Good, old-fashioned silver is the best for all uses, for fashion is a mere matter of whim anyway."

"That's what I think, Professor."

"Why do you ask?" inquired the Professor.

"Oh, only to get your opinion on an important matter, that's all."

Serena must have felt ashamed of her rather embarrassing discussion of her mother's ways for when the professor went into the parlor to practice as was his evening custom, Serena begged Parintha to sit down and let her dress the mass of shining red brown tresses.

"I dont care if your hair is a little red, it is awful thick and long, lots nicer in that way than my own. And I want to see if I can't fix it up to go to the party New Year's Eve with me and the crowd."

"I dont want to go, Serena, I have not been asked."

"Oh well, you are going just the same, the professor told me that he meant to take you along, so that's as good as an invitation. He did not tell him when she had pushed herself along with the young boarder, on just such an invitation as she now claimed to have received. I am sure, there was no one in that group who knew anything about it, only me, for Tom sometimes remarked, "Serene don't always swallow what Serene said, for she could tell some awful bouncers when she had a mind to."

There, now, sister, look at Rinthie. Dem she look sassy? I have begged you piles of times to let me fix up your hair, for I know what a difference it would make in your looks, you never would, though, and I know I could make you pretty near good looking if you would let me fix you up, could'nt I Tom?"

"Yes, Serene I believe you could, for you are stylish, if you ain't pretty."

"Now, Rinth, don't you know I'm a fine dandy. I've been told so by more'n one, you can't tease me, not much. Rinth, if you only knew how stunning you look, now, hold on a minute let me put on my earrings, there love's that. Ain't she a bonnuse?"

Parintha's cheeks flushed with the unusual words of praise coarse though they were, for she had never in her life before heard her good, upper-crust cousin spoken of in a favorable manner, and she was pleased in spite of her own good sense and knowledge that such things are mere fashion and appearance and don't affect the character. But she was young, she was a woman, and who can blame? Not I.

She said good night to them all, and taking her lamp hurried away to get out of the room ere the Professor returned. She was weary and longed to be on her own quiet chamber and think a few quiet thoughts, before she retired for the night.

She passed through the hall, but just at the parlor door, she met the professor himself coming out of the parlor. She remembered her ridiculous looking hair, and colored crimson all her freckles. But the color was not unbecoming, for her face was usually rather pale, and the dim light she carried did not bring her hated freckles to the surface. She was really as imposing looking woman with her hair massed upon her top of her stately head, and her large nose looked well proportioned with that dignified pose of her head, while her red brown eyes burned and flashed with unusual emotion.

The professor stood in quiet astonishment; he drew his near sighted lids together and wonder at the apparition with grave scrutiny.

The girl could not bear it any longer. She said at last, "Kindly let me go up the stairway."

"I beg your pardon," instantly stepping aside, "but I would like to thank you, Miss Parintha, for your kindness in remembering me to-day. It is very good of you. I can't tell you how much I appreciated it."

"You are more than welcome; if the gift was a humble one, it was so because my talents and abilities are necessarily confined to humble things."

She started to go on up the stairway.

"I beg your pardon, but may I ask a favor of you? I have been trying to get an opportunity for some days. Other engagements have prevented my asking you to be a party next New Year's Eve, and I would like you to go with me. May I hope that you so favor?"

The girl's eyes fell, as she answered slowly.

"Serena told me you wanted me to go along with you and Serena, and I was very much obliged to you for your kindness."

The professor reflected a moment.

"Oh yes, I did say to your sister that I hoped to take you all out very often, but it is you whom I wish to be my partner this time, and I shall be quite happy to have her company too, if it suits you. May I hope you will not refuse me?"

The young man looked up into those glowing, red brown eyes, now shining and luminous with some inward emotion, and his own clear cheek flushed and his handsome red lips trembled as his hand touched her brown fingers with a determined clasp, and he leaned so near her best braid that his soft smooth cheek felt the touch of her coarse; he spoke thrilled with a sudden joy as he whispered

"Then queen among women, where is their heart? Thou hadst no present this day of all presents. Will thou accept me as thy Christmas present?"

Parintha trembled, for she had scarcely bear her weight, but she only said gravely, "You will knock the lamp out of my hand, professor, if you are not careful."

Prudent, tender, and womanly; I love them for those very traits, my queen. Put thy lamp safely down, thou thoughtful one. May God help me to be worthy of such a woman. "Shall I, too, not be a veritable home made Christmas gift to thee?"

And so Parintha Ann had the desire of her heart, a happy home made Christmas.

HOPE.

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JOLLY SANTA CLAUS.

PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN IN MANY LANDS

Different Names by Which He Is Known in Various Countries—In America He Has a Servant Who Helps Carry the Bundles. Naughty Children Punished.

St. Nicholas is one of the patron saints of Russia, and so at Christmas time he is a very special favorite. But Father is the great Jest, and the Christmas gifts are not so abundant as in the Teutonic countries.

He is known as Father Frost in Russia.

He is bewhiskered to overwhelmed.

He is frightening the children out of his wits.

He is bundled to overbundled.

He is frightening the children out of his wits.

In the Tyrol he is the Holy Man, St. Lucy and the Christ Child go with him.

In Lower Austria he is known by Nikle, or Nicky, and his assistant servant, who helps to carry the bundles, is Krampus.

In the Netherlands he is Sinterklaas, and he puts all naughty children into his bag and carries them off.

In Belgium the children put their shoes and stockings with hay, oats and carrots for the saint's valuable horse. Then they place them in the fireplace or in a corner of the room, the saint's horse eats the tempting pieces. The door is carefully locked and next morning everything is found topsy-turvy. The chairs and tables have been turned about, the horse has eaten up the hay and left instead sweetmeats and toys for the good children and rods for the bad ones. These toys are very seldom any had ones at Christmas.

In the Netherlands the children write to him and ask him to be so kind as to fill their shoes with something into their white aprons. As they sing they keep time, swinging the aprons back and forth:

Sinter Klaas en goede Heer
Denkt er aan
Dat ge mij
Niet vergeet
Zoet en zuur en niet te zuur,
Zoet is beter dan de muur.

In Bohemia and Styria there are Christ plays in every village during Advent. St. Nicholas, dressed in a long white robe, a golden miter on his head and a bishop's staff in his hand. He reads his report of how the school children have behaved. Those who have been good receive their rewards, those who have been naughty forget their lessons, soil and tear their books or forget their prayers are to be beaten with the birch rods by angels, the Christ Child and says: "Good Nicholas, be patient! Spare the little ones! Spare the young blood! Forgive them this time, good Nicholas." And St. Nicholas forgives them because it is Christ's birthday.

In Corinthia the good bishop dresses in a long red wrapper, a pointed cone on his head instead of a miter. Then he comes to see the children in their dreams, and asks them if they always say their prayers. They he leaves fruit for the good ones and rods for the forgetful out of the big basket he carries on his arm.

In Austrian Styria the Christ Child himself comes, dressed as a maiden, in white, to bring the good children sweetmeats. With a silver bell in her hand and lighted tapers on a crown on her head, she tells the tiny wood-men above from her basket.

Then she disappears out at the window where she came in, and her bell is heard tinkling as she enters the next house.

In Sudalia the Christ Child carries a bell and an earthen pot full of gifts.

In Tyrol the Christ Child and Holzesin the Christmas fairy is Clas.

In Poland the harvests are opened and Jesus Christ's kid down for the children to come down with gifts for good children.

In some parts of Austria candles are placed in the windows to let the Christ Child know the way.

Near Cologne the country children go round with cow bells in honor of the manger of Bethlehem.

Three boys, dressed in white, with leather girdles and crowns of colored paper, march about and personate the three Kings of Cologne, who were said to be the three wise men.

The first child left at the gates of the Foundling hospital in Cologne, on Christmas eve is laid in a handsome cradle and dressed in pretty clothes.

Bonhomme Noel brings the French children sweets for their shoes.

Children in Lorraine must not sit in the chimney corner on Christmas eve because they intercept the gifts.

In the country villages near Stuttgart and Tubingen the children on the Sunday before Christmas shook pear and apple trees through a sieve in honor of Christ. This custom is said to date from the time when the plague raged, and country folk came into town to see if their relatives were still alive. They threw handfuls of pears at the house, and the inmates appeared, if able to do so, and gave them a kindly salute.

In the Black Forest the Christ Child announces his arrival at the door by ringing his silver bell. In Lower Austria the door is partially opened, and the gifts are thrown in. Sometimes a rod or a handful of peas is added for the naughty kids. The rod is for punishment, and the peas are for potatoes.

In northern Germany lights are placed in the windows and food on the tables, so that the Holy Mother and the angels who pass when every one is asleep may find food.

In some temples were hung with flowers and wreaths of greens, tapers burned everywhere, feasting and dancing were in every house, gifts were freely exchanged, and all things were sweetness and light. In Christina, but with a sense, deeper and for the dear Christ Child.

The Christmas tree, born in Germany, has taken root in every land where the Christ Child is known and loved.

American children have shown the best of all, and the best is being taught in the old world. Santa Claus comes from Holland, the stocking is French or Belgian, the tree is German, but "Christmas" is English, the mistletoe, the holly is Norwegian, and the happy, happy smile is American.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Strings of silver and gilt balls and bells and cotton balls make pretty and effective decorations. Shreds of fine cotton may also be sprinkled over the tree. This does very nicely to represent snow. English walnuts, either natural or gilded, may be tied with ribbon and added to the other materials. You cannot have too much, for all look well when massed together and beautiful. A dozen or more dolls, made of bright colored tissue paper, should be added. These are my little girls in the house. Candy canes and sugar animals of every conceivable kind are always appreciated by the youngsters.

Antiquity of the Christmas Tree.

In Germany Christmas trees have been known ever since the introduction of Christianity, and it is said that some fine specimen of a tree with candles and presents was a feature of the midwinter Heidland festival, so that in fact the German Christmas tree dates back to an era before the dawn of written history.—Exchange.

Represented.

"I haven't anything new to sing to you tonight, George."

"Well, give me something old then."

She broke into a refrain that was "a song of the day" 17 years before.

"That's very, very old, Clara," he remarked at the close.

"Yes, George; I sang that to you the night we became engaged."—Boston Globe.

F. Auerbach & Brd

A CRASH IN

Holiday Goods.

This week our Superb Holiday Goods Stock—Thousands upon Thousands of Articles, Beautiful, Useful, Desirable and Sensible go on Sale at PRICES that will create the Biggest Sensation among all shrewd, saving buyers who appreciate REAL BARGAINS. We intend to make a Clean Sweep of our Entire Magnificent Stock in the next Three Days. Nothing will be carried over.

Dolls and Toys.

A Grand Collection. Our center counters are filled with the Finest Assortment ever Shown Here and at UNAPPROACHABLY LOW PRICES. Holiday Seekers for Big Values and Money-saving Chances, your Mecca is here. Entire Stock marked at prices TO CLOSE EVERY ARTICLE BY CHRISTMAS EVE!

Monster Handkerchief Sale

Prices which cannot be duplicated. Bargains that will surprise and please you, and convince you that ours is the biggest Bargain giving Store in the city.

Ladies' white embroidered border and scalloped edge Handkerchiefs, large variety of patterns, regular 20c quality, this week, each 12½c

Children's colored border Handkerchiefs, assorted patterns, worth 5c, at each 2½c

Ladies' embroidered silk Handkerchiefs, regular 35c, good 20c quality, at 10c

Novelties and Fancy Goods.

Our stock is complete. Nowhere is there a finer assortment at such Low Prices.

Elegant upright Plush Toilet Sets, with jewelry drawer, good quality fixtures, worth $8 for $3.00

Manicure Sets, Toilet Cases, Albums, Shaving Sets,

Collar and Cuff Boxes in plush and calfskin cases.

Work Boxes, etc., Dressing Cases, Glove Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes.

Black Dress Silks.

During the Holidays we will sell all our high class guaranteed Silks at one-third less than such goods can be purchased elsewhere.

Black guaranteed gros grain Silk Dress Pattern (15 yards) were sold for $36.00. Our Christmas price $23.00

Gloves.

Largest variety in all the popular style and colors, at special prices for Xmas trade.

Umbrellas.

Large assortment of Ladies' and Gents' fine Umbrellas for Christmas Presents, lowest prices in the city.

Shopping Bags.

Exquisite leather Shopping Bag, worth $1.00, at 75c

Children's Fur Sets.

Very fine white Angora Fur Sets, Collar and Muff, value $2, for, set $1.29

Our Store will be Open every Evening until Christmas.

Fair Notice

To all Our

Public.

Our Directors have issued an imperative order to finish closing out the remainder of our stock of Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods by January 1st.

We still have.....

$35,000 WORTH OF FIRST CLASS GOODS

To select from, and to move these goods more rapidly we have set the Price Cutter at work in every department and the way values have been ignored by him makes our would-be competitors envious. They, our competitors, say that they can't buy the goods at wholesale at our retail prices. Neither can we, but we are going out of the clothing business, so must make this TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

We are not trying to sell $5.00 suits and overcoats for $10.00, but are selling $18.00 and $20.00 suits and overcoats for $10.00, and $22.00 and $25.00 suits and overcoats at $15.00, and all other goods in like proportion.

Our $2.00 Hats now $1.00

$2.50 and $3.00 Hats now $1.50.

$3.50 and $4.00 Values now $2. 50.

New Prices, Monday Morning, Dec. 7th.

All we ask of you is to call and examine goods and prices. We know you will then buy.

The Conhaim Clothing Co.,

205 Main and 10 E. 2nd South.