

THE TOILER.



— CHRISTMAS, 1904 —

All Hail Santa Claus!

Terre Haute Oil & Coal Co.

O'CONNELL & SHEA, Proprietors

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(Successors to W. R. White).

ELK SALOON.

Union Made Goods a Specialty. 4th and Cherry

The Many Shapes of Santa Claus

A Christmas Poem
By Aloysius Coll

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I.

How many shapes has Santa Claus!
How many, many places
He spreads the kindness of his cause
And shows his happy faces!
He scrambles down the chimney flue,
He lights the window pane,
He enters in the doorway, too,
No matter what the damp or dew
Or hail or snow or rain!

II.

He is the sexton in the tower,
And rings the Christmas chime;
Behind the pen he is the power
Of every Christmas rhyme;
A jolly baker man is he,
And, rolling up his sleeves,
He bakes a cake for you and me,
The candy animals we see,
And fruits and flowers and leaves.

III.

He is a coachman—watch him make
His huge deliveries
Of gifts so many that they break
The waiting Christmas trees
Around, about, and in and out
He drives from door to door;
Expresman, too, without a doubt,
Mail man, and Cupid's roustabout
And angel of the poor.

IV.

He is a florist, busy quite
As any honeybee
Among the roses red and white
That bloom for you and me;
A tailor, too—his fingers fly,
Like shuttles in a race,
From silk to satin, ply on ply,
And stitch on stitch that multiply
In webs of gold and lace!

V.

How many shapes has Santa Claus!
We love them, every one,
For all the kindness of his cause—
The good that he has done.
The millionaire that sends abroad
His wagon to the poor;
Artisan, tiller of the sod—
Whoever gives a gift from God—
He is another Santa Claus
Knocking at your door!

Be Wise and Buy Early

While the Christmas Stock is New and Complete. You will find a partial showing of gift things in the east window, such as

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------------|------------------------------|---------------|
| Toilet Sets from..... | 08c to \$10 | Handkerchiefs at all prices. | |
| Military Brushes..... | \$2.98 up | Furs from..... | \$1.50 to 75 |
| Clothes Brushes..... | 08c up | Silk Underskirts..... | \$5.00 up |
| Ladies' Hat Brushes..... | 50c and 98c | Silk Shawls..... | \$1.25 up |
| Card Trays..... | 50c up | Dress Skirts..... | \$5 to 25 |
| Pin Trays..... | 15c up | Fine Waists..... | \$2.98 to 15 |
| Glass Puff Boxes..... | 25c to 98c | Dressy Suits..... | \$10 to 40 |
| (with silver tops) | | Stylish Coats..... | \$10 to 75 |
| | | Fine Belts..... | 25c to \$2.98 |

Leather Bags all prices.

Triple Plated Silverware, such as

| | | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|
| Tea Sets | Coffee Sets | Smoking Sets | Bread Trays |
| Fern Dishes | Cake Baskets | Salad Bowls | Nut Bowls |
| Bakers | | Shaving Sets | |

At a great saving in price to you. See these before buying.

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Bray & Matheny Saloon

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823 North Sixth Street

JOHN M'KENZIE SALOON.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
Free Lunch and Hot Soup. 528 N. FOURTH ST

NOTES AND COMMENT.

Down town, in Chicago, on almost every corner, you will see the Salvation Army lassie, or a representative of the Volunteer Army, with boxes and banners inscribed, "Help Furnish a Christmas Dinner to the 100,000 poor."

Here in Terre Haute the Salvation Army, the Volunteers and the Helping Hand Mission each announce that they expect to feed 500 "worthy poor" on Christmas Day. Besides these 1,500 people, many will eat Christmas dinner from the hand of private charity. Where, oh where, is the job for every man? Where, oh where, is the equal opportunity for every child?

The poor working mules and their offspring get one or two square meals a year, through the rich man's bounty, and starve the other 363 days. You are a bright lot, nit.

"The nation is passing through a period of noteworthy prosperity," said President Roosevelt in his message to congress.

"Three weeks ago the Bowery Mission in New York undertook to serve "breakfast" (bread and coffee) free to 1,000 homeless men every day till the first of April. This statement was made by those in charge: "The mission expects a heavy rush for the food offered and fears that many will have to go away hungry. There is food for one thousand, however, and as long as that lasts the doors will be kept open to all." Truly, an example of noteworthy prosperity," says The Worker.

The New York Times Wednesday last said:

"Never in the history of the city's charitable institutions have there been so many unemployed men to care for as at present, and some surprising figures compiled by the authorities at Bellevue Hospital and at the Municipal Lodging House indicate an appalling situation for the winter."

Every day we read of at least one or two cases (and how many more occur that we do not hear of it is impossible to guess) of men and women dying of actual starvation or killing themselves, after a long and vain search for work, to avoid the choice between hunger and the bitter bread of "charity."—How noteworthy, indeed, is the nation's prosperity.

Is the president, then, a liar? Or is he ignorant? No, neither. When he speaks of the nation he does not mean the men and women who do the nation's work. He means those who own the nation's wealth. For him, they are the nation. So he has been trained; that is his point of view. They constitute his nation.

The nation of possessors does enjoy noteworthy prosperity. Its prosperity is founded on the unspeakable misery of the nation of producers. Let us have an end of sweet, false phrases and recognize the truth of these two warring nations—and decide, each of us, for which he will think and work and vote.

Dr. Joseph F. Biehn, of the Chicago health department, made a tour of inspection through South Water street and found the "honest business man" of that district selling "painted pecan nuts." They were old and the meats were dried up, but by application of oxide of iron the ancient nuts were dressed anew and sold for this year's product. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. It leads a man to lie, steal, rob and cheat. The South Water street merchant is not different from a preacher who molds his expressions to suit the largest (?) contributor, the lawyer who sells his talent to any client who has the price, or the woman who yields her company for a consideration to a passerby. It is all within the one system out of which we cannot lift ourselves, but which the Socialist movement can and will destroy.

The Oberlin bank has failed. It may be that Carnegie signed the notes and maybe he didn't. Under the present system every one who wishes to place his money in a bank must do so by turning it over to private individuals, who may use the money for their private use and advantage. The bankers are under moral and legal obligations to return the money



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

to the depositors when requested, but all business is a risk, and a banking institution is no exception to the rule.

The depositors are now raving mad at Mr. Beckwith, who may have been hypnotized. (But not one-half as badly hypnotized as the average wage-worker on election day.) They have lost by virtue of private enterprise. Some time ago there was considerable agitation for public savings banks, where the people of moderate means might deposit with perfect security. Some prominent newspapers supported the proposition, but the advertisers soon told them that it would be more to their interests to accept their advertisements and cease their "patriotism," so the papers dried up like a summer squash. As long as the people insist on turning their money over to private parties to be used to advance and promote the interest of capitalists, they have no reason to complain when they lose. They get what they vote for.

The average salary (which is the maximum salary for more than half) of the school teachers of Indiana, according to the recent report of the state superintendent, is only \$349.58 per year. We are particular about the 58 cents, for on a salary so small it is quite an item. On such a salary it is impossible for any family to live a real human life; and it is an outrage that the men and women who perform the most valuable of all public services should be so poorly paid. They represent the brightest and best of our younger population. The superintendent naively remarks that "It is impossible for them to save anything out of their salaries!" Certainly if an Indiana school teacher wants to get rich he will have to quit that business.

Andrew Oakes and Peter Pelteer, of Louisville, Colo., discovered a coal mine. They sold their respective businesses, pooled their capital and began to work

their mine. It was fine coal, the mine bid fair to make them millionaires; but the Colorado Southern railroad refused to furnish them cars. They could not ship their coal. They were "frozen out" and compelled to sell their mine to the Coal Combine for a mere song. All of which goes to show that all American citizens have an equal (?) opportunity to get rich by industry and enterprise.

President Shaffer and David Evans, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Plate Workers called on President Roosevelt last week, says The Worker, to ask him to use his influence to induce the Steel Trust to submit to arbitration the questions at issue in the strike at Youngstown and Girard, O., which has been on for several months. President Roosevelt expressed himself as "de-lighted" to see the labor leaders, gave them all sorts of compliments and good wishes and hot air, and told them he wouldn't do anything to help them. He "deeply regretted" that he "could not properly do anything to bring about a settlement of the contention, being without authority or justification for interfering." Thus Shaffer's mission ends as dolefully as the legendary French king's march up the hill. It was to be expected. The Republican party has Shaffer's allegiance and "influence" already, and it has most of the steel workers' votes. Why should the president do anything to conciliate them? They can't loosen his hold on the big stick for four more years, at least—and that is a long time with such "absent-minded beggars." The Steel Trust, on the other hand, is a power that must be respected—one of the powers behind the throne, in fact—and the president is not foolish enough, in Attorney-General Knox's phrase, to "run amuck" against it.

That cheap swashbuckler, General Sherman M. Bell, of Colorado infamy, has

been exposed as the living coward that he really is. Bell had employed a young man by the name of Willard Hatch to write a biography of his wonderful exploits in bullying and oppressing unarmed men, women and children when a gang of thugs were at his back. There was a falling out between the two and big-headed Bell challenged Hatch to fight a duel. The latter promptly accepted and named swords as the weapons, whereupon the mine-owners' pet displayed the white feather. Hatch says "Bell is a bogus hero." Everybody has had that impression for some time, despite the newspaper puffing that Bell has received, and it is to be hoped that the cheap dime novel fiend will now go off and lose himself somewhere.—Cleveland Citizen.

The president of the New York Brotherhood of Carpenters has entered suit for damages against the president of the Building Trade Employers' Association. The suit grew out of a lockout declared after an arbitration board had been organized, and the unions had agreed not to strike while arbitration was pending, the Building Trade Employers' Association agreeing not to lock out their employees until disputes had been brought before the board. For the loss of employment incurred by members of the brotherhood through this action \$250,000 damages is asked.

A Christmas present of cash will be given by the International Association of Machinists to all members on strike in Chicago. Each man who is working has been asked to contribute at least one day's pay to a fund for the purpose. The presents will be distributed December 22d, in time for them to be available for Christmas preparations. There are 650 machinists on strike and 3,500 working, and it is expected that \$10 to \$15 will be given to each recipient.

GLEANINGS.

Trades unions of Jacksonville, Ill., have completed their new Labor Temple. It has three stories and a basement and is built of brick. The work of construction was done free of charge, while the trades not connected with the building industry furnished the money for the material.

A new organization of building trades' employes has been formed in New York to take the place of the Building Trades' Alliance. Every union will be represented in the new body with the exception of the bricklayers. It will represent more than 75,000 workers.

The industrial depression in England is not lessening any as the winter months approach, but if anything is growing worse. The trades unions alone report half a million of their members idle, which means about 20 per cent all told. The dock workers, sailors, cotton operatives and miners are hardest hit, although the iron and steel workers (Amalgamated Engineers) also report 5,000 men unemployed. The out-of-work benefits that are paid by many of the unions are putting the organizations to a severe test.

The 1900 census gives the number of wage-workers in the United States as 28,285,022, divided as follows: Professional, 1,264,737; trade and transportation, 4,778,233; domestic and personal service, 5,691,746; manufacturing, 7,122,987; agricultural pursuits, 10,438,919.

In language stronger than any yet uttered from a western bench Judge Hebard, of San Francisco, discourages the union practice of boycotting. He declared that the one boycotted would be justified in meeting the acts with personal violence under the right of self-defense and permanently enjoined the striking stablemen from boycotting an unfair local concern in any manner whatsoever.

Wonder whether Parry wasn't slightly conscience-stricken when he printed the following in his organ, American Industries: "The stolidity of the striking mill operatives at Fall River, at the end of the thirtieth week of idleness, is without parallel in the history of textile strikers. Actual suffering has reached the stage where the best efforts of charitable societies are not sufficient to prevent want. Bishop Strang and the Jewish rabbi of that district have both called for relief. Ensign Squarebriggs of the Salvation Army says: 'We are feeding about 1,000 a day. We find the children very hungry and destitute of warm clothing.'"—Cleveland Citizen.

A case of considerable importance to trade unions was disposed of by Judge Taylor at Washington, Pa., a few days ago. Charles Stottsbery, formerly treasurer of Local Union No. 2049 U. M. W., was charged with decamping with \$269 of the union funds last May. There was no denial of the theft, but the attorney for the defendant claimed that Local Union No. 2049 was not chartered either by the County Court or by the Governor of Pennsylvania, and therefore the defendant could not be held. The attorney for the prosecution could not prove that the local union was chartered as demanded by the act of assembly, and the court instructed the jury to render a verdict of not guilty. Thus a man who it is claimed robbed the miners' local union at Bulger escaped. It is probable that steps may be taken to have a new law passed to make local union funds more secure.

LOVE'S MISSION.

What is it makes this life worth living
And turns its pain to joy and peace?
It is the love that we are giving,
To others' happiness increase.
Love is the blessing that, when guiding,
Will lead our souls to paradise,
And as we feel its power, indwelling,
To higher levels we shall rise.

When love possesses, naught degrading
Will e'er be dwelling in the mind;
But all life's greatest charms and beauty,
The loveliest soul will ever find.
It is the blessing all are seeking;
Yet many, erring, turn away,
As selfishness their hearts possessing,
In darker paths leads them astray.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott,
Moorestown, N. J.

Bess, Queen of Strategists

By RUTH SANTELLE

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

The bushes at the top of the steep bank parted, and a girl dashed down the faintly worn path, landing with a light spring on the narrow strip of pebbly beach. Without a breath of hesitation she seized the prow of the little steel boat, gave a vigorous push, a practiced leap and stood poling swiftly over the shallows with one oar. The blue line of deep water reached, she dropped into the seat and rowed with long, strong strokes. Half across the arm of the lake, that lay between the mainland and the little island toward which she was pulling, she rested on her oars.

"Hi—hi!" This in a tone of mild surprise. "The bloodthirsty pursuer doesn't seem to be gaining very rapidly. Not a sign of him yet. Guess I'll give him a little chance. I've excuse enough for wanting to remodel myself, goodness knows!"

And she raised her arms, bared to the elbow and brown against the white of her gown, to a mass of tawny hair, very bewitchingly disheveled from the precipitousness of her launching.

"I'm morally certain he saw me, too," she reflected, braiding the heavy coils into a shining rope that more than reached the floor of the boat as she sat, "for he came around the corner of the piazza just as I crossed the road into the thicket. I should think he'd want to say goodby after—after—everything. But I don't care! I said I'd never speak to him again, and I shan't!" She seized the oars and pulled the remaining half mile with vicious, snappy strokes.

It would have been much cooler back in the evergreens, but she disposed herself on the open sand with the pillows, book and parasol which formed part of the boat's furnishings. The bright scarlet sunshade was thus unmistakably visible from the mainland.

The warm discomfort of her vigil was at length rewarded by the outputting of a boat with a single white flanneled occupant. The scarlet parasol swung around and presented a broadside view to the water. When the oncoming boat was half across, the girl, her back persistently toward it, gathered up her belongings and betook herself calmly to the friendly shadows a few yards away.

The novel must have been intensely interesting, for she had apparently not taken her eyes from its pages during all the time that an athletic looking fellow was beaching a boat, crossing the sand and throwing himself on the ground at her feet.

"I came over to say goodby, Bess," he volunteered to the back of the book. No answer.

"And to ask you to forgive me." Continued silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Bess?" with quiet earnestness.

Over the top of the book he was given an instant's burning glance of scornful eyes.

"Oh, I know you told me never to speak to you again, and I don't suppose you'll answer me either. I was a fool not to get at least your forgiveness last night, but some way I was too stunned, I guess. But whether you'll speak to me or not I must have the privilege of saying a few things that I want you to know. If—if you'd just put the book down and let me know that you're hearing, Bess!" he pleaded.

The leaves of the novel only turned the faster.

"I'm going on the 5 o'clock train," he said tentatively. "It seemed the only thing to do to make it easier for—for both of us after—after—everything. But probably you heard that I am going. I was simply thinking that as we'll presumably never see each other again it wouldn't do any harm and would be so much more satisfactory if you'd just let me explain."

"Explain!" she flashed, unaware, then bit her lip and turned another page.

He smiled in spite of himself, though her anger was far from being an amusing thing to him.

"Yes, explain," he continued, evidently encouraged. "The first thing I should want to do if I knew I had your permission" (he paused for the response that was not vouchsafed), "is to tell you that so far this has been the happiest summer of my life and to thank you for it. I've had such a good time, Bess! I'm working pretty hard, you know, since they made me a partner, and wasn't intending to take any vacation. But when your aunt's note came asking me for the house party I was too delightfully glad to care a rap for the consequences. Because I knew what it meant, you see—that you had suggested it and wanted me to come."

She stirred uneasily, plumped up a cushion behind her back, snipped an aut from her skirt, then took up the book again, not seeming to notice that a score of pages had fluttered over.

"I suppose you'll hardly realize what it has meant to me." He was on his back, hands under head, and might have been addressing the tiny patches of blue that shone between the green tresses overhead. "I went into the business so very young and have been about so little. It was especially hard after I met you at the pier to know that I was so different from the others."

The soft end of the heavy braid lay

near him and he fell so crossing it absently. As he still gazed overhead he could not see that the book was lowered and two shining eyes were regarding him stealthily.

"And then when I came you were so good, better than to the rest, Bess. You gave me the most time and the most favors. It—well, I guess it turned my head, that's all. And when I came upon you unexpectedly in the shadowy hall last night—"

"Don't speak of it again, Arthur Morton!" she cried so vehemently that it brought him to a sitting posture. "Everything was lovely, and we did have a good time, and then you had to spoil it all by t-trying to k-k-kiss me. I n-never was s-so d-dis-graced in my life!" Her voice choked with angry sobs.

"Please, Bess, I can't bear to have you cry. Anyway, as long as we are having a final straightening up I'm going to finish the nasty business. When I told you last night that I made a mistake, that I thought it was one of the housemaids, I told you a lie. There. Now I suppose it is up for good!"

"A lie! Then you did know? You did mean—but really, Mr. Morton, you must excuse me from discussing this disagreeable subject any further. I said all I had to say last night." She rose stiffly and went over to the boat for the tea things.

All the while that she was rather blindly laying out her dainty lunch her most inconsistent heart was singing: "He did! I'm glad! He did! I'm glad!"

But the man sat very still, his face buried in his arms.

Then she waited for the boiling of the water over the spirit lamp with apparent fascination in its progress.

The man looked up at last.

"Yes, it was a lie," he said miserably. "I knew perfectly well it was you. It's hardly likely I should mistake any one for you, Bess. I was just loving you very hard, and the moon was in the wrong quarter or something, and my head swam—and then it was over with. When I said I thought it was the maid it was just a desperate attempt to make it easier when I saw how hurt you were. Above all, Bess, don't imagine for an instant that I ever thought you that kind of girl! I had a feeling that things were different with us, that we almost understood each other—such a conceited fool is a man in love! It is for seeming to think so poorly of you that I want to be forgiven."

She turned on him a dazzling smile.

"I forgive you," she said, "and won't you have a sandwich? The water is nearly boiled."

Promptly he took—not the sandwich, but the hand that proffered it, also its mate.

After a perceptible lapse of time the girl said softly: "But I never could if you'd believed it the housemaid! What did you expect, sir? Is a girl to be kissed by a man who's never even said he loves her and not say she's angry? Anyway, you've missed your train."

"Some day there'll be another," he answered comfortably.

They rowed back side by side in the man's boat, rowing the other, whose oars had mysteriously disappeared.

"Queer about those ars," reflected the man half way across.

"I—dropped them overboard when I went to get the tea basket," said a very small voice. "I was afraid you'd start to go."

Here they stopped again, for the average rowboat is disinclined to move without some assistance.

Rules to Follow in Conversation.

Railery is the finest part of conversation, but as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart, just as when an expensive fashion cometh up those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for railery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding, on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Railery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid, nor can there anything be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—Dean Swift.

The Way to Get Press Tickets.

During the course of his investigations one New York press agent learned that enterprising young men often had fifty or a hundred letterheads printed, with the same number of envelopes, and with these letterheads, which represented them as editors of a paper which had no actual existence, they set about acquiring theater tickets. Over in Jersey City one chap was found who actually printed a few copies of a paper at intervals to send to managers of theaters. He paid his printing bills with theater tickets and had enough left to pay him for his trouble. No one ever saw his publication except the theater managers to whom marked copies were sent.—*Lyle's Magazine.*

THE OLD TIME CHRISTMAS

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

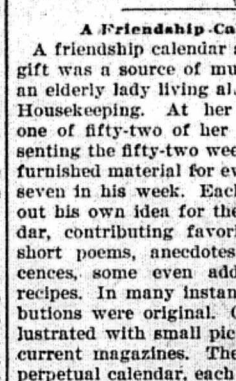
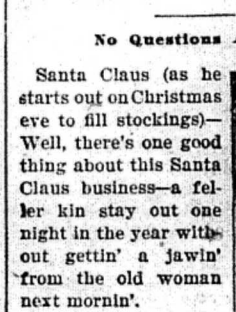
Let's nod a bit before the blaze
Amid the quiet gloom
And live again those Christmas days
Away back there at home.
Seems like the children of these times
Have notions all so great;
The things that cost but cents and dimes
They don't appreciate.

We did. How well I recollect
Our famous Christmas tree—
The grandest pageant, I expect,
That I shall ever see.
We didn't buy it in the town;
We trudged a mile or so
To where it grew and chopped it down
And hauled it through the snow.

I couldn't eat a bite of sup
That Christmas eve—not I!
I couldn't sit—as bobbing up
To hang about and spy.
And then when I had done my chores,
With heart right on my lips
I saw it through the folding doors,
A gleam with tallow dips.

The gifts? I got a pair of mitts
By mother knit—bright red,
And father had employed his wits
To build a fine new sled.
An orange—things too small, no doubt,
To suit a modern lad,
But 'twas a Christmas out and out,
The best I've ever had.

[Copyright, 1902, by Edwin L. Sabin.]



OLD SANTA IN HIS MOODS.

They Keep Him Busy.

Santa Claus—Get a move on you, boys

There's 1,400 Joneses in the city directory and we've got to visit every one of them to night!

No Questions Asked.

Santa Claus (as he starts out on Christmas eve to fill stockings)—Well, there's one good thing about this Santa Claus business—a feller kin stay out one night in the year without gettin' a jawin' from the old woman next mornin'.

A Friendship Calendar.

A friendship calendar as a Christmas gift was a source of much pleasure to an elderly lady living alone, says Good Housekeeping. At her request each one of fifty-two of her friends, representing the fifty-two weeks of the year, furnished material for every day of the seven in his week. Each one followed out his own idea for the week's calendar, contributing favorite quotations, short poems, anecdotes and reminiscences, some even adding cherished recipes. In many instances the contributions were original. Others were illustrated with small pictures cut from current magazines. The result was a perpetual calendar, each day representing the loving thought of a friend.

A Christmas Game.

"Christmas candles" is a good old time game. A lighted candle is placed upon a table. The player is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it. He's then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then to walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. His attempt to do so will probably be as amusing to the audience as disconcerting to himself.—*Country Life in America.*

The Line Drawn.

Ethel—What do you intend to give me for Christmas?
Bertie—Would a kiss answer?
Ethel (with sarcasm)—No, indeed! Mamma never allows me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen.

Vacancy.
There's Christmas smiling in the sky,
There's Christmas in the trees,
There's Christmas in the streets near by,
There's Christmas in the breeze.

It's Christmas, Christmas everywhere,
No matter where you look,
Save when you gaze with mild despair
Into your pocketbook.
—Washington Star.

Christmas Bills.

The Christmas bills
Give and the chills;
He'll never climb
The heavenly hills
Nor wear the angels'
Wings an' trills
Because o' them
Same Christmas bills!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Order your Christmas Cakes at Cross' Bakery, 25 North Sixth.

For the best quality and latest styles, no one can sell you Carpets or Furniture cheaper than John G. Doherty, 635 Main street.

For the holidays we have a large stock of JEWELRY, including the latest style in each line. We will endeavor to give you a few prices that will interest you:

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NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT.

State of Indiana, Vigo County.—In the Superior Court, November Term, 1904.
Anna M. Burgess vs. William E. Burgess.
Be it known that on the 1st day of December, 1904, said plaintiff filed an affidavit in due form, showing that the defendant, William E. Burgess, is a non-resident of the state of Indiana and a necessary party defendant to the complaint herein, and that the object of said action is divorce. Said non-resident defendant is now, therefore, hereby notified of the pendency of said action against him, and that the same will stand for trial on the 4th day of February, 1905, unless said defendant appear and answer or demur to said complaint at said date, the same will be heard and determined in his absence. Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 1st day of December, 1904.
WILLIAM H. BERRY, Clerk.
W. W. RUMSEY, Plf's Atty.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT.

Before Bazil Brown, Justice of the Peace for Harrison Township, Vigo County, Indiana. Lucy E. Cline vs. Earl Wilson, attachment. Whereas, it appears by affidavit of the plaintiff that the said defendant is a non-resident of this state, and whereas it appears from the return of the constable to the summons herein issued that the said defendant was not found in his bailiwick; it is therefore ordered that notice of the pendency of this action be given to defendant by publication in a newspaper of general circulation published in said county. Said defendant is therefore hereby notified of the pendency of said action for trial on the 5th day of January, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., at 223 Ohio street, Terre Haute, Indiana. Witness my hand and seal this 2d day of December, 1904.
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Christmas With the Bedouins

By
Frederick A. Ober

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MY guide's name was Mohammed, and he was a renegade. He wore the funniest of baggy breeches, which were always wabbling from side to side, a bobbed Turkish jacket, slippers with their heels chopped off and a red fez perched upon the top of his head, which was as bald as the end of an egg. He had a wicked snarl on his face and a malicious twinkle in his eyes, but for all that he served me faithfully and cheated me only to the extent of 20 per cent. That was his limit, self set, on all the purchases he made for me and the bills of whatever sort he contracted. If he didn't get it out of me he took it out of the Jewish merchants, who added it to the next purchase, so I made nothing by trying to buy at cut rates when Mohammed was not around.

I picked him up at the Bab el Soik, the great market place of Tangier, while haggling for a matchlock with a barrel eight feet long and a snicker-snee, or hand forged knife, with blade two feet in length adorned with inlay of arabesques. I wanted them both, but the prices were way out of reach, so I was about to leave them there when Mohammed appeared on the scene. He had been eyeing me from a corner of the great wall the while, biding his time.

"You want gun, want knife?" he asked me. "Buono. I get um half price. That do?" I nodded "Yes," and get them he did with a celerity that won my regard at once, and from that moment he was my self constituted body-guard during my stay in Morocco.

He came to me one day in a state of excitement with the information that a caravan from the interior had arrived at the Sok that morning, and as the leader was a friend of his he could easily secure me a passage. I had expressed a great desire to go on a caravan journey, but had changed my mind on account of hearing that the Bedouins of the Atlas mountains were prowling around the foothills and gathering in every stranger in sight.

"Yes, that right," admitted the truthful Mohammed, "but bandit don't touch this caravan because it protect-ed."

"Why not?" I asked. "It can't be much of a show if it isn't worth while for the robbers to 'touch' it, seems to me. Don't think I care to go."

Mohammed placed his lips close to my ear after looking around to see that there were no listeners and said, "Robber don't want to do something to this caravan, 'cause he leader a bandit himself."

oin camp. But I had my Christmas dinner just the same, as I will now proceed to relate. Being in doubt as to the good intentions of my Bedouin friends, I carried a revolver of heavy caliber snuggled close to one hip, but had no occasion to use it during the journey, which covered two days out and as many back, with three days in camp.

There were some sixty of the Arabs, all men and boys, with not a woman



THE ETHIOPIAN FROM TIMBUKTU.

around, which fact was in itself suspicious, as the Bedouins generally travel with their families, including babies in arms and patriarchal head of the clan. By their having divested themselves of their women and children and being stripped to nothing "more than the law allows" they proclaimed that they meant to do some rapid riding and perhaps some illegal plundering. It was none of my business, of course, as they treated me well enough, but I soon learned that they were actually engaged in a "razzia," or robber raid, among the shepherding Arabs of the foothills and that the pretense they had made of going to Fez was to throw the sultan's soldiers off their guard.

All went well, however, during the

fires, but through it all they maintained an air of dignity, and if any one had questioned their capacities they would have whipped out their long knives and have carved up an argument with neatness and dispatch.

There was no table, and we were seated around the fire in a large circle—first the chief men of the tribe, including their guests, then the inferior members, and lastly several concentric circles of lean and maugy euns, which were snarling and fighting all the time over the bones we threw to them. The Bedouins' finger nails were curved and sharp as scimiters, so they had no trouble in rending the ribs of sheep apart and tearing off huge mouthfuls, which disappeared as if by magic. Besides the meat we had big dishes of "cuscussa," or "kusskuss," into which the Arabs all dipped their hands, scooping out the rice and gravy and conveying the stuff to their mouths.

Observing that I was somewhat hesitant in following their example, the old chief pawed out some of the choice bits and, before I knew what he was about, crammed them into my mouth. As this was considered the highest honor an Arab could bestow upon a guest I made a pretense of liking it, but never experienced a happier moment than when at last a slave came around with a basin of water with which to lave our hands and beards, proclaiming that the feast was over.

"Now we go see powder play!" exclaimed Mohammed as every adult Arab took up his ever present musket, with barrel of iron or brass several feet longer than himself, and mounted his fiery, untamed steed, which had stood all the while saddled and bridled close by. The powder play, or "lab-el-barada," is a superb exhibition of horsemanship to the accompaniment of a rattling musketry fire and demonic yells from half crazed men. In reality it is a sham battle, and when the Bedouins, having galloped off to the edge of the oasis, came charging back in a whirlwind of dust and with the thunder of 200 hoofs, yelling like fiends and firing off their guns promiscuously at the sky, at the ground and in every direction around them, I certainly thought the men of the foothills had descended in a body for revenge.

I sought a tree at once. Mohammed declared I shinned up it, but he got me down before any of the Bedouins saw me, fortunately, they were so drunk with excitement.

"Allah! Allah! el hamadu, Millah Allah," they shouted in grand chorus—"God, O God; praised be the God of



COOKING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Oh, ho! And yet you say he is a good friend of yours?"

"Very good friend. When I get money 'nough I join he band."

Mohammed drew himself proudly erect and slapped his breast. He evidently expected applause. But he only grinned and showed his big white teeth when I remarked in a manner that was intended to be sarcastic that he seemed to be doing pretty well as a bandit within the walls.

"Yes," he admitted, "plenteo money, p'raps, but no excitement! But come see caravan man; no time to lose; start this afternoon."

The caravan man was, if possible, more rascally looking than Mohammed, but the promise of a new sort of adventure appealed to me, and we soon closed a bargain. He agreed to furnish a mule for each of us and to keep us as long as we cared to stay, sending us back to Tangier by the first escort of soldiers that should appear. As a Bedouin born and bred he at first insisted upon my riding a camel, but "once bitten twice shy" is true of that evil beast, and I refused point blank. Then he offered a donkey, but we finally compromised on the hybrid, and late that afternoon, having arranged with the United States consul to send out a search party if I did not return on time, I started on my first caravan journey in Morocco.

It was then three days to Christmas, and I had promised the consul that I would try to be back to take a bite of turkey with him, but as it turned out I was several days late and passed pertanto that day of days in the Bed-

time I was with them, and when on the morning of the fourth day a detachment of our men came in from an all night raid, driving before them a flock of several hundred sheep, I said nothing, but there was no doubt as to how the rascals got those sheep. We were, then encamped in a grove of cocoa palms that adorned an oasis within a small valley surrounded with high hills, upon the crests of which our sentinels were posted.

As my robber friends had taken good care to select for their "razzia" a defenseless community that could not make reprisals in short order, it was in peace and quietude that they prepared to celebrate the outcome of their raid and at the same time, as it chanced, the advent of Christmas day. This latter was not, of course, the result of intention, but it happened that the natal day of the Nazarene fell due coincidentally with the Mohammedan festival of Jebraiel, the archangel, and the pious villains "laid themselves out" for the biggest kind of festivity.

Within our "douar," or camp, composed of black and shaggy camel's hair tents there was no turkey or goose or fowl of any sort, but there were sheep galore. These the Bedouins slaughtered by dozens and brought the gory carcasses to the campfires, where they were taken in hand by the cooks and pitchforked on long poles as spits by patient Arabs, who were bent over almost double for hours at a time. Wrapped in their "baika" and bur-nouses, with the pointed hoods hanging down their backs, they appeared like a lot of old women pottering over

heaven"—but even with these pious ejaculations on their lips the mad Bedouins looked less like saints than devils let loose from the nether regions. They were black with powder smoke; their gallant steeds, among them some of Araby's best bars of incalculable value, were flecked with foam and blood, but the "play" was kept up for an hour, during all the time of which an old Ethiopian from Timbuktu sat quietly beneath a palm and sawed away at an aboriginal violin.

At last, spent and quivering, the horses were reined up on their haunches in front of the camp, but scarcely had their masters dismounted than there was a great outcry: "They come, they come to avenge the razzia! Mount and meet 'em, men!" Before they had mounted, however, it was discovered that those approaching were the soldiers from Fez, by whom I was to be escorted. They were about 100 in number and had been out collecting the sultan's taxes.

"How much did they get?" I asked Mohammed after we had arranged for returning with them to Tangier.

"How much? Oh, you mean how many? Well, not many; 'bout fifteen," answered Mohammed carelessly.

"What, dollars?"
"No, heads. They are in that heap. They had men—tax dodgers." There were, sure enough, three sacks, containing five heads each, which were to be taken to the city and called up above the gates as a warning to tax dodgers throughout Morocco.

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The Mystery of the Ring

A Christmas Story
By Everett Holbrook

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SANTA CLAUS hasn't aged a day. It is fifteen years since I saw him last, and ten more at least since he first dawned upon my view in the old church and swept away from my childish mind every possible doubt as to the reality of the cheeriest saint in the calendar. Yet here he is tonight, the same old Charley Clarke, in a buffalo overcoat and a white wig and beard. Many of his jests are the same, and none the worse for that. The congregation would protest if he omitted any of his familiar quips.



"A DIAMOND!"

The church has changed somewhat, and for the better, but the backs of the pews are still topped by cylindrical moldings which torment the shoulder blades of adult worshippers. You may know a member of the orthodox congregation in Southfield by the way he sits down, for he always exhibits a peculiar caution in regard to the back of his chair. The single exception is my uncle, Horatio Stevens, who never reposes upon any back except his own and at seven, ty-seven years sits up severely parallel with the perpendicular wall of the pew, but with a clear space of three inches behind his Sunday coat.

I can see him out of the corner of my left eye on this particular Christmas eve, and in the other end of the pew is my Aunt Anne, comfortable in the corner, not because of any advantage which the location offers, but because she carries a supply of comfort in her cheerful soul for herself and for those who come within the sphere of her influence.

Between my aunt and me sits the little orphan. Thus was she described in some old letter years ago, and when I was picking up presents here and there on my long journey back to Southfield I thought of her as still a child. The presents are on that big, glittering spruce tree in the corner, and I shall be ashamed when Charley Clarke finds the first of them and sends it down here by one of his gayly clad messengers. There is a string of quaint beads, for instance, that would be very nice for a schoolgirl, but what will this beautiful and accomplished young lady say to them? Something very courteous, no doubt, yet I wish I had brought her a jewel of price. As a member of the family I might have done so without impropriety, and I have a strong suspicion, though our acquaintance is so very brief, that the little orphan likes gems.

She has had no experience of them, poor child, for my Uncle Horatio has no money for extravagances. His circumstances are much narrower than I had supposed, and my conscience troubles me because I have not helped him. Yet how could I know? There is no man living who writes a briefer letter than Uncle Horatio nor one containing less information. And Aunt Anne rarely writes at all. She merely sends her love. Moreover, being genuine New England folks, the last thing they would ever do would be to communicate an essential fact to one of their relatives.

What's that that Charley Clarke has in his hand? It has the shape of a book I bought for Adelaide abroad. It is aggressively juvenile, but the pictures are really good, thank heaven! "Miss Adelaide Bancroft" announced Santa Claus in his funny, high keyed voice. "Looks as if it came from Europe. Now, who has been in Europe recently, I wonder?"

At this about half the assemblage turned toward me and laughed. It was like a great family around its Christmas tree, this gathering of honest hearted folks in the old First church of Southfield.

It certainly seemed to me that all my presents to Adelaide were wide of the mark, but her heart received them every one. That a stranger coming home across the world should have halted now and then to purchase trivial things for a girl whom he had never seen was sweet to her in a way that no man can understand. My wretched string of queer beads made a great impression. She handled them with a grace that made them beautiful, and when she had put them about her neck upon my word they almost seemed worth while.

"No, no!" said I weakly, and when Aunt Anne looked at me solemnly over the top of her spectacles I shook my head in most decisive fashion.

"U-n-um," remarked Uncle Horatio, viewing the sparkling gem over my shoulder, "this is very extraordinary." "Addie," said Aunt Anne, "don't you know who gave it to you?"

"I haven't the shadow of a guess," she replied, and gave me the faintest flash of a look such as I have already described.

"Word of honor," I protested, "it was not I."

The diamond was set in a ring and was above two carats in weight, as I spring after many trials, which served to heighten her interest and impatience. The lid flew back, and I caught a gleam of light. A faint cry escaped from the girl's lips, and her form became rigid. She gazed into the box with a devouring intensity.

"A diamond!" said I.

"Oh!" she cried, and she flashed a single glance upon me that expressed some excited emotion which I have never experienced. As the perfumes of roses are indescribably refined and purified by endless processes that savor of magic, so gratitude was offered to me in its hundredth distillate in this glance of Adelaide's.

judged by comparing it with a mental image of a stone belonging to my sister. It sparkled with exceptional brilliancy and exerted upon Adelaide a truly hypnotic fascination. I think that her eyes never wandered from it for more than ten seconds during the remainder of the exercises in the church, and when we were upon the street she held the gem before her at arm's length and followed this guiding star all the way home. It drew her forward with such speed that we three were able to discuss this mystery together without being overheard by her.

Of course I could contribute nothing in the way of information. I knew nothing about it, and I had just solved all my doubts in the matter.

"Ye-es," said he slowly as he scrutinized the box, "that comes from the Ajax Diamond company. They make a very clever imitation—sold honestly as paste, of course. It looks right—very good fire, as we say—for free to six months; then the stone becomes dull. This one probably cost about \$10."

I stared at him, aghast at this revelation of iniquity. What fiendish human form had devised this unique and dreadful torture for poor Adelaide. I grieved at heart as I pictured her in the dread day when the only diamond she had ever owned, the very diamond of her girlish dreams, should fade into a bit of linden glass.

said Uncle Horatio, and this view of the matter was presented to the girl when we reached the house. She paled somewhat and looked appealingly at me, but of course I could not say that I had given her the ring.

A sort of treaty was made with me, it was provided that Adelaide should keep the ring that night and sit up as long as she pleased to do so, but on the morrow she should give it into the custody of her foster parent pending an investigation.

This was done, but the subsequent investigation was singularly barren of results. For obvious reasons it was conducted with caution—with so much caution, indeed, that no light could possibly come out of it. However, upon my own part I succeeded in recalling something which may be called an opinion. In brief, I decided that the ring had come from Garland, that Stella Tracy knew it, and that she was jealous to the verge of utter absurdity.

As to Garland's motive for making the gift, I groped in hopeless vain. He was clearly not a man who would do such a thing from mere generosity. In fact, he was one who demanded a full return for all expenditures. Adelaide certainly did not know that Garland was the donor of the ring, and if he should tell her so she would give it back. Such being the case, what had the man gained? What he hope to gain? Though he had shown some tendency to flirt with Adelaide, he really seemed to be in love with Stella, and, moreover, she was quite an heiress, while Adelaide was a penniless girl.

The very first man to whom I looked this object, now doubly precious to me, for reasons which I have just stated, solved all my doubts in the matter.

"Who, indeed? Why, how simple! Who was Adelaide's enemy? Who had recently been to Boston? Who could afford \$10 for a spiteful trick? Whose intuition would teach her how to make another girl truly miserable? Stella Tracy, beyond a doubt."

"Mr. Atwood," said I to the jeweler, "will you give me a genuine diamond that looks as much like this one as possible? First water and all that sort of thing, you understand. I know nothing about gems. I rely wholly upon you. I want it for—for a very sweet and lovable girl who—"

"Prospective engagement ring," said he, grinning. "I'll give you a lucky one."

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The Letter She Sent

A Christmas Sketch
By Zoe Anderson Norris

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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 do! I do! But there are many reasons why I should not go. In the first place, if I never met you in the first place, after a succession of sleepless nights and heartaches, I have learned to do without you. I have learned to live quietly, composedly; rising of mornings and going about my work in a leaden sort of way, but calmly; without much hope of happiness in the future, 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 clouded de-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 bit of a second venture, my friend.

Your letter lies before me in the folds of a blurred where I have kept it warm against my heart. It is quite evident that at present you are blind. Love is always blind for a little while—for a very little while, alas! I am beautiful, I am charming. I have had my share of admirers. You are determined to see me again, but I am dejectedly devoid of beauty have charmed. So I may be that, but—I am no longer beautiful. I was beautiful once—that night I trailed up the long, narrow aisle of the bellowered cathedral, the white bride of the man who promised there to love, protect and cherish me.

Love, protect, cherish! I fear I have 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 sex. Mustn't I? But now? Nobody ever looks at me twice. Nobody ever turns deliberately around to look at me. Their glances rest idly upon me and pass—even those of the little boys who

"WHAT WOULD BE YOUR FIRST THOUGHT?" used to do me homage: even those of the little girls who used to say: "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 her beauty, and with her beauty goes her life.

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 left for you. Besides, I am older than you. Written, those seem ordinary words, just common, ordinary, everyday words, but weigh them, weigh them!

There are no weights sufficiently heavy to balance that sorrow. Hope might lighten it, but there is no hope.

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W. E. EPPERT, Pres. Telephone 29 HERBERT BRIGGS, Sec'y.
S. T. MANN, Vice Pres. S. C. BROWN, Treas. & Mgr.

Terre Haute Stove and Furnace Co.

Sign of the Big Red Teapot. 658 MAIN STREET

Citizens' Phone 979

Bell Phone 695 R-3



THE

ANNEX

405 MAIN STREET

F. (KID) KIZER, Proprietor

Riddle-Hamilton Co.

Insurance

Real Estate

Loans

20 South Sixth

Terre Haute, Ind.

GREAT CHRISTMAS SALE

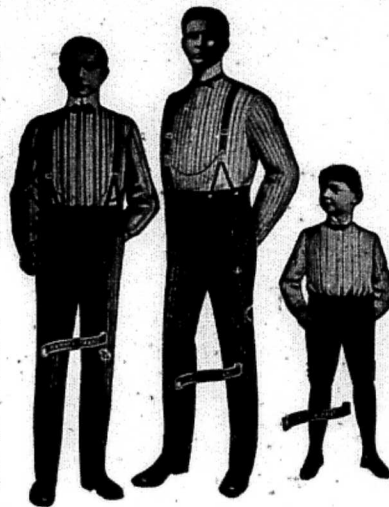
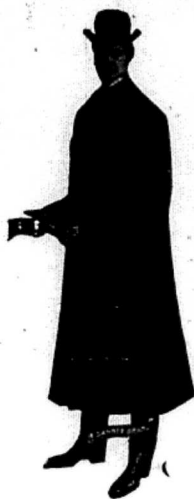
— AT THE —

EAST END BARGAIN STORE

Owing to the crippled trade and disastrous weather conditions, we find ourselves with an enormous stock of high-grade Clothing, Ladies' and Mens' Furnishings and Shoes on hand. With the greater part of the season gone, our bills are coming due, and in order to meet the demands of our creditors we must close out our stock at a sacrifice. Read carefully every word of this advertisement.

CLOTHING

There is one group of exceedingly stylish suits, on which the price-mark is exceptionally small. They are made of fine worsted and all wool scotch, in extremely neat patterns and colorings, hand tailored at every point; a suit which will satisfy the most critical. \$20 never bought better suits; sale price..... **\$12.50**



OVERCOATS

A line of overcoats that will surely please men that have good ideas as to dress, yet do not care to pay a high price. These coats are in three-quarter lengths, in plain black or oxford, or full length coats, either with or without belts; guaranteed \$12 coats; sale price..... **\$8.50**

HATS AND CAPS

Men's up-to-date Soft Hats, strictly \$2 quality; sale price..... **\$1.50**
Men's Fine Plush Caps, worth \$1.50; sale price..... **\$1.00**
Men's 75c Plush Caps; sale price..... **50c**
Men's \$1 Dress Shirts, Monarch make..... **75c**

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Men's fine Quilted Mufflers, for this sale **50c**
Men's up-to-date Neckties, sale price..... **25c**
Men's Black Bow Ties, sale price..... **10c**
Men's fancy 15c Socks, sale price..... **10c**
Men's Mocha Gloves, also Dressed Kid Gloves, for this sale..... **50c**

SHOES



Men's up-to-date Selz Royal Blue Shoes, the best \$3.50 shoe in the world, consisting of patent leather, velour calf, leather lined; for this sale only..... **\$3.00**
Men's high top velour calf shoes, in blucher, heavy sole; for this sale..... **\$2.50**
Men's heavy fur lined shoes, a bargain at \$3.50; sale price..... **\$1.98**
Ladies' up-to-date good shoe, heavy sole, worth \$2; sale price..... **\$1.25**
Up-to-date Baby Shoes, all sizes..... **50c**

Ladies heavy quilted Flannelette Wrappers, \$1.50 quality; sale price..... **98c**
500 yards Embroidery Remnants, 10 and 15c values; sale price..... **5c**
White Vesting, suitable for ladies' waists, regular 50c quality; sale price..... **25c**
Flannelettes in all colors, 10 and 12 1/2c quality, sale price..... **7 1/2c**
Red Table Linens, regular 49c quality; sale price..... **25c**

East End Bargain Store, 1125-27 Main St.

Have you made your arrangements for

Fall and Winter Lighting

Your Furnace Room should be lighted so you can turn on the light before going down stairs, or a barn light to be turned on from the house.

A PORCH LIGHT is very convenient.

The cost is small. Get our rates.

Terre Haute Traction and Light Company

CABBER BAKING POWDER

WHAT IT WILL DO

Make the healthiest and sweetest yeast bread on earth.
Make bread hold moisture. Restore that good taste which is taken out of flour in order to make it white.
Make the best tasting cakes of any baking powder on the market.
It contains a large per cent. of Vegetable Phosphates, which is a pure food.
THE healthiest baking powder in the world.

HULMAN COFFEE COMPANY, MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS, TERRE HAUTE, IND.