

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

In a crowded city shop recently over the din of the shopping and the rattle of the streets there arose sweet and tender a baby's happy laughter. The girls behind the counters and the women in front of them stopped to gaze in a common sympathetic pleasure which changed the whole atmosphere of the shop in a twinkling. For there before a long narrow mirror set for ornament only stood a toddler of perhaps two years, all in scarlet toggery that vied with the rosy cheeks for brightness. Down from her little red hat cascaded blonde curls and out from the little red sleeves stretched two tiny mittened hands trying to clutch the baby in the glass. All the pretty chuckling and chatter were for this little friend, so familiar and dear and yet no doubt seeming strange enough in these strange surroundings. Baby had seen her in the mirror at home and after a little she began to feel quite friendly with her again. Then there was a laying of the rose-petal cheek against the glass, where the other little maiden bent her head at the very moment, and the fusillade of energetic kisses was plainly audible to the delighted bystanders.

Next baby discovers a little ledge at the foot of the mirror and forgetting her playmate turns her back promptly and sits down, shouting delighted Chocaw to mother, which the shop girls are clever enough to translate. Baby is announcing "I's sittin' down, mamma." Even the courteous gentlemen who walk the floor unbend from their dignity and smile upon the little human ray of sunshine.

And, speaking of cascading curls, one remembers a glimpse of the like on the street lately when daughter and papa were running along hand in hand at a

great rate. Daughter was probably a little late for school and father was helping her to catch up with her comrades ahead. And how the curls bobbed as she sprang gaily along. The sight of a child who runs is such a study of grace and freedom as no conscious pose of the aptest model ever reached. Children do not move with muscles or the rest of the clumsy mechanism of which some of us are too much aware. They just think "Go—skip—skate—hop—run—jump—hippety-hop—dance—tiptoe—twirl"—and the thing is done. Watch the toes of the next active youngster you meet and see if they really touch the ground at all. If they do it is but to spurn it for its presumption in claiming to support the youthful airy flutterings. As well might the rose claim to uphold the butterfly that pauses with fanning wings upon her velvet bloom.—Ex.

LUKE-McCUSH NUPTIALS.

At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. W. Stone, in Garberville tomorrow, December 8th, 1910, there will be joined in the bonds of holy matrimony Mr. William Luke of Briceland and Miss Mary McCush of Garberville. Mr. Luke is a popular and long-time resident of the extract town, and holds the office of constable there. The young lady of his choice was born and reared near Garberville. She is a sister of John McCush who for a year or longer was employed in The Advance office. Our very best wishes are extended the happy couple.—Ex.

The above clipping is from a California paper. Mrs. Luke was a pupil at Chemawa for a number of years and has many friends here who wish her a long and happy life.