PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the metry morning, When the red burns through the gray And the wintry world lies waiting For the glory of the day. Then we hear a fitful rushing Just without upon the stair, See two white phantoms coming. Catch the gleam of sunny hair.

Are they Christman fairies stealing Rows of little socks to 5117 Are they angels floating hither With their message of good will? What sweet spell these elves are weaving As like lacks they chirp and sing: Is it paims of peace from heaven That these lovely spirits bring?

Rosy feat upon the threshold. Eager faces peeping through, With the first red ray of sunshine Chanting cherons come in view; Mistletce and glearning holly, Symbols of a biessed day. In their chuoby hands they curry, Streaming all along the way

Well we know them, never weary Of this innocent surprise, Waiting, watching, listening always, With full learts and tender eyes, White our little household angels, White and golden in the sun, Greet us with the sweet old welcome, "Merry Christmas, every one!"

His Revenge A Christmas Story

It was Christmas Eve that year when John Maxwell went away to make his mark in this world. Alice Tower was just eighteen. They had been lovers for a few years and were now engaged. Something that she had said to him about the quality of the present he brought to her on Christmas Eve piqued him. "Two years from now," he said, "I will come back to claim you. Then I will be a rich man." These had been John Maxwell's last words; and there had been a fire in his eye, and certain lines of determination about his mouth which augured that he would make them good. But the two years had passed and six months more and Alice had heard no word.

Sitting under the old apple tree one warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his sllence gave her pain or pleasure. When John had bidden her good-by the thought of his return had been the sustaining power in the moment of his departure. Though she had shed bitter tears over the story of his many failures; though she had received with gladness the knowledge of his first successes; though she had once waited with impatience for letters that did not come, she now felt it to be almost a relief -nay, quite-for two years is a long, long time, and Alice felt that in two years she had grown old not only in years but in experience. Did it not make the difference between eighteen and twenty? Surely, when one had left their teens behind them it was time to learn wisdom.

Ah! Alice would not whisper to her own thoughts that there had been another teacher; that not so easy would have been the lesson of forgetfulness had not another lesson nned in its stead. It was all a bewildering maze in the little head under the masses of rich brown hair, with just a glint of red among them as the sun gave them its farewell kiss. But a brighter red stole into the rounded cheek as a well-known step drew nearer, and a shadow for which the apple trees were not responsible was thrown beside hers.

reason for fixing the time so far ahead. Poor John Maxwell! Maybe she thought of him.

In all these weeks she had told him nothing of John. Somehow she could not gather courage to frame the words. And John had forgotten her. He would never know. It was better that he should not. Love is ever jealous, and he might upbraid her, or think even while he had won her that she might prove inconstant to him as to her first lover. Some day when she was his wife, his very own, she would whisper the story into his ear. and then they would bury poor John together.

Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding dressbefore the wedding day. It was all nonsense. Alice thought, as later, she stood before her mirror and saw reflected there her own form clad in its white silken robes.

Poor John! She wished she had not thought of him, as she stood in her wedding dress. The air was very heavy tonight. It was this which oppressed her so.

"Come in," she called to the knock at her door.

The little maid entered.

"Oh, Miss Alice! law, Miss, how beautiful you do look. The gentleman is downstairs and wants to see you immediate, Miss."

The gentleman! Of course she meant Dent. She had a great mind to run down just as she was, to hear if he would echo the little maid's verdict, and say that he, too, thought her beautiful. The impulse of vanity was not to be resisted, and gathering up her silken skirts she ran lightly down the stairs. The room was in shadow. the large, old-fashioned lamp on the table burning dimly; but sitting in a corner on the sofa she saw a man's form, a man who rose impetuously to his feet as she entered.

With a smile upon her lips and iu her eyes, and a bright spot of scarlet in her cheeks, she tripped across the floor and turned the lamp so that its light streamed full upon her, then looked up into Dent's face to see the look of love and admiration gathering there-looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed stranger-some one whose face was bronzed and bearded, but with a strange pallor gathering on it as he looked in vain for the words of love and recognition which did not comelooked from her own paling face, from the dying spots of scarlet in her heek, to the silken train which wept the floor in its purity, and the orange flowers she had fastened in her breast. Yes, she knew him now: It was John, come home to claim her for his very own. His voice was very hoarse when he spoke.

"I came for my bride," he said. "Is she here? Is this dress for me '

"Have pity," she wailed, in answer, Two years were such a long while. For six months I had not heard. I thought you were dead, or had forgot-

"Men do not forget," he answered. We leave that to the women who undo us. Six months! And it seemed to you a long time to wait. Child, do you know what I have endured for the reward of this moment? What was hunger, toil, privation, homesickness to me? I almost welcomed them, for ever behind there all was the thought that all were for you, for the day which was slowly, slowly creeping on, when I might stand before you and say: 'Alice, I have proved my love with a price. You may accept !t. darling, without fear. It has been purified through fire.' And when, six months ago, my crowning success came, I started in search of you; but the long hardships had done their work. For-months I was at Death's door, unable to write, or to let others write. Then, when I grew stronger. I said: 'I will wait until I can go to her.' You were sheltereed, cared for, happy-aye, I was so mad as to think praying for me-I even thanked God that your prayers had restored my life and reason. I am as the man who toiled all his life in search of a glittering diamond, and when at length ered it to be a piece of shining glass." his arm, her face upturned in its pale beauty to his. I loved you then. Believe me, I loved you then." Through the open window stole her words, paralyzing the form of an unseen listener, who had at that moment appeared upon the scene. What did it mean? He heard not the man's answering words-"Forgive you? Never!"-but saw only his last, mad, passionate embrace as he snatched her unresisting form in his arms and covered her face with kisses which seemed half hatred and half love, then released her and went out into the night. The next day a little note was put into John Maxwell's hand, and, as he tore it open, the strong man trembled like a child. He had grown calmer since the night previous, though all the joy and lightness had died out of his life. "You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw wrole. "The man I was to marry saw yeu take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but H is very hitter. You left me two years. If you had loved me you would not have done so. I was a child, and I forgot you and learned to love another. I, no langer ask you to forgive me, since you have wreuked upon me your revenge." wrote. His own life stretched bare and blank and desolate before him. For a moment he felt a wild joy that so hers might prove. The next, after a brief struggle, his manhood conquered. His revenge should be something nobler than a girl's wrecked life -something which, after long and lonely years, he might recall without a blush of shame.

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he had prepared for his bride sitting with bowed head, when John Maxwell sought him out. The interview between them was very brief; but for an instant, as they parted, their hands met in a long, silent clasp. One man had given happiness-one had renounced It. So the wedding day was not postponed, but Alice's fingers trembled as she again fastened her wedding dress, and tears dimmed her eyes as she bent to fasten the orange blossoms in her breast on Christmas Eve.

She knew that Dent had taken ber back to his heart and home, that somehow all had been explained to him; but quite how it all happened she never knew until, a year later, her husband bent over her where she lay with her baby boy sleeping on her breast, and told her all the story, ending with a proud glance at the child.

"He gave us our happiness, darling. We will name our boy after the man who wreaked on us such a revenge."

CHARLES DICKENS' "CAROL".

Tremendous Work Done by the Author in Less Than Two Months.

Pre-eminent among Christmas books may be placed the "Christmas Carol" of Charles Dickens, which has always ranked among the most popular of his works. Rarely has a book which made so great an effect and took so high a place in public favor been produced under circumstances of such high pressure and in so short a space of time. The "ghost of an idea," which, as Charles Dickens said in his preface, gave birth to "this ghostly little book," came to him during a visit to Manchester in October, 1843, and the story was completed before the end of November, the time available for its composition being such spare hours as were not actually needed for the two numbers of "Martin Chuzzlewit," then in progress. It was a tremendous piece of work, and was not without a remarkable effect upon its author, young and vigorous as he was.

Writing to Professor Felton after the book was published, he said: "Over which 'Christmas Carol' Charles Dickens wept and laughed, and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition; and thinking whereon he walked about the black streets of London fifteen and twenty miles many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. * * * To keep the 'Chuzzlewit' going and to do this little book in the odd time between two parts of it was pretty tight work."

The Christmas Fudding.

Provident housewives are now preparing their Christmas plum pudding. Plum pudding is much improved by standing several weeks before it is used. An excellent recipe for Christmas pudding consists of three-fourths of a pound of suet chopped very fine. Mix with it while chopping a tablespoonful of flour; three-fourths of a pound of raisins, seeded; three-fourths of a pound of currants, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of fresh bread crumbs, the grated zest of one lemon, one-fourth of a pound of candied orange peel and citron cut into thin shavings, one-half teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and allspice. Mix the dry materials together thoroughly and then add six eggs, one at a time, and one-half cupful of brandy. Add another egg if too stiff and more bread crumbs if too soft. Wet a strong cloth in cold water, wring it dry, butter it and dredge it with flour. Turn the mixture into the center and draw the cloth together over the top, leaving room for the pudding to swell a little, and tie it firmly. Give it a good round shape. Put it into a pot of boiling water, having it completely covered with water. Cover the pot and boil for five hours. Do not let the water fall below the pudding and in adding more let it be hot. After it is removed from the water let it rest in the bag ten minutes to harden a little. Then cut he picked it up triumphant, he discov- the string and turn it carefully into a dish. Before serving pour a little "John, John! Forgive me," she brandy, if you like, over the pudding pleaded, clinging with both hands to and touch a match to it just before serving.

PEOPLE AND **EVENTS**

MRS. CLEVELAND POPULAR.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is the most popular woman in Princeton. Her charming, unaffected ways captured the hearts of the people. Rarely a day passes that she is not out on the streets walking with her three daughters. She nods to all the townspeeple and has a pleasant word for most of them. Her visiting list is one of the largest in



MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Princeton and many names are on it that do not belong in Princeton's exclusive society. Mrs. Cleveland belongs to the charitable societies and takes a personal interest in their work. She visits sick neighbors and takes an active interest in everything that goes

She is as charming as when she went to the white house a bride.

She devotes most of her time to her household, her three girls, Ruth, Esther, Marion, and her boy Dick. Dick is now two years old. The girls are cared for by a governess. The quiet life is as much to Mrs.' Cleveland's taste as it is to that of her husband. She was first to fall in love with Princeton and suggested it as a future home. She had gone to Princeton with Mr. Cleveland, when he was to speak at the sesquicentennial. She was impressed by the quiet, dignified air of the town and wanted to go there to live. The idea pleased Mr. Cleveland and he bought his present home from Mrs. Slidell. His lectures at Princeton are a feature of the university. His grave illness threatened a long-cherished plan of the Princeton people. They are looking forward to the, institution of a big law department, over which he will preside.

GALLANT OFFICER RETIRED.

Rear Admiral Lewis Wood Robinson, who was recently retired from the navy, has probably seen as much acttive service at sea as any man in the navy.

He was graduated from the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, in June, 1861, from the



CANADA'S TRADE INCREASING.

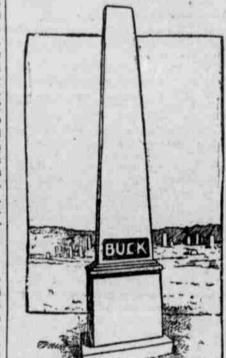
The era of good times in Canada does not seem to have reached its limit. The tide of commercial prosperity, which began less than five years ago, is still setting full and strong. 'The foreign trade for the last fiscal year was the largest in Canada's history, amounting to \$148,000,000 more than the volume of her foreign trade of 1896, or an increase of nearly 65 per

cent within the brief space of five years

One gratifying result is that the exports of Canada have contributed in a larger measure to the general increase of trade than have the imports, In this connection it is pointed out that a debtor country is relatively accumulating wealth when its exports exceed its imports, and Canada's aggregate of exports for the last five years has largely exceeded that of her imports. Previous to that time the balance of trade was all the other way. In domestic exports alone it is a significant fact that there is a total betterment of about \$120,000,000 in the balance of trade since 1886. The foreign trade of the Dominion as per head of population is exceeded by only a few countries in the world.

MONUMENT TO A HORSE.

In the beautiful Lakeview cemetery at Seattle, Wash., can be seen as strange a monument and grave as one can find. The monument was erected by W. I. Wadleigh. It marks the grave of his favorite cattle horse Buck. This ald. During the carly part of its hishorse had been his constant companion for years. He was a magnificent animal, a thoroughbred which stood fifteen hands high and was so affectionate that he followed his master about like a dog and seemed to fret and



Current News and Views

AMERICAN CHURCH IN BERLIN.

Thanksgiving day United States Ambassador White laid the corner stone of an American church in Berlin. The site is in the center of the American colony and the new residence portion of Berlin and cost \$40,000. The sum of \$41,000 is now in hand for the erection of the new edifice, and most of this was obtained from friends in this country, the money for the site having been raised among the Americans in Berlin.

The American church in Berlin is



REV. J. F. DICKIE.

nearly fifty years old, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Hertory worship was held in private houses, afterward in public halls, and for the past fifteen years in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is undenominational, including among its worshipers members of several different sects, the only condition for admission being a belief in the articles of the Apostle's Creed. The present pastor is Rev. J. F. Dickle, D. D., formerly of Detroit, who has been there seven or eight years, and It is chiefly through his enterprise that the funds for the new building have been raised.

WOULD OPEN UP AFRICA.

If John R. De Barry's immigration restriction bill, which is now in the hands of President Roosevelt, should become a law the civilized world will have to set about opening up the "Dark Continent," says a New York writer. The United States has been a dumping ground for some time. Africa being much , nearer Europe, the herdes of worthless human seum could reach it for a very small part of what it costs to come to America. Mr. De Barry, who has been immigrant inspector at Buffalo for more than ten years, explains that in the early days immigration consisted of a class of people who never did and never could create anarchists. It required at least \$100 to reach this country from any

"Good evening, Miss Alice," said a cheery voice. "I thought that I should find you here. The evening is too lovely for indoor life."

'Yes," she answered, "it is very lovely.

"As it should be," he added, in lower, more impressive tones, "to grace your presence. Alice," he continued throwing himself on the ground beside her, "shall I tell you why I am so glad to find you here? Because it seems the most fitting place to tell you something else, which, though you must already know, it is fit that I should put into words. They are poor words, darling. I am not versed in eloquence; and even were I, here eloquence might stammer. But they are words old as the world itself. 'I love you;' I have but one hope in life, and that is, that you will share it. It is not much that I can offer you, dear. Perhaps I should say wait, before I take you from your comfortable home. But yet, why should I. If you love me, you will stand bravely by my side, and we will share whatever storms life may have in store for us, as we chare its sunshine, Alice, what is your answer? Will you be my wife?"

Ah, it had come at last. Once the girl had tried to check the torrent of Lis words. He had rut caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small heat had drooped lower. A short, gasping sob was in her throat, letting no word find its way there. What was she to do? Two years ago she had given another promise; two years of toll and homesickness had been endured for her sake; but for six months she had heard nothing. Perhaps John had forgotten her-as ab. she had almost added, "as she had forgotten him." But of John Dent Dexter knew nothing, and Dent Dexter she loved. So it was, that when, half wondering at her long silence he again repeated his question, shy simply raised to him the sweet, fair face, and content with what he read there. he stooped and preced his first kiss upon the young red lips.

Curiously enough, their wedding day was set for Christmas Day, the third anniversary of John Maxwell's leave-taking. Dent wanted the event fixed for a nearer date. Alice was persistent. Perhaps she had a special

The Christmas Traveler.

When Christmas day dawns many a traveler will be unfortunate enough to find himself far from home with no prospect of getting there for the celebration of the greatest holiday of all the year. To many of these this necessary absence is a bitter misfortune, but there are others who have not the good fortune to deem it such a misfortune. They have perhaps no settled home or no relatives or no especial friends with whom they yearn to be on the festal day. But these people are comparatively few in numbers. Most of the people who are traveling on Christmas day are doing so because circumstances make it necessary. They are longing every minute of the day to be where they could join in the merriment and festivities with those who aredearest to them.

Time's New Loaf.

A new leaf is about to be turned in the Book of Time, and each one of us is almost a page nearer to the Finis which concludes life's history. The well-thumbed pages of the past-here illuminated with the prismatic picturings of hope, there blotted with the tears of sorrow-are turned down forever. Their contents are beyond revisal. The items have been transferred to the records of eternity, and what is written there is written-there can be no efasures. But the white leaves of Futurity are before us-a new page is immediately under our hand.

course of civil engineering, and in 1864 received from the same institution the time. degree of Mechanical Engineer.

On September 21, 1861, he entered the United States navy as third assistant engineer. He participated in the capture of Forts Jackson and St. Phillips and of the city of New Orleans, in April, 1862, and other minor engagements in the Mississippi river, including the attack on Vicksburg by Farragut's fleet, June 28, of the same year, resulting in forming a junction with the upper fleet He left the Mississippi in August, 1862, and after a short cruise down the coast of Texas. engaging on the way the batteries at Velasco, returned, joined the blockading fleet off Mobile and participated in the capture of the schooners Juniper, Sea Lion, Hunter, Marshall 'J. Smith and John Scott, and the steamers Eugenia, William Bagaly and Gray Jacket.

Since the civil war he has served



REAR ADMIRAL ROBINSON actively. His last day of duty in the service was as inspector of machinery of torpedo boats and destroyers. .

Countries Exchange Territory. A small strip of Prussian territory on the Belgian border is likely to be made over entirely to Belgium in exchange for another strip of land, a part of which the Prussian town of Eupen requires for a projected public building. It is expected that the negotiations between the two governments concerned will shortly be concluded to the satisfaction of both and that hereby an end will be put to little inconveniences to which the border inhabitants have hitherto been subjected.

pine away if he left him only a short

The inscription on the monument is as follows:

- "BUCK," My favorite cattle horse,
- Died September 20, 1884.
- Aged 18 years and 6 months.
- For thirteen years my trusted : : companion in blackness of :
- : night, in storm, sunshine and :

: danger.

On the north side is one word, "Corralled." On the opposite side you read: 'in Adversity, Faithful."

Near the resting place of the horse is his master's grave. Mr. Wadleigh had preferred to rest by the side of his noble horse, instead of by his family.

PHYLLOXERA IN FRANCE.

The bitter cry of the folk in the French vineyards goes up with greater and greater intensity. And, in fact, the matter is more serious than is generally imagined. M. Esclary, president of the Ligue Vinicole de France, in a letter to the press, tells a woeful tale of the phylloxera, in which he says that the Department of Herault, for instance, is passing through a terrible crisis. In recent years the value of its vineyards has decreased by no less than a milliard of francs. A sacrifice of five hundred million francs is the price for restoring it to what it was, and 240,000 persons at the present moment find themselves unable to meet their liabilities, notwithstanding that their storehouses and cellars are glutted with good wine. They ask for a year's grace to try to get things straight, and they deserve universal sympathy.

"The Cupid Special."

Nearly every famous train in the country has a nickname, which in the majority of instances more adequately descrit 3 the train than does its official name, says the New York Evening Post. This is particularly true of a train that comes into one of the big sheds at Jersey City, and is perhaps favored more by the station porters than any of the other trains that discharge passengers there. To the trainmasters and superintendents down south it is known as "Train No: 36." and on the time tables it is called "The United States Fast Mail," but to every person in the section of the country through which it runs, and to many travelers, it is "The Cupid Special." The train gets its name from the number of bridal couples it carries. It seldom comes up from the south without bringing from two to six brides and grooms.

European port. The foreigner who could save \$100 was a careful man, a saving man, therefore a good and worthy citizen. The driving competition between steamship lines has made travel so cheap that \$15 will bring an idler, a criminal or an enemy to all society to our shores. He could go to Africa for 50 cents.

OLD CORONATION THRONE.



This queer little monument is really one of England's disused coronation thrones. It can be seen at Kingstonon-Thames, and is a very modest seaf compared with the gorgeous ivory throne of the Mogus Emperors. Seven kings of England were crowned on this stone.

Cheese of Historic Interest.

An object of considerable interest was sold in London the other day, no other than a preserved fragment of a "Protestant cheese." From the inscription on the base of the glass shade we learn that in gratitude for his able vindication of the Protestant ascendancy in Parliament on April 25, 1825, His Royal Highness, the Duke of York, was presented by the inhabitants of the County Palatine of Chester with the largest cheese ever made -149 pounds in weight-of their own producing. The duke gave a small portion of this cheese to Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, and it is this fragment, preserved by Professor Cumming, which came under the hammer, realizing \$9.

Horned Horses in Greece.

Recent excavations in Greece have resulted in the finding of the heads of several horned horses and the shin bones of rhinoceri. Greece seems to have been the land where the prehistoric horned horse most flourished. Out of six places in the world where the remains of the horned horse have been found three are in Greece and one in Samos, in the Grecian archipelago. The portions of horned herses recently unearthed were found in Euboea, where Professor Woodward has been making. experimental excavations looking for palaeontological remains. He has been excavating also at Pikerman, near the plain of Marathon, for some time.