

PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the merry morning, When the red horns through the gray, And the wintry world lies waiting...

Are they Christmas fairies stealing Rows of little socks to fill? Are they angels floating hither With their messages of good will?

Well we know them, never weary Of this innocent surprise, Waiting, watching, listening always, With full hearts and tender eyes...

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...

Sitting under the old apple tree one warm May afternoon, she idly wondered whether his silence gave her pain or pleasure. When John had bidden her good-by the thought of his return had been the sustaining power...

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

"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...

"You have had your revenge," she wrote. "The man I was to marry saw you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you."

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...

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...

Somebody has said it was bad luck for a bride to don her wedding dress before 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.

"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 immediately, Miss."

With a smile upon her lips and in 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...

"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 forgotten me."

"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 them 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 it, darling, without fear.'"

"John, John! Forgive me," she pleaded, clinging with both hands to 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 you take me in your arms, and heard me say that I had loved you."

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 her 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 Pudding. 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 table-spoonful 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, but-ter 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 the string and turn it carefully into a dish. Before serving pour a little brandy, if you like, over the pudding and touch a match to it just before serving.

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 festive 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 are dearest to them.

Time's New Leaf. 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 pictures of hope, there blotted with the tears of sorrow—are turned down forever. Their contents are beyond retrieval. The items have been transferred to the records of eternity, and what is written there is written—there can be no erasures. But the white leaves of Futurity are before us—a new page is immediately under our hand.

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 townspeople and has a pleasant word for most of them. Her visiting list is one of the largest in 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 on.



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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 active 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 course of civil engineering, and in 1864 received from the same institution the 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 of 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. Since the civil war he has served actively. His last day of duty in the service was as inspector of machinery of torpedo boats and destroyers.

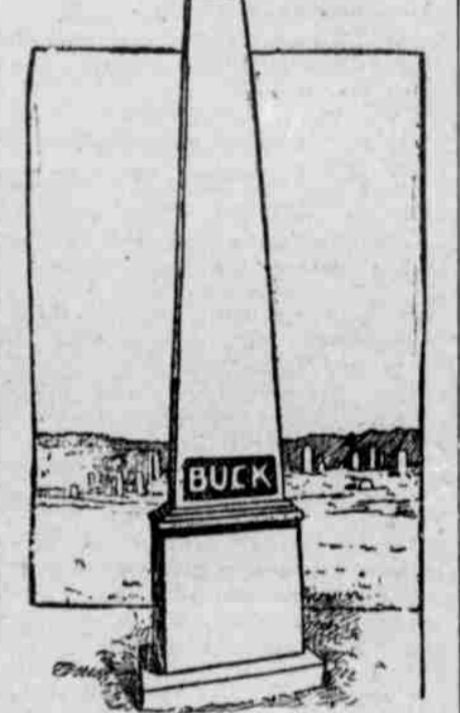
Countries Exchange Territory. A small strip of Prussian territory on the Belgian border is likely to be made over entirely to Belgium in exchange for another strip of land, a part of which the Prussian town of Eupen requires for a projected public building. It is expected that the negotiations between 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.

Persons, Places and Things

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 horse 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 pine away if he left him only a short time.



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 Hérault, 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 describes 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 train-masters 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.

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-Herald. During the early part of its history 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 un denominational, including among its worshippers members of several different sects, the only condition for admission being a belief in the articles of the Apostles' Creed. The present pastor is Rev. J. F. Dickie, 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 bodies of worthless human scum 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 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 Kingston-on-Thames, and is a very modest seat compared with the gorgeous ivory throne of the Mogul 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 horses recently unearthed were found in Euboea, where Professor Woodward has been making experimental excavations looking for paleontological remains. He has been excavating also at Pikerman, near the plain of Marathon, for some time.