

"And lo, the star which they saw in the east went before them," whispered the boy, gazing upward at its pure white light in the hush of the Holy Night.

"But mankind," said the old man, sadly, "has not followed. In all the Christmas eves since it looked on the shepherds in that field of Bethlehem, It has looked on men doing evil somewhere to their fellows. Its light has oeen dimmed by the lights from camp fires of armies and from flames of burning cities. I am old, and it is weary waiting for the fulfillment of the promise."

"The star is beautiful and splendid," said the boy with shining eyes.

"Undimmed I shine," said the Star. "And He in whose sight a thousand years are but a day sees mankind look toward me every year with new intelligence and love. Ages have passed and other ages still must be before the Word shall be fulfilled. But every Christmas eve I shine upon a world that has moved forward step by step." Greater grew the radiance of the

Star, until the world sank away, and still and pure it shone over Jerusalem. Whose calm and faithful eyes are these that look toward it from a cell? Stephen lies there, soon to be taken to the city wall and stoned to death.

Again it shines upon the Holy City, surrounded now by a Roman army under Titus. Before another Christmas eve, Jerusalem shall be no more. The temple of the Most High shall be razed and Titus leave nothing on Mount Moriah save a little heap of

And again there is a Christmas eve. Six hundred years have passed. The Christian world has fallen far away from the Sermon on the Mount. Hatred and intolerance have disorted the cause of Christ into a cause or shedding of blood from Bethlehem o the far isles of Great Britain.

Christmas eve, 800 A. D., and Rome s celebrating the Holy Night with conderful splendor. Princes and warfors and priests throng its streets. reatest prince of them all, before hom even the mighty Charlemagne ows, is the Bishop of Rome, Leo III. his is a Christmas eve destined to o more than any other Christmas eve many centuries that have been or at are to come, to change the hisry of the world. For to-night Charmagne and his magnificent court hristmas day Charlemagne is to be power of Spain. owned Augustus, Emperor of the

oly Roman Empire has begun. ward it from their small craft as again. cy roll in the great blue serges of uch Christmas eve cheer aboard the begun that morning. anta Maria. For before the Star has | Christmas eve, 1675 and 1676, sees | the Star without heavy care.



Wondrous Story of the Centuries That It Told to the Boy Who Gazed at It.

set, she is a hopeless wreck on the rocks of the beautiful island. The Star is to see many cruel things

in the New World after that. Its serene beam shines on Montezuma in 1519, a prisoner in the bloody hands of Cortez. It shines on Cortez again with his men in the next Christmas eve, lying before Tezcuco, which he is to enter and plunder before the end of the week.

On the Christmas eve of 1529 and for ten Christmas eves thereafter the Star looks on an American Odyssey. It is the Odyssey of Alvar Nunez and his three companions, sole survivors of the expedition of Pamfilo de Narvaez, wandering along the northern coast of Mexico, through Texas, to the Rocky Mountains, and thence to them back to Spain. They spend one Christmas eve in being worshiped as demigods by a tribe of Indians. They spend many others in working as

Twelve years later the Star shines on Hernando de Soto, lying in camp in the Chickasaw country. It is the second Christmas eve away from his wife, the beautiful Dona Isabella, and he is never to see her again. The Star looks down upon him in 1541, near the Mississippi, with his great expedition scattered and all but destroyed, but the dauntless heart of him brave and unfearing. Chrismas | line and they finish it on Dec. 26. eve. 1542, finds no such person as Hernando de Soto, Captain-General of Cu-

ba, Adelantado of Florida, on earth. In 1567 the Star sees a gathering in that conceives a thought of inhuman wickedness and ferocity. Yet out of this Christmas meeting shall a great freedom be born. For it is that of the Spanish rulers in the Netherlands, and at it is adopted the decree of the Inquisition that condemns all the inhabitants of the Netherlands, with but few exceptions, to death. And the

In the New World the Star looks fest and Protector of Rome. The on the colonists of Jamestown stealing out on Christmas eve, in 1607, to get Shining for the first time on Christ- corn from the Indians by strategy. as in the New World, in 1492, the Two years later, Christmas eve sees ley Forge, where men sit around pitiar sees Columbus and his crew turn | them suffering grievously for food | able fires in rags-penniless, hungry,

Anno Domini 1620, and the Pilgrim e tropical ocean off the coast of Fathers rest from their labor of buildayti. .t may be that there is too ing the settlement which they have

war in the New World. In the first year the New Englanders, instead of gathering around sociable fireplaces, are abroad, driving before them the remnants of the Wampanoag Indians, whom they have defeated in a great battle near Narragansett bay; and in 1676 the French are taking Cayenne in Giana, after a stubborn siege.

In 1686 the Star shines on grim and moody faces in the town of New York. Sir Edmond Andross, the first royal governor and vice-regent of New England, has just arrived and is making a roaring Christmas eve of it.

Two years afterward the Star gleams on his royal master, James II., spending his Christmas eve in the French court, a fugitive driven from his throne in England.

Sitting with a few companions by a camp fire in the primeval wilderness of Pennsylvania, a young surveyor Behold! The Christ-child wakes and looks up at it in 1753. He is George Washington, nine days' journey on his way home from Lake Erie, where he has been to carry a message to the commander of the French that will end finally in the French and Indian war. Indians are prowling on his path that night, but he looks as serenely Mexico, trying to find a way to take at the Star of Bethlehem as if he were gazing at it from his home in Virginia.

Fourteen years later, two other young surveyors pass a similar Christmas eve in the wilderness. They are not to become so famous personally as that other surveyor, but their names are destined to be linked forever with a great cause. They are Mason and Dixon, sitting under the told by William Beatty-Kingston in his Star at the end of their trail. They have reached a warpath and the Indians have forced them to stop thirtysix miles from their objective point. But they have practically run their

Christmas eve, 1773, and there are bands and flying banners in Boston. Young and old, mechanics and roysterers and citizens of substance, are Antwerp. It is a terrible gathering | marching together. Singing "God Save the King," they head straight for the wharves, where two teaships are lying. Some of the chests go overboard, still to the accompaniment of the loyal tune. The others are left on the ships, but the vessels are forced to return home without unloading.

Lieut. John Paul Jones, in his new uniform and clothed in his three-day-War of Liberation follows. It is the old dignity as member of the Corps ave agreed with the bishop that on | first to break the cruel and deadening | of Naval Officers appointed by Congress, swaggers around proudly on member it. In the course of the Christmas eve in Philadelphia in 1775. Christmas week, however, his wife

crossing the ice-covered Delaware.

freezing, but unfaltering. Christmas eve, 1783, George Washington has surrendered his commission the day before. For the first sum, intended for his friend's rescue,

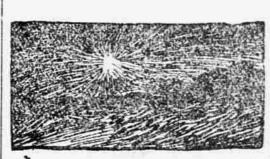


Alone, saze for her babe upon her breast, Lay Mary, while the morning star. Late lingering led the sages to the West, Presaging fates that loomed afar.

mother's love is ne'er in accents told. When nestling close her first-born lies, clse words were gems that strung on Straight from her soul to God would

No cold to Mary or her son came nigh, Altho' a jagged cleft appeared. forn thro' the wall that faced the eastern For wind and snow the babe revered.

The Virgin drew the slumb'ring child so Her breathing stirred him as a sigh, Her heart His cradle, and it pulsing clear A psalm, hushed to a lullaby.



And all her thoughts dwelt in the coming years,
When Christ His mission should begin,
And trembling from her lips, her fears
Leapt forth to One who cleanses sin.

swift, as the mother prayed, the palebrowned Dawn Crept soft and kissed Night's purple 30 woke from frosted sleep th' eclipsed morn, But dull with shadows gray and bleak

That cast full on the cloud-encumbered sky An outline like a mauve-touched floss And Mary gazed, and with an anguished ery, Beheld, in wee, ah God, a cross!



A cross gloomed on the Orient's high ex-That Dawn, upon whose bosom lay The armine stole of royal eminence Erst flung in joining night and day.

To conquer dark with light, the signal But lost to Mary was the pledge; Her eyes grew blind and burned with

As if upon her tender brow it prest. And in each hand there pearled a fated That hid the crimson mark beneath.

But now Dawn held her breath her reign And rose the sun to keep his tryst blazonry of fire and ambered light Ensheathed in snow-laced amethyst.



And all the canopy grew radiant,
A flaming easel, where unfurled
The cross in glory gainst the firmament, A rainbow promise to the world.

And Mary's fears took wing as now apace She saw the cross resplendent grow smiles into His mother's face And in His eyes the Virgin sees the sun's reflected glow. -Emily Ruth Calvin.



A Christmas Message.

A touching story of two friends is Journalist's Jottings. They were two officers in the English army who quarreled, about some trifle, and, although they had been the closest of comrades, became in consequence entirely estranged. The fact of their separation was extremely bitter to both of them. and one Christmas day one of them received from the other a card bearing a dove with an olive branch. The recipient kept the message by him for a twelvemonth, and on the following Christmas sent it back to his fellowofficer, who in turn laid it aside for a year and then dispatched it on the next anniversary. Through three successive decades at each Christmastide the mute messenger was regularly sent in token of continued friendship, until a year came when it was forgotten because the present possessor was too harassed by financial losses to re-Anno Domini 1776 sees 24,000 men came upon the card and sent it off to her husband's friend with a newspaper And in 1777 the Star shines on Val- cutting referreing to her husband's bankruptcy. The returning post brought her a letter enclosing a thousand pounds and explaining that the sender had just come into a fortune and that in return for this trifling in 1846. Eleven years later De Gama his most precious possession.

- Musey many many many many Christmas in Various Lands

Christmas comes but once a year, and it is observed as an occasion of general rejoicing in every civilized

In Germany the chief celebration is held on Christmas eve. This is the time the Christmas tree is lighted and the presents distributed. Many of the superstitions of the North German peasantry at this season of the year are of a curious character.

Old wives tell young maidens that if they are desirous of ascertaining the trades of their husbands they must, on Christmas night, listen near the large kettle walled in the stove. If the water in it makes a roaring noise, he will in all probability be a blacksmith. And there are various other tones of the boiling water by means of which other trades may be determined. Again, to find out what sort of weather it will be during the next year one must on Christmas eve take an onion, cut it through into twelve equal parts, put salt on each one and then place them in a row. The months corresponding to the cups in which the salt is, the following morning, if found wet, will be rainy.

In France Christmas day itself is very little observed. From the middle of December the streets of Paris are lined with booths where every sort



of toy and decoration are sold, but these are intended for the New Year's occasion, when the French exchange gifts and good wishes. On Christmas eve, there is midnight mass at the Madeleine, to which immense numbers flock. The high altar is profusely adorned with flowers, and the bullding decorated all over. The people enjoy the music, which is very fine, but the day possesses no deep significance for them. In some of the country districts, especially in Normandy and Brittany, more attention She felt the plercing thorn-crown's is paid to the celebration of Christmas. The parish churches hold especial services in honor of the birth of

In Italy the churches are illuminated with thousands of wax tapers. To bring the scene vividly before the mind of the reader the following description by a traveler and an evewitness of one of the churches near

Naples may not be out of place: "The high altar was blazing with light. On the right lay the presept (manger) and on the left stood erect a wax figure of the Madonna; while around that impersonation clustered the young country girls. A magnificent flaxen wig covered the head of Our Lady, and her china blue eyes stared straight ahead of her into vacancy. She was clothed in a splendid white satin dress, wore a jeweled necklace around her throat and had



costly rings on her fingers. The presepe was on this occasion the great object of attention to all the worshipers. It had been expanded from the stall-like manger surrounded by figures-the Virgin, St. Joseph and the Shepherds-common to all Italian churches at Christmas, to a miniature Bethlehem, into which was crowded nearly every known animal. Trees and flowers bloomed all about, and even the star was not forgotten. This, painted in gorgeous colors, was attached at the end of a pole that protruded from what might have been the market-place of the city. The manger itself was empty, as the placing of the figure of the bambino (holy child) within it is a solemn ceremony reserved for the early hours of Christmas morning.

"The dress of the country people also awakens in the mind touching reflections; it is, I am assured, exactly the same as that of the Shepherds at the time of our Savior's birth, and dates back upward of two thousands years. It is a sort of smockfrock or tunic, drawn tight around the waist by a leathern thong, and a cloak over that. No shoes; people in general go barefoot."

Country Named for Christmas. South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese, who were searching for an ocean road to India. Bartholomew Diaz was the commander of the two little ships that formed the expedition took another Portuguese fleet south. time in seven years, he looks up to he should keep the Christmas card as He discovered Natal on Christmas asked. day and thus named it in consequence.

Christmas Greeting.

The Christmas chimes, that once again Peal forth in merry glee; Ring out a song, so joyous still— A half sad melody.

the year so fraught with memories Poes slowly ebb awayato a deep and dark abyss;



How silently it takes its flight; How little does it know that many bursts of melody Must surely with it go.

Eternity will have its own And soon this year shall claim; And clasp the sorrows and the joys Unto itself again.

Another year doth beckon all Wherein bright hopes now dwell; make them servants to your will-They vanish—ah, too well!

—B. Kohlsaat Scheunemann,



Margaret Wilson sat by the window in the front room of the diminutive flat. It was Christmas eve and she was lonesome. O, well, she would make the best of it. She would keep up a sort of forced cheerfulness and forget she was alone. She angirly brushed a tear from her cheek.

As she did so the bell in the ball whirred noisily. She went to the speaking tube and called a dispirited "Hello."

"He'lo," came the cheerful response That you Margaret? Merry Christmas! Kindly unlock the door and I'll ascend." She opened the hall door and waited

on the landing. Presently from the semidarkness of the place Jack Carl ton appeared, puffing prodigiously. Margaret's face bright ned percept

ibly at the sight of him. "I didn't expect you," she said. "What!" he exclaimed. "I desert

you on Christmas eve? Never!" She led the way to the front room and lighted the red-shaded lamp, Carlton threw off his overcoat and lounged comfortably in a morris chair.

"May I," he said, drawing a cigar She nodded.

"To rell the truth," she said, "I almost had the blue devils when you came. You must entertain me."

"All right," he assented affably, "What'll I do? Sing."

"No," she said. "Tak. And make me forget it's Christmas time." "Nonsense," said he. "Christmas is a necessary evil, and we must face it

the best way we can. O. I brought you some holly wreaths." In a moment he was hanging them

in the windows. "Say," he said over his shoulder, "I

had a present to-day," "Indeed," she said. "From whom?" "Someone who loves me."

"Strange person," she commented. "Exactly," he said. "It was from myself."

She laughed. "Haven't been feeling A1 lately, so I dropped in on Doc Higgins this morning," he went on. "What do you imagine the idiotic old pill-slinger told

me?" "That you are as careless of your health as of your language, I pre-

"Never, my lady," he replied. "Told me my breathing apparatus was out of gear again-nothing serious, but a little care needed. Paraphrased Greeley and told me to go south." She was silently watching him.

"Therefore Little Willy hieth him to the agents of the steamship line and buyeth himself a ticket for the boat of Monday next. The same he presenteth to himself with much gusto as a Christmas present." "O, I'm so sorry," she said.

"For me?" he said. "Look here, you don't know what Easter Key is like. That is where I'm going-where I was two winters ago, you know. You go down to Key West, and from there Old Jeff takes you over to Easter in a crazy old launch. You're no end sensick going over, but after you get there-O, it's all white, shelly beach with big blue rollers coming in, and palms standing out against the sky. and green, green everywhere. You laze around, and fish off the reefdown there you don't care, whether or not you get a bite-and shoot 'gators at the edge of the swamp. And before you know it your tubes are well, and you wonder whether it will be better to go back or to laze here the rest of your natural life. I wish you could see old Easter," he said.

"I've half a mind to develop bronchial trouble myself," she laughed. "Say, do," he said, looking at her so

earnestly she flushed. "Don't be silly," she said weakly.

"Look here," he said, "by your own confession you have the blue devils of loneliness. Now, I'm going to give you a Christmas present that will rid you of them forever-that is, if you'll

"I'd accept anything that would drive them away," she said. Well," he said. "here's the cure. It's the other ticket."

"The other ticket?" she questioned. "Certainly," said he. "I bought two this morning."

. She raised her head from his shoulder and smiled up into his eves.

"You said I'd be sick going across from Key West, didn't your" she

start he would be be seened buy