

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I count my treasures o'er with care--
A little tree that baby knew.
A little sock of faded blue.

RUTHIE'S CHRISTMAS.

SAY, Joe, let's go and look at the
Christmas things in the window.
What's the use? They ain't
none of 'em for us. They's only for rich
kids."

ment. The doll had not been missed and
this little scene was beyond his comprehension.

A gentleman, who was standing near,
and had seen and heard all, came up to
Joe, and laying his hand kindly on his
shoulder, asked:

"Who is Ruthie, my boy?"
"My sister, sir," was the reply.

"And how old is she?" continued the
gentleman.
"Eight, sir."

"And she never had a doll?"
"No, sir."

The stranger turned to the clerk.
"Please wrap up the doll nicely," he
said; and when the parcel was ready, he
paid for it, then spoke again to the boys.

"Now, take me to Ruthie," and Joe and
Dan obeyed.

As they walked along, the kind gentle-
man, who was a physician, questioned
the lady about her sister's injury, and
they told him all about her fall, and how
their mother was too poor to have her
properly cared for. As they entered the
mid-day meal, looked up in surprise as
she saw the strange gentleman with Joe
and Dan. The boys rushed to their sis-
ter's bedside with the doll.

"Here's yer doll, Ruthie, back again.
It's ter keer for always. The gentle-
man give it ter yer."

Ruthie, who could hardly believe the
good news, looked at the doll with long-
ing eyes, but did not touch it.

The doctor, who had been talking to
the mother, now came to Ruthie's bed-
side. Speaking pleasantly to the little
girl, he carefully examined the poor,
lame leg, and as he finished he said
cheerfully:

"And how does Ruthie like her doll?"
"Oh, sir," said the child, "it's beau-

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.



ARVELOUS is the influence by which the Christmas
spirit moves the hearts of men to joyful and generous
impulses. It seems as if in this era of the year an
unseen angel touches the invisible spring of an unused
door in normal human nature and fills them with song
and sunshine. What a world of generous endeavor and
what a summertime of happiness is a whirl around us.

Those whom Providence has prospered are busy with
their loving devices to make home happy, to crown the
waning year with goodness, to reward fidelity, patience
and love, to reap the joys that flock into the Christmas
season like homing doves from a far circling flight.

None would deny them all the riches of such experi-
ence, but let us not forget the larger and holier signifi-
cance of this season whose glory is the advent of Him who came to minister
to the poor and the sick and the downcast, and not to be feted and flattered with costly gifts.

He came to serve and not to be pampered. He came to bless those
to whom "blessing" was the strange name of an unknown experience. His
works that have caused Him to hold the supreme admiration of mankind,
the worship of millions, and to stir the emulation of philanthropists the world
over were His gifts to the poor, the lame, the sick, the blind and the outcast.

Here is the divine suggestion to every man and woman who would know
really the full proportions and power of happiness. Throw out the circle of
your presence and generosity to take in some of those whom you know are
without the cheer and content of the Christmas time. Look out from your
homes of ease and plenty by the back way to those hovels where you know
is want and aching bodies and paralyzing helplessness. Reach out that hand
of thine, into which a Christian civilization has poured more than your suffi-
ciency, and scatter the sunlight and healing offerings among those who shrink
in the shadows.

Every man and woman who would experience the true Christmas spirit
should distribute with grace and humanity to the poor and sick. It is a title
to Him whom you celebrate. It is a duty that casts a searchlight on the way
to heaven. It is an exhortation that stirs the inward spirit as none other can and
widens the soul to greater capacity for love and happiness. Try it. Taste it.
Taste the joy of it.—St. Louis Chronicle.

BRINGING IN THE HOLLY.

A Common Scene of the Christmastic
In England.

Next to the presentation of gifts the
greatest part of the Christmas season in
England is found by the young folks in
getting ready for the festival. For ten
days preceding the holiday the scene de-
picted in our illustration is a common
one. Young men, young women, girls
and boys go out into the parts where the



BRINGING IN THE HOLLY.

holly may be found and bring it in, in
quantities large or small, according to
their needs.

The holly is found in swampy spots
in various parts of the world, but grows
most abundantly and luxuriously in the
Southern States of this country, and
England. It takes its name from the
use of the branches and berries for
Christmas decorations. From this use it
came to be called the Holly Tree, which
has since been corrupted into holly tree.

The tree in England grows to a height
of from twenty to fifty feet. The flowers
are white; the berry is scarlet. The
birds feed upon the latter. The wood is
as white as ivory and is used in the
making of musical instruments and handles
of rapier and sword.

NEW YEAR'S IN RUSSIA.

Smaller Cities Observe It in the Twelve
Days' Festival.

In the smaller cities of Russia New
Year's day is in the Twelve Days' festi-
val. The Russians in many parts have
learned to the old ways from time immemorial. The preparations for the new
year begin early in November. The
last of some great houses begins to lay
in stores of salted beef and sausages,
liquors, etc. The houses rich in sil-
ver and gold and invite young and old.

Next day she is succeeded by the queen,
who makes the same rounds of visits.
The day is to have especially the young
ladies. She is invited with joy, and the
body of the house hastens to suit for her
the cup of wine. She delivers her ex-
pression and is piled with questions as to
the invited and rejected. But the most
important question is, "Who are the
dearest?" These are the young men in-
vited by the houses for the gift, or
"their maidens," as they are called. The
duty of the young men that designated
is to look after the amusement and pleasure
of his "fair maidens" during the
"twelve days." The responsibility of the
choice lying with the ladies, she has to
be careful in her selection.

CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATIONS.

The dinner table itself should proclaim
the season by its decoration. A snowy
cloth patterned with holly leaves or mis-
tletoe, a center piece of glossy holly
leaves and brilliant berries, silver can-
delabra and silver bouillon dishes are ap-
propriate and dignified. Flat wreaths of
holly tied with bows of "berry" red rib-
bon are very effective on the table, one
in the center and one encircling each
candelabrum. A silver or a cut glass
bowl of holly and meteor roses or holly
and mistletoe may be set in the wreath
to complete the center piece. The out-
line of the Christmas star may be used
instead of the wreaths. In this case the
bows of ribbon are omitted. And for
the best cards either bells, stars, plum
padding, holly or ivy leaves, cut out and
painted and ornamented with Christmas
verse or greetings, are appropriate, and
a little silk stocking of holly leaves may
be laid by each card as a souvenir.

WHERE CHRISTMAS FAIR PERAPS.

In the cities of Peru, and more espe-
cially in Lima, there are bewildering
scenes of activity on Christmas eve. The
streets and square are crowded with
gaily dressed people. Drives of asses
are to be seen in every direction, laden
with fruits, bougns from the mountains,
liquors and other merchandise. Ice stalls,
provided with chairs and benches are
crowded by the perspiring pleasure seek-
ers, who find ice necessary on such a
Christmas. There is music and dancing
and the distribution of gifts in every
house. In many houses the love of the
Christmas drama is shown by theatrical
representations of the nativity, with the
same characters as are seen the world
over.

CHRISTMAS ITEMS.

There is a holly tree six hundred years
old near Pisa, in Italy.
Abyssinian Christians believe that poi-
sonous snakes are harmless on Christ-
mas day.

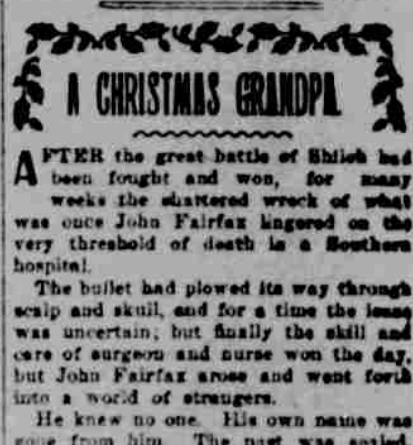
Christmas Island, in the Pacific, is so
called because Captain Cook discovered it
on Christmas day, 1777.

The republic of Uruguay holds a pub-
lic holiday for tree planting on the Sat-
urday next after Christmas.

WORST SIN OF ALL.

There are signs of impropriety like glaring
lewdness.
There are signs like petty larceny and
arrogance and all that!

There are signs that one should never do
—that no folks who are clever do,
You are lucky if you have the list of
wickednesses yet!



A CHRISTMAS GRANDPA.

AFTER the great battle of Shiloh had
been fought and won, for many
weeks the shattered wreck of what
was once John Fairfax layged on the
very threshold of death in a Southern
hospital.

The bullet had plowed its way through
scalp and skull, and for a time the issue
was uncertain, but finally the skill and
care of surgeon and nurse won the day,
but John Fairfax arose and went forth
into a world of strangers.

He knew no one. His own name was
gone from him. The past was sealed.
His mind saw only a blank wall. Known
as John Doe, of Nowhere, the name by
which a merry clerk had entered him on
the hospital records, he was told that he
might go home.

"Home!" said he, simply. "My home
is with the army. I don't remember
ever being anywhere else. If I can't
handle a gun let me drive one of the
wagons, or cook for the soldiers. I've
got to stay with the boys. I wouldn't
know where to go if you turned me
away."

And so, not being able to get rid of
him, John Doe was allowed to remain
with the army. He had been reported
missing, and his name had been dropped
from the muster roll of the regiment to
which he had belonged, and he was very
glad to see a recruit from another
regiment. His former comrades believed him
dead.

The mind of John Doe was of such
a nature that, he straggled in the ways
of the world, that its duties soon became
the standing butt and jest of the com-
rades. John Doe submitted to it all with a
patient fortitude that was pitiable to
witness.

That was John Doe during the first
day of the twelve days of the Whiter
week, when a soldier, whose entrance he
had just filled with water, dropped dead
in the act of raising it to his lips—what
through the brain. The victim was a
young soldier who often had borrowed
pork from John Doe, and when the
water-carrier saw his friend and preser-
ved shot down the money kindly little
deck of which he had been the recipient
flushed with grief through his breast.

Springing to his feet, he grasped the
rifle which had fallen from the hands
of his dead friend, wrapped a belt filled
with cartridges from one of the men ly-
ing about him, and plunged into the
thickest of the fight.

And during the rest of the battle John
Doe loaded and fired in frenzied haste;
sprang from tree to tree as the line ad-
vanced or retreated, and fought like a
hero till the sun went down.

The men made sport of John Doe no
longer. From the by-word of the camp
he had grown to the hero, but a modest
one, for when the colonel offered to pre-
mote him for bravery on the field of bat-
tle, he simply said:

"No; give the place to one of the
boys. I don't deserve it—all I'm good
for is to cook and carry water."

Cook and water carrier he remained;
and when Appomattox came and the en-
emy ceased their growling, John Doe
swept northward with the returning
wave of soldiery. And by some strange
irony of fate he was left stranded in a
Pennsylvania village scarcely a score of
miles distant from the home from which
he had gone forth to do battle for his
country.

His once dark hair and beard were
now silver white, and the hard-
frozen which he had passed and mad
so great an alteration in his appearance
there was small probability of his being
recognized.

And here, within a few hours' walk,
distance of the wife and daughter who
mourned him as dead, the ex-water-car-
rier and hero lived and toiled for 52
years, a cheerless, lonely man, with
strange, indefinable longing for some-
thing, he scarcely knew what.

At last one week before Christmas
John Doe, no longer able to work, friend-
less and forlorn, went forth into the high-
ways a homeless tramp, clad in the tattered
uniform of the country he had
helped to save.

BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.



ful. But is it really, truly for me?"
The gentleman laughed and nodded,
then taking the doll from Joe, handed it
to Ruthie. She grasped it eagerly, and
hugged it to her breast.

"Thank you so much, sir."
The doctor patted her cheek and con-
tinued:

"And now, my little Ruthie, how would
you like to go to a big house, where you
could lie in a nice little bed in a large,
bright room, with pretty pictures on the
walls? And if you will be a very pa-
tient, good little girl, and do just as I
say, I think that in a few weeks you
will be able to walk about as well as
you ever did."

"Gee whiz!" shouted Joe, while Dan
chimed in: "Think of the winders, Ruth-
ie!" and the two boys could not re-
frain from giving a rousing cheer.

It was too good to be true, Ruthie
thought. First the doll, and now to be
cured, and able to run about with her
brothers. She was too happy to say
much, and only asked that she might be
allowed to take her treasure with her, and
the kind stranger's smiling consent com-
pleted her joy.

Then the doctor turned to the grateful
mother, who was quite overcome at this
unexpected good fortune, and telling her
to have the child in readiness within an
hour, took his leave.

The preparations were hastily made,
and at the appointed time Ruthie was
taken away to the hospital, holding tight
the precious doll.

The doctor was as good as his word.
The little invalid had the best of care,
and in a few weeks was able to walk
about with the aid of a crutch, while her
kind friends rejoiced that it would not
be long before she would walk as well as
any one.

The overjoyed mother could not suf-
ficiently express her thanks to the good
doctor, who would not leave, only say-
ing, goodnight.

WHITE HOUSE GIFTS.

How Santa Claus Comes to the Presi-
dent's Family.

Wagon loads of gifts are received at
the White House at Christmas time.
They come from all parts of the coun-
try, the majority of them from persons un-
known to the President and his wife.
These miscellaneous articles are the pri-
vate property of the recipients, and the
numerous parcels are placed in one of
the family rooms for examination. They
generally contain the names of the don-
ors, and to all these notes of thanks are
sent.

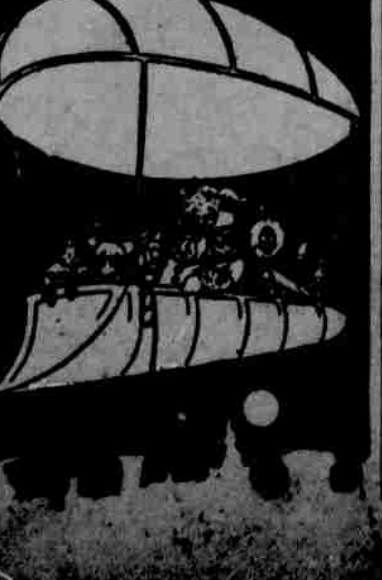
On Christmas eve all the employes of
the house—the clerical staff, the ushers
and the domestic servants—are given,
through the established munificence of
the President, a fine fat turkey. Fifty
fowls, selected from the best in the mar-
ket, are purchased for this event, so that
everybody about the famous mansion has
reason for rejoicing.

No one expresses his happiness with
a more beaming countenance than does
Jerry Smith, the old colored man who
has been a member of the presidential
household since the beginning of Grant's
first term. Jerry was President Grant's
cook, but in these days he darts the
offices of the White House and keeps
things tidy there as the traditional pi-

The presidents and their advisers are
usually men of advanced years, and it
is to the second generation from them
that the White House looks for the frolic
of childhood on Christmas day—
Woman's Home Companion.

Provided For.

She—We'll have to remember that old
ash man this Christmas. What shall we
give him?
He—Don't bother about him. He'll
get the best of dinner-party going to buy
for us.



Don't Must Keep Up to Date.