

Christmas 1901

Peace on Earth
Good will to Men

Light the fires of Christmas tide;
Kindle them well with oil and pine;
Build them big, and deep, and wide;
Let their light through the ages shine.

Shine on the path of the rugged past,
Where mankind has journeyed through;
Light up the path to a life more vast,
Shadowing up through the starry blue.

Cast on the logs; make the flames leap
higher;
Pluck from the bough and mistletoe—
To the spirit of Christmas time aspire,
Peace, good will to friend and foe.

Peace on earth and friendship true,
Undimmed as the light of Bethlehem's
star—
A grander and sublimer view
Comes with that light through the ages
far.

A death in life, and life in death,
Do we behold, but know that life
is uppermost in all things yet—
Ring, joyous bells, throughout the
strife.

For now is born the Prince of Peace,
And he is "Love" among us now;
Ring out, glad bells, and never cease,
While there is life on earth below!

SANTA CLAUS, V. S.

HE big blond mechanic looked awkward and out of place in the crowd of women shoppers at the toy counter. He seemed painfully conscious of the sharp contrast between his old working clothes and the stylish dresses of the ladies who jostled him on either hand. One given to studying the faces of Christmas shoppers would easily have read the question which makes Christmas the most pathetic as well as the happiest holiday in the year—the question, "Can I do it with the little money I have?"

At length the man caught the eye of a sales girl, and leaning over the counter said in a low voice:

"Say, miss, I've got a little feller at home that's been talking for months about Santa Claus bringing him a horse. I'd like to get him one if I can afford it. How much is this?" and he pointed to an equine paragon in front of him.

"That is three dollars," said the sales girl. "Best grade we've carried. You see it's covered with real horse hide and has a real hair tail and mane."

The mechanic shook his head hopelessly.

"Yes," he said, "it's a fine horse, all right, but I can't pay that much. I thought pr'aps I could get something for a dollar—a smaller one, mebber."

"I'm sorry," said the girl, sympathetically, "but we cleaned out every one of the cheaper kind this afternoon and this is the only one that's left of the three-dollar lot." Then suddenly her face lighted up. "Oh, say," she exclaimed, "wait a minute."

She dived under the table and came up with a counterpart of the horse they had been discussing; a counterpart, but with a broken leg and minus that very useful appendage, a tail. "There," she said, "I just happened to think of this! Somebody knocked it off the counter yesterday and broke the leg. The tail kept coming out anyway, and I guess it's lost now. You could have this for a dollar. Mebbe you could fix it all right."

The man examined the fracture seriously. "Why, that's easy," he said. "All it needs is to peel the hide up a little and splice the leg and then put on some of old Peter Cooper's salve. Make it as good as new."

"And perhaps you can get some sorsehair and make a tail. They're just tied in a bunch and put in with a plug."

"Oh, I'll fix that all right, miss. I've got an old bristle shaving brush that I can use. It'll be real stylish one of them hottedal coach horses, you know."

They both laughed.

"You're mighty good, miss, and I'm obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right," said the girl. "I know how it is Christmas times myself," and she sighed as the customer turned happily away to play his part of Santa Claus, veterinary surgeon.

THE DOMINIC'S STORY

The Dominic used to complain sometimes about the character of the stories the rest of us told. He said they were too economical in their use of the element of truth. And truth was so cheap, and also so interesting, he would say. We were always ready to admit that it was interesting, but were not so free to acknowledge its cheapness. Like other exotics it seemed to us expensive. Fiction, being so much more easily produced, appeared to be the true mental provender in the Corn Cob Club, a social institution where we decided questions of great pith and moment by the aid of the civilizing and ennobling influence of tobacco incinerated in cob-pipes. The Dominic had quit smoking when he entered the ministry, but he always said the cobs smell good, so we had hopes of his reclamation; besides, the air was usually so thick that he absorbed enough to bring him up, in a large measure, to the high philosophic plane occupied by the rest of us.

It happened on Christmas Eve that somebody told a story appropriate enough to the season so far as the subject went, but palpably impossible considered as a happening. At least the Dominic said it was, and threatened to tell a Christmas story himself; and being counseled by the Professor, who was classical in his language, to "blase away," the good man complied as follows:

A CHRISTMAS WAIT.

By Emma Alice Browne.

Break in the dreary East, and bring the light,
Rise, holy Christmas morning! Break and bring
The blossom of our hope—the stainless King—
For weary is the night!
Strange darkness wraps the haggard mountain rim,
And weep with failure, spent with grief and loss,
From the pathetic shadow of His Cross
We yearn and cry to Him.

Sad pilgrims, burdened with unshriven sin,
Oppressed, and cowering 'neath the chastening rod,
We humbly seek the path His feet have trod,
And strive to enter in.

His anger is so slow—His love so great—
Tho' we have wandered in forbidden ways,
Spurred and denied Him, all our fruitless days,
He calls us long and late.

We are so poor! Of all the squandered years
We bring no tithes of oil, or corn, or wine,
Nor any offering to His spotless shrine,
Save penitential tears.

We are so friendless, in our abject need
We can but cry to Him in bitter stress;
Yet He will not despise our nakedness,
Nor break the bruised reed.

Hard was the lot for His contentment spread,
Rough was His garb, and rude His lenten fare;
In all the earth He had no anywhere
To lay His weary head!

His patience is so long, His wrath so slow,
Tho' mocked and scoffed, insulted and denied,
Beaten with many stripes, and crucified,
He will not bid us go.

By all the anguish of His laden breast—
The bloody sweat—the sleepless agony—
The pangs and penance of Gethsemane—
He giveth the weary rest.

Break in the dreary East, oh, morning!
Rise,
With healing in thy holy wings, and bring
Fruition of our hope—the promised King—
And blameless Sacrifice!

A sudden pulse of waking life we hear,
Throb in the hush of hollow glade and dell;
The hills take up their olden canticle:
"Behold! The Dawn is near!"

And far against the soft auroral glow,
Peak over peak the kindling summits burn;
The vales, rejoicing, seem to lift and yearn
Thro' curling mists below.

And far along the radiant heights of morn
A sudden burst of choral triumph swells—
The sweet Te Deum of an hundred bells—
And lo! "Messiah's born!"

And all the burden of our grief and sin
Is lifted from our souls forevermore,
As humbly knocking at the Master's door
He bids us enter in.

FORTUNE IN THE MISTLETOE.

IN Georgia there is a farm devoted to mistletoe and holly growing. It is owned by the Cartledge family, consisting of mother and two daughters, but the daughters do the farming. It all began through the failure of the elder sister to make an immediate triumph in art, to study which she went to New York. She realized in the great city, as she never could have in her rural southern home, that talent for art is too general to leave much hope for special distinction, and wisely concluded to turn to something that would bring more speedy results. Being an observant young woman, Miss Cartledge noticed that holly and mistletoe brought extremely high prices and bethought her that on the 500 acres at home in Georgia both grew in wild abundance. She returned home and she and her sister began to prepare for making the neglected luxuriance of marketable value. In the months of January and February following they set out ten acres of young holly trees with their own hands. Their colored farm hands would not plant a holly tree for worlds, as they believe that if they did they would die as soon as the tree became tall enough to cast a shadow the measure of their graves. Last Christmas the sisters found the trees so grown that they required thinning out and the trees that were removed were sent north for Christmas trees and brought high prices, as they were symmetrical and covered with large, rich berries. They plant the mistletoe berries under the bark of old oak trees in a crack or hole, where they can get hold as they germinate.

Francher as Prime Minister.

The prime minister of Holland, Dr. Abraham Kayser, has broken the record by being the first doctor of divinity and preacher to hold that position.



WHY DON'T YOU GET MARRIED?

There used to be a young man named Stanwix who was rector of a church at a little town in New Jersey called Appleburg. Very amiable young man, not long in the ministry, and unmarried. Nice-looking chap, too, and a bright fellow, but he had his trials at Appleburg. Mainly it was the women—they thought he ought to marry, and of course they were right. But thinking so wasn't enough for those dear Appleburg ladies; with the true feminine desire to help they resolved to see that he did marry. But here again they showed a universal feminine trait by refusing to combine and work together. They all labored hard enough, but independently, and each with a view to inducing the minister to marry a different woman.

It had been going on thus for some months when Christmas approached. Now of course there isn't much you can give any man for Christmas—slippers and pipes and shot-guns and slippers. And in the case of a parson it's still worse—you've got to drop off the pipes and shot-guns, leaving only slippers and slippers. Of course there are book-marks and easy chairs, but the first are trivial and the latter expensive; besides, if he is unmarried and you are of the opposite sex, and in the same state, you will see that you ought to give him something made with your own fair hands, and you can't make an easy chair. So slippers it had to be for the Rev. M. Stanwix, especially after his landlady had been sounded on the subject and reported that the poor man didn't have a slipper to his name.

Well, the result was, of course, that the whole hundred and thirty-six marriageable ladies at Appleburg went to work on slippers; and a few of the flock who already had husbands also began slippers, out of the goodness of their hearts, probably, or maybe thinking that they might be widows some day and might as well have a pair to their credit. The slaughter of plush and embroidery materials was something cyclonic, and the local shoemaker had to sit up nights pegging on soles. Even unfortunate little Jane Wilkinson went at a pair hammer and tongs, though everybody said she hadn't a ghost of a show. In the first place Jane was too young—her older sister Katharine was conceded to have a right to enter for the contest, but it was universally held that Jane had no right to compete at all. Besides being too young—she was really nineteen or twenty—she was also plain. She might have a certain girlish prettiness, but not the beauty which the wife of so handsome a shepherd as the Rev. Mr. Stanwix should have. Furthermore, Jane was in no other way adapted for the position—she had been a good deal of a tomboy, and was yet, for that matter; she was frivolous and careless, and was always putting her foot in it. The first time the pastor had called at the Wilkinson house, and while Katharine was entertaining him in the parlor in the most approved and circumspet manner, Jane had blundered in, and inside of five minutes asked him why he didn't get married—all the girls said he ought to. Jane had explained to everybody that she meant it as a joke, but it had generally been pronounced ill-timed and in bad taste.

But poor Jane kept working away on her slippers regardless of the talk. Everybody said that Jane's slippers wouldn't fit, or that they would both be for one foot, or that she would get the heels sewed on the toe end, or something. Jane finally put on the finishing touches and then packed them in a pasteboard box and tied it with pink ribbon.

Then she got her other Christmas presents ready. She had a lot of handkerchiefs for an aunt, and a shopping

COULDEST OF ALL MONUMENTS.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is determined that the university at Palo Alto, Cal., founded in memory of her son, shall be one of the greatest educational institutions in the world. The magnificent Taj Mahal, that wonderful memorial tomb at Agra, in India, cost \$16,000,000, but this is less than the endowment of the Stanford university. The one monument is but a masterpiece of beauty, the other is the source of education and inspiration to higher achievements for the countless thousands in the years to come. Mrs. Stanford has given her entire time and attention to her son and to her husband, who bequeathed to her this trust of affection.

How the Raw Eggs Helped Him.

William H. Leonard, Tammany candidate for assemblyman, was complimented on his fine voice at the close of a campaign speech and was asked what he took to produce such pleasant tones. "It's a secret," he said, "but I don't mind letting you in. I swallowed three raw eggs on my way to the hall and kept one in my pocket as a reserve. I sat down on the pocket, and now I don't know whether it was that egg or the other three that did me good."

Col. Jack Astor's Invention.

Colonel John Jacob Astor has patented a marine turbine engine to drive vessels at high speed, which is highly praised by the experts. The Astor turbine differs from other forms in that it has no stationary parts other than the journals and foundation frames which carry it. The casing of the turbine revolves as well as the shaft, but in an opposite direction. While the shaft propels one propeller, the case, whirling in the opposite direction, moves a second screw, both screws driving the vessel.

Physicians Much Interested.

Northport, Mich., Dec. 9.—The medical men are just now eagerly discussing a most remarkable cure of a severe case of Kidney Disease in this county. Mr. Byron O. Lealle of Northport has for years been a victim of kidney derangements, with all the consequent pain and annoyance. He was gradually growing worse and as the disease advanced he became very despondent, often wondering if he would have to endure this suffering all his lifetime.

But at last he found a remedy that cured him in Dodd's Kidney Pills. He was much pleased, but did not say much about it lest the good effect he experienced would not last. Now, however, after months of continued good health he has concluded that he is permanently cured and his announcement of this has caused a profound sensation among the physicians, and the people who knew of his apparently hopeless condition.

No Place for Phelps or Stone.

In some parts of Peru—for example, in the province of Jaaja—hens' eggs are circulated as small coins, forty-eight or fifty being counted as a dollar. In the market places and in the shops the Indians make most of their purchases with this brittle sort of money. One will give two or three eggs for brandy, another for indigo and a third for cigars. These eggs are packed in boxes by the shopkeepers and sent to Lima. From Jaaja alone several thousand loads of eggs are annually forwarded to the capital.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men's idea of being a Christian is to look solemn.

Place's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. BARBER, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Don't wait for opportunity to call on you. Go and meet it half way.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Hapy is the man whose smile is too same in prosperity and adversity.

Many good physicians and nurses use Wizard Oil for obstinate rheumatism and neuralgia. It's the right thing to do.

If a man thinks only of himself he hasn't much use for brains.

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Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Broncho Quinine Tablets. Price 75c.

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DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? Then use DEFANCE Starch. It will keep them white—18 cts. for 10 cents.

When bread is wanting, oatmeal cakes are excellent.

Florence Maybrick First Sang It.

It is generally known by this time that "Stephen Adams," the composer, and Michael Maybrick, the baritone singer, are one and the same person. An interesting fact concerning the first singing of "The Holy City" is not generally known, viz., that Mrs. Florence Maybrick was the one who first sang the words which have aided so materially in making the name of "Stephen Adams" famous. It was aboard his yacht that Michael Maybrick composed "The Holy City," and it was that Florence Maybrick first gave voice to its melodious strains.

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Only President Without an "A."

President Roosevelt is the first occupant of the White House in whose name the letter "a" does not appear. Not only has that letter appeared in the names of all previous Presidents but also in the names of nearly every one of the 51 Americans who have received votes for President in the electoral college down to William J. Bryan. There are only eight exceptions to this rule.