

## Pictorial Bumor



HE KNEW HER.



Woman-That rocking chair you sold me is a fraud.

Second-hand Dealer-How's dot.

The rockers are not even, and, as you rock, it keeps moving sideways all over the room." 'Mein gracious! I have made a me estake and sent you von new patent

costs von dollar more." "Huh! Well, it's your mistake, and I won't pay the dollar, and I won't send it back-so there!"

rocker, varranted not to year out de carpet afl in von place. Dot kind

Signs in Japan. The people of Japan have a mania for English signs and they flood the rooms at hotels with English cards. They have no inspirative mood, and they generally express an idea negatively which we express positively. One day a traveler said to a waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold." "Yes," he said, "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good." A conspicuous notice at a leading hotel reads:

"On the dining time nobody shall be enter the dining and drawing room without the guests allow." One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto reads: "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course, the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package." A Toklo dentist's circular reads: "Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore, when it is attacked by injury artificial tooth is useful. I am engaged in the dentistry, and I will make for your purpose."

The Champion Glutton. "Quite a gourmet, isn't he?"

"Gourmet? Why, he's a regular glut-

"You're rather harsh, aren't you?" "Well, he's one of those fellows who will eat a hearty breakfast and then discuss with his wife what to order for dinner.

"Yes, I have had my little romance." sighed the drummer as the talk turned or love. "If things had gone right Is it palms of peace from heaven with me i should have married the That these lovely spirits bring?

Beating an Elopement.

with me i should have married the nicest girl in the world years ago." "But they went wrong?" was queried.

"Yes, they did. I loved an Ohio Mistietce and gleaming holly, farmer's daughter. The father was opposed to the match and forbade me the

house."

"But why didn't you plan an elope ment?"

"We did. Yes, sir, the girl loved me and we agreed to clope. I was to be on hand on a certain night with a horse and buggy and bear her off."

"Did the scheme work out all right?"

"No, it didn't. I arrived on time to the minute, but I couldn't find the house. The old man had got onto us, and what do you think he'd done? True as I live, sir, he'd gone and moved his house three miles down the road, and I couldn't find it, and the elopement couldn't come off, and that's why I'm a lonely old bachelor to-day."

Parental Pride.

"They tell me that your boy Josh is getting very handsome," said the neighbor.

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel. Josh is getting' right busy. He puts in three or four hours a day now tellin' me how I'd orter run the farm. I've got an idea that Josh is one o' these \$20,000 a year men that the steel trust is lookin' fur an' can't find."

THE OBJECT.



"That's a beautiful statued glass window Yes; it was given by Mrs. de Rich e. wanted something to suit her comple xion."

ONLY SLIGHTLY MISTAKEN.



Hungry Harry-I'm down on dis travelin' business, an' dat's right. Wandering Watson-Why, wot's de matter wid yer?

Hungry Harry-I thought de lady said somethin' 'bout porter-house, but when her husband go troo wid me I foun' dat she meant slaughter-house.

Wanted Help.

A stalwart Life Guardsman in London strolled leisurely down the street, and, approaching an expectant bootblack, pompously placed one enormous foot on the polishing block. For a moment or two the lad gazed in wonderment at the expanse of leather spread before his eyes, and then he hailed a colleague on the other side of the street.

"Hi, Bill," he shouted, "lend us some polish. Hi've got a Harmy contract."

A Tribute to the Departed. "Yes, she's a great talker."

"Talked her husband bald, hasn't

"No, the baldness was the work of his first wife. She didn't talk much, but she left some ample proofs of the excellence of her methods."

The Quat rel. She-You're just heteful. He-You're more so. She-You're a regular stick. He-You're as cross as two.

A Woman's Idea. "Are we all out of debt at last?" she

asked. "Thank heaven we are," he an

swered. "Then, let's give a swell dinner and dance," she suggested.

"But that will put us in debt again." he protested.

"Of course it will," she returned, "but what's the good of making our credit so good if we don't use it?"-

Habit Is Strong.

Chicago Post.

"That man," said the modern Sherlock Holmes, "came from a town where they have strict blue laws." "How do you know?" asked the observer. "Because you will notice that he can't even enter a drug store without hunting the side door."

What's the Uso. She-"Do you remember the time we were married, dear?"

He-"No, what's the use of worrying over something we can't help."

Not long ago, in Perthskire, a wo-

man was driving her husband down a narrow lane, when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's cart. Neither had room to pass, and in most disagreeable tonesithe woman said: "He must go back, for I shall not. He enght to have seen us before enturing the lane." "But, my dear." replied her husband, "how could he, with this sudden turn is the road?" "I don't care," said the woman haughtily, "I shall stay here all night before I give way to him" The driver of the cart overboard all the conversation and said, resignedly: "A' richt, sir; I'll gang back"-adding, sympathetically, "I've get just sic" anither one at home."-Clasgow (Scotland) Mail.

Making Preparations.

"I want to get a turkey and a bottle of paregoric, and some mincement, and some pepsin pills, and some cranberries, and some furniture polish, and a quart of oysters, and a package of court-plaster, and some sweet potatoes and a fire insurance policy."

Here the martet man smiled mer-

rily and inquired: "Going to eat all that?"

"No," responded the customer, "but the family Christmas dinner occurs at my house this year."-Baltimore Amer-

Ell Whitney and the Cotton Gin. "I see they are going to put up a tablet to the memory of El! Whitney down south somewheres."

What did he ever do?" "Think he invented a gin."

"That's funny. They'll be puttin' up monuments to the inventors of cocktails next."

The Difference

"What is the nature of this new fangled malady which they call the 'golfing spine'?"

"That," responded Cynicus, "is easy. 'Golfing spine' is what the old man used to have after a hard day's plowing, but he called it the backache."

And He Was Comported. "But tell me," he persisted, "is there

nothing I may hope for?" "Oh, yes," she replied, graciously. Forever.

PHANTOMS OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

In the rush of the merry morning, When the red burns through the gray And the wintry world lies walting 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 supny heir.

Are they Christmas fairies stealing Rows of little socks to fill? Are they angels floating hither With their message of good will? What sweet spell these elves are weaving. As like larks they chirp and sing;

Rosy feet upon the threshold, Eager faces peeping through. With the first red ray of sunshine, Symbols of a blessed day, In their chubby hands they carry, Streaming all along the way.

Of this innocent surprise; Waiting, watching, listening always, With full hearts and tender eyes, While our little household angels, White and golden in the sun, et us with the sweet old welcome,

we know them, never weary

Greet as with the sweet one! "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 silence 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.

AN: MOTOR WOULD HOE WILLS own thoughts that there had been another teacher; that not so easy would have been the lesson of forgetfulness had not another lesson been conned 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.

"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 low er, more impressive tenes, "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 thare its sunshine. Alice, what is

your answer? Will you be my wife?" Ah, it had come at last. Ofice the girl had tried to check the torrent of Lis words. He had cut caught the little, detaining hand in his own strong palm and held it tightly. The small hear 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 ah, 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 : epeated his question, she simply raised to him the sweet, fair face, and contert with what he read there. he stooped and pressed 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 har a special | a blush of shame.

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 night 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 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.

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.

"On, Miss Ailce! 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 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-looked to find it not Dent, but some one who, for a moment, seemed a 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 cheek, to the silken train which swept 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 bere? 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, homesick-ness to me? I almost welcomed them, for ever behind there all we thought that all were for you, for the day which was slowly, slewly 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. 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 he picked it up triumphant, he discovered it to be a piete of shining glass."

"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 saw only his last, mad, passionate cu brace 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. Perhaps I deserved my punishment, but it is very bitter. 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 longer ask you to rorgive me, since you have wreaked upon me your revenge."

His own life stretched bare and blank and desolate before bim. For a moment he felt a wild joy 'hat 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

Dent Dexter was alone in the cottage he nad 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 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 & teaspoonful each of ground cumamon, 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 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 fortune. They have parhaps no settled home or no relatives of he especial friends with whom they yearn to be on the festal day. But these people are comparatively few in numbers. 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 merri-ment and restivities with those who are dearest to them.

A new leaf A about to be turned in the Book of Time, and each once of us is almost a page nearer to the Finis which concludes he's history. The well-thumbed pages of the past—here illuminated with the promatic picturings of hope, there brotted with the tears of sorrow—are, tulned down forever. Their contents are beyond revisal. The items have been transferred to the re-cords of eternity, and what is written there is written—there can be no erasures. But the white leaves of Futurity are before usnew page is simediately under our hand.