

# The Columbus Journal.

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## THE ACTORS' CHRISTMAS.

RING OUT, WILD bells of Christmas day! The festive season comes; let all hearts sing a carol gay. To trumpets and to drums: Here to our old companions gone. Here to the comrades left: Peace be to those with anguish torn.

And joy to those here! (Boys, here's another Christmas— Ring out, sweet bells of Christmas day! Ring out the feud 'twixt Right and Wrong! Here's to the girl we love! We'll pledge her health in laugh and song. All other healths above! Forever may the curtain fall On jealousies and spite: In dreams alone may we recall Our unsuccessful night— But, Jack, there's a matinee— Ring out, sweet bells of Christmas day!

May you attend the kindly hand. And bless the gentle heart! May words of fortune tell be bland, And luck no more depart! A glowing season unto all! The critics' lens be mild; A Yule blessing softly fall (On parents, wife and child! What thought it bring a matinee! Ring out, sweet bells of Christmas day!

### MISTLETOE ON THE ALTAR.

A Christmas Church Decoration Derived from Pagan.

The Saturnalia again furnish us with analogies to Christmas decorations, when houses were decked with laurels and evergreens; the Druids, too, carried out mistletoe and laid it on their altars. The custom was long preserved in the north of England, and at York the mistletoe used to be carried to the high altar of the cathedral, and a rustic pardon was proclaimed at the gates of the city toward the four quarters of heaven.

This, however, was not long used as a church decoration, on account of its connection with Pagan rites, and is said only to have been employed for this purpose either by mistake or through ignorance. The most favorable evergreens for decorating churches were holly, bay, rosemary and laurel; ivy and cypress were eschewed because of their association with Bacchus and Death respectively; the most elaborate display of olden days could not be mentioned in the same breath with the artificial treatment which many churches receive at the present time.

### A Christmas Romance.

I was an intimate friend of the Horton boys, and on the strength of that I was invited to spend Christmas with the family. Of course I went. I was desperately in love with May Horton, but I had kept my secret well from the boys.

There were hosts of relatives, a big dinner and plenty of fun after it. Mistletoe hung in tempting fashion from the gas fixtures, and opportunities were not neglected. Dancing and merriment were at their height when I quietly made my way to a curtained bay window, where I hoped to find the darling of my heart. In a dusky corner sat a dark little object, and for fear somebody would seek the lovers' hiding place I immediately commenced to pour forth my love. Twice she refused me. "Twice I drew her head down on my shoulder. Then suddenly she tore herself from me and shot out into the parlor like a comet, screaming at the top of her lungs:

"That good-for-nothing young rascal, Sam Miller, asked me to marry him!" "That voice—good heavens! Twas Susan Frizzette, May's spinster aunt. They all thought it was a good joke, and catching hold of both of us they called young Parsons Peters and hailed him the knave. I was beside myself for a moment, especially as Miss Susan seemed growing reconciled to the situation. With one spring I dashed over to May, who had entered the room and stood leaning on the mantelpiece, with a grave look in her eyes, and before them all I desperately cried: "May, I thought it was you. I love you. Will you marry me?" "Twice I thought it was you. I love you. Will you marry me?" "Twice I thought it was you. I love you. Will you marry me?"

### THE YULE LOG.

An Important Item of a Good Old Fashioned Christmas.

The Yule log, which has always been so important an item in celebrating a "good old fashioned Christmas," is distinctly a Druidical survival, and has been held in veneration since that far off time; its flames burned out all wrongs and quarrels, and it was used to heat the wassail which was drunk to the drowning of old feuds. At one time the Yule log, when half burnt, was always kept light, another at the next Christmas, and it was considered a safeguard against fire during the year.

Various strange superstitions were about concerning it; among others, it was thought very unlucky if a squinting person, a bare footed man or a cat footed woman, entered the place in which the log was burning. History does not relate whether the exact shape of the feet had to be described on entering the room.

### His Holiday Discovery.

"Are you going to hang up your stockings?" said Riddling Pete.

"Naw," said Meandering Mike. "It's already tended to fur me."

"What's that mean?"

"See dat clothes line over there?"

"Well, dere's a pair of stockin's right there dat Santa Claus mus' hev hung up fur me, cos I kin see from here dat dere's my size. An' I'm goin' er climb de fence an' take 'em fur fear some unprincipled person 'll come erlong when nobody's lookin' an' swep 'em."

### Scriptural Charity.

"I don't know so much about the fatherless," mused Oldsport, reflectively. "But I guess this Christmas season is a good time to remember the widow."

Having arrived at this decision, he went down town and ordered a diamond brooch for her.

## MIGHTY NEAR TO CHRISTMAS.

'TSGETTING CLOSE to Christmas; across the hills and dells, You can almost hear the chiming and the rhyming of the bells.

But the skies are clear and cloudless with no clouds that dream of snow.

And you hear in dark and daylight all the elfin bugles blow!

It's getting close to Christmas; there's something in the air That seems to breathe of Bethlehem and all the glory there.

And sweet the bells and bugles sound thro' our dreams of rest— Ring, bells, your sweetest music, and bugles blow your best!

It's getting close to Christmas. Oh, time of peace and joy!

And oh, to be once more, once more, a wakeful, watchful boy.

With the stocking in the corner for old Santa Claus to fill.

But we still thank God for Christmas, and we're boys in memory still!

### GEORGE PLAYED HOOKEY.

And Now He Learns That Santa Claus Will Boycott Him.

dear editor—I am the most miserable blab boy wat is alive. To the world I am a blank, on wensday I dident feel like gone 2 school, an i askid ma if i could sta home. ma gave me her reglar lectur a bote i orter hais a chance 2 go 2 school an lern somethin. b cause when she was a girl she dident hais no free sools then. n. b.—but if ani i shud let mar 2 day she dont ani thing his parents coot coot. his insurance dert in time 2 make crismus presents. but i maid up mi mind not 2 go 2 school ani way. wats the mater with playin hookey, hay? i sed 2 mi coss if i sed i out lond ma wud here me. so wen seol time com i tuk out lil slait an went out. i dident go 2 school, an i dident no war 2 go. it was oful cold. i dident dare go in 2 the vilag an luk in the crismus widders cos bings mite

see me, so i cood onli go out his woods an wait 1 time 2 go home. i got so cold i most eride and mi face felt like was froze, an how i wish i had gone 2 school and not plade hookey. then a man cam a long an wanted 2 no wat i was hangin a round. an i sed i dident no an the man sed i had better moiy on or he wud arrest me 4 a suspicious character, so i moved on. i kept on movin on till i cum near the seol, an wen i saw the boys comin out i started home.

Trashed in the house like alwys do wen i cum home from seol. an put mi slait on the table. ma loked at me knowin like. i got a merit in seol 2 da 4 bein gud. i sed, coss they wossun thin inside of me wat kept sayin, gorgie, ma is on 2. she knows u aint been 2 seol, an then ma sed, u yore raskil u no u wosent 2 seol 2 da. an i sed, ma du u want me 2 chop sun wood. an ma sed, no, but i want 2 no wy u dident go 2 seol 2 da. bil jonson was here with a note from the teacher sayin that u wosent 2 seol. i doent no wat 2 say, so i dident say nothin, but ma sed she wud fix me 4 playin hookey. she sed she was gone 2 tid sandly coss not to give ani presents. wen pa cum home he wiped me. an wen i went to seol next da the teacher wiped me. no lil bit, but not pla hookey. it aint no gud, coss u yore woss get no crismus presents an yure pa will win u.

gorgie

THE FESTIVITIES INTERRUPTED.

Jimmy, the eldest son (coming in unexpectedly),—"Stop der music till I run down an' git der hook an' ladder company to take der tings der top branches.

A Shrewd Father.

"What did you get for Christmas, Jim?" asked a little shaver.

"The watch and chain," was the proud reply.

"Why, you got that for Thanksgiving."

"Yes; but dad took it away from me the next day for breaking the window, and he gave it back to me for Christmas."

A Good Reason

Miss Mullins (hastily)—Here comes Husband (hastily)—Here comes Miss Mullins. Effie put all your presents away.

Wife—No, I want her to see how generous you are.

Husband—But most of them are things I gave her when I was engaged to her, and got back when it was broken off—Mumsey.

Wise Advice

Jeweler—What words do you wish engraved in the ring, sir?

Young Man—"From Henry to Clara."

Jeweler—Take my advice, young man, and have it engraved simply "From Henry." Then, if you get it back, you can use it again next Christmas.

A Long-Felt Want.

Mrs. Grigs—"What are you going to give your husband Christmas?"

Mrs. Grigs—"A theatre outfit."

Mrs. Grigs—"For the land's sake, what's that?"

Mrs. Grigs—"A nursing-bottle, a package of ointment and a claim and padlock."—Lovell Citizen.

Iron-Tipped Hiss.

In the museum at Mayence, Germany, there are several iron-tipped piles which were used by the Romans 2,000 years ago in the construction of a bridge near that place.

Pneumatic Horse Collar.

A pneumatic horse collar finds favor with many horsemen, and the animals themselves seem to appreciate it, as it adjusts itself to every motion of the neck.

## CHRISTMAS IN EGYPT.

A Christmas Breakfast and Dinner at a Greek Delmonico's.

The following Christmas experience in Egypt is related by a writer in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

He was at the house of a Greek who was apparently not a Cossus, as the entire furniture of his cafe consisted of a stone-and-mud fireplace in one corner, a palm-branch divan occupying the remainder of that side of the banquet hall, and a lot of rush mats on the earthen floor. I took the place of honor on the divan, says the writer, and soon the Arabs commenced dropping in and squatting on the floor. Our Copt had made so much noise that he had awakened the whole village.

It was Christmas Eve, or, rather, morning, and I felt liberal, so I ordered coffee and mastic for the party, and kept the landlord busy until I had filled the whole lot—a feat never before accomplished in Tel-el-Baroud. I began to feel hungry, and the landlord fished out from under the divan, which also served as a chicken-coop, three squabs, which he killed, plucked, boiled and served up on Arab bread. This bread is baked of unbolted flour in round cakes, seven inches in diameter. It is hollow like a doughnut, and of about the consistency of heavy bolting paper.

After breakfast everybody went on a hunting expedition. After their return they all went for their bath, a change of clothes, and then to dinner—and such a dinner!

The bill of fare could scarcely be equalled at that season of the year in this country; the little oysters from Alexandria Harbor, they were first planted there by McKillop Pasha, who was admiral of the Egyptian fleet under Ismail Pasha; soup, fish from the Mediterranean, turkey, ham, ducks, snipe, fresh vegetables of every description, figs, grapes, oranges, bananas and the flaming Egyptian plum-pudding.

The sparkling wine flowed as copiously as Nile water, and I was about to say as rapidly. The hunt was re-hunted, and haps and mishaps, spiced with raillery and laughter. Then came pipes, songs and recitations, and the hot water with the Scotch whisky.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

The children dreamed the whole night through Of stockings hung the hearth beside; And, bound to make each dream come true, Went Santa Claus at Christmas-tide.

Black stockings, red, brown, white and gray— Layed little, warm, or patched and thin. The kindly Santa found on his way, And smiling, puffed his presents in.

But as he felt his hand grow light, A year-drop glistened in his eye: "Here children on this earth tonight, Star stars are twinkling in the sky."

Upon the white and frozen snow He knelt, his empty bag beside— "Some little socks must come, my boys," "Alas!" said he—"this Christmas-tide.

"Though their stockings may not keep, With gifts and toys and Christmas cheer, These little ones from sorrow keep, For each, dear Lord, to Thee is dear!"

Thou wert a little child like them— Paved life—"For whom I would provide Long years ago in Bethlehem, That first and blessed Christmas-tide."

"As soothed them then Thy mother's kiss, And all her comfort, sweet and kind, Give them hearts as pure as snow, The gifts I know not where to find?"

"That sweetest gift, dear Lord, bestow On all the children here and wide; And give them hearts as pure as snow, Prayed Santa Claus—"at Christmas-tide."—Marguerite Merrington, in The Ladies' Home Journal.

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## GIRLS THAT SKATE.

THEY BELONG TO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

And They Have Peculiarities According to Their Nationality—The Canadian Girl Bold and Fearless—The Dutch Are Quick.

Some women on skates are somewhat like the little girl who sported a curl right in the middle of her forehead. They look either very, very good, or else they approximate quite closely to "horrid," says the Montreal News. It really must be confessed that the skate, as she is now worn by the New York girl, is not always a success. But there are extenuating circumstances. The New York girl, in fact, a composite cosmopolitan, is, in fact, a composite cosmopolitan, says the New York Journal.

Her right foot may skate as her grandmother, a market woman of Holland, did, while her left foot may take the stroke of her Scandinavian grandfather. Skating has been one of the rights of women ever since they used to strap long bones to their feet and push themselves over the ice with a pointed stick, and particularly has been the inalienable privilege of a Dutch housewife.

Skating in Holland, however, is not of a highly ornate order. This is because a prudent woman is not disposed to attempt the evolution of spirals and other figures when she has a basket of fragile eggs upon her arm. But the Holland girl goes in for speed, in proof of which statement there is a story that once upon a time two neighboring souls had a difference over the question of their respective skating abilities. Even the Dutch, however, sometimes gets stirred, and the argument finally waxed exceedingly warm—far warmer, in fact, than the weather, which was clutching at the canals in a grip of ice. The two dames continued the dispute until a race was arranged. They were to skate thirty miles, and to the one covering the distance in the shorter time a prize was promised of the finest pair of skates in Amsterdam.

The match came off, with great éclat and large attendance. The winning time was two hours, and if any girl in New Amsterdam can do better, let her show her record. It is not quite likely that the familiar phrase, "It beats the Dutch," originated in this line.

Now, as has been said, the Dutch women skate because it is the quickest means of locomotion between their kitchens and the market. The Scandinavian women skate because it is the most rapid way of paying calls, and the Russian women rarely skate at all. The rivers in Russia flow so swiftly that they seldom freeze, and even in the cities most of the skating is done by the English and German.

When a Russian woman does skate, however, she can discount every other nationality in the beauty of her costume. She is not afraid of brilliant color effects, and she and her furs are inseparable.

In England skating is an art, not an industry. The English girl is as adroit as a cat, and her exercise as her American cousin is to low crawl. She skates conscientiously, if not always with marvelous grace, and with her sisters may be seen by the thousands on the Serpentine and in Regent park.

The Canadian girl improves each shining hour of ice, but she often has to have her skating area dug out of the snow. A Canadian girl is a bold and fearless skater. She is not so stiff as an English girl nor so luxurious as a Russian. She wraps up in a festive toboggan cap over her ears. There is a streak of French in her blood, which makes her don bright colors and which puts verve and dash into her style.

Then there is the girl who knows that she can't skate, and also knows that every one else knows it, but doesn't care a continental. She is going to learn. She has no many arm to lean upon, so she embraces large sections of atmosphere as she plunges boldly forward. She exclaims in a murmuring, "What are the wild waves doing?" as one watches the circles her arms describe. But, never mind, she will learn.

And, speaking of the mainly arm, the only two desirable positions for the arms are the "Dutch" and the "American." The Dutch is very close to her coat—very close. A very close respect for a man never reaches a higher altitude than it does when she is perched on a pair of wobbly skates. She is not only ready to fall on her neck, but she actually does it. She falls all over him in fact. And the timid dependence with which the haughtiest girl clings to a man's strong right arm is ample reward for having that same arm pinched black and blue in the previous winter.

The other position is one of remoteness. One which absolutely removes her escort from the reach of her clutches and kicks resulting from her lost equilibrium.

The Claim Does More Forward.

The claim is commonly taken for an example of all that is unprogressive, but he is by no means a stationary creature. Every man bred at the seaside knows how a claim left upon the sand will utterly disappear by sticking himself below the surface; but the claim also has a forward movement, and will travel thirty feet in the course of a week. The large muscle of the claim, which helps to make him indigestible, is his single leg, and by the aid of this he makes his progress.

His Own Affairs.

Filkins, the claim agent, who runs a matrimonial agency, the very man who should know better, has made himself liable to prosecution for bigamy.

Wilkins—So I told him, but his answer was: "Business is business."—Puck.

Iron-Tipped Hiss.

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## DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.

To Look at He Was Not Much of a Lawyer, But Then—

Said a gentleman who is well acquainted in the mountain country: "I noticed in the city a few days since an attorney from an Eastern Oregon county who came here to appear before Judge Fee in chambers. He was a felt hat with no less than five inches of hair sticking up by no means such as would be furnished by a city outfit. His coat was a miserably poor fit, and as for pantaloons, they were decidedly picturesque. The bag in those pants hung out conspicuously four or five inches below the knee and the dust of the street was swept by the lower edges trailing along behind him. The moustaches worn by this attorney were and, of course, are yet, such as to lend a particularly fierce appearance to an otherwise unique figure. As the lawyer passed along the street toward the court house, some one inquired who the person was and was informed he was a disciple of Blackstone. I thought there was an amusing expression in the presence of refinement. A library would have been at the visitor's disposal composed of some of the rarest volumes extant. And these volumes would be found to be as familiar to my friend the attorney as Mother Goose's molasses to the average person. In the mind of this attorney could be found a wonderful store of valuable information: facts digested and with the meaning and bearing on men and events extracted therefrom. In short, one of the most remarkable minds I have ever met. And then I would enjoy watching the face of the inquiring man as that attorney went before a jury and poured out a matchless and convincing eloquence. Educated liberally, trained in West Point military academy and for years a captain in the regular army, later thoroughly educated in the law, that tall, peculiarly accoutered lawyer would prove a most agreeable surprise to one who came in contact with his disciplined and well-wielded mind. The name of this personage will occur to all members of the bar. It is the same as the title to one of Sir Walter Scott's best known novels."—East Oregonian.

### Metel Fishing.

Mullet fishing by night in the Chesapeake is exciting sport. A small boat is used and a light is placed in the stern. When a school of the fish is sighted near shore the boat is rapidly moved toward it, and the captain in the regular army, later thoroughly educated in the law, that tall, peculiarly accoutered lawyer would prove a most agreeable surprise to one who came in contact with his disciplined and well-wielded mind. The name of this personage will occur to all members of the bar. It is the same as the title to one of Sir Walter Scott's best known novels."—East Oregonian.

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