Hanging up our stockings when I was a

There were fireplaces by which stock-

boy was not the hollow farce which it now

ings could be hung up. To hang a collec-

tion of stockings of assorted sizes around a

black and cheerless register, smelling of

sulphur from a defective heater, is a pro-

fanation. And hanging them in front of a

cold and clammy steam radiator should be

prohibited by law. It tends to make chil-

dren skeptical and atheistic. In the older

days Kris Kringle had a broad chimney to

come down, and a fireplace as big as a store

box to jump out of. There was a mantel-

piece like unto a sideboard, from which the

stockings depended. Sometimes, if a long

ly held by a pin, the draft would draw it

partly into the fireplace during the night.

like so many shivering phantoms, hunting

The old-fashioned fireplace had more

drawbacks than the back-log. As a rule,

the bigger the fireplace the colder the room.

All the heat that could be drawn from

the bystanders, until the Life Guard.

armed only with her slipper, rescued the

survivor of the wreck. Then any person

under the age of fifteen, who had any tears

on hand that were about ripe enough to

shed, could find a ready market for the en-

tire crop as fast as the shedder could turn

Most of the Christmas presents in those

days were designed by the manufacturers

for the hanging stocking. Anything too

big to go into a stocking had to go over to

somebody's birthday. In any family where

there was more than one child, the old re-

We hailed, with acclamations of astonished

recognition, Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messieurs

and Mesdames Shem, Ham and Japhet.

There was no way of telling the men and

the elephant and giraffe you could dis-

tinguish at a glance, on account of the spots

on the giraffe. So also the dog and the

cow; because the cow was always white

and blue, while the dog was invariably

plain blue. . Within twenty-four hours after

the landing on Ararat, the baby would have

them out.

for the fire.

Christmas Theatricals. He was the villain! standing there Darkly handsome and debonair, And she bade him be gone with a lofty air. But that was part of the play.

The heroine she! and a gown from France Her tearful beauty did much enhance; But I think she gave him one swift, sweet glance, and that was not in the play.

He roughly seized her del cate wrist, And grimly eyed her and fiercely hissed, "You are mine, and my prey I have never missed!"
But that was part of the play.

Her voice rang out like a clear-toned bell, And his loathed advances she did repel; But he kissed her after the curtain fell, And that was not in the play.

MOLLY'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas in latitude 40° 30' north, longitude 50° west. That lies just south of the | Christmas tree after all." best of times. But on a Christmas eve, voice : with the wind in the northwest, it is a home of desolation. The wind was northwesterly | the so'therly end o' the Grand Banks !" on that particular Christmas eve, and it was squeeze half a dozen more revolutions per | they all arose, and Farmer Joe said: minute out of the propeller. She was making a fair nineteen and a half knots per

When the cold spray came over the weather-bow like a discharge of shot made of ice, and slashed the face of the first officer away up on the bridge, he only pulled his cap down more tightly over his ears, hauled the muffler higher around his neck, squinted at the compass-card and gritted his teeth, for he realized that the mighty machine under his feet was letting the degrees of longitude drop astern at a pace which promised the steamship a splendid winter record.

"If the Captain had only laid the course to the nor'rard," he muttered, "we'd 'a' broken the record. I don't see wot he's a-buggaluggin' around here for as if we was in the middle o' summer, with ice on the banks. Keep your eyes in the bowl, you!" The last remark was addressed to the man at the wheel.

"I thought I seed summat wen we riz to the last sea, sir," said the man.

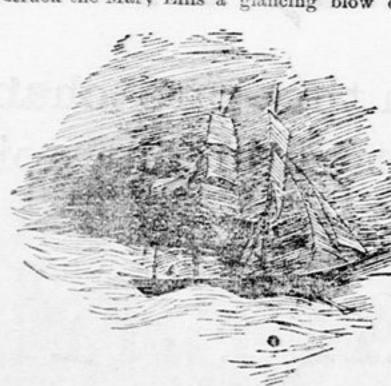
"See! Ye couldn't see your grandmother's ghost on sich a night, lad. It's

blacker'n the inside o' a cuttle-fish." It was black, and no mistake. Little Molly Ryan, who was among the poor steerage passengers with her father and mother, wondered if the ship was sailing on the ocean or just on darkness. Molly ought not to have been on deck, and if any sailor had seen her she would have been quickly sent below. But she was such a little body, and she huddled up so closely under the edge of the poop that no one discovered her. It was so gloomy and close in the steerage quarters, and so many poor women were sick, that Molly had stolen away, while her parents were dozing, to eatch a breath of fresh air. The cold wind seemed to pierce through her, but she was fascinated by the darkuess; and after a time she climbed up and sat on the rail, looking at the ghostly foam as it hurled itself against the iron side and swept hissing way under the quarter. Molly was in great danger, but she did not know it. She fancied she saw away down there in the black-and-white waters a beautiful Christmas tree and loaded with silver toys that came and went with the foam. Molly hae never had a Christmas tree, but she had heard about them, and her fondest hope was that some day she might see one. She leaned far out, looking down into the waters, and, of course, she could not know how close the bark "Mary Ellis"

But the Mary Ellis was altogether too close. She was flying swiftly along, before the wind, thundering down into the yawning hollows that flung her bows alott again with terrible force, and her course was diagonally across the bows of the steamer. Now the skipper of the Mary Ellis was a rough, mean man, and he was trying to save oil, so his side-lights were not burning. But those of the steamers were, and the watch on the bark's deck ought to have seen them. But for some reason they did not. So every moment the two ships kept drawing closer and closer together, and just as the steward happened to catch sight of Molly, and called to her to get down, there was a sudden outbreak of shouts forward.

The first officer immediately called a swift order to the man at the wheel, then sprang to the engine-room telegraph, and signaled the engineer to stop.

A few seconds later there was a jar, a noise of rending wood, and the Astoria struck the Mary Ellis a glancing blow on



COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER TOGETHER,

her port quarter, carrying away a part of her bulwarks. At the same instant Molly Ryan fell off the Astoria's rail into the sea. "Min overboard!" screamed the steward, who reached the spot just a moment too late to catch her.

But it takes a long time to stop a steamer large shellgoing nearly twenty knots an hour, and by the time that the first boat was lowered, the Astoria was far beyond the spot where

Molly went over. Fortunately for Molly, when she came to

the surface half strangled, her little nance struck something hard which floated. With the strength of despair she climbed upon it. It was the part of the Mary Ellis's bulwarks knocked off in the collision. Still more fortunately for Molly, the captain of the bark, rushing on deck and hearing cry, "Man overboard," thought that the words came from some one on his own vessel, and ordered one of his boats lowered away. Groping in the blackness amid the tumbling waters, the crew of his boat found Melly, and took her aboard the bark.

"Wot!" exclaimed the captain; "only a kid? Take her forward, some of you, an' see her looked after." And having made sure that the bark was

not seriously injured, he returned to his cabin to sleep. "Wal, Han'some," said a long, lean sea-

"wot ye goin' to dew with yer wreckage, now ye got her?"

"Thaw her out," said "Handsome," as he was called, carrying Molly into the

The sailors fell into a general discussion as to how Molly should be treated, for the poor little thing was quite unconscious, and her clothes were freezing on her. However, after a while she was undressed, properly and gently "thawed out," and put to bed. The sailor called Handsome mixed a warm drink and poured it between her teeth. She gave a little It was bitter cold on the night before gasp, opened her eyes, and gazed around. "Oh," she muttered, "there isn't any

southern extremity of the Grand Banks of | And with that she fainted away again. Newfoundland, and a wild, melancholy, un- The sailors looked at one another in solemn easy part of the Atlantic Ocean it is at the | silence, till finally one said, in a deep bass

"Well, if she hain't a-'untin' for trees on "Wal, that's wot she's a-lookin' blowing what landsmen would call half a fur, an' that's wot she's a-goin' fur gale and a sailor a brisk breeze. But the to get," said Handsome, slapping one good steamer "Astoria," from Liverpool to huge fist into the other; and then he and New York, made no account of a wind the other seamen sat down under the forewhich served only to increase the draft in | castle | lamp and conversed earnestly in her fire-room, and to enable the engineer to low tones. After several minutes of talk



"HANDSOME'S" CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Han'some, yeou air consid'ble peert w'en yeou 're peert. But there 's no time to lose. We must get to work right

While the rough sailors were at work, little Molly passed from a state of unconsciousness to one of sleep. The big seamen took turns in watching over her. It was not a pretty bedroom that Molly had that night. It was dark and dingy, and full of weird noises and groaning timbers. A swinging lantern threw changeful shadows into all the corners, and showed some very rude bunks in which several sailors off watch were trying to snatch a brief rest. Just behind those bunks against the stout sides of the bark the seas burst in blooming shocks, and ever and anon there was a noise of falling water overhead. Up and away the bows would soar and then plunge down again with a sickening rush into the turmoil of foam. But of course the sailors thought nothing of all these things. The forecastle was their home, and they were long ago hardened to its sights and sounds. In spite of everything, Molly slept quiet soundly, wrapped in a rough blanket and with a pea-jacket spread over her shoulders, while Handsome and the other sailors were at work with a boathook, some small pieces of wood, oakum, and green paint. Whatever it was that they were making, it was strange enough to look at; but their hearts were in their work, and they conversed earnestly in low tones. At last it was finished and set up in a bucket close against the bulkhead, where the lantern shed its fitful light full upon it.



"IS N'T THAT A CHTISTMAS TREE?" "Werry good, too," said Handsome, gazing at it; "but it won't do unless it's got

somethin' onto it." And then those sailor-men went rummaging in their chests, and as they had been the globe, they brought forth mit upon tree which they young girl. the wondrous had made ontributed three n Ocean, a dried aloo god which holly. Another dagger, Chinese nose-rings from a | Margaritermer Joe brought marry Christmas

out a stuned marmoset, an Indian amulet, and a tintype likeness of himself. A fourth sailor fished out of his chest a beautiful India silk handkerchief and a string of coral. Handsome gravely hung them on the Christmas tree. When all was done, he stepped back and studied the effect. "Werry good, too," he said.

"Yas," said Farmer Joe ; "I guess yeou couldn't get any such tree as that to At six o'clock on Christmas morning

Molly awoke. It was still dark, and the lantern's light was but dim. The sailors were huddled back in the corner farthest from their wonderful Christmas tree, which was set where the child's eyes were most likely to fall on it as soon as she sat up in her bunk. So when Molly awoke she did sit up and stare straight in front of her with sleepy eyes, man, with a pointed beard, who looked for crying to collect her thoughts and make

all the world like a Connecticut farmer, out where she was. Gradually she became onscious of the tree. Her eyes opened wider and wider. She almost ceased to breathe for a few moments. Then suddenly she clasped her hands together and, with a little scream of delight, cried joyously : "Why, it 's a Christmas tree!"

The sailors nudged one another, and Handsome could not restrain a chuckle. Molly heard, and looked around at them. A puzzled expression came over her face. and she studied her surroundings for a

"That's wot it is !" cried English; "an' we also is Santa Clauses.'

"Isn't that a Christmas tree?" she asked.

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly; "what funny



He "holds up" the father of the family every Christ

Santa Clauses! I always thought there was apples did. "Well, aboard this 'ere bark there is romantic and interesting in the summer ing him for his trouble.

"And oh!" cried Molly, clapping her paper screen. When a child, romping about him that it was near Christmas time. a lot of funny things I've got for my Christ- screen, and went plunging and screaming twitch. mas! I never got much before. But I right through the Lake of Como, those | Last year he had bought presents, as did think I'd rather have my father and placed waters never regained their pristine thousands who were hurrying hither and works, one of which was placed in the mother, please." And then she looked as placidity. Even when the artist of the thither like ants. if she were about to cry.

"an' I'll sing ye a song.

Molly, brightening up. "All the rest o' you Santa Clauses jine in the act of breaking through the lake. The the chor-i-us," said Handsome, standing up drowning, indeed, was looked upon as a and taking a hitch at his trousers. Then sort of comedy, and was highly enjoyed by he sang;

Oh, the cook he 's at the binnacle, The captain 's in the gallery, An' the mate he 's at the foreton, Wi' Sally in our alley : An' the steward 's on the bobstay, A-fishin' hard fer sole : The wind is up an' down the mast; So roll, boys, roll.

"CHOR-I-US." stoll, boys, roll, boys! Never mind the weather, No matter how the wind blows, We'll all get there together. Oh, the captain couldn't steer a ship, Because he was a Lascar :

The cook he had to show the way From France to Madagascar; The ship she couldn't carry sail, Because she had no riggin'; The crew they had to live on clams,— Twas werry deep fer diggin'. Roll, boys, roll, boys! etc. The cook says: "Let the anchors go!"

The crew says: "We ain't got 'em." The captain yells: "Then pack yer trunks! We'll all go to the bottom. The steward hove the lead, sirs, Twas three feet deep, no more; So every mother's son of us Got up and walked ashore. Roll, boys, roll, boys! etc.

The land was full o' cannibals, Wich made it interestin'. We told 'em not to eat us, fer We was sich bad digestin'. The kin comes down to see us. An' he spots a paper collar : An' he says if we 'll clear out o' that He'll give us half a dollar. Roll, boys, roll, boys ! etc.

So we fells an injy rubber tree, An' makes a big canoe, About the shape and pattern Of a number twenty shoe; The cook he draws a sextant An' the captain draws his pistol; One shoes the sun, an' one the king, An' off we goes fer Bristol. Roll, boys, roll, boys, etc. An' now we 're safe ashore again,

We 're goin' fer to stay There 's grub to eat, an' grog for all, An' wages good to pay. I'll cross my legs upon a stocl, An' never be a saflor ; I'd rather be a butcher, or a Baker, or a tailor.

Roll, boys, roll, boys! Never mind the weather: No matter how the wind blows. We'll all get there together.

At the end of the song, all the seamen stood up, joined hands, and danced around. roaring out what Handsome called the "chorius," in such tremendous voices that the captain, who had come on deck, ran to the forecastle hatch to see what was going on. He dropped down among his men so suddenly that they all paused in silence, expecting an outbreak of anger. But the captain slowly realized the meaning of the scene upon which he had intruded, and

"All right, lads; amuse her and take good care of her. And when we get to New York I'll make it my business to find her father.

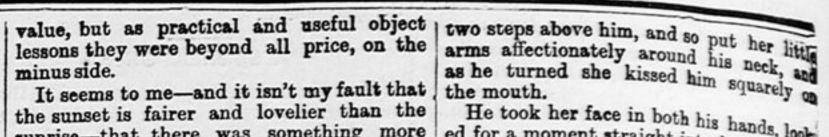
He was as good as als word, and in due time Molly was present in the hands of her parents, who had been mourning her as dead. It was a joyous reunion, you may be sure. But all the nest of her life Molly remembered her strange Christmas eve at sea, if it found them to its liking.

That Would Not Suit. "Let's be married on Christmas, darling," said the impetuous young lover, after Miss Fosdick had "No, indeed

The recting. Marguriteon the twentycember? Carolyn (with -Yes.

all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor would be sent with the breathless messenger. to keep the | to have a doll like that?" wean itself on the rest of the antediluvians pression that began with enthusiasm and The red monkey climbing a red stick was half-sob, for she thought he was making fun

another regular Christmas visitor. He was of her. unpleasantly, to himself that is; although with the change. the cloudy symphony in red and blue about | The customer carefully placed the money rare to be married a drum. You turn a crank, the general and walked rapidly away. lifted his sticks high in the air, and some- When the little girl had sufficiently reme wish you a a drum as a many take a pic- and caught him on the stairs.



sunrise—that there was something more ed for a moment straight into her blue eyes Christmassy about Christmas when I was a that sparkled with delight and gratitude, boy. Its pleasures were simpler, its gifts and kissed her on each cheek. were cheaper and heartier. At least, I As he walked away the tears flowed from cannot remember to have read, save in his eyes for the first time since Mary and these later years, articles in family journals | the baby had died.

and magazines bewailing the burden of toil and worry and expense in the planning and making, or purchasing of Christmas presents. "Krismus gifts" we called them when I was a boy. It didn't and doesn't have much refinement of culture in the spelling and the sound thereof. But the



people who made them didn't rush into the papers to tell how much it cost them, and how tired to death it made them, and how glad they were that it was all over for another year. But last year and the year before, I read such articles in print. So did Wherefore it seems to me that we killed Kris Kringle a full century too soon. stocking were hung in the middle, insecure-We have more currants in our Christmas cake under the reign of Santa Claus, it is true. But we have also more flies in it. -Then the whole family would be aroused, Robert T. Burdette in Ladies' Home and we would go shuffling about the house, Journal.

THE FIRST TEARS.

He was tall and rough-looking, and every room in the house went up the big moved along the crowded streets with the sitting-room chimney. Eternal summer heavy, awkward gait of a hard-working must have lingered somewhere up in that man. The ill-fitting ready-made clothes he great stack. Those old fireplaces were wore contrasted strangely with his intellisplendid things in which to roast apples. gent face, to which the stern lines of a sor-And the soles of your bare feet. You sow born with manliness gave additional could hold your feet out before the glowing | dignity. fire until they curled up and warped and There was a narrow band of crape around

crinkled with intense heat. And by the his hat.

time you got them to bed they were cold as | A stout old lady ran against him at the blocks of marble. Your feet, that is. Not street corner and dropped an armful of the apples. You didn't take them to bed. | bundles and packages. He assisted her in You took long strides and walked on your picking them up, and as he handed her the heels to keep them warm. That is, your last one, through the torn wrapping paper feet. They filled the room with a grateful | whereof protruded the head and an arm of a | concern itself so much about such magnififlavor when they began to sizzle. The cheap doll, his hand trembled.

The old-fashioned fire-place was no less her breath, and hurried on without thank-

hands and jumping out of the bunk, "what | the room, fell up against that pictured | The corners of his mouth began to | wood, with plain hangings arranged as a

family restored the picture, by pasting its | Last year he had proudly laid a neat gray "Don't go fer to cry," said Handsome, shattered edges together, and coloring them shawl on the Christmas table, and had with laundry bluing, the scene of the trage- pinned to it a little card whereon the ship-"Oh, you are a nice Santa Claus!" cried dy was emphasized in a manner too ghastly to ping clerk of the factory, who wrote a nice,

contemplate. The tragedy always followed flourishing hand, had written for him, "To are told, is at Dunkeld and others at Baden my good wife, Mary." And besides this he had placed the doll and a pair of warm mittens and a picture

book for their little girl. And then he thought of the two bright being ualucky is put to multiplied test in tears of joy that had sparkled in his wife's | the new 25-cent pieces. On one side of the

eyes when, after her first pleased surprise, | coin there are no less than ten repetitions she had turned around, and laying her arms of the number 13. There are 13 stars, 13 around his neck, had called him, amid letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, smiles and sobs, her "dear, silly old Dick." | 13 marginal feathers in each wing, 13 tail But Mary and the curly-haired tot that feathers, 13 parallel lines in the shield, 13 had danced so gleefully around last year's horizontal bars, 13 arrowheads in one claw,

out in the silent God's acre. There arose before him the vision of a There hasn't seemed to be anything unlucky gray November day, a pitifully short in the 13 original States nor in the 13 stripes funeral procession, a hurried service by the on the flag, and now it remains to be seen if minister over two plain coffins, and then the man who gets his pockets full of these

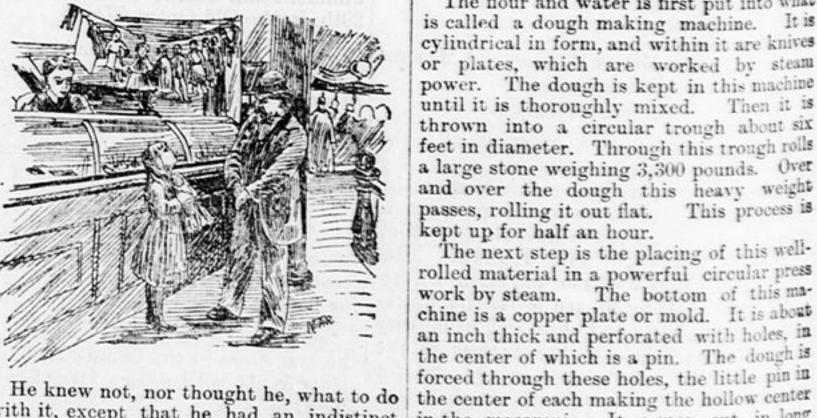
the awful thud, thud of the earth heaped new quarter dollars will be unlucky .- New upon dust that had returned to dust. A big lump rose in his throat, but his eyes stared tearlessly before him. A servant girl leading two children pass-

talk in the high key common among chil- ed in vain for a dry spot to lie on After dren, and loud enough for the bereaved evident deliberate thought it went up tos workman to hear. Like the echo of an old song the notes fell long while and gave her a most vigorous

upon his ear, pleasing and yet so immeasur- | kick; this he repeated several times, until ably sad to him. Ah, if he could give vent to his grief- rise, whereupon the pony promptly lay

could weep a single tear! Mechanically he entered one of the large dry by the cow. -The Spectator. liable "Noah's Ark" was always looked for. stores, and without knowing how he came there he found himself in front of the very counter where last year he had bought the doll for his little daughter.

From those displayed he now selected the women apart ; they were exactly alike ; but | largest and most elaborately dressed one.



with it, except that he had an indistinct in the macaroni. It comes out in long idea of placing it upon the child's grave on strips, soft and so pliable that it could be Christmas Day.

woman with glasses on her tip-tilted nose, lays it out in straight lengths on wire travs looked dubiously from the expensive pur- covered with paper. The whole is covered chase to the poorly dressed customer, and with heavy paper, and the trays are put in ventured to say . "This is six dollars. Do racks to dry. It lies in this position for you really want to buy it?"

She gave the doll to a little cash girl, who admiringly smoothed down the silken dress and flaxen hair with affectionate tenderness, while the clerk made out the cash

The man looked down upon the little one for. He told us, once a year, returning and asked: "Say, sissy, wouldn't you like candy out of the baby's reach, and let it | She looked up at him quickly with an ex-

highly esteemed as a light luncheon by the She scampered away, and presently rebaby. It never seemed to affect the infant turned with neatly wrapped parcel and

ied the far-sighted his innocent mouse was apt to make the be- in his purse, and then, as he turned toward holder shiver. But it made the monkey the stairway, he dumped the doll into the look sick. Then there was a soldier on a arms of the astonished little girl, hurriedly box, with a major-reneral's uniform, beating said, "Here, sissy, here's your Christmas,"

thing in the box made a noise is much like covered from her surprise she ran after him of no great . She had the advantage over him in being as he turned she kissed him squarely on

He took her face in both his hands, look

Their Christmas Gifts.

"I thought it better to get you something useful," said Mr Dossill to his wife, "so have bought you a couple of good brooms for your Christmas present." "That was very thoughtful of you, my dear," replied Mrs. Dossill. "I share your ideas, and have bought you a good strong

Foot Ball as the Girls See It, I took the gentle Annabel To see the foot ball game, And thus unto a friend of hers Did she describe the same :

the cellar in."

"Oh, May, you should have seen them play 'Twas such a lovely sight And though the first game I had seen I understood it quite.

coal-scuttle for you to carry up fuel from

"First came the Yales, all dressed in blue. Then Harvard came in red. One fellow yelled, the rest all tried

To jump upon his head. "And then one fellow stopped and stooped. And all the rest got round ; And every fellow stopped and stooped

And looked hard at the ground. 'And then another fellow yelled, And each man where he stood,

Just hit and struck and knocked and kicked At every one he could. "And then one fell upon his neck, And all the others ran,

"And then the ambulance drove on, And loading up with men With twisted necks and broken lungs, Went driving off again.

And on his prone and prostrate form

Leaped every blessed man.

To use up men so fast."

"Oh foot ball's just the cutest game! It cannot be srupassed; But yet it really is a shame

-Boston Courier

On What the Queen Sleeps.

In these days royalty does not seem to cent sleeping couches. It is well known The red-faced woman was busy catching | that our gracious sovereign always includes a bed among her travelling belongings, which is sent from Windsor Castle whentime, when it was enclosed with a light | Slight as the incident was, it reminded | ever her Majesty goes anywhere. It is said to be a perfectly simple bedstead of maple tent, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress. Two beds were manufactured at the castle Queen's cabin on board the Osborne, and the other sent in advance to the Schloss occupied by her Majesty in Darmstadt. The royal visiter is said sometimes to leave her bed as a sort of souvenir. One, we and Coburg.—Chambers' Journal.

Is it an Unlucky Coin

The superstition about the number 13 Christmas tree were sleeping side by side 13 leaves of the branch in the other claw, and 13 letters in the words "quarter dollar." York Sun.

The Selfish Pony. It had been pouring hard all day, everyed by him. The little ones prattled baby thing was soaking, and the poor pony lookcow who had been lying in one place for a at last she was compelled regretfully to down in the very spot occupied and kept

HOW TO MAKE MACARONI.

Interesting Process for Producing Italy's Choicest Bit.

The flour and water is first put into what is called a dough making machine. It is cylindrical in form, and within it are knives or plates, which are worked by steam power. The dough is kept in this machine until it is thoroughly mixed. Then it is thrown into a circular trough about six feet in diameter. Through this trough rolls a large stone weighing 3,300 pounds. Over and over the dough this heavy weight passes, rolling it out flat. This process 18 kept up for half an hour.

The next step is the placing of this wellrolled material in a powerful circular press work by steam. The bottom of this machine is a copper plate or mold. It is about an inch thick and perforated with holes, in the center of which is a pin. The dough is forced through these holes, the little pin in tied in a knot. The clerk, a sharp, businesslike young It is then taken upstairs, where a man

eight days before it hardens and dries com-In answer he handed her a ten-dollar bill pletely. - Philadelphia Times.

Learning to Write. The question is being asked, both in Europe and America, why it is that the

handwriting of the average individual continues so poor, despite the time and effort spent by the schools in teaching the art of art of writing. The physicians, too, aroused by their own personal observation, have raised a protest against existing methods of teaching writing. They hold that joy, and finished with tearful eyes and a both myopia and scoliosis, which develop so half-sob for she thought he was making for largely during school life, are distinctly traceable and taught in writing lessons; that these harmful postures are due to the "slope" or "slant" of the writing : that the spine will certainly be twisted unless an upright style of writing is adopted; that vertical writing, if substituted for the prevailing "sloping" style, would obviate all of these troubles. It has also been shown by experiment that the vertical style of writing can be taught more quickly than the "sloping," and, when learned, is more legible. We seem to be reaching a point where the typewriter will do the whole

FORGIVE AND

Oh! forgive and forget i To waste it in brooding have met. is better, far better

To teach the proud and forget. REFRAI

Oh ! forgive and forget, Oh! teach your proud and forget.

In the path we must tre to the valley Are crosses and tris bear, and the chalice of life f now drinking,

Oft bears to our lips

and care. But this life is so short shadow, That we can not afford

Let us lift up our burder on bravely, We'll lay them down be long. Then fogive and forget lov'd fondly

Prove themselves to worthy of trust, Oh deal with them kind mortais Erring like us for we

Oh deal with them ter weakness, We know every hear We all have one father are brothers.

Then let us forgive should.

W. C. T. U. C

Opening Opportunitie Committ Distribute missionar you do not know when

the secretary of the nea help you out. Secure signers for the pledge. Do not be af this pledge, even am are already avowed will gladly give you the

Take charge of any petitions which may ne -es, for instance, the liquor-selling at the W "eyerybody's business

Provide programmes prayer-meetings. Wor in good time, and, if po members with facts and will enable them to tak Find work in the ne The probabilities are th much needed there.

If your pastor and are willing, arrange for to be held on Sunday for the best speakers w secure bright music an the occasion.

Engage yourself an ance. While you are nation from this curse, save the single individ in the line of your res

Let your committe stand in the community uncompromising camp and be ready to fight i and whereever the o itself.

Licensed to Make Stephen Merritt, York preacher and b

ing at a temperance

reason for his undying traffic. On New Year's came to New York fr that time he resided. he found his only son made drunk by the sa hand. By his son's h to rum more bitter With his son he wen asked its keeper why foul wrong. With lo to his license; and the "I told him I would us botn; and again work for prohibition

There are persons the grotesque antica drunken men, but laugh at are not m families. It is no jo a child come home wonder is it that a n in a drunken stupor, armor to fight a tr such horrible result remember one thing: who is drunk it is son mills cannot be run boys, any more that without using up log

trade to which we are

There are laws for strong drink to mit has sold himself to t the rum business call

business is to sell all he can out of it. A of men and women t and guard their hon