

The window panes with frost: when

crackling fly The sparks about the hearth, and glo While in the pause his note the cricket

Of ruddy warmth and peace beguites

And what a charm in listening while the wind Blows fierce outside, & through winter' starry tents.

the mind!

And ever rises loud, and dies again!
—Ernest Warburton Shurtleff,

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OEL CLAYTON was tall and gaunt, with clear, candid, blue gaunt, with clear, candid, blue eyes, and his white hands. and nervous-looking, were as well kept as those of a woman,

He was thirty, and a splash of gray on either temple, a strand or two of white in his mustache, made him look He was broad-chested and muscular-

by all rules he should have been a suldier-be looked an "open air" man, but for five years he had been writing short stories, novelettes and serials for the weekly press. It was good, nervous work. His name

was becoming known, for he had the happy knack of blending pathos with humor. He had traveled widely, and an Australian bush idyl at the beginning of the week would be followed again by a story of rustic life in the dear West Country that he loved so well.

He lived quite alone, worked-and emaked-from morning to night, loved his profession, and had practically dropped all his friends male and female and when a fit of the not infrequent blues got him by the throat, threw his pen Into the grate and ordered up his landlady's children, and paudemonium reigned for an hour.

Sometimes he gave them pennies, but for your neighbou not always - amail coin of the realm is not always available to authors-but the romps were buge, and he enjoyed them. Of course there was a woman at the hottom of the tangle of they man's life, and women complicate things sometimes -be would have said "always."

On one particular evening he was alone and writing, who liming, begung was f-end-about the only friend the kinely selt absorbed man had, and so the incomer sat down and lighted his pipe, and did not bother the author for quite a gnarter of an hour, and then Noel rose and atretched himself.

"What is it this time, Noel?" "Oh, the moual thing-love; and candidly I am getting so sick of writing love stories."

"Ah! you feel like that?" "Man alive, this is Christman Eve, and mmehow-somehow-my thoughts went back with a jump, and I remembered one Christmas Eve when----

"Your pipe's out, Noel!" "Are, so it is, Well, there was one Christmas Eve when---"My dear boy, are you worrying about

of a child.

kmked down.

with Paradise."

family within the year.

The church was only at the end of the

He could hear the hell-ringers shuf-

ling along the fronty pavement, in a fer

Half salcep, half awake, he was con-

scious of the old, almost forgotten touch

upon his wrist a dream doubtless-but

he could not shake it off, and then he

Kneeling as of yore beside him, blue

"I have returned, Noel," It was a

And then the bells clashed forth their

quarering little roice, but it thrilled him.

message. "Peace on Earth, Good Will

Towards Men," and to two hearts they

carried a sweeter, deeper message still.

in a smoking jacket that reached to his

No word was spoken. A small figure,

And husband and wife kissed silently

An old German saying is that be-

tween 11 and 12 o'clock on Christmas

A Montenegrin saying about Christ-

The lamp, or candle, must not be al-

lowed to burn itself out on Christmas

eve or there will be a death in the

A Magyar superstition is that any

Another is that a pillow turned at

It is unlucky to trip on Christmas

The ancient Scandinaviana and

Angle-Saxons called Christmas "Moth-

er's Night," the name being handed

down to the Chrstianized people from

an old pagan festival formerly cele-

brated about this season of the year.

The Sicilian children place penny

royal in the beds Christmas eve be-

cause they believe it always flowers

A live coal should never be carried

All children born at midnight or

December 31 will become great and

Watching the Old Year Out.

a common custom in many lands. In

most countries it assumes with the se

licism is the prevalent form of faith

singe prevails. It declined in the

watch night of the Methodists butne

Watching the old year out has been

at the exact hour of Christ's birth.

out of the house on Christmas ere.

midnight will bring dreams of a fu-

mas eve is "To-night earth is blended

eve water can be turned into wine.

Extended to the second second

OLD CHRISTMAS SAYINGS.

How like she was to their child.

minutes-and he bent to his work.

exes tear-dimmed was Pearl.

eager face turned to either.

her etill?" "Yes," and then a long pause-

It is the privilege of chams to sit si lent for a spell. "And all this happened four or five years ago. I never heard the rights or wrongs of the story.

Noel crossed the room, and digging both hands into his porkets, looked at his chum.

"There is nothing to know. After tin fame happy years of married life, trouble came between us, lies came between us: and and here I am and it's Christmas Ere. Of course our baby was only a mite-a wee, blue-eyed, golden-haired mite; couldn't walk, crawled, you know but we were awful chunse, and when she went and took our mite-well," and the man's laugh hart his own cars. "Well, then I took to writing love stories-love. old chap, with a happy ending-bishops bridesmaids, bouquets and blessings. and"-his temporary excitement had left him-he added dryly:

"And it pays! Now go, old chap. 1 ment get my stuff done for the early nest," and Chum went out while Novi turned again to his interrupted work. Between each line on every page ensint turns of expression, quaint

thoughts haunted him, a dead past spoke The girl-wife had been very sweet. very hyrable, very beautiful-and had

marred two lives. There should be a special place of torment for the person who deliberately comes between two people' who love each one who eats nuts without honey on other and smilingly warps two lives. Christmas will lose his tecth.

Pearl Clayton was as easily led as a child, a soft, emotional, weak little woman, and when Noel returned from a few days' holiday he found the house closed and Pearl and Baby had depart-

Noel drifted for a little bit, the shock unmanned him terribly, but his pen was his sole source of income, and it had to he plied if body and soul were to be kept together, and in a very few weeks he had, to some extent, regained his mental belance, and his work improved

The eve of Christman and the day fixelf appeals to most hearts, and on this particular eve Noel kept thinking back and thinking back while he wrote.

How well he remembered the extra aized stocking he induced the nurse to knit, and how bulky it looked and felt on Christmas morning. And then came school, college, and then married life.

When the scribbling fit was on him Pearl used to draw her low wicker chair close to his writing table, knitting, or deintily fingering white material, soft and downy and fluffy for the prospective wearer, and the few remarks she made seemed to chime in and identify themrious minded the phase of devotion. In selves with what he was writing; but, of course, all this happened five years many countries where Roman Cathe-

One odd little trick Pearl had, and the year is begun with midnight masses. Noel remembered it this evening—and Among the Greek Catholics the same When his pen was working extra Church of England, but was revived spon his right hand-just where by several of the dissenting bodies, the

often written with the tiny touch on his wrist almost unconsciously—only poseval face, into deep violet eyes love lit

So he wrote on, feeling a little bit serry that Chum had not stayed, for after all he only had another half hour's work before him, and then they could sit and chat, and perhaps drown the sound of the bells that he knew would ring ou

in a few hours. He was just in the frame of mind to summon his laudlady's children, but except for himself, the house was empty. There was a Christmas Eve party going on, and Mrs. Marsh and her progeny were attending it.

He had been writing for half an bour since Chum had left him, and felt the My grandma and my grandpa they ain't old familiar touch on his wrist. It was imagination of course, he did not even turn his head, and then he was looking into blue eyes, in the round golden-curled framed face of a boy of four, who laughed up at him and presented a rosebud to be kissed.

"Goodness, child-where on earth do you come from? and who-who brought you? What is your name?" "Eric," and the child began to make

preparations for climbing a lofty knee. "Who brought you here, Baby Eric! How did you come?" Noel felt like an Irish member of Par liament, for "no answer was given," bu

a wee form, full of hugs and kisses, go fast hold upon him, and said gravely. and yet with a sweet air of command: "Just come'd-and now if you're not too busy, mister Father---"Yes, my son."

"F"raps-I'd better go to bed." "But, my child-my little son-who brought you here? where is your moth er?" and the tall man, suddenly releasing his first-born, paced up and down. course. Chum had left the door and someone had told the child to walk straight in-and the child had-straight

The author-his tiny son was on the floor now, saying things to the cat, and it deserved every word, being a cat that takes advantage of the flickering can licks stamps off letters, and loves bacon | dle and fluctuating wave and incredses and boiled eggs-thrust his hands deep his length of days by the glibness of into his pockets and looked down, and eyed, at little Sunny face, "Yes, perhaps you had better come to

If Chum would only come, if some-

THE NEW LEAF

wears to come better

bing they were such pink eral practice. Among the convivialiinclined, however, watch night in anything but seriously, and the ne year is welcomed with such signs of stand the customs would seem to indicate that all men were heartly tired of existence and glad to see their years go by as speedily as possible.

The Neglectful Father, Aunt Mabel always sends us things, and so does Uncle Jor. And mother gives us presents, too, but

father doesn't, though: He never gives a thing to me, or Will, or Grace, or Bess: Santa Claus is always kind-b

pities us, I guess.

never missed us yet: Our mother she remembers consins don't forget:

But Santa Claus! The things he brings, oh, they are much the best! wonder why our father takes so little interest?

New Year's on the Ganges. To know whether one will outlive the year is almost universally regarded as a very desirable piece of knowledge, and to acquire it the men and women of different nations resort to various strategens to compel fate to stand and deliver. The dweller by the Gauges lights a tiny rush candle and fixes it noright on a bit of board, which he launches on the waters of the sacred stream. If it remains alight until be can count 777, the perfect number, be regards his prospects as good for the year. If it goes out the omen is unfavorable. He gives himself the benefit of expedition, too for instead of counting in prosale fashion-one, two, three, by leaps and bounds—five, ten, fifteen, twenty- twenty-five, thirty-and thus his tongue. - Physhurg Press.

New Year's Eve In Italy. Don't you wish you were an Italian on New Year's? Promptly at the stroke thing would only happen to break the of 12 on New Year's eve there are

section to the bands of the beauties of the times, according to the Loudon Standard. When Marie Antoinette and her ladies folled up the sleeves of their flowered muslins and played with churus and cream bowls in the laiterie at the petit Trianon, the buttermilk crase was at its height.

Unguents for the face as well as the potions in which they induiged were probably responsible for the lovely complexions which made posts compose odes to the bloom of their cheeks and painters almost implore on their knees that disdainful beauties should relent so far as to have their charms immortalized. In baked buttermilk one of the strongholds of the complexion was said to lie. In a few days it worked wonders, while perseverance in its use during the whole of the summer months would preserve the skin smooth and

soft as a roseleaf. Where the sour-milk prophet errs today is in insufficiently diluting the buttermilk, the proportions in the genuine old recipes of the past being that of a gill to a plat of fresh milk. This was poured into a jar with a fitted lid and placed before the open range during the

whole of a day. By night the milk has turned to the consistencey or clotted cream, in which state it was poured from a height from one vessel to another until, by some magical means, the contents had gone back once more to the smoothness of fresh milk. It was then sweetened with cane sugar and inclosed thally in a stone bottle and corked down tightly and placed before the fire, but not too near, for five or six hours. At first baked buttermilk does not always ap pear particularly pleasing, the mere fact that it is distinctly sour making it an acquired taste.

If it was not acid, however, it was scarcely considered to have been perfectly made, while if it efferresced when the bottle was opened it formed not only a more refreshing summer drink, particularly when well feed, but was thought to be particularly efficacious as a means of improving the complexion.



Impossible Ideals.

Impossible ideals make for lawless ness rather than for righteeneness and the betterment of life.- Rev. H. Martin, Disciple, Brooklyn.

The Worldly Man.

the victim of his sense is what the Scriptures truly denominate the worldly man,-Rev. E. L. Powell, Preshyterian, Louisville.

God is too big to be shut up in any set of definitions; for definition nervasarily means limitation. The moment you define you confine. No one can frame God.- Her. George Thomas Dowling, Episcopal, Breeklyn,

The pertie of play luck to our tack of self-control, in our failure to require more of ourselves than friends and custom do, and in our refusal to discriminate. Rev. Orville A. Petty, Congregationalist, Aurors, Ill.

Adjustment. exactly right you rould only play in Crane, Congregationalist, Worvester.

The Model Woman. A woman may be model, married single, but not ideal. The ideal woman is the wife and mother. The model wife reigns as a queen in her home, exerting a tremendous influence by comforting and inspiring her husband in life's battle Rev. William M. Carr. Methodist Entercentian, New York City,

Unseen Porres. How despairing we grow of the future! We ask, "What of to-morrow?" We see the menace of great exils in yoclety and in the state, and we grow discouraged. But that is because while eril is so conspicuous the forces that are set for its overthrow are invisible -Rev. James Avery Norris, Presbyterian, Glen Cove, N. Y.

-Philadelphia Press. Cruel Man.

on like he has lately.

"You wish your stocking was bigger, ion't you, dear?" asked mamma of Da-"No'm: my stummick."-Judge.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



ellence, a silence only cleft by the sigh | rustling and bustling and merry laughter as each maklen kisses all the roung men she can catch. It is the only moment in the year when custom permits her such a liberty, and she is not slow to take advantage of it. Then, the new year 'aving made its bow, the party breaks up, the roung folk take a walk, and the first person of the opposite sex which each misterer meets is considered destined to be that merrymaker s future partner in B&

A Youthful Schemer.

Little Emerson-You don't believe in any such ridiculous myth as Santa

Tough Jimmy Naw! I'm next to dat game. All de same, it's a good graft to let on you believe in him an' git all dat's comin' to con-

heels, stood at the dividing door, an An Insuperable Objection. "I would like to give myself to you as a Christmas present," said round Poore to Miss Rocks.

"Papa does not allow me to receive expensive presents from roung men." replied the maiden. -- Town Topics.

Let Her Paus, The mistleton above the done Expectant swains were ciewing. A maid passed through, but she was more Than thirty. Nothin' doing!

Mrs. Newpop-Charley, what are you going to give baby for Christman? Mr. Newpop (with visions of past nights)-A sleeping potion if he keeps

Where Extension Was Craved.

The man who permits himself to be

Framing God.

Perils of Piny.

one key. Only by dropping a little the perfect pitch of every conviction can you get along with folks.- Rev. Frank

God in the World.

We have more of God in the world now than in Rible days. Then God had to break through nature by a miracle in order to be recognized; now we real ize that nature is God. Then He was over us. God, transcendent; now []e is God immanent, Immanuel, God with us. -Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Wor-

Moral Constitution.

Let a man build up his moral consti tution by thinking noble thoughts, de rived from the habitual practice of reading good books, performing noble deeds, association with more women and honorable men. Let a man walk in the spirit and he will not fulfill the lusts of the flesh.-Rev. William C. Stinsman, Reformed, New York City. Unconscious Beterforation.

First the mining, then the explosion! First the moral muscles grow flabby, then the helpless weakness before temptation. First the gray hairs here and there sprinkled upon him, and he knows it not; finally the spiritual senflity and swift oblivion. This is course of unconscious deterioration.-Bev. Charles F. Alei, Baptist, New York Olty.

The Fature Church. The logic of events clearly, proves that the only Christian church that will finally prevail must be that of ancient Rome, while modern Protestantism will continue to be torn into shreds by opposing parties that struggle beneath its banner. The logic of Protestantism is individual liberty and intellectual ag clam Rev. Henry Frank, In-

Men Tork City.



Wee Elsie had been told. By some hobgoblin bold, To hang her stockings neat And then this verse repeat: Twickledee, brickledee, for a fo fum, Stocking, oh, stocking, much bigger b

On Christmas Eve, therefore, She said these lines thrice o'ast, Lo! hardly were they said. When right above her head A pair of stockings were That surely seemed, to her A giant to belong-"Good-night to you," she said. And clambered into bed, Quite sure next day would show Them filled from top to toe.

"Whon there! my Jupiter, Gallant an Gray ! Quietly, reindeer, a moment here stay." And leaving them his sleigh, Old Santy made his way

Quick down the chimney flue

And through the fireplace, too,

"Dear me, what's this I see? It surely cannot be-None but a greedy miss Would hang such things as this!"

the nut been that ever a It was not always so casy. meadow trees were stripped they b

to bent in the woods and often

on the limbs with all their strength till the nate came sattling down to folly shower. Sometimes, as the October days grow colder, they would come home with teeth chattering and fingers and noon blue with cold. Then mother would

And the pile of nuts in the corner of the garret grew and grew.

thaw them out and give them hot less-

You musn't think that picking up the nuts was all of the work. Not by any sort of means. For every nut had little green house of its own; and al though sometimes the four little walls of it fell away at a touch, oftener the nut gatherers had to try force.

Two stones would do the businessone to pound on and the other to pound with. Fingers and thumbs got pounded too, sometimes, and if you want to know if it hurt or not, just try pounding your own finger sometime when it is half frozen.

But that was part of the affair, and | Chetetmas in Ming Al mother's arnica bottle and salve would stop the ache and dry the tears. Then, through the middle ages C too, it was very interesting to unwind gan on St. Thomas's Day

up together and they would both dance An' then, while Its

The Sunday achord

recken that's enou To resolute flat neura At any rate, I'll me It's plenty, anyhow, Le's see-I start on New Well, that ain't very

How well I've minded -Denver Post. In King Alfred's time

Won't mom be tickled w

DID YOU RING, GOOD SIR!



Which shows that even our forefathers had their troubles .- Cincinnati Post.

So Santy sadly took The stockings from their book, And in their place he put One meant for smaller foot; . Nor did he leave behind A gift of any kind.

Sitterly crying that she had been robbed. When right before her the goblin appeared... "Greediness robbed you," he said, as

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The Boy and Margy thought and thought and thought. Finally they went to Violet Amanda in the kitchen. for they did not want to let father and mother know. It was to be a surprise. This Christmas they had planned to

keep the spirit of old St. Nicholas in their hearts, and there were to be gifts bought with money of their own earning. How to earn it was the question, Violet Amanda had no suggestions to offer, but Robert, the hired man, had an idea. Now, to look at Robert you'd

woolly topknot; but looks are sometimes deceiving. "Out in de medder," he said, slowly, as Violet Amanda poured him a second cup of coffee, "dey's a pow'ful heap aight ob hick'ry nuts on dem big trees, an' deys mo' in de wood lot. Yo' alls is not dead, and will never die so long could git money fo' dem nuts of dey was gaddered. Dey's jes' ripe fo' fall-

never believe he could have an idea

in' out de shucks," "Margy!" cried the Boy, "It's funt the thing. How much could we get for a bushel of 'em. Robert?"

"I heard somebody say," said Rob-

ert, as he wiped his mouth on the back

of his sleeve, "dat yo' could git two

dollahs fo' dem dis Fall up in de city." "We'll start the minute we've finished breakfast," they cried. Mother's consent to a nutting party that the Nativity occurred in the wir was given without question. Bags and | ter season. bankets were provided, and a lauch of brend and butter, with honey spread dates back to the second cen

As they crawled through a hole in appropriate rejoicings and ceremonie the garden fence they could hear the The frequent and somewhat heated trees rustling in a very queer way for | controversies, however, relative to the a still day, and pretty soon they empled | date of Christ's birth early in the somebody in one of the trees, shaking fourth century led Pope Julius I to it vigorously.

"Come on!" And from far away he sulted hi an agreement relied: "You thind! Come down out of and that &

the long, narrow rag and show the wound to father after supper.

father nor mother asked one single was no pantomime, it is trust troublesome question, so that made it | there was a Lord of Misrule. casy to keep the secret, although both in every important household, at If the strings of a plane were funed Next day, at sunrise, a little maid sobbed, Margy and the boy were nigh to burst. at the universities and above all ng with the importance of it.

And the not pile in the corner of the garret grew and grew.

Every time they added to their heard the whole was carefully measured till at last there were three full bushels. heaped to running over. Uncle Tom was let into the secret, and he came over one day when father and mother were gone and fook away the note. Two days later he came back looking the Lord of Misrule's costante very important.

"Hullo, children," he said, "come out in the woodshed with me a minute. The old black cat's out fisers washing her face." Out there, behind the chip pile they

Tom opened his hand and showed them six big round silver dollars. "There's your Christmas money."

never looked at the black cat, but Uncle

"We'll divide even," said the boy gen erously, "even if you are the little-est, because you worked just as hard. Se

there's three of 'em for each of us." "What a Christmas we'll have," cried Margy rapturously.

"The best ever. It's great fun doing stowed away under his black skin and things ourselves." And so the sweet kindly spirit of good old Saint Nicholas lived again, and grew and grew in the hearts of Margy

> grown in the garret. No. indeed, the soul of Saint Nicholas as there are hearts on earth full of generosity and love.-Portland Oregonian.

> and the boy, fust as the nut pile had

Christmas Day. There are no definite aliusions in the writings of any of the disciples of Christ as to the date of his birth, nor has there ever been produced proof of any character as to the exact period in the year when Christ was born. There are, very true, occasional refe the event in the Scriptures, is

The institution of the an between, and off they started for the Christendom, and it has been a clump of hickory trees in the sheep pas- formly celebrated by nearly all branches of the Christian church wi order a thorough inventigation of the "It's a man!" cried Margy, dismayed. subject by the learned theologian. "It's a thict!" shouled, the Boy. historians of that period, which

until Twelfth Night, and was I as much a feetival for fathers All through the nutting season neither mothers as for their children. the Inne of Court; and it was his by ness to see that there were no it into seriousness during the Chi holidays. He was a very expense stitution, it seems; for in Edward WE reign, when it was the business of authorities to make the pose little b king forget all the murders that w keeping him on the throne, the Ch mas revels were particularly costly a

> cost £52 Se. St. -- New York Globa The Worm Tarned. Mrs. Cobwigger-While it's true if women wear men's neckties, you se couldn't expect me to appear in n such a monstroafty as this. in the world did you ever get much Cobwigger-My dear, that's the

A Time of Portl. Clarines-I'm always slad when Me Year's day is safely over. Fidelia-Ten: it in mode

Clariess-Oh, I don't mean

ron bought for me last Chalete

Clarence and I always have a quarrel suggesting in each other's conduct. "Jeente Christman!" Little Jessie woke up on Chi morning and called to her for

old sister Mary: "Merry Christman!" "Jossie Christman !" swered the baby. Bradds Going to make any

lutions this year, Solkes Spikes-New mes? I should used, by Jove?

