FOR THE LADIES

Hang up The Baby's Stocking.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big, blue eyes,
And I m sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! What a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so!
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here;
You have never seen her, Santa;
For she only came this year,
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies,
From the top clean down to the toe."

Happy Thought Gifts.

There is somebody who has a little home, somebody of whose bread and salt you have partaken, somebody of whom you are fond, what shall you send to her? I am not talking to the girls who can go into the big shops and send sets of silver or any marvelously rich presents. I am talking to the one who wants to show that she thinks of all in these days of good will, but who must consider the pennies. In the household a pretty cushion is always appreciated, because one cannot have too many of them; curious crape stuffs, that are not expensive and are very wide may be gotten at the Japanese shops and used for covering the fancy pillow, or if you have the time these odd stuffs may be made still odder by a threading through them, follow- the patterns in an irregular way, of silks of different colors, with gilt thread and here and there a spangle. An odd Oriental effect is produced, and though your cushion may not be as comfortable the effect is decidedly decorative.

If you are fortunate enough to live in the country, and to be near some woods where the ferns nestle quietly and warmly all the year round, then you can make a beautiful present to the woman who likes to see her table look pretty. You can buy for a very few cents a low bowl, then, going to the woods, you can easily find three or four good ferns, which when planted in the bowl must be so arranged that some will stand upright while some fall over the edge. Arrange this two weeks before you send it, and during that time spray the leaves of your ferns with a little water, but do not water the earth more than once a week. This is what I call a daily gift. It stands in the center of the table always, and it seems to say: "Good morning. Miss Thoughful sent me to remind you of her, and of the deep green woods." Most city women have to get this decoration from a florist, and yet you can so easily and at so slight an expense arrange one that is much daintier than that which the florists would select, and one which will be an every day delight. Most of us are glad to get a new purse, and the gladdest of all to get one that opening easily, will take in the pennies and dimes. Such a one is a little kid pouch with a silver gilt top that spreads out in gate fashion, permits the coins to go in and then closes as hermetically as the most careful of us could desire.

Christmas Cookery.

Roast Turkey.—Put the turkey in the oven on a rack in a pan, first rubbing it with butter and dredging with salt, pepper and flour. When the flour is brown reduce the heat and add one pint of water. Baste often, first with butter and then with the fat in the pan, and dredge with flour and salt after basting. Three hours should be allowed for an eight-pound turkey, but cook till the legs will separate from the body. Stuff with soft bread or cracker crumbs moistened with a cup of melted butter and hot water, and highly season with sage, thyme, salt and pepper.

To make a gravy, boil the giblets, neck, liver, gizzard and heart in one quart of water until tender; the water will then be reduced to one pint; Mash the liver and chop the gizzard and heart; remove the neck. Pour off fat from the dripping-pan in which the turkey has been roasted, and put the settlings into a saucepan. Rinse out the dripping-pan with the water in which the giblets were boiled and pour this water into the saucepan and put on to boil. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of the fat into a small frying-pan; add enough flour to absorb all the fat, and when brown add the giblet liquor gradually, stirring all the time. Season with salt and pepper, and if it is not smooth strain it.

Cranberry Sauce.—Unless a strained jelly is preferred, to one quart of cranberries add one teacupful of water, and put them over the fire. After cooking ten minutes, add two heaping cupfuls of sugar, and cook about ten minutes longer, stirring them often. Pour them into a bowl or mould and when cold they can be removed as a jelly. The berries will seem very dry when the sugar is added, but if more water is used they will not form a jelly. Cranberries or red currant jelly should always be served with turkey.

Scalloped Oysters.—Butter a shallow dish and put in a layer of stale bread crumbs moistened in melted butter and a layer of oysters, seasoning with salt and pepper and a little Worcestershire sauce or lemon juice. Some of the oyster juice is also an addition. Follow this process till the dish is full, being liberal with the butter on the top layer. Bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes. It requires about one pint of solid oysters (washed and drained) one-third of a cup of butter and one cup of cracker or bread crumbs for a moderate sized dish.

Stewed Celery.—A delicious vegetable to serve with turkey is stewed celery. Break off the stalks, wash them thoroughly and cut them into pieces about an inch long. Boil until the pieces begin to be tender, then throw off the water and add milk, allowing the celery to simmer for ten minutes. Season with salt, pepper and a little butter. The celery may be boiled in the stem and served with drawn butter sauce poured over it if preferred. The first method given is an economical way of using up the green part of the vegetable, the white being served cold or in a salad.

Sweet Potatoes.—Most housekeepers think they cannot use sweet potatoes in place of white ones, but where they are liked it is best to make a rule to serve them and do without the others—that is, not have both kinds at the same meal. Probably baked sweet potatoes are liked better than boiled ones, but the skins of the former are so unsightly that it is better to offer the latter on the occasion of an "extra" fine dinner.

As it is unnecessary to gorge oneself even on Christmas Day, the number of dishes given seem sufficient to serve with turkey. Salad is too often overlooked in the dinner menu, not because it is a delicacy, but for the reason that it occasions a little extra trouble not always planned for. Nothing is more delicious than tender lettuce mixed with a few slices of tomatoes. The "mixing" should be done on the table, so when the salad dish is brought it should look fresh and crisp. Lettuce should be dried with a napkin, as a few drops of water very much injure the taste of the salad. The French dressing consists of salt, a very little pepper, oil and vinegar, but mayonnaise may be usep instead if preferred.

Fig Pudding.—While mince and pumpkin pies have the best chance for being served as dessert on Christmas day, if a pudding is desired in addition none could be better than one made of figs. The ingredients are: One pound best figs, three-quarters of a pound bread crumbs, six ounces sugar, six ounces suet, one egg, half pint milk, one teaspoonful of nutmeg. Chop the suet and figs separately, then add the bread crumbs (grated); put in the sugar and powdered nutmeg, and the egg, well beaten. The milk, stirred in at the last, will give enough moisture to the mixture. Butter a basin that the mixture will just fill, tie down tightly with a floured cloth and place in a saucepan of boiling water sufficient just to cover it. Boil for four hours, and serve with a sweet sauce.

How And When to Make the Christmas Pudding.

A Christmas pudding, if wanted in perfection, should be made at least two weeks before Christmas, and hung to ripen. Mix thoroughly three-quarters of a pound of beef suet chopped fine; one pound stale bread crumbs; one pound of sugar; one pound of raisins stoned and floured; one pound of English currants washed, dried and floured; a quarter of a pound of citron thinly sliced; a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace; a teaspoonful of salt; the juice of an orange and a lemon; a teacupful of milk, and last of all eight well-beaten eggs. This will fill two two-quart moulds. Place in a steamer five hours. Turn out upon a cloth, and when cold hang up (where it will swing free from the wall) in a dry cold place. Steam for an hour and a quarter on the day when it is to be served.

Sauce.—Beat a teacupful of nice, sweet butter to a cream and stir in gradually two teacupfuls of powdered sugar; add the juice of a lemon, beat until it becomes a light froth, set the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water and beat till it begins to grow creamy (from one to two minutes), pour into a hot sauce-boat, grate a little nutmeg over the top and send hot to the table.

Christmas Cakes.

Much of the hurry and bustle that tends to make Christmas a season of weariness to the busy housewife may in a great degree be avoided by beginning preparation several weeks before the holiday. Many fine cakes are the better for keeping, while plum pudding, mince-meat and candies may all be made and put away for the Christmas dinner and holidays. Pumpkin may be stewed, apples prepared for pies, and various other sweetmeats prepared and in readiness, all of which will very greatly lighten the labor of celebrating the great festival.

It is a pretty custom in preparing for Christmas to make cakes and dainties by old-fashioned recipes; this is particularly pleasing if there are old people in the house. And mothers should always see that the favorite cake, jelly, or other dainty of each member of the family is served at the Christmas board. It is a graceful complement, and is sure to be appreciated. The following recipes for Christmas cake will be found useful, as the cakes made by them will keep for a considerable length of time.

Christmas Black Cake.—Beat twelve eggs until light. Cream a pound of butter and sugar each together, add the eggs, with a pound of sifted flour, one grated nutmeg, a teaspoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and cloves, half a teaspoonful of mace and black pepper, beat all together well. Seed a pound and a half of raisins, wash and dry a pound and a half of currants, shred half a pound of citron; mix all the fruit and flour well, then add it to the batter, squeeze in the juice of one lemon and two oranges, stir the cake well from the bottom; grease a very large cake-pan, pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven four hours. When cold, ice handsomely.

Christmas Jelly-cake.—Cream two cupfuls of sugar and half a cupful of butter, beat eight eggs and add with four cupfuls of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; pour in a cupful of milk. Take out a third of the mixture and bake in jelly-pans; add to the remaining batter one teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, with a teacupful each of chopped raisins and citron; bake in jelly-pans. Put the layers of cake together together with currant jelly between; put alternate layers of light and dark; ice the top.

Christmas Party Cake.—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter and six eggs; mix, sift in a pound of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and one teacupful of citron, one of almonds and raisins, all chopped, with a grated cocoanut, mix, pour in a greased mold, and bake two hours in a moderate oven.

Holiday Sponge-cake.—Pour one gill of boiling water on three quarters of a pound of sugar, stir and let stand; beat the yolks of six eggs, add to them the grated rind of half a lemon; beat the whites and pour the yolks over, add the syrup and beat until thick; sift in half a pound of flour, mix gently, and add the juice of a lemon. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

Santa Claus Cakes.—Beat a cupful of butter and two of sugar together, add two eggs and half a grated cocoanut, add flour to make stiff enough to roll thin, cut in rings, bake and roll in pink sugar.

Bobbins—"You say you have temporarily given up your position for one that requires night work? I can't understand it." Dobbins—"You would understand it if you had twins at your house."

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Santa-Claus Spy.

The yule-log crackled cheerily as without the night winds blew
And broke the midnight silence; and the snow flakes thickly flew,
And heaped themselves in downy drifts, piled high along the streets—
A mass of chastest beauty rolled up in glistening sheets.
The old clock on the mantlepiece kept up its tick-tack song,
With a dull and steady monotone as the dead hours wore along.
The fitful glare from the open hearth dispelled the somber gloom
And cast unsteady shadows all around the cozy room.
The old arm chair stood near the hearth, unmoving, still as death;
Twas empty, but behind it crouched a lad with bated breath.

Secure from view was Tommy Tibbs, a hopeful six-year-old;
His eager eyes and listening ears an awful secret told.
Young Tommy weeks before had planned old Santa Claus to see—
A deed so "awful dreadful" none bolder there could be,
He'd hide himself near by the hearth and hear old "Santa" come
A-rumbling down the chimney and see him crawl therefrom,
The real, live Santa then he'd see, with his wooly suit of clothes,
His funny face, so red and fat, and his stubby little nose;
With his loads and loads of goodies peeping from a great big sack
Strapped across his brawny shoulders, slung upon his broad stout back,

Yes, he'd wait until the lights were out and all had gone to bed,
Then steal down stairs and hide himself and wait for Kris, he said.
At last eventful Christmas Eve had come with right good cheer
To every one but Tommy, whose anxiety and fear
Upset him so that early he'd been hurried off to bed,
Where a thousand nervous fancies crowded through his dizzy head.
He had lain awake and listened till 'twas silent all below,
And he thought that all had gone to bed and no one'd ever know;
And then he'd tiptoed softly down the staircase to the room
Where stood the faithful armchair 'mid its shadow's deepest gloom.

He'd huddled down with beating heart, and now midst awful pause
He held his breath and listened for the stealthy Santa Claus.

. . . . . .

'A stormy night," said Santa as he rose up from his couch;
"And I must be up and movin'—wonder where I left that pouch!
Things are different, quite a bit, now, from some twenty years ago—
Feller couldn't take a nap then—had to hustle so, you know.
Yes, things are changed a mighty deal—new ways for all that's done;
It used to take me all night long to make my yearly run
On Christmas Eve, down on the earth, my goods to pass around;
'Cause why? 'Cause then my district covered every inch of ground.

"But now the system's diff'rent—got a Santy for each town;
Done away with usin' reindeers—fact, we do the thing up brown.
Ah! here's that plaguey gift-pouch—guess I'll fill her up and go.
Have a lunch awaitin', Betsey; I'll be back in an hour or so."
And soon the mammoth present-sack Kris'd filled up to the brim
With boxes, bundles, parcels, toys—a load by no means slim.
And then a whistle shrill he gave, and promptly there appeared
A throng of little Santas in costumes strange and weird.
A motion from the elder Kris; they closed in on the sack
And bore it all together toward a glistening icy track.

There stood in readiness to go a toboggan long and wide.
The pack was fastened firm thereon; and then off down the slide
Went Santy as the others gave the big machine a start;
With frightful speed it dashed along, unswerving as a dart.
Down, down it sped as o'er the verge of Kringle-land it flew,
Straight toward the Earth, far, far below, beyond the reach of view.
And as it sped it left behind a cable of stoutest brand,
From a spindle spun, its free end fast to a stake in Kringle-land.
As the spindle reeled with a constant buzz, while the sled dashed o'er the ice,
Kris smiled and again began to muse on the old way's sacrifice.

"From the eighteen hundreds back," he said, "to the time my work began
I used the sleigh and the reindeers when down to the earth I ran.
The deer cost more to keep 'em shod than I ever thought 'em worth,
And they'd stumble on the smallest clouds when I drove 'em toward the earth.
But now, in 1920, we don't use nary a deer—
Just go kitin' in toboggans down to the terrestrial sphere
Like a streak of greasy lightnin', slidin' down a slippery side,
Get our Christmas job done early; have a cheerful bracin' ride.
But, here we are in Christendom—" the spindle's humming ceased
As slowly the toboggan its terrific speed decreased.

The reminiscent Santa quickly from his seat climbed down,
And prepared for distribution of his gifts in Welcometown.
He took from 'neath the high-built seat a few odd-looking things
And fastened them together till they formed a pair of wings,
Which mounted the toboggan's sides with Santa in between—
Then up along the housetops rose a graceful air machine.
It swiftly flew from roof to roof, alighting soft and still
As Santa down each chimney slid each stocking full to fill.

"The next house is the Tibbs's if I recollect aright,"
He muttered as a cottage, quaint, old-fashioned, came in sight.

A moment later on its roof he landed with his sack
And forthwith down the chimney crawled, a big load on his back.
"Ah, yes; this is the place," he said, as he reached the floor below
And peered out through the fire-place, shedding forth its cheerful glow;
A moment's pause, then out he crawled and glanced around the room,
His kindly eyes a-straining as they pierced the corner's gloom.
Then noiselessly he started to unload his big "valise"
And fill one pair of stockings dangling from the mantelpiece.
Guess I'll sit down in this rocker till I get them stockin's stuffed—"
This he muttered softly to himself as o'er his work he puffed.

He, suited action to his words, with a soft relieving sigh,
When suddenly from behind him there arose a frightened cry.
He gasped and started nervously, then looked behind the chair,
Where cowered our friend Tommy peering out with bristling hair.
"Ha! ha! my lad," cried Santy as he quickly seized the spy;
"I've caught you. Come along with me. I'll take you where you'll try
No more such tricks as these, my boy—to Kringle-land you'll go."
And off, up through the chimney out into the flying snow
He marched poor frightened Tommy, placed him in the 'boggan's aft,
Set the flying wings in motion—off then flew the novel craft.

O'er the housetops swiftly speeding, soon upon the inclined sheet,
Whence it started on and upward—how poor Tommy's heart did beat!
Santa kept the spindle going, winding in each yard a slack;
Up, still upward the toboggan slid along the icy track.
Now, at last, they've reached the summit of the long-extended slide,
And as Tommy looked back downward, to grave Santa Claus he cried:
"Oh, take me back, please, Santy! I won't do it any more!"
But Kris sternly shook his knowing head. "I've heard that tale before;"
Was his answer. Then poor Tommy sobbed aloud in bitter rief.
"Won't I ever get back, Santy, to my home?" A silence brief

Followed close upon this question. Then with-quickly filling eyes
Santa turned his head and answered 'mid a-many heavy sighs:
"You'll have to stay here now, my boy. According to the law
Of Kringleland all captured spies, with hammer, bit, and saw,
Must enter in our service, making toys and other things,
And never leave our workshop till the bell of Doomsday rings."
Then he led the moaning Tommy toward a building near his home—
A vast, artistic structure, surmounted by a massive dome.
A sound of noisy buzz-saws, humming shafts, and whirring wheels
Came from within, commingling with the clash of various steels.

Soon the much bewildered Tommy, led by Santy, stood within
The great Kris Kringle factory 'mid its constant deafening din.
A sight so strange and wonderful here met his wond'ring eyes,
It nearly took his breath away so great was his surprise,
A throng of little workmen odd, no bigger than himself
Were busy making knick-knacks, piling high each spacious shelf
With unnumbered hosts of playthings fit for children great and small—
Such an endless store of treasures figures'd fail to count them all,
Dressed like the elder Santa were these busy little men.
Who plied their tools so deftly, though their years ranged under ten.

Silently was Tommy wond'ring who they were and whence they came,
When the voice of Santa roused him, gently calling him by name.
"Tommy, now, I'm going to leave you. Here forever you must stay
With these busy little workmen, toiling on from day to day.
Once they, too, lived where you came from—down on Earth in native state
Till they spied an old Kris Kringle, and were caught and met this fate."
Saying this old Kris departed—left behind the hopeless lad
Never more to welcome Christmas with a heart so light and glad—
Never more to greet his parents like all other Earthly boys
Eternally in Kringle-land to whittle out new Christmas toys.

Christmas Toys.

Dear old Santa has a sack,
Which he carries on his back,
Filled with many sorts of toys,
For our little girls and boys.

There are donkeys, there are dolls,
There are guns and rubber balls,
There are dresses nice and neat,
There are shoes for little feet.

There are ribbons pink and blue,
One for Jennie, one for Sue:
There's a work-box nice and neat,
With every needful thing complete.

There are clowns and jumping-jacks,
There are candies, nuts and wax,
There are oranges so yellow,
There are apples large and mellow.

Dates and peaches, pears and figs,
And some little candy pigs,
There are pipes for blowing bubbles,
Certain cure for all your troubles.

There's a rocking-horse for Ned,
And for Billy there's a sled
That is warranted to go
When the hills are white with snow.

There are fans and flags and fishes,
There are drums and little dishes,
There are watches that will tick,
There are horses that can kick.

There's a funny Noah's ark,
There are doggies that can bark,
There's a trumpet for the baby,
Or for little Tommy, maybe.

There's an album for mamma,
There's a muffler for papa,
There are slippers large and small,
There's a cradle for the doll.

There's a story-book for Nell,
There's a rubber bird for Bell,
There's a box of tools for Harry
And for Bess a fine canary.

There's a dolly's buggy, too,
With cushions soft and blue;
There's a ship for little Callie
And a toy house for Allie.

There are building-blocks of stone,
That are sure to stand alone,
And not tumble on the people,
When they try to build a steeple.

There are many other things,
Such as watches, pins and rings,
For our boys and girls grown tall,
There are presents for us all.

A. M. M.

A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE OF THE WILD WEST.

A Cowboy's Steady Aim for Indians Secured for Him a Wife.

A story is told, in years gone by, of a raid of the Comanches in Texas, the 1st of June, when the blackberries were ripe.

There was a small settlement in the far western counties, as they were then called, but now are the ones most thickly settled. The girls of the settlement, three in number, had wandered far out on the prairie to a strip of woods to gather a few berries, as there were many, and of the finest kind. They had become so excited over their find, they were picking berries so fast, that they did not take in the situation. They were far from the settlement, as they had started early in the morning, and had not found any berries until the middle of the evening.

The oldest was a girl of about twenty, the other two were from nine to twelve.

All at once there was a savage yell, and six Comanches came in sight on a little knoll on the prairie, almost a quarter of a mile from them. Almost simultaneously a cowboy rode up to them. He was armed with a good rifle and a brace of revolvers. He was a stranger to the girls, and they were apprehensive of his presence, when he told them not to scream, that he was their friend and would protect them from the Indians, who were advancing, having espied the girls. The Indians, evidently, had not noticed the man on his pony, who was partly hidden behind a thicket. As soon as the Indians were near enough one shot an arrow from his bow at the girls, and all raised a yell. The oldest girl fell, wounded—the arrow having passed through her shoulder. She was losing blood, which fact, and fright, had caused her to faint. The other girls ran to her.

Answering the Indians' yell was the report from the cowboy's rifle, and the foremost Indian fell. The other Indians continued to advance, when another shot was heard, and another Indian fell. The Indians stopped and parleyed, and then advanced still nearer. Another shot, and the third Indian fell. The remaining three continued to advance until within a short distance of the girls, when another shot from the thicket prostrated the fourth Indian to rise no more. The other two made a rush for the thicket, as they had discovered where the cowboy had concealed himself. As they came near he again fired, and one of the two fell, and the other drew his gun, but the cowboy knocked it out of his hand, and knocked the Indian down with his gun. The gun flew out of the cowboy's hand. The Indian leaped to his feet, and they clinched. It was some time before either had the best of the other; but the Comanche could not get his gun, as it was too far away, and the cowboy did not like to let go his hold on the Indian, for fear he would get the advantage of him.

Choosing a favorable opportunity, however, he disengaged one hand, pulled out his dirk, and drove it to the hilt in the Indian's heart. He now came forward, put the wounded girl on his pony, and told the other to follow him. He tried to pull the arrow from the wound of the other girl, but could not without giving her very great pain.

They took the trail for the settlement, which was reached about 8 o'clock at night. The arrow was soon extracted by the doctor of the settlement, and the wounded girl was soon out of pain. The young man bid the young ladies' father good-night and left. The father gave him a pressing invitation to return. In a few days he did come back, "just to see how Miss Lucy Look was getting along."

Tom Tubbs, the cowboy, soon became quite a favorite of the Look family. He was a fine fellow and brave. Lucy improved rapidly and was soon up. She was considered the belle of the settlement. Many of the boys had tried to win her, but failed. Tom, a stranger of another settlement, had fallen in love with Lucy on first sight, when he met her at the blackberry patch. He made other short calls after she was well. It was not long until Tom proposed to make Lucy his wife; and Mr. Look, her father, said Tom had fairly won her by saving her from the Comanches.

The marriage on Christmas Day was celebrated by a big hunt, Tom leading the party. Many came from both settlements to honor the occasion and pay their respects to the handsomest couple on the Texas frontier.

FLOWERS IN FRANCE.

All of the Southern Cities Have Their Great Gardens.

Immense flower plantations exist in almost every department of the south of France, but the Riviera is especially devoted to this type of dainty agriculture. Grasse, Nice, and Cannes, and the neighboring villages provide the greater part of the perfumes of commerce. Each city has its special product.

Nice supplies violets and orange blossoms, as does also Cannes, and the latter place is also famous for its roses and tube roses and jasmine. Grasse supplies large quantities of the last-named owers. The quantity of orange blossoms gathered annually on the Riviera amounts to the astonishing weight of 1,250,000 pounds. After that one learns without surprise that the violet crop of Nice is 50,000 pounds per annum.

It is estimated that there are now 150,000,000 copies of the Bible in circulation.

In sixty-two years Mexico has had fifty-four Presidents, one Regency and one Emperor; and nearly every change has been effected by violence.

Professor—"What people have done most towards perpetuating the fame of Columbus?" Miss Bright—"The maker of souvenir spoons."

The London sewage is carried fourteen miles down the Thames River.